

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

GRANDPA AND BESS.

To bright heads in the corner,
Deep in the easy chair;
One with a crown of yellow gold,
And one like the silver fair;
One with the morning's rosy flush,
And one with the twilight's tender hush.

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Asks Goldilocks in her glee;
Do they sail in a pearly shallop
Across a wonderful sea;
A sea whose waters with rainbows spanned,
Touch all the borders of fairy land?

"Do all the birds in that country
Keep singing by night and by day,
Singing among the blossoms
That never wither away?
Will they let you feel as you hold them near,
Their warm hearts beating, but not with fear?"

"And the happy little children,
Do they wander as they will,
To gather the sweet, wild roses,
And the strawberries on the hill—
White wings like butterflies all about,
And a purple cloud for a fairy boat?"

"There surely is such a country,
I've seen it many a night,
Though I never, never could find it
Awake in the morning light;
And that is the country o'er the sea,
Where the beautiful New Years wait for me."

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Says Grandpa looking awry,
Through the frosty rime on the window,
To the distant hills so gray;
"They come from the country of youth, I know;
And they pass to the land of the long ago."

"And which is the fairest country?"
Dear heart, I never can tell;
Where the New Years wait their dawning
Or the beautiful old Years dwell;
But the sweetest Summers that ever shone
To the land of the long ago have flown.

"The New Years wait for you, darling;
And the Old Years wait for me;
They carry my dearest treasures
To the country over the sea;
The eyes that were brightest, the lips that sang
The gladdest carols when life was young."

"But I know of a better country,
Where the Old Years are all new;
I shall find its shining pathway
Sooner, sweet heart, than you;
And I'll send you a message of love and cheer
With every dawn of a glad New Year."

The eyes of the dear old pilgrim
Are looking across the snows,
While closer nestles the merry face,
With its flush like a pink wild rose—
Dreaming together, the young and old,
Locks of silver and crown of gold.

CANNING FRUIT.

The time for canning fruit is not yet past though most of it is done by this time, yet a few words may not be amiss for another year. Iron should not be used in any way in the process of preparing fruit, for there is a degree of acid in every kind of fruit that grows, with acid coming in contact with iron is poisonous. There is a new ware called "marbelized," which would seem to look as if it could be used and answer the purpose as it is made into vessels of convenient shape and is quite cheap, but we have been assured that there is lead and other poisonous substances used in the glazing. Yellow or red glazed earthenware has been pronounced by scientific men as having the same objections in the way of glazing. We have used both of the latter ware to our own satisfaction, and if the vessels are used carefully, and cleaned quickly, there cannot be so much harm in them. In old times a big brass kettle formed, a part of a young wife's outfit in home keeping and was thought to be quite indispensable and was kept carefully for this special duty of preserving, for then "canning" was not thought of. A good brass kettle was a heirloom that passed from mother to daughter, and was kept as bright as scouring could make it. A little salt and vinegar being always used at the last moment before using it to eradicate any possible corrosion. Generations of housekeepers have used this sort of vessels with no harm, but the wise men of to-day pronounce it poisonous, and the brass kettle that went the rounds of a neighborhood has passed away with the spinning wheel, reel and loom. Tin ware if bright and new is excellent, but one sees how soon the tin loses its bright polish, so there must be a trifle of objection to tin. The best kind of a vessel for fruit is one of iron that is lined with porcelain, the gray ware being formed by using salt to perfect the glazing, while in the marbelized iron it is said that lead and arsenic are used in quantities to affect this beautiful glaze. We have had a porcelain kettle in constant use for eleven years, using it not only for fruit but for every other use in cooking, it is pretty good yet and looks quite white if scoured up with sand or ashes, so it is a cheap vessel after all in the end, and will out last a dozen tin vessels. Cans of tin are said to be objectionable for fruit, but if sugar is used in preparing fruit and care is taken to rinse out and wipe the cans instantly after taking out the fruit. A can may be made to do service two or three times, and we must say too, that we in our own experience find some fruits keep better in tin than glass. Strawberries are always difficult to keep in any but tin cans. Tomatoes will not keep good at all in glass with me; but a friend told us lately that if tomatoes when put in glass are packed in a box with straw, and put away in the darkest place possible, that they will come out perfect. Lights will spoil tomatoes, giving them an acid taste that nothing can sweeten. Glass will not bear transportation well, therefore tin must and will continue to be in favor to a great degree. There is much in the selection of sugar, and it is always best to use the sugar when doing the fruit. In these days of adulteration there is no knowing what we eat. White lump sugar is best; next a clear light brown sugar. Ground or pulverized is often mixed with flour, gypsum or marble dust. There is an inferior sugar made from potatoes—Glucose, which does not contain but 75 per cent. of saccharine matter. Dried fruit is get-

ting into more general favor now, and it is to be hoped that fruit put up in this way will be more generally used. It will be cheaper, and certainly quite as healthy, only requiring a little more forethought in preparing and cooking. Fruit "batters" are very nice, and are much liked by the children for school lunches. If put up hot and sealed, they are but little trouble, requiring but little sugar. The fruit must be cooked slowly in as little water as possible, then put through a colander to take out stones and skin, as in plums, then boil gently, constantly stirring with a wooden spoon in a shallow vessel. When it begins to thicken, add sugar enough to make it palatable, then cook to the right consistency and put up hot. It will keep as long as the children don't find it.

AUNT RUTH.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Don't think because it seems good to you to get a chance to sit down in the neat home that your wife feels the same way. She has not the out-door companionship and jostle with the world that you have, and gets tired of the endless monotony of housework, and feels the need of fresh air and change of scene. So don't be afraid of your trouble, but choose opportunities to give a variety to her life. Get up the team on purpose to give her and the children a pleasure. If business calls you to a neighbor's, try and fix it comfortable for wife to go too. Men are naturally selfish and afraid of trouble. A farmer's wife, more than any other, is tied down to a treadmill life, and it is an ascertained fact that a majority of insane women in the East are farmer's wives. How few men there are who deliberately plan an excursion just for the relaxation and comfort of their wives. The time is fast approaching when every woman will take her own life in her own hands, and future generations will be better for it. We will copy a paragraph from the *Country Gentleman* that bears upon the subject, and is full of homely truth: "Have a home of your own. If necessary, I would not object to your father and mother finding a home with you; but you should tell your affianced wife of this arrangement beforehand. Have it well understood by all parties that the home is yours, and your wife is mistress there. If the lot has fallen upon you to be the breadwinner for your mother and younger brothers and sisters in a home that is rightfully yours, your bride may be rightfully looked upon as an intruder, and her position is a trying one. Many a young man has taken his wife to his father's house to await the completion of his own, and during the five or six months that passed before settling in their own home, the wife that fancy had woven around the bride is rudely pulled away by his dearest friends, who see and multiply her faults and disparage her virtues. Sometimes the feud thus begun lasts through the life of both parties, and the husband who expected a lasting friendship to spring up between his wife and mother, sees nothing more than polite tolerance on the part of each. He confidently expects the antipathy to die out after a few years, but only when he sees his children growing up estranged from his relatives does he realize, the fault as his in taking his bride to his father's. Another bit of advice I should like to give is this: Supply your wife with some good, live periodical on housekeeping. Very few of the marriageable young women of the day have the training in kitchen and pantry, cellar and chamber, parlor and store-room that they ought to have, and a good regular writer on household topics is a wonderful help."

LAMPS.

Every paper tells of accidents by using lamps improperly. Care should be taken to train the children in handling them, giving them to understand the extreme danger of carelessness in filling and caring for them. A lamp should be filled and trimmed every day if it is used for any length of time. The crust formed on the wick is apt to cause the chimney to break, besides giving a poor light. Then the vacuum left by using out the oil is liable to be filled with a gas that will explode. A child will snatch up a lamp quickly and hurry into another and colder room with a full blaze on; the consequence is a broken chimney or an explosion. Often one will wonder why the lamp gives a little sickly light, when the reason is that the wick is clogged. Take out the wick, wash it with soap and rinse well, and see the improvement in light. Lamps will often loosen and come apart, and can be easily made as good as ever by using plaster of Paris. Clean the parts well with soap and water, then mix a little plaster with water to the consistency of paste; put some in the orifice and quickly put the parts together, holding it in firmly; it will harden in a few hours. Care must be taken to mix and use quickly, as it hardens soon. It is not healthy to sleep in a room where a lamp is turned down. See that the lamps are always fixed and cleaned in the morning, as it is so dangerous to be handling kerosene after dark. Where matton tallow is so plentiful, it is best to "run" a quantity for home use for the children to go about with.

ESSAY ON TOBACCO CHEWING.

Tobacco chewing is the most filthy habit to which man or boy is addicted. It ruins the teeth and weakens the nerves, (and it also weakens the pulse). I cannot see what good it does a man or boy to chew, for they don't swallow a bit of it, but spit it all over the carpet, or on the stove. It gives the carpet a perfume. I think that tobacco chewing must lead to whisky drinking as you never see a drunkard but what chews tobacco. Tobacco chewing, whisky drinking and swearing are three things which a boy should never be accused of. The money that is spent in one year for tobacco and whisky would make a poor home happy. The only thing which I can see tobacco is good for is to cure lice on calves or scab on sheep. Down with tobacco. A YOUNG ABSTAINER.

We are glad to see our young friend take a stand so early in life in regard to this bad habit, and to come out so boldly against it all. We would like to have every one of the boys pledge themselves in this way, when they write. We know a man who is poor—

has a large family, and yet is so tied to the habit of using this weed, that when he buys thirty dollars worth of groceries he spends five of it for tobacco, and it lasts but a little while too. If his wife should spend that much for candy what a fuss there would be about it. Most all men spend many dollars during the year in this way, in cigars, or in "treating;" yet how long their faces would be if their wives spent money in gratifying their tastes in any sensible, yet may be considered unnecessary, way.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

One obstacle, a very general one, in the way of proper home training, is the mother's want of time. Especially is this the case in households where the mother performs; or helps to perform, the manual labors of the kitchen, along with her other duties of mother and wife. With her the days are so filled with cares, and herself so weary, the little ones are too frequently looked upon as a vexation and annoyance, something in the way, a hindrance to a certain amount of work accomplished between each rising and setting of the sun. But to analyze the sentiment—how unthinking and unwise! Time for cooking and the eating, washing and the ironing, scrubbing and the sweeping—time crowded in somehow to clothe the child's body and nourish it with food; but the mind, the soul, the immortal part—that must go neglected and unthought-of, uncared for and unkept.

Sometimes this incessant hurry and stress and strain of work—and consequent weariness on the mother's part—is productive of disastrous results. She becomes nervous, irritable, unreasonable and unfit to govern at all. She toils all day without rest or respite in a close warm room, sewing and cooking, washing dishes, scrubbing floors; and as the day draws to a close, her limbs are weary, her back aching, her temples throbbing. Trifles seem of great moment and moans appear as mountains. The floor is clean, the house set in order, the finished garment is laid away; but the woman is fagged, enervated, unstrung. The little ones come trooping home from school; eyes sparkling, cheeks a-glow, the out-door air in their garments, its sunshine in their hearts. Who but an over-worked and over-weary mother could see aught but a picture of beauty; feel aught but the joy and blessedness of motherhood, and a longing to gather the flock into outstretched loving arms? But, alas! they have brought not only the out-door air but the out-door mud; and blows fall, unconsidered and inconsiderate—the memory of which shall linger as a bitter memory till the golden heads are frosted or laid under the sod. Poor mother! They shall perchance echo sadly enough sometime in her heart too. But let us have charity. It was not the mother who dealt the blows, but the worn and fretted Bridget whom she personates. Nor must the mother forget the importance of example—the effect of her own words and acts upon the expanding and easily bent minds. Let her deal fairly and honestly always with these little ones, even in seemingly insignificant things. She must not tell them that the medicine is good, or that it will not hurt to pick out the thorn, or make them promises which she does not intend to fulfill. Children reason, or at least perceive, more than we are apt to give credit for; and it is a dull child, indeed, that does not soon discover the difference between equivocation and truth. Of the two, example goes much farther than precept; and that mother who attempts to inculcate lessons of truth and charity and self-restraint, while her own life is full of temper and uncharitableness and provarication, or who expects to train her child in ways of virtue and honor without keeping her own life white and clean, will very likely find her policy defective, and her hopes fall unfulfilled to the ground.

And lastly—or rather first, last and all the way between—let the mother bear in mind that the object and aim of all government is, or should be, to prepare for self-government. Her authority will last at most, but a few brief years, in which she has much to do to prepare the child to govern himself. To do this, arbitrary control must be merged as quickly as possible into reasonable control; and this again into a government where the responsibility of its acts is thrown to a greater or less extent upon the child. The mother must show him good and evil, set before him the benefits to be derived from one course of action the evils or disadvantages resulting from another, and let him occasionally choose for himself. Of course judgment must be exercised in reference to what the choice is between, and nothing of great moment left to the option of the very young, or one entirely unaccustomed to this form of control. If he choose wrong, as he is pretty certain to do, the mother must not hold herself aloof, or reproach angrily, or parade too exasperatingly the "I told you so," but with gentleness point out his error and its consequence. In short, the mother instead of an arbitrary and despotic ruler, must be ever the conscientious doer, the wise and patient counsellor, the sympathizing friend. Such a mother is sure to lay the foundation of a useful manhood and womanhood for her boys and girls, as well as to win for her self a tender and lasting place in their hearts.—*Winifred, in Country Gentleman*

Home Work.

I have just finished two beautiful table covers which can be made at very little expense, and would like to have you see them as I knew they would be copied. Two or three persons should buy the materials together, as it makes them come very cheap to each.

The cover is made of Cretonne, which comes in the most beautiful designs and colors. Get one quarter of a yard of each kind and cut into squares, sew these together as for a quilt, making the contrasts harmonize, and press the seams. Get enough of the goods in a seriped pattern for a border, sew on the same way. Then take velvet ribbon, or worsted braid, both narrow, and work any fancy sketch on it. I put narrow velvet and worked the stitch used in seaming up flannel with old

gold silk. If braid is used, work with zephyrs or old-fashioned crewel, then sew this down between every square, and make a fringe of zephyr. I had many yards of handsome real brown fringe used once on a suit. I took this, and worked with bright colors, and had a lovely fringe. Line with garnet cotton flannel, and you will have a most beautiful oriental looking cover. The Cretonne comes at 35 and 45 cents per yard, the flannel at 20 cents.

The other cover is made as follows: There is a cotton flannel plush, which has the plush on both sides. It comes in every shade and color at 35 cents per yard. Get one yard of garnet and one of old gold, cut the garnet into one square, hem by hand a slip stitch, take bands of the old gold about three inches wide, and put on about two inches from the edge, letting them cross at each corner, fasten them down with bright crewels in any fancy stitch. Make a fringe of garnet zephyr as follows: With a crochet needle put the zephyr into the hem at regular distances, then tie in knots, as you see on shawls and handsome linen towels. This does not have to be lined, as both sides are plush. This can be made for less than one dollar. They are lovely, cheap, and the work of making is quite fascinating.—*Anna K. Wile.*

For The Children.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Drear were the world without a child,
Where happy infant never smiled,
Nor stirred a mother's love.
We sooner could the flowers spare,
The tender bud and blossom fair,
Or breath of Spring-time in the air,
Or light of dawn above!

No monarch rules with lordlier grace
Than helpless infancy, its place
Soon narrowed to a span;
Outstretching hands that claim as right
All things that loom upon the sight,
And reeking naught of greater might
That will disown the man.

Oh, little king! Oh, little queen!
You rule not with the golden sheen
And pomp of larger courts;
But sovereign is your gentle sway,
Strong hearts their willing homage pay,
Love scatters garlands on your way,
Where your young life disports.

No poet utters daintier word
Than oft from lipsing lip is heard—
No wit moves purer mirth;
In mimic satire babes grow bold,
And quaint surprises they unfold,
As first their untutored eyes behold
The wondrous shows of earth.

—William Stearns.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Our Letter Box is quite full again, there being enough now on hand for two weeks at least. We have one which comes from so far away that you will all be interested, and then it is the story of one who seems to bear the burdens of an unfortunate life with bravery. It must be a lesson to teach you that are well and strong to be thankful that you have a strong body and limbs. We will tell you how it happened that this letter was written to the Home Circle. Noticing a letter in the children's paper called *Harper's Young Folks*—asking to exchange curiosities, coins, stamps, etc.—by a boy who was crippled, we made up a little box and sent it to him. He writes further of pictures he has of himself and team. It seems as if it would be a pleasant way of helping him to send on twenty-five cents and buy one of his pictures. If any of our boys or girls would like to do so, send us the name, direction and money, and we will see that they are procured. Nettie must carry off the prize if she has such a fine geranium. The cultivation of flowers not only gives pleasure to others, but cultivates the mind and taste of the little gardener. The mind is opened to the wonderful beauties of Nature, and the coarse, common things of life have no chance to creep into the thoughts. Nettie must tell how she managed to have so nice a plant. Millie has certainly written a very new story letter, and seems to know how to be useful. That little white pony has a good time as well as his mistress, we are sure, for any animal that is so gentle and kind surely knows nothing of blows and kicks from the heavy boots of brutal boys. The horse is intelligent and extremely sensitive, soon showing a keen appreciation of good treatment. Long life to Billy and his sweet little mistress. Ida May is a little Washington territory girl and we must say we get many good letters from there. We shall look for another letter from Ida telling the girls about her trip to California. It seems she came back to Oregon, so we guess she does not care for living in that dry place. Minnie has waited till every thing was done up on the farm and now finds time to give us a nice letter. Yes, Katy did write again, and Aunt Hetty owes her a promise that she will fulfill as soon as she can stay at home long enough to see to it. We will have to send something for that friendship quilt. It is so nice for little girls to piece quilts when they have time. We would not buy new cloth to cut up in pieces, but the scraps that are left of the dresses and aprons will be just like a story book when they are put together. Grace must not wait so long again before writing, for she writes about everything in an interesting way. It is nice to have a new house, but it will take time and hard work to keep it as it should be. There will be much encouragement to be making pretty things for the different rooms. Ties, curtains, mats and table spreads add so much to the furnishing of a room, and such a good little housekeeper will be sure to help mother make the house look pretty. Only one boy this week to come into the Circle. Those little donkeys are not at all to be despised; they are patient and long enduring. It is nice in Chester to be able to keep house for mother and let her have a trip. "That rifle" is something that a boy is always found to own, but we are very much afraid of the wicked looking barrels, and think of the poor birds and animals that have to suffer from them. But after all, it is

well for every boy to learn how to handle fire arms with discretion. Some shoot just for amusement, killing animals only to show their dexterity; that is wicked and cruel.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 2, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

I scarcely know how to reply to your kind letter—it was so unexpected to me. Your curiosities were curiosities indeed, and I value them very highly. I don't know how to thank you enough for them. I prize them all very highly. To one who has never seen me I suppose I would be quite a curiosity. I was born paralyzed from my waist down. I have not a particle of use of my limbs, no more than if they were stone. My father died when I was eleven months old, leaving my mother with three helpless little ones; but she did all that lay in her power to produce life in my limbs. Dr. Pancoast, Dr. Lee and other eminent physicians were consulted, who advised braces to keep me on my feet. I put them on at four years of age, but being very heavy I could not get around as I liked, so I had to use crutches also, and wore them ten or twelve years; but they were so cumbersome I was compelled to leave them off. When I was ten years old I broke my right leg at the thigh, and the bone not being healthy, it did not knit properly, so causes me a great deal of trouble at times; and unfortunately the other thigh was dislocated at birth, and not being noticed for some time could not be remedied. So you see I am quite a wreck. Yet I never despond. I would much rather be as I am than deprived of sight, for now I can see Nature—and I enjoy Nature's things so much. Probably you wonder if I ever went to school. When I was seven years old my mother lived very near a school and I went a half day for three months; that is all I ever saw inside of a school room. I learned my letters from the stove hearth; a queer book, don't you think? Then I had toy books, and would ask numerous questions as to what the words spelled, etc., until I learned to read. My mother had not much time to teach me, as she devoted her time to sewing. I read a good deal, and am blessed with a memory to retain what I read. After I left off braces I could but creep around, which did not satisfy me, for I can't be quiet, and my mother has often told me that I never was quiet except when I was asleep—and I guess she is right. So about five years ago I set my heart on a goat team, but my mother did not think I could do at all with one, but I was resolved to try. I had built myself a little wagon—the wheels sawed out of a log and broads laid on the axles—with which I got around, a little boy pulling me, but still that did not satisfy me. So one day my cousin, a boy of fourteen, pulled me around to look for a goat. At last we bargained for one of an old colored man for 70 cents and the promise of a pair of pigeons. We brought the goat home and sent the man his pigeons, who was much surprised, for he said he never expected to see the team. And now for the training of that goat. We sat up at night and made our harness of bits of leather, and hitched the goat to the wagon. I got in, my cousin leading the goat. I had many tumbles, much broken harness, and a wreck of the wagon; but we trained that goat and I drive him to-day. Since then I have trained several myself and sold them. For a well trained one I get ten dollars. During the Spring and Summer I sell vegetable, and in the afternoon sell papers, which keeps me pretty busy. Two years ago I built a little skiff, which I called "Little Eva," for a little girl I knew. I made the sail on our sewing machine, lighting the goods in one hand and turning the wheel with the other. And many a good time have I had in that boat all alone. I creep to the wagon, drive to the wharf, tie my goat to a willow tree, and sail away for hours, enjoying it exceedingly; in fact I enjoy life to its fullest extent, although I am never right well. For some years my spine has been gradually giving away, and for a year I have had curvature of spine, so much that it causes me much suffering around the heart and lungs. I must also tell you of my fondness for music. I amuse myself of evenings with the violin, which I taught myself to play. So you see I am never idle, but have a real good time, although I don't know what it is to run about like other people, but creep about on my hands. I am very small for my age. I expect you have gotten very tired of reading these disconnected bits of my life, but felt like giving it to you, as I think you have sympathy for the afflicted. I would like to exchange with any one such curiosities as I have; I have shark's teeth, some fossils, petrified wood, different kinds of minerals, etc.

J. S. JEFFERS.

EGGERS CITY, Sept. 5, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

I thought I would write a few lines to your paper while I have a little time. There is no school here at present, but it will commence about the 1st of October. My ma went to Portland and stayed a week, and I cooked while she was gone. I tell you we had a fine time. As Aunt Hetty wishes me to tell of my Summer trips I will do so with pleasure. They are to Eugene City with a pack load of cheese on a little long-eared donkey about twice a week. Who else can boast of such pleasure trips? I have got a little rifle, with which I just make the woods ring when I go out to hunt pheasants and squirrels, which thickly abound in these woods. I went out last Saturday and killed five pheasants in about an hour. I have two dogs who true them for me. We are milking fifty cows now.

G. CHESTER OSBORN.

WESTON, Or., Sept. 4, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

As you printed my other letter, I will try and write again. I am a little girl 11 years old. We have been very busy this Summer and I could not take time to write till now. Ma has so much to do that I try to help her all I can; I wash the dishes, make the beds, sweep the floor, and can make pies and cakes. We are building our new house now; it will have nine rooms in all, a porch on each side

and a portico in front. We had lots of fruit this Summer. It has been raining real hard to-day. My brothers are running the header this Summer; they came home last night. Brother Frank is breaking a pony for Mr. Brown, and he gets \$5 for riding it. I thought it would throw him off. Pa is reading the FARMER and he likes it real well. I have a large doll and sister Millie has one too; we have had them a year. Our school will commence in one week, and I like to go to school very much. Ma says I can't go the first month, for she wants me to help her cook. Ma raised 150 chickens, 12 turkeys and 6 geese; she picked the geese yesterday. We have two pet kittens named Jonny and Pussey.

GRACE I. KING.

WASHINGTON, W. T., Sept. 3, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl and live on a farm. I never went to school but six months in my life, so cannot write very well. I will tell about my pets first because I like them best. I have two kittens, one named Freddie and the other Betty; also a dog, whose name is Beauano. My brother has a little colt. I build the fire, set the table and do lots of other little things. My and I have just returned from a long visit to California, and if Aunt Hetty is kind enough to print this letter, I will write again and tell all about my trip and what a good time I had.

IDA MAY PIERCE.

Editor Home Circle:

As you was kind enough to print my other letter, I thought I would write again. We have a white pony and I ride him after the cows. I can make him go in a gallop. He will let three or four get on him at once. He lay down till I got on him; his name is Billy. I like to go to school, and can read in the fourth reader and spell in the second spelling class. When we get the FARMER I always look to see who has written a letter. I think it is best to write your name in full. I like my doll real well. Ma made it a new dress the other day. I help gather the cucumbers. Ma has a \$20 worth this Summer and will have more yet. She has also sold \$150 worth of butter and \$27 worth of eggs since the 1st of January. We milk six cows.

MILLIE A. KING.

JEFFERSON, Or., Aug. 31, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

I thought I would write a few lines to the Home Circle. Our folks are busy harvesting now. I have five brothers at home and one sister, who is married. I am all the help my ma has. I help to cook, wash and iron, and do all kinds of house work. As the rest of the little folks tell how many pets they have, I will tell about mine. I have a cow and a pet lamb; the lamb's name is Daisy. We have a few flowers, and among them is some Horse-shoe geranium; one of the largest leaves measured 24 inches in circumference. I will close by wishing the FARMER success.

NETTIE CRESSWELL.

EGGERS CITY, Or., Aug. 26, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

As I haven't written to the Home Circle for a long time, I thought I would try and write again, as I have nothing else to do just now. Father has got all of his grain put in stacks ready to thresh. It is raining now and I expect it will spoil lots of grain. Our school is out, but will commence again soon after harvest. M. C. Hoffman is our teacher's name, and I like him real well. I am making a friendship quilt, and I think it will be real pretty when I get it done. I was a little surprised to see another letter from Katy S. I had begun to think she had forgotten her friends. My cousins came up from Portland and spent vacation. They have gone home now. I have a sister living in Dayton, W. T., and she is coming down this Fall on a visit. I am real glad, for I have not seen her for almost two years. Well, I guess I will close for this time, hoping to hear from all the little folks again. From your little friend,

MINNIE GIBSON.

Banish Humors, and reinvigorate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, with King of the blood. See advertisement.

Children CRY FOR Pitcher's Castoria.

Mothers like, and Physicians recommend it. IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

CENTAUR LINIMENTS; the World's great Pain-Relieving remedies. They heal, soothe and cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back and Rheumatism upon Man, and Sprains, Galls, and Lameness upon Beasts. Cheap, quick and reliable.

SPURTS of disgusting Mucous, Snuffles, Cracking Pains in the Head, Fetid Breath, Deafness, and any Catarrhal Complaint, can be exterminated by WELDE MEYER'S Catarrh Cure, a Constitutional Antidote by Absorption. The most Important Discovery since Vaccination.