

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriet T. Clarke.

THE ENVIOUS WREN.

On the ground lived a hen, In a tree lived a wren, Who picked up her food here and there; While biddy had wheat And all nice things to eat; Said the wren, "I declare 'tisn't fair!"

"It is really too bad," She exclaimed—she was mad—"To get out when it's raining this way! And to earn what you eat, Doesn't make your food sweet, In spite of what some folks may say."

"Now there is that hen," Said this cross little wren, "She's fed till she's fat as a drum; While I starve and sweat For each bug that I get, And nobody gives me a crumb."

"I can't see for my life Why the old farmer's wife Treats her so much better than me; Suppose on the ground I hop carelessly around For a while, and just see what I'll see."

Said this cute little wren, "I'll make friends with the hen, And perhaps she will ask me to stay; And then upon bread Every day I'd be fed, And life would be nothing but play."

So down flew the wren, "Stop to tea," said the hen; And soon biddy's supper was sent; But scarce stopping to taste, The poor bird led in haste, And this was the season she went:

When the farmer's kind dame To the poultry yard came, She said—and the wren shook with fright—"Biddy's so fat she'll do For a pie or a stew, And I guess I shall kill her to-night."

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

The losses of farmers by the deterioration of stock in winter is simply immense. The loss is not on one class or two, but on all for want of adequate shelter from the cold. It is not enough that stock should simply hold their own; they should make constant gains to make a profit to their owner. If, in place of depending on about five months of warm weather and green food for the increase and profit, the entire twelve months were appropriated to the work of increase, it will readily be seen that the profits would vary differently from what they generally do. What is required to accomplish this desirable object is proper food to build up flesh and bone in the young animals, and a degree of warmth by constructing proper shelter, that will prevent the searching cold from consuming the animal heat which must be supplied as the first necessity to keep life in the animal. The supply of fuel when needed is drawn from every source in the animal structure. Not only the food daily consumed, but the fat, muscle and tissue built up formerly in milder weather is taken to keep the fires in the great animal furnace going. Hence, the man who allows his stock to remain without warm shelter during winter is virtually putting his corn, hay and provender daily into a slow fire that gradually consumes, not the grain and hay alone which he has stored for winter food for his stock, but the surplus flesh and fat his animals have gained through the previous summer, and which he has credited up to profit, is abstracted and burned in the same steady going furnace, whose fires must never be allowed to go out.

The secret of honestly accumulating wealth is saving what has been gained. To protect domestic animals from the inclemency of the winter is one of the most profitable sources of economy of the farm. Prairie farms are not only meagerly supplied with barns and other buildings for the use of stock as compared with the older States, but they are exposed to bleak winds which blow almost constantly. Timber and building material is also scarce, such material, at least as is considered necessary in the older States which have literally been hewn out of a wooden country. But for the shelter and comfortable housing of stock of all kinds, it is not essential that costly structures should be supplied. Hogs, especially the younger portion of the swine family, should be well sheltered in winter. No place is more comfortable and to their taste, than a sunny exposure on a hill side or under bluff. Level the ground and plant a fork in front and rear to support a ridge pole. Let the pole butt the bank at the bank end, and lean stakes against the ridge pole at an angle of 45 or 50 degrees, cover with straw or coarse hay, and throw on this sheathing several inches in thickness of earth. Spread on this a covering of long coarse swale grass, confine this covering in place by two or three light poles placed horizontally on the roof and secured by cords, wire or with, reaching from pole to pole and passing over the ridge, which should have a light pole laid along it. Cut a ditch round the outside to let the water off, and lay a log six or eight inches in diameter across the end of the shed, which must be fastened firmly in place by driving stout stakes on either side of the log, and you have a dry, warm, and comfortable shelter for hogs of all ages. Give them a good bed of clean straw, hay or leaves which should be changed frequently. Such a shelter as this is worth many bushels of corn to the older hogs, while for pigs something of the kind is indispensable. Make as many sleeping apartments of this kind as necessary to accommodate the herd without crowding, and the saving of feed and improvement in the stock during the winter will yield more profit probably on the outlay than any other investment of the season. A great loss is often incurred in the dairy by failing to provide sufficient protection for the cows in winter. When it is known that a draft of cold air or hearty drink of ice water will perceptibly check the flow of milk in a cow, it may readily be inferred what a curdling of the milk secretions must accompany poor shelter and cold, uncomfortable quarters for the cows during the entire winter season. The fowls, too,

those minor appendages of the farm stock must receive their share of attention in warm, dry shelter for the winter. A shed like that provided for cattle, though it need not be so high, provided with roosting poles will accommodate the fowls. This shelter may be improved by partially closing it in front. Feed well through the winter and plenty of eggs in January, February and March, with early broods of spring chickens, will amply repay all the care and expense bestowed on this branch of the stock. By a little extra, intelligent attention to the fowls, every farmer might add to his revenue annually a hundred dollars in clear cash. Nothing on the farm sells so readily as well fed, well grown young fowls. The half starved, lean things which farmers generally carry to town do not sell for cash either readily or for such handsome prices as desired, hence the complaint, no profit in fowls.

CHOICE RECIPES.

CANNING RIPE TOMATOES.—Select nice, smooth medium-sized tomatoes, skin and slice them. Fill your cans just as full as you can crowd them in; put the cover on each can, but not the rubber. Place your cans in a wash boiler on a board; this board should be filled with holes. If a board is not handy place shingles under them. Fill the boiler with water nearly to the top of the cans. Let them boil from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. When done fill up all the cans full with the cooked fruit.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Two pecks of green tomatoes sliced, and six large onions; sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt over them and let them stand over night; drain off in the morning. Then take two quarts of water and one of vinegar and boil them in this fifteen or twenty minutes; after boiling put them on a sieve and drain them. Now take four quarts of vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar, one-half pound of white mustard, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, ginger, mustard and cayenne pepper. Put all in a kettle and cook about twenty minutes, or until all are tender. If desired the mustard can be placed in little bags.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes, scald and remove the skins, make a syrup in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put the tomatoes in jars, add, to every pound of tomatoes, one lemon sliced; pour the syrup on boiling hot and cover closely. Pour off the syrup the next day, heat it boiling hot and turn back into jars. Do this for five successive days.

TEA CAKE.—Half cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful currants, 2 eggs, half cupful of water, 2 cupfuls of flour, and flavor to taste.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the rind of one lemon, and add juice; yolks of 3 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour; put in crust and bake. When cooked, spread whites of eggs beaten stiff, and place in oven to brown.

Poultry on the Farm.

To keep poultry on a farm is economical. When a farmer keeps a herd of cows, a flock of sheep together with horses and hogs, there is always room on the farm for a good stock of poultry. Even when all the cows, sheep and hogs are kept that there is room for, there is still room for poultry. It is almost a necessity for every family to keep a pig, in order that the refuse and house slops may be utilized; it is in the same sense that poultry are valuable—they are the scavengers of the farm. There is no class of fowls that require very much room on the farm. Still they do require room and attendance, and they may be kept in such a shiftless manner that will be found unprofitable. All kinds of poultry may be kept provided they have the run of the barnyard; but they must be kept in such a manner as to prevent their ravages in garden and grain fields. Turkeys, ducks, geese and hens may be kept all summer without using one square yard of room available for any other purpose. Care should be observed in providing for ducks and geese that they may not have the privilege—for such they will deem it—of fouling the water required for the stock, or making themselves a nuisance for any other manner. Young chickens and turkeys will require some care for the first few weeks of their existence; after that they may be trusted to care for themselves to a great extent. Poultry may be raised and a flock of hens kept producing eggs all summer without the outlay of a dollar for grain. Sour milk from the dairy is very good for young poultry, and there are many other articles of refuse on the farm that can be profitably used in the maintenance of fowls. Now why is it that farmers do not indulge in the luxury of fresh eggs daily during the summer, and also fresh poultry more than they do? I know that it is to often the case that all the eggs produced on the farm are sold for groceries and other small items of household expenses. I know that too often all the poultry are sold to the butcher and that sometimes the farmer does not taste a fresh egg or chicken during the entire year. This is unwise. With a little care sufficient eggs can be produced not only to make a profitable item in the farmers income, but also to enable him to gratify his taste for fresh eggs as well. Poultry may be produced as cheaply as any other class of meat.—F. K. Moreland, in Rural New Yorker.

Effect of Food on Eggs.

All varieties of poultry can be kept well and economically upon screenings composed of all manner of seeds. They can be also kept upon table refuse, sour milk and decaying meat scraps and musty grain. This may be an inducement for keeping poultry, but the question arises whether it is the best way to keep poultry where an excellent quality of eggs and flesh is desired. Beef may be fed on distillery slops, but the quality is very much inferior to corn feed beef. Onions, cabbage, clover, and filthy water affect the taste and quality of the butter and milk of the cows to

which they are fed. Pork made from corn is very much superior to the swill feed article. When a fine quality of eggs and chickens is desired, poultry should be vigorous and healthy in order that their digestive organs may do their duty. Care should be taken to see that the poultry house is properly ventilated and not kept too warm, as a vitiated atmosphere has very much to do with the profit and health of the flock. Poultry, to be kept profitably, must be watered, housed and fed abundantly, with frequent changes in diet. The poultry keeper who attends to these details may reasonably expect to realize considerable profit. Some profit may, however, be realized when kept simply as the scavengers of the farm, if ordinary care is taken to see that they sufficient food and shelter; but the quality of the product is inferior. Corn and wheat produce the richest flesh and eggs, and should be the principal food employed. Buckwheat and decaying vegetables are the poorest foods, not only for quality but color of flesh and eggs.

A Most Piteous Scene.

CHICAGO, September 30.—A gentleman who has just returned from Cleveland relates this pathetic incident which occurred on Monday: A little company, including the President's mother, wife and sons, was grouped around the dias in silence, not a word being said above a whisper for nearly an hour. It was only when a little figure in black arose from the group and approached the casket that the stillness was interrupted. It was the mother. Her pent-up feelings could no longer endure the torture of enaction. She moved over to the coffin and leaning upon it laid her cheek upon the cover, her lips moved in silent prayer, and tears couring across her wrinkled and worn face. Other wept in sympathy at the moving spectacle, and she was tenderly led back to her seat, her tremulous lips forming the inarticulate phrases, "Jimmy, oh! Jimmy, my boy, my boy!" Her distress was piteous enough to move a heart of adamant. A mother's grief is sorrowful at all times, but circumstances made this doubly so. The poor old woman of eighty years had nursed her darling through an infancy of poverty to see him grow up to greatness and fame, and the thoughts of his dying as he was entering upon the realization of her most extravagant dreams was too much for her. The picture she presented was one of unutterable agony of spirit.

That Bean Porridge.

"Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold, Bean porridge is best nine days old." Half a pint is enough for a small family at one dinner, perhaps, but I don't think they would have much left to try how they like it cold, or warmed up the next day. Now we like it nice and hot at noon, and then when the children come home from school they like it cold—in fact, we all like it cold; and if there is a dishful left to make hot for the next day's dinner, why, we are almost sure it is a little better than it was the first day. But as for spreading it out for nine days, I think that never was done. Some man wrote that couplet who judged that because he liked his porridge better when heated the third or fourth time, he would like it best the ninth day. Most people will prefer their porridge without bits of meat, so they can take out the bone before the meat begins to break off.

The Human Pulse.

Physicians have always attached to all ages the greatest importance to the frequency of the heart's action as indicated by the pulse. The number of pulsations of the heart, as stated by Dr. Milne Edwards, average 70 per minute in a male and from six to ten more in a female. The pulse of Napoleon, however, was much below the average. That of Sir William Congreve is said to have been about 128 per minute even in health. But, as a general thing, the variations at Guy's compiled by Milne Edwards, have been verified by observation.

The following table of the pulse is interesting in this connection:

Table with 4 columns: Age, Males, Average, Males, Average. Rows show pulse rates for ages 2 to 7, 8 to 14, 15 to 21, 22 to 28, 29 to 35, 36 to 42.

A Comedy in Real Life.

The Cleveland Leader reports a comedy in real life which took place in Erie, Penn., last week. The heroine was a buxom young woman, whose husband had died a year ago. When she had worn her weeds six months the would-be hero of the play came a-wooing, and his attentions not being distasteful to the widow, she consented to marry him in twelve months and a day from the date of her first husband's death. The happy day fell on Wednesday last and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding feast was prepared, and about sixty guests were invited. The hour appointed for the marriage was 6 p. m. In the forenoon the bride groom-elect went off to invite a few friends in the country, who had been forgotten. The afternoon mail brought a postal card from him, stating that he had conscientious scruples about marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of prayer, and would abide the result of his feelings when through. She was not to take this as a positive refusal to marry, but if he did not arrive at 6 o'clock p. m. she might consider the marriage "off." The widow did not faint, nor go into hysterics, but donned her wedding attire and welcomed her guests with a smiling face. At 6 o'clock all the guests were there, and with them, of course, the minister; but no bridegroom had appeared. With unfruffled countenance the expectant bride "called the meeting to order" and read aloud the receding lover's card. When the storm of denunciation had subsided she added; "But that needn't spoil the dinner," and thereupon the guests fell to banqueting, none more heartily than the mistress of the house herself. When the table was cleared dancing began, and an elderly bach-

elor led the German with the disappointed(?) bride. He became so enamored with her that within an hour he proposed; he was accepted; and the minister was recalled; and at 11 p. m. the wedding took place, with the new bridegroom. But scarcely had the bridal kiss been bestowed when in rushed the too-conscientious lover, who after a protracted season of prayer, had concluded to come back and wed. He was just in time to congratulate the bride, not his now, but another's, and then hastily stole away, resolved within to stillie conscience ere he sought another bride.

Cheese-Making and Pasturage.

An Englishman writes interestingly to the Country Gentleman upon the effect of soil upon milk and cheese. I am positive the most intelligent and most practical dairymen in the United States, he says, have not a clear knowledge of the reason why the cheese is of that peculiarly rich and palatable flavor from the pasture, while it will be inferior from other appearing to have finer and better grass. There is no doubt that the native grasses which become established on the best land when long undisturbed by plowing, are the best adapted for cheese making. There is something beyond mere fertility of soil and the presence of the best herbage, and also of the absence of weeds and objectionable grasses. I have farmed extensively in the most noted dairy counties in England. On the magnificent domain I farmed, my employer, who descended from the nobility of Henry VIII, was proud of the fame of his cheese as might else belonging to the barony, but it was not the best land which produced the best cheese. We had fields which would make beef in half the time the dairy fields would, and yet it would spoil the cheese to let the dairy cows graze there. There is an error which the educated and leading agriculturists of the United States fall into, which is stating that the English dairy farmers usually feed much meal and other stimulating food to their dairy cows. This is a very great mistake. The practice of feeding anything but grass from May till October, is unknown among the dairy districts. Dry, hilly soil is never chosen for dairying in England, but sound valley or good low land is generally the character of dairy farms.

So well understood is the fact of adapting proper soil for dairying, and cheese-making in particular, that there is not one farm in a hundred which has one half of it suitable to graze the dairy cow. "It is a first-class dairy farm," yet, taking a succession of farms averaging 250 acres each, in a distance of 10 miles, and if each farm should contain about 20 fields, there would not be five fields out of the 20 which would make prime cheese, and often there is only one large field which is used for grazing the milk cows upon, and probably it has been the only dairy field for hundreds of years. A dairy field is always a dairy field.

For The Children.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row, Ready for church on the morrow you know; Washing wet faces and little black fists, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed; Putting them into clean garments and white; That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spraying out holes in the little worn hose, Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes, Looking o'er garments so faded and thin— Who but a mother knows where to begin?— Changing a button to make it look right— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair, Hearing them whisper their soft evening prayer, Telling them stories of Jesus of old, Who lives to gather the lambs to his fold; Watching, they listen with childish delight— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep, After the little ones all are asleep; Anxious to know if the children are warm, Tucking the blankets around each little form; Kissing each little face, rosy and bright— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

OUR LETTER BOX.

It seems as if the week came around very soon, and only that a few days have passed since we opened the little letters the last time. However, it does not come too often, for, as we have said before, this is the very pleasantest part of our duty—to open and read these nice little letters, written by dear little girls and jolly boys, telling so frankly and honestly of what interests them most. Rosa says she has such good times riding the old horse. It is quite an accomplishment for a girl to ride well, though one should be sure that the horse is not tricky, and that the saddle is safe in the way of strong straps and buckles. So many sad accidents have happened to young girls by being thrown from horses. Rosa is public spirited to be willing to work so hard to cut a nice sheaf of oats for exhibition. She ought to have put her own name on it. It will help to show Eastern people what fine grain we can raise here in Oregon, and maybe induce people to come here, for that is what we want. We must have population, and if the railroad was finished there would be a great rush of people coming to our favored climate. But that miserable ocean trip keeps many from coming. Edgar has taken pains to have his letter look well as well as read well, and he must write again sometime when he finds time, and tell us more about Sandy and the falls. Our little "Webfoot Girl" is too shy to let us print her name, but she must be a helpful little girl. We should think that 97 blocks ought to be enough for a quilt. Almost everyone are complaining of a short apple crop. One friend says that they have always had apples by the hundred bushels, but this year will not have thirty. There will be a good demand for green fruit every where, and in the East there will be a great call for dried fruits, so that every body had better try and save and dry all the apples and other

fruit that they can. No where in the world can be found such nice plums and prunes as we have here in Oregon, and it will in time be the great fruit growing region—for in the East there are all sorts of worms and bugs that spoil fruit, so that there is no perfect fruit there; even the currants are full of worms.

SILVERTON, Sept. 25, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: It has been six months since I wrote a letter for the Circle, so I thought I would write again. My little sister Lillie and myself have a nice time riding old George. Pa has cut 250 acres of grain with his Marsh and Deering twin binder this year. He cut 30 acres for Mr. Tuggle, near Silverton, without missing a bundle or threading the needle. I sent a sheaf of oats to Mr. P. Shulze, Portland, Oregon. It took me all forenoon to cut them, as I had to use a butcher knife. For fear of tiring you, I will close my letter with best wishes for Aunt Hetty. ROSA E. FRANCIS.

PLEASANT HOME, Or., Sept. 28, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl eight years old. I have four sisters and two brothers. We have sold all our chickens. We will not have hardly any apples this year. I am piecing a quilt and have 97 blocks finished. I help wash the dishes, set the table and take care of baby. School will commence the 1st of October; I study reading, spelling and arithmetic.

A WEBFOOT GIRL.

PLEASANT HOME, Sept. 20, 1881. Editor Home Circle: I thought I would write you a letter, as I never have written one. As the rest of the boys and girls tell of their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a dog and a calf. I have five sisters and one brother. I am 13 years old. We went to Sandy the other day and went to the falls; it is a very rough, rocky place. The water is very swift. Our school will commence the 1st of October. I like to go to school very much. I live on a farm 18 miles from Portland. We raised about one hundred bushels of grain this year. They are talking of building a railroad through here within seven miles of us. We can hear them blasting. They have been getting out ties here all Summer. E. W. M.

Humor.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The seashore is the place you always find Sabbath breakers. When the Pilgrims first landed they fell on their knees after which they fell on the aborigines. It has been proved by experiment that if young turkeys be fed on soft food mixed with milk instead of water much superior and more tender meat will be produced. Geese are easily kept; grass and water form their chief requirements. These, with a fair supply of corn, oats and boiled potatoes make up their bill of fare. "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday School teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

The Earl of Beaconsfield died holding in his right hand the hands of two men whom he had created peers. His official career was one long game, and he peers to have died with a full hand.—American Queen. "Total abstinence is so excellent a thing that it cannot be carried to too great an extent. In my passion for it I even carry it so far as to totally abstain from total abstinence itself."—Mark Twain. A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly around the handsomely furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly, "Oh grandmother, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?" They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges. It is said that Sitting Bull has become sad and despondent; so much so that a vague hope prevails that he may commit suicide. This is about the only sanguinary act he has not committed in his illustrious career.—Detroit Free Press.

This notice is found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith shop: "Notis—De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what owe will settle wid Mose." King Kalakua's army consists of exactly sixty men. Well, if that is the case, we don't wonder at his wanting to sell his kingdom. He might trade his army for our navy, swap the navy for a dog, shoot the canine and finally die happy.

"Oh, Aunt Hester, how can you be such a hypocrite as to go to church, and exhort and pray, and pretend to be so good, after stealing and lying as you have?" "Missus," responded Aunt Hester, "do you spec I 'se goin' to gib up my breast Jesus for one old turkey hen?" Indian corn in North Germany often assumes a place among the household plants. It is regarded there as tropical. In our country it becomes tropical only under the name of Bourbon, and then it warms a man up so that he feels as if he were under the tropic of Capricorn.

In Germany the mischief done to growing boys by tobacco has been found to be so great that the government has ordered the police to forbid lads under 16 to smoke on the streets. Thus does a cruel and despotic Government rob the boys of all that makes life worth living, and leave the young gentlemen entirely without occupation. A lady called upon her milliner the other day to get the character of her servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was

beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner, "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times and she has never given me the money."

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder storm. "Julius can you pray?" said one. "No, Sam," was the reply; "nebber prayed in my life." "Well, can't you sing a hymn? Just then the lightning struck a tree near by, shivering it, when the first speaker exclaimed: "See heah, honey, sunfin' ligious has got to be done, an' dat mighty sudden, too; s'pose you pass around the hat!"

Old Uncle Mose, a Galveston paper reports, went into Levi Schaumburg's store on Austin avenue to buy a silk handkerchief, but was almost paralyzed on learning the price. Levi explained that the high price of silk goods was caused by some disease among silk worms. "How much does you ask for this piece of tape?" asked the old man.

"Ten cents," was the reply. "Ten cents? Jewhilkins! so de tape has riz; to I s'pose de cause ob dat am because dar's sunfin de matta wid de tape wuns. Dis sees to be guine fer be a mighty tough yeah on worms, anyhow."

It is related that recently one of the New York aldermen had an idea. Moved by its rarity, he hastened to lay it before his brother Solons. "Gentlemen," said he, "I think it would add to the attractiveness of Central Park if we were to import some dongolas—say a dozen—and place them in the lake." The idea was favorably received by all but one. He was the economist of the board, and in his veins ran the blood of Irish kings. He rose, "Gentlemen," he remarked, "the idea is a good wan, but I wud make an amendment. Why should we buy twelve of them? It would be useless expense. I make a motion that we buy to of them—a male wan and a female wan. Then, gentlemen, let nature take her course."

Unconscious Jokes.

Long life and old habits create an amusing self-oblivion when comparison with others is suggested. It is something like an inebriate's phantasy which makes him change places with the world, and think every man drunk but himself—or like the simple unconsciousness of an old English servant, who, when his master, meaning to discharge him, told him, "We must part John," asked, "Where do ye propose goin', sir?"

The story of Thad Stevens saying to the stout young man who used to carry him in his chair to the House of Representatives "Well, boys, who will carry me when you are gone?" is older than Stevens, however original it might have been with him.

An old gentleman seventy years old, once remarked:

"I take pains with my writing, so that when I get old I shall be able to read it."

Another, aged seventy-seven, at the head of a large publishing house, on being remonstrated with for working so hard, answered: "I don't feel it now, but I expect I shall in after life."

The youngest daughter, of seventy-two years, having died, one of her parents, who was one hundred years old, remarked: "I always told thee, Jhon' we should never rear that child."

Temperance.

A correspondent from Pleasant Hill writes: Men, he steadfast when temperance meetings are over and enthusiasm begins to die out. Remember that you have solemnly committed yourself to a life of sobriety. Let nothing tempt you to tamper with appetite. Your enemy is one of the old sort; give him an inch and he will take a mile. You cannot afford any experiments. The wisest king declared that a lofty spirit came before a fall. Those who have been the loudest in denouncing a fallen brother have often become victims to the same or a worse weakness. You had a choice and chose temperance. You did a good thing; the old sensible think. Now be heroic and fight your evil inclinations until death.

OLD SOLDIER.

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 Mucus, Swollen, Cracking Pains in the Head, Fetid Breaths, Deafness, and any Catarrhal Complaint, can be exterminated by Wed De Meyer's Catarrh Cure, a Constitutional Antidote by Absorption. The most Important Discovery since Vaccination