

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriet T. Clarke.

THE PATCH WORK QUILT.

In sheen of silken splendor, With glittering threads of gold, I've seen the waving marvels That hung in walls of old;

I've looked on rarer fabrics, The wonders of the loom, That caught the flowers of Summer, And captive held their bloom;

It has no golden value, The simple patchwork spread; Its squares in homely fashion, Set in with green and red;

The dewy breath of clover, The leaping light of flame, Like spells my heart came over, As by one I name These bits of old-time dresses—

This violet was my mother's, I seem to see her face, That ever like sunshine Lit up the shaded place.

I turn my patchwork over— A book with pictured leaves— And I feel the lilac fragrance, And the snow-fall on the eaves,

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Sage Tea for the Hair.

A large tablespoonful of borax would be the right quantity to half a pint of tea. If the hairs were coming out rapidly, I should use it every day. I know nothing of vaseline as used for the hair, but oil would do no damage to the ends of the hair; but if the hair is dry, and splits at the ends, I should think it advisable to cut it off a trifle, as it would increase the growth and health of the hair.

I think that borax is preferable to rusty iron in the tea, as it does not gum the hair or color the skin. I have known the use of sage and borax after only one week's trial, to stop hair entirely from falling off. It does not color the hair, but simply invigorates and preserves it, and renders the scalp healthy, which is very desirable, as a woman's hair is her crown of glory, and a beautiful head of hair is one of the most elegant ornaments that a woman can possess.

Sweet Pickles.

To 9 pounds of fruit add 3 pounds of sugar, 1 pint of pure cider vinegar, and spices to suit the taste: I prefer cloves and cinnamon, and shall use 4 ounces of each for a four-gallon jar of pickles containing about 30 pounds. Some grind the spices and others break the cinnamon into bits and add it with the cloves, but I dislike to be continually finding sticks in the sauce, and shall sew them firmly into a thin muslin bag, and boil them up with the fruit, allowing them to remain in the jar until emptied. Last year I boiled the vinegar and sugar, and turned it over the berries; poured it off next morning, scalded, and returned, and repeated the process again, but as the sauce commenced fermenting, and had to be scalded over, I shall, this fall, boil up the berries before turning them into the jar. This mode is a good one for sweet apples, crab apples, pears or green tomatoes. I steam the apples and pears until soft enough to admit a spike of broom corn; lay carefully in a jar and pour the spice and sweetened vinegar over them.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take six large, well-shaped tomatoes, cut a slice off the stem end and take out all the pulp and juice, being careful not to break the skin, then sprinkle them inside with a little salt and pepper, have a pound of cold cooked veal, beef or chicken, a slice of boiled ham or fried bacon, chop very fine, and add the pulp and juice of the tomatoes, chop fine and fry to a light brown half an onion, and mix with the meat a teaspoonful of fine bread-crumbs, two eggs, a teaspoonful of white pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, fill the tomatoes with the force-meat, pile it quite high, and bake for an hour.

Spanish Stew.—Spanish stew is a Baltimore dish, and is considered one of the nicest that a Maryland dame can set before a guest. To make it, first boil a pound and a half of sirloin, save the liquor, and wait until the next day. Then cut the beef into small pieces and put it into a heated saucepan with a teaspoonful of butter, half a pint of highly seasoned tomato sauce and the liquor, and let it simmer for half an hour. Just before finishing mash the yolk of a hard boiled egg, stir a quarter of a teaspoonful of curry powder into it and mix it with the stew.

Light Chocolate Cake.—The ingredients of light chocolate cake are two cupsful of sugar, one cupful of butter, three and a half cupsful of flour, one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the yolks of five eggs and the whites of two. For the frosting use the whites of three eggs, eighteen teaspoonfuls of sugar, two squares of chocolate and two teaspoonfuls of corn starch. Melt the chocolate, stir in the beaten eggs, the sugar and corn starch, flavor with vanilla and put on the cake while hot.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye, and only revealed through the microscope. Think of dividing a single spider's nest into a thousand strands, or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a vassar moth. Yet by the powerful aid of a lens of a microscope it is found that there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps, pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread, and when a thousand of these from each other are joined together they make the silk line of which the spider spins his web, and which we call a spider's thread. Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them put together to equal in size a single hair.

Almost as much care is taken to dry hay in Norway as fish; for the weather has its vicissitudes, and the Winter is long and wearisome to man and beast. Hay is hung up to dry. Stakes are set about three feet high, and pins inserted, upon which slender poles are laid. The poles are so arranged that when grass is placed upon them they shed rain. The sun and wind soon do the making, aided by stalwart females, employed in turning and handling the hay.

In the upper part of Sonoma county, Cal., a railroad track crosses a deep ravine upon the upright trunks of tall trees, which have been sawed off upon a horizontal line. In the centre of the ravine a firm support is furnished by two huge redwood trees which have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the ground.

For The Children.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, happy stars, With your yellow eyes; Good-night, lady moon, In the evening skies; Good-night, dusky world And the boundless deep; I am tired out; It is time to sleep— Time, time to sleep— Good-night! Good-night!

Good-night, weary boy; It has been decreed That some mysteries Only a child can read; But the sweet child-heart May you always keep, And the stars will be yours, And the boundless deep— Good-night! Good-night! —Harper's Young People.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Failed two weeks ago to have its usual column of communications from the little letter writers. The mistake was so bad that there is an apology due to the readers of the letter box. Children always like to know the reason why, and we will explain: It happened in this way: Aunt Hetty was to go into the country to make a visit, and of course she had to prepare for the Home Circle in advance, and as there were but three letters on that day, she only attended to preparing those three for the printer to set up, and told the editor of the FARMER that when some more letters came there, he might add something himself, and add a few more letters, too. But it was all forgotten, and the letter column was empty. We missed them, too, as we opened the sheet and found no little letters. There were some other grown folks, too, who looked in vain for the usual contributions of the children.

So we beg pardon of our young friends, and will see that it does not happen again very soon. It happens that the first letter that we open this week is from "A Pilgrim." The true name is given, but the writer wishes it not printed; it's too bad that the farmer gets so poorly paid for his hard work. There is really no business that seems to yield so small a profit, while there is so much capital invested in the shops of land, implements and stock, besides the hard work early or late that is required to earn that little which he gets, and only twenty-five cents for oats that are six months growing to wait for. It's very little for the trouble. Pilgrim has a good neighborhood with a Blue Ribbon club, etc. Will Pilgrim tell the Home Circle in the next letter what or who is a Pilgrim and what the word means?

Ida ought to try and keep her Calla lily from blooming till Winter, for Winter flowers are more valuable. She must let it be neglected awhile, and then, about Christmas times, must begin to treat it well, and water it with warm water, and by February there may be flowers on it. If, as soon as the blossoms begin to fade, the flower stalk is cut carefully close down to the ground, it will often send up another flower in the same place, and sometimes the tiny bud may be seen there near the root. It was nice to be able to keep house so that mother could leave feeling contented about her matters.

There is no fear of such a good letter as William's getting into the waste basket, and it is to be hoped that those whose names he has mentioned will write again if their letters give satisfaction. Clayton writes for the first time, and we hope he will write again before long, as we want to know something about that part of Oregon.

Emma says she weighs 91 pounds, that is a good deal for a girl of ten. It speaks well for that part of the country. We have heard for many years of Soap Creek; it was settled about there many years ago. We always wondered how that little stream got such a queer name. Perhaps Emma will find out and tell the Home Circle. Also, how Pudding River got its name. The "Riccral" river, in Polk county, was named by the French trappers "La Creole," but the name has become Americanized, losing much in the change. Also, "Rogue" river, in Southern Oregon, was called "Rouge" (or red river) from the color of the soil on the banks, and that soft toned French word has now an ugly gutteral sound, the English pronunciation making it unenviable. The rogues don't all live there.

Minnie is only eight years old, and writes a splendid little letter. She ought to be a happy little girl to have a grandfather and grandmother, too. Those of our dear little friends who have not that blessing cannot realize how good it is to have so much love and petting. Minnie is a sweet name to us, and we would like to know her and would be glad, indeed, to get some of those tomatoes and squashes. Clara is, we guess, an older sister of Minnie. She has written before, and we can see that she is improving all the time. We imagine that Clara has named the baby herself, for it's such a nice name, and baby must have come to a good home where there are two dear little sisters to love and care for it. Clara is old enough to do fancy work, so as to make pretty things for the new house. Industry and ingenuity will do much towards making a home attractive. Simple things that do not cost much money, only time and trouble, will adorn a home. Ferns and flowers always decorate a room, giving it a cheerful air. There are a number of excellent letters on file that will appear in time.

GRAND MOUND, W. T., Oct. 4, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As you was so kind as to publish my other letter, I will try to write you another. We are milking six cows and make a good deal of butter. We have done harvesting this year. We lost about 100 bushels of oats. Some of the farmers have had bad luck, sowing their grain owing to the rainy weather. We do not go to school now, for there is none to go to. It will begin before long. I have three brothers and five sisters—the youngest is the prettiest little baby you ever saw. She is four

months old. Her name is Emma Mabel Estel-la. I have been reading J. S. Jeffers' letter. He writes a real nice, interesting letter. We hope he will write again. Grace tells of her new house. We have one also. We had it built this Summer. We like it so much; it is so nice and handy. I should think Chester would have gay times, packing cheese on that long eared donkey. I must close; as you will get so tired of reading this, you will never want me to write again.

Truly yours, CLARA A. M. ROBERTS. Oct. 4, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 8 years old, and will write you a few lines. I have a doll; her name is Nettie Jennina. My sister gave it to me two years ago. My sister Sarah is at Chehalis; she will come home, to go to school before long. My grandma and grandpa were over to see us. They staid a week; went home last Saturday. I was so glad to see them. I sweep the floor, and do a good many little chores to help ma. I read third reader, and spell, write and study arithmetic. We have not much fruit this year; we have lots of tomatoes and squashes. I wish Aunt Hetty could have some of them to eat; they are so nice. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain your little friend,

Minnie C. Roberts. SOAP CREEK, Or., Oct. 10, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I will write you a few lines, and hope they will be welcome. I live on a farm, two miles from Sauver's Station. I like to live in the country better than in town. I am going to school this Winter. I am ten years old, study reading and arithmetic, geography, grammar, and speller. My mother has got about 6 dozen of chickens. I weigh 91 pounds. My mother is 51 years old, and my father 52. I will close for this time. Yours truly, EMMA SHARP.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, Oct. 2, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As you was so kind as to publish my other letter, I will write another one. To-day is Sunday, and I went to school and church. I will start for school in the morning. We had a steam thrasher to thresh for us. We have several nice house plants. I have a nice Calla lily; it bloomed this Summer. I have a pet canary bird; I call it Vina. We had a nice acacia, and a stray dog come and gnawed it off. I guess it will die; I was awful sorry. Mamma has been gone up to Washington Territory to see my two brothers. She was gone almost a month, and I and my sisters and papa and brother kept house. I will close by wishing the FARMER success. Yours truly, IDA M. HARTLEY. SALEM, Oct. 9, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have seen no letters from this city for a long time I thought I would try and write one. I do not take the FARMER myself, but my employer, Mr. Ben. Fortner does, and I always read it. I am a little boy twelve years of age. I love to read the letters in the Home Circle, and always when the mail comes I look to see if the FARMER is there. If it is I look at the Home Circle the very first thing and read the letters from the little boys and girls. Oliver Dale, write again; I liked your letter, and hope you will appreciate mine; as in your case, it is the first letter I have written; you may have written before and I not noticed it. C. H. T., your letter is interesting—write again. Well, as all the boys and girls tell about their pets I think I will tell about mine. I have a dog and a cat and a little chicken; I have also a little baby brother, his name is Robert Garfield. Well, Aunt Hetty, I guess I will have to stop for fear you might very gently slide the letter off your table to the wide mouth of that voracious waste basket. Wishing the FARMER a long and prosperous career, I remain your little friend, WILLIAM WILSON HENDERSON. CARTWRIGHT, Lane Co., Oct. 3, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: By request of a friend and subscriber of your paper, I undertake to write a letter for your approval. I reside in Siuslaw Valley, through which flows a stream of water by the same name. The soil is very fertile and produces grain, vegetables and fruit in great plenty. The oats crop this season was exceedingly good, and farmers are realizing the enormous sum of 25 cents per bushel. This is also a good stock country, and farmers are waking up to the fact and stocking their farms as far as their means will permit. Sheep raising seems to flourish in this vicinity, and the wool produced is of an excellent quality. There is still considerable unoccupied land in this valley. There has quite a number of families located here this Summer and all seem well pleased with their new home. Society here is the same as will be found in any backwoods locality; there is preaching three Sabbaths in the week, Blue Ribbon Club once a month, Good Templar Lodge twice a month and Sunday School every Sunday. School is now being taught by Miss Taylor, of Cottage Grove, and is progressing finely. Yours respectfully, A PILGRIM. ELKHORN, Oct. 10, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I never have written to any paper I thought I would write to the FARMER. I like to read the letters from the little folks very much. Our school commenced to-day. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, history, book-keeping, grammar and geography. I am 14 years old. I have six brothers and three sisters. There are several farmers in our neighborhood that have not yet got their grain threshed. I will close with my best wishes to the FARMER and its readers. CLAYTON A. CONARD.

To Overland Travelers.

The Pennsylvania Railway line, from St. Louis and Chicago, are the shortest, quickest and most attractive routes to the principal cities of the East.

Getting Up in the Morning.

The way to get up in the morning is just to do it promptly. The moment you are called, decide at once to rise. Do not wait until mother's gentle voice is tired, and Sister Lucy has determined that she will not call you again, and father comes to the foot of the stairs and calls very seriously: "William! Ebenezer! Rebecca!" and you feel that you must rise in a hurry. Do not put off getting up until you can hardly take time to match buttons and hooks, and you cannot find which string belongs to each other, and suspenders snap, and buttons fly off boots, and things are generally crooked. When you rise first, let your thoughts go to God in thankfulness that you are alive and well, and ready to begin another day. Then wash from head to foot with a sponge and cold water, and dry yourself with a rough crash towel, or take a rub with a stiff flesh brush. You will feel quite warm and glowing after this exercise, which is the better for being rapidly performed. Dress so neatly and entirely, to the last touch of shoe polish and the last flourish of the hair brush, that you need think no more about your dress all day. Be sure to attend to your teeth. They are good servants, and have so much work to do that they deserve to be carefully looked after, not with irritating powders, but with a clean brush, pure water, and occasionally a dash of white castile soap.

Machinery.

Machinery has aided to develop the rich, natural resources of this new country, and added largely to the measure of its realized wealth. It has doubled and quadrupled the producing capacity of our industries without enhancing their labor or cost. It has practically annihilated time and space, those drawbacks of commercial intercourse; brought nations close together for an interchange of products which are geographically as wide apart as the antipodes; condensed the business and traffic which formerly occupied months and years into days and weeks; harmonized interests and policies which were once diverse and hostile; substituted peace for war by making friends and neighbors of those who were strangers or enemies, and brought into relationship of one family the whole human race. The discovery of the steam engine was, of course, the great test and most far-reaching in its results, of any of those inventions which have substituted machine work for manual labor. The enormous power thus generated, and applied to the simple process of turning a crank, has set in motion hundreds and thousands of other machines, whose office is to do more cheaply and expeditiously, as well as more skillfully in many cases, the work which human hands were formerly wont to slowly and painfully accomplish. Thus have the utopian dreams of the enthusiasts of past generations been realized, the best results of scientific investigation and discovery reduced to practice, a new realm of art created and opened up to the workman as well as the scholar, and commodities, which from their high cost and difficult manufacture were once considered articles of luxury and curiosity, now placed within the reach of all.

By cheapening and facilitating the various processes of production, the use of machinery has vastly stimulated the consumption of both the necessities and comforts of life. At the same time, this increased consumption has reacted upon production, enlarging the sphere of all branches of industry, and creating new and higher fields for the employment of skilled labor. In these new fields the workman has found full compensation for those from which he has been driven by the tireless muscles of steel, and the nimble perpetually moving fingers of wood, brass or iron.—American Cultivator.

Training Horses.

Forty-six years ago, David Lewis, then a handsome round-headed Welshman, was driving from Utena, Oneida county, to Hamilton College, having a load of lads returning to their studies, after a spring vacation. As he neared Middle settlement attention was called to a farmer maltreating a colt which could not and would not keep up in his work with an older horse harnessed beside it. David displaced at the unreasonable farmer, murmured "Tu rural," (but did not swear) and stopped for the farmer to come near the roadside, and the two commenced talking in Welsh. We college boys had no Welsh professor, and were ignorant of the language. The tongues of David and his countryman had a short spat. As we started on our way, I asked a translation of the Welsh dialogue. Says David: "The man asked me to tell him how to break his colt and I told him to go in the house and break himself." No man can master a horse properly who cannot control himself. There is no mystery in education. The whole method is according to law. Rewards and punishments underlie just government. Beware of an improper punishment of a colt, as you would of a human being; for you must command respect if you would educate either. Nor trifle nor deceive. When you must draw the whip to compel attention, remember to reward obedience with sugar, or some pleasing gift. First make your colt your friend, and then educate without impatience or severity. Condescend to talk to your horse and be clear in your language, for he can hear and is glad to be intelligently directed. "Go on! steady! Whoa!" are three magic words which should be used to start, to moderate, or to stop the movements of a colt. Repeat them clearly, as you have occasion to use them, for just what they mean; and the colt will soon obey them, and be proud of his knowledge. Be at all times considerate, kind, fair and firm, remembering there is a limit to every sensitive organization. It does no harm to tire a colt, but never exhaust one. Groom well, after work, rather than before.—Brestane's Monthly.

Just now Frank Abell is taking some of the most charming and lovely promenade and studio photographs we ever saw. Call at his place on first street, P. rtland, and see them. Strangers always made welcome.

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