

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

COUSIN JANE.

What do people think of her, Our Cousin Jane? With a willow, sunken cheek; Hair with many a silver streak; Features never made for show; Eyes that faded long ago; Brow no longer smooth and fair; Form bent o'er with pain and care; Slighted Cousin Jane!

What do we all think of her, Our Cousin Jane? Quietly the children's noise; Mending all the broken toys; Doing dutiful, one by one, Duties others leave undone; Gliding round the sick one's bed, With a noiseless foot and tread, Who like her can soothe in pain— Useful Cousin Jane!

What do angels think of her, Our Cousin Jane? Bearing calmly every cross, Finding gain through seeming loss, And beauty ever bright; In the rigid line of sight; Self-forgetting, free from art, With a loving, Christian heart; Living eye for others' gain— Saintry Cousin Jane!

Would that thinking oft of her— Our Cousin Jane— Might our inward vision clear, To behold the "unseen" near, And in forms of duldest hue, Heaven's own beauty shining through, Reached—that land of purest day; Passed—misjudging earth away; What radiance will she then attain— Star-crowned Cousin Jane!

AUNT MATTIE gives us a rather lively account of "those chickens of ours," and yet it seems as if it was a little one-sided—we rather think if a farmer were to take up any other industry pertaining to farming, and "charge up" expenses, he would find himself in the same boat with "those chickens of ours." Chickens are expected to help themselves to a good extent; to forage for themselves, taking what is necessarily scattered, and would be wasted if not picked up by fowls. The horses waste oats about the barn. More or less grain is scattered in handling it, and during harvest those chickens will do quite well if they have a field to run in, so that it seems as if it was overdoing it a little to charge them with grain—they would do well on the screenings from the fanning mill. A sort of stuff is not good for the cow or pig.

There are many reasons why fowls are a nuisance, as Aunt Mattie says, about the porches and door yards; but our theory is that they should be raised near the barn, and not allowed to be near the house. Then it seems as if fifty cents were a good deal to have to pay for hens in the country—that is what we pay in city markets, and it looks as if Aunt Mattie had sharp traders for neighbors. The very fact that chickens and eggs are so high would indicate it as a profitable business. Yet we know, too, that there are the drawbacks of "varmints" and hawks; then, too, diseases will carry off many. Our weather is bad, too, leaving only a few months in the year when it is safe to have a brood come off. Now, we are not talking theory, for we have raised many and know all about it by experience; and, as far as that goes, we have found it profitable, besides giving the family the luxuries of fresh eggs and tender chickens, that cannot be put in the account of debt and credit. There can be nothing more vexing than a lot of hens in a garden, and it's surprising the amount of scratching one hen can do in five minutes.

One must be fixed for it to raise chickens with satisfaction, but it seems as if those fixtures ought not to be put down as expenditures any more than in reckoning up the price of the pen for the pig or the barn for the horses; they are improvements that are as necessary as any other. One can keep twenty-five hens on a good farm and not cost a bushel of wheat, and each of these hens are good for twelve dozen eggs during the year, which would leave some three hundred dozen. We don't know how many eggs we use unless we notice them. We keep an account of groceries, and so one day we looked to see the average that we used a month, and were astonished to find that we had bought five or six dozen every month, and had thought we had been saving, too. This is for a family of six. Now, if this many are used in a city where they are bought, how much more freely are they used on a farm, where they can be used without counting? We wish some one else would give an experience in the matter, and thank Aunt Mattie for her excellent contribution.

How to Place the Bed.

Baron Reichenbach, who has devoted many years of deep study to the art of bed-making, maintains that you must not always lie on your bed as it is made, under penalty of abridging your life by a great number of years. If, says the Baron, a more magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on a nervous life of man. Hence, he awaits on the effects of the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere lying with their heads to the north, and those of the southern, with their heads to the south. For travelers with short memories, we may put the rule in general terms: In whatever hemisphere you may be, always sleep with your feet to the equator, and let your body lie "true as a needle to the pole." In giving this rule, the Baron has simply told us how to live a hundred years; for the polar direction of the body is, it appears the utmost importance for the proper circulation of the blood, and we have Baron Reichenbach's authority for stating that many disturbances in the human organism are simply placing the bolster at the different point of the compass from that it had occupied before. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their heads where their feet ought to be, take to heart the example of the late Dr. Fischweizer, of Magdeburg, who died recently at the age of 109 years, and always attributed his long life to his faithful observance of the pole to position of sleeping. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies due east and west. Some observers assure us that to sleep in such a posture is tantamount to committing slow suicide, and that diseases are often aggravated by deviations from the polar posture.

THOSE CHICKENS OF OURS.

Editor Home Circle:

"Now," said Mrs. Grey, "I never could see the profit in keeping chickens. Every paper one picks up now-a-days seems to have chicken on the brain."

"Why, how can you say so. I like chickens, they are such a help to a farm in many ways," I replied.

"Well, I just wish you would tell me how or in what way they help," smiled my neighbor. "I see you have no hens now."

"Why nothing easier," I returned. "Let me get my account book; I always kept a record of everything when we had hens. The reason we have none now is because my husband got tired of them, said they were a nuisance, tore his garden up when running loose, and ate their heads off when kept in runs. I like chickens, but what can you expect of a man? There never was one yet who could see an inch ahead of his nose."

"Oh you are provoked about losing your hens, now," laughed my friend.

"Let me see," said I, as I began turning over my book, "perhaps the best way will be to tell you all about it. We bought 30 hens and 5 roosters, at 50 cents each, which amounted to \$17.50. Then the hen house and work upon it cost \$10, and the hired man built a chicken run of pickets, which cost \$10 more, in all amounting to \$37.50. This surprised me, but then I thought of eggs and nice chickens to eat, and took heart again. We let them run out for a while, but my husband threatened to annihilate the whole band because they destroyed a quarter of an acre of corn, leaving not a grain even for next year's seed. The corn was a quarter of a mile from the hen house, and they were grain fed, too. Then they began on the cabbage, and ruined a great quantity before we discovered what they were about. During this time we did not get many eggs; true, our chickens were only ordinary ones, Spanish, Cochon and barnyard mixed. Still they had good care, and I thought they should have done better. Even what eggs they did produce were very few of them layed in the hen house, but we hunted all over the barn for them. We had hatched out many broods of chickens, but the hawks were quite bad then and got most of them. We found it cost \$1 to feed a chicken at all decently for a year; additional cost, \$40. Those hens layed 290 eggs that year, averaging 25 cents a dozen. We were far behind that year on chickens, but I said I knew I could do better if I had good stock. Mrs. Brown had some Hamburg chickens, which were not pure by any means, but I considered them better than common fowls. She let me take four hens and a rooster to keep through the summer if I returned her five fowls and gave her half of what I raised from them. I brought them home and turned them in a run. We had a half Hamburg rooster, which had just been given me, and he and Mrs. Brown's rooster fought through the fence continually. One day our rooster flew over the dividing fence and had beaten the other fearfully, when we discovered them. That would never do, so we took that chicken home, turning our Hamburg rooster in the run with the four hens. These have layed 128 eggs, and from these I raised 46 chickens. I returned the four hens and 23 young half-grown chickens, and my neighbor, as she turned them out of the box, remarked, "They are not true to color." It would have been more of a miracle if they had been true to anything. Perhaps, if I had picked out six chickens and sent them as the entire half of my raising, it might have been satisfactory. I believe that is the usual plan for such things to be worked upon. I never was so sorry in my life over anything as I was in being honest over that transaction."

"Oh Fiddlestick!" laughed Mrs. Grey, "nobody notices what Mrs. Brown says; she must talk about something, you know."

Well, to return to those chickens. We sold \$30 worth of them; then I had thirteen left, of which one was a rooster. We kept these another year, costing \$13. These began laying Feb. 8, 1880, and quit Sept. 24, laying 922 eggs. This was quite good, I thought, for I must confess I was getting discouraged. I set a number of hens, and took great care of them and the young chicks, too. In fact my husband and I were actual slaves to those chickens runs. We could not go anywhere of an afternoon without hurrying home before it grew cool to house the chicks. A coyote broke open one coop, ate the mother hen and her fifteen little ones. The hawks disposed of many more, in spite of our watchfulness. A dozen times I have seen my husband running at breakneck speed from the other end of the ranch because a hawk was after the fowls. He would get the gun, and after sneaking about for about half an hour, may be would get the hawk, and may be he wouldn't. We clipped one wing of each chicken every little while, still there was not a day that from three to a dozen did not get out. I have watched them, and they literally climbed out. Sometimes one would get its head hung between two pickets, and the children, hailing it with shouts of glee, would poke it out with sticks. I think boys are born cruel. At the end of this year we had just two dozen chickens, which we sold for \$10. Now my husband says, "The first chicken that crosses the boundary line into this ranch dies!"

By this time Mrs. Grey was laughing so at my lugubrious face that it was some time before she could speak. At last she said, "I told you how it would be. Just add up your several accounts for fun; you may have gained more than you think."

I took my pencil, and after a few calculations, slowly read to my visitor the following: "Whole expense for the year, \$90.50; whole returns, \$58; so we were out just \$32.50. Perhaps if we had kept them on ten years they might have caught up and began to pay. Now we feed all our table scraps to our cow, and she repays me with an increase of milk; anything not suitable for her our three good cats dispose of readily. I have gained some experience, I own, still I think a few

hens on a place a decided advantage; just enough of them to prevent the vegetables from taking too rank a growth."

"You have no tomatoes put up, I believe?" said Mrs. Grey, to change the subject I suppose, for she saw I felt wounded.

"No," said I, hesitatingly, "the truth is this: One Spring day I took pity on those chickens; thought it such a cruel shame to keep them shut up all the time, even if we did give them fresh grass every day. So I opened the gate that afternoon, and out they all came. It was a warm day, and the lid of the hot-bed was off, so our old rooster and five hens tore it up from one end to the other and ate all the seeds they could find. We had no tomatoes or melons either, and my husband's tobacco plants were ruined also. Then that husband of mine amused himself all the afternoon throwing stones at my hens. I don't know whether the missiles or his arm gave out first."

"It does seem wonderful how much they will destroy," said my friend. "I have known dozens of people who would get angry in a minute if we said their chickens did not pay. Even when they keep an estimate of the cost of feed, they never think of putting into that account the value of anything they destroy, or of the trouble they are. Neither do they think of the colds and sore throats they get running out in the rain and wet to feed and care for them. They have to be housed and fastened up every night just at supper time when all the little ones are fretting for mother's care. They have to be let out in the morning, of course, when the children are clamoring to be dressed and fed. Then all day long they are more or less trouble. Farmers' wives, as a rule, have more than enough work to do as it is, without taking so many unnecessary steps after the chickens. Then of all troublesome times that of getting young chickens to roost in the hen house is the worst of all. I have tried the newspaper plan, but they don't work as well as one might suppose. Night after night I have carried them in baskets and in my apron to the hen house till I felt more like wringing their necks than trying it again. Of all stupid things the chicken leads the list. I am decidedly of your husband's opinion. I use corn starch instead of eggs in cooking, and you have no idea how nicely it works. I have a horror of chickens. People talk of pigs being dirty and not fit food to be eaten. If they can find me anything generally used as food that is less dainty about what it eats than a chicken, I shall be willing to confess myself in the wrong. A pig is a dainty animal compared with a chicken. How many farms one visits where the hens are permitted to range at their own sweet wills. They sun themselves on the well curb, on the porches, and if not closely watched are in the kitchen, even upon the tables. I have been positively disgusted, and would not have eaten a meal in such a house for anything. The yards were full of unsightly pitfalls made by the hens dusting themselves—bah, why continue the doleful strain, night will soon be here, and I must hurry home."

She departed as the shadows fell, and left me musing over our conversation.

AUNT MATTIE.

HOOD RIVER, Oregon.

OUR MOUSE.

We found a little mouse in our room the other day. We found him several days before, or rather he found us, for he got acquainted with the premises and made himself perfectly at home without any invitation. He gnawed his way into a large closet, and there he must have set up housekeeping. In that closet there were boxes of dried prunes and plums, and Master Mouse had good living, for our plums are choice eating—and he kept warm there, because he had all our winter clothes to fall back on. When he grew lonesome and wanted society, he watched for the closet door to open, and slid out quietly, and took a glide around the corners of the room. There was the canary bird for company and for music, for canary sings "like a nightingale." Mouse soon scraped acquaintance with the paper bag in which canary seed is kept, and it was wonderful to see how he would worm around after it, and discover when we put it to get it out of his way. Our room is warm and comfortable, and Mouse grew to like it and not to be afraid of us in the least. He amused us by climbing up any place in the room, and, no doubt, with a little encouragement, would have made a nice pet, but mice are not always nice; and while one might be tolerated, we found there would be a lot more waiting his report to come in, and possess the closet, and eat our plums and pears. So one evening Aunt Hetty put her hand on the seed bag when Master Mouse was lurching there, and had him prisoner. Now Aunt Hetty is wonderfully fond of peas, and we watched to see if her sympathies would prevail in the little chap's favor. But the good dame happens not to like the smell of mice, and she can "smell a mouse" out in no time; so while she held the prisoner waiting, she revolved the matter, and concluded to dispense with the further attention of our little friend, and took him down stairs, and let him carefully out in the front yard. You see she didn't want to sentence him to capital punishment, after tasting of our hospitality as it were, for hadn't he slept in the pocket of her winter coat? and hadn't he lived royally on canary seed and petite prunes? Of course, we couldn't murder the little chap, but after all, it was rather rough on him to turn him loose on all Portland's outdoors of a cold, rainy November night, and tell him to hunt bed and board. I think he will look back on the few halcyon days spent with us, as long as he lives as the *ne plus ultra* of existence—the best thing he ever knew. I confess to feeling a little sorry for Mouse, and I certainly wish him well, but then, you know, Aunt Hetty can't abide the smell of mice, and so the little fellow had to go—and he went out in the cold, I hope, with pleasant recollections.

YOUR UNCLE.

For The Children.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star, "But to make the dark world bright! My silvery beams cannot struggle far, Through the folding gloom of night! But I'm only part of God's great plan, And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud, "Of those few drops that I hold? They will hardly bend the lily proud, Though caught in her cup of gold! Yet I am part of God's great plan, So my treasures I'll give as well as I can!"

A child went merrily forth to play, But a thought, like a silver thread, Kept winding in and out all day, Through the happy golden hour; Mother said: "Darling, do all you can! For you are a part of God's great plan!"

She knew no more than the gleaming star, Nor the cloud with its choice fall! How, why, and for what, all strange things were?

She was only a child at school! But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan, That even I should do all that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along, When the road was rough to the feet, And she sang from the heart a little song, That was all thought passing sweet; And her father, a weary, toll-worn man, Said I, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

Our best! Ah! children, the best of us, Must hide our faces away, When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look At our task at the close of day; But for strength from above, 'tis the Master's plan, We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have spoken of it before that we seemed to have so many little friends in Washington Territory; what can be the reason? We must say that there are a great many bright boys and girls in our sister across the Columbia, and the first letter that comes to hand is from two "neighbor girls" away over in Spokane county. They speak of the spelling school which they have two evenings in a week. This letter shows the benefit of such a school, for every word is correctly spelled, and the writing shows practice and care.

The greater part of the letters which come to the Home Circle are to be criticized in this way, showing incorrect spelling, sometimes of very short and common words. It would be well for every one who sends letters to keep a copy at home, and then when the letter is printed, compare the two. We know that it is not always the children's fault if they do not spell well, but the fault of teachers and of the directors of schools, who do not see that attention is paid to this most important study. In country neighborhoods where there are but few amusements for young people, a spelling club would be a capital thing—a good plea for getting young folks together. Spending an hour or so in choosing sides and "spelling down." After that there are plenty of ways of getting through the rest of the evening in a happy way.

Young folks have light, happy hearts, full of life and action, and there should be care taken by older ones that they shall have innocent amusements furnished them. Some old people are apt to forget how they felt when they were young, and wonder why young folks are so giddy now-a-days, expecting to see old heads on young shoulders.

Three letters, all come from Pleasant Home, it must be rightly named, as the spirit of the letters go to show a happy family, and three live boys in it will surely grow up to be honorable men.

Eben answers Daisy's question. We are glad some one did so, for it is a nice idea to have something of this sort to give a kind of a text to write about. Many who would like to write for Circle hardly know what to say, and a question would draw out the timid ones. Coley is six years old, and S. E. must take good care of her pet cat to see how many years she can keep her.

Edwin writes from Pleasant Home too. We wonder if there are many places of that name. We hear of many who like to read this letter column. One lady writes to us that she read last week's letters to her little boy, not quite three years old, and that she was surprised to see that he understood and seemed perfectly delighted to have them read to him. So you all must see what good you are doing, and you must try and write interesting letters, and taking care to do it just as well as you know how. Some may say, "what shall I write about?" Why write just as if you were talking to your sister or friend about things that happen every day. Tell the smart things your dog can do. Any observing boy or girl will notice intelligence of all domestic animals, and could tell stories about them. We once, when a little girl, standing under a bird cage, feeling sorry for the little prisoner, when the canary flew down from his perch, and with his bill picked up a piece of the paper that was on the bottom of his cage, dropping it out from between the bars. Curiosity caused me to look to see what was on the scrap, and this is all that was on it: "I am so wretched." Now was not that strange to happen so. Who will tell the next story?

ESSE PORTLAND, Nov. 14, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I have not written for a long time, so I thought I would write and answer Daisy's bible question. "Who was his father's favorite, and had a coat of many colors, and his brothers put him in a pit?" If you will look in the book of Genesis, the 37th chapter, you will find it was Joseph whose father gave him the coat, and his brothers put him in a pit, when there came by some Ishmaelites, who drew him up and sold him for twenty pieces of silver, when he was taken into Egypt. I hope you will all take the trouble of finding it, for it is quite an interesting story. I think it is a very good plan to ask such questions, as perhaps some of us will be able to answer them, which will also help us to remember

them. Where I attend Sunday school there are catechisms for children as soon as they can read, then higher ones until they are able to read the bible. Daisy says she goes to school every Sunday; that is right. I hope she has a pleasant teacher, and likes her as well as I do mine. We have an excellent school at Mount Tabor this Winter. Our teachers' names are Mr. and Mrs. Humphry. I like them very much. I should like to hear from Miss Maud and Gracie Burford again. I will close, wishing the FARMER success.

EDDIE PRICE.

PLEASANT HOME, Nov. 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to any paper, I am quite at a loss to know what to say. As most of the boys and girls tell of their pets, I will tell of mine. I have a dog that chases the cows and hogs away. I used to have more when I lived at home. I am going to school. I like the teacher very much. I like to go to school in the country better than in town where I used to live. I am living with my brother at Pleasant Home, Oregon. He has gone to San Francisco on business. He keeps a store here. My uncle keeps the post-office. My father is in the medicine business. I took a trip up the valley and saw all the little towns and large fields of wheat and oats. Well, I will close, and I hope my letter will not go in the waste basket. I will write again.

EDWIN C. MURRAY.

GRAND MOUND, Nov. 6, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to your paper, I will write now. I am going to school this Winter. I love to go to school. I have two miles to walk. My brother killed four ducks yesterday. I have three brothers and five sisters. Our aunt and cousins are here on a visit. I have been away from home two months this Summer; I came home three weeks ago. My sister Clara is staying with my aunt Emma. They are both coming over here in about two weeks. We live on a farm 6 miles from Centreville. We love to read the letters from the young folks, and ask them all to write often. I have a pet cat; her name is Coley; she is six years old. I will close. Yours affectionately, S. E. ROBERTS.

SPANGLE, Spokane Co., W. T., Nov. 6.

Editor Home Circle: We are two girls, and live about six or seven miles from the little village of Spangle. We don't see many letters from the counties of Polk and Lane in the HOME CIRCLE; we would like to hear from there. We have spelling school twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday nights, and expect to continue all Winter. We haven't any day school. We milk two cows each and cook, wash dishes, make beds, sweep the floors and do all kinds of chores. We had quite a snow storm, and it hailed and rained this evening. We thought Winter had come. If this be printed we will write again. Hoping to hear from Emma of Roseburg, Katie S. and Mollie Bond, we will sign our names as two neighbor girls, H. and V.

PLEASANT HOME, Or., Nov. 8, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As many boys and girls send you letters every week, I thought I would send you one too. I am a little boy nearly 10 years old. I go to school and study five different lessons. I have a good teacher, and like to go to school. I have four brothers and one little sister not two months old; she is the most cunning little baby I ever saw. I had a pet lamb, but sold it to a drover last week. My brother and I each had pet lambs, but we sold them because Uncle Charlie sold his hand to a drover. Next Spring we boys are going to have a yoke of oxen; then we can help father clear land. Our place is in the timber and is hard to clear. My uncle Jiles is President of the Literary Society, and our teacher is Vice-President. I wish the FARMER success. From an Oregon boy, W. A. STEPHENS.

PLEASANT HOME, Or., Nov. 1, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I thought I would send you a letter. I am 7 years old and go to school. I read in the Third Reader and study arithmetic and spelling. I live 18 miles from Portland. I see large bands of cattle pass our house about every week. I have one large yellow hen, a real pet; she is three years old, and is so tame I can catch her any time I want to; she raised ten chicks this Summer, and they are mine. My big brother has a trap set for quails, but he has not caught any yet. This is my first letter. I had better not write any more. Good by, Mr. Editor. Your little friend, C. W. STEPHENS.

PLEASANT HOME, Or., Nov. 10, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: This is the first time I ever wrote you a letter. I like to read the letters from the little boys and girls. My uncle takes the FARMER, and my father sent a club for your paper. Sometimes my father checks the post-office. We live over in the valley 15 miles, near the foot hills. I go to school and study geography, arithmetic, writing, spelling and reading. Our teacher went to Sandy to fish one Saturday, and my brother and I thought it would be fine sport to go with him and get a nice mess of trout, so hooks and lines were soon found, and off we started to spend the day on Sandy. When we got to the river we boys stayed at one place to fish, and our teacher went a little ways below us. But we were sadly disappointed, for we never even got a bite. To our great surprise we saw large bear tracks in the sand in the trail we went to the river. We all concluded we were not on a bear chase, for we had nothing with us but a pocket-knife, and the safest place for young fishermen was at home; so we started up the bluff in a hurry, well satisfied with our day's ramble. If my letter don't find the waste basket, I will write again some time. I am a friend to the FARMER. J. B. S.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from dyspepsia, debility, liver complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address, Seth W. Fowles & Sons, Boston.

Aunt Louisa's Pudding.

"One—two—three—four—five! O, what beauties! Which bidly do you think laid 'em? I'm almost certain sure it was dear old Fluffy. Bless her heart! Isn't she just the darlingest?"

"Well! Milly. You quite take my breath away. But have a care! Those eggs are not cobbler stones."

The warming came too late. Crash! went the eggs gathered in Nellie's white apron. She had, without thinking, leaned against the barrel that held the nest, in her effort to discover additions to her store.

"O Lenny! Do you think Aunt Sice will scold awful?" exclaimed Milly, looking ruefully down at her apron. The yellow fluid was already oozing through the pretty barred muslin.

"I dare say you'll catch it," Lenny replied. There was not a spark of sympathy in his tones, yet Lenny was not a bad boy.

Milly did not quite understand what her cousin meant when he said she would catch it, but she felt that it was something to be dreaded. Two great round tears gathered in her eyes.

"I wish—papa would come and fetch me home," she cried. "Who would ever think the nasty eggs could smash so easy? O dear! what shall I do?"

Just then the pleasant voice of Aunt Louisa was heard at the kitchen door, calling, "Come, dear, be quick! I'm waiting for the eggs. The pudding will be spoiled if you don't make haste."

"And I do so love Aunt Sice's pudding!" cried little Milly. Choking back a sob, she answered, "I can't come, Aunt Sice! I'm awful!"

She had dropped her apron, and its sticky contents were streaming down to her very toes. The soft laugh that greeted her as Aunt Louisa discovered the woful plight she was in at once reassured her and put her at her ease.

"Am I not a funny pudding, Aunt Sice? I hope you won't get frightened and give me to the beggar man, like Mrs. Tom Thubid did, you know!"

"Run, Lenny," her aunt cried playfully, "and see if there happens to be a beggar passing!"

Then she caught Milly up in her big calico apron and ran with her to the house. There she was soon made as clean and sweet as ever. Lenny found a new nest of eggs, and Aunt Louisa's pudding turned out a famous one. —Our Little Ones.

The Indian Scholars' Exhibit.

The Forest Grove training school for Indians made a creditable exhibit of the workmanship of its Indian students, both girls and boys, at the Mechanics' Fair in Portland last week. Coarse leather shoes of first class workmanship, the work of boys from 14 to 20 years of age, are shown. The names of the shoemakers whose work is on exhibition are Benj. Miller, Frank Mencham and Sammy Ashue. Alongside their work a pair of native moccasins are displayed. A set of jack straws, which are miniature canes, knives, forks, ladles, etc., are displayed, being the work of Benj. Shattuck, an Alaska boy 12 years old, with a jack knife. A wash stand of Oregon fir is shown by Augustus Kautz, and a handsome bureau made by himself of Oregon fir, which is really a good piece of workmanship. Although held together by nails, not one is visible. The handles are clear intagliations of clam shells, and the whole is prettily ornamented with scroll work. Other exhibits are: A neatly dressed sock, by Kate James, a complete dress by the girls of the sewing class, a patchwork quilt made by two Spokane girls and a variety of toys and small articles, all showing taste and skill. An exhibit of articles from the blacksmith shop at the training school will be added to this interesting collection this week. In the absence of Capt. M. C. Wilkinson, last week the exhibit was brought down from Forest Grove and arranged by Mrs. Wilkinson. On Saturday 75 children of the school came down to visit the fair, and were in attendance in the afternoon and evening. They were the guests of the various Sunday schools of the city. The girls were housed in the basement of the Congregational church, the boys in the Presbyterian church, and they took their meals together at the Methodist church. Their presence was an interesting feature of the fair Saturday evening. —Hillsboro Independent.

Autumn Sown Flower Seeds.

Most people have observed, no doubt, that self-sown seeds, that is, seeds that have dropped from the growing plants of the previous season, sometimes produce the strongest and most healthy plants that bloom the most freely. This is true of several kinds, and particularly of those that suffer under exposure to our midsummer suns. The reason is that self-sown seeds get a very healthy growth in the Spring, vegetating as soon as frost is gone, and are good-sized plants at the time we usually put seeds in the ground, even if they do not start in the Fall. They thus mature and flower during the cool weather of Spring. The Clarkias, and nemophilas, and annual larkspurs are noted examples. There are also several varieties of hardy annuals that do well with Spring sowing, that will bear Autumn sowing in the open ground and reward us with early Spring flowers. Sweet alyssum and white candytuft will give us abundance of white for early cutting if sown in Autumn. In a shady soil the portulacas may be sown in Autumn with good success. Seeds of beans, melons and pumpkins, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants, will flower next Summer; pansies and Chinese pinks, though they bloom the first Summer if sown in the Spring, will make much stronger plants and flower more freely and earlier if young plants are grown in the Autumn. All hardy plants—the primas, hollyhocks, delphiniums, perennial phlox, day lily, dianthus, and plants of a similar character, indeed, all that will endure our Winter, should be planted in the Autumn, if possible, as they thus get a good start in the Spring. —James Fisk.

Ferrets.

The full grown ferret is about fourteen inches long, and is noted for its great strength and boldness. Ferrets are bred quite extensively in Europe for hunting rabbits, rats and mice. Though regarded as a domesticated animal, the ferret is far from docile, and never shows an affection for those that care for it. The natural instinct of the animal is so strong that it does not need to be trained to attack its prey, though practice improves the animal in its work, the chief gain being in allowing themselves to be more readily caught. The ferret is always muzzled to prevent it from killing its prey; if this precaution is not taken, it will suck the blood of its victim, and fall into a sleep from which it will not arouse until the food is digested. When sent out muzzled the ferret will return after the hunt to receive food. It goes into burrows of the rabbits for which animal the ferret seems to have a natural enmity, and drives the timid creatures out where they are caught in nets and snares for the purpose. A ferret will soon rid a house of rats and mice, and it is for this purpose particularly that the animal is now bred and used by man.