The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

BEYOND.

BY HENRY BURTON. Never a word is said

But it trembles in the air, And the truant voice has sped, To vibrate everywhere; And perhaps far off in eternal years The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done To wipe the weeping eyes, But, like flashes of the sun, Thy signal to the skies; And up above the angels read How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given, But it tones the after years, And it carries up to heaven Its sunshine or its tears; While the to-morrows stand and wait, The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

LIFE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh; we weep; We love; we droop; we die!

Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?

Why do we live or die? Who knows that secret deep? Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring Unseen by human eye? Why do the radiant seasons bring Sweet thoughts that quickly fly; Why do our fond hearts cling To things that die?

We toil-through pain and wrong; We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

The Wheel-Horse.

There is a wheel-horse in every family; some may be the elder daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, or sickness, give her a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even Summer vacations bring less rest and recreation to her than to others of the family. The city house must be put in order to leave: the clothing of herself and the children which a country sojourn demands seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are not wholly a delight of the "provider." I once heard a husband say: "My wife takes her sewing machine into the country, and has a good time doing up the Fall sewing." At the time I did not fully appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it has rankled in my memory, and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for the merchant to take his books to the country with him, to go over his accounts for a fittle amusement? Suppose the minister writes up a few extra sermons, and a teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in a new language, ready for

opening school in the Fall? Women's work is never done. She would never have it done. Ministering to father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing and training her children-no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times.

Every night the heavy truck is turned up. the wheel-horse is put into the stable, and labor and care are dismissed till to-morrow. The thills of the household van cannot be turned up at night, and tired house-mother cannot go into a quiet stall for repose. She goes to sleep to-night feeling the pressure of to-morrow. She must have had "an eve" over all until every one is in bed, and must answer the need of the children, and open case in point: both eyes bright and early to see the ma chinery well started for the new day.

There is never any time that seems conve nient for the mother of little children to leave home even for a day; but with a little kindly help from her husband, and a little resolution to herself, she may go, and be so much the better for it that the benefit will ove flow from her into the whole household. She will bring home some new idea, and will work with the enthusiasm that comes from a tresh start.

One word for the older sister who makes the salad for lunch and the dessert for dinner, who takes the position of the wheel-horse quite cheerfully while her young sisters make themselves beautiful entertaining, and, one after another find "one true heart" apiece to love them, and leave the maiden to grow into an old maid. However willing her sacrifice, it is one; and nothing but the devoted love and gratitude of the households whose fires she has helped to kindle, will reward her for what

she has given. - Christian Union. Strong-Minded Women Among the Esquimaux

A young woman, Dr. Dall tells us, really quite fine looking, and of remarkably good physique and mental capacity, was observed to hold herself aloof from the young men of the tribe in an unusual manner. Inquiry, first of others, afterward of herself brought out the following reasons for her eccentricity. In effect she said she was as strong as any of the young men; not one of them had ever been able to conquer her in wrestling or other athletic exercises, though it had more than once been tried, sometimes with surprise and odds against her. She could shoot and hunt deer as well as any of them, and make and set snares and nets. She had her own gun, rights" fe.nale of the most advanced type. When Winter came, having made a convert of | quite so genuine.

a smaller and less athletic damsel, the two set to work with walros-tusk picks and dug the excavation in which they erected their own house, which was of the usual type of Esquimaux houses-walled and roofed with driftwood covered with turf. It was, however, as an additional defense against unwished-for Dear friend, I pray thee, if thou wouldst be prowling males, divided into two rooms, with a very small and narrow door between them, next which lay some handy billets of wood, to crack the sconce of a possible intruder. Here our two amazons lived, traded and carried on their affairs in defiance of communal bonds and public sentiment. The latter seemed to be composed half of disapprobation, and half of envious admiration; while all the young fellows of the village busied themselves in concocting against the enterprising pair. These were too fully on the alert to be surprised, and all efforts against their peace were fruitless. When the deer-hunting season came the two set off to the mountains; and no sooner had they departed than disappointed lovers and 'outraged public sentiment" exemplified in a mob reduced their Winter quarters to a shapeless ruin. So far as Dall's information goes, the following year the ladies returned to ordinary ways of the world, and gave up the unequal contest against a tyranical public opinion.—Chamber's Journal.

Cold Feet.

Very many persons do not properly care for their feet. They use cotton stockings and thin shoes in Winter; sometimes they sit, perhaps for hours, with their feet damp and wet. cold currents of air cause a temperature forty degrees less near the floor than overhead.

tinued cold having contracted the blood vesyet further chilled by a cold bed.

Now, the feet sustain a close nervous relathe physician applies heat to the feet to relieve a congested brain. The feet of one hearts happy. It takes but very little to whose legs are paralyzed will kick when make a child happy, and these anniversaries one who takes the load on all occasions. It tickled, though the person is not conscious of of birth days are good times to remember the the tickling, nor, except by sight, even of the children by always having something pleasant kicking. This indicates, two, one of the rea- for them to anticipate. A birth day cake, if sons why a rusty nail in the foot causes that nothing more, will satisfy and make joyous fearful disease, locajaw. Good health cannot the little heart for days. But a party given and strong through the extremities.

Mothers should see to it that their children's feet are well clad; and should, from time to time during the day, remove their shoes to make sure that they are warm. They should further train them to right ideas and habits in this respect.

With all persons the role in Winter should that :. be woolen stockings and thick soled shoes, and rubbers in wet weather. Extra soles, whether be used to great advantage. Slippers or shoes that can be easily removed should be worn about the house. If the feet are permanently cold from the shrinkage of the blood vessels. this will tend to enlarge them again. In such time in quite warm water. - Youth's Cam-

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake praise cour wife when she deserves it. It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you omething pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand Next core fixing about. me my paper?"

er and tell her town. You will find it to be a paying investment-one which will yield a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonkeep an eye ready to open at any moment to derfully, and it should be freely bestowed. A

I called on a friend one day and found her up to her eyes in work. "Oh, dear," she said, "this is one of my days; everything goes wrong, and I haven't a thing done!"

"Let me help you," I said. "No, no," she replied, gently pushing me into the sitting room, "I'm going to leave everything and rest awhile; but I must just wipe up this slop first," pointing to an ugly spot which disfigured the pretty oil cloth.

Just as she stooped to do it her husband came in; he didn't see me, but went straight to his wife. One quick lift, and he placed her on her feet, and taking the cloth from her hand, wiped up the spot himself.

"There, busy-bee," he said, "you've done enough to-day. You tired yourself all out getting my favorite dinner. Now I think I would leave the rest till to-morrow.'

few minutes before going down town. Shortly

I spoke to him theo, and he sat with me

amused.

"I guess I was in the dumps," she said, laughing, "for I've finished; and everything has gone swimmingly since E. came in."—

Anabel C. Edwards.

How English Wives Keep House.

English wives, high and low, keep house many American women. Every penny spent success. in the house goes down in the "housekeeper's book," with which every mirtress of a household is provided. Every bill is filed away carefully when receipted In fact, a perfect system of order prevails, which enables every man to know exactly what it costs him to keep up his home. In that country every expenditure is made to bear its proper relation to the income received. House rent must be only such a percentage, table outlay so much, ser-She despised marriage, and did not desire to do the work of a wife; but preferred the work which custom among the Esquimanx allotted to the men. In short, she was a "woman's ment. The gen ral style of their licenses. ment. The gen ral style of their living re-mains about the same, but it is necessarily not

Fon The Children.

PRIENDARIP

proving. Thy strong regard for me, ke me no vows. Lip-service is not loving; Let thy faith speak for thee.

Swear not to me that nothing can divide us, So little such oaths mean, When—when distrust and envy creep beside

Say not to me the depths of thy devotion Are deeper than the sea; But watch, lest doubt or some unkind em

tion, Embitter them for me.

Vow not to love me ever and forever, Words are such idle things; But when we differ in opinions, never Hurt me by little stings.

I'm sick of words, they are so lightly spoken; And spoken, are but air. I'd rather feel thy trust in me unbroken, Than list thy words so fair.

If all the little proofs of trust are heeded, If thou art always kind,
No sacrifice, no promise will be needed
To satisfy my mind.

OUR LETTER BOX

Keeps up in interest to us as well as to the little felks who so often say in their letters that they do "like to read the letters" in the It is not infrequent for females to go about FARMER, and then we are quite sure that the their household work half a day at a time big folks like to read them, too. Dellie and with feet inadequately protected, while the Ethel, two little sisters, send us communications this week. Dellie has had a quilting on her birth day, so we know that she has a dear Some people become so habituated to rold kind mother who plans such a pleasure for feet as not to "feel" the chill—the long con- her little girls. Where there is so much work to do, with little help, mothers are apt to forsels and destroyed the proper sensibility of get or neglect to give these social pleasures to the nerves. Not a few persons go to bed in a the children, and children are apt to grow up and we all like it very well. I am going to cold room with the feet still cold to have them to think there are pleasanter places than home, and find their happiness away from mother and father. Then mothers forget tion to the rest of the body. Hence it is that sometimes that they were ever little, and neglect to supply the trifles that make little be enjoyed unless the blood cir ulates warm to children is but little trouble, and makes a whole neighborhood of little girls radiant with happiness. In this way a little girl learns how to be shostess herself

> Naomi writes a very short letter, but it makes a very good beginning. She has a nice name, if it is a little old-fashioned, and it sounds pleasant to us, for we had an aunt of

Per. ... writes a nice hand, and seems to take some pains to write well. We received of cork, felt or even thick paste-board, may the arrow head, for which we are much obliged.

Cora has no pet but a canary, and thinks her little brother is a nice pet. Every little girl can, if she pleases, be of great help to mother by taking care of the little brothers and eleters. Of course, at times, it will seem to be very troublesome to have to care for them, and they will have other plans, but every girl who really loves her mother will be willing to drop self, and be ready to take care of the baby or to nurse the older ones while busiest, we dare say Cora is just the sort of

Next come four letters from away back in the State of Illinois, which will be read with It will cost you only a moment's time to greater interest for that reason. Flora, in one large churn, the handle of which was attached which must be almost as nice as a quilting party, and a most excellent way to get a carpet made in a hurry.

Christmas is coming soon now, and the girls ought to be thinking of what can be made for presents to friends, almost every child expects turned the barrel. The faster the barrel turnsomething from father or mother, and parents ed, the faster the churn handle moved up and ought to remember each one with something, even though it be but a trifle.

FRANKLIN, Oregon, Nov. 16, 1881. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl 9 years old. My sister has pet pig. We milk three cows, and have plenty of milk and butter. Our school has closed; we had a good teacher, and she gave us a pretty card the last day. I study spelling, Third Reader and arithmetic. I have one brother older and a sister younger than my self. Yours truly, ETHEL KIRK.

FRANKLIN, Oregon, Nov. 16, 1881. Editor Home Circle:

As you were so kind as to publish my other letter, I will try again. We milk three cows, and make plenty of butter to do us. I have two little brothers and a little sister about five months old. I think she is very pretty. I live on a farm about nine miles from Junction. I love to read the letters from the little folks. My father does not take the FARMER, but my uncle does, and so I get to read it. Our school closed about a month ago. Our beloved teacher's name was Louisa Miller. I was 13 years old on the 13th of this month, and I invited some of my neighbor girls to a hold accounts in a way that would surprise quilting. I will close, wishing the FARMER DELLIE LEMLEY.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I thought I would write a few lines for the first time. I have three brothers and one sister living, and one sister dead. I was 14 years old the 4th of last July. I go to school every day; our teacher's name is Mollie Black; she is a very good teacher; I like her very welt. I will tell you what I study at school: History, grammar, spelling, reading, physiology and arithmetic. I will have to close for this time. Yours as ever,

EMMA. H. HOUD. BURNSIDE, III., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As so many of our little girls are writing that. He got out, no one knew how; and vantageous in many cases. Sanitari

girl 13 years old. I will tell you what I do tiently til' morning. to help mama. I help to milk, wash dishes, cook, make beds and sweep. I go to school write and see if you would print my letter. No more for this time. Yours very truly,

LOUISA KOUSH. BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1881. Editor Home Circle:

I think you are one of the best editors ! ever saw, for you publish the little folk's letters, that makes us like to write and read; I think the WILLAMETTE FARMER is the most interesting paper I ever read. Ma had a rag carpet sewing last Tuesday; they all had a good time. I have to help ma sew carpet rags; that is better than play, but little girls like to play sometimes. I have a sister fourteen vears old, and three brothers.

FLORA HOUD. Yours truly,

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle : As I went up town for the mail and get the WILLAMETTE FARMER, and as soon as I got home I opened the paper to read the little folk's letters, and in reading them I found mine, and I was so glad to think I found it. We have thin ice and snow on the ground, My pa is down gathering corn for this Winter but I did not help, for I had to go to school, but I think it will do me more good. I like to help pa work. Yours truly,

CURTIS HOUD. 7

Cole's Valley, Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As you was so kind as to publish my other letter I thought I would write another. We have been making apple butter. We have had a snow storm but it is over now. Father has taken the FARMER for about eight years, school to Mr. H. D. Thomas. I will close by wishing to hear from Jennie Hartin. Your little friend. PARIALEE THOMPSON.

P. S. I will send Aunt Hetty an arrow head.

DAYTON, W. T., Nov. 21, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have seen so many letters from the little folks, I thought I would write one, too. I am a little girl 10 years old. We are having considerable Winter here; the snow is three inches deep. There is but little business going on now, on account of the small pox; it is very bad in Dayton. I have two sisters and five brothers; the youngest is fifteen months old ; he is the sweetest little darling you ever saw; his name is Robert Franklin. I have no pets but a canary. My sister will send Aunt Hetty one of her cards, Wishing success to the FARMER, I will close. Ever your CORA D. DASHIELL.

NOVEMBER 23, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am nine years old; I help my sister do the work. We look for our sister from school to-Lydia's house. morrow to stay a while. Our nicest put is a baby brother, 15 months old.

NAOMI DAY.

THE WISE DOG AND THE SHEEP.

Many years ago I spent a few weeks with some friends, who lived upon a large milk farm in the State of New York. They made mother is getting dinner. As every one knows a great many pounds of butter every day, and that a baby is always particularly wakeful packed it in firkins for market. So much and restless at such times as mother is the churning could not be done by hand, and, as working by steam was not common then, they were obliged to employ dogs, and sometimes sheep.

In the basement of the farm house was a to a large barrel made of slats, in such a way, that, when the barrel revolved, the churn was worked. When the dairy maid was ready to churn, she would lock Bruce, their great dog, into this barrel, and said to him, "Go on Bruce." If he went on, at every step he ed, the faster the churn handle moved up and down, and the sooner the butter came.

Bruce did not like this kind of work; and who of us would? He often tried to shirk it by running away; but, when John, the farmer's son, perceived this trick, he took care to secure the dog over night. The farmer and his son were very good to their animals; so, in order that Bruce might rest, they selected a by any other name than "Sheepy."

The dog and the sheep took turns in the churning thus: Bruce worked Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Old Sheepy worked the other three days of the six. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, Old Sheepy could never be found without much hunting. The other three mornings she would leisurely wander near the house, aibbling the grass near the door step.

So John was obliged to drive her into an inclosure, and there confined her for the night previous to her churning, as it took too much time to find her in the morning.

On Monday evening, Bruce having done his day's work was lying on a rug in the sitting room, where the farmer's children and myself when put away, and have no doubt they can be kept any length of time." come?" At eight o'clock Priscilla and John. as if with one thought, started up from the game with the words, "Has any one shut up Old Sheepy?" No one knew. So off John ran to get the animal, but soon returned not able to find her.

know B uce if she thought he was simple enough to be caught napping after hearing

letters, I thought I would write one. I am a there was nothing to be done but to wait pa-

Bruce had no idea of allowing Old Sheepy to get clear of her task. At midnight a terrievery day, and am learning very fast. I was ble barking and bleating and growling and over at Mr. Houd's and saw the FARMER, I scampering were heard some little distance liked it very much, and thought I would from the house. John went out to see what the noise was about. He found that Bruce had spied Old Sheepy in her hiding place, had routed her out and driven her into the inclosure; but, as he could not bar the gate, he stood guard against the opening, and was barking loudly to awaken the household.

As soon as John appeared upon the scene Bruce returned to his rug as if nothing had happened.

When Old Sheepy was marched into the barrel the next morning, you ought to have seen Bruce strutting about the basement! If Old Sheepy slackened her pace at all, Bruce would growl; if she didn't mind that, he would bark, and would not stop until he had succeeded in calling the dairy maid to threat

succeeded in calling the dairy maid to threat-en Old Sheepy with the whip.

Priscilla and John thought these little acts of the dog very wise; but I think a sheep that could tell the days of the week, as this one was able to do, and knew enough to run away the night before her turn came, was just as wise as the dog.

The family were loud in their praise of

Bruce, however, and, as a reward for his shrewdness, talked of relieving him from fur-

shrewdness, talked of relieving him from fur-ther work as soon as they could succeed in training another sheep.

I left the farm house before this took place; so I cannot say how Bruce bore his laurels. But if I had my way, I would have rewarded Old Sheepy, too.—Selected.

Disparity in Ages.

The old man who marries a young girl does not do a very wise thing, and his bride risks her happiness and often loses it. But there is a certain beauty in the admiring protection of the husband, and, whatever her disappointment may be, in nine cases out of ten sle keeps her own secret. Her remance may be dormant, but affection is very strong in we-men, and she may be fond and proud of a very old man who retains his faculties and his em ti ns and loves her well. But of the old wo-man who marries a boy, what can we say, what can we think? In such a union there can be can be think. In such a union there can be neither dignity nor beauty. The man's motive is usually a mercenary one, and the woman is simply his dupe. The clergyman who performs the marrisge eremony knows this at the altar; the friends who go to church to see them married feel it acutely. The congratula-tions are hollow and forced. Even where as tions are hollow and forced. Even where an old woman's lingering beauty has temporarily captivated a youth, the looker-on can feel nothing but sorrow—the infatuation must be so brief, the rebound so terrible. Man's love is often so light a thing even when youth and beauty rivet it! A wife has sometimes so much to suffer even where she has chosen wisely. The contempt one cannot help feeling wisely. The contempt one cannot help feeling for the woman who barters her freedom, the scorn one must cherish for the man who sellhimself for a fortune, are scarcely so strong as the pity that arises for two bound together for

The dress in question was a spotted, faded

The dress in question was a spotted, faded old Summer silk, which only looked the more forforn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

'Oh, anything is g od enough for home!' said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

'Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

'Oh, never mind; it is good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty colors and cuffs; but now she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy, and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and pointe, and had won golden opinions from all! but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother and servant kindly and courteously, is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges gives the following method of preserving eggs: "Use the patent stopper glass jar with valcanized India rubber joints to make it perfect ly tight, like the just for preserving fruit. As soon as the eggs are collected, put the jarg inorder that Bruce might rest, they selected a to hot water, and when thoroughly warm, so sheep to perform a part of the labor. This as to rarify the air, put the eggs into the jar, sheep, though quite young, was never called the pointed ends upward, and pack them with the pointed ends upward, and pack them with paper or something to prevent them from breaking, then close the jar before taking it out of the water. If the work is skillfully done and the jar is tight, the eggs will keep for many months and be as good for the breakfast table as the day they were laid. It is said they will be fit for hatching, also, a year after they are so packed, but never having tried them for that, we cannot affirm it from actual experiment. from actual experiment

Another gives the following upon the same subject: Take fresh eggs when they are plenty and cheap, and coat them with lard or any other clean grease. I prefer lard. I put a lump in a saucer or anything convenient to melt (not boil;) then with a small rag grease each egg —it will take but very little grease. I pack in a box or a keg in wheat bran or chaff, small ends down. Anything like chaff or cut straw will answer. I prefer bran. I

Ploating

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar "No matter," said Priscilla, "Bruce has manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands than now." Bruce pricked up his cars as if to under water, in any way he plea-es, his head say, "Catch me churning Old Sheepy's butter!" When bed time came, Priscilla said, "I will not let old Bruce out to night. I will put him he may use the less exertion with his hands, in the wash room." Priscilla didn't quite or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in



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himself for a fortune, are scarcely so strong as the pity that arises for two bound together for life under such circumstances as make even ordinary contentment an impossibility.—The Daisy.

Good Enough for Home.

"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

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