

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet 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.

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!

The Wheel-Horse.

There is a wheel-horse in every family; some one who takes the load on all occasions. It may be the elder daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother.

a smaller and less athletic damsel, the two set to work with walrus-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 drift-wood covered with turf.

For The Children.

FRIENDSHIP.

Dear friend, I pray thee, if thou wouldst be proving, Thy strong regard for me, Make me no vows. Lip-service is not loving; Let thy faith speak for thee.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Keeps up in interest to us as well as to the little folks who so often say in their letters that they do "like to read the letters" in the FARMER, and then we are quite sure that the big folks like to read them, too.

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.

Some people become so habituated to cold feet as not to "feel" the chill—the long continued cold having contacted the blood vessels and destroyed the proper sensibility of the nerves.

Now, the feet sustain a close nervous relation to the rest of the body. Hence it is that the physician applies heat to the feet to relieve a congested brain. The feet of one whose legs are paralyzed will kick when tickled, though the person is not conscious of the tickling, nor, except by sight, even of the kicking.

With all persons the role in winter should be woolen stockings and thick soled shoes, and rubbers in wet weather. Extra-soles, whether of cork, felt or even thick paste-board, may be used to great advantage.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake praise your wife when she deserves it. It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness.

It will cost you only a moment's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in 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.

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."

"I spoke to him then, and he sat with me a few minutes before going down town. Shortly after, my friend came in looking very much amused."

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

How English Wives Keep House.

English wives, high and low, keep household accounts in a way that would surprise many American women. Every penny spent in the house goes down in the "housekeeper's book," with which every mistress of a household is provided.

FRANKLIN, Oregon, Nov. 16, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 9 years old. My sister has a pet pig. We milk three cows, and have plenty of milk and butter.

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.

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.

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BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As so many of our little girls are writing

letters, I thought I would write one. I am a girl 13 years old. I will tell you what I do to help mama. I help to milk, wash dishes, cook, make beds and sweep.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I think you are one of the best editors I ever saw, for you publish the little folk's letters, that makes us like to write and read.

As I went up town for the mail and got 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.

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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.

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.

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-morrow to stay a while.

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.

In the basement of the farm house was a large churn, the handle of which was attached to a large barrel made of staves, in such a way that, when the barrel revolved, the churn was worked.

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 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 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 were having a quiet game of "Come, d'ye com?"

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there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently till morning.

Bruce had no idea of allowing Old Sheepy to get clear of her task. At midnight a terrible barking and bleating and growling and scampering were heard some little distance from the house.

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!

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 further 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.

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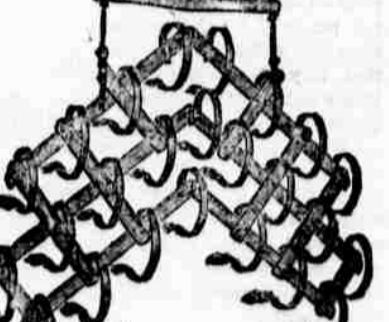
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