

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad, For you to accept or refuse: The one of them good, the other one bad; Now hear them, and say which you choose.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not until the little hands are at rest Ere you fill them full of flowers; Wait not for the crowning taborer To make sweet the last sad hours;

CHOICE RECIPES.

Custard Cake.—Make a cake with three eggs beaten separately, one cup of sugar, one and a half cup of flour, in which mix two teaspoonsful of baking powder; add four table-spoonfuls of water. Beat well, and bake in jelly pans.

For The Children.

HOMESICK.

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

Dolly knows what is the matter—Dolly and I. It isn't the mumps nor the measles—oh, dear, I shall die!

But oh! there's a difference, Dolly, when your head is full of pains That (leaving the ache that is in 'em) there's nothing left of your brains.

Did you hear any noise, Dolly? Speak, Dolly, you little witch!

But if that is you mother (and I know by your lips that it is), I'll just squeeze your head off—you think that all I want is a kiss?

OUR LETTER BOX.

The mails bring letters thick and fast for the Circle now. They are from all parts of our own coast, and some from the Eastern States.

good name are poor indeed. Now, boys, commence this year with a promise to deal fair and speak the truth.

Two letters from Fort Sumter are the first we open. Katie tells how the place came to be called by this name.

Simeon has a solid sort of a pet, a cow, that he has milked for two years. We are sure the cow was never kicked, but chews her cud contentedly while Simeon is milking.

Celia sends a letter to show that she wants to do her share of giving interest to the Home Circle column.

Laura sends one from Iowa, and we judge she has lived in Oregon before this. She ought to be able to compare Iowa with Oregon and tell which is the best place.

Virgil is well off in regard to pets and ought to be able to tell some of their smart ways.

Joe is much to be welcomed. New Year's gift to her parents, and as she helps so much has proved to be a very useful little girl.

Alice, we hope, was pleasantly disappointed that Santa Claus did not come her way.

Lizzie is one of our regular correspondents, and improves fast. No doubt she did have a good time at grandpa's.

Sarah has a dog named Gopher. No doubt he will "go-for" the squirrels as soon as the Spring air brings them out of their holes.

DIXIE, Or., Dec. 14, 1881.

I am a little girl 8 years old, and having read many letters from other little girls in your paper, I thought I would write you a few lines.

old goblin, and are trying to get him fat for Christmas. We shut him up in a trap, but he got out, and mamma left him out.

SILVERTON, Or., Dec. 13, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I take this opportunity of writing you a letter, to see if I can't get my name in the Home Circle.

I wash dishes, churn, sweep, make beds, iron and take care of baby; he is fourteen months old; his name is Otis.

SOAP CREEK, Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have not seen many letters from this section, I thought I would write a letter to the FARMER.

It has been so long since I wrote to the FARMER, that I thought I would write once more. I am 13 years old to-day.

BATTLE GROUND, Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have seen so many letters from the little folks, I thought I would write one, too.

FORT SUMTER, Dec. 18, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy 9 years old, and I live at Fort Sumter, about thirty miles from Baker City.

not doubt if you could speak you could tell a more interesting story than I read in books.

"Hum! hum!" slowly murmured the spinning-wheel; "the little girls who used to live a hundred years ago were different, in their looks and ways, from any that you know."

"Dear me!" said little May, "I wear aprons often; so do lots of little girls."

"Their shoes were often home made, of leather stout and strong, but many a child went barefoot throughout the whole year long, for money was not plenty, and people far and near had learned to live on little, for everything was dear."

"Oh, yes," said little May, "I've read all about that in my history lessons. George Washington lived then, and he was the General, and fought the British, and when the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' all the redcoats used to run!

"Ah! Time moves fast!" continued the spinning-wheel. "It seems to me only the other day I watched beside the farmer's hearth his only child at play."

"What do you know about it now, old Spinning-wheel?" laughed little May. "Up here in this dark attic you can't hear what we're about down stairs. You don't know anything about the postman or the mails."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the old wheel; "you make me really giddy; don't hurry me so, I beg; my joints are old, my back is stiff, a cramp is in my leg!

"Well, let me see. 'Twas Mercy; and it suited well so sweet a child as she, I remember how some neighbors, on one cold Autumn night, were sitting round the hearthstone where the fire was burning bright; and they talked about their country, and what they meant to do to help her in this struggle, like loyal men and true."

"Oh dear!" sighed little May, "I'm so glad I did not live then. Did they really hang the poor old basket maker? Your story is becoming very interesting."

"Little Mercy, quite unnoticed, had heard the whispered tale, her eyes were wide with horror, her cheeks grew very pale. What need for such a measure? What cause for such alarm? Why hang their poor old neighbor, who never did them harm? Then words that Christ had spoken came softly to her mind; that we unto our enemies should love be and kind; and they who were his children could best their service prove by showing their obedience in kindly deeds of love."

darkness, like an arrow off he fled, and Mercy, glad and thankful, to her little bedroom sped.

Now early in the morning, before the night is past, through all the sleeping village a messenger rides fast; 'Ho! young and old awaken! Good news! good news! hurrah! Cornwallis has surrendered! Now ended is the war! At open doors and windows are eager faces seen, and young and old together come hurrying to the green.

And joyful are the greetings and loud the bells are rung, and praise and glad thanksgiving are heard on every tongue, and men embrace each other, and women weep and say, 'Now glory to the Lord of hosts, who makes us free to-day!'

May started. The attic had grown quite dark; she could not even see the old spinning-wheel! She rubbed her eyes. Had she been awake or asleep? What a dear, delightful, interesting old place the attic was—Christian Union.

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