

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet F. Clarke.

TAKEN AND BROUGHT.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

What have the years stolen, as they sped away like a thief?

They have stolen away from me The wonder of all things new.

What have they carried away as they passed with laughing feet?

They carried away in their flight Many a hope and a dream.

What have they taken away as they passed with slower tread?

O, the beautiful light of youth, The joy of the sunny hour.

What have they brought as a gift since they carried so much away?

They have left me a patience strong, A hope that doth brightly shine.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1881-1881.

At his groaning, pistons hissing, Tearing, wearing, bolts all missing.

Caring for the Sick.

Any one who has been so sick as to require attention during the night, as well as through the day, soon learns what a great difference there is among night watchers.

One of the important things for an intending watcher is (if his daily occupation is one that is likely to give a marked odor to the clothing) to change throughout.

Cider Wine.—Take sweet cider directly from the press. Strain it through a flannel bag into a tub, and stir into it as much honey as will make it strong enough to bear up an egg.

Cider Jelly.—Soak two ounces of gelatine in a quart of cold water for an hour.

Cider Cake.—Rub to a cream a scant cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar; add to this one cupful of cider, three cupfuls of flour and four eggs, with two cupfuls of raisins and currants mixed.

Receipts for Using Cider.

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erly shaded. In warm weather, when the windows are open, be careful of a sudden change during the night, and see that no draft falls upon the sick person.

Worth Knowing.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves, moistened with water, will cure a sty on the eyelid.

The true physiological way of treating burns and scalds is at once to exclude air, with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, or anything that is handiest.

Use fresh water. Water which has stood in an open dish over night should not be used for cooking or drinking, as it will have absorbed many foul gases.

Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap it in a wet cloth, and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if on ice.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin, and will make it look like new.

Red ants may be banished from a pantry or storeroom by strewing the shelves with a small quantity of cloves, either whole or ground.

Sausage.—For thirty pounds of meat chopped, take half a pound of fine salt, two and a half ounces of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of powdered and sifted sage.

Treating Rancid Butter.—A way that has never been known to fail, is to cut the butter into pieces about a pound each, wrap each piece separately in clean white cloth, then enclose all in a nice white bag or large cloth, and bury the whole a foot or more in the ground, the deeper the better.

Canned Sausage.—Make the sausage into small cakes and fry until done; fill the can up with the cooked cakes, pour boiling lard over the top, and seal the can the same as fruit.

White Cake.—Mix the white of eight eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, three of flour, half cupful of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Pound Cake.—Mix five cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of sugar, one and a half of butter, one of milk, ten eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

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For The Children.

HALLO! JACK FROST!

BY JOSEPHINE FOLLARD.

Hallo! Jack Frost! I thought you were lost; I really was troubled about you.

No ice on the lakes, Nor any snowdrifts Nor chance for a slide in the gutters;

Hallo! Jack Frost! I thought you were lost; I really was troubled about you.

But here you are now, With your frosty old pow.

My mittens and cap, My skates and strap, And sled, so handy,

And soon we'll go Over ice and snow; And soon will the sleigh bells ring.

Hallo! Jack Frost! We thought you were lost; We were really troubled about you.

OUR LETTER BOX

Is full yet, but this week we have not received as many letters as usual, so must not give as many to the Circle, for fear of getting short again, as once happened before.

The first one that is opened comes from Emma, who has not written before, but we hope she will write regularly, as it will give her confidence.

Erna must give a longer letter next time. Any boy that is able to manage a yoke of oxen is able to tell something worth reading.

Miles sends us a good letter, but is like Erna's, too short. Next time tell us about your success in breaking the colt, "Johnny," and let us hear that you show more sense than Johnny does, and that you do not get angry at the pony, who can't speak or ask what you want it to do.

Here is another boy from Dixie, who has a pet calf named Dick, but his greatest pet is baby brother. No doubt it is a great help and comfort to mother to have some one to amuse and care for the baby, and a baby is, after all, the dearest pet of any.

George gives us a good long letter, that will interest all. Yes, we think our Oregon boys ought all to be thankful for good health and good limbs, for we don't suppose that there is a boy in Oregon who is so crippled as the one that George alludes to, and whose letter we published some time ago.

Nellie tells how much she enjoys the letters. This should teach every boy or girl that reads the letters a lesson on selfishness, for it is selfish to read letters and never to write one for others to enjoy; but Nellie sees this, and so does her part in writing one to pay for the pleasure she has had in reading the efforts of others.

Minnie has a paper that she says is not neglected; she must tell how she manages to care for it; sometimes the bird seed will give out, and in the country it is not easy to get more.

This is my first attempt at writing to the Home Circle. I am a little girl 11 years old. I do not go to school. Our school was out last Tuesday. I have a brother and no sister. My pa takes the FARMER. I live on a farm three miles from Aumsville.

I am a little boy 13 years old. I live five miles from Silverton. I have three brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother is learning telegraphy. I have a little colt; her name is Jennie. My father has five head of horses.

I have no pets. I will close. Success to the FARMER.

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girl must have noticed how the hens like to dust themselves in the ashes or fine dirt. There is some of the time, when the birds cast their feathers, called moulting, they will not sing, and will appear to be stupid; they should then be fed on green stuff, chickweed, cabbage and apple seeds.

Here is another little Minnie, the sweetest name of all, who helps her mother, like the other Minnie. She seems to have taken much care in penmanship—some seem to be naturally good writers.

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MOUNTAIN DALE, Or., Jan. 8, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: This is my first letter to the Home Circle. It is snowing now. I shall have a good time to-day. Pa and I were working on the road last night.

An Experiment in Soap Making.

I had watched the pages of the Country Gentleman for months, seeking a good receipt and clear instructions for making soft soap, but without finding anything I could be sure of, when in another place I ran across the following, which seemed to be sufficiently concise, plain and unmistakable.

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Good Manners.

It is a mistake to regard manners as something external or distinct from the nature, to be taken on or put off at will. The bearing to which we instinctively accord respect is the outward blossoming of an inward growth, and bears the same relation to character that flower does to the plant, not absolutely necessary to its existence, but a graceful expression of internal qualities which give it strength and vigor.

A fine manner presupposes a certain force of character and firmness of purpose which invest the owner with composure and self-respect.

In a moment of forgetfulness, and such moments will come, the mask drops off and discloses the real man that lives behind it. For those who behold the disclosure there is no possibility of forgetfulness, and for them the mask will not only fail to do its work, but will produce a sense of incongruity that will give absolute discomfort.

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Children CRY FOR Pitcher's Castoria. Mothers like, and Physicians recommend it. IT IS NOT NARCOTIC. CENTAUR LINIMENTS; the World's great Pain-Relieving remedies. They heal, soothe and cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back and Rheumatism upon Man, and Sprains, Galls, and Lameness upon Beasts. Cheap, quick and reliable.