The Bome Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

TAKEN AND BROUGHT.

BY HOLLIS PREEMAN.

What have the years stolen, as they sped away Noiselessly, silently, never missed in the joy

They have stolen away from me The wonder of all things new, The freshness from off the daisy, The glisten from off the dew, The laughter untouched by care, The sunshine with never a cloud, The thoughts that knew not a fear, The heart that could speak aloud.

What have they carried away as they passed with laughing feet
Flying along with a maddened rush in the
sumshine of youth so sweet?

They carried away in their flight Many a hope and a dream Beautiful castles built in air And gilded by fancy's gleam;
Some friendships that budded fair,
Love like an opening rose,
The eager hope of beginning
And the sweet caim of repose.

What have they taken away as they pass with slower tread.
Counting them by the fall of toars and the Summers lying dead ?

O, the beautiful light of youth, The joy of the sunny hour,
The red from the sparkling lips,
And the honey from out the flower, The glow from the golden hair, The beauty that shone so brief, The vigor and hope from life, From men the trust and belief

What have they brought as a gift since they carried so much away,
Turning the laughter of morn to tears, and
the beautiful flowers to clay?

They have left me a patience strong,
A hope that doth brightly shine,
The bending to one great Will, The strength of an Arm divine; The living, but not to self, The working, but not for gain, The tears that are sanctified The humility of pain; The knowledge that God is good, That self is sinful and weak. The love of the Crucifi d Who came to save and to seek: Mercies unnumbered, love unknown, They have brought as they passed along and sometimes to cheer me upon my way. The God giving gift of song.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1881-1891. 1881.

Axles growning, pistons hissing, Tearing, wearing, bolts all missing, Rushing hideous thro night air, Always wanting some repair, Boisterous, blustering screaming, sooty, That's the way he does his duty

1891.

Silent, voiceless, quickly speeding, Coal or water never needing, As he rushes through the dark, Showing but a single spark. Like glowworm or firefly,
Or star twinkling in the sky,
Soundless all his work will be,
Moved by electricity!
—Railroad World.

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 hang up in your smoke-house. there is among night watchers. Under the care of one person, the patient will pass an omfortable night, while in the care of an other, the night will be restful and even pleasant. In country places, especially, we are liable to be called upon at any time to "ait up with" or to "watch" with a very sick neighbor. This is a friendly office which we should always be ready to perform. But few families can well bear the expense of a hired purse, even where such is within reach, and even where one is employed, it is usually necessary that the care at night be given to volunteers. One should always obey an invitation to watch with cheerfulness, as he cannot know how soon he may need the same service himself. There are a few general rules which should be observed by all who undertake the care of a very sick person. Always take a dressing gown and slippers, or in warm weather a thin coat instead of the dressinggown. In very cold weather do not go near the sick person until the clothing and hands are properly warmed. A person who is greatly prostrated, often has the seases highly sensitive The sense of smell, for example, is sometimes so exalted and acute as to notice odors that are not perceptible to the well.

One of the important things for an intending watcher is (if his daily occupation is one that is tikely to give a marked odor to the clothing) to change throughout. These who smoke should observe the same precaution, as the odor of stale tobacco smoke is most distressing to an invalid, even if he smckes himself when well. In taking possession of the sick person for the night, learn the hours for administering medicine and food, and write them down. It is seldom the case that a sick person should be roused from sleep to take medicine; but be sure and ascertain what directions have been given by the physician in this respect. If the patient is very ill, never whisper in his presence; if anything is to be asked of a member of the family, do it outside of the room. Avoid all unnecessary moving about, and all noise. If in Winter, and the coal fire is to be replenished, prepare beforehand for this by taking some old newspapers and doing up the coal in parcels do this outside of the room, of course. A parcel of coal thus done up can be placed in a stove or grate without making any noise. So where ice is to be given to the patient; let warm room. it be broken beforehand, and then, if ice is scarce and care must be taken to preserve it, put it in a soup plate and cover it with another, then place the plates between two flour and four eggs, with two cupfuls of rais- ing in the wall all about where the cage is feather pillows, and it may be kept for a long time. See that the heat from the fire does not fall unpleasantly upon the patient, and take care that the lamp is prop-

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. When medicine is to be given, always measure and prepare it out of the sight of the patient, so that he may not be thinking of it beforehand. When the watcher is a friend the sick person is often tempted to talk, and thus introduce fatigue. If the arrangement of the room allows it, the attendant should sit out of sight, but where he can hear the least whisper.

Worth Knowing.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves, moistened

with water, will cure a sty on the eyelid. For earache, dissolve assafertida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear, then cork the ear with wool.

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.

Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which the flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them a fortnight. Common saltpeter s also a very good preservative.

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. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or even a tin one, will keep sweet for a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

Common sod is excellent for scouring tin and will make it look like new. Apply with a moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

To cure bunions use pulverized saltpetre and sweet oil. Obtain at a druggists five cents' worth of saltpetre; put it into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it, shake up well and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

Flies may be effectually disposed of without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, and one teaspoonful of cream. Mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate where flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. Red auta may be banished from a pantry or storesoom by strewing the shelves with a

small quantity of cloves, either whole or ground. We use the former, as not being so likely to get into food placed upon the shelves. The cloves should be renewed occasionally, ar, after a time, they lose their strength and efficacy.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Sausage. - For thirty pounds of meat chopped, take half a pound of fine salt, two and a half cunces of pepper, two teacupfuls of powdered and sifted sage. Take the skins of the leaf fat, put away until your sausage is ground and seasoned; put the skins in some warm water, take one out, put on a table, scrape with an old table knife until the fat is off, and it is as large as you can get it; let it remain on the table all the time. Make a large round cake of sausage as much as you think the skin will cover; put it into the skin as light as you can. After you have finished putting them up in the skins, get a needle and thread, whip over the edges and both ends (sometimes where there is a large hole you can patch it). Take a strong string, tie one end and

Trea ing 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. After a week or two, according to the rancidness of the butter, upearth, wash carefully, result and it will be found to be sweet and wholesome. I have so treated butter which was too rancid for cooking, and when put upon the table after such treatment, it could not be told from fresh

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 cup ful 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.

Receipts for Using Cider.

Cider Wine .- Take sweet eider 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. Boil and skim it, and when the seum ceases to rise, strain it again. When quite cool, put it into a cask and set it away in a cool cellar till Spring. Then bottle it off, and when ripe it will be found to be a very palatable beverage. The cider must be of the very best quality, made entirely from good sound apples.

Cider Jelly. - Soak two ounces of gelatine in a quart of cold water for an hour. Then add to it a stick of cinnaman broken into pieces, a blade of mace, and a few cloves, also the juice of a lemon, the beaten white of an egg, and one pound of white sugar, and three pints of cider. Let it come slowly to a boil, and boil fifteen minutes. Pass through a jelly bag into moulds which you have rubbed with butter. You may put in only one quart of cider, and not boil it at all, but strain it at home, it would be found better and after you let it stand for half an hour in a cheaper. Birds are fond of lettuce seed, but

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 ins and currents mixed. The raisins you may buy seedless, but the currants must be rubbed in Indian meal to clean them.

For The Children.

HALLO! JACK PROST!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Hello! Jack Frost! I thought you were lost; I really was troubled about you. I feared, it is true The whole long Winter without you!

No ice on the lakes, Nor any snowfiskes Nor chance for a slide in the gutters; Our skates and sleds must Be covered with rust, And ruined those beautiful cutters

That . kim over the ground, To the musical sound Of bells that go jingle a jingle, When soft lies the snow, And chill breezes blow, And hearts have a merrier tingle,

Hallo! Jack Frost! I thought you were lost, You are such a terrible rover, Or else, frozen fast To the North Pole at last, You'd stay till the Winter was over.

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

And soon will the breezes mellow
Ring sharp and clear,
And shouts of cheer
Will welcome you back, old fellow!

My mittens and cap, My skates and strap, And sled, are so handy, Just waiting for you And your frosty crew, My beautiful Jack-a-dardy:

And soon we'll go Over ice and snow; And soon will the sleigh bella' ringing Join in the song Of the merry throng Of boys and girls who are singing:

Hallo! Jack Front! We thought you were lost; We were really troubled about you, And feared, it is true, We should have to do The whole Winter without 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. Many of our little friends write just once, though some of them have sent letters quite often. Emma tells of Christmas, too. So many have written of Christmas, that we are quite sure this last Christmas. We live near the Abiqua; it runs Christmas day brought happiness to all of our little folks in Oregon.

Ezra 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. It takes plenty of patience and good sense to work cattle, so we would like Ezra to tell us if he finds it easy to do, or if he finds it necessary to shout and swear at them, giving lashes and cuts with every oath, as we have seen many men do. Oxen are the most willing animals possible, and will soon learn, and will pull every pound, if they only know what is wanted of them. There is a punishment, we hope, for those who have abused these poor dumb animals.

Miles sends us a good letter, but is like Ezra's, too short. Next time tell us about the stock. I will close for this time. I wish and let us hear that you show more sense than Joi may 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 saby brother. No doubt it is a great help and omfort to mother to have some one to amuse and care for the baby, and a baby is, after all, the dearest pet of any. Frank must write again and try to see how much he can improve each time. We like to notice in the boys' letters that they seem to know just how nuch stock is on the farm, which shows that they are interested in their father's affairs, and keep an eye out for the number of animals to be cared for.

George gives us a good long letter, that will nterest all. Yes, we think our Oregon boys ught all to be thankful for good health and is a boy in Oregon who is so crippled as the one that George alindes to, and whose letter we published some time ago. How thankful each boy ought to be that he can run, jump and use every faculty. We have not yet got that pestle, but we have heard of it, and know that we will get it some time, and prize it very much when we do get it.

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 bad in reading the efforts of others. We hope Nellie will keep on writ ing once in a while; she must be able to give some good ideas about that beautiful scenery and country on Puget Sound.

Minnie has a canary 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. We have been told that coarse outmeal is sometimes used, and that the birds seem to preferat to seed. It would be a good plan to sow some canary seed, and by raising it must not be fed entirely on it; they love to bathe, and should have a bath every other day to do well. Little mites, or lice, are apt to get in the cage, and will multiply fast, livhung. Examine and scald the cage and dust baths to keep off vermin. Ever | little is Jennie. My father has five head of horses

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. Then they are very fond of the long seed stalks of the green plantain, which can be found during the Summer and Fall; they will clean off every little seed.

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. What with helping mother and taking care of her three pets, her time must be fully employed. We are glad to see so much interest manifested in these letters, and we often hear older readers say that they love to read these compositions. We wish that they would be a little longer, and a little more variety. Now, the boys could tell of the way they spend their time, or tell stories of the intelligence or instincts of the animals around them. And the girls should write just as if they were talking to other girls and telling of what had happened. This would add to the interest of their letters.

PENAWAWA, W. T., Jan. 5, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

I see so many letters from the little boys will know I am a very little girl when I tell you I am only 10 years old. Mamma, with the children, moved down to Penewawa this Fail, so that the children could go to school. Pa has a ranch twelve miles from here, on Union Flat, but there has never been a school close enough for us to go to. I study geography, arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling. I have four brothers and one sister. will tell you what I do to help my mother. help wash dishes, sweep, iron and mop. have a dog, a cat and a colt. From your little MINNIE A. SMITH.

SILVERTON, Or., Jan. 6, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

As you were kind enough to print my last letter, I thought I would write again. I do not go to school; it has been out four weeks. I will tell you about my pets. I have three pet cats; they follow me wherever I go. I will tell you what I do to help mother. wash and dry the dishes, sweep the kitchen, feed the chickens and do other chores too numerous to mention. My sister has a canary bird; his name is Pearl; he sings nearly all the time; but he is not neglected like some birds Aunt Hetty tells about. We have three horses and one pony; its name is Net. I got a scarf, some candy and a dress for my doll for within sight of our house. I will close for this time. I will send Aunt Hettly one of my cards. Hoping to see this in print, I remain your friend, MINNIE LONG.

PENAWAWA, W. T., Jan. 9, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

I am 12 years old. I go to school at Pene wawa this Winter; my teacher's name is Mr. Pa has been taking the FARMER for about inclination .- Home Journal. nine years. We are always glad to get it; every one wants to read it first. I always read the letters from the little folks first. Pa has a farm twelve miles from here. He stays success to the FARMER. NELLIE SMITH.

Dixte, Or., Jan. 7, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : As I have seen so many letters from the little folks, I thought I would try and write one myself. I am a little boy 11 years old. I go to school; my teacher's name is Vincent. I have but two pets, a baby brother and a pet horses and ten head of cattle. We had a nice him down at once for a goose," Christmas tree, and I got some presents. In hopes to hear from the rest,

FRANK TATOM.

HAPPY VALLEY RANCH, Jan. 4, 1882. Editor Home Circle : After so long a time, I will, with your kind

indulgence, try to interest the readers of the Circle in my offhanded manner. I am going to school this Winter; my teacher is a nice good limbs, for we don't suppose that there gentleman; his name is T. M. Willen; he is coming home with me this week. The health of the neighborhood is good, as far as I know. The weather is Wintry, and it is raining and stormy, but not very cold. Do you not think we all ought to take a lesson from that poor crippled boy in Dell; he is so happy and yet so helpless. I think God has given him a patient heart, more so than most of us boys who have the use of our limbs. Did you get that Indian pestle? I gave it to O. P. Tompkins last Fall; he said he would take it to We had a Christmas tree at the Grange

Hall. I was not well enough to go; I had been vaccinated, and it rained so I did not go. They say they had a nice time. I got a present though. There were a great many nice things. I will close, hoping to hear from all the little ones that write to the FARMER. I wish you a happy new year.

GEORGE G. BELTZ. AUMSVILLE, Or., Jan. 3, 1882.

Editor Home Circle :

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. We went to grandpa's on Christmas Day, and had a good time. I will close, hoping to see this in print EMMA LEWIS. soon. Your friend,

Editor Home Circle

I am a little boy 13 years old. I live five miles from Silverton. I have three brothers perches often, or the bird will die, or eaten up and two sisters. My oldest brother is learnby these insects. In nature birds will take ing telegraphy. I have a little colt; her name

girl must have noticed how the hens like to I have no pets. I will close. Success to the MILES LEWIS.

> 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. As this is my first letter, I will great success, I remain your little friend, EZRA JOHNSON.

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: For a barrel of cold-made soft soap, take 12 pounds of potash, 14 pounds of grease and 32 pounds of soft water. Procure a 40 gallon cask, with soft wood staves and wooden hoops, and place in it the potash, first broken into pices the size of an egg; add twenty gallons of water, and stir with a wooden plunger two or three times a day until the potash is dissolved; then melt the grease in the remaining twelve gallons of boiling water, and pour into the cask and stir two or three times daily. If made in midsummer, the conversion of the materials into soap and girls, I thought I would write one. You will be completed in a week or ten days, but in cooler weather a longer time will be necessary, and at the freezing point the chemica action would be nearly suspended. Soft soap made according to these directions resembles in consistence a cold jelly more than anything else; its colo- on the smooth, settled surface being that of finished bird's-eye maple, with the eyes plain to sight It will not taint in the hottest weather, or separate, but remains fixed until consumed. If those having For those who behold the disclosure there is grease accumulated, , d are doubtful about the strengh of the lye resulting from the wood ashes they have saved for the occasion, will will produce a sense of incongruity that will procure the true potash of commerce, they will find such a course the cheapest and best way. But a word of caution-be sure it is the true potash of commerce. That put up in tin or sheet-iron cases is not potash at all, and will not do-the article referred to being that expression we desire. If we feel kindly we quoted in the commercial papers under the shall act kindly. head of "pot and pearl ashes." It can be had from dealers in drugs and chemicals who understand their business .- B. F. J., Champaign.

Etiquette in Writing.

With regard to writing letters, none but chool girls now cross and recross a sheet of writing paper; two sheets are invariably used, if one sheet will not contain all to be said. It half the second sheet of paper is left blank, it is not torn off, a whole sheet being more convenient to hold and to fold than is a half a sheet of paper. If a few last words are necessary to complete a letter, they are written on the margin, and not across the writing on the face of pages.

In addressing envelopes, the address should be written legibly in the center of the envelope, and not run over into a corner, leaving a Reed. I study geography, arithmetic, read- third of the envelope blank. Many people ing, spelling and writing. I got a pair of write their initials or name in full in one corvases and a mug off the Christmas tree. My ner of the envelope; this is quite a matter of

How to Know a Goose.

"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the rool ning, and straining their necks, and holding and offered to deed to her ten acres of land in their necks ever so high. See, mother, there winter wheat if she'd give me the shake and they go !"

"Geese, my son, merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the com- wood's he's got to clinch fastr'n a red squirrel mon. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head calf, named Dick. We have eight head of higher than the rest of the world, you may set

A Liberal Offer.

Purdy's Fruit Recorder and Cottage Garden er is the best journal on fruits, gardens and flowers, published in the United States, price \$1. As this is a standard journal that every family should read, we have made arrangements to club with it and to furnish its premiums to our own subscribers on the follow-

Any person wishing to renew subscription, who pays \$3.25, or any new subscriber, who sends us \$3.25, will receive the FARMER and Fruit Recorder one year, and can have any one of the premiums he may name in addition.

Any sub-criber who has slready paid up, can send us 75 cents more and have the Recorder one year and a premium. Any person who will send us \$2.50 for a new subscriber can have the Fruit Recorder and either one of the premiums as compensation for trouble in procuring us a new subscriber. The premiums are:

2. Twenty-five plants of the famous Sharp

less strawberry 3. Six plants of the new early and most productive, large, black cap raspberry known, the Tyler.

5. Six plants of Taylor's Prolific, the hardiest and most prolific blackberry known. 7. Two strong, well rooted, hardy and beautiful coses.

8. One Helena Honey Suckle, the mos beautiful grown. 12. Purdy's Small Fruit Instructor, 6-

pages, all about growing fruits, with plans for iry houses, green houses and hot beds. 14. A splendid and almost life-size engrav

ing of our dead President-Garfield; by one of the most eminent of living engravers, worth one dollar. Simply give the number opposite the pre

miums, and don't describe it. Just now Frank Abell is taking some of the

most charming and lovely promenade and panel photographs we ever saw. Call at his studio on first street, Portland, and see them. Strangers always made welcome.

Good Manners.

It is a mistake to regard manners as some thing 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 necclose for this time Wishing the FARMER essary to its existence, but a graceful expression of internal qualities which give it strength and vigor.

Some foreigner once said of Abraham Lincoln that he was a grand gentleman is disguise. In him the outward expression, though far emoved from the Chesterfield polish, was still so true to qualities to which the world accords its highest respect that it became a good manner of its own, and thus proved the truth of the assertion in regard to growth.

A fine manner presupposes a certain force of character and firmness of purpose which invest the owner with composure and selfrespect. A certain equipoise which enables him to possess his soul in p-ace, where a mind that is not so ballasted goes careering about to every breeze, a source of discomfort to itself and all who behold it. It also presupposes & a kind heart and a quick sympathy for others. There are native characteristics wanting to which a smooth exterior is of little real value. Shall we not then cultivate good masners ? May we not acquire a gentle courteous demeanor to which we may not have been born! Most assuredly, but not unless we conform to the law of development just expressed, we shall achieve no success worthy of the name. Let us suppose a harsh vindictive nature assuming the gentle manner of one who feels and lives unselfishly.

In a moment of forgetfulness, and such moments will come, the mask drops off and discloses the real man that lives behind it. no possibility of forgetfulness, and for them the mask will not only fail to do its work, but give absolute discomfort. Duplicity never succeeds to any great extent. A greater amount of thought and force must be given than with a higher motive would be necessary to insure the genuine feeling whose outward

He Didn't Take It.

He said he was looking for a suitable holiday present for his girl, and after a stationer's clerk had shown him boxes of writing paper, gilt covered volumes of poetry, scrap books, fancy ink bottles and various other things, he finally led him up to a pile of albums and announced:

"Now, then, here is the very thing you want. An album is a gift to be appreciated at all times, and the girls are always crasy bout 'em.'

"They put photograph's in 'em, don't they?" "That's what they are for. Your betrothed will place your photo here in the first page."

"On the next page will be the photograph of her noble father. Then comes the fond mother, followed by aunts who died of quinsy and uncles who got killed while coon hunting, Then strings along two or three bald headed babies sucking sticks of candy, and the whole winds up with a picture of the old friend of the family who used to trot your girl on his knee when she hadn't a tooth in her head."

"Not by a durned sight!" answered the young man as he dropped the album he had been holding. "He's a hyena in the bush, he "O, white creatures, screaming, and run- a year he slipped over there one afternoon foller him to Indianapolis. You bet I'm layfor him, and if ever I run across him in the or he's a goner! I guess I'll look around & little further. I'm kinder agitated and reckless now, and I can't exactly tell what I do

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Third street, Portland, is the best place in
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and for buying all kinds of needles, attachments and oil.

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IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

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