## WILLAMETTE FARMER: PORTLAND, OREGON, FEBRUARY 17, 1882

## The Bome Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

#### "ONE OF GOD'S ANGELS BY AND BY."

Oh! there are many, many nigh Treading life's pathway with us Who'll be "God's angels by and by" And may minister to us. True, on each chosen, realed brow, May gleam no heaven-lit light e'en now; The form and mien may wear no sign, Of a destiny so near divine.

We touch the hand, we press the brow, We touch the nand, we press the brow Pass lightly on our way, "Nor think for those we speak e'en now Heaven waits but one brief day. Oh! would we not more gently tread, Ou every word more kindly said, ----If, while we visit sorrow's home, Where want sits suffering and alone We could the future glory know Of those who dwell 'midst scenes of wos. And the high ministry that waits When the ransomed enter the heavenly gates.

I knew a lovely child-boy once, Radiant with beauteous grace; Scarcely had two bright summers g'anced On his perfect form and face. He stood beside his parent's knee, And I marked how proud the love might be. I might have called him "angel" then, But here forbat the ken But human love forbade the ken. Yet there was need of him on high, And he was "God's angel by and by.

Again, I looked on one whose face Was very dark to view, But little of life's rest and ease The weary form e'er knew, Yet when she spoke and when she smiled fou might know her for the Spirit's child; Might know that when the hugering pain And breathless cough ne'er came again, She would go to be with God on high, "One of His angels by and by."

And there is one, around whose path, As she treadeth earth even now There is a breath of sacredness That awas me as a vow. No lovely is the grace that clings Around earth's fairest, purest things. When for the sense of peace is given The peace of God, the joy of heaven. When my heart feels her worth, I sigh, She will be "God's Angel by and by."

Wandering amid earth's flowery paths, Where the sin and sorrow lie, Thirsting, beside her "sunny founts," Draws many a dark one nigh.

Oh! shall we taste life's cooling wave, And learn the truths alone that save. While from their homes of moral death The dying call with pleading breath ? some gift of faith and love of prayer Could reach them thro' the poisoned air, And those who dark and sorrowing lie Be of "God's angels by and by."

I look beyond my own loved home, Far o'er the occan wave, And for the lost in sin I mourn, Oh! who will haste to save ! Is there no part my hand can do ? No Christ led oath my steps pursue ? No message, that my lips may give, Bidding the fear-doomed victim live ? No living, warning, earnest cry To become "God's angel by and by ?"

## Apples as Food

From the earliest ages apples have been i use for the table as a dessort. The historian Pling tells us that the Romans cultivated twenty two varieties of the apple. In these later days, we probably possess over two thou sand. As an article of food, they rank with the potato, and on account of the variety of ways in which they may be served, they are far preferable to the taste of many persons; and if tamilies would only substitute ripe, luscious apples for pies, cakes, candies and preserved fruits, there would be much less sickness item alone, would purchase many barrels of developed kernels. In many parts of our country the condition of the soil is becoming the whole physical system, feeding the brain, as well as adding to the flesh, and keeping the blood pure; also preventing constipation, and correcting a tendency to acidity, which produces rheumatism and neuralgia. They will cool off the feverish condition of the system; in fact, they are far better for these purposes than the many nostrums which are so highly praised in advertisements, and so constantly purchased by sufferers. A rips, raw apple is entirely digested in an hour and a half, while a boiled potatoe takes about twice that time. Now that apples can be purchased at such cheap rates, every family should k ep a dish of them in the dining-room, where the children can have access to and eat all they please of them. They will rarely receive any injury from them, if they are thoroughly masticated, In France and Germany apples are much more used as a common food by the laboring classes than with us. Baked apples should al-o be as constant a dish upon the table as potatoes. Every breakfast and every tea-table should have a plate of them. Baked sweet apples are a very pleasing addition to a saucer of oatmeal pudding, and when served with sweet cream they are very appetizing. They are not as commonly used as they should be, as they will supply as much muscular and nervous support as dishes of meat and vegetables. Thousands of bushels of sour apples are used for pies and puddings in hundreds of families, where wellbaked sweet apples would prove more nourishing food, and much more economical. They are also good food for old people, and are usually greatly relished by them. In my own family they are always, when in season, a part of the meals of the day, and are as commonly used as a slice of bread. Sweet Baked Apples.-To bake them nicely, the cores should always be removed a tin dush, with a little beiling water in the bottom of it, and bake until a fork will slip through them easily. Baked Sour Apples.-Remove the cores; wash the apples clean; put a teaspoonful or two of sugar into the center of each apple; sprinkle a little ground cassia over the sugar, and put a small piece of butter on top of it. Bake in . slow oven, so as not to burn the tops of the apples, until thoroughly done. if any syrup remains in the pan, turn in on the apples. Turn a very little boiling water into the pan when you first put them in the oves.

bread, and alice thinly eight or ten apples, according to size. Butter a small, yellow nappy or a pudding mould, scatter in a layer of crumbs and some bits of butter over them: then a layer of the sliced apples, with sugar and a sprinkling of cinnamon, or allapice, or grated lemon: and so continue until the dish is well filled. The upper layer should be of bread crumbs and bits of butter. Bake one hour.

## CHOICE RECIPES.

APPLE DUMPLINGS. -Pare and core fine, juicy apples that will cook quickly; then take light bread dough, cut into round pieces half an inch thick and fold around each apple until well covered. Put them into a steamer, let them rise, then set the steamer over a pot of boiling water, and steam until done. Try them with a fork. Eat with cream and sugar, or butter and sugar, or maple syrup. The latter is very nice.

LEMONS FOR SMALL POX. - An Ironton (Ohio) physician treated himself for small-pox with lemon-juice, and reports the process and results as follows. I squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one lemon into the glass, to which I added two tablespoons of water, and drank it. I then opened the rind and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in close proximity to a large mass of anow or ice. My pulse had dropped to sixty. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone, but by placing my hand on my head I found that the pocks on my head had gone also.

OLD TIME PORK AND BRANS .- Take two pounds of moderately lean side pork to two quarts of marrowfat or other beans. Put the beans to soak over night. In the morning after breakfast scald and scrape the rind of the pork and put on to boil an hour before putting in the beans. Set the beans to boil in a separate pot, in half-warm water. After boiling a short time drain through a colander and put on fresh water and let boil until quite tender. Then add the pork to the beans and let simmer until nearly as stiff as mashed potatoes. Then put into a baking dish ; score the pork and place in the centre ; brown in the oven one hour. Great care should be taken not to let the beans scorch when they are boiling.

STINGS -The poison of a bee sting may be forced out by pressing the barrel of a small key firmly for a minute over the wound. No wound or swelling will result.

#### Oatmeal

The consumption of ostmeal in this country, says the American Grocer, has reached large dimensions. Not many years ago it was only used as an article of luxury, but now thousands of American families have oatmeal on their breakfast tables, with as much regularity as they do potatoes. That it is a desirable and healthful food no one can doubt, and large as is the amount consumed, it is destined to become still more popular.

The oatmeal of Scotland has always en joyed the reputation of being the best in the world, owing more to the qualities of the cats produced than to skill in manufacturing. The Scotch oat is pre-eminent for plumpness of form, thinress of skin, and absence of moistare and discoloration. Where the soil is too rich the growth of oats runs largely to straw. and the kernel is thin and covered with thick husks. On moderate soil oats give a better return, there being less straw and more fully

# For The Children.

## BED TIME AGAIN.

Two little girls in their nightgowns As white as the newest snow, And Ted in his little flannel suit, Like a fur-clad Esquimaux,

Beg just for a single story Before they creep to bed. So while the room is summer warm, And the coal grate cherry red.

I huddle them close and comy As a little flock of sheep, Which I their shepherd strive to lead Into the fold of sleep—

And tell them about the daughter Of Pharaoh the king, Who went to bathe at the river side And saw a curious thing

Mong the water-flags, half hidden, And just at the brink aflost; It was neither drifting trunk nor bough, Nor yet was an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded; Inside, a soft green braid; Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes, In which the babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens To fetch it to her side, And when she opened the little ark, Behold! the baby cried.

'This is one of the Hebrew's children,'

With pitying voice she said, And perhaps a tender tear was dropped Upon his little head, And then came the baby's sister,

Who had waited near to see That harm came not, and she trembling aske "Shall I bring a nurse for thee ?"

'Yes, bring a nurse"-and the mother Was brought-the very one Who had made the cradle of bulrushes

To save her little son. And the princess called him Moses; God saved him thus to bless His chosen people, as their guide . Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood, And saw their wrongs and woes, Filled with the courage of the Lord, His mighty spirit rose,

And with faith and love and patience And power to command, He placed their homeless, weary feet, At last in the promised land.

-Northwestern Advocate.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

It scoms as if the weeks pass more quickly than they used to do, and the day we set brother. I go to singing school every Wedapart for reading and perusing these little letters come upon us before we think of it. write sgain. Yours respectfully, We guess that all people find that time flies faster as they grow older. There was a time once when we thought the years went on too slow for us, and that the time would never come when we should be able to put on a long dress and wear our hair done up with a comb, like a young lady. We expect a good many of our little readers are thinking about this very some thing. But don't wish time away; those childhood days are your happiest, in many

respecta.

Since our last talk to our little friends, one of our little correspondents has passed away from this earth. She was only about 7 years old, and an only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. Davidson, of Salem. She loved to read the letters, but she could not write, so she asked her mother to write for her, but she dictated the words, so it was really her letter. Now she has gone away -we are sure to a from the little tolks, and being a little girl never nave become incurably lame, but now

plan and think for the next year, for it takes time to make pretty things for presents, and tree was fine. It had lots of presents on for the little articles that are made by the giver nearly all little children and for lots of larger, are the most acceptable, as they show thoughtfulness, which is prized more than candy; also my sister Lucy and my little playwhere presents are made that are bought with mate Mittie Lee, who is nearly eight years money at the stores. We do not get as many letters from Wash- New Year's I went and ate a fine dinner with

ington Territory as we did. Are our little my friend Mittie Lee. We had a fine time Territorial boys and girls going to forget us? and played all day. Our school has again be We are glad Frankie wrote a letter, and it gun. But my sister Lucy or I don't go, for is a good beginning. We think Enoch is a the roads are so muddy that we cannot get funny name for a horse; he ought to be a good there, as we have a mile and a half to go. So we have to study at home. We have to help

Tommy has a dog and a horse; he ought to do the work, as all good children should help be a happy boy, and we know he will be if he their mothers. Bad children that won't mind always does what he thinks is right; and their parents they say always come to some most boys know pretty well when they are bad end. There are some good letters from not doing what they should. Take good care the little girls everywhere, which I like to of Jones and Charley, and they will take care read. Josie must be a good, kind girl as she loves to help her mother. I don't get to go to

loves to help her mother. I don't get to go to Sunday school as there is none. I would like SEBASTOPOL, Or., Jan. 13, 1882. to go. I read in the Testament, and I know

Editor Home Circle: the Lord's prayer, and also know much fine I have never written to the Home Circle, so I thought I would write and see if Aunt poetry as I used to have to speak a piece at Hetty would be kind enough to have it pub. school every Friday. I guess our dog Gopher won't catch many squirrels as he is kind of lished for me. I am a little boy 9 years old. I live on a farm with my brother. I have a lazy; though he is a good, kind dog. I haven't pet dog; his name is Jones. My brother Dan any sheep yet, but I guess I will get some gave me a horse if I would stay with him all after awhile. We have got seven hives of the Winter; the horse's name is Charley, and bees, and in the Spring they swarm; then I ride him when I go and see my ma and pa, they get mad and sting. The honey is who live near Wells Station, on a farm. 1 very fine to eat; I like it, and I guess all will close for this time. Success to the other girls do, too. I can look from my win-TOMMY B. GRANT. FARMER.

WELLS, Or., Jan. 13, 1882.

our house, and, lighting on the wheat fields, Editor Home Circle : I am a little boy 10 years old. I live with eat all the wheat they want, and then fly my uncle Tom; he has a Chinaman cooking away; they are good to eat when we can ge for him; his name is Jim. He has a horse he them; I like goose and duck roasted. It must calls Enoch, and he lets me ride him. I hope be awfully cold back in Iowa now; they can't Aunt Hetty will have my letter printed. My see green fields like we can here. I would brother Teddy wrote one, and it was printed, hate to live back there in that cold country. so I thought I would write one. My nucle My pa and ma ca ne from there. Well, I have takes the FARMER, and I like to read the written all I can think of this time. Many letters the little folks write, so I hope I shall good wishes to all the little girls of the see my letter printed. FRANKIE JONES. FARMER. and also to Aunt Hetty. Yours truly,

PRAIRIE CITY, Or., Jan. 8, 1882 Editor Home Circle :

As I have never written to the FARMER, I will try and write a few lines. I am 11 years old. I live on a farm a mile and a half from Prairie City. I go to school at Prairie, I like my teacher very much; his name is Mr. Sweek. I will tell you what I do to help my ma. I wash dishes, scrub the floor and wash and iron. My pa has taken the FARMER for several years. I like to read the letters from lights and decorations. Mr. Gray walked the little folks. I have three sisters and one slower as he came in sight of the little house, and when he drew near the door he paused nesday and Friday nights. I will try and irresolutely, then stepped to the window and

EMMA ANDERSON.

## Editor Home Circle :

saying so earnestly ? "Mother, do you think father hates me because I am so sickly ? Oh, it he would only love me a little !" The mother bent over him with loving words of comfort, and the careless father turned pale as he saw how thin the weak white hands were. Mr. Gray had thrown himself into his work, trying to forget what he had been and what he had once hoped to be. Alice and LITTIE BAKER. friend, Bennie he thought little of, but he reproached

Editor Home Circle:

Having read so many letters in the FARMER better and a happier place. We do not know myself, I thought I would write one. I am 10 he will always be a cripple." Now he saw

## Recipes for Making Doughnuts

house. The house was full of people, and the

and I got a pair of bracelets and a sack o

old, and I will be nine years old in February.

dow and see the green wheat fields and see

Monmouth, which is four miles from here.

I can see the wild geese and ducks flying over

HENNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from last week.)

SARAH COOLIDGE."

Doughnuts. -Take two cupfuls of sour milk, two cupfuls of sugar, three oggs, two tes-spoonfuls of soda, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard; add flour till stiff enough to roll out. Cut into cakes and fry in lard as hot at it can be and not scorch.

Doughnuts No. 2. - Take one piut of good pattermilk, two cupfuls of sugar, rolled free from lumps, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one-fourth teacupful of luke warm water; stir in flour till a thin batter, then add three tablepoonfuls of melted lard; mix in flour till hard enough to roll; out into rings and fry in hot lard.

Doughnuts No. 3 .- Take three eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of sods, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of allspice, four small tablespoonfuls of melted lard, and flour to roll into cakes.

Doughnuts No. 4. -- Mix one coffeecuptul of ugar, one coffeecupful of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two easpoonfuls of melted lard, one tesspoonful of salt, spice to taste, and flour to roll,

#### A Liberal Offer.

Purdy's Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardenr is the best journal on fruits, gardens and lowers, 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 following terms:

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 subscriber who has already 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 Sharpless strawberry.

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

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

8. One Helena Honey Suckle, the most beautiful grown.

12. Purdy's Small Fruit Instructor. 64 looked in. There sat his wife, her patient face turned lovingly towards Hector, who sat pages, all about growing fruits, with plans for propped with pillows, his bed covered with dry houses, green houses and hot beds.

14. A splendid and almost life-size engravpretty things to adorn the Christmas tree. ing of our dead President-Gartield; by one of 'How beautiful he is," thought the father, as the most eminent of living engravers, worth he noticed the bright eyes, the broad white forehead and flushed cheeks. What is he one dollar.

Simply give the number opposite the premiums, and don't describe it.

#### Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and ours to thousands afflicted with disease. The corresthousands afflicted with disease. The corres-pondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Con-sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases ; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in m cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, one; but the Infinité Being who could create this great universe -that created man with his mind and soul-is able to give a new and better life to us all. The beautiful butterfly is at first only an ugly worm, that after a while spins a occoon about itself, bursting Rochester, N. Y.

- File

Bennie's bright hopes sank a little as h went on his way. "How I do wish father was jolly and kind like mother," he thought; but when he reached the tree and began to cut it, his enthusiasm rose, and in his busy fancy he saw the tree already shining with its

PENAWAWA, W. T., Jan. 2, 1882.

I am a little girl 12 years old. I am going school in Penewawa this Winter. I have a good teacher, and have a very good time; my eacher's name is Mr. Reed. I study arithnetic, geography, reading, spelling and writing. We had a Christmas Tree on Christmas Eve. I got some nice presents It is snow ing this morning, but it is not far to the school house. I had some nice sleigh riding this Winter. I stay with Nellie and Minnie. I will close for this time. From your little

TANGENT, Or., Jan. 18, 1882.

and many of our local factories are manufacturing excellent qualities of oatmeal.

The first operation in the manufacture ci the meal is the removing from the oats all cockle, small oats and foreign seeds of what ever kind, for if any of these remain the quality of the meal is much injured. Black oats, if even of good quality, give a bad appearance to the manufactured meal, as it reappears in the form of black particles, which to the tidy housewife appears to be a something much more uncleanly. After the oats have been properly cleaned by sifting, they are next subjected to the operation of drying. This is accomplished in dry kilns, with special apparatus constructed for the purpose. This

oats from burning. As soon as sufficiently dry, they are re noved from the kiln while still very hot, and stored in such a way as to have them retain their heat ; after thus remaining three or four days, and hardening, they are ready for the shelling operation. This shelling is accomplished by passing the oats through mill stones of a special pattern. The product that comes from the stones is groats, or the whole kernels, dust, seeds, etc., and these must be separated ; by means of a combination of serves and fans the groats are separated from the other msterial, and are then ready for grinding. For extra quality meal the groats may again be shelled and also passed through brushing machine. The grinding of them must not be long delayed, as a few weeks exposure renders them unfit for milling. In grinding the groat, the great aim is to avoid pulverization, and to have the granules cut

square and of uniform size. Oatmeal is generally denominated by the cut, as pin-head with the apple-corer; then put the apples into cut, rough cut, medium and fine cut, though these terms have different meanings in different districts. After the grinding the meal is passed through seives, and the siftings graded other girls do. according to size.

## A CARD.

To all who are authering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manbood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a mis-ionary in South America. Send self-ad-dressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. IN-MAN, Station D, New York City. dec30-6m

Strange as it may seem, there is more food Apple Pudding.-Grate three slices of stale the stalls and pastures of England.

xactly about the new life she has taken; and years old. I have three sisters many would say that there is no life after this brothers. I have one pet; it is a bird; its years of pain, and his father was withholding

a while spins a coroon about itself, bursting three. I has two, and that each of the letters its shell to come forth in a new and more N and O have three sounds. I can get supper beautiful form of life. Still it is the same when mama is sick. I will close by wishing ugly worm, though it flits about among the the FARMER success. dowers anew.

The first letter we open is from Bennie, and is dated January 8. The date suggests a Editor Home Circle : question that every boy should be able to As it has been so long a time since I wrote answer, and girls, too, as for that, and Ben. to the Home Circle, I thought I would write must answer it in his next, if no one gets the a few lines. It has been very bad weather for start of him : What great event in the history | a long time; it has not snowed any to speak operation requires some care to prevent the of our nation happened on that date? and tell of, but it has rained a great deal, although it

> Ben. that we were a little disappointed; we two head of cattle belonging to Mr. Chamthought, what a nice letter, and how well bers, besides his own stock. Pa has been written, till we saw how thoughtless he was, baying land this Fall. I would like to hear for we are sure he did not stop to think how cruel it was to put a hot egg into the coon's FARMER for a long time. I am not going to mouth. It is no fun to see any creature in school. We had a Christmas Tree at my sispain. Coons steal chickens, and are a trou- ters; it looked very pretty. We bought ma blesome animal, but God gave them this in- an album and a pair of vases for a present. stinct, and they have the same right to kill My sister Ells and her httle girl got a present chickens that we have to kill and est them. So, if we are annoyed by squirrels, polecats or

coons, we are justified in killing them, if we do it without giving unnecessary pain; and if we torment dumb animals we shall surely be judged for it. A cruel man is always a bad man, and one that could not be trusted in money or deed, and we do not like to see a disposition in the young to enjoy the discomfort or pain of man or beast.

Sarah writes a nice letter, and shows evidently that she has taken pains in both her writing and composition. We hope she will write often.

Emma also gives a good letter, telling of the interest she takes in reading about what

Ida is lucky to have a grandmother to give her a bird. She writes well for a tenyear-old little girl, and must keep on trying to do better each time.

Lizzie has taken pains to make her letter look well. Perhaps the girls will wonder how we can tell, but we can tell when writers do the best they can.

Another Lizzie, from Washington Territory, tells about her Christmas times. It is a long

time before Christmas will come again, and

we hope all our little girls will begin early to

IDA SMITH.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Jan. 9, 1882.

something about it. We will have to tell is not raining to-day. My pa is feeding sixtyfrom Katie S. She has not written to the

from the church Christmas Tree. I will now LIZZIE CROLL. close.

EUGENE CITY, Or., Jan. 9, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

I nave seen letters from little folks in the Home Circle, so I thought I would write one. We have a good teacher at our school; his name is Hill; he whipped Jimmy Goodman last week for shooting paper wads. I have a dog and a horse named Charley. I took my dog hunting; he ran something in a log, and I went there and it smelt awful; it was a Is the February number of the North skunk. I am 12 years old. We have a cow; her name is Spot; she kicked father's hat off

last Sunday; he did not like that very well. My brother has a pet coon; I gave him a hot egg the other day; you ought to have seen hfm lick his chops. I wish I was a man, I would have a gam coat and a fiddle. I like to read the FARMER and see what all the little boys and girls say, and then go and feed my pet calf horseradish and see him grin. Well, I will close for this time, wishing the FARMER uccess. Yours truly, BENNIE MILLER.

DIXIE, Or., January 12th, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

Well, Christmas has come and gone. We had a fine Christmas tree at the Dizie school

his mistake. His how was not to drag through one; but the Infinite Being who could create name is Gandy; my grandmother gave it to the love that the childish heart craved so tor's blue eyes filled his soul with peace.

himself bitterly at times as being the cause of

Hector's lameness. "If he could have had

proper care," thought Mr. Gray, "he would

When Bennie came with the tree he was stonished to see his father sitting by Hector, making wire fastenings for the tiny candles that Alice and her mother were "dipping" in ees-wax from their own hives.

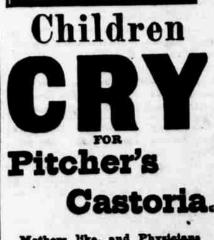
What a happy Christmas that was ! How pretty the tree looked with its wreaths of snowy pop-corn. Great red Baldwins hung from its branches, and the red birds and blue birds and cunning mice looked very life-like, indeed. The cornucopias held hazel nuts and home made "butter scotch" candy, and were each crowned by a brown puppy doughnut. There was a book for Hector. On the back, in bright letters, was "Bonnie Scotland," and the author's name was Grace Greenwood. Bennie had a top and some mittens, and Alice and her mother had made each other beautiful card-board hair-pin holders, and brackets and wall-pockets, that had the merit of being cheap, and did certainly set the tree off won derfully, and the little beeswax candles burned as brightly as though they had come direct from one of Portland's finest stores. When the lights were out they drew the tree

close to Hector's bed. "How good it smells," he said, sniffing its fragrance. Joy and peace and good will filled the shabby little house that night, and Hector, sleeping under the shadow of the tree, felt that he had already had caught a glimpse of heaven's joy.

LUELLING

American Review, Prof. Geo. P. Fisher of the Yale Divinity School, whose writings on the supernatural origin of Christianity and on ecclesiastical history are well known, comes to the defence of the Christian Religion against the attacks of modern doubt and infidelity. No abler or more eminent advocate for the orthodox faith 'could be summoned into the controversy that has lately been waged on this high theme, and it is not too much to say that Prof. Fisher justifies every expectation by the vigor and clearness with which he handles the subject. Other articles in the February number of the *Review* are: "Do t e Spoils Belong to the Victor t" by President Andrew D. White; "A Remedy for Railway Abuses." by Isaac L. Rice; "Repudiation in Virginia," by Senator John W. Johnston; and "The Lancet and the Law," by Heary Bergh. desiastical history are well known, comes to

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third street, Portland, is the best place in Oregon to get your sewing machines repaired and for buying all kinds of needles, attach-ments and oil.



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 Lamo ness upon Beasts. Cheap, quick and reliable.

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