

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet 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"...

We touch the hand, we press the brow... Pass lightly on our way... Nor think for those we speak of now...

I knew a lovely child-boy once... Radiant with beautiful grace... Scarcely had two bright summers' glance...

Again, I looked on one whose face... Was very dark to view... But little of life and sad ease...

And there is one, around whose path... As the treadle earth even now... There is a breath of sacred light...

Wandering amid earth's flowery paths... Where the smile and sorrow laid... Threading, leads her "sunny founts"...

I look beyond my own loved home... Far o'er the ocean wave... And for the lost in sin I mourn...

Apples as Food.

From the earliest ages apples have been in use for the table as a dessert... The historian Pliny tells us that the Romans cultivated twenty-two varieties of the apple...

Now that apples can be purchased at such cheap rates, every family should keep a dish of them in the dining-room, where the children can have access to and eat all they please of them...

Sweet Baked Apples.—To bake them nicely, the cores should always be removed with the apple-corer; then put the apples into a tin dish, with a little boiling water in the bottom of it, and bake until a fork will slip through them easily.

bread, and slice 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...

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...

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...

OLD-TIME PORK AND BEANS.—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...

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 oatmeal 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...

The oatmeal of Scotland has always enjoyed the reputation of being the best in the world, owing more to the qualities of the oats produced than to skill in manufacturing. The Scotch oat is pre-eminent for plumpness of form, thinness of skin, and absence of moisture and discoloration...

The first operation in the manufacture of 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 soon as sufficiently dry, they are removed 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 sieves and fans the groats are separated from the other material, and are then ready for grinding...

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City, dec30-80

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,

Big 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 cozy 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

'Twas the water-bugs, half hidden, And just at the brink afloat; 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 dropping Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister, Who had waited near to see That harm came not, and she trembling asked "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.

So 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, As last in the promised land.

—Northwestern Advocate.

OUR LETTER BOX.

It seems as if the weeks pass more quickly than they used to do, and the day we set apart for reading and perusing these little letters come upon us before we think of it. We guess that all people find that time flies faster as they grow older...

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...

The first letter we open is from Bennie, and is dated January 8. The date suggests a question that every boy should be able to answer, and girls, too, as for that, and Bennie must answer it in his next, if no one gets the start of him: What great event in the history of our nation happened on that date? and tell something about it. We will have to tell Bennie that we were a little disappointed; we thought, what a nice letter, and how well written, till we saw how thoughtless he was...

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 other girls do. Ida is lucky to have a grandmother to give her a bird. She writes well for a ten-year-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

plan and think for the next year, for it takes time to make pretty things for presents, and the little articles that are made by the giver are the most acceptable, as they show thoughtfulness, which is prized more than where presents are made that are bought with money at the stores.

We do not get as many letters from Washington Territory as we did. Are our little Territorial boys and girls going to forget us?

We are glad Frankie wrote a letter, and it is a good beginning. We think Enoch is a funny name for a horse; he ought to be a good one.

Tommy has a dog and a horse; he ought to be a happy boy, and we know he will be if he always does what he thinks is right; and most boys know pretty well when they are not doing what they should. Take good care of Jones and Charley, and they will take care of you.

SEBASTOPOL, Or., Jan. 13, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I have never written to the Home Circle, so I thought I would write and see if Aunt Hetty would be kind enough to have it published for me. I am a little boy 9 years old. I live on a farm with my brother. I have a pet dog; his name is Jones. My brother Dan gave me a horse if I would stay with him all the winter; the horse's name is Charley, and I ride him when I go and see my ma and pa, who live near Wells Station, on a farm. I will close for this time. Success to the FARMER. TOMMY B. GRANT.

WELLS, Or., Jan. 13, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy 10 years old. I live with my uncle Tom; he has a Chinaman cooking for him; his name is Jim. He has a horse he calls Enoch, and he lets me ride him. I hope Aunt Hetty will have my letter printed. My brother Teddy wrote one, and it was printed, so I thought I would write one. My uncle takes the FARMER, and I like to read the letters the little folks write, so I hope I shall see my letter printed. FRANKIE JONES.

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. Sweck. 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 the little folks. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to singing school every Wednesday and Friday nights. I will try and write again. Yours respectfully, EMMA ANDERSON.

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

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 12 years old. I am going to school in Penawawa this winter. I have a good teacher, and have a very good time; my teacher's name is Mr. Reed. I study arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling and writing. We had a Christmas Tree on Christmas Eve. I got some nice presents. It is snowing 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 friend, LIZZIE BAKER.

TANGENT, Or., Jan. 18, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: Having read so many letters in the FARMER from the little folks, and being a little girl myself, I thought I would write one. I am 10 years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have one pet; it is a bird; its name is Gandy; my grandmother gave it to me. I go to school; my teacher's name is Mr. L. A. Station. I study reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic. I have learned that the letter A has six sounds and that E has three, I have two, and that each of the letters N and O have three sounds. I can get supper when mama is sick. I will close by wishing the FARMER success. IDA SMITH.

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

Editor Home Circle: As it has been so long a time since I wrote to the Home Circle, I thought I would write a few lines. It has been very bad weather for a long time; it has not snowed any to speak of, but it has rained a great deal, although it is not raining to-day. My pa is feeding sixty-two head of cattle belonging to Mr. Chambers, besides his own stock. Pa has been buying land this fall. I would like to hear from Katie S. She has not written to the FARMER for a long time. I am not going to school. We had a Christmas Tree at my sister's; it looked very pretty. We bought me an album and a pair of vases for a present. My sister Ella and her little girl got a present from the church Christmas Tree. I will now close. LIZZIE CROLL.

EUGENE CITY, Or., Jan. 9, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I have 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 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 him lick his chops. I wish I was a man, I would have a gun 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 success. 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 Dixie school

house. The house was full of people, and the tree was fine. It had lots of presents on for nearly all little children and for lots of larger, and I got a pair of bracelets and a sack of candy; also my sister Lucy and my little playmate Mittie Lee, who is nearly eight years old, and I will be nine years old in February. New Year's I went and ate a fine dinner with my friend Mittie Lee. We had a fine time and played all day. Our school has again begun. But my sister Lucy or I don't go, for the roads are so muddy that we cannot get there, as we have a mile and a half to go. So we have to study at home. We have to help do the work, as all good children should help their mothers. Bad children that won't mind their parents they say always come to some bad end. There are some good letters from the little girls everywhere, which I like to read. Joie must be a good, kind girl as she loves to help her mother. I don't get to go to Sunday school as there is none. I would like to go. I read in the Testament, and I know the Lord's prayer, and also know much fine poetry as I used to have to speak a piece at school every Friday. I guess our dog Gopher won't catch many squirrels as he is kind of lazy; though he is a good, kind dog. I haven't any sheep yet, but I guess I will get some after awhile. We have got seven hives of bees, and in the Spring they swarm; then they get mad and sting. The honey is very fine to eat; I like it, and I guess all other girls do, too. I can look from my window 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 our house, and lighting on the wheat fields, eat all the wheat they want, and then fly away; they are good to eat when we can get them; I like geese and duck roasted. It must be awfully cold back in Iowa now; they can't see green fields like we can here. I would hate to live back there in that cold country. My pa and ma came from there. Well, I have written all I can think of this time. Many good wishes to all the little girls of the FARMER, and also to Aunt Hetty. Yours truly, SARAH COOLIDGE.

BENNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from last week.)

Bennie's bright hopes sank a little as he 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 lights and decorations. Mr. Gray walked slower as he came in sight of the little house, and when he drew near the door he paused irresolutely, then stepped to the window and looked in. There sat his wife, her patient face turned lovingly towards Hector, who sat propped with pillows, his bed covered with pretty things to adorn the Christmas tree. "How beautiful he is," thought the father, as he noticed the bright eyes, the broad white forehead and flushed cheeks. What is he 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 Bennie he thought little of, but he reproached himself bitterly at times as being the cause of Hector's lameness. "If he could have had proper care," thought Mr. Gray, "he would never have become incurably lame, but now he will always be a cripple." Now he saw his mistake. His boy was not to drag through years of pain, and his father was withholding the love that the childish heart craved so earnestly. Gently he opened the door, and entering the room knelt by Hector's bed. "Father does love you, darling," he whispered, and the glad light that shone in Hector's blue eyes filled his soul with peace. When Bennie came with the tree he was astonished to see his father sitting by Hector, making wire fastenings for the tiny candles that Alice and her mother were "dipping" in bees-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 look 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 wonderfully, 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.

In the February number of the North 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 able 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 the Spoils Belong to the Victor?" by President Andrew D. White; "A Remedy for Railway Abuses," by Isaac L. Rice; "Reputation in Virginia," by Senator John W. Johnston; and "The Lanost and the Law," by Henry Bergh.

Recipes for Making Doughnuts.

Doughnuts.—Take two cupsful of sour milk, two cupsful of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard; add flour till stiff enough to roll out. Cut into cakes and fry in lard as hot as it can be and not scorch.

Doughnuts No. 2.—Take one pint of good buttermilk, two cupsful of sugar, rolled flour from lumps, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one-fourth teaspoonful of luke warm water; stir in flour till a thin batter, then add three tablespoonfuls of melted lard; mix in flour till hard enough to roll; cut into rings and fry in hot lard.

Doughnuts No. 3.—Take three eggs, two cupsful of sugar, one cupful of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, 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 coffee-cupful of sugar, one coffee-cupful of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of melted lard, one teaspoonful of salt, spice to taste, and flour to roll.

A Liberal Offer.

Purdy's Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener 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 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: 1. Twenty-five plants of the famous Sharpless strawberry. 2. Six plants of the new early and most productive, large, black cap raspberry known, the Tyler. 3. Six plants of Taylor's Prolific, the hardest and most prolific blackberry known, the Tyler. 4. Two strong, well rooted, hardy and beautiful roses. 5. One Helena Honey Suckle, the most beautiful grown. 6. Purdy's Small Fruit Instructor, 64 pages, all about growing fruits, with plans for dry houses, green houses and hot beds. 7. A splendid and almost life-size engraving of our dead President—Garfield; by one of the most eminent of living engravers, worth 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 cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence 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 this simple vegetable remedy, discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, 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 many thousands of cases, and actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. dec15-3mcs

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 107 Third street, Portland, is the best place in Oregon to get your sewing machines repaired and for buying all kinds of needles, attachments and oil.

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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.

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