

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

LEGEND.

As the Lord Christ walked the streets of Heaven, He heard a woman's piteous moan, And stood to listen, for how could sorrow come so near to the great white throne?

A moment, and then a white-robed figure Fell on the pavement at his feet, Crying: "O, Saviour, son of a woman, I have sought my child in every street,

"And cannot find him; he's not in Heaven, The child, dear Saviour, thou gavest me; Open the gates that I may seek him, Wherever he is, there I must be."

The mother's voice, so full of anguish, Hushed the song of the angels near, A wail that waited in anxious silence, The answering words of the Lord to hear.

As, looking on her with tender pity, He motioned the gates should be opened wide;

"The child I gave we will seek together, Not one of mine shall be lost," He cried,

Then, sweet rang the angel harps and voices, Wave of melody following waves, As Christ and mother went out from Heaven, The child that was lost to seek and save.

They found him after long, long seeking, Mid depths of misery, shame and sin, But the loving Christ, and faithful mother Brought the poor wanderer in.

Now the Lord Christ walks the streets of Heaven, Where sounds no more that piteous moan; For the gates are open, that each sad mother, May freely go out, and bring in her own.

—Mrs. E. F. Wilson in Democrat's.

OLD MOTHER SHIPTON.

BY E. B. HAMPTON.

Old Mother Shipton! Silly old soul! Told as big a fib as ever was told; If everything she said had just been done, We'd closed up for business in 1881.

But poor old thing—now dead and gone, Dug all the trouble she tried to bring on, Now, to the old world she can look back, And smile at the big joke she did crack.

Well—let her "smile a smile"—I don't care, If she did give sinners a great big scare, To make them dodge Hades round about, While the devil got his share of the drouth.

Don't you suppose "Old Nick" felt blue, Because she didn't tell the thing true? Perhaps it does her very great good, To make the old fellow waste firewood!

If an old sinner she was in her day, And flouted on down that broad highway, The devil, for a witch, assuredly will burn her, Leaving probabilities to star-gazing Vennor.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

The terrible crime of murder which has just been unearthed by detectives in the city of Portland gives a set on temperance too forcible to pass by without giving our girls and boys a lecture, that shall have an example to begin with, and a moral to end it. A young man comes to Portland to spend a little time, it may be on business, or for pleasure, and he drinks enough to lose self respect, and gets into low company; he quarrels with those he associates with, and no doubt he was drunk at the time. He is coerced to go among these vile people again by a man who was hired to get him intoxicated, so that he might be induced to enter the door, but if he had been in possession of his faculties and reasoning powers, he would have known better than to have been drawn into the net. So, after he got into the house he was given more liquor, which had laudanum in it, and which caused him to sleep; then chloroform was put over his nostrils, and he died and was thrown into the river. Here is the story of the ending of a young man who was once a pure, honest boy, like any one who reads this story. He had, perhaps, a good teacher mother and proud father, with sisters, who could not have dreamed of such a sad ending of a dear brother. Now, my dear children, all of this horrible tale is the result of drinking liquor. If it had not been for drinking this would not have happened. No doubt the five who are known to be participants in the murder will be caught and hung—all because of the use of ardent spirits. What a warning this should be to you all to be temperance boys. Commence now, right off, to live a temperate life. If it is known by your neighbors that you will not drink any kind of liquor, no one will think of offering it to you, and you will not be tempted; let your views on this point be well known. As for the girls, they little think how much influence they can have if they will be outspoken in the cause of temperance. Refuse to know or associate with boys or young men who drink even one drop of liquor. Do not invite them to the house, and in every way show your abhorrence of a tippler. There are many young boys and young men who think it looks manly to smoke and drink, the cigar and pipe are not so objectionable, and does not bring in their train the misery and sorrow that drinking does; but the one is to go with the other. God and true girls do more for the cause of temperance than do ten lecturers in the field. Nearly, or we may say all the terrible atrocities, murders and incendiaries are due to the use of ardent spirits. If it were not for the licensed use of liquor our jails and prisons would be quite empty and our taxes would be light; indeed, nearly all the evils of life and society may be traced to this source. There seems to be no way yet found to stop its sale, and the best thing left is for mothers to bring up the family to temperance. We would like to have a Temperance Roll in the FARMER—every boy or girl who would send in their names as pledging themselves not to use liquor will be published, and the names kept in a little book by Aunt Hetty, so that that all may see who are to be the best men and women of Oregon in years to come. A whole neighborhood of young folks might send their names in the same envelope.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's "broken."

AUNT HETTY'S WORK BASKET.

Black silk is restored to its deep black color by sponging it with a decoction of common cheap black tea, which contains all the ingredients of a black dye, viz., tannin and iron, with usually some logwood to add to the flavor. The silk is then ironed with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side or placed between two sheets.

KNITTED TIDY—CORAL PATTERN.

Use very coarse steel needles, and number eight, four-ply, Dexter's cotton. Cast on one hundred and nine stitches, which will knit three times through the given pattern, and an 1 1/2 for edges. "Edge" means knit three on each side of the tidy every time across. I find it convenient to divide the stitches evenly on the three needles, and knit with the fourth. Knit across plain three times before knitting the first row, and the same end of the tidy before binding off. Seam the second, and every alternate row.

First Row—Edge, knit five, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, edge. After the first time through this row, knit only four instead of five at the beginning.

Third Row—Edge, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. Last time through this row, knit three at the end instead of two.

Fifth Row—Edge, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, narrow, over, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. Last time through, knit three at the end instead of two.

Seventh Row—Edge, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. Last time through, knit three at the end instead of two.

Ninth Row—Edge, knit three, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. Last time through, knit five at the end.

Eleventh Row—Edge, knit three, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. After the first time through knit two at the beginning instead of three.

Thirteenth Row—Edge, knit three, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, edge. After the first time through, knit only two at the beginning instead of three.

Fifteenth Row—Seam across, knit edges, then commence with number one again, etc. Finish the ends with knotted lace or fringe.

Some Natural Wonders.

By Mrs. H. C. in Polaris.

This was the title of a communication that recently appeared in the columns of The Polaris, from the pen of Prof. Condon. The article referred to reminds me of an incident of travel while crossing the plains, many years ago, that may not be amiss to record in connection with the "Ice caves."

One warm day in the early part of the Summer of 1851, just after crossing the divide of the Rocky Mountains and not far from where the little streams begin to flow towards the setting sun, a weary but contented cavalcade rested at noon on a rolling plateau where the luxuriant grass promised tempting bait for the horses and cattle. The water of the stream close by was clear and cold, but the edges of the pools about and in the vicinity were left whitened with alkali as the sun gradually evaporated the waters.

While luxuriating in the shade of a large covered wagon, sighing for the trees that were not, suddenly inspired by the recollection of a previous trip through this region, Captain Hiram Smith called for volunteers to get ice; and his incredulous followers did soon return bearing blocks of ice quite clear and pure. These were dug from under the sod only a few feet from the surface of the ground, and which storehouse seemed unlimited in extent. Years before, Capt. Smith had taken ice from this spot, while on a journey to Oregon. Thus it would seem to be a deposit of no recent formation; as also shown by the depth of soil upon it.

A few days' journey beyond, and "all hands" filled up the indispensable tar-buckets with a substance skimmied from the surface of pools found a little off the traveled road, and that answered the demand—for axes must be well greased where there is so much alkali dust. I now believe that this material must have been a sort of crude petroleum. I have never seen mention made of either of these facts by travelers across the plains so I would modestly draw the attention of Prof. Condon to these things, "part of which I was, and all of which I saw."

Artificial Leather.

It is said to have all the essential qualities claimed for it, and is likely to come largely into use for many purposes as a substitute for leather. It is flexible and durable, is not affected by temperature, is impervious to oil and water, is made of any desirable color and weight, the color does not fade, and it is very much cheaper than leather, and for many purposes superior to it. It is particularly well adapted for curtains, desk covers, panel and ceiling decoration, book binding, satchels and a variety of small wares. It is made from 36 to 50 inches in width, and as a substitute for leather has given satisfaction to all who have tried it.

These farmers of Michigan have united in a fight against further royalty for the right to use a certain process for drive wells claimed by one N. W. Greene as his exclusive property. Counsel has been employed to represent the farmers, who are determined to contest the claim to the last extremity. The outcome of the pending litigation will be eagerly watched throughout the country.

For The Children.

LITTLE MISS SPIDERS.

BY CLIO.

Little Miss Spider Sat snug in her nest; Weaving and weaving Ne'er taking a rest. Hungry and weary She spun and she spun; Till lo! a bright fabric Shone out in the sun.

Once was completed Her web of fine gold; Then she waited For some wanderer bold. Not long she tarried For soon a gay fly Spied her bright web out Under the sky.

And now for her dinner She'll spin and she'll spin A web that is finer Than that he walked in. Little Miss Spider, She's cruel and gay; For she eats every fly up That comes in her way.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Opens with two letters from the Kat. Curly and Emma, who have written to the Circle before, and who seem to be anxious to come to Oregon, and we hope they may get here and be contented, too. It is hard work to live anywhere, and there are drawbacks to all situations in life, so our little friends must not expect that this country is a perfect place. Julia seems to be a new writer. She gives a little of her home life, and is a welcome addition to the list of our correspondents.

The next letter comes from away up in Eastern Oregon, and we judge that Susie must be a busy little girl from the amount of work and plans she has in view. The rag carpet will be a great comfort—that will be work, and the scrap book will be amusement and instruction, too. We wish that we could find it easy to contribute something for the book, but it is too far off to help with it.

Minnie comes again with a splendid long letter that shows much improvement, and it is with satisfaction we notice the good influence letter writing has in developing the mind. Tommy is welcome, and makes a very good beginning, but he must try and see if he can't make the next letter a little longer.

Dudley has a decided talent for writing, and while we think his letter will be found to be interesting, yet we do not quite agree with him about killing all of the blue jays; they are not a mischievous kind of bird, but they must be of some use in the economy of nature or they would not have been created. We don't wonder that Dudley is provoked at the sly thieves eating the eggs, but we would be willing to let them have a few eggs for the fun of seeing them carry one off. Dudley is a close observer of nature, and should be a naturalist, studying the ways and habits of animals and insects. There could be no pleasanter occupation, and if the study is pursued so enthusiastically it can be made profitable, too. Let some other boy tell his opinion of the jay birds, and perhaps Dudley will write again.

Tirza and her mother send a letter to us, or on the same sheet of paper. Scio is a good part of the country, and as we have so many subscribers there, we are glad to get letters from boys and girls who live there. We hope Tirza and T. J. will write again sometime.

Nora's letter is carefully written and looks neat, the only fault is, it is too short for the second one. Naomi remembers the Circle again, but her letter might have told a little more about how she made the snow man—we don't see where she found snow enough to make one of any size. The boys and girls in the Eastern States have great fun in winter making snow men and snow forts, then playing "storming the fort," with snow balls for ammunition. But for all the nice sleigh rides and skating, we would be satisfied to know that we should never see a flake of snow again, for it makes the poor people and dumb animals suffer, especially in this country, where no one prepares for cold weather.

It is said, and truly so, that the people who live in the temperate zone, or where there is cold weather some of the year, are most energetic and intelligent, sending out into the world many strong men and women.

WALDO HILLS, Jan. 7, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 11 years old. I live in the Waldo foot hills. I have been to school this winter; we had thirty-nine scholars; it is out now. We have Sunday school every Sunday; we have four classes; our superintendent's name is Mrs. Brooks; we held Thanksgiving at our school house; between fifty and sixty persons were there; we had singing and speaking; the last piece was the Temperance Pledge in rhyme, and then a beautiful dinner was served. After dinner the boys played ball. We had a good time, as it was a nice pleasant day. We had spelling school Thanksgiving night, and when we were spelling I had a telegram that my sister Lizzie was dead; I went to the funeral the next day; I felt very bad to think I could never see her alive again; she was my oldest sister; she was buried at Buena Vista. I have four sisters and two brothers left. My sister Laura was married the 27th of last month; I miss her very much; I expect to go and see her next Summer. I guess this is all I can think of now. I will write you some more some time. Yours truly, JULIA KEENE.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 14 years old. I have seen so many letters from the little boys and girls, I thought I would write one. I have three sisters and two brothers. I will tell you what I do to help ma. I make beds, sweep the floor, churn, wash dishes, cook, wash, iron and milk one cow. We have lived here four years. We live one mile from Scio. As this is my first attempt at writing to the Home Circle, I will close by wishing the FARMER great success. From your little friend, TYRAH LARGO. CRESSWELL, Jan. 29, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As my last letter was published, I thought I would write again. It has been snowing some this last week. We turned in our sheep to the stack of grain hay near the house. My sister's and pa's sheep came into the yard to be petted. My sister and I got a pair of vases for a Christmas present. I think Proxy G. writes a real interesting letter. I will answer Bird's Bible question. You will find it in Psalms, chapter 105 and 224 verse. I will close for this time. Your friend, NORA J. DAY. CRESSWELL, Jan. 29, 1882.

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again. I hope I shall get to your country some time or other. I guess I will close for the present. I remain your true friend, CURT HOWD. BURNSIDE, Ill., Jan. 8, 1882.

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Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 14 years old. I have seen so many letters from the little boys and girls, I thought I would write one. I have three sisters and two brothers. I will tell you what I do to help ma. I make beds, sweep the floor, churn, wash dishes, cook, wash, iron and milk one cow. We have lived here four years. We live one mile from Scio. As this is my first attempt at writing to the Home Circle, I will close by wishing the FARMER great success. From your little friend, TYRAH LARGO. CRESSWELL, Jan. 29, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As my last letter was published, I thought I would write again. It has been snowing some this last week. We turned in our sheep to the stack of grain hay near the house. My sister's and pa's sheep came into the yard to be petted. My sister and I got a pair of vases for a Christmas present. I think Proxy G. writes a real interesting letter. I will answer Bird's Bible question. You will find it in Psalms, chapter 105 and 224 verse. I will close for this time. Your friend, NORA J. DAY. CRESSWELL, Jan. 29, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: It has been snowing and freezing. We have had a nice time, playing. We made a snow man, with charcoal eyes and mouth. Pa has gone to Springfield to meeting. My brother got me a set of glassware, and my sister and me a pair of vases. Good by. NAOMI DAY. GASTON, W. T., Jan. 21, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I told you if you printed my letter I would write again and tell the little boys and girls about trapping for quails and squirrels. Not long ago, my brother Henry and I started to make a stick trap for catching quails. Just as we were putting the sticks together there came a blue Jay and saw us building the trap, and he hallowed out, Jay! Jay! Jay! And then all the other Jays hallowed out, too, and then he flew up to the top of a little tree and watched us until we got the trap finished, and then we took the trap and some wheat to bait it with down on the creek where the quails live, to set it, and then all the Jays followed us and kept hallowing at us all the time we were setting the trap, and when we left they all flew down to the trap and kept hallowing and hopping about the trap and going a little nearer all the time, until, finally, one old white breasted fellow flew on the trap and sprang it, and then they all hallowed and hopped around and went to stuffing their throats and bills with wheat, and when they had got as much as they could carry away they all flew away to the oak trees and hid it in the moss. Pa says they come and eat it when they get hungry. I don't like them one bit; they are the biggest thieves I ever saw; they come to our hen house and steal eggs; they will hunt around for a nest, and when they have found one they will hop up to it and with one hard peck will drive their bill through the egg, and will fly away with the egg sticking fast to the bill, and all the other Jays will follow after the egg thief crying, Jay! Jay! Jay! And when they have overtaken him they will huddle together and have a feast. I wish I could get them in my trap; I would bring every one of their heads off. But you can't do anything with them; you can't find their nests; they go off into the mountains and hide their nests away, and then they come out and hunt the little birds' nests and eat their eggs up and kill the little young birds and take them away to feed their young. I want all the little girls and boys to kill every one they can; if they don't they will steal every bit of popcorn that they try to raise; they are stealing something all the time. Pa says when a deep snow comes and stays on the ground a long time they will get hungry and go into a trap. I want all the little boys to catch as many as they can and get them out of the way, so that we can catch quails and other birds that are good for something. But I must close for this time. I will tell you about squirrel hunting in my next. DUDLEY WILCOX. FAIR VIEW, Red Hills, Jan. 23, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: With pleasure I take up my pen to write a few lines for your valuable paper. It seems almost like Spring now, only for the "wear-lasting" mud. It will not be long before the flowers bloom; we have several large geraniums that the frost did not hurt, and they will be nice next Summer. It seems dull since school was out a month ago; we had a nice time the last day, we had songs, recitations, declamations, and an opening address, and

again. I hope I shall get to your country some time or other. I guess I will close for the present. I remain your true friend, CURT HOWD. BURNSIDE, Ill., Jan. 8, 1882.

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