The Mome Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

LEGENO

As the Lord Christ walked the streets of Heaven, He heard a woman's pitiful moan,

And stood to listen, for how could sorrow Come so near to the great whit; throne

A moment, and then a white robed figure

fell on the pavement at his feet,

Crying: "O, Savior, son of a woman, I have sought my child in every street, "And cannot find him; he's not in Heaven,

The child, dear Savior, thou gavest me. Open the gates that I may seek him. Vherever he is, there I must be.

The mother's voice, so full of anguish,
Hushed the song of the angels near,
Awstruck they 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 wave,
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 Heaven, Where sounds no more that pitiful moan; or the gates are open, that each and mother,
May freely go out, and bring in her own.

—Mrs. E. V. Wilson in Democrat's.

OLD MOTHER SHIPTON.

BY E. R. HAMPTON.

Old Mother Shipton ! Sily 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 gene, Dolged all the trouble she tried to bring on, Now, to the old world she can look back, ad smile at the big joke she did crack

Well-let her "smole 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

Ben'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 floated on down that broad highway, The devil, for a witch, assuredly will burn her, Leaving probabilities to star-gazing Vennor

TOUCH NOT, TABLE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

The terrible crime of murder which has just been unearthed by detectives in the city of Portland gives a text 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 coaxed to go among these vile people again by a man who was hired to et him intoxicated, so that he might be inuced to enter the door, but if he had been in assession of his faculties and reasoning powrs, he would have known better than to have been drawn into the net. So, after he got him to sleep; then cloroform was put over his any one who reads this story. He had, perps, a good tender mother and proud father,
with sisters, who could not have dreamed of
such a sad ending of a dear brother
my dear children, all young man who was once a pure, honest boy, we been for drinking this would not have speced. No doubt the five who are known be participanes in the murder will be caught hung-all because of the use of ardent rits. What a warning this should be to all to be temperance boys. Commence ow, right off, to live a temperate me.

known by your neighbors that you will not be known by your neighbors that you will think of Gering it to you, and you will not be compted; let your views on this point be well own. As for the girls, they little think w much influence they can have if they Ill be outspoken in the cause of temperance. ofuse to know or associate with boys or ung men who drink even one drop of liquor. not invite them to the house, and in every show your abhorence of a tippler. There many young boys and young men who it looks manly to smoke and drink. cigar and pipa are not so objectionable, does not bring in their train the misery sorrow that drinking does; but the one is to go with the other. Good and true girls do more for the cause of temperance than zen lecturers in the field. Nearly, or we say all the terrible atrocities, murders incendiaries are due to the use of ardent rits. If it were not for the licensed use of or our jails and prisons would be quite apty and our taxes would be light; indeed, sarly all the evils of life and society may be

ay yet found to stop its sale, and the best

ing lett is for mothers to bring up the fam-

to temperance. We would like to have a

girl who would send in their names as

blished, and the names kept in a little

uperance Roll in the FARMER every boy

ging themselves not to use liquor will be

who are to be the best men and women of

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 qually some logwood to add to the flavor. The silk is then iroued 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 I six 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, parrow over, narrow over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narow, 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, nar row, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow over, knit three, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit three, 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 twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, edge. Last time through, knit through, knit three at the end instead of two.

Seventh Row-Edge, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, parrow, over, parrow, over, knit two, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow over, knit two, narrow, knit four, edge. Last time through, knit five at the end.

Ninth Row-Edge, knit three, over, knit hree, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two, parrow, knit two, parrow, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, kuit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, edge. After first time through knit two at the beginning instead of three.

Eleventh Row-Edge, knit three, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over knit two, nar ow twize, knit two, over, knit

Twelfth Row-Seam across, kait 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 Podaris, from the pen of Prof. Condon. The article referred to reminds me of an incident of se entifically it can be made profitable, too. 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 Sumner 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 into the house he was given more liquor, luxuriant grass promised tempting bait for which had laudanum in it, and which caused the horses and cattle. The water of the stream close by was clear and cold, but the edges of costrils, and he died and was thrown into the the pools about and in the vicinity were left ever. Here is the story of the ending of a whitened with alkali as the sun gradually evaporated the waters.

While luxuriating in the shade of a large overed 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, result of drinking liquor. If it had not 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 store house seemed unlimited in extent. Years before, Capt. Smith had taken ice from this spot, while on a journey to Oregon. w, right off, to live a temperate life. If it 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 indispensible tar-buckets with a substance skimme I from the surface of pools found a little off the traveled road, and that answered the demand for axles 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 at ention of Prof. Condon to these things, "part of which I was, and all

Artificial Leather.

It is said to have all the esseptial 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 afte ted by temperature, is impervious to oil and water, is made of any desirable color and weight, the colors do not fade, and it is very much cheaper than leather, and for many purposes superior to it. It is particularly seed to this source. There seems to be no 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.

THE farmers of Michigan bave united in a ok by Aunt Hetty, so that that all may fight against further royalty for the right to use a certain process for drive wells claimed regon in years to some. A whole neighbor-to I of young folks might send their names in erty. Counsel has been employed to represent by one N. W. Greene as his exclusive propthe farmers, who are determined to contest man is like an egg. You can't tell of the pending litigation will be eagerly ther or not he's good until he's "broke." watched throughout the country.

For The Children.

LITTLE MISS SPIDER.

BY CLIO.

Little Mim Spider Sat anug 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 cats every fly up That comes in her way.

Opens with two letters from the Rast. Curty 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

OUR LETTER BOX

dition 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.

a little of her nome life, and is a welcome ad-

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 five, over, narrow, over, narrow over, knit be interesting, yet we do not quite agree with two, narrow twice, edge. After the first time him about killing all of the blue jays; they through, knit only two at the beginning in. are not a mischieveus 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 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 pleas-

> birds, and perhaps Dudley will write again. Tirza and her prother send a letter toyether, 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

anter occupation, and if the study is pursued

Let some other boy tell his opinion of the jay

Nora's letter is carefully written and looks

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 too, 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 telogram 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 KERNE.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Jan. 8, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : here this Winter; we have not had much

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, CURTY HOWD.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Jan. 8, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

As I saw my other letter in print, I thought I would write another. I spent my Christmas at home. I went to a Christmas tree gathering at Burnside on the 29th of December. It looks like snow here to-day. I go to school every day. I wish I could come out to Oregon and see my uncle; I have never seen him. I have three uncles and three aunts on papa's side living, and I have five aunts and four uncles on my mama's side living. I guess l will have to close for this time. Wishing the FARMER and Aunt Hetty success, I remain your friend. EMMA HOWD.

Scro, Jan. 28, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy 12 years old. I live on farm a mile and a half from Scio. My pa has been taking the FARMER for two years. I have seen so many letters from the little folks that I thought I would try and write one. My pa has ninety acres of wheat sowed. We have twenty lambs. As this is my first attempt to write to the FARMER, I guess I will close by wishing the FARMER great success. Yours truly, T. J. LARGE.

Sero, Jan. 28, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : I am a little girl 14 years old. | have seen so many letters from the little boys and girls, 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

> TIRZAH LARGE, CRESSWELL, Jan. 29, 1882.

Editor Home Circle :

great success. From your little friend,

As my last letter was published. I thought 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 22d 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 willing to let them have a few eggs for the got ma 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:

time we were setting the trap, and when we halloaing and hopping about the trap and going a little nearer all the time, until, finally, friend. one old white breasted fellow flew on the trap and sprang it, and then they all halloaed 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 lays will follow after the egg thief crying, Jay! Jay! Jay! And when they have over taken him they will huddle together and have feast. I wish I could get them in my trap; would wring 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 nountains and hide their nests away, and hen 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 ittle boys to catch as many as they can and get them out of the way, so that we can catch mails and otherbirds that are good for something. But I must close for this time. I will tell you about squirrel hunting in my next.

FAIR VIEW, Red Hills, Jan. 23, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

DUDLEY WILCOX.

With pleasure I take up my pen to write

few lines for your valuable paper. It seems As it has been quite a while since I wrote almost like Spring now, only for the "ever to the Home Circle, I thought I would write lasting" mud. It will not be long before the again.. We have have had some cold weather flowers bloom; we have several large geraniums that the frost did not hurt, and they will anow, but plenty of mud. I still go to school be nice next Summer. It seems dull since and have not time to write much. My pa school was out, a month ago; we had a nice has been all through California, and he likes time the last day, we had songs, recitations, it he best kind; he talks of going out there declamations, and an opening address, and

the best of all was a dialogue, which was our own composition; we had curtains, too, and the school house was decorated and looked Brooks' written arithmetic, Monteith's higher geography, physiology, composition, Clark's two prizes offered for the two scholars that improved the most in writing; my brother Eddie got one, a nice inkstand. We have a debating society at our school house, it has just started. There is going to be an exhibition at the school house called Pleasant Hill; perhaps I will attend. Everything in this neighborhood seems to be on Saturday evening, debating society at Fair View, spelling school at Liberty, exhibition at Pleasant Hill, all on the same night, and it is not very convenient for a person to go to all on the same night. I would like to say something to the little folks about letter writing. To write them as different as possible; it seems they are all about the same thing, although there are many nice letters. I hope they won't take this as an insult. It would be nice for every one that writes to give a receipt for any kind of home work; I tried several of the knitted lace patterns and think they are real pretty. There is a creek running through our place, and there are some nice trout in it; my brother Eddie can go out any day and bring fish home; I never caught but two fish; I think they are real nice. Last evening our dog barked terribly and I went out, and it sounded as if there were a dozen coyotes right near the house; I don't think I ever saw one, though, The crops in this neighborhood look nice. Well, I guess this is all I can think of, only I will send a recipe for making hop yeast bread

Recipe for Hop Yeast Bread. -For an ordivary baking take about four quarts of flour, one quart of water (if it is cool weather take warm water), salt to taste, half cup yeast; this is a sponge, cover with flour and cloth to keep warm, let it rise about four hours, then add enough flour to make quite stiff, let it raise about three hours, then put it upon your tims to bake, if it is cold put it in the oven with very little fire and the damper turned up, and when it is roasted enough make a hot fire and bake.

I remain your sincere friend, MINNIE E. WARD.

WESTEN, Or., January 18, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

It has been a long time since I wrote to the little boy. When they had nearly reached Home Circle. It is snowing to-day, but we have had a very nice Winter in this part of the country. The ground has been so they in, looking more like the snow-man be had could plow most all Winter. I think Oregon is such a nice country to live in. There is a Then what a greeting the little hero receiv protracted meeting in progress at the M. E. ed! How his mamma and his aunties Church at Centerville. Our school closed on crowded around to help him off with his account of smallpox. There was one family having it in this neighborhood, but they have rosy cheeks! How his eyes sparkled with all recovered and are able to be around again. delight when his papa called him "his brave My brother went to the saw mill on the Blue little boy," and told him that he must hurry I told you if you printed my letter I would mountains to-day to get a load of lumber. I and grow up, for he needed in his store just write again and tell the little boys and girls will tell you what I have been doing this such a clerk as Freddie would make! But it about trapping for quals and squirrels. Not Winter. I have been sewing rags to make a was bed-time, and with a "good-night" all long ago, my brother Henry and I started to new carpet. It is considerable work, but they around Freddie went up stairs, and was soon make a stick trap for estching quails. Just as are nice and good, too, when done. I think sleeping soundly. we were putting the sticks together there that the story was a good one that Uncle Now, children, this is a true story, and to came a blue Jay and saw us building the trap, wrote about the mouse in the FARMER. I me it has a beautiful lesson. Just as Fredand he halloaed out, Jay! Jay! And think that Aunt Hetty is more merciful and then all the other Jays halloaed out, too, and kind than the most of us would be, but may be then he flew up to the top of a little tree and the mice do not go into her cellar as they do our Father in heaven watches us wherever we watched us until we got the trap finished, in the country. I had a nice time Christmas, go, and whatever we do, and although we and then we took the trap and some wheat to but I did not get to go to Grandpa's. As my cannot see him, we may be sure that he will quails live, to set it, and then all the Jays valley, I know that it would be ever so nice to followed us and kept halloaing at us all the go there. I am making myself a scrap book. Pa gave me one of his account books to use. I left they all flew down to the trap and kept thank Aunt Hetty for her kind advice and encouragement to the little folks. I know that we all love her. I will close. Your true

SUSIE HALES. WELLS, Jan. 24, 1882

Editor Home Circle : As I have never written to any paper, I een going to school in Washington Territory, close to Rosalia, on Pine creek. There were lots of little boys and girls up there, and we all liked our teacher very much, for she was so kind and good; her name was Miss Martha Bilyer. I remain your little friend,

TOMMY HODGES

"Jeff" is a colored porter in an Indianapolis jobbing house, says the Indianapolis Review. Jeff had a box of glass on his shoulder and two cans of oil in his hands, when a busy white man jostled him as he was turning into the store. "I beg your pardon, sah," said Jeff, though it was the white man who was to blame. But this would not answer. The white man followed him into the store.

"Did you bump against me on purpose ?" "No, sah," said Jeff, "I did not, and

sked your pardon outside." "I don't let no man bump me," growled th raite bulldozer. "I have apologized to you, sah."

"I don't 'low no d--1 nigger to bum gin me," the bulldozer repeated.

"Well, sah," said Jeff, "I've offered every pology a gentleman could ask; I didn't bump ou, but if you'll step out on the sidewalk will bump you. Come out and I'll mop the ground with you; just step out and I'll scour the pavement with you.'

White bully turned to the proprietor 'Do you allow your customers to be abused "Why, you overgrown, cowardly cur, you

ame in here to bullrag and abuse the negro. He has apologized like a gentleman, and now offers you satisfaction. Go out and get it.

He didn't go.

NINETY-ONE (91) cases of the Household Sewing Machine have just been received direct from the factory ex steamer "State" at Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167
Third street, making the fourth heavy shipment of these superior sewing machines received during the last five months. The Household has become the leading sewing machine.

A Brave Boy

It was a stormy evening in January. Is had been very cold all day, but toward night real moe. We did not have a large crowd, it grew warmer, clouds came up rapidly free only our parents and friends, and we had a the northeast, and now it was snowing. Fredvery pleasant time. I expect you would like die Johnson, a bright chubby little fellow of to know how far advanced your correspond- six years, was sitting by the fire, looking as ents are; at this school I studied spelling, the pictures in the last Nursery, when his papa said, "Come, Freddie, I am going to write a letter, which I wish you to take to normal grammar and writing. There were the post office for me. Run and put on year coat and hat. The letter will be ready as soon as you are."

"All right," said Freddie, who was accustomed to obey without asking questions-s rare trait in a little boy.

Now, the post office was half a mile distant, and Freddie had never been there alone, though he had often gone with his papa; but he was a courageous little fellow, and very proud of doing errands for his papa, so he did as he was bidden, and with his mamma's help was soon muffled up to his chin in overcost and scarf, and when he came back for the letter looked as if he could defy any storm.

"Here, little Dutchman !" said pape, "yes see I have wrapped this letter up in paper se that it will not get wet. Now when you get to the office take the paper off, and drop the letter into the box. Don't stop anywhere, but come directly back."

"Yes, sir," said Freddie; and then he whispered to papa, "Do you believe I shall see any dogs ?"

"No, dear," Mr. Johnson replied, "the dogs have all gone to bed, I guess. Now good

Freddie started off bravely. It was a very dark night, and he could only see a little way shead, but on he trudged, wading through the deep snow, trying to whistle as his Uncle Charlie did.

"Halloo, air, where are you going?" said s nan who met him on the way down.

"Post office," said Freddie. "Aren't you afraid you'll get lost?" asked the man in surprise.

"No. sir," said Freddie stoutly, as he pessed

; "papa sent me." He found the post office without difficulty,

dropped the letter into the box, and started for home. But we must go back a little in As soon as Freddie had left the house, his

papa hastily put on his overcost and hat, and hurried after him. Walking the opposite side of the street, and a little behind, he followed Freddie, keeping his eyes on him all the way, to see that no harm came to his dear home Mr. Johnson hurried ahead, and was calmly reading his paper when Freddie came built in the yard than like Freddie Johnson, wraps, shake off the snow, and kiss his bright

die's father followed him all the way, ready to help if any danger should threaten him, es

The Flemish farmer scrupulously collects every atom of sewage from the towns; he guards his manure like a treasure, puts a roof over it to prevent rain and sunshine from spoiling it; he also gathers mud from rivers and canals, and the excrations of animals along the highways, for conversion into phosphates.

Mrs. Swisshelm says: "As between drowng a country girl and getting her employment thought I would write to the FARMER. I have in the city, I rather think I'd drown her, and so get her out of harm's way."



PITCHER'S CASTORIA is not Narcotic. Children grow fat upon, Mothers like, and Physiclans recommend CASTORIA. It regulates the Bowels, cures Wind Celic, allays Feverishness, and destroys Worms.