The Bome Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

PLANTING TREES.

man'ef eighty years was planting trees; "Ha, ha!" langhed out three striplings from

the village,
Planting at eighty—had this task been til-

or building houses, or aught else you please,
The folly might have passed as less worth
nothing.
But—planting trees! He must indeed be doting!
Why, in the name of all that's odd, old neigh-

bor, What fruit can such as you expect to gather From this ridiculous and driftless labor? You who already are a great-grandfather,
What! do you think to rival in his age
Methuselah!—for shame. Do penauce rather
For your past errors! Mourn your sins with

Abandon hopes and plans that so ill suit you Age and gray hairs! Give over looking wildly

Out through the vista of a boundless future! All these are but for us, and such as we

They are not even for you," replied the old man middy—
"Youth may be just as nigh eternity
As age. What though the pitfalls of existence

Be covered o'er with flowers in lieu of sn-ws, Who shall foremeasure the brief distance

Between this dim dream's birth and close? The winged bolts of death are swift to strike Life in its growing as in its decline,— The pallid Parce play their game alike With your days and with mine; Who-which of us four-shall be one To gaze last on the glory of the sun? Molest me not, then. Leave me to enjoy

The hours that yet remain me. I love
To think my great-grandchildren will enjoy
The shade and shelter of this embryo grov Meantime I live, breathe, and I may even Share, for some years to come, the gifts of

Alas! even I may see the morning light hine more than once, young men, upor vour graves!

The old man spake a truth which time re-

Posting, soon after, on a stormy night, One of these you hawas buried in the wave second was cut off upon the battle-field; The third fell ill, and in four fleeting weeks bier was dressed with death's pale

plumes.
So died the three thus early fated!
And while the tears rolled down his cheeks, The old man sculptured on their tombs The story I have here narrated.

—From the French of Lafontaine.

HOME COMFORTS.

I have had much time the past winter that was not occupied by any stress of work, either household or sewing, and as I am one of the busy kind, I just had to find something to employ hands and mind. If the purse had been long and full, there would have been little need of study, for there are plenty of wants when it comes to furnishing a house nicely in the way of nice bedding, nice curtains, and house linen, but it was for me to exercise ingenuity in making comforts and cations to insure success. conveniences out of what could be found lying around. So I made a lot of "catch alls," which are only a little too convenient, for they are apt to get too full of odds and ends. One was made to tack on to the inside of the door of a handy closet. A piece of ticking formed the basis; any sort of heavy, stout goods will do. Make it rather smaller than the middle of the door; in fact, cut it according to what you have to do with, making it as long as is convenient, then sew pockets of different sizes across the material, gathering the pockets a little, and using elastic, if you happen to have it, across the top of each pocket, then the contents cannot get out. The lower row an have two good sized pockets, which will hold slippers or shoes. The next above, of good size too, for stockings-one for "John" and one for "Joan"-that is, one for socks, and one for long stockings. The pockets above may be made of different sizes, just as fancy and material dictate, to be used for strings, patches, soft pieces of cloth for sore fingers, waste rags; in fact it will soon get to be the place where you can find just what you was looking for. The pockets need not be of one kind of cloth, but may be made of any sort of stuff on hand, so that it is dark colored and strong. When fastened on the inside of a door, it is out of the way and handy too. Every bedroom should have a couple of pockets handy somewhere to put stockings and shoes out of the way and off the dusty

So this winter I used up and put to good use every odd thing in the house, and it is wonderful how many things can be used to advantage in this way. A lot of ends and pieces of tapestry carpet I made into a handsome door-mat. First I ravelled out the yarn which was of all sorts of colors and lengths. then winding a lot of threads over the four fingers of the left hand, say a dozen times, I would tie it in the middle with stout linen thread, then tack this bunch to a foundation of burlap, leaving say half an inch or more each bunch that I tacked on. The burlap ought to be double, so as to give body to the mat, and would be nice if lined with some dark material. The burlap must of course be cut the size desired, and bound, before commencing to sew on these tufts of yarn. When the whole mat is covered in this way, cut every bunch open, and with a pair of sharp scissors shear the surface of the mat and you will be delighted with the result of your labors. Mine was a hit-or-miss, for my colors were so mixed that there could be no regularity or shading. The mat is handsome, and was made of just hits of odds and ends that would have seemed only fit to burn out of the way. So, dear sisters, don't throw away anything till you are sure it cannot be put to some use. AUNT RUTH.

JEWISH REPUGEES.

the year is gone. For over 2.000 years the the fate of Harrison and Garfield.

Jewish race have preserved their identity and will do so as long as the world lasts. As a race they are suspicious and close dealers, but this has arisen from the very fact of almost constant persecution during the many years past. No country has accorded to them such rights as they have enjoyed in the United States. They are a nation without a government, and of the seven million Israelites scattered over the world 770,000 are in America. many of whom stand high in political and financial-circles. They were generally loyal during the rebellion, many being soldiers and officers in the Union armies. There is one characteristic among the Jewish people that deserves mention, that is the care shown to the poor and unfortunate of their own race, always extending a helping hand, so that seldom or never is found one of that nature in the poor-house, and very seldom in jail or penitentiary, for they are a God-fearing and law-abiding people. England boasts of her great statesman, Disraeli, who was a Hebrew. The dreadful persecutions of this people in Russia at this time causes every heart to protest against such cruelty to helpless men

CHOICE RECIPES.

Pound Cake. - One pound flour, one pound ugar, one pound butter, ten eggs.

A Very Good Cake. - Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour. four eggs, one-half cup of butter-milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda.

Mrs. Howard's Cookies. - One quart of flour, one pint of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, tour eggs. R II in sugar and caraway seed.

Flour Muffins. - One egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one and a halt cups of sweet milk. three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tarter, and one of soils

Veal Sausages .- Take fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and an anchovy. Let all be chopped and beaten well together. floured, rolled and fried,

Rice Pudding .- One cup of rice and one cup of sugar. one quart of milk, three eggs, saving the whites of two for frosting Soak the rice over night. Bake two hours and add the

Continental Hotel Cottage Pudding .- One cup each of sugar and milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Serve with wine or vinegar sauce.

Various Recipes.

Dried apples can be used for mince pie hen it is impossible to procure fresh ones Take nice, well dried fruit, soak it over night in cold water, chop fine and use it in the same quantities as when the apples are fresh.

A little camphor rubbed over a cold-sore when it first appears, will effectually prevent its becoming a disagreeable and unsightly blotch. It is best to give two or three appli-

A little saleratus rubbed on, with the finger or a bit of linen, will remove stains from cups and other articles of tableware. It will also remove spots from marbleized oilcloths, and many stains from tinware

A large picture ring screwed into the top of the handle, is the nicest thing made by which to hang up a broom. A strong screw, with a small head, should be placed in the wall at a proper height to receive it.

It is really a task to knit double heels in men's hose, and yet it pays, for they are warmer, and last much longer. It is necessary to have more stitches than for an ordinary heel, and an extra one made after every needle to the right without knitting) every third stitch. In passing back on the reverse side slip two stitches and knit the one slipped before. This forms a heel as thick and durable as can be desired.

A Story of Abraham Lincoln.

In the darkest hour of the late civil war ays President White in the North American Review, a question arose in a thriving Northern town, which, for the purposes of this article, shall be called Pepperton. This question was othing less than this : Which of two local enchmen shall be Postmaster? The contest waxed fierce. Deputation after deputation aw the Congressman, the Seneator, the Postnaster-General and the President himselfpesought, insisted, badgered. The subordinate henchmen thronged the corridors of the Capitol by day, and the bar-rooms by night. The attention of honorable members was pesought for articles in the Perkius County Herald on one side, and the Pepperton Register on the other. Monster petitions were forwarded by either side-petitions all the nore monstrous because most people signed

Meantime the civil war dragged on with ncreasing horrors. Rivers of blood had flowed, billions of treasure had been flung into the abyas, when a good old Pepperton Judge-a steady Presbyterian deacon-visited Washington to see what light he could get on national affairs. In due time he stood before President Lincoln. The Judge was shocked at the careworn face of the President, tried to comfort him, and said : "Mr. Lincoln, I am corry to see you not looking so well as when you passed through Pepperton. You must not let the rebellion wear upon you. The Lord is with us; He will not permit slavery and disunion to conquer. He has purposes with this Republic which—" "Oh, Judge," said Mr. Lincoln, "it usn't the rebellion that is killing me-it isn't the rebellion; it is your plagued

Pepperton post-office!" This utterance of Mr. Lincoln-which is historical—goes, like so many quaint sayings of his, far into the marrow of the evil; columns Four hundred Jewish people, refugees from of argument could not so well reveal the effect Russia, have arrived, and it is probable that of the present system upon the Executive, and many thousands will come to America before the fun becomes grim earnest when one recalls

For The Children.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
A few short feet of mossy ground,
Soon measured o'er in sheltered nook,
A little, lowly, grass clothed mound.
Not much—for all I have lies here—
A maiden young, and fresh, and fair;
A very flower in early spring,
She seemed to scent the vacant air,

But Death, with never-idle scythe. Cut short my darling's little life; And buried with her are the dreams Of when we should be man and wife.

Not much of earth belongs to me,

Yet is that little dearer far i'han any gem on monarch's brow, Than light is to the evening star.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
But in you heaven of sapphire blue,
One treasure stored is all my own,
A mailen lovely, sweet and true.
Death may not hold the fragile flowers; They die, but every spring-time brings new and bright awakening Of all earth's pleasant sleeping things.

So doth my flower bloom again An angel wears her at his breast Until her long lost lover come.

And as I sit beside her grave,
Shining tender spring sunshine,
It reems to me as though all earth

And all the heaven were wholly mire.

-All the Year Round.

OUR LETTER BOX.

I am afraid that some of our little friends will think it takes a long time for their letters to get into print, but Aunt Hetty wants to be perfectly just, and she keeps all the letters on file, using them just as they come by the hoped that some other boys would tell what date; so each one of our correspondents must they thought of the jay birds. It is not too t will come by and by.

The first one that comes to hand to day is that day. She must write again and tell all or burn up the squirrels that lay about dead. make the beds. How many of our girls knew that one might almost as well have the squirkeeper just by the way of making up a bed. When you see a neat-looking bed, with the edges tucked neatly in, and the pillows beaten up light and put straight on at the head of the hed, you may be sure there is a careful. tidy woman about. Bed clothes should be thrown open, the windows raised and the room well aired before the beds are made sgain: about one-third of our lives is spent in deeping, and the air of the room where we sleep must be very impure. Some girl must tell the rest how she makes the heds.

Willie tells us what happened on the 22d, and answers some questions about the Presidents. He helps to make rails. He may not get to be a President for that, but he shows that he has the making of a smart man in him in the energetic way in which he keeps at work, keeping an eye on the weather and rops-a first-rate letter, too.

Mary sends in her little offering, which is xcellent for so young a girl. Though she is little, she helps sew carpet rags, besides doing

Henry says his dog trees the quails, but he an't kill them. It seems too bad to kill those pretty little birds, and we are glad he is willing to let them live. Most boys are so explous to shoot or destroy every living thing they see, even if they do not want the birds to eat, or if they do no harm, only to gratify a taste for destruction. It seems so much more beautiful when walking in the fields and Editor Home Circle : woods to see the happy little squirrel frisking the right side and slip (pass from the left to the sweet birds singing each its different song, than to be skulking, gun in hand, trying to get a shot at the unconscious little animals who have just as much right to life as we have. Even the caw-caw of a crow has a pleasant sound to our ear.

Lillie belongs to the blue ribbon club, and she must start out to be a good worker, and must always be ready to show her colors, speaking out bravely to the boys she sees who think it manly to use tobacco and drink liquor. If she talks as well as she writes she an do something for the cause.

Lou Ella has not always lived in Oregon but we hope the family will find that it has been a good move to come here to Oregon, and no doubt they will find better health for the hange. She must write again.

Ida sends a carefully-written letter. She baked her mother a birthday cake. It is pleasant to parents to see that their children are thoughtful, for young people are too apt to neglect their parents' comforts. We sympathize with Ida in the sorrow of losing a dear

Henry F. Jackson is the first one to send in his name for the temperance roll, and he will be a good one to begin with, for his letter shows him to be a boy who has plenty of spirit and go ahead. He has stock enough now to set up a farm of his own, and we are sure he will be one of our best farmers in a few

Ora answers the questions correctly. It is well for our children to be well acquainted with the principal events in our own history, and of the lives of our great men.

Fannie sends her first letter, and Auni Hetty is glad to see how well she has done, for we remember Fannie from the time sh was a wee little baby, and hope to see her grow up a useful, good woman. Fannie must her dear grandma and grandpa.

honestly, so that when you get some laud there will be plenty of cows to stock it. New-

ing about, for a few plants and flowers will truly, give all the family pleasure; a nice flower bed and yet will be a constant source of enjoyment and beauty.

A nice little letter from Minnie, who lives Editor Home Circle : at Union Flat, tells about the weather Eastern people would not "Chinooking." know what that meant, so we will explain that often, after a cold storm in that country, there will suddenly come up a strong, warm wind that will take the snow off in a little time. The Indians call it "Chinook" wind, and it is peculiar to that region. We hope the calf will live to be a great pet for Minnie, as ner heart is so kind towards the little starving

Little Nellie sends one from the same home -the second one she has sent to the Circle. The puzzle quilt would be welcome if Nellie could describe it, or she might send the pattern to any other girl who would write to her and ask for it. If our little girls would write to one another it would be a pleasant way to get acquainted, even if the writers should never be able to meet each other. Then it would be a good way to improve in letter writing. Now suppose some one of you just write to Nellie for her pattern.

Bertie answers some questions, too; his dog is named Rondo—the same name of one we had that we thought so much of that when he died we never wanted to love another to grieve over.

Last, but not least, comes another letter from Dudley, who wrote such a good letter before that we are glad to see his name again. This time he tells about squirrels. We had be patient and wait for their turn to come, for late yet to hear from some one. Squirrels are a great pest, those ground squirrels, but it seemed too bad to have killed the cats and lated the 22d of February, and we wonder if dogs, too. Dudley might have tied up the Ella knows what national holiday is kept on dogs and shut up the cats till he could bury about it. She helps her mother and helps to There is such great danger of using poison, how to make a bed up porperly? One can rels about. What does Dudley think about judge correctly of the qualities of a house- the moles? Some say they do good in eating grubs and worms. We ask him, for he is our come from, and what does it mean?

SWEET HOME, Feb. 28 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I have never written a letter to any paper, so I thought I would write one to the FARMER. my pa, and do all kinds of work on the place. caught it; they had hurt it too much to keep. Last summer, about June, my pa and I caught sold it in the fall. My pa is building a shed Katie S. I would like to hear from her again. I think Aunt Hetty is very kind in giving us little folks such good advice. I will send my name to be published on the temperance roll. If you are so kind as to publish this, I will write again. Wishing long life to the FARMER and editor of the Home Circle, I remain your HENRY F. JACKSON.

WELLS, Feb. 24, 1882.

As I have never written to a paper before, I thought I would commence by writing one the folks. I have no pets to tell about. for pets; the dog's name is Rondo. I believe there was some one asked what three Presidents died on the 4th of July. Thomas Jefferson died July 4, 1826, John Adams died July 4, 1826, and James Monroe died July 4, 1831. I guess I will now close, hoping you will put this in print. Good bye. Your friend,

BERTIE THOMPSON. CLACKAMAS, Feb. 22, 1832.

Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl 12 years old. I have not been going to school this winter, as the roads are so bad, and we live quite a distance from the school house, but I study at home; my studies are Fourth Reader, mental arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling and writing. I am bound to have an education if I can. As most of the little girls tell what they do to help their mas, I will tell you what I do to help mine. I wash the dishes, sweep the floor, help cook, help wash and make beds. I will close, with my best wishes to the FARMER. ELLA B. KARR. Vonr friend.

CLACKAMAS, Feb. 22, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As this is George Washington's Birthday, I thought I would write a letter to the FARMER, as it has been over a year since I wrote last. I am a boy 14 years of age. I have not been going to school this winter; school was out last Christmas; it will commence again in April. We had a splendid Christmas tree at our school house; the tree was loaded with presents; everybody got something. Last Monday we had four inches of snow, but the warm sun came out, and then it rained, and early looks well, but late sown grain looks have a happy life with grandma, and she so that it looks quite yellow, but it will get must try to see how many steps she can save green again when the weather gets milder. My brother has a pet calf; its name is Hart Newton writes like a regular farmer, and My only pet is a fine shepherd dog; his name tells of his stock like any other property is Rover. I will tell you what I do to help owner. That's right. Keep on accumulating pa. I help him grub and make rails, that is, I saw the cuts. This helps him so much that where he was only able to make one hundred ton asks a very good question that some Bible a day, he is enabled to make one hundred

is something that all the girls should be think- with wishing the FARMER success. Yours and it all looks green and nice. We have had WILLIE KARR.

P. S .- John Adams and Thomas Jefferson adds much to the beauty of a home. It is not died on the 4th of July, 1826, and a third one, much troub'e to plant rose bushes and shrubs I believe, did not die on any 4th of July, as that will not need much attention afterwards, my large history don't say anything of a third

CLACKAMAS, Feb. 22, 1882.

I am a little girl 8 years old. This is my first attempt to write to any paper. I do not go to school this winter; I study at home. My studies are, Third Reader, mental arithmetic, spelling and writing. I have three brothers and one sister. I dry the dishes for my sister, sweep floors and carry in stove wood. I have been sewing carpet rags this winter. As I have no pets to tell of, I will close. Your little friend .. MARY A. KARR.

UNION FLAT, W. T., Feb. 25, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As you were so kind as to publish my other letter, I thought I would write again. We have moved out on our farm. We have been out here about three weeks. There has been a great deal of snow this winter, but stock have not suffered much, as the snow has not been very deep. It snowed all day yesterday, but it has been Chinooking to-day, and the snow is now almost all gone. My brothers found a little calf to-day, whose mother had died. It was standing by her almost starved to death. They brought it home, and I will make a pet of it. I feed it on mush and milk. I will close for this time, wishing success to the FARMER. From your little friend, MINNIE SMITH

UNION FLAT, W. T., Feb 26, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: This is the second letter I ever wrote to the FARMER. I thought as you were so kind as to publish my first letter, I would write again to let you know that we have moved away from Penawawa to our farm on Union Flat. Aunt Hetty, you were mistaken about our living on Puget Sound; we live on Union Flat, north of Spake river. I have a mare and a colt; the mare's name is Dolly, and the colt's name is Charley. I have a puzzle quilt here; if any of you girls want it I will send it to you. It is very pretty. I will tell you about my pets. I have a pet cat and a pet dog; the dog's name is Rowdy. It is Chinooking. I guess I have naturalist. Where does the name Wapato written enough for this time. Yours truly, NELLIE M. SMITH.

> FRANKLIN, Or. Feb. 26, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

As Aunt Hetty was so kind as to print my other letter I thought I would write again, It I like to read the letters from the little folks. has been raining here for the last two days I am a boy 14 years of age. I have nine and nights. It snowed here last week, and I sheep, one cow and one pony. My cow and had a nice time by hauling wood on the sled, pony are both fat. I also have four white but I would like to see it clear up, for this is ducks, and I gather up the eggs. I plow for bad weather on stock. Our little lambs, especially sheep and cattle, look pretty bad in this One day this winter the dogs saw a young part of the country, for the frost has killed deer in the creek by our place, and they the grass, so that it doesn't do them much good. I will tell you how many head of cattle I have got. I have four head. My cousin a young cougar. I kept it all the summer, and gave me a calf eight years ago. I have got two cows that will give milk this summer. I for the stock. The water was up pretty well sold a heifer; she would be three years old this last week. Mypa has been taking the FARMER spring. I have got one two-year-old and one for some time. I wonder what has become of yearling calf. I have seen a good many Bible questions asked in the little folks' letters; so I hought I would ask one: How long was Noah building his ark and where in the Bible will I find it? I will close for the present, wishing the FARMER Success. I remain your little friend, NEWTON J. BRYANT.

FRANKLIN, Or., Feb. 27, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I have seen so many letters from the little

boys and girls that I thought I would write again. I like to read the letters from the litto the FARMER. I am living with grandpa little brother baby; he is one year old, and he this winter. I have a cow, a calf and a dog is awful sweet. It is raining here now; it has Editor Home Circle: been raining for three days and nights, and looks like it may rain for three more; but I wish it would quit for awhile and let the ground dry off, so that I can fix my flower garden and reset my flowers. I like to see nice flowers in the yards; this has been a hard winter on flowers that are in the ground. I have got five brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is married. I have seen a good many Bible questions asked; so I thought that would ask one : Is the word "Girl" mentioned in the Bible; if so, how many times and where will I find it? This is all I can think of for this time. So I will close, wishing the FARMER success. Yours, respectfully,

LYDIA JANE BRYANT.

SALEM, Or., Feb. 26, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to the FARMER, will try and write a few lines. I am 11 years old. I am staying at grandpa's; going to school. We have a good teacher, and I like her very much, for she is so good and kind; her name is Emma Freckey. I have been here five weeks. I have a good time. I ride the horse, and I sew carpet rags and wash the dishes for grandma. I live 9 miles below Salem. I have two little sisters and one brother. My ma often speaks of Aunt Hetty to me. I think I will close by wishing the FAR-FANNIE MAUD SAYRES. MER SUCCESS.

Scio, Or., Feb. 25, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : This is my first attempt at writing to the Home Circle, but it is not the first time I have now the snow is gone. Grain that was put in thought of it. I am a little girl, 11 years old. I have five sisters and one brother. I have bad, on account of the freeze, which hurt it been going to school this winter. Our school was out one week ago last Friday. I studied reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and grammar. Our teacher's name was Miss Lizzie Buckenmeyer, of Portland. I liked her real well. I belong to the Blue Ribbon club. Papa and mamma belong to the Baptist church. We live on a farm 3 miles east of Scio. I have no pets, except my little baby sister. She can push a chair over the house and tries to talk, ton asks a very good question that some Bible a day, he is enabled to make one hundred student must answer.

Lydia wants to see pleasant weather, so I keep the wood up by hauling it on a little child, and help mamma in every way that I so great as to melt solder; still it is essential at to be able to get at her flower beds. That I wagon. I have no more news, so I will close can. Papa has 150 acres of fall wheat sowed, that the tin be kept very warm.

considerable cold weather this winter but not much snow; it is raining now. My grandpa lives about one and a balf miles from here. We love to go and see them; they had a nice dinner on Christmas day. We were all there and had a real nice time. Papa has been taking the FARMER for the last five years; he likes it very much. I would like to hear from Katie S. again. I will close, by wishing the LILLIE McDONALD. FARMER SUCCESS.

WAPATO P. O., Or., Feb. 25, 1882. Editor Home Circle:

Pa says that the jay is the meanest bird there is, but says for menot to write any more about them until I hear from the other little boys and girls about the jays. I told you I would write about squirrels in my next; there are plenty of them on pa's place. They are very bad; they cut the wheat down, and dig up the potatoes, and steal the apples, and go in your smoke house, and eat up your bacon. They are almost as bad as the jays, but you can catch them in traps. Henry and I catch lots of them, that is one kind-the old gray ones. We kept trapping and catching until we got tired, and it looked like there were as many squirrels as there were before we caught any. So we told pa that we could never catch them all, and pa said he would fix them; and he went and got a can of poisoned wheat, and told Henry and me to go and put some out at all the holes we could find, which we did: and when we went out the next day to look after the bait, the squirrels were all dead; pa did fix them. They lay all around on the ground as thick as little pigs in a nest. It smelt bad all around there for a week, and the dogs and cats ate the poisoned squirrels, and they died. We made a clean sweep of squirrels, cats and dogs. Pa says he is glad that the squirrels are all gone any way. I could tell you about other kinds of squirrels that don't st-al. But this letter is getting too long, and I am tired for this time.

DUDLEY WILCOX.

LEITCHVILLE, Feb. 24, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: It has been a long time since I wrote to the FARMER, so I will write again. I am not going to school this winter, but I study at home. I can name the capitals of all the States in the Union. I can answer Ella's question: Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on the 4th of July, in 1826, and James Monroe died July 4th, 1831. I would like to hear from Miles Lewis again, as he is my cousin. I weigh 74 pounds. I help iron, wash the dishes, make the beds and sweep. I made mother a bi thday cake. She said it was very good fo a little girl to make. There has been a great deal of sickness up here this winter, and a great many deaths. One of my brothers died on the 27th of January; it seems so lonely since he died He wam arried the 28th of last July. None of us but father and mother saw him when he died, as he was not at home, but

his last prayers were for us to meet him in Heaven. He said his name was written in silver letters in Heaven. May ours be written there, too. Brother has gone only to wait awhile for us to meet him where friends never part. I remain as ever your little friend,

COTTAGE GROVE, Oregon.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy 11 years old. We have no school here now, but I wish there was. We went out to Goose Lake last spring, and I caught 36 fish while we were there, one of them was 26 inches long; I thought I had caught a whale when I pulled him out. What good does it do anyone to use tobacco. I have a dog, his name is Tiger; I also have two sheep. My dog trees quail, but they are so pretty I don't kill any of them.

SIUSLAW' Feb. 28, 1882.

I see a great many letters in the FARMER from various parts of the country, though none from Siuslaw, yet I cannot tell why that is, for there seem to be people of as high a type of intellect as are to be found in any loality. However I will offer my little to all, hoping it will be worthy a place in the col imns of your valuable paper. I am a little girl 12 years old, and one short year ago my parents, together with my brothers and sisters, left their beautiful home in the State of Tennessee for the "Promised Land of Oregon." My mamma, one brother, and myself, having been in very delicate health for the past few years, my pa could think of no better place than to bring us to the fir-crowned hills o Oregon, and it has in a great measure proved beneficial to the health of us all, yet everything here is so different from Southern home

Oh! for a day on the old plantation, Oh! for a day on the old plantation,
Just as the South-land home used to be;
Oh! for a sight of the well-beloved faces
Now widelys: attered, and some, alast dead.
Oh! for one day in the dear old home places, Bright with the light of the days that are

that we often turn our eyes Eastward and sigh.

With best wishes for the FARMER and Aunt Hetty, I will close,

LOU-ELLA ROBERTSON.

EUGENE CITY, Feb. 20, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to the FARMER I will try and write a few lines. I am 13 years old and live on a farm near Eugene; my father takes the FARMER. I like to read the letters from the boys and gilrs. I will answer Ella's question-John Adams and Thomas Jefferson lied July 4, 1826, and James Monroe died July 4, 1831. I will answer Aunt Hetty's question, too on January 8, 1815, General Pakenham attacked General Jackson at New Orleans and was defeated; the British loss was over two thousand, while the American loss was but seven killed and six wounded.

An easy and quite effectual plan to keep tinware from rusting consists in rubbing the new vessel inside and out with fresh lard or

Yours truly.