

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

THE DAY IS DONE

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight. I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist. A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain. Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day. Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time. For, like the strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest. Read from some humble poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart, As showers from the clouds in summer, Or tears from the eyelids start; Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoted to ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful m-melodies. Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer. Then read from the treasured volume The poem of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice. And the night shall be filled with music, And the care that infest the day Shall find their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON.

We are informed that the run of salmon in the Columbia so far has been extremely light. If this be true, may there not be reason to apprehend a gradual extinction of this lordly fish in our waters. The canneries have multiplied during the last few years. In earlier times there has been wanton waste—so many fish were caught that the supply glutted the market. To-day a decent kit of salmon is hard to find in the city of Portland. We have tried all the first-class grocery stores in vain for fresh "salmon bellies," such as we used to get a few years ago. The whole of the fish in now made use of, jaws are put up in kits, labeled "tips," and are exceedingly nice. The heads and loins are pressed for oil, which finds a ready market. When the canning business was new thousands and thousands of pounds were thrown away in the cans, and at least one ship load of canned salmon was emptied into the Thames, condemned at that foreign port as "awful heads," not having been put up properly the can's head bulged, so proving worthless. Thus a great waste was made till experience taught that salmon canning was a science of its own, and that expert canners of other meats could not preserve salmon. California awakened early to the necessity of guarding the fishing interests, while we Oregonians have been not only wantonly destructive of the salmon, but heedlessly neglecting to provide an artificial supply. St. Green has taught the world that fish may be bred like any other animal food. Fish Commissioners in California have conducted their operations in a sensible way by breeding and by protective laws, so that up to this time there has been no perceptible decrease in the supply, but rather otherwise, for there have been more successful runs during the past two years. There are some liberal, far-seeing men in the fishing interest, who have tried to foster this industry here in Oregon and have been willing to put money into it, but others, too short-sighted and greedy, have been indifferent to the future, and have succeeded in destroying whatever interest had arisen. The hatching experiment in the Clackamas river, near Oregon City, demonstrated that fish could be propagated in our smaller streams and so supply the Columbia, and that too at a nominal expense. The business would have to be taken in hand by the State, for it would be difficult to come to an equitable adjustment of expenditures where the benefit would be so widely diffused. It would be difficult to get concert of action among the owners of canneries in consequence of diversion of interests. It has been said that the Clackamas hatchery was a failure, but it is not so, it most clearly demonstrated that with a little more experience a few years' time would find the Columbia good fishing grounds again. It can scarcely be possible but that this constant drain upon the salmon will tell in mournful numbers of the loss to Oregon of one of her greatest exports. Let there be early brought before the Legislature questions bearing on the fishing interest, for better protection of the fish at certain seasons, and for providing hatcheries on the various streams—and there cannot be too many of them either. If this is not done soon the Columbia will show many empty canneries, with their useless nets swinging from the rotting piles.

OUR TEMPERANCE ROLL

We have now on hand quite a list of names, which we have tried to keep correctly up to this date. But it seems as if we had missed a name of one boy, so, we hope he will be sure and let us know. We are proud of this list, and we hope that every boy and girl who have signed this list will live temperate lives, and realize that it is a solemn thing to make such a promise; such a promise is not to be lightly broken. Each one whose name appears will remember too that others see their names and will be watching to see if the pledge is

kept; there will be bad boys and men who will tempt; these boys whose names are printed, or will try in some way to see if they can make them break their pledge. Sometimes boys, good boys, will be influenced by ridicule, and may be some bad boys will make fun of those who are trying to build up a good name and good character. Don't be afraid, boys, of ridicule. There are two kinds of courage. Now there are boys who have physical courage—that is, they will not take an insult, will stand up and fight like a hero for his personal rights; then there is a courage called moral courage, where one is not afraid to do or act right, even if all his companions ridicule him. Moral courage requires great strength of mind and character, while physical courage is merely a natural instinct in the human mind as it is among the brute creation. A boy or girl who has the moral courage to do right or to speak up for truth and right without fear or favor, will make good and influential men and women.

Our boys and girls will have the moral courage to denounce liquor, and those who sell it; always standing up for truth and right—we know they will; avoiding the company of those who are found at saloons. "A person is known by the company they keep," and if bad company is avoided there is less temptation to contend with.

- Emma Jackson, Katie Kees, Elisha Knight, Willie Durr, Dennis C. Russel, Frank Powers, Arthur McDonald, Amos Smith, Blain G. Smith, Fannie Bryant, Cora Bushnell, James U. Miller, Benjamin W. Miller, Vary L. Baldwin, Hannah M. Hubbard, Ira B. Cromwell, Susie Hale, Charlie D. Hale, Leah Hale, Richard Price, Robert Price, Martin Price, Mamie Hurd, Eliza McDonald, Mabel McDonald, Jerre Hale, Marion Kees, William Rogers, Lorenza Rogers, Tirzah Large, Thomas Large, Thomas Handisaker, Josie Grimes, Katie Grimes, John Grimes, Roma McCully, Gilbert McCully.

The Pioneer Historical Society.

We learn from the Astorian that the Pioneer Historical Society held its annual meeting on May 5th. The meeting was opened by R. N. Morrison, prayer by T. P. Powers. The Corresponding Secretary proceeded to give the usual preliminaries, and the present status and future prospects of the Whitman monument. It was decided to erect this monument on a mound very near the scene of the assassination, on a piece of ground ceded to the society, and which will be fenced, ornamented and improved by planting trees and shrubbery. The people of Walla Walla made liberal offers if the society saw fit to locate the monument at that place. It seemed most proper, however, that this memorial should be placed where the scene of the dreadful massacre was enacted. It is a nightly place, and will be so improved that it will be a favorite pilgrimage, being also easy of access. Resolutions were offered in respect to the memory of Mrs. Mary Augusta Gray, who was an earnest and faithful member of this society, a devoted missionary, and one of Oregon's earliest pioneer women. Mr. W. H. Gray has been one of the most indefatigable in his endeavors to provide this monument to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. He crossed the plains with them, and was fully identified with them in their missionary work, and it is proper that he should lead in this work of love and respect.

The New Insane Asylum

At Salem is said by those who know to be much better planned and more desirable in a sanitary point of view than either asylum in California. It is certainly the cheapest building of any of its size on this coast. This has been accomplished by using prison labor when it could be made available. The building looms up, assuming magnificent proportions as the eye catches a view of it while passing Salem on the cars. Mr. Boothby, of S.lem, is the architect. He visited the California asylums in order to improve upon their arrangements. It is said that by actual measurement the building is one half a mile around. This extent of surface gives plenty of light and air to every room or ward in the building, which is to be completed in September. In December the State contract with the present keepers at Portland will be void, and if nothing occurs to prevent, the insane will be removed at that time to the new quarters.

Phonetics.

A gentleman suggests that a column devoted to phonetics would be an interesting feature in the FARMER, but we hardly think it would be feasible; and then we have got so used to the old Websterian style of spelling that we don't want to see 'phonetics in general use while we live. There never seemed to us to be sufficient cause to change from the old style; it would complicate literature in many ways; it would mystify the scholars who are now partly educated; it would be a source of trouble to foreigners who are trying to master our mongrel language, while all the books of past decades would be almost a foreign tongue to those who were educated in the phonetic way. However, we are obliged to the writer for taking so much interest in the FARMER's make up.

The Whitman Seminary.

The people of Walla Walla have very properly named the new institution of learning for the missionary martyr. There has lately arisen a question in Oregon history as to the real influence that Whitman was said to have had in securing this fair country to the United States. If history proves that it was not due to him we have lost a beautiful chapter in its recital, and we are almost sorry that the question was agitated, for so long a time has elapsed that it will be difficult to prove the truth, and a doubt will always remain with us if the historians may not have been a trifle partisan.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Bread and Fruit Pudding.—Take a deep pudding-dish and butter it, cover the bottom and sides with this slice of bread, white or brown, then a layer of pared and cut apple or pear, or both, mixed with any fruit you fancy, then sprinkle some sugar, then a layer of bread in slices or bits, then fruit, and so on until the dish is full; lay thin slices of bread over, fill up with any fruit juice or water lacking this; cover with a plate and bake in a slow oven four hours. Hot or cold it is most delicious. Any sauce would spoil it.

To Fry Eggs Extra Nice.—Three eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, a cup of milk. Beat the eggs and flour together, then stir in the milk. Have a skillet with a proper amount in it made hot for frying; mix the mixture; then pour it in, and when one side is done brown turn it over, cooking rather slowly. If a larger quantity is needed it will require a little salt stirred in, but for this amount the salt in the butter in which you fry it seasons it very nicely.

To Poach Eggs.—Beat the eggs to a froth upon a spoon in a buttered tin, set it on the coal, add salt and butter, stir till cooked, and then put it on buttered toast.

Eggs on Toast.—An egg spread on toast is food fit for kings, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

Canning Pie Plant.—Peel the stalks, cut up small, put into glass cans, filling them; then fill full of cold water. It keeps just as nice as when fresh. In the summer when you use it, pour off the water.

Scrambled Eggs.—Heat one cup of milk in a spider with a piece of butter, a little salt and white pepper; beat five eggs, pour in, set over a very slow fire, and keep scraping from the bottom with a spoon until very little remains thin; then scrape into a dish without delay, as allowing it to harden with whey spoils it.

Omelet.—Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; add one tablespoonful corn-starch dissolved in one-half teaspoonful milk, and a little salt. Fry as any other omelet.

FOR THE TABLE.

To Cook Steak.—Never fry it in grease or water. If you have no broiler, or your fire will not admit of broiling, take your spitter or skillet, heat very hot, put your steak in; the moment it is seared on one side turn it quickly; let it heat through, then take it up on a hot dish, season it quickly and serve hot. We insure, if you follow these directions to the letter, you will have a "steak fit for the gods. Never use lard or water to a steak in cooking, and never season until done.

Potato Puffs.—Stir two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little salt, until light. Add two eggs, beaten separately, and six teaspoonfuls of cream. Pile lightly in a dish and bake in an oven until light brown. Cold potatoes can be used by heating in a steamer and proceed as above.

Asparagus.—Scrape, put in water and salt, and boil in the asparagus; boil till tender. Sauce: Yolk of one egg mixed with a teaspoonful of water, a piece of butter added, and when hot air in two tablespoonfuls of milk; then pour over the drained asparagus.

Horseshoe Sauce, Cold, for Roast Beef.—Grate two tablespoonfuls of horseradish, pound it in a mortar with a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of mustard in powder, and half a teaspoonful of sugar in powder; mix it gradually with four teaspoonfuls of cream, and then stir in quickly two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

How to make Meat Tender.—Cut the steaks the day before into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of soda; wash off next morning, cut into suitable thickness and cook as you choose. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

Venison Steaks.—Trim each steak neatly and flatten into shape. Be sure that the fire is hot and clear; turn the steaks often so that the surface may be rapidly seared and the juices preserved. It will require a little longer cooking than beefsteak, but must be neither scorched nor dried. Set your platter over a plate of boiling water, and put into it a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of currant jelly for each pound of meat. An epicure would consider the dish unfinished without the further addition of a teaspoonful of Madeira, sherry or port wine. The hot water beneath the dish should warm the contents by the time the venison is done. Season the meat with salt and pepper, turn it two or three times in the dressing.

Fritters.—One pint of sour milk, one egg, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour sufficient to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon without running. Fry in hot lard, a small spoonful for each one. Sift powdered sugar over them while warm. These make a nice dish for dessert when in a hurry, and are to be eaten with syrup.

Children's Books.

Children's books abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selection, and end by taking the book the book-seller recommends itself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one. Illustration is in itself a good thing when the work is as well done as we find it to-day, but, except for the smallest juveniles, it ought not to be made of more importance than the text. It is a well known fact that many publishers select pictures, and then order a story written to fit them; an author so hampered can never produce so good work as though his invention were given free play, and the result of his labor is often of the poorest. Comparatively few fathers and mothers interest themselves seriously to provide the best possible mental food for the growing intelligence of their charge. The want of a sense of responsibility in this matter is as astonishing with regard to matters more important still. A child's mind is just as much dependent for its best development on the quality of food furnished it as its body is upon its physical support. A child often gets more real mental culture from browsing at will in his father's library than it gets from all its school lessons. The school-teaching is mainly good for discipline of the mental faculty, secondarily for information; while the reading of books may be made a powerful instrument for moral training as well as for education of the higher qualities of the intellect—imagination, humor, and the like.—Atlantic Monthly.

Owing to the protracted cold weather, fruit trees are not doing as well as they otherwise might do. Some trees have not bloomed, still, we have no fears but what there will be considerable fruit.

For The Children.

GRANDMOTHER'S GRAY HAIRS.

A little boy with locks of gold
Sits by his Grandma's side;
And looks into that sweet old face
With eyes of wender wide.

"Did you ever have some golden curls,
Dear grand mamma?" said he;
"And were you ever a little girl
Upon your mother's knee?"

She draws the boy to her lonely heart,
While memories come and go;
She thinks of the time when life was bright,
And her mournful eyes drop low.

"My child, I once had golden hair;
No wrinkles marred my brow;
But time has plowed deep furrows there,
And my hair is silver now."

And she stoops to kiss the cherry lips
Of the little orphaned one;
Her three score years have passed away
While his has just begun.

So near the self-same place;
And her mind goes back to many a scene
That time cannot efface.

She almost feels the dying lips
Of her son, her pride and joy,
And hears him with a trembling voice,
Say, "Mother, keep my boy."

And she stoops to kiss the cherry lips
Of the little orphaned one;
Her three score years have passed away
While his has just begun.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The week comes around, and the letter list has to be locked over. Each week we feel more our inability to write to the children. There is so much that we want to say, but find it difficult to put it in an attractive form. We were walking a few days ago with a very old lady, and just as we got to one of the school buildings in Portland the school children began to pour out of its doors; hundreds, it seemed, of young boys and girls. They all marched on tandem down the steps to the top of a drum. It was a beautiful sight to see so much of youth, health and joy; but the lady said: "Oh, it makes my heart ache to think how many of those boys will be bad men, as they are being brought up in a city under the influence of so much badness and wickedness of example." Boys who live in the country have less of bad influences about them, but still there is wickedness everywhere. Liquor drinking lies at the bottom of most, if not quite all of the sorrows and trouble in the world. It is good to see so many of our young friends of the FARMER putting down their names on the temperance roll; it is the first step towards forming a good character. Liquor ruins the mind as well as the body, and when the mind is dulled by alcohol a person will commit deeds that bring the penalty of disgraceful death. Many men who, standing on the scaffold, say at the last moment: "Oh, if I had not been drunk I would not be here!" Life is shortened by drinking, for now, in these days, liquor is made of all sorts of poisonous drugs, that ruins the system. Very little pure juice of the grape is found for sale, and only the very rich are able to buy the pure article. "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" this is the best way; never commence, never taste, and then you will never want or feel the need of intoxicating drink. How long will our land be cursed by the rum seller's presence? We fear for ever.

Hannah must have begun to think that her letter would not get into print, for it is a long time since it came, but then it had to take its turn by date. We are glad to get such a nice, newsy letter about flowers and her daily life; it is so cheerful in its tone that we must think Hannah is a happy girl. Every girl ought to be happy if she does her duty day by day as she does what is put before her, and any girl that does her duty has a clear conscience that will make her face glow with beauty.

Our friend Curtis writes again from his home away across the Rocky Mountains, telling of his home life.

Millie has written a neat little letter, and we are glad to see how cheerfully she helps her mother. She must see that she does not forget or neglect her bird; it would be so cruel to shut up a canary and then not give it care and comfort. God takes care of the birds if they are free.

Ira has killed two bears and a panther. He could write a very interesting letter if he would only tell how it was done. We are sure he could write a good letter, for this is a good one, so we shall look for another from Ira, telling all about his adventures.

Florice says that her last letter did not get printed; it is too bad, when she lives so far away, too. It is nice to hear from little girls away in the Eastern States. Her letter must have got mislaid.

Maudie writes from Minnesota, expecting to come to Oregon when the railroad is finished. There will be many more, who are only waiting for that time, as they dread that ocean trip.

James must go farther in his item of early history, and tell what crime this man Kendle committed that he should be hung. We do not remember. Did James ever hear the fable of the "Dog in the Manger?" Well, that illustrates the character of the "Elk Horn man;" he did not want to read the children's letters himself, and he did not want to have any written for others to read. But, like you, father, there are many other older people who do love to read what the fresh, pure young minds show in their efforts.

Thomas sends another good letter. He improves very much. He writes a longer one, all of which is interesting. Aunt Hetty tried to remember him in a substantial way, and she is waiting to hear if the mail carried it safely.

Dora was more fortunate than most girls to get so many nice presents for Christmas. Aunt Hetty received a most beautiful black silk dress. As Dora asks what we got we are pleased to tell. That is right to be up early so as to help before breakfast, though it is hard sometimes for young people to get their

eyes open. The best way is not to stop to think about it, when called in the morning but just to jump right out of bed; the longer we think about it the harder it is to get up. We used to find it so hard to get out of bed early, that we feel sorry for other children who are "sleepy heads."

Kittie has not written for a long time, and we are glad to hear from her again. She rejoices in the present of a horse on her birth day. It is to be hoped she will take good care of it, for a pony is the nicest sort of a pet. A horse, if treated kindly, will show great intelligence, and will learn to love the hand that is kind. She ought to be proud of her six quilts, too.

TILLAMOOK, April 16, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I am a boy 12 years old. We live 9 miles from the Nehalem river. Pa has about 450 head of sheep and sixteen head of cattle. We have been living here six years. Last year I killed two bears, and this spring I killed a panther. We will move East of the Mountains this fall. I have not been going to school for two years; there was school last winter, but I could not go, as the distance was too far. You may put my name on the temperance roll. I will close for this time by wishing the FARMER success.

IHA R. CROMWELL.

SALEM, Or., April 9, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I am a little girl 10 years old. I will tell you what I have for pets: I have a pet canary; his name is Benny. I will tell you what I do to help ma: I help cook and wash dishes and help milk. I have five brothers and two sisters. I have pieced two quilts, and have one quilted. Yours truly,

MILLIE C. RODGERS.

CHESHAM, April 20, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I will say to D. E. P. that Kendle was the first white man hanged in Oregon. He was hanged at Salem in February, 1851. I think it strange that a man at Elk Horn should not like to read children's letters. My pa is an old, grey-haired man, and he reads them. He says he thinks the Home Circle is one of the best things ever introduced for the children of Oregon.

JAMES J. KENT.

COVE, Or., April 21, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I am a little girl 11 years old. I have to get breakfast while pa and ma do the chores. We milk seven cows and make butter. We moved from the State of Indiana in 1879. We came by railroad and stage. We like Oregon very well. We have lots of fruit on our place here at the Cove. There is wild game in the mountains, but pa's health is not very good, so he does not hunt much. Aunt Hetty, what did you get Christmas? I got a wax doll that will cry, a string of shell beads, a watch chain and locket and a pair of shoes. I do lots of chores for ma. I knit my own stockings. I will close, wishing the FARMER good success.

DORA B. SELDER.

DEXTER, April 20, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I did not go to school to-day, as I had a bad cold and head ache. The last time I wrote to the Home Circle I told about my trip to the Ketchikan Springs. Aunt Hetty wanted to know were they are, and what diseases they will cure. They are about fifty miles southwest of Eugene City, near the military wagon road that goes over the Cascade Mountains to Eastern Oregon; they are about east from the road. Pa says the editor of the WILLAMETTE FARMER has traveled this road, for he crossed at our ferry on the middle fork of the Willamette several years ago. They cure rheumatism, chills and many other diseases. My pa is now in Illinois, visiting his brothers and sisters. My little brother Johnny and I have all the chores to do, cut the stove wood and feed the horses. I have three sisters at home; they do the house work and go to school; and ma tends the store and post-office. Mail comes twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays. I want my name on the temperance roll; brother Johnny wants his, too. Johnny says he would write, but Aunt Hetty says the letter basket is full and running over; he will wait till it gets a little empty.

TOMMY HANDBAKER.

SALEM, Or., April 10, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
As to-day is my birthday, I thought I would write to the Home Circle. My brother gave me a horse for a birthday present, and I can ride her anywhere. I have pieced six quilts and got four quilted. I will tell you what I do to help ma: I help cook, wash dishes, feed the chickens and help milk. I helped pa plant potatoes. There are a good many wild flowers in bloom now. As I can't think of any more to write I will bring my letter to a close. Yours truly,

KITTIE A. WAGNER.

BURNSIDE, April 9, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I have been on a visit to my uncle in Prairie City, and had a good time. I have just got back. I did not see any good papers there, but as soon as I got home I got the FARMER and read the letters in them. I have been going to school for a while, but I will have to stay at home and help pa sow oats this week. I don't like to stay away from school, but my pa has no hired help this summer, so I will help all I can. Wheat looks nice, and the peach trees are in full bloom. I hope we will have lots of fruit, for that is what everybody likes. I guess I will have to close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon.

CURTIS HOWE.

BURNSIDE, APRIL 9, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I sent a letter to the FARMER some time since. It must have got mislaid by some means, for my brother's and sister's were published and mine was not, but that don't stop such a good paper. I think so much of Aunt Hetty; she must be a good, kind hearted woman, or she would not publish so many little letters. I have been helping ma make garden and help set hens. I am going to see how many little chickens I can raise this summer. I will close, wishing the FARMER success.

FLORA HOWE.

MINNESOTA, April 20, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
I am a little girl 7 years old. My pa takes the FARMER, and I thought I would write a letter. I have lots of friends in Portland, and we are coming there as soon as the new rail-

road gets through. My pa keeps a henner, and he said he would give me a coop if I would tend them. Your little friend,
MANDY ANNIS.

SMITHFIELD, March 31, 1882.

Editor Home Circle:
In the FARMER of to-day I see letters from my cousins, Nellie and Minnie Smith. They write real well for beginners. I recollect the first letter I ever wrote. I wrote it to their mother and one of my cousins, and I directed it to both on the same envelope. One of my brothers brought in a bouquet of wild flowers a while ago; there are lots of them around here now. I have marked several kinds, and this fall I am going to send Aunt Hetty some bulbs. We have had a begonia and a fuchsia to bloom all winter, so you see we have had flowers the year round. We have polyanthus, daisies, pansies, jonquils, wallflowers and a calla lily in bloom now. My sister and I have a flower bed each; my sister's is planted with bulbs; mine has different kinds of flowers in it. We attend to mother's flowers, too. We have a great many kinds of flowers, both in boxes and in the garden. We live at the foot of a hill, and there are lots of hazel bushes on it; we gathered quite a lot of hazel nuts last summer. There are lots of thimble-berries and strawberries around here, too. I like to go to school, but if it is necessary that I should not go, I think it best to stay at home. I do all kinds of house work. My sister and I do the work week about. You may add my name to the temperance roll, and I will try and get others to send in their names. Well, I can't think of any more to write this time; I am like Aunt Hetty, I can think of pages and pages to write about when I first get a letter, but when I come to answer it I can scarcely think of anything. Good-bye. Yours affectionately,
HANNAH H. HUBBARD.

Treating a Cow Like a Lady.

A man came into the office on Tuesday with a black eye, a strip of court plaster across his cheek, one arm in a sling, and as he leaned on a crutch and wiped the perspiration away from around a lump on his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, he asked if the editor was in. Being answered in the affirmative he said:

"Well, I want to stop my paper," and he sat down on the edge of a chair as though it hurt. "Scratch my name right off. You are responsible for my condition. Yes," said he, "I am a farmer and keep cows. I recently read an article in your paper about a dairymen's convention, where one of the motions over the door was, 'Treat your cow as you would a lady,' and the article said it was contended by our best dairymen that a cow treated in a polite, gentlemanly manner, as though she was a companion, would give twice as much milk. The plan seemed feasible to me. I had been a hard man with my stock, and thought maybe that was one reason my cows always dried up when butter was forty cents a pound, and gave plenty of milk when butter was only worth fifteen cents a pound. I decided to adopt your plan, and treat a cow as I would a lady. I had a brindle cow that never had been very much milked on me, and I decided to commence on her, and the next morning after I had read your devilish paper I put on my Sunday suit and a white plug hat that I bought the year

ago, and went to the barn to milk. I noticed the old cow seemed to be bashful and frightened, but taking off my hat and bowing politely I said: "Madame, excuse the seeming impropriety of the request, but will you do me the favor to hoist?" At the same time I tapped her gently on the flank with my plug hat, and, putting the tin pail on the floor under her, I sat down on the milking stool. "Did she hoist?" said he, rather anxious to know how the advice of President Smith, of Sheboygan, the great dairyman, had worked. "Did she hoist?" Well, look at me, and see if you think she hoisted. That cow raised right up and kicked me with all four feet, switched me with her tail and hooked me with both horns all at once, and when I got up out of the bedding in the stall, and dug my hat out of the manger, and the milking stool out from under me and began to milk that cow, I forgot all about the treatment of horses and cows. Why she galloped over me, and I never want to read your old paper again." We tried to explain to him that the advice did not apply to brindle cows at all, but he hobbled out the maddest man that ever asked a cow to hoist in diplomatic language.

A CARD.

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