

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

GOOD-BYE PROUD WORLD.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Written in 1832.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary crowds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home!

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To grandeur with his wild grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hastening feet;
To those who go and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearthstone,
Besomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I look at the pride of Greece and Rome.
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so hoily shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God they meet!

DOMESTIC HELP.

A lady subscriber to the FARMER writes to ask if the editor of the Home Circle can assist her in getting some sort of help for her in her country home. It seems as if help was as difficult to get in the city as in the country; yet town people can get along easier without help than those who live out of town can, as the groceries and bakeries will afford great help in the cooking department, while washing can be put out at all times to China wash-houses. But the poor sister in the country, she has to depend upon herself for every detail. She must see that the milk that makes the butter is cared for; then the butter must be made; the very yeast for bread making must be looked after; every bit of meat must be raised, dressed and preserved under her own eye; all vegetables, if she is so fortunate as to get any, are to be planted, watched and dug by some of the family, and so her weary limbs begin their tiresome toil as soon as day breaks, never to rest till after the sun goes down, an endless round of work. There are not many families who can afford to hire help, but such as can find it difficult to get it, and why is it? There must be many girls who would be glad to earn wages. The lady who writes has a small family, averaging five, two of whom are children. She is willing to give three and a half or four dollars a week to an extra good, willing girl; she would make her one of the family, as far as possible, and would not require anything unreasonable, giving every privilege that was necessary, and yet no girl can she find who will do the work. And yet there are plenty of nice, smart young girls who would eagerly accept a situation from almost any young man who would offer marriage, even when she knows he has not enough to pay for a license at the country church. They will accept an offer to wash a man's dirty clothes, to go from one rented farm to another, dragging out a miserable life, without the comfort of decent clothing or decent treatment, every year adding a child to her weary life. A girl who works out is mistress of herself; she gets pay for her labor and spends her hard earned money to please herself, while, if married, she never sees the benefit of a penny, working like a slave night and day. She is not only a servant, but she must be also a wife and a mother, all of which soon drag her down to an invalid life or early death. Girls, why can't you see that you had better be old maids unless you can better yourselves. It is no disgrace for a girl to work out in a good family, and there are plenty of homes that would be glad of the assistance of young girls, giving good pay and good homes in return. We would like to know of any girls who would like a situation such as alluded to, and would like to have any such write to the editor of the Home Circle.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

A lady has been appointed as assistant to the regular physician in the almshouse at Philadelphia; another is an out-door district physician in that Quaker city by regular appointment.

Philadelphia boasts of a woman's medical college, which has graduated 276 lady students since its inception. Twenty years ago this state of affairs would have met with bitter opposition. As it is now Harvard University will not open its doors to women; but the time is coming when she will be invited to seats in its classic halls. The tender hand and gentle ways of woman, with her delicate intuitive perceptions, render her service in a sick room invaluable. Women are now doing good work as physicians in insane asylums and in hospitals. It seems most proper and best that women should minister to women, and the most successful practitioners of diseases of women are women.

THE HOME CIRCLE is much obliged to Mr. G. W. Buford, of Airlie, W. T., for an ancient relic found at Granite Point. It is a pebble of stone, showing some hard usage, and no doubt has pounded up roots and camas for family bread many a year and generation. It was the labor of years to form domestic utensils out of rock with the primitive tools of the aborigines. Friends who have any relics of this sort will please let us know, and we would thankfully receive anything of the sort, to be kept for future generations.

DR. GIVEN and wife have returned to Web-foot to settle, having been disappointed in the climate of California.

BOOK TABLE.

A pamphlet comes to the FARMER called The California Silk Grower's Manual, prepared for the encouragement of silk manufacture in California. It seems that California is peculiarly adapted by climate, etc., to the production of silkworms, and every friend of him-elf would welcome the opening of any new industry that promised employment and remuneration to the many idle hands that are calling for work. Especially is employment desired for youth, and this seems to be an easy occupation. This book seems to be quite comprehensive, giving in detail the mode of cultivating trees and treatment of the worms, chrysalis and cocoons. Silk culture needs little or no capital, is easy to learn and adapted to children and women. We have written before on this subject, but receiving this pamphlet induced us to say a little more about the subject. We should like to hear of some of our enterprising boys and girls planting some trees of the morus multicaulis, to begin with. Any one wishing information can send to Mr. W. B. Ewer, of the Pacific Rural Press, California. Large capital is required to manufacture the silk, and it is only in the producing of cocoons that this industry is to be encouraged. These cocoons find ready sale in factories at the East. California is bound to produce silk largely, but it remains to be seen if silkworms will do as well here, though there is no reason why Oregon should not do equally well.

Harper's Monthly opened in May a new story, by Willam Black, called the "Thandon Bells," an Irish story, that bids fair to be one of the author's best novels.

Harper's Monthly and Weekly fill the wants of every reading family, while the Bonaris unrivalled in its fashion plates and hints about everything pertaining to women and children's wardrobes, and is the latest authority at all times.

Wayide Saunterings is the title of a complete little book giving the traveler an idea of the routes best to take. If a tourist is traveling for pleasure, it will give a chance for choice in visiting the various points of interest along the river and railroad lines of the O. R. & N. Co.

The last number of the College Journal, published by the students of the Willamette University, is interesting to the older scholars and graduates, also showing considerable journalistic talent.

THE CATALOGUE of the Bishop Scott Grammar School shows an encouraging list of names from every part of Oregon and Washington. This school was founded by the present Bishop of Oregon, named for Bishop Scott, who preceded, and who had located a school at Oswego during his life, but which, for obvious reasons, was removed to Portland. The school building is situated in a high, healthy part of the city, and is large and commodious, giving the best of accommodation to those from a distance who wish board in the institution. A fine choice of teachers and a watchful matron serve to make the school one of the best in the State, and should be patronized. A catalogue can be had on application.

Hay Fever.

And a similar affliction called "rice fever" is prevalent at this season. To those who are not familiar with these very annoying but not dangerous complaints, it would be, by its symptoms, mistaken for a bad cold in the head and throat. The eyes burn and are full of water, with fits of sneezing at times when in the vicinity of the perfume of roses; the nostrils are stopped, and no amount of greasing will seem to allay the stuffed feeling about the nose. Among acquaintances we know of at least a dozen who every year suffered in this way, and only a trip at sea or salt water will alleviate the trouble. The sickness arises from inhaling the minute infusion, or spores, that arises from vegetable organs that floats in the atmosphere in the months while vegetation is influenced. It may be that some of the readers of this article will recognize the symptoms, and find that it was not a bad cold from which they had suffered every spring. There are comparatively few who do suffer in this way, but the sufferings of two friends this week induced us to say something about this prevalent disease, which will only pass away when the hot sun will have scorched and dried up vegetation to a considerable degree. One of these ladies could not sit in a room where there were roses without sneezing and feeling uncomfortable, her eyes instantly filling with tears. No one as yet can find any means of relief except as said before in a sea voyage. If any reader happens to know of a remedy, let us hear it for humanity's sake.

Didn't Think.

This is why so many accidents happen when little boys and girls get into trouble. That little boy "didn't think" when he wound the rope around his body as he was leading the horse to water. The horse, always gentle before, was frightened at some trifle, and dragged the poor child to his death. Then the same day we read of another boy who "didn't think," and tied his thumb in a rope. The horse pulled till all the flesh came off his finger. Here, only a few days ago, two big boys were chaffing each other in a good natured way. One picked up a gun that he "didn't think" was loaded, and, in fun, pointed it at his companion. It went off and killed the boy instantly. All these incidents have happened within a short time here in our own State; these things are happening every day somewhere, all because the boys didn't stop to think. How dreadfully that poor boy must have felt to have seen his friend, who only a moment before was full of life and play, lying dead at his feet through his own wicked carelessness; it will sadden his whole life time. Boys should be cautious; always try to stop and think of the consequences. Fire arms are always dangerous, "even without lock, stock or barrel." A boy that we knew of one day found the barrel of

an old six-shooter revolver that had not been used for twenty years, and which had not even a hammer on it, and which had laid out all winter in the wet. He picked it up, got a cap, and putting it on one chamber, struck it with a stone and it went off, shooting him through the leg, but not seriously injuring him-elf, although it would have killed him if the ball had struck him higher. So you see pistols or guns must be very carefully handled, and very few boys have caution enough to be allowed the use of ammunition. Never a week passes but that Oregon papers record some dreadful accidents through carelessness of boys handling guns.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Kisses.—Beat stiff the whites of four eggs with pulverized sugar; flavor with vanilla. Beat well and smooth. Drop on letter paper, in shape of half an egg, half inch apart. If it runs beat more. Put the paper on a piece of hard wood and put in a quick oven without closing the door. When they begin to look yellowish take them out, let stand a few moments, slip them off with a knife and put them together in twos.

Sott Molasses Gingerbread.—Take half pint of sour milk, half pint of molasses, one teacup of butter, teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two well beaten eggs, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of ginger. Mix in sifted flour until a soft batter is formed. Beat it an inch thick into buttered pans. Bake half hour in a rather quick oven.

Whitewash.—The best that I have ever heard of is made as follows—for one barrel of color wash: Half a bushel of white lime, 3 pecks hydraulic cement, 10 pounds tumber, 10 pounds ochre, 1 pound Venetian red, quarter pound lamblack.

Slack the lime, cut the lamblack with vinegar; mix well together; add the cement, and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using and stir frequently while putting it on.

This is not white, but of a light sooty color, without the unpleasant glare of white. The color may be changed by adding more or less of the color named, or other colors. This wash covers well, needing only one coat, and is superior to anything known, excepting oil paint.

I have known a rough board barn washed with this to look well for five years, and even longer without renewing. The cement hardens, but on a rough surface will not scale—K., in Farm and Fireside.

Cream Pie.—Take two eggs, one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; beat the eggs, sugar and starch together; boil one pint of milk, season with vanilla, and just as it boils stir in the mixture; stir all the time until it thickens. Before cooking, stir in one table spoonful of butter. This is for the pie. Take three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda in half a cupful of sour cream, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed in one and a half cupful of flour, bake quickly in jelly cake pans. When cold, slice the cake and put in layers of the above cream.

Directions for Fancy Work.

A Crocheted Bib.—This bib should be made of No. 16 knitting cotton, with a fine steel crocheted needle, and it is worked in ribbed crochet in double crochet stitch. Work a chain of thirty-nine or forty-nine stitches, according to the size of the bib, and work to the middle loop, in double crochet, and put two stitches in that loop, and crochet to the end of the chain. 2d row—Turn the work and crochet back putting the needle into the outside half of each loop, and always making two stitches in the middle to make the bib pointed. Work in this way until you have made thirty rows, or fifty ribs. Break off the cotton, and fasten it firmly by drawing it through two or three loops. Then make a chain of fifty-five stitches, and fasten it to the upper corner of the bib, opposite the end where you broke off the cotton, so as to keep the ribs straight. Crochet down the side of the bib and widen a stitch at the corner; then crochet across the bottom, and widen in the center as previously done, and at the next corner. Crochet up the other side, and make another chain of fifty-five stitches, without breaking off the cotton. Turn the crocheted back around the bib, and out to the end of the chain on the other side, taking care to widen at the corners and in the center, and always put the needle through the back loop. Continue this work until you have made eight ribs. Finish the bib with an open work edge, made with either red, blue or white cotton, and make a cord and tassel of the cotton, with which to fasten it.

Hints for Housekeepers.

Boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading through the fabric. Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. Bold starch is improved by the addition of a little spermaceti, or salt, or both, gum arabic dissolved. Beeswax and salt will make flat irons as smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a cloth, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. Kerosene will soften boots or shoes hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new; saturate a wad of wool with it; it will also remove stains from varnished furniture. If a shirt-bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where bright sun will fall directly on it; it will take it entirely out. Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them in boiling water for a minute. Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable goods. Linn wick dipped in hot vinegar before using is said to prevent offensive smells from lamps. Tortoise shell and horn combs are preserved from cracking by being occasionally rubbed with oil. To remove spots from matting, counterpanes, etc., wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, then wash with cold water. Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar where they can get a little light, will do much toward absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.

The First Berries of the Season.

Mr. Bergdall, of Mt. Tabor, and a subscriber to the FARMER, brought into Portland the first strawberries of the season on the first day of June. Last year he also brought the first, but somewhat earlier in the season, it being the 12th of May. Wilson's Albany is the variety which Mr. Bergdall brought to market. By four o'clock in the morning the berry wagons begin to cross on the ferry from the east side of the river, and hundreds of them canvassing the city, finding ready purchasers. Mr. H. Prestlyman cultivates the Sharpless and has brought in fine berries of that sort; they are light colored and somewhat sweeter than the Wilson.

For The Children.

UPON MY WORD SHE DID!

Her hair was black. "But black," she sighed "is very much too cold." And so she bleached her locks until they looked almost like gold. A simple satin robe she wore, which closely to her clung (In fact it was extremely scant), and from her belt a lily pale And four sunflowers hung— Four big sunflowers hung.

She would not touch a bit of meat, But oft she'd sit and weep, To this or that the broiled chops were once Part of a baby sheep. "And oh!" she'd moan, "these seared stakes, So full of gravy now!" (This was a slight mistake, I think), "Once wandered o'er the fields and meads, Attached to a cow— A gentle, browsing cow.

She was the most poetic thing; She wouldn't harm a fly; "Its life is short at best," she'd say— "Oh, pray don't make it die!" The very cat for catching mice In fearful voices she'd cry: And then at last she married (And seemed quite glad to get him, too) A butcher; yes, she did— Upon my word she did!

—Harper's Magazine.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Aunt Hetty was pleased to receive an Easter egg, in a box, from her little friend. It seems it was not his fault that the egg was not received in time of Lent, but "mammas," we guess, rather neglected sending it off for her little do. However, we think it will be remembered. Every one likes to receive a gift, even if the value of it is small; it is not the value of a gift that is appreciated, but it is the knowledge that some one loves us and is thinking of us. Anything that goes to cultivate the better parts of our nature makes us happier. The love of our friends, mother, father and brothers and sisters is strengthened by little thoughtful memorials. If it is only a bouquet of wild flowers set by the plate of mother on her birthday, it calls forth all the sweetest and tenderest thoughts. Mother's heart beats with happiness that she is remembered, and it makes all the day brighter just for this little token of love. Then the child is happy in knowing that there is some way of showing love. If it were not for love, how blank and cold the world would be. There are gifts of love and remembrance, and there are gifts of charity; and there are some who give presents just because some one has made a gift and it must be returned. There are graceful ways of presenting a gift, and there are ways of giving that makes one feel uncomfortable to receive. One should not make a great fuss and show when making a present; it should be given in a quiet way that will not oppress the receiver with a feeling of obligation. Then, when a present is made, do not tell of it, nor tell how much it cost; let the one who receives the gift tell of it. Especially if one is giving in charity tell no one. "Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth." It is very hard for a proud spirited person to be obliged to accept of favors that they cannot return, and would perhaps feel mortified if they thought their necessities were the subject of conversation. There is a good rule for young people to go by in all doubt how to act in going through life, "Do unto others as you would others should do unto you." Just put yourself in the same place, think how you would like to be treated under the same circumstances, and you can never fail to do the right thing. Be always very careful about hurting the feelings of another. Even though you may think a person has hurt you, never try to "get even;" you act the nobler part to take no notice, for in so doing you place yourself above petty malice, and you will feel yourself better and superior, and others will respect you more than if descending to the level of your enemy. I think our boys and girls will understand what I mean, and hope they will think about it and try and see if it is not so.

Our two first letters that come this week are from a couple of Kansas girls, sisters, who are perhaps now on their way to Oregon, and may be here by this time. Now our young folks must remember their names and be looking for them, as they cannot settle anywhere the FARMER is not seen, and they must settle near some one of our Home Circle, and want you to welcome them if they happen to be neighbors, trying to make them feel comfortable and satisfied in their new Oregon home. That should be a duty with everybody, for almost any one is apt to long for the old home after leaving it, and we are told that home sickness is the most painful of all life's sorrows. Even animals have been known to have sickened and died just from this cause.

Martha has taken care to write neatly; the only fault is that her letter is too short. She might have told us something more, we are sure. Try again.

Little Nettie is trying to do her share, and we know that she is a bright, busy little girl. Nettie should have told how it was that she got burned, that would have been something to write about. Try again, my little girl, and get some one to help you, or keep a copy of your letter, and then when it is printed you can see where you have made mistakes. This would be a good way for all to do; it is for improvement that we want you to write.

Anna has been so long silent that we had thought she did not intend to write again. Those bulbs she sent last year bloomed beautifully. Some we sent to friends at the East. How nice to have a dear grandmother to love you all. You must see how much you can anticipate her wants, to be always ready to save her steps.

A boy who used to write nice long letters sends another, after a long silence. He does not want his name published, but our "country boy" need not feel ashamed of that letter. Aunt Hetty sent a couple of books to a couple of the Circle, one that was promised to Katie S., and one to a young friend who had done us a favor. If they have been received they should be acknowledged. This is where a knowledge of letter writing may be displayed. There are letters of friendship, of love, of congratulation, of sympathy, etc. Each requires effort to do properly and well. We shall expect a letter from each of those two little friends, and would like to see how well they can be written.

CORVALLIS, May 7, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I thought I would write you a few lines for the first time. I am a little girl 11 years old. I will tell you what I study: reading, geography, spelling and arithmetic. I will tell you what I do to help ma: I wash dishes, help take care of the baby, gather up eggs and feed the chickens. I want to ask a question: Where in the Bible is the word dance spoken of. Yours truly, MARTHA REXFORD.

BENTON CO., May 13, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I got burnt some time ago and am just getting so I can write. I am piecing a quilt called nine patch. My grandpa has got 70 young chickens. My papa has been dead nine years. My grandpa finished getting in his crop to-day. I will give a little question: Who was the first prophet. I will close by wishing the FARMER great success. I remain your little friend, NETTIE M. GROUSD.

LANE CO., May 30, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I am ashamed when I remember that I have not written to your paper for so long. You may add my name to your temperance roll. We have so much work to do that I do not have much time to write. There is a real interesting Sunday School in our district now, with an average attendance of about thirty. Mr. H. G. Firth is our superintendent, and makes it real lively. You, friend, COUNTRY BOY.

YONCALLA, May 30, 1882. Editor Home Circle: As I have delayed so long I will write today. I will send those bulbs as soon as possible; I thought they would die if taken up now; I think they can be taken up by the last of July, if not sooner. It has been such a late spring here that it hardly looks like May. The roses haven't bloomed yet. My grandpa lives with us, she is 84 years old and can read and do lots of work. She came to Oregon in the spring of '79, all the way from the States by herself. It was my twin brother that sent those other bulbs. I wish Aunt Hetty would come up and see us. No more for this time. ANNA LAMB.

BULL'S CITY, Kas., May 7, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 11 years old. My papa takes the FARMER; I like to read the children's letters. Pa has sold his farm and we want to start for Oregon in two or three weeks. Please put my name on the temperance roll. My pa does not use either whisky or tobacco. I have one sister and two brothers. I think Aunt Hetty is very kind to publish the little folk's letters. I will close by sending my best wishes to the little folks and Aunt Hetty. CLARISSA E. THOMAS.

BELL'S CITY, Kas., May 7, 1882. Editor Home Circle: I am a girl 15 years old. It is raining to-day so we cannot go to church, but this don't often happen in Kansas. We are getting ready to start for Oregon in two or three weeks. This is a nice place to live but it is hard to get a crop here on account of drouth and insects. Some of our neighbors went to Oregon early in the spring; I think I would like to live in Oregon. I like to read the children's letters and Aunt Hetty's good advice. I will close by wishing Aunt Hetty and the FARMER good success. Your friend, LOUISE C. THOMAS.

Guineau. From various Eastern papers we gather comments on the state of mind and health of this wretched man, who is to hang on the 30th of this month. He is abjectly craven in all his words and actions, and it is thought that he will have to be carried to the scaffold, so cowardly he seems at times. His appetite has failed and symptoms of real madness seem to be developing under the fear of hanging. He spends most of his time stretched on his cot, with nothing to say. For once his tongue the Deity is not to save him from a death of disgrace. The whole nation will draw a breath of relief when the fatal drop has fallen.

The Insane Asylum. In the Territorial Insane Asylum, at Fort Steilacoom, are now 22 female and 91 male patients—113 together—the highest number yet reached. Of these three or four are private patients—the others public charges. The attendants number 14, including superintendent and accountant, seven wardens, baker, cook night watchman, carpenter, etc. The garden this year is a bigger thing than ever before, and looking fine indeed. The institution requires a great deal of water, but they have it in a spring bursting from the earth in the asylum grounds, furnishing 40,000 gallons daily. The patients are worked in the woods and garden to an extent sufficient to keep them healthy and at the same time save the Territory a good many thousand dollars each year.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Marion County Pomona Grange. SALEM, Or., June 12, 1882. Editor Willamette Farmer: Please say in your very valuable publication that Marion County Pomona Grange will hold its next regular meeting at the Grange Hall in this city, on Thursday, June 29th, beginning at 11 o'clock A. M., and that the attendance of members of the order generally is earnestly solicited. E. STRONG, Secy.

The Walls Walla papers endorse the action of the school directors in closing the schools in the endeavor to "stamp out" that dread disease, diphtheria, which seems from the tone of the city journals to amount to an epidemic.

Timber and Its Uses.

A shoe peg is only an atom of woody growth, yet to keep shoemakers supplied in America with these little slivers consumes a hundred thousand cords of soft maple wood. Lucifer matches are estimated at 300,000 cubic feet of pine. There are 300,000,000 of hoop poles used in barrels. Whenever the lumber used for building purposes and fencing is considered in its yearly supply, it would seem that the natural growth of our forests would not nearly keep up the supply. Shingles, railroad ties and telegraph poles use great quantities. The time is coming, and not many generations hence, when the timber supply will be almost exhausted, and the rainfall, as a natural consequence, will become less, unless steps are taken to replace somewhat of the great waste now going on in American forests. The great summer fires destroy millions of feet yearly. Black walnut, that twenty-five years ago was a drug in some of the Western States, is now almost exterminated.

Coal Oil. Cautious people are already beginning to figure how much longer the oil supply will last in Pennsylvania oil districts. A well is pumped dry in about two and a half years. The oil region is getting contracted, and with reasonable grounds of fear of total extinction. The Independent says that a grange dinner was given at the home of James McKay, at Seatterville, Washington county, on Sabbath week before last. This is the first of a series of dinners to be given by that Order during the coming months. This is an excellent move, and its intention is to awaken a new interest in the granges throughout the county and State.



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FANCY GOODS. MRS. L. ARNOLD.

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