

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

There is nothing so cheering To him who has trouble As to stick a bright pin in The obstinate bubble. He'll find life half sunshine; And, as to the rest of it, That may be lightened By making the best of it.

You're sighing and brooding, My neighbor, that's certain— Quick! Let in the daylight By lifting the curtain. Now toss off the burden And have a light breath of it— But, if you must bear it, Why, then, make the best of it.

At door, or at window, Go out on thought's pinions Forget your surroundings— Enlarge your dominions. Your neighbors have sorrow Who are not in quest of it, And many, full many, Are making the best of it.

You meet with a friend, He seems gay—very jolly; You know he has care, You are shocked at his folly. Why, man, though he suffers, He'll not tell his guest of it— He's breathing the billow— He's making the best of it.

There's nothing that maketh, When we drain his vitals, The face so transcendent As patience through trials. It makes the heart better, And this is the test of it; That patience brings faith When we're making the best of it. Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, in N. Y. Ledger.

How to Treat an Enemy.

If you have an enemy, and an opportunity occurs to benefit him matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble and "strong within yourself" do this secretly, and keep it a secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease anywhere. It is said of Callot, the eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pasquinade by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Callot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom. Callot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an instance of proud nobility of soul. Callot was in the highest sense polite.

Politeness is shown by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgments of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exists some urgent necessity or so doing.

To Wash Calico Dresses.

There is an art about washing dyed goods, which, when once acquired, will never be forgotten, and will moreover, serve you in good stead many, many times. Bright colored dresses should be well shaken and all the dust beaten out after each day's wearing. A dress keeps clean, and looks bright much longer if the dust is shaken from it every day. And, too, if it should need mending it should be done before being washed, then there is no marked difference between the garment and patches. And patches should never be seen, or at least not noticeable, if it is avoidable. Plain and gay-colored dress goods should be washed in bran water. Turn a pail of boiling water over two quarts of wheat bran, and let it stand and cool, then turn off the water and wash the dress as quickly as possible; pass it through a rinsing water and dry in the shade; dresses of this kind should never be dried in the sun. Thus treated the color will not wash out in any degree. Then iron it on the wrong side, as you should do all printed dresses. This method consumes some time, but it will be found to pay, as by it all calico dresses may be made to keep their color until worn out.

Filberts.

A writer in a Southern journal says: "The shrub which produces the filbert nut is indigenous to this climate. The writer well recollects to have gathered them, when a boy, from the wild bushes, which produced the nuts most abundantly. They have, however, been exterminated many years. They are grown in Europe entirely on the ditch-banks, and one million dollars' worth, or more, are annually imported thence, none being cultivated in the United States for market. All know that they bring a good price. It is only necessary to plant the nuts in the spring on the banks, well prepared, and cultivate the plants, which spring well one year, and afterwards they extend themselves by off-shoots, take entire possession of the bank, and in three or four years begin to bear, affording an abundant annual crop, which affords rather amusement than labor to gather, and the bushes furnish a pretty fringe to the fields. Thus the ditch-banks, which are usually nuisances, whether neglected or clean by an unprofitable expenditure of labor, may be rendered very profitable to the farmer and ornamental to his fields.

Florida's Famous Saurian.

A traveler in Florida lately wrote: Every lake I saw in South Florida large enough had its family of alligators. Near the settlements where they are frequently shot at they disappear at the approach of man. They visit each other from lake to lake. When a man, woman or child overtakes one in the woods, the beast runs to the nearest water. If hemmed in, he stops, swells and blows like a mad bull.

They handle their tails right lively in resisting an enemy or flipping a hog or dog in their great mouths. I remember asking what they ate. "Anything from a pine knot down," was the answer, as if a pine knot was their highest food. When their stomachs are opened they are found to contain pine knots and black mud from the bottoms of the lakes. They eat, however, many of the best fish and the largest turtles of the lakes. The Floridians do not think the "gators" dangerous. Boys go into the lakes swimming where the alligator lives, and are not disturbed. One twelve feet long is considered grown. Down in the Kissimee river they grow to an enormous size, having been seen eighteen feet long. These that are not accustomed to man, I am told, are dangerous. I heard of a young man that was bitten while swimming in the Kissimee and soon died. Their teeth occupy a prominent place in Florida jewelry. Some people eat their tails. Just before a rain they are heard to bellow somewhat like a young calf. At night they frequently make a great splashing in the water.—E.V.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Pare, halve and core the apples; put a tablespoonful of baking powder and a little salt into one quart of flour; mix into a cupful of butter. Mix stiff with milk. Roll out and cut into strips, and put around the pieces of apple. Into a pudding dish put one quart of water, one teaspoonful of sugar and a small lump of butter; set it on top of the stove and let it come to a boil; then put in the dumplings. Bake in the oven.

French Cream Cake.—Take 3 eggs, 1 1/2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 cupful of sugar, and 1 tablespoonful of water. Make and bake as usual. When the cake is done, split it while warm, and spread with cream. Boil 1 pint of sweet milk and 2 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. When the milk comes to a boil, stir in slowly 2 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, and 1/2 cupful of butter. Flavor to taste.

White Cake.—Take the whites of 10 eggs 1 cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 3/4 cupful of flour, with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in it, and 1/2 cupful of sweet milk. Flavor to taste.

Lemon Cake.—Take 5 eggs, 1 cupful of butter, 1 1/2 cupfuls of sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour, 4 teaspoonfuls of sweet milk, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Jelly for it is made of 1 large cupful of sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, and the juice of two lemons. Beat all together, and boil till of the consistency of jelly.

Jam Cake.—Take 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of jam, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 3 cupfuls of flour, 1 cupful of buttermilk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of mace, 2 of cinnamon, and 2 nutmegs.

Best Cake in the World.—Take 1 pound of white sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 4 cupfuls of flour, 6 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and 1 tablespoonful of soda, or 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the butter, sugar and yolks of the eggs together very lightly; then add flour, milk and whites of eggs, put the cream of tartar in the flour and dissolve the soda in a little water. If baking powder is used, sift it into the flour.

Cup Cake.—Take 4 cupfuls of flour, 3 eggs, 5 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of butter and 2 teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

Sponge Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour and 5 eggs, beaten separately. Stir the whites with the sugar; then add the yolks, and put in the flour last, and stir only enough to mix well. Add a pinch of salt, and flavor with lemon.

Soft Ginger Bread.—Take 4 eggs, three-quarters of a cupful of butter or lard, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in buttermilk, and flour enough to make dough.

Tea Cake.—Use 4 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of butter or lard, 1/2 cupful of buttermilk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour to make dough.

Too Good a Talker.

Scene—A small lawn on Seneca street. Time—Noon. Personages—A parrot sunning itself on the porch beside its open cage door, and a strange dog wandering upon the lawn. The parrot speaks first: "Sick! Sick! Sick him!" The dog with his ears and tail erect, looks about for something on which to charge; he spies the parrot, and an exciting scene ensues. From out the confused mass of dog hair and parrot feathers comes the shrill cry: "Get out! D—n you, get out!" Dog breaks for street. Parrot, after looking at herself from head to foot, gravely exclaims: "Polly, you talk too much!"

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A NORTH OF ENGLAND paper speaks of a young farmer who "ran rapidly through his property." His property was an open field. He wore a red shirt, and a bull was in the wake of the young farmer.

Go To Headquarters.

We often hear the remark—and justly, too—that the McCannons Pianos are the best, but are high in price. Being the best, they are the cheapest. A poor musical instrument is dear at his piano in his own factory and under his own supervision. There is only one other factory in the United States that does this. A full line of these celebrated pianos and organs can be seen at the large music store of J. H. Robbins & Son, together with the largest and best stock of small musical instruments in the city. Also, a large stock of pictures, frames and moldings of every description. We buy all goods from the factory. Give us your orders. It will pay you to go to headquarters. J. H. ROBBINS & SON, No. 229, First street, Portland, Or. 1m.

For The Children.

THE EARLY RAIN.

Down through the misty air, Down from the gloom above, Falling, pattering everywhere, The rain comes quick with love. Softly the mistle thrush Sings in the golden storm; The robin under a laurel-bush Waits for to-morrow morn.

Drip, drip, drip from the eaves, Pit, pit, pit on the pane, Swish, swish, swish on the drenched leaves, List! 'tis the song of the rain. Grasses are bending low, Green is the corn and thick; You can almost see the nettles grow, They grow so strong and quick.

Soft is the wind from the west, Softer the rain's low sigh; The sparrow washes his smoky breast, And watches the gloomy sky. Stirred are the boughs by the breeze, Scarcely a leaf is still, Something is moving among the trees Like a restless spirit of ill.

Standing watching the rain, Do you not seem to hear The voice of God outspeaking again To man's ungrateful ear? Promising plenty and peace, Garners with treasure heaped, That seed-time and harvest shall not cease Till the Harvest of Earth be reaped. —The Arroyo.

SINGULAR PLURALS.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes, The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes; And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces, That the plural of goose is not geeses nor geeses; And remember, though house in the plural is houses, The plural of mouse should be mice and not mouses. Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice, But the plural of house should be houses, not hiees; And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet, But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet. —Chatterbox.

OUR LETTER BOX.

It is good to see so many of our little readers taking an interest in the temperance roll, being so ready to sign their names to a pledge not to use any sort of intoxicating drink. Children most generally take a right view of things, and before their minds are contaminated by bad associations, they are good judges of right and wrong. Every child has a little friend called a conscience that tells them when they are not in the right path, and as they grow older they still have this monitor to remind them of good or bad actions; but this conscience will sometimes get blunted if the child does not listen and follow the path that conscience says is right. There are some who are old now that have lost all feeling, and who now find that this friend has left them entirely, because they have neglected so listen to warnings. Aunt Hetty hopes that every one who signs the temperance roll will keep a tender conscience, so as not to forget the promise. If any of you are ever tempted to break the pledge little conscience will be sure to remind you of it, and if you heed you are always in the right.

Our first letter this week is from Eastern Oregon, and it gives a very pleasant idea of a life up there.

Tommy writes again, so we shall consider him a regular correspondent.

Oscar does nicely for the first time, and he must try again and see how much he can improve on the last.

Blanche shows that she has taken great care in writing her letter, which is quite perfect. If all boys and girls could only realize how great an accomplishment it is to write a nice letter, they would all try hard to do well in spelling and writing.

We are very glad to get another letter from Emma; she has been silent so long.

Aunt Hetty is very sorry that there were no letters published last week, but she was away up in a part of Eastern Oregon. Then the letters are not very plenty just now, so it may be a good idea to let one week go by and see how the letters will be missed. Maybe some of our little friends will write again if they see that there are so few left in the Letter Box.

ST. HELENS, June 29, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As I see you have a temperance roll, I thought I would tell you about our Band of Hope: First, mamma printed little cards of invitation (like the one in this letter) and sent me around to every house in town where there were children. We have good times at our meetings, which are on Saturdays now, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, because of the public school. We commence with singing and prayer, then lessons from a temperance lesson chart, recitations, select readings, then singing, marching and close. We had a picnic not long ago on a picnic ground not far from town. We played games, swinging, had lunch, lots of lemonade, which was good, for it was a very hot day, then closed with singing. All said they enjoyed the time very much. We have a library of temperance story books, and little papers called the Giant Killer. The Band of Hope was started last January; we have now about fifty members. Yours truly, BLANCHE ADAMS.

DEXTER, June 22, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I am sorry I did not write sooner, but will write now and tell you that I received that beautiful book "For our Boys;" many thanks for it: I am going to school all the time, and that is one reason that I have not written sooner, but our school will be out next week, and then I will write often. My pa returned from Illinois about the 10th of May. He brought me a shotgun, a present for me and brother Johnnie from my uncle in Illinois, the same gun my pa bought when he was a little boy by saving his money one penny at a time in old England. He also brought a pair of socks, knit by my dear aunt, who is blind.

Yesterday I received another nice book called "Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands," a present from my pa for learning my lessons. I think it pays to study hard and do your best all the time. I have one hen that has nine little chicks; she had twelve, but a stray cat came and killed two, and one fell in a tub of water and was drowned. The old hen is Plymouth Rock, but the little ones are brown Leghorns. I will close by wishing the FARMER great success. TOMMY H.

HARRISBURG, June 28, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little boy 9 years old; I go to school; I study Fifth Reader, spelling and arithmetic; our teacher's name is Nat. Hudson; we like him very well. I have a little pet dog; his name is Toby; he catches rats. I would like for you to put my name on the temperance roll. I will close for this time, wishing the FARMER great success. OSCAR D. EDV.

SASSIN, W. T., June 26, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I promised to send you some Indian relics some time ago, but I forgot it, so I thought I would send them now. The bones are what they wear on their wrists strung on a string with some beads, and sometimes they wear them in their ears. One Indian I saw had three little brass rings in each ear, one above the other. I have seen them with holes in their noses, but never saw one with a ring in his nose. The large beads are the same they have to string around their necks and wrists for necklaces and bracelets. I guess the small ones are like those they put on their mocassins. There were a good many Indians around here this spring. I am not much afraid of them now, but I confess I do not like them; some of them are rather saucy, and when they are all painted up they are very ugly looking. There is a wild flower that grows around here that is very pretty; it is pink, and shaped like a star. I will take some up this fall, if I do not forget it, and send them to you. Ma and I are very fond of flowers. We take Fick's Monthly Magazine. We were very sorry to hear of his death. We have a few flowers this summer. I have a sister in Oregon who is coming up here in a few days; she has two little boys whom I have never seen, and I want to see them very much. You may put my name down on the temperance roll if you please. Neither of my brothers (I have three) nor my father use whisky, and only one of my brothers uses tobacco. Well, I think you must be tired of my busy "chatter," so I will close, hoping you will get the things I sent all right. I am very truly yours, EMMA C. MESSER.

PRINEVILLE, June 13, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: I thought I would write a letter to the Home Circle, but I have to get ma to copy it for me, as I cannot write very well. I am 10 years old. I never went to school much. I read in the Third Reader. I will tell you what I do to help: I was dishes, look after the chickens and turkeys, milk the cow and drive the team for pa when he is cleaning up the ground. We have been cleaning up the yard and lots. We pick up all the bones and put them in a pile near the hen house with the trash and burn them to the chickens and turkeys; they run to it the first thing when they are let out. Pa brought a pair of Bronze turkeys and a pair of Plymouth Rock chickens from Salem; the hen has laid forty-two eggs since April. I have tried to raise magpies, but they all die. One of our neighbors has one that can talk. The preacher was at their house one day and he was praying, when the magpie told him to "Cork up." We have a nice flower bed, but it is too cold for flowers here, only a few do well. I have a cat, and my sister has one. We catch a great many fish in the irrigating ditch. I am the baby, and am named after an aunt who died in California, and my grandma who died a long while ago. I send my name for the temperance roll. LUCIA NAOMI PRINGLE.

AN ARCTIC HERO.

The diary of Lieut. De Long extends from Oct. 1 to Oct. 30. It is the record of terrible suffering borne with indomitable heroism and ending in death. There is not in literature a nobler or more pathetic story.

De Long and his men died of cold and hunger. They supported life during thirty days by the adoption of every means known to shipwrecked men except cannibalism. No one seems to have thought of that horrible expedient. At first they had a little dogmeat, and they managed to shoot two or three ptarmigan; then they were reduced to tea made of willow twigs and to alcohol. At last they gnawed the leather of their boots and bits of deerskins, and then, too weak to continue their march, lay down to die. They were slowly dying of starvation for fully three weeks, and in this condition had to resist as best they could the terrible cold. Through it all they never lost their courage. "All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful," wrote De Long, when it must have been perfectly clear that nothing but a miracle could have saved them from death. There is not a line in the whole diary of complaint or murmuring against God or man.

It too often happens that discipline vanishes among shipwrecked men, and that the selfish desire for life leads to inhumanity, if not to actual crime. There is no such stain in the story of the crew of the Jeannette. Lieut. De Long seems to have maintained his authority unquestioned to the last, and his men evidently shared his generous spirit. For days they dragged a sick comrade with them lashed to a sled, and never seem to have thought of abandoning him in order to increase their own chances of reaching a settlement. The officers and men never manifested the slightest hesitation between duty and selfishness. They clung together and helped one another loyally while living, and so long as the survivors had strength their dead comrades were given Christian burial. There was apparently no difference in the bearing and devotion of De Long, the American, Erickson the Dane, or Ah Sam the Chinaman. Every man of the lit-

tle band was a hero, knowing how to do his duty and doing it with unflinching faithfulness. In their distress the shipwrecked men turned for help to God. In De Long's diary there is constant mention of religious services. When the faithful Alexy was dying the Surgeon baptized him, and when all hope had gone we are told that "all united in saying the Lord's Prayer and Creed." The humble, cheerful trust in God and submission to His will, of which De Long's diary gives constant evidence, show us that it was a band of Christian heroes that perished in the Siberian snow.

Bitterly as we may at first sight regret that so many noble lives have been lost, the men of the Jeannette's crew did not die in vain. Their fate suggests that beautiful passage in the Prayer book where we thank God for those who have departed this life in His fear. De Long and his men have made us prouder of our humanity. They have shown us to what sublime heights of heroism educated officers and ignorant seamen can alike attain. They have given an example of calm and cheerful performance of duty which is without price. They have shown us once more that faith in God can survive all suffering. Let us thank God for the life and death of these heroic men. It is impossible that their heroism can fail to bear its priceless and perennial fruit.

But let us have no more costly sacrifices of life in the vain search for the pole. It is idle as well as ungenerous to blame the projectors of the Jeannette expedition for its disastrous failure. The vessel was to follow a route hitherto untried, and there was ample justification for testing the question whether the pole could be reached by that route. Exploration becomes unjustifiable only when it is demonstrated that the end sought cannot be attained in spite of effort and sacrifice. When the Jeannette sailed it had not been demonstrated that the pole could not be reached by steering northward from Wrangell Land. Her experience has now proved that the ice barrier is as impenetrable in that direction as it is wherever else it has been attacked. The chances that the pole can ever be reached are now so infinitesimally small that we are not justified in wasting any more lives in polar expeditions. To send out another expedition would show a reckless indifference to human life of which any nation ought to be ashamed. Let us close the record of hopeless heroism and useless suffering in the frozen sea with the story of the noblest of all the arctic heroes, George W. De Long.—N. Y. Times.

Building Barbed-Wire Fences.

An Iowa correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: I put up 700 rods last fall myself, and I can speak from experience. I do not know how high a fence is required in Virginia, but 4 feet is all that is required in Iowa. I first got good white oak posts, 7 feet long, and put them in the ground 2 1/2 feet, 25 feet apart, using a good heavy post for the end, or wherever braces were required. I think it is best to put in good heavy posts all along the line, for although there is no strain on the post, yet it does not take a small post long to rot out. I put in braces every 20 rods; the barbed-wire men advise putting them 40 rods apart, but I can get the wire tighter by straining a shorter distance. The braces should be 10 feet long, and should strike the post about 32 inches from the ground, having a good flat stake driven in for the braces to rest against, at the lower ends. If the brace is higher on the post the contraction of the wire will pull the post up.

Having posts all set, I took a plastering lath which is just 4 feet long, and marked it off as a gauge for the wire. My first wire I put 16 inches from the ground; second wire 32 inches from the ground, and third wire 48 inches from the ground. I then got my gauge, and with a piece of chalk marked on every post the place the wire should go. I then took a small sled (or "stone boat," as our Eastern people call it), and put a box on it 4 feet long and 2 feet wide, and nailed standards on it. In this box I had a corner divided off to hold any tools I might need, such as pincers, hatchet, wire stretcher, stapler, etc. I put a iron rod through the spool of wire and laid it in front of the standards on the box, then latched a horse to it, and, after fastening the wire on the end post, drove along the line of fence, allowing the wire to run off the spool. In putting the spool on the sled, place it so the wire will run off the top of the spool, not from the under side, for should it run from the under side it is more apt to "kink." After running wire the full length of fence, I took my hatchet, wire stretcher and a pouch, full of staples. I then stretched the wire to the first brace post as tight as I could draw it; the twist of wire allows for contraction in cold weather. Do not be afraid of breaking the wire, for if it is good, a man cannot break it. After getting it tight, then go back to the starting post and staple the wire to each post, going toward the stretcher. Proceed in this way until the fence is finished.

I found it best to put the top wire on first, and build the fence downward. In stapling the wire, do not drive the staples too tight, for they may cut the wire. Have them fit against the wire but not tight. There are several kinds of stretchers in the market. I used one called the "Little Giant," which did the work well. It sells for \$1 here. I used the "Glidden" wire, which cost 94 cents per pound, galvanized, 17 ounces to the rod. I would not put up painted wire if it could be bought at 3 cents per pound. I do not think it necessary to put a board on the fence, as the wire will make fence enough. As for stock getting hurt, I think that all both. If a man shows the fence to the stock and makes them examine it, they will not get hurt. When I turn my team out for a day in the grass patch, they are very careful to keep away from the line of posts, because I led them up to the fence, and made them rub their noses against the bars. I never could get them up to it again. I put in 40 rods between a neighbor and myself. He pastures 12 head of horses in his field, but not one of them will go near the wire.

In this State barbed wire fence is "the fence," for it will not blow down; cattle keep the weeds and grass out of the fence row, and it is the cheapest. I do not know how long the wire will last. I know some fence that has been up for six years, and the wire looks just as it did when put up. I find three wire plenty to fence against cattle; five wires will make a good hog fence; they may go through one, but once only, for a hog is a little like a mule—he does not like dangerous places.

If Nearly Dead.

After taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is best family medicine on earth.

The Spokane Plain.

The Spokane Falls Chronicle has the following editorial concerning the great prairie that is traversed for thirty miles by the Spokane river and the N. P. R. R., which has an average width of eight miles. We rode over the plain in May and remarked that a field of wheat four miles or less from the falls, sowed in this gravel, was thirty, in fact as good as any we saw in the upper country. It is claimed that this gravel prairie will produce enormous crops, but thought that water cannot easily be got. If this prairie is valuable it offers homes for a thousand families.

The Chronicle says: Extending to the north and east of Spokane Falls is a large tract of land known as the Spokane Plain. As yet the greater part of this land remains unclaimed, owing to the fact that the best lands near the R. R. are taken first. Now the immigration must go farther back from the R. R. This body of land, the Spokane Plain, is capable of producing better than is supposed. Wherever this land has been cultivated as it should be, abundant crops have been produced. Having visited all parts of the plain, we can say that the part on which Spokane Falls is situated is the most gravelly of any. Messrs. A. M. Cannon and J. J. Browne have made their homes on this part of the plain and are raising many things much finer in size and quality than can be raised on high prairie soils. The early gardens, planted by these gentlemen, have proven perfectly successful. Peas, beans, corn, radishes, onions, lettuce, parsnips, turnips, tomatoes, squash, asparagus, cucumbers and cabbage have been raised with marked success. The apple, peach, pear, plum, maple, box-elder and other trees are growing thriftily and in another year will bear fruit. Strawberries have done well, and also all kinds of small fruit bushes. That the soil of this plain is specially adapted to the growth of fruit is an undeniable fact. It is proven by the fact of production in several different places. In fact it is destined to be to our part of the Territory what Walla Walla valley is to the southeast portion and adjacent parts of Oregon. This alone will render the land very valuable. Fruit lands are valuable in any country for the fruit alone. But these lands are not valuable alone for fruits and vegetables. Several men have raised fine crops of grain, and the grain is of remarkably good quality. So far nothing but spring grain has been sown. At the residences of the above named gentlemen may be seen small crops of grain at this date. Travelers from toward Colfax inform us the grain in Mr. Cannon's enclosure presents as fine an appearance as does much of the grain along the road further down. Mr. Cannon also has blue-grass and clover growing finely.

Among the first comers, the question was as to who would get the best land, and now that the available lands near Spokane Falls are gone, the settlers are taking up the gravel. There is yet several sections of it unclaimed. This land will produce a fine crop of winter wheat, and we predict that in a year or two it will be growing large fields of grain. On the north side of the river, opposite town, are two fields of newly broken gravel soil, and parties who did the breaking immediately procured themselves farms on the plain. There are many advantages possessed by this land. It lies immediately adjacent to the railroad and to Spokane Falls, Clifton and Westwood. Its unusual level nature makes it easy to cultivate, and there are no finer roads anywhere than the natural drives on this prairie. It is also remarkably easy soil to subside and cultivate, and when well cultivated holds moisture far better than would be credited without actual experience. There can be no longer any doubt of the value of this land. The gardens and grain produce, the latter especially, establishes this beyond doubt.

If you want the cheapest photographs in Oregon, go to Thwaites, on Yamhill street, between Fourth and Fifth (sign of the Little Gallery Round the Corner), where you can get cabinets for \$1 and cards for \$2 per dozen.

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