

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

THE WATER-LILIES.

I muse alone, as the twilight falls Over the gray old castle walls, Where a sleepy lake through the lazy hours...

I stood, in the quiet even fall, Where, in the ancient banquet hall Over the hearth, is a panel placed...

In words as quaint as the carving old, An aged dame the story told, How an Earl's daughter, long ago, A strange, pale child, with a trow of snow...

And a sailor's, born of the old-world tale, Hamlets me still, while the starlight pale Gleams on the leaves, so green and wet...

Oh! myrtle blossom floating there, Thing of the water, thing of the air, We claim thee still, as we hold the dead, Anchored to earth by a golden thread.

—Good Words.

STATE FAIR LADIES' COMMITTEE.

There is a committee of ladies at work who have been requested to take measures to collect curiosities, works of art, antiquated articles, etc., to be exhibited at the coming State Fair at Salem.

Mrs. A. A. McCully is at the head of division S, under which this display comes; Mrs. Aurora Watt Bowman is Secretary. So any one who possesses anything that comes under the head of curiosities will do a public favor by allowing them to be used for exhibition.

On another trip away up the Santiam Mountains we saw a family tablet, printed with a pen, done by the hand of Lincoln during evening hours by the light of a "tallow dip" while he was getting out those rails, and done for the man in whose family he boarded at that time.

St. Helen's Hall. This school opened in Portland on the 4th of September, under the supervision of Bishop Morris, of the Episcopal Church.

We would also call attention to the Bishop Scott Grammar School, which is a boarding and day school, under the supervision of J. N. Hill. The building is in a healthy location, and where parents are assured of kind, watchful care over their boys.

String Beans can be preserved for use in the winter in this way: First, string the beans, then cut them in pieces about two inches long, and put them in a brine of the strength used for cucumber pickles—that is, about a cup of salt to a gallon of water; keep in a covered jar.

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CHOICE RECIPES.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Always use these which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly best. Do not prick them, as most recipe books direct. Let them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horse radish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.

Spiced Vinegar for Pickles.—The following is an old and good recipe: Bruise in a mortar two ounces of black pepper, one of ginger, one half-ounce of allspice and one ounce of salt. If a hotter pickle is desired add half a drachm of cayenne or a few capsicums. Put these in a stone jar with a quart of vinegar, and cover with a bladder wetted with the pickle, and over this a piece of leather. Of course any way of covering equally tight will answer.

Bean Pickles.—One of the most delicious pickles one can have at this time of year may be made in this way, and they will be ready for immediate use: String the beans as for table use, and place them in boiling water, salting to taste. Let them remain until well scalded, not cooked, drain them off and place them in cold vinegar. Add spices if you like. Let the beans remain in the vinegar till well cooled, when, if the vinegar be good and strong, they are ready for use. They are tender and delicious.

Bestroot Pickles. Simmer the roots till about one-third cooked (from one and a half to two and a half hours); take out and peel, and cut in thin slices. Place in again and pour on sufficient cold spiced vinegar, made as above, to cover them.

Chloride of Lime, when used as a disinfectant at the rooms of a house should be dissolved in water—one pound to three gallons of water. Sprinkle on the floor or bed clothes, as it will not stain. Infected clothing should be dipped in it.

Fly Poison.—Boil one quarter of an ounce of small chips of quassa in one pint of water; add four ounces of molasses. Flies like it, and it will destroy them.

Quick Puff Pudding.—Stir one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and little salt into milk until very soft; place in a steamer some well greased cap; put in each a spoonful of batter, then one of berries, steamed apples or any sauce convenient, cover with another spoonful of batter and steam twenty minutes. This pudding is delicious made with fresh strawberries and eaten with a sauce of two eggs, half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar, beaten thoroughly with a cup of boiling milk and one cup of strawberries.

Hulled Corn.—Takes three quarts of corn, three quarts of wood ashes, six quarts of water; boil the ashes in the water and skim off the scum, which will rise to the top, then strain the lye and put into a clean kettle with the corn; boil until the skins break easily from the kernels, skim out the corn, rinse it thoroughly in several waters, the last time rubbing it; let it stand in cold water for ten or fifteen minutes, when you can rub off the black chite; rinse again, put back into kettle with clean water and boil till tender. Eat in milk and with sugar and cream.

To Pickle Green Peppers.—The peppers should be gathered quite young; the bell pepper is the best for pickling. Cut one side of the pepper open so as not to injure the shell of the pepper. Then put them into boiling salt and water, changing the water every day for a week, keeping them in a warm place by the fire. Stir them several times a day. They first become yellow and then green. When they are a fine green put them into a jar and pour cold vinegar over them, adding a small piece of alum. They require no spice. You may stuff the peppers as you do mangoes.

To Pickle Onions.—Take very small onions, and with a sharp knife peel them. Put them into salt and water and let them stand in the brine six days, stirring them often, and changing the salt and water every two days. See that they are closely covered. Then put the onions into jars and give them a scald in boiling salt and water. Let them stand till they are cold; then drain them in a sieve, wipe them dry, and stick a clove in the top of each and put them into wide-mouthed bottles, adding a few blades of mace and a few slices of ginger. Fill up the bottles with the best cider vinegar, and put in the top a large spoonful of salad oil. Cork the bottles tight and seal.

Lemon Custard to serve with cake is made of four eggs—mixing the whites of two—one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, a lump of butter half the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little cold water; grate the peel of a large lemon, and squeeze the juice in; beat all together; then bake in cups just as you do with custard; leave a space at the top of the cup for the beaten white of the eggs. While the custard is baking whip the eggs, adding three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the custard is done take from the oven, spread the egg on smoothly, then set back in the oven till the white turns a delicate brown. This is delicious with white sponge cake, and with fruit cake also.

For The Children.

THE ALPHABET OF SUMMER.

A is for the Apple-blossoms Coming w to the Spring. B is for the Buttercups. The merry May will bring. C is for the Crocus-buds Pushing through the mold. D is for the Dandelions With their crowns of gold. E is for Elder-blossoms, White as driven snow. F is for the Flower-de-wice That mid the rushes grow. G is for the meadow-Grasses Waving everywhere. H is for the Honey-suckle Scending all the air. I is for the hives Spent in gathering posies. J is for the July June With her wreath of roses. K is for Katy-dids And all their endless chatter. L is for the Lily-pals Floating on the water. M is for the Morning-glories Flowering high and low. N is for the downy Nests Where t e birdies grow. O is for Orioles gay, Singing loud and sweet. P is for the Poppy-heads Flashing through the wheat. Q is for the Quinces, hanging Golden in the sun. R is for the little rills, Laughing as they run. S is for the Silver-dew Of the harvest moon. T is for the Tender light Of Nature's afternoon. U is for the Under brush, Where hazel-nuts are browning. V is for the v-s-cious Vines, With their purple-crowning. W is for Woodbine, when The green and golden blends. X is for the exotics Of robins and wrens. Y is for yellow leaves That set the woods aglow. Z is for the gentle Z-phrys Vanished long ago.

OUR LETTER BOX

Is not quite empty, but as there are so few letters on hand, Aunt Hetty thought she would change the programme a little, giving a little story and a little talk before the story comes. There are none of our young folks born in Oregon or Washington who know or can realize how oppressive the heated summers are in most of the Eastern States. City children suffer tearfully, for the stone walks, brick houses and hot streets never cool off in all a night long. A sheet is oppressive for covering, and hen the mosquitoes lie in wait to finish the hours of the sleepless night. Farmers suffer too, though of course not so much, but the harvesters get up in the morning almost as weary as when they went to bed. When I remember these sultry nights and hot days I feel so thankful that we live where the climate is so charming, where we get up invigorated and fresh to take on the burden of life again. This little story will, I hope, make every one of you satisfied with your lot, and thankful for fresh air and plenty to eat. Just such scenes are happening every day, and it is good that there are many rich people who feel sorry for poor children, and are willing to give money to make such little ones happy, if only for one day. Just think of a little boy who had never seen a tree! Sometimes it seems in reading the papers that the world was mostly filled with wicked people, and then again a story like this shows that there are plenty of good, generous people left in the world, though it is not always the rich who are generous; there are many who give who have little themselves. It takes so little to make a child happy; pleasant words and a sweet kiss that don't cost anything will make a little one happy all day long. So, if happiness is so cheap remember this when little brother is sick or fretful; think how easy it is to put sunshine in their little faces.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

BY W. A. ROGERS.

We have in New York City a number of kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen, who have arranged a plan by which the little girls and boys of our streets are taken in great boat loads to different parts of the country round about, where they spend a week or two playing in the green fields, eating good food and drinking rich milk, and enjoying themselves to their heart's content, gaining meanwhile a stock of health and strength that lasts them many days after their return to the warm city.

On a hot evening in July, one of these excursions left the New York pier, bound for the beautiful country bordering on Lake Champlain. A steamer had been chartered for the trip as far as Troy, and from there a railway train was to take the children to the lake. From end to end the great boat was filled with wonder-eyed and rather awe-stricken little girls, and somewhat subdued but mischievous looking boys. All of them were provided with luggage for a two weeks' stay in the country, but there seemed to be a great difference in their ideas of how much to bring. A little paper bag tied with a piece of string, and an empty basket, were all one very serene looking little fellow had brought. Many of the girls brought their wardrobe packed in their school satchels, and one little lass had under her arm such a box as a gentleman's suit generally comes home in from the tailor's. In the wistful little faces that peered out over the rail could be read stories too sad to be more than hinted at to our young people. Here were little girls and boys who had never felt the green sod under their feet, nor picked a flower, but who had spent all their lives penned up in great towering houses, their only play-ground the burning roof, a hundred feet above the streets.

It did not take the little passengers long to get used to their surroundings, and long before the darkness came the decks of the good steamer Minnie Cornell was alive with such pranks as only city urchins ever think of. At nine o'clock, mattresses were spread upon the cabin floor, and without any special preparation, except that some of the boys took off their hats and stuffed them into their coat pockets, the children lay down to sleep. Long before the sun came up next morning the forward deck swarmed with little folks eager to catch the first glimpse of green fields and blue hills. It was here that your artist saw a bright little boy holding a very large satchel, on which was painted in eccentric letters, "Jerry Doyle, Avenue A." Beside him a tiny little fellow sat swinging his feet in a very contented manner. "Me and Tim are havin' a boss time," said Jerry. "We had a state room on de cabin floor, layin' crosswise on a mattress. We didn't allow any snorin', and when any feller tried it, we hauled him round the deck by the heels till he quit. There was a man there to see we didn't none of us walk in our sleep. I don't believe he enjoyed usself much."

Here Tim interrupted the thread of his brother's narrative to inquire what that crooked thing was on the bank, and Jerry, who had been up to Tompkins Square once, replied that it was a tree.

At Troy, four hundred and sixty-seven happy but very hungry youngsters left the boat, and marched through the streets, like an invading army, to a public hall, where tables loaded down with good things awaited them. It would be impossible to tell whether their host, Mr. Shepard Tappan, or his little guests, enjoyed the occasion most. I rather think that one little fellow who climbed up on the platform, and drummed upon the grand piano with his fists, while some of the boys pelted him with biscuits, had the best time of all.

On the way to the depot, after breakfast, all the early risers of Troy were out waiting to see the children pass by. When the special train drew up at a little station on the shore of Lake Champlain, a very lively gentleman, with a note book in his hand, jumped to the ground, followed by fifty or sixty little folks, who were no sooner off the cars than they rushed into the field of buttercups and daisies that skirted the track to gather bouquets. After shaking hands very rapidly with the foremost of a group of kind hearted farmers who had come down to welcome their little guests, and handing one of them a list of the children's names, the lively gentleman was on the cars again, and the train was out of sight in a moment.

My friends Jerry and Tim were among the number to get off at the station, and a few days later, while riding by a fine old farm house, I was greeted by a "Hi, mister!" from Jerry himself. "Me and Tim is pottin' up at this hotel," said he. "You oughter see ice apartments! Mrs. Bromley is the lady what lives here. Tim calls Mr. Bromley 'Father.' He promised to take Tim out with him to see oon or 'aters, or somp'n this mornin'; he as soon as breakfast was over, Tim shoulders the hoe, and says he, 'Com', father, if you want to see, come with me; you must hurry up.' Didn't they smile? Of course, I don't say nothin' to them," continued Jerry, confidentially, "but I think the milk out here is kind of thick. We all went to church Sunday. I rode on horseback this mornin'. The horses here is more frisky than the street-car horses, and there ain't no lumps on their knoes. There ain't any milkme or organ grinder like there is on Avenue A, but I like to wade in brooks better than our gutter."

Here a little girl came up, with a wreath of daisies around her head, and little Tim ran round her chasing a butterfly. Jerry ran to help him, and the happy children soon disappeared in the tall shrubbery of the farm yard.

Black Walnut Tree Planting. There may be an item of general interest in the following for our farmer friends, the young people especially. The item comes from the Bismarck Tribune. That paper says: Some days ago the Tribune referred to the successful planting of walnut trees on Col. Lounsbury's farm, near Bismarck. He has 200 or 300 of them grown from the seed, and they are the thriftiest looking trees he has on his farm. It is an undisputed fact that walnut will thrive in this section. This being a fact, the farmers should understand the immense profit there is in raising walnut trees. There is more profit in raising walnut trees than in raising wheat or any other kind of grain. Walnut lumber, for instance, is now worth from \$150 to \$200 per 1,000 feet, and in 15 to 25 years walnut will grow sufficiently large for lumber.

Writing on the same subject, a correspondent of a Chicago paper has this to say: I recently visited the home of an Illinois farmer. Referring to his walnut grove he said: "These trees were planted from the seed just twenty years ago. I saw them planted. They now measure 10 inches through. They would saw into lumber a foot clear of black walnut boards, and then have the top, limbs and stump left. The stump itself would sell to-day for \$5, to be saved in veneers. The boards would be worth \$50." "What could you sell those trees for to lumbermen as they stand?" I asked. "I could sell them for \$25 per tree, and in ten years from now they will be worth \$50." From these facts I came to the conclusion that a black walnut tree will pay \$1.25 per year for the first twenty years. A thousand of them will pay \$1,250 a year. Now, every Illinois farmer has it in his power to make more money off of a row of black walnut trees around his farm than if sowed in wheat. How can it do it? This way: A farm of 100 acres would be 10,500 feet in circumference. Now plant walnut trees four feet apart all around it, and you will have 2,700 trees, which will be worth \$25 apiece in 25 years. Again, a farmer can set all his sloughs, low places and all hog pastures in black walnuts. Two thousand handsome trees growing on a farm would be worth \$50,000 in twenty years, and would not interfere with the farm at all.

The fact that walnut trees grow rapidly in this country, makes the above statement of peculiar significance. REEDING'S Russia Salve is the most wonderful healing medicine in the world. Try it. "Buckwheat." Quick, complete cure, all cases of: Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Drought.

Preservation of Railway Timber.

The moisture of the soils in the south is very destructive to woods employed as the bed for railway track, and managers have been troubled to know what is the most economical method for obviating loss resulting from this cause. Creosoting has been resorted to. Several works, with large capital have been established at St. Louis for the treatment of wood by the creosoting process, and in Texas the treatment has been applied along the lines as construction was pushed forward. This method, however, is considered rather too expensive. Some railway men have concluded that the silantus and catalpa will prove to be the cheapest and most durable wood for tie and bridge timbers. One company, whose road extends chiefly over prairie lands, is having a large plantation seeded for these trees in equal proportions. Both the catalpa and ailantus are readily propagated from the seed, and bear seedpods abundantly. Another company whose road enters Texas, is arranging to plant several hundred acres of these trees in that State. Even the Iron Mountain Company, that probably owns the more heavily timbered land than any other in the country, has contracted for the cultivation of a catalpa farm near one of its stations in Missouri. On this road are catalpa ties that were laid nearly fifteen years ago, and are apparently as sound as ever. It is authenticated that in southern Ohio, where one species of catalpa is indigenous, there are posts and timbers of this wood that have been in the ground a full century and yet show no signs of decay. These are hardy trees, and of a very rapid growth. Although the ailantus is an importation from China, still it and the catalpa seem to find in climates and soils of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, just what they require to thrive upon.

Potting Calla Bulbs.

Will your correspondent on Callas please tell us, if, in putting in autumn, she separates all the small bulbs from the main one, and oblige a subscriber?

Carefully scale off all the small bulbs if you want good bloom. These may be potted separately if you wish to increase your stock. The same rule will hold good in all bulbs that are potted for bloom. Some persons pot first in a four or five inch pot, and when the plant has made good growth, transfer into a six, eight or ten inch pot, according to the size of the bulb, and preferably into one of the pots made especially for water lilies. The bulb should have only water enough to keep the soil moist until the roots are firmly established, after which the plant likes plenty of water; and this should never be given at a temperature of less than eighty degrees.

Many persons suppose the Calla lily will not bloom out of doors. On the contrary they are among the most serviceable of outdoor decorative plants, and will bloom in a shallow pond of water, or in a suitable tub set in a larger one containing water, or in a tub kept thoroughly watered with tepid water. The pot or tub should not be less than twelve or fourteen inches across, sixteen or eighteen in height, having handles for moving it. Fill this with light and heavy rich loam, or peat and loam, the largest root in the center, and the smaller ones around the outside, covering two inches deep. It should be placed where it will get full light and heat, and with an abundance of water. Thus it will make a magnificent object, and bloom freely. Such plants may be wintered in a light cellar that does not freeze.

Pruning Grapes—Lice on Apples.

1. I have a vineyard of Concord grapes three years old this summer. They made a heavy crop last year at two years old; this spring I cut them back near the ground; they have put out half dozen vines near the ground and will now measure about four to eight feet long. What must I do toward trimming this winter, how many vines to leave and at what length to cut back? 2. I also have 800 apple trees, all full of lice. Will they injure the young trees? I am uneasy about them.

ANSWER.—1st. It would have been well to have rubbed off all but two of the strongest shoots last spring, and let the whole strength of the vine expend itself in making these two strong and vigorous, instead of expending it self among a half dozen. Had you done this, one could have been trained on stake or trellis to bear a crop next year, and the other cut off near its base to allow a fresh vine to sprout up from it to bear fruit the year after. As it is, the best you can do will be to select the strongest vine next winter and train it to stake or trellis and cut off all others. When shoots appear in spring, leave only one strong and healthy one and rub off all others as they appear.

2d. There are two kinds of lice which infest apple trees, one covered with wool and the other not. The woolly aphid is very destructive to the apple, infests its roots as well as nooks on its stems and branches, and sucks out its life blood. The other variety, which infests the tender extremities of the branches, may be destroyed by dressing with strong tobacco water—probably, also, by dusting with Persian insect powder, though we have never seen it tried on that particular insect.

Why does not the proprietor of Ammen's Cough Syrup publish testimonials from those who have been cured or relieved by his medicine? The answer is, the greater the number the more testimonials they publish. Ammen's Cough Syrup is no humbug, and to prove that and let it stand on its own merits, a 15-cent sample bottle is prepared, which is certainly more convincing than a testimonial from a stranger. Large bottles, \$1. Ask your druggist for it.

A SEVERE ACCIDENT.—A son of Judge Ben Hayden met with a severe accident on Thursday afternoon, says the Statesman, resulting in a contusion of the brain such as to render him insensible. It is not known just how it occurred, but it is supposed to have been by a fall from a horse. Young Hayden had gone into the field alone and was found at dark by his father in this condition. The young man was brought to this city and is being carefully attended. At present it is thought he will soon recover.

The country is flooded with circulars of quacks and their nostrums. Do not be caught by these swindling ventures, but use remedies which are compounded upon a scientific basis, as the Oregon Blood Purifier, introduced by a standard house.

Children CRY FOR Pitcher's Castoria

Mothers, Hrs. and Physicians recommend it. IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

CENTAUR LINIMENTS; the World's great Pain-Relieving remedies. They heat, soothe and cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back and Rheumatism upon Man and Sprains, Galls, and Aches upon Beasts. Cheap, quick and reliable.

SPURTS of disgusting Mucus, Snuffles, Cracking Pains in the Head, Fetid Breath, Deafness, and any Catarrhal Complaint, can be exterminated by Weil Do Meyer's Catarrh Cure, a Constitutional Antidote to Absorption. The most important Discovery since Vaccination.

Ague Mixture

Chills and Fever are permanently cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. With a little care on the part of the patient to avoid exposure, and the occasional use of JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, this remedy will be found to be certain in its operation, and radical in its effects. In many sections of the country subject to Ague and other malarial diseases it has an established character as a popular specific for these harassing complaints, and the number of testimonials received show that its reputation is constantly increasing.

Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are effectually cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. In these complaints care should be taken to follow the directions closely, and especial attention given to the liver, which should be assisted in performing its functions by DR. JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS.

For sale by Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

As a Purgative Cure. For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our fair female population. A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Days of History. It cures the dropping apoplexy, indigestion and nervousness, the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the skin, restores the natural lustre to the eyes, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time. Physicians use it and prescribe it freely. It removes fatness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, constant pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every stage of Pimples from the face, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 50 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. DRS. A. S. & Z. B. NICHOLS, Homeopathic Physicians and Surgeons. Rooms 69, 60, 61 and Union Block, Portland, Or. Specialties. Dr. E. H. N.—Disease of Women. Dr. A. S. N.—Disease of Eye, Ear and Throat.