The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs Harriot T. Clarke.

THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

BY EDWARD WILLETT. May and her brother started together,
All in the beautiful August weather.
When the long hot day was nearly done,
Running as fast as they ever could rus,
On toward the West and the setting sun.
Their hands were clasped and their little feet
Listurbed the dust with a constant patter,

And the people stared, whom they chanced to meet, And wondered what on earth was the

They knew, those two, They had business to do; No time to stop, or even to walk;
No time for resting, no time for talk.
Their fortune—their future—before them lay,
And their task must be done ere the close of

For they had been told That by any smart children might surely be found

A big pot of gold,
Where the foot of the rainbow rests on the

ground.
And Johnny had carefully noted the spot,
And knew where the rainbow touched
the meadow,
Casting a beautiful tinted shadow

Over the burial place of the pot.
So May's little fist in his hand he took,
And together they hastened down together they hastened down to the

Poor little breath ! it comes labored and fast. Poor little feet! too hard have they wrought.

The brook has been crossed, and the meadow is passed; The distance is greater than Johnny had

though.
"Never mind May. I had nearly guessed right. "Never mind May. I had nearly guessed right.

See! sister, the beautiful bow is in sight!

Just over the blackberry patch, I'll be bound,

Is the place where the rainbow touches the

ground."

Poor little feet ! so tired and worn. Poor little faces! so covered with

scratches.

Poor little hands! so bleeding and torn By briers that grow in such ugly patches. Steutly they toil through the thicket, and

then
They see the same rainbow before them again.
"Never mind, May, for the bow is there still,
Just at the foot of the little green hill.
See where it touches the grass and the flowers!
Another short run and the gold will be ours."

Poor little eyes! how crowded with tears. Poor little hearts! how heavy with fears. The day is done, and down drops the sun; The beautiful bow in a moment is gone, And swiftly the shadows of night come on. Poor little feet! too weary to walk. Poor little tongues! too tired to talk.
Poor little heads! too stupid to think.
Poor little limbs! just ready to sink.

Just at the foot of a little green m Johnny and baby May were found,
Wrapped in a slumber so sweet and deep,
And were carried home and laid away,
And nothing disturbed their refreshing

Till the rising sun made another day.

Do none but children seek the shadow
Of the rainbow on the meadow,
And believe the story told
Of the hidden pot of gold?
All our lives we search insanely;
As we near it, toiling vainly,
Then before our eager eyes
Still the brilliant phantom flies,
Will the deep of life in done Till the day of life is done,
And the night of death comes on.
God's kind angels find us there,
Lift us in their arms with care, Lay us gently down to rest On our Mother Nature's breast, And our slumber knows no waking
Till the perfect day is breaking.

—Independent.

CHOICE RECEIPES.

Macaroni-Macaroni makes an excellent variety in the scarcity of vegetables, and should be much better known and more used masses here. It is the staple food of the common people of Italy-indeed of mest classes. It is made of strongly glutinous wheat flour; hence, is flesh forming, while its starch supplies heat. It may be cooked tender in boiling water, seasoned with salt and eaten with or without cream sauce, or milk or butter. After boiling, it can be put in a pudding dish with about a quarter its weight of grated cheese sprinkled over it, and lightly baked. The addition of cheese makes this diet about equal to lean meat as a flesh former.

Suet Pudding-One cup of milk, two of suet (scanted) chopped fine, three of flour, one cup of seeded raisins (chop part of them), one teaspoon of cloves, one of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, one teaspoon of soda. Steam three hours. The longer it is cooked the better it is. Sauce-One cup of sugar, one halt cup of butter, one egg beaten to a stiff froth, one half cup of boiling wine.

Steamed pudding One cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one half cup of sugar, one pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Steam one half hour. It is nice with a cup of raising

Snow Cake-One and a half cups of pow dered sugar, one cup of flour, whites of eight eggs, three fourths of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. This is just as good as good as the "Angel's Food" so much spoken about lately, and much less troublesome.

Steamed Corn Bread-Three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of sods, a little salt. Steam three hours and bake for half an

Cream Pie-Half a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg to your taste, two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, wet; pour in it a pint of boiling milk and stir he whole together. To be baked in deep

Sucet Pudding-Take one third of a cup of sugar, two thirds of suet, chopped fine, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of raisins, or any fruit desired. Steam two hours or

Sauce for Suet Pudding-Take one table

spoon of flour or corn starch to one quart of boiling water. Add butter the size of a hen's egg, and sugar to taste. Flavor with the juice and rind of one lemon. If without lemon, very little vinegar and some lemon extract will make a good substitute.

Potato Cakes - Potato cakes to be served with roast lamb or game are made of equal quantities of mashed potatoes and of flour, say one quart of each, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and milk enough to make a batter as for griddle cakes; to this allow nalf a teacupful of fresh yeast; let it rise till it is light and bubbles of air form, then bake in muffin tins. These are good also with fricaseed chicken; take them from the tins and drop in the gravy just before sending to the

To remove Broken or Crushed spots from Velvet-Hold the wrong side of the velvet over steam, and while damp draw the under or wrong side across a warm iron, or clean stove pipe several times.

Geraniums-To slip geraniums, take a bottle, fill it with water, then take your slip and wrap cotton about it about an inch from the top; press it firmly into the bottle (the cotton preserving the slip and keeping the water from evaporating); then place it in a sunny place, and very soon roots will appear.

Tomato Soup-Three pounds of beef, one quart canned tomatoes, one gallon of water. Let the meat and water boil for two hours, or until the liquid is reduced to a little more than two quarts. Then stir in the tomatoe and stew all slowly for three quarters of an hour longer. Season to tast-, strain and serve.

Sweet Pickles-Cook the fruit in water until a straw will go easily through it, and when cool place in a jar with a few cloves stuck in each. To each seven pounds of fruit take three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, four ounces of cinnamon and two ounce of cloves. Boil the vinegar and spices together for a few minutes and pour over the fruit. Repeat the boiling for five days in succession and put away for use.

Perseverance.

The great trouble with young persons is that they are not persevering enough when it comes to the matter of work. They start in with great enthusiasm, and for a time do Herculean work, but if anything goes wrong, if a calculated time or a calculated exertion fails, the whole matter is thrown aside with dist gust. Success depends more upon persever ance and continued concentration of effort than upon all else combined, so that of course ordinary common sense has been exercised at the outset.

Probably the greatest inventor of modern times is Edison, of electrical apparatus fame. He says that when you set out to do a certain thing never let anything disturb you from doing that. This power of putting the thought on one particular thing, and keeping it there for hours at a time comes from practice, and it takes a long while to get in the habit. He says : "I remember, a long while ago, I could only think ten minutes on a given subject before something else would come to my mind. But, after long practice, I can now keep my mind for hours on one topic without being distracted with thoughts of other

All this in the field of invention, but the same principle holds good in any pursuit in life. It is the perseverance, or as Fowler would express it, the "stick-to-it-iveness that wins.

Boys and girls both, we tell you that it i persevering labor that wins. Give up nothing that you undertake understandingly. Success is almost always certain.

The New York Herald correspondent, with the party in search of the lost crew of the feannette, has been impressed with the beau ty of the teeth of natives of Northern Siberia He saw old men of sixty and seventy with sets of teeth small and pearly white, polished and healthy. Decay and suffering are unknown. A physician of Yakutsk attributed this to the habits and the kind of food eater by the natives, and to a certain care taken by them from childhood up. First, the native do not touch sugar in any form, for the simple reason that they cannot afford to buy it Secondly, they are in the habit of drinking daily large quantities of fermented sour mill summer and winter, which is antiscorbutic, and is very beneficial in preserving the teeth And lastly, they have the habit of chewing a preparation of the resin of the fir tree, a piece of which, tasting like tar, they matticate after every meal, in order specially to clear the teeth and gums of particles of food that may remain after meals. The gum or resin is propared and sold by all apothecaries in Siberia caries in Siberia nd is much used by Russian ladies.

Treatment of Diphtheria.

The Medical Press says that Dr. Deuker ho, during twenty-four years of very exten sive practice in the Children's Hospital, St. Petersburg, has treated upwards of two thous and cases of diphtheria, and tried all the rem edies, both internal and external, employed in this affection, has obtained the best results from the following method, which he has em ployed for the last ten years: As soon as the white spots appear on the tonsils he gives a axative mainly composed of senna, which produces an abundant evacuation. When the purgative effects has ceased he gives cold drinks, acidulated with bydrochloric acid, and every two hours a gargle composed o ame water and hot milk in equal parts. Dr. Deuker affirms that when this treatment is commenced early it is generally and rapidly

It is all very well for health journals to tell people who are restless and unable to sleep at night to place the head of their bed towards the north, but it does no good unless you take he baby to the other end of the he

Fon The Children.

A MODEL OF VIRTUE.

Young Master Ebenezer Brown Is quite the model of the town; He never made a single debt Nor smoked a nasty cigarette.

He never read dime novels vile, Nor wore upon his head a tile; He ne'er played hookey from the se Nor tackled billiards, cards or pool.

He never awore nor drank a drop; He never "cheesed it" from a "cop;" He never called his pa "old man," Nor to a dog's tail tied a can.

He never robbed an apple tree; No melon patches entered he; He never went a courting, though To him the girls would favors show. He always early went to rest And rose at day-break with a zest;

Although his appetite was good He ne'er in pantries stole his food. But Master Ebenezer Brown, Who is the model of the town, Is also, if the truth is told, A snoozer only—one year old.

REMINDING THE HEN.

"It's well I went into the garden," Said Eddie, his face all aglow, For what do you think, mamma, You will never guess, I know.

'The little brown hen was there, clucking; 'Cut-cut,' she'd say, quick as a wink—
Then 'Cut-cut' sgain, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think

"And then she would say it all over,—
She did look so mad and so vexed,—
For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next? "So I said 'Ca-da-cut! Caw-daw-cut!'

As loud and as strong as I could; And she look round at me very thankful, I tell you it made her feel good. "Then she flapped, and said 'Cut cut-ca-daw

She remembered just how it went, then, But it's well I ran in o the garden,
She might never have clucked right again!

OUR LETTER BOX.

We wonder if there are any of our girls and boys who are sorry to see the winter and long, rainy days come on. It is necessary for the good of the crops and of fruit trees that we have a season of cold and rain, so that when summer comes again there may be plenty of fruit on the trees, and that the grain be plump and full. There will be little chance for outdoor pleasures in winter time, but then there are plenty of ways to pass the time pleasantly and profitably in the house. The girls can piece quilts, learn to do some pretty crochet work and make scrap books. This close home life is a good time to show character. Every little girl, or at least almost every every one. would like to grow up with nice habits and gord manners. Now good manners cannot be put off and on like a garment, but they must be a part of everyday life, and one must be polite and nice at home to father, mother and all the rest of the family, and treat them with the same consideration that you would treat those you do not meet every day. Of course one feels more freedom with the home folks, and there is a difference in that way, but all the pleasant looks and agreeable words should not be kept for company. You should say "If you please," and "I thank you" to brother and sister, then notice how quickly the younger ones will fall into the same habit of pleasant speaking. On the contrary, if it is the custom f r the older child to say "I won't," "I don't care," the rest soon follow that style of talking; so our girls must see help mother in this way of teaching the little ones by example in good manners and kind ways. A lady will always speak in a low voice, and will never stoop to talk back or it pass by and show your better manners by

Maggie lives a long way off-close by the be an. She must be sure and give the Circle a description of her part of the country, as she offers to do if we wish her to. She has written a very good letter this time, and no doubt sould do better next time.

Etta has been silent for a long time, but as she has been using her time and hands in trying to be useful, these will be a good excuse for her. Picking hops must be a pleasant sort of work; they are beautiful, graceful plants, and then hops are very useful in the world The only thing we object to is that most of them are used to make beer of, and that is gainst the temperance cause.

M. L. G. remembers the Circle after a long time. She has had a good time this summer, we judge, from the tone of her letter; the best of all, she has a grandfather come to her home, and not many little girls can say that much It's a pretty good thing to have a grandmother too, they are more thoughtful and indulgent than mother and father are.

You must not expect any letters next week for the Letter Box is empty, not one more left in it, and we are very sorry to tell you so, for we like to read them just as well as you all do.

FLORENCE CITY, Or., Aug. 5, 1882. Editor Home Circle :

As I have not written to the PARMER before, and have not seen many letters from bere, I thought I would try and see what I sould write. I am a girl 14 years old. I have two brothers, and when they are working away from home I have to act as boy and girl both. I milk the cows and help father out of doors, ano also help mother in the house. I like to run over the hills and gather berries. School was out on the 14th of August. I go to school in a boat. I will write again and give a brief description of the country around bere. I will close, wishing the FARMER great

MAGGIE E MORRIS.

September 18, 1882.

Editor Home Circle : As it is at long since I have written to the Circle, I will write again. I wonder how many little boys and girls picked hops this year. My two sisters, my brother and I picked. I made \$6 50. I picked two boxes a day, thirteen boxes altogether, and got fifty cents a box. I expect our school will commence about the first of October. Please add my name to the temperance roll. Our little bird died while we were away. I will close, wishing the FARMER great success.

ETTA HANDSAKER.

COTTAGE GROVE, AUG. 9, 1882

Editor Home Circle: As I have not written to the FARMER for a long time, I thought I would write again. Pa has taken the FARMER since I wrote my other letter. Grandpa and his family and one of my uncles and his family came from Iows, Grandpa is 73 years old, and he has but one arm. He went out hunting last Saturday and killed a deer. I was in the mountains huckleberrying with a party. As we were coming back the wagon turned over and threw us all out, and if my uncle had not caught me I should, perhaps, have been killed. We have a great many tame blackberries this year. You will please put my name on the temperance roll. I will close for this time. Yours respectfully, M. L. GAROUTT.

MOTHER GOOSE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry. When the girls came out to play Georgie Porgie ran away.

His last name wasn't Porgie at all, and I for one, can't see why they called him that, because his papa's name was Mr. Bacon, and so Georgie's must have been the same. Bacon doesn't rhyme half so well with Georgie as Porgie does, and so, I suppose, Mother Goose put it in that way on purpose. Georgie went to the primary school, and se did Bessie and Kitty Clover. One morning the little girls' mother said :

"What will you take for lunch to-day?"

"Pudding," said Bessie.

"Pie," said Kitty. "Now, that's lucky," said Mrs. Clover. 'There's some nice pudding left over from yesterday, and a whole huckleberry pie baked n a saucer.

So she got the luncheon-pails down from their nails in the entry, and Bessie had some pudding in her's, while Kitty took the pie. Of course there was some bread and butter too. And then they started off to school. On pail too.

"Hullos, girls!" he cried, before they come up to him, "what have you got for lanch today? Anything good ?"

"Pudding," said Bessie. "Pie," said Kitty.

"Let me see," said Georgie.

So the little girls took off the covers of the pails, and Georgie looked in.

"I like pudding and pie awfully," he said and mother was out of everything 'cept doughputs. Do you want to swop!" But as they had doughnuts the day before they didn't want to.

So they walked along to school, and the little girls went in, leaving their pails in the entry where they hung their sacques. The teacher rang the bell and school

"Where's Georgie?" asked the teacher,

'has anybody seen him ?" "Oh, yes; I saw him," said Bessy and Kitty, both at once, "he walked to school

"Then I wish you would go and try to find him, and say if he doesn't come right straight in there will be a great deal of trouble."

So Ressie and Kitty went out and what do you think they saw ? You never would guess, because you have always supposed that Georgie was a good boy: but if you don't wrangle If anyone says ugly things, just let change your mind now I'm very much mistaken, for there he was eating Kitty's pie as fast as he could, having already finished Bessie's pudding! Thea he kissed both the little girls and told them he was sorry! And they egan to cry as hard as they could. So the teacher came out, and when she discovered what the matter was, she took Georgie right by the car and marched him into the schooloom and made him eat the rest of the pis standing on the platform, while she told the other boys and girls all about it.

"Now, what shall I do to a little boy who teals really steals?" said the teacher. "Stand him in the corner," said one of the

scholars. "Pin his apron over his head,"

nother "Snap his ears with a whalebone," said

"No," said Bessie, "let's forgive him this

"Yes, that's so," said Kitty.

And this made Georgie so sorry for what

till recess time, until all the children went the animals were domesticated in prehistoric out to play, and when the teacher thought he had been punished enough, she said he could go out too; but he was so ashamed of himself that he ran away home, while all the children

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kused the girls and made them cry, When the girls came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.

But, I am very glad to say he was really and truly sorry for what he had done, and the next day he went out into his garden and nicked some of his nicest flowers to give to Bessie and Kitty; and he told his teacher that if he lived to be ever so old he would never, never, never do such a thing again. And, upon my word, he never did .- N. Y. Tribune.

A wel-known student of human nature once said that's simple ball of twine would

afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate by which could be made to do only one thing. There is ao doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his 'own self." The toy that supp'ants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wideawake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broomstick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart lit le fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hibbyhorses of to-day. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But let the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boy and girl as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope-these faculties will work fast enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to o but to stand and look on. When you choose holiday gifts bear in miad the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties -to do something.

What do You Sleep On?

Do you sleep upon a feather bed? We hope not. Years ago a feather bed was supposed to be an important part of a house-keeping outfit. If you have a feather bed, put it in the spare room, lock the door, and lose the key. A curled-hair mattras of the best quality makes one of the most desireable couches, but curled-hair is expensive and all cannot afford it. The next best thing, indeed, almost as good, is afforded by that plant, dear to American farmers-Indian corn. Whoever grows corn, need not lack for the most comfortable of beds. We are aware that ticks are so filled with hunks with the stem part left on. A bed of this kind is not the kind of husk bed we have in mind. To make the very best possible husk bed, save the husks from green corn as it is daily used. The husks are coarse and should be slit. An old-fashioned hatchel, where there is such an implement, answers well, but a substitute can be made by driving a few large nails through a board and filing them sharp. Drawing the husks across these will slit them into shreds an inch or less wide An old carving fork may be used to slit the husks. Then put them to dry in a garret or some airy loft. If the green-corn season is past, then, at the regular husking of the field crop, secure a stock for mattrasses. Reject the way they met Georgie. He had a lunch- the weather-worn outer husks, taking only the thin, papery once.

An In-grown Nail.

Much suffering is due to the corners of toe nails growing into the flesh. The remedy is very simple. It is a mistake to cut the nails short at the sore corners if the nail is long Cut the upper edge straight across, or in crescent shape, the crescent in the center leaving the corners untouched. Then scrape the middle of the nail for its whole length quite thin. The scraping may be done with a knife, but much more readily by the use o a bit of freshly broken window glass. The center of the nail should be made so this that a slight pressure upon the corners will bend it. In some cases it may be well to put a little lint or cotton under the corners of the nail, to aid in the bending. Of course the avoidance of tight boots or shoes will suggest itself to all.

What We Owe to Prehistoric Man.

The greatest inventive genius which the world has ever seen was the man who taught his fellows how to produce fire at will. One Heaven, or imparted by direct communication of an angel. Any ignoramus mig t learn to warm himself by a volcano, or to boil his meat in the water of a hot spring; but the places at which he could do this are very rare. So any one might derive a temporary advantage from a burning tree that had been struck by lightning. But how should be learn to kindle a fire for himself whenever he wanted it? When one has a fire and ag iron kettle it is ea-v enough to boil a dinner; but when one has no fire and no lucifer matches and no kettle. what can be do in a cold c'imate? And yet Palceolithic man had means for making fires and for boiling his food. We know he had fire, for we find charcoal in the caverns, and we find the round stones with which to heat water. He could not have done as our grandfathers did, use flint and st. cl, for it was before the days of iron. . Hence, doubtless, we may infer that he resorted to the process in vogue among savage nations at the present timeprocess requiring more patience and skill than is now requisite to run a locomotive. He had learned to rub two sticks together, or to whirl one stick pivoted upon another till the friction produced fire. We do not reflect sufficiently on the value of the gifts we have received he had done that he began to ory. But he from people who were in a comparatively har-had to stand up there before the whole school barous condition. As we have seen, nearly all barous condition. As we have seen, nearly all times. The use of the most valuable metals was discovered before the dawn of history. The knowledge of the most useful grains is the heritage of prehistoric times, together with the knowledge of poisons which we must avoid on peril of death. The noblest views of God were revealed to the world through a comparatively rude people. The patriarcha never traveled by rail, nor wore a pair of boots, nor appeared in a dress coat, nor en-

> A Missouri farmer writes : "As soon as i find an animal in distress from bloat, from find an animal in distress from bloat, from eating wet grass or clover, I wet it along the back with cold well water, and also place a large cloth or blanket of several thicknesses over the paunch, after being saturated with all the cold water that it will absorb, and over that a dry blanket. If the cold water is properly applied, one will not have long to wait for a cure."

joyed the luxury of kerosene and gas. - Prof.

G. F. Wright.



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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 SANA-TIVE 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 harrassing complaints, and the number of testimonials received show that its reputation is constantly increasing.

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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

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ST. HELEN'S HALL DEPARTMENT.

THE CORPS OF TEACHERS LONG ENGAGED in St Helen's Hall has just been reinforced by the addition of six new teachers, five of them from prominent educational institutions of the Eastern States. Two of these are engaged in the Musical Department; three in the English; and one, Miss Fullick, ie the Art Department.

Miss Fullick is a lady of English birth but educated in this country. She was gracusted at Vassar College and has since spent much time in the best private studies in the E-stern States. She comes with the recommendations for her attainments and skill as a teacher of painting and drawing. There cover the schole ground of instructions in the best Art schools, embracing; Oil Painting, Landscape, Flower and Still Life studies, Caryons, Charcoad, Water Colors, Pencil, Pen and Ink, and Decorative Art in all its branches. Miss Fullick is a lady of liberal education and superior culture, and the Ractor and Principal of St. Helen's Hall recommend this Department of their school to list patrons with entire considered, being see lassured that I was a rever under a more competent instructor or one of toore varied acquirements.

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It will contain compilations from all the journals published in Oregon and Washington, showing the development of each section, and also many original articles prepared expressly for this issue. It will also contain compilations from the Withdangers Pannar. The fact that a great interest is feit abroad and through the United States, concerning the Columbia River regian, and the necessity of furnishing reliable information concerning this region, has induced us to commence such a publication. We are aware that anany people in Oregon are desired on the commence such a publication. We are aware that anany people in Oregon are desired on the state of the state. The secure the success of this enterprise will travel a great part of the time. He will travel a great part of the time. He will travel a great part of the time. He will travel a great part of the time. He will travel in the same we intend to make the journal interesting and reliable.

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