

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW.

BY EDWARD WILKETT.
May and her brother started together,
All in the beautiful August weather.

They knew, those two,
They had business to do;
No time to rest, or even to walk;

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,

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

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 thought.
"Never mind May, I had nearly guessed right.
See! sister, the beautiful bow is in sight!

Poor little eyes! how crowded with tears.
Poor little hearts! how heavy with fears.
The day is done, and down drops the sun;

Just at the foot of a little green mound
Johnny and baby May were found,
Wrapped in a slumber so sweet and deep,

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 in vainly;
Then before our eager eyes
Still the brilliant phantom flies,

God's kind angels find us there,
Lift 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 RECIPES.

Macaroni—Macaroni makes an excellent variety in the scarcity of vegetables, and should be much better known and more used by the masses here.

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.

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.

Snow Cake—One and a half cups of powdered sugar, one cup of flour, whites of eight eggs, three fourths of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

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 soda, a little salt.

Cream Pie—Half a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot.

Sweet 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.

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.

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;

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.

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.

Perseverance. The great trouble with young persons is that they are not persevering enough when it comes to the matter of work.

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

Healthy Teeth. The New York Herald correspondent, with the party in search of the lost crew of the Jeannette, has been impressed with the beauty of the teeth of natives of Northern Siberia.

Treatment of Diphtheria. The Medical Press says that Dr. Deuker, who, during twenty-four years of very extensive practice in the Children's Hospital, St. Petersburg, has treated upwards of two thousand cases of diphtheria, and tried all the remedies, both internal and external, employed in this affection, has obtained the best results from the following method.

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 the baby to the other end of the house and place his head towards the south.

For 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 never played hooky from the school, Nor tackled billiards, cards or pool.

He never swore 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 here; He never went a courting, though To him the girls would favor show.

He always early went to rest And rose at day-break with a zest; Although his appetite was good He never in pantries stole his food.

But Master Ebenezer Brown, Who is the model of the town, Is also, if the truth is told, A snooter only—one year old.

REMINING THE HEN.

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

"The little brown hen was there, clucking; 'Cut-out,' she'd say, quick as a wink— Then 'Cut-out' again, 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-ut! Caw-daw-ut!' 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-ut!' She remembered just how it went, then, But it's well I ran in the garden, She might never have clucked right again!" —St. Nicholas.

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 fall.

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.

"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 with us."

"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."

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

"Pin his apron over his head," said another. "Snap his ears with a whalebone," said a third. "No," said Bessie, "let's forgive him this time."

"Yes, that's so," said Kitty. And this made Georgie so sorry for what he had done that he began to cry. But he had to stand up there before the whole school till recess time, until all the children went 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 sang:

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kissed 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 picked 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 do such a thing again. And, upon my word, he never did.—N. Y. Tribune.

Children's Toys.

A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would

September 18, 1882.

Editor Home Circle: As it is so 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.

ETTA HANDMAKER.

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.

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 Iowa. 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 huckle-berrying with a party.

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.

Georgie went to the primary school, and so 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 in 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.

"Halloo, girls!" he cried, before they came up to him, "what have you got for lunch to-day? 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 doughnuts. Do you want to swap?" 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 scarves. The teacher rang the bell and school began.

"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 with us."

"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 Bessie 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 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! Then he kissed both the little girls and told them he was sorry! And they began 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 ear and marched him into the school-room and made him eat the rest of the pie standing on the platform, while she told the other boys and girls all about it.

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Children's Toys. A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would

afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broomstick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart lit fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horses of to-day.

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 mattress of the best quality makes one of the most desirable couches, but curled-hair is expensive and all cannot afford it.

An In-grown Nail.

Much suffering is due to the corners of toenails 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 a crescent shape, the crescent in the center, leaving the corners untouched.

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 can easily believe that the art was stolen from Heaven, or imparted by direct communication of an angel.

The fact that a great interest in the Columbia River region, and the necessity of furnishing reliable information concerning this region, has induced us to commence such a publication. We are aware that many people in Oregon are desirous of sending news back to friends in the East, and this monthly publication will contain just the sort of information they wish to see.

A Missouri farmer writes: "As soon as I find an animal in distress from blast, from eating wet grass or clover, I wet it along the back with cold wet 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 cover that with a dry blanket. If the cold water is properly applied, one will not have long to wait for a cure."



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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 SANA-TIVE PILLS.

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Devoted to the interests and developments of the Pacific Northwest will be issued June 1st. TERMS AS FOLLOWS: One copy one year, in advance, per year, \$ 1.00

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 WILLAMETTE FARMER, the Oregonian, the Columbia River Journal, and the necessity of furnishing reliable information concerning this region, has induced us to commence such a publication.

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