

The Home Circle.

Edited by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

ANNE BROOK. What can be done or said? Will death give up his bid?

O, thou, who ever art our own! O, faint and fluttering breath! From lip and eye, and brow flower down, That room be made for this dread presence, Death!

Who bids both life and time, and still for these, this day, Forever and aye!

Brief, brief is life at best; But ah, for these few brief! O, momentary guest!

Thou hadst partaken not of joy and grief; While stars still watched thy waking dawn, Eternal night came on!

O, stricken soul! whose senses all are sealed! Deaf, dumb and blind; no beat in heart or brain;

Ere to this thou wast thyself revealed, That light was gone that none can bring again!

Death's dispossessing glance Has left thee! oh, so cold, and still, and white!

Never to know this strange inheritance Of hope, love, knowledge, sorrow and delight!

Ah! tender plant! on which has fallen the blight; That seeing no leaf to stir, nor flower or fruit, Rejoiced down and stilled the stirrings in the root!

No perfect shaft to mark a well-won goal; No broken column for a half-run race— Thy little hands dropped life's unwritten scroll

Upon a shaftless base!

—James Hunter MacCulloch.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS—Beside one of my favorite walks a little rill flows so rapidly and with such force, that high banks are left on either side of the broad channel it has made for itself.

A little farther down, it moves so smoothly and so noiselessly that even the acute ears of a blind man could hardly catch its murmur.

I seldom pass this spot without stopping a moment to watch the even flowing of this tiny stream, and muse upon its likeness to the life of a true and noble girl.

There is a great deal to admire in the life of a true maiden; she is quiet and gentle and modest, and one unacquainted with her merits would pronounce her good for nothing but to be petted and admired and cared for.

But let adverse circumstances come, and how soon this quiet and apparently nerveless maiden will prove herself possessed of strength that many a man might envy!

Cases are not rare where a daughter with her own earnings supports an aged father or mother, putting off, perhaps, her marriage, that she may the more faithfully care for them.

And sometimes a sister bends every faculty she possesses to caring for orphaned little ones, and putting aside her own wishes and hopes, trains them up into noble men and womanhood.

Not to every maiden comes the opportunity of so publicly showing her innate strength; but the smaller events of life teach us that although delicate and fair, she can rise to meet any emergency.

It is a no easy task for a carefully nurtured girl to go out on a winter day and feed the stock, so that when her father comes in from his long ride in the freezing air, he need not again leave the comfortable fireside.

No one would think that the girl to whose gentle touch the piano so readily responds, was an hour before making all secure for the night in her father's barn.

Still the transformation is no greater than the brook underwent in passing from the rapid stream that made for itself a bed a hundred times too large, to the noiseless, gently flowing rill.

One occurrence I remember that shows the force of will that may be possessed. There had been an accident; a ghostly wound had each day to be dressed, and a daughter was obliged to assist.

This she did without a visible tremor, and the surgeon, who at first dilahted to trust her, found no one could be braver than she.

Finally, on one occasion, there was no positive need of her being present, but so accustomed were the others to her help that no one thought of excusing her until they saw by the pale face and involuntary trembling that the brave girl had nearly fainted.

They then saw that while she knew it to be a duty she had put aside all thoughts of self, but as soon as other help was at hand, her never could no longer bear the strain.

Now, I sometimes become acquainted with girls who have a perverted sense of modesty and refinement, and think they must always pass along idle and listless, as does the stream at the point where I cannot even hear its ripple.

They think it the height of refinement to scream when they see a mouse, and to declare they could never, never milk a cow. And they imagine that to wash the dishes and to roughen their hands, or to rake hay for father when a shower is coming, or to do housework a week or two for a sick neighbor, would irrevocably ruin their reputations and cost them their womanhood.

Then there are others who believe that to show they are not nervous and fragile, they must be boisterous and maslike. They delight in Derby hats and cloaks that are almost coats, and whistle as they pass down the street, and boast of their skill in masculine sports, and enjoy rides in the farm wagon more than in the carriage. They are like the stream when it dashes down its deep channel.

Neither of these is right. Woman, to be true to herself, must be a lady, and that, the dictionary says, is "a woman of refined manners." It must be remembered, however, that refinement never forbids the performance of duty. No matter how repulsive to a delicate person a thing may be, if it be closely a duty, its omission always injures the one who neglects it, as its performance always raises in everybody's esteem the one who does it. A woman is always admired who takes up a hard or disagreeable duty, and without flinching carries it bravely until there is no longer any necessity for so doing. Should she persist in doing or being beyond that point, she is called self-willed and stubborn, and the income we thereafter offer at her shrine loses a part of its delicate aroma.

Dear girls, the amount of the whole matter is that a true woman is not exclusively a rushing torrent, or a noiseless rill, but a mixture of the two qualities so nicely combined that none can see inconsistency or unfairness.

BLANKETS, QUILTS OR COMFORTERS.

As all things connected with domestic economy or utility is discussed in this department of the FARMER, I thought it not amiss to put some of my thoughts on paper for the benefit of the sisters of the Circle.

A good assortment of quilts are esteemed an absolute necessity for a young housekeeper in beginning her married life, and most generally she has been piecing up quilts for years ahead, her mother and grandmother giving liberal donations besides.

These quilts are good in the way of spreads, but for warmth and real utility a comforter or a woolen blanket is very superior. Quilts are heavy, and the number required to give the warmth necessary makes a load upon the body that often will be a burden to a delicate person's frame.

Wool is a non-conductor, therefore retains the heat of the body; the fabric of a blanket is such that it is easily cleansed, therefore the absorptions of the body is easily removed, and may easily or neatly be used as a sheet.

Quilts must be carefully used, as by frequent washing the colors fade, and the cotton will get soiled into hard lumps, and the quilt loses the soft, pliable feeling that it had after coming out of the quilting frames.

We would not by any means discourage the piecing or making of quilts, only that they may not constitute the greater part of the bedding. We heard a lady not long ago say she slept in the guest chamber of a friend who had quantities of these nice quilts.

She counted eight on the bed in which she lay, and yet she slept cold, for the bedding did not cling close to the body, and was so heavy that it was burdensome.

The best bed is a soft wool blanket next to the upper sheet, then a comforter made of three widths of calico on each side with four pounds of cotton between.

Have it wide so as to "tuck in," then a prettily pieced quilt over that; then, to protect the pretty quilt, a white spread that is easily washed may be put over all.

There is a necessity for plenty of under bedding, or one may sleep cold, as these new fashioned wire or spring beds give no protection from the cold underneath the bed, as many a one has found out by sleeping in hotel beds.

Good beds and good bedding are as necessary as good nourishing food. A night spent in an uncomfortable, cold, hard bed is enough to take the soul and heart of one for a week to come, and yet how many there are who pay but little or no attention to these home comforts.

It is but a few hours' work to "tie" a comfortable, while calico can be got fourteen yards for a dollar, and cotton batting costs but little, there is no excuse for comfortless beds.

One might well afford to throw away the cover of a comforter when it is once soiled, or it may be ripped off, washed and tacked on again on short notice.

We have for many years been in the habit of tacking a strip of some pretty, soft material that would wash on the top end of all comforters and quilts, so that the portion of the bedding which comes in contact with the face and breath will be kept sweet and clean.

Every housekeeper can notice that it is only this part of the bedding which usually gets soiled; then it is not pleasant to draw clothing about one's face that has been used by others.

This thought reminds us of another hint which might be useful. The too common use of the same towel, comb and brush. It may be admissible for brothers and sisters to use the same toilet articles, yet it is better for every individual child or person to have their own especial articles of ablution; it forms neat, nice habits in a child.

There are plenty of families that permit the hired man, or the help in the family to use the same comb for the hair and wipe on the same towel. In this way we know of a whole family getting by chance sore eyes, which now, after twenty years are past, is still in that family.

Habits of personal neatness are not to be ignored, nor need a person be called proud or fastidious because careful of personal contact with strangers.

AUNT RUTH.

TEMPERANCE ROLL.

The last list of names on the Temperance Roll was printed the 26th of May, and contained 48 names of boys and girls—27 girls and 21 boys.

So the girls are in the majority this time as they always are when good, right and true ideas are concerned. It is the influence of women that dictate for good or for evil in the world.

This list has 28 names and just exactly one-half are girls. We think that one name got lost, we will thank any one to let us know that we may commence the new year with those names.

We have been waiting for the new year to come, so as to publish those we have on hand, then after this shall publish every three months a list, and hope it may be a good long one.

It will be nice for everyone to cut out the list, and paste it in a scrap book. If any name has not been printed, it will afford a good excuse to write another letter for the Home Circle.

There are two questions in which woman is deeply interested, and these are schools and liquor traffic, the last. Mothers, now have it in their power to wield an influence, and the way is, while her children are about her, to train them up to strict Temperance ideas.

Boys and girls who pledge themselves to temperance will be apt to vote that way when they are older, and the girls, if not voting by that time, may be able to influence a vote at any rate.

Mary A. Shaw, Ellsworth Brass, John Shaw, Jane Eby, F. M. Taylor, Otis C. Taylor, Tomes Jordan, Robert Hartin, Jennie Martin, Adeline May Drake, Henry Jackson, George F. Reed, Cynthia J. Reed, Maggie McMeekin, Fredric Powell, Harvey Taylor, Etta Handaker, Lucier Naomi Pringle, Blanch Adams, Emma C. Mismar, Felix Grizmar, Ailie M. Martin.

"Suchapala" Quack, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Dr. Druggist.

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For The Children.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest Where the sweet wailing singers slumber, But 'er their silent sister's breast The wild flowers who will stop to number!

A few can touch the magic string, And noisy fame is proud to win them; Alas! for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone, Whose song has told their heart's sad story; Weep for the voiceless who have known The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Lucanid breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow, But where the glistering night dew weeps On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign, Save whitening lips and faded tresses, Till Death pours out his cordial wine, Slow dropped from misery's crushing press!

If singing breath or echoing chord To every hidden pang were given, What endless melodies were poured, As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BIDDY. A Lesson of Self-Dependence.

Bess was out in the summer house, playing with her dolls, when her brother Dick came running in, very red in the face, talking very fast.

"Say, Bess, grandma's come, an' she brought you somef'n. Come an' see what."

Bess jumped up in such a hurry that she upset the dolls' table, and left the dolls themselves lying in a state of pitiable helplessness upon their faces, and scattered the tea things about in dire confusion.

"I hope it's that croquet set," said she. "Now, Bess had all manner of playthings; books, dolls, dishes, and the like, all more or less soiled and broken, but she did not have what she thought she most desired—a croquet set."

It was her own fault, too, for her mother often said that the child should have it in a moment, only she knew very well how it would be, Bess was so careless that before the end of the first week she would get tired of it, and then the mallets would get broken and the balls lost; so she had to make the best of it.

Bess had saved out of her month's allowance of spending money, which she wasted on every occasion, she would have had enough to have bought two or three croquet sets.

Then Miss Bessie wrote to grandmother, and told her how much she wanted it, confidently expecting that the kind old lady would gratify her. But she was mistaken; grandmother had another plan.

She threw her arms around the dear old lady's neck and kissed her. After they had talked awhile she said:

"Bessie, my dear, I have brought you something. Go out on the porch, and lift the lid of my willow basket and see what it is. I know you will be pleased."

Bess knew very well that wicket and mallets could hardly be carried in a willow basket, and she went out rather laggingly. But she lifted up the lid of the basket, and there, in the coolest, cunningest of nests, was a plump, little snow-white hen, about which cuddled twelve little, downy chickens. These were Bessie's present. She was really pleased, and they were so pretty that she forgot her disappointment. Pretty soon grandmother came out, and said to her:

"Bessie, that is Mrs. Biddy and her family I have brought them to you as a present, although I knew you would rather have had something else." Bess blushed and looked a little ashamed, but her grandmother pretending not to notice it went on:

"Listen to me, Bessie; Biddy has here twelve chickens, was a plump, little snow-white hen, about which cuddled twelve little, downy chickens. These were Bessie's present. She was really pleased, and they were so pretty that she forgot her disappointment. Pretty soon grandmother came out, and said to her:

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days after came the box, marked in big, black letters—

MISS BESSIE GREY, Cleverdale. It was the happiest day of Bessie's life, and she kissed Biddy's smooth, white feathers with unaffected gratitude.

Papa put the wickets up, and that evening there was a ten party—a surprise for Bess. They played all the afternoon; when evening came they were ready with keen appetites to appreciate the dainty supper Mrs. Grey prepared.

I am certain that of all things she ever possessed, except Biddy, Bess never enjoyed anything as much as she did the croquet set—simply because it took an effort to get it, and she made the effort herself.

I must not forget to say that Biddy's children and grandchildren grew up and were sold, while the plump, little hen grew plumper and tamer every day. She would follow Bess about like a dog, and would fly upon the back of her chair for her dinner. And far as can be seen, she seems to promise to reach a dignified and happy old age.

Origin of Santa Claus.

To begin at the beginning, it is said that when St. Paul, the Apostle, was waiting at Myra, "a city of Lycia," for a ship to take him to Italy, he founded a church.

At any rate, a Catholic Church existed there in the fourth century, and over it St. Nicholas, born in the neighboring town of Patara in 342, became Bishop. This man was not only extremely pious and attentive to his devotions, but the accounts handed down represent him constantly doing acts of personal kindness to unfortunate people, and from this came great popularity to him as a saint.

Hearing that a nobleman in his native town had become reduced to poverty and was unable to give the necessary marriage portions to his three daughters, he went secretly to the house by night, and finding an open window of the room where the three maidens were sleeping with their father sitting by them, threw in three purses of gold, and then the girls were married and lived happily ever afterward.

Again, as he was traveling about in a time of famine he lodged in the house of a certain host who was a "son of Satan," says the legend, who served up some pieces of small boys for supper. The good saint took in the situation, and, going to a tub in the house where the three boys had been salted down, made the sign of the cross over it, and the little chaps "rose up whole and well."

And soon St. Nicholas became the great exemplar of those who would make gifts in secret, and the especial protector and friend of little children; came to have the precise attributes of Santa Claus. He did other kind things which have led sailors, travelers and many other people to adopt them as their patron, but it is by these two stories that he is best known, and the old pictures usually represent him either with the three purses of the tub and little boys.

As the knowledge of Christianity spread to the West, the story of St. Nicholas was carried along with it. As early as the tenth century the saint had become very popular in many parts of Europe, and there naturally enough grew up a custom of secretly making presents to children on the day of his feast, December 6th. The custom seems to have found a specially kindly soil in Holland, and there was created our Santa Claus, who is nobody but St. Nicholas himself, transformed to please little Dutch boys and girls. The gifts were made in the night, as the saint made his, and were put in stockings, or, more likely, little wooden shoes, that they might surely be found in the morning. Then, as now, the jumping-jacks and wooden tea-sets came from the Alps, the region of frost and snow, and they came during the cold season; and so we have the bishop and his crozier changed into something like a rubeicund Dutch burghmaster with the reindeers and fur clothing appropriate to his northern habitation, jumping down the chimney as the least improbable way of getting into the house.

From the legends of St. Nicholas came the custom of hanging up stockings on Christmas eve, and from some such association of ideas as here suggested, did the Dutchman shape the saint of the elders into the "Santa Klaus," or "Knecht Clobes" of the juniors. The name of Santa Claus comes easily enough from the rapid pronunciation of the words St. Nicholas.

When the Hollanders came to New York they brought their favorite saint along in both forms. Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker in his famous history tells us that the ship Goede Vrouw, which brought the first burghers across the water, had for its head "a goodly image of St. Nicholas." Certain it is that the Bishop of Myra was made the patron saint of New Amsterdam, and that the first church built there was named in his honor, and that the feast of San Claus—"de patron van kinderrug," that is, the patron of the children's joy—was one of the five great yearly festivals. Then came the English Christmas with its custom of making presents, descended from a pious practice of the kind at New Year's and finally the great Christian festival swallowed up the feast of St. Nicholas, and with it Santa Claus and his delightfully mysterious gifts.

Great is The Boom Thereof. Never in the history of the great Columbia Basin has there been such a boom, especially in land matters, particularly in this section of the country, as we are called upon to witness to-day.

Land, once denounced as only fit for the coyote and prairie dog to inhabit, sells now from \$10 to \$60 per acre. Our city, surrounded by what was once termed gravel beds and alkali flats, is gradually spreading out its wings and land is sold by the foot for more than it brought ten years ago per acre. Our soil has deceived us all. Old settlers lived upon inexhaustible mines and knew it not. The bunch grass land and sage brush country has turned out to be the best wheat country under the sun.

This discovery led to the building of railroads, for without them, our wheat fields would have been of little avail, but when the yeomanry and the railroad magnates joined hands; one willing to raise the golden cereal, and the other able to give us a highway to the sea, then a new era set in, and its name was prosperity.

Happy are those who have clung to their

homes from the very first, and happy will be those who still pour into our broad and fertile valleys, acquire a quarter section of land by some means, and stick to it. True, since the boom, many with long heads and high cheek bones have taken up and grasped with one scoo-p more land than any one man ought to have, but they have it all the same, and they "freeze to it like bees wax, but still they have not taken all Eastern Washington Territory, Eastern Oregon or Northern Idaho. There are still thousands upon thousands of acres of unclaimed land, both government and railroad.

We have often said: "this is a good country," and we never gave utterance to such words but what we felt the very truth thereof sink deep into our very heart. We have seen this country when few white men had gazed upon its pine clad hills and valleys so fair. We have chased the coyote from our tent, lest he should steal our grub sack, which frequently formed our pillow; seen it when The Dalles was a large sand pile and Walla Walla a huge willow brush. We are marching on to golden times, for with us wheat is king and prosperity stands written in living letters, upon the portals of every home. The amazing fertility of our soil and our increasing shipping facilities by water and land, have caused this happy epoch, and we rejoice and feel grateful to Him, the great giver of all good and from whom all blessings flow. Roll, Jordan, roll!—W. W. Watchman.

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1883. HARPER'S MAGAZINE, ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine begins its sixty-sixth volume with the December number. It is not only the most popular illustrated periodical in America and England, but also the largest in its scheme, the most beautiful in its appearance, and the best magazine for the home.

A new novel, entitled "For the Major," by Constant Fenimore Woolson, the author of "Anne," was begun in the November number. In literary and artistic excellence the Magazine improves with each successive number. Special efforts have been made for the lighter entertainment of its readers through humorous stories, sketches, etc.

Harper's Periodicals, Per Year.

Table with columns: Periodical Name, Price. Rows for Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Young People, Harper's Young People Library.

1883. HARPER'S WEEKLY, ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly stands at the head of American illustrated weekly journals. By its unpartisan position in politics, its admirable illustrations, its carefully chosen serials, short stories, sketches and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day, it carries instruction and entertainment to thousands of American homes.

Harper's Periodicals, Per Year.