

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor. A SERMON IN FLOWERS. Just beyond this field of clover is a pasture, rough and rocky. Where the goldenrod and thistle, and the trailing woodbine grow; There, one day, I heard this sermon, most pathetically simple, Yet so fraught with truth and wisdom that it set my heart aglow;

Flower Gardening.

I wish that I could impress upon every woman the necessity of cultivating flowers, for even one pot of flowers will exhale brightness around her, and give her peace which passes understanding. Weary with the daily routine of cooking, baking, sewing and making over garments, how many women this day will sit down perfectly discouraged with the burden they are forced to endure! Now if from all this needful drudgery of life, they could turn to a window full of flowering plants, and water them, and dig up the soil around their roots, and remove their faded leaves, almost insensibly their hearts would become lighter, and their souls brighter, and with renewed zeal they would return to their tasks. I have kept five windows filled with plants through this long winter over four months of unbroken sleighing and snow-drifts—and every cold night they have been put to sleep with the newspapers tucked behind them and around them, and only once when the mercury fell 28 degrees below zero were any of them removed from the casements. Not a plant has been chilled, although they have had to depend upon an open fire on the hearth in one room, and a soap-stove in the adjoining room. And now they are filled with buds and flowers, and repay me tenfold for all my attentions. Do raise flowers, my dear sisters, and learn for yourselves their heavenly mission. Let the little children have their own flower garden where they can dig and plant at their own sweet will, and refine their hearts by their toil among the plants, for it is, indeed, the pleasantest labor which God has given us. The richest home is truly poor without the flowers which the poorest home can also possess, for a five-cent packet of flower seeds will make the most humble surroundings beautiful.

Among the novelties of last season, and also of this, the single dahlias take foremost rank, and the fashion of flowers is now straying to single flowers, rather than double ones. There are six new varieties of the new single dahlias, which are much sought after, both in England and the United States. Queen of the Whites was the prize dahlia at the flower shows last year; Imperial Prince has deep purple flowers shaded to dark red; Paragon has rich, warm petals edged with scarlet; Lutea is of lemon color, shaded to dark orange; Lord Lyndhurst of a brilliant scarlet, and Juarez, the new cactus dahlia, is of a purplish scarlet, and is very peculiar in the shape of its petals. These single dahlias will grow easily from the seed, and if planted early enough in the season will bloom in the autumn, and a bed of them can be raised in this way as readily as a bed of zinnias, and new varieties will be obtained from seeds.

The new varieties of French marigolds, with striped petals of bright yellow and dark brown, are very beautiful. They are dwarf in habit, and are entirely covered with large flowers as double as the old-fashioned soup marigolds. No bedding-out flower can surpass them in beauty. The new varieties of mignonette are also well worthy of having a place in every flower garden. Not only the color of the flowers, but the size of the spikes, have been lately much improved; and Golden Queen, Jefferies' Snow White, Miles' Hybrid Spiral, New Giant and The Prize, are all so desirable and beautiful that no one will ever regret purchasing all them.

The varieties of Mimulus, or "monkey flower" have always been lovely for baskets or vases, and now we are offered a new variety with six long Latin names attached, but one will suffice, Mimulus nobilis, which is perfection for bedding-out purposes, as its flowers will entirely cover the bright green leaves. These plants are also suitable for baskets, vases and house culture.

Pansies are first favorites of mine; their endless varieties and sweet faces make them needful for every garden. For borders or edgings of beds in the lawn they are very desirable, as well as for growing on mounds. The chief novelty of the season is Lord Beaconsfield, which has very large flowers of deep purple, shading off to white on the top of each petal. The new German varieties are also very beautiful, and are a decided improvement upon the older kinds. Snow Queen is like its name, with petals of a satiny gloss, and has a yellow eye. Petunias are rapidly growing in beauty and desirability for beds in lawns or in the garden. The Hybrid Grandiflora variety has lovely flowers, with bars or markings in white, resembling a star upon purple or crimson petals. Hybrida brilliant rose is a distinct variety; it has brilliant rose-colored flowers, with a throat shaded to bluish or white. Hybrida nana compacta, as its name denotes, is of a dwarf, compact habit, and blooms plentifully, and its flowers are of a bright red, with a white star upon them. The double and single fringed varieties are of the brightest shades of crimson, purple and scarlet, flecked and blotched with white, and are as handsome as any flowers that can be procured. They will grow readily from seed. P. robusta flore pleno has beautiful double flowers of many hues, which cover the plant entirely, and a bed of them will be an additional ornament to the most beautiful garden.

HEALTHFUL HINTS.

Hiccough can be immediately relieved by administering a lump of sugar wet with vinegar. Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible. Hoarseness and tickling in the throat are best relieved by the gargle of the white of an egg, beaten to a froth, in half a glass of warm, sweetened water.

If persons who are suffering from a severe headache would tie a handkerchief tightly around the temples they would find great relief by so doing in a very short time. A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves that extend from the stomach to the head.

When one has a bad cold and the nose is closed up so that he cannot breathe through it, relief may be found instantly by putting a little camphor and water in the center of the hand and snuffing it up the nose. I is a great relief. A good remedy for warts and corns: Drop some vinegar on the wart or corn, cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus, and let it remain ten minutes. Repeat this several times a day for three days, and the warts and corns will be gone.

Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if put in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use. These is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Get a few cents worth, pound it until it is quite fine, put it in a cast-off spicebox with perforated top, then you can easily sift it on the cut. Put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with water once in a while, and it will prevent inflammation or soreness.

For bruises or sprains bathe the part in cold water until you get ready a decoction of wormwood and vinegar. When the herb is fresh gathered pound the leaves, wet with vinegar and bind on, and when the herb is dry put it in the vinegar and let it boil for a short time; then bathe the bruise with the decoction and bind on the herb.

TREATMENT OF CROUP—Baby was threatened with croup last night, but that disease is no longer a terror to me. As soon as she commences to cough I rise quickly, pick up the first piece of cloth I can find, turn some spirits of turpentine on it, and quickly cover it with tallow, which I always keep in the room. I then heat this cloth and quickly put on the whole chest and throat. The cough ceases and baby is soon breathing freely. I never confine the cloth, and she loses it off next morning without any bad effects following.—Mrs. R. Haggards Mill, Ga., in Farm and Fireside.

The Farmer's Dog. I don't think it is right for a farmer to keep any other kind of a dog but a "shepherd," unless he is "well fixed" and takes an interest in shooting; then he, of course, should keep a setter. I have seen many farmers in ordinary circumstances who kept a pack of hounds, but I never saw one that kept hounds but he had a mortgage on his farm, and found it more urgent to chase a fox in winter than to feed his half-starving stock.

Why should the shepherd be called the farmer's dog? 1st. Because if properly trained, a collie is worth three men at driving and herding cattle, sheep, hogs or poultry. 2d. They are vigilant guardians of their master's property; always watchful, night and day. 3d. They are kind to children; know who treats them well. 4th. They are excellent ratters, and will generally make their master's premises an unhealthy place of residence for all vermin.

The Scotch collies have been purely bred for so many years to a useful standard, that it is just as natural for them to drive and herd stock as it is for a bull-dog to take hold of its adversary and hang with its usual tenacity. It is no great trouble to break a collie; it only requires patience. It is necessary that they should be worked regularly, more especially when young, or in the absence of the master they will take it upon themselves to work on their own account. I have known a collie pup to work four or five hours at a time with a flock, not playing or loudly barking, but he would take the sheep and put them all in one small bunch, carefully putting back each old ewe who thought herself privileged to stray. After becoming satisfied with holding them, he would let a part of the flock go and hold the balance. Then he would scatter the whole flock, only to "bunch" them again in a few minutes.

Acustom your pup to your particular work; be careful not to use harsh measures; never strike or kick him. If he needs severe punishment, give him a switching, but always be quite sure that he knows what the whipping is for. If once the will is broken the dog will always be afraid to do your bidding for fear of punishment. Always reward his obedience with a kindly pat or two, or a bit of food. They like to be caressed and petted, and in return are all attention to your wishes, and ready to do anything they understand you want. If a farmer keeps a dog for no useful purposes whatever, he will find a shepherd dog to be an ornament to his place, as a more beautiful member of his species does not exist.—Taurus in the Farmers' Weekly.

Constipation, liver and kidney diseases are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

For The Children.

BABIES EVERYWHERE. Here and there, here and there, Babies, babies everywhere—Copper-colored, white and brown, In the woods and in the town.

Far towards the Northern pole Little babies romp and roll— Little baby Esquimaux, In a world of ice and snow.

Learn as little babies can, To hold their chop-sticks, wave their fan, To eat their plate of snowy rice, And now and then a roast of mics.

In a sunny island home, Where the great ships go and come, Babies frolic in the breeze, Underneath the orange trees.

Where the starry heavens span Waving palms of Hindostan— In the land of gems and silk, Babies sip the cocoa-milk.

Play with ivory rings and balls By the fearful mountain walls; Ride with baby meriment On a tall, tame elephant.

English babies sweet and fair; Germans with soft, flaxen hair, Dark Italians with mamma Floating in a gondola.

Babies—diamond, pearl and opal, From Norway to Constantinople; Precious jewels every one, The dearest things beneath the sun.

But which of all that I have told Is sweetest, dearest, just pure gold— Made of many mingled charms? Why, of course the baby in my arms. —Mrs. F. M. Butts.

NOTICE.

Our little friends must direct their letters hereafter to Mrs. H. T. Clarke, care of WILLAMETTE FARMER, Salem, Oregon. We will receive them more punctually when they are so addressed. AUNT HETTY.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Last week there were not enough letters to use, so we have a good number of them this week to make up for the disappointment of last week. Perhaps it is a good thing for you all to have no letters for one week or so; it will make you prize them more, and perhaps it will set some of you to thinking that it is selfish to read letters and fail to write one for others to read.

The first one this week comes from the "Dead Letter Office." That is a funny sort of an office, is it not? Just think of dead letters, as if it were possible there could be such a thing. Very few grown up people realize what a wonderful, instructive and extensive business our postal system is. Think of the millions of letters that are every day shooting through the country, carried by the government to the remotest corners of our country, and then think how very few of these letters fail to reach their destination; and if one does fail, it is always the fault of the one who sends it. In this case our little friend did not put the three cent stamp on it. But see how true and faithful Uncle Sam is to his charge. Whenever there is a letter found in any post-office that is not properly addressed, it is sent on to Washington City, where there are men and women clerks to examine all such letters and send them on again. It is said that there is an immense room in that building where is kept all the articles which have been found in the mails, and which have failed to reach their destination. Thousands and thousands of dollars have gone into the United States Treasury from this source. All sorts of articles are found and kept here, forming a perfectly wonderful curiosity shop. Harriet Eliza got the prize in her Sunday school for learning the most verses. We are glad to hear it, and do hope it will cause other girls to try to emulate her. She is a live girl if her letter did go to the Dead Letter Office.

Laura May must have a busy life in attending to so many chicks, but then there can always be found time enough to have some fun if one tries to plan the work. We must get up very early in the morning to feed chicks, for they always get out as soon as the sun is up or sooner, and ought to be fed so that the mother hen may not draggle the chicks through the dewy grass. Especially one must be careful of young turkeys, and keep them shut up till almost noon. Be good to Curley and he will be useful, but a dog that is kicked and scolded can't be made to be of any use at all. It always seems so cruel to be unkind to animals. One can very soon know the character of a youth or man by the way they treat dumb animals. A cruel person is always one that cannot be trusted. Some boys think it is fun to "can" dogs or stray horses. It is only cowardly and vulgar, and we hope to see our young folks always on the side of the weak and defenseless, and not be afraid to speak straight out for the right—that would be showing moral courage.

Nora writes again and tries to solve Rosa's conundrum. Rosa must let us know if it is correct. We have a great number of cards now, all of which are beautiful. Nora missed the letter column, and so did not let the day pass till she sent one, so that we might not miss it again.

EAGLE CREEK, Or., May 5, 1883. Editor Home Circle: As my last letter was printed I will write again. It seems as though there were not many letters this week. I was surprised when I saw there were not any in the last paper. Yesterday it rained pretty hard, but it is nice weather again to-day. We have sixteen little turkeys, seven little ducks, two goslings and sixty chickens. We have nearly all of our garden made. Uncle William has nearly all of his crop in. I will try to answer Rosa Mullin's riddle about the cats. There were one hundred and twenty-eight. If this is right I would like to know. I will give a riddle. Round as an apple, thin as a knife, tell me this riddle and I will be your wife. I should like to hear from Katie S. I will send Aunt Hetty one of my cards. I will ask a bible question: Where is the shortest verse in the Bible to be found? Well, I will close for this time. Your friend, NORA MARKWOOD.

EAGLE CREEK, Or., May 5, 1883. Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl seven years old. I have never written to the FARMER before. I have three little brothers younger than myself. We have eleven little turkeys and a hundred and thirty little chickens. I do not go to school now, but I went last winter. I study Third Reader and Arithmetic. I live on a farm with my papa and mamma. We have a very funny little dog; his name is Curly. I will send Aunt Hetty one of my cards. I am piecing a quilt called the nine patch. I have twenty three blocks. I will close for this time, wishing the FARMER long life and success. Yours truly, LAURA MAY HOWLETT.

AURORA, Or., March 10, 1883. Editor Home Circle: As I have been reading the Home Circle for some time, I thought I would write a letter. My papa has been taking the FARMER for some time, and he thinks it a very good paper. I like to read the Home Circle very much. I am a little girl 11 years old. I live six miles from Aurora. I will tell the little cousins what I got Christmas, and would like the cousins to tell what they got. I got a nice cornucopia, some ribbon and a handkerchief. As I have no pets to write about, I will tell about my two little nieces. They are both the sweetest little blue eyed girls I ever saw. There is a Sunday school within two miles of my home. The superintendent offered a prize to the one that would memorize the most verses. I got the prize; it was a very nice book. I think Aunt Hetty is very good and kind for wanting all the girls and boys to learn the Testament and learn to do good. What has become of Katie S.? Please put my name and my sister Grace's name on the temperance roll. H. E. M. HAYNES.

The Lay of the Land. But few people comprehend that the Palouse country is a vast inclined plane. In viewing the country from the summit of an adjoining mountain, it seems to be a vast level expanse of low hills, which have the appearance of having been drifted into their various shapes by the regular southwest winds that have swept across this country during ages of time. There is no exception to one feature of this country. Every hill, either great or small, has the more gradual slope upon its south side. The steepest hills are met in traveling south. The mountains extend north and south along the east line of the country, from whence the whole country slopes off to the west at a much greater descent than one would suppose by viewing the surface with the eye.—Palouse Gazette.

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BREAK UP THE CHILLS, but restore the system, more particularly the liver and stomach, to a sound condition, and so prevent a relapse of Fever and Ague by thoroughly ERADICATING THE DISEASE, and the best evidence of this is the invariable success which has always followed the administration of these remedies, as attested by the certificates published annually in Dr. Jayne's Almanac, and the wide-spread popularity of the Ague Mixture in those districts of the United States, where the diseases, for which it is adapted, most prevail.

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