

# The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

## THE WANDERER.

On a mountain's height far from the sea,  
I found a shell,  
To my curious ear this lonely thing  
A song of ocean seemed to sing—  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain's height?  
Ah, who can say  
Whether it dropped by some too careless hand—  
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?  
Strange, was it not; far from its native sea,  
One song it sang—  
Of the mighty mysteries of the tide—  
Of the awful, vast profound and wide—  
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain's height  
Sings of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,  
Sing, oh, my home—sing, oh, my home  
Of thee!

## CHOICE RECIPES.

**Lace Bed-Spread and Pillow Shams.**—Purchase three or four dozen squares of antique lace, which can now be obtained very cheaply, catch the squares together diagonally, and fit in half squares of blue, pink or crimson satin for the outer edge. Overcast the squares of the satin for the inside of the bed-spread; place the edges of the lace squares over the satin, and stitch them down on the sewing machine. Finish the outer edges with antique lace edging to hang over both sides of the bed. It can be lined with unbleached scrim to make it light, or with silk finished silex, or farmer's satin, the same color as the satin squares. Remnants of surah silk can now be purchased very cheaply in the cities. The pillow shams should be made to match the bed-spread, but a larger square of antique lace in the centre of each can be arranged. And a half yard square of the same lace can also be placed in the centre of the bed-spread. If properly and neatly made, this bed-cover and shams will last a generation, and will decorate a room very handsomely, so that the time and money expended upon them will be well applied.

**Pieplant Shortcake.**—Take one egg, three tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar, half a tumblerful of sweet milk, one and a half tumblerfuls of flour, and two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake this in three layers in round jelly tins, and spread with rather more than a pint of stewed and sweetened pieplant. If the pieplant is stewed in a great quantity of water, and when done all the water drained off, much less sugar is needed, and the flavor will be unimpaired. This shortcake is good either warm or cold.

**Care of Wooden Floor.**—I have a birch floor in my dining-room, and should like to know how to oil or wax it, so that it will dry hard quickly, and keep its polish. Perhaps some of your many subscribers may have had some experience with hard-wood floors. J. C. M.

Somebody asked, not long ago, for a recipe for apple pie. The great secret of good apple pie is good tart apples that cook quickly. I don't know after all, but about as much depends on the crust as on the apples in making a good pie, if the crust is heavy and greasy, certainly the pie will not be good. But granted we have good apples and good crust to work with, we will make our pie as follows: Roll the crust and cover the bottom of the pie-plate, then fill with apples thinly sliced, to a generous fullness, and put on the top crust, not pressing very closely around the edges. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is very brown. As soon as taken from the oven run a knife around the edge between the crusts, and lift off the top one. Now season the apple in the pie to taste with butter, sugar and any spice preferred, put on the top crust, and serve before the pie is cold, and if you do not pronounce it good I shall be surprised. I use beef suet instead of lard for cooking, and like it much better. I buy the kidney suet from a fat beef, cut it up, put a teaspoonful of water in a kettle, and put in the suet. Let it cook, stirring often, until the scraps float on top of the melted fat, then remove from the fire and strain it. The best suet looks as yellow as butter, and is as soft. When I use it, I take a spoon and scrape the quantity I wish to use; in this way there will be no hard lumps, and it will be soft enough to rub into the flour easily, even in cold weather, and makes very light, flaky pie-crust. For two pies I use half a teaspoonful of the scraped suet, rubbed into flour, and a half tea-

cupful of water with a half teaspoonful of salt. If I had all the cream I wanted to use I would never make pie-crust of anything else but sweet cream, a little salt and flour.

## Leaf Lace, Herringbone Insertion.

Cast on 15 stitches; knit across plain.  
1st row—Slip 1, knit 2, thread over, once, narrow, knit 2, thread over, narrow, knit plain to 4, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, narrow.  
2d row—Slip 1, knit 1, seam loop, knit plain to eight stitches of the end, thread over, narrow, knit 2, thread over, narrow, knit 2.  
3d row—Same as first.  
4th row—Same as second.  
5th row—Same as first.  
6th row—Same as second.  
7th row—Same as first.  
8th row—Same as second.  
9th row—Same as first.  
10th row—Same as second.  
11th row—Slip 1, knit 2, thread, over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit plain to end of row.  
12th row—Count stitches; should be twenty stitches.  
Slip one, knit one, bind off five stitches until there are fifteen stitches left to be knit with again at the first row.

## The Thoughtful Contributor.

"I want to write for your paper," said a solemn-looking man, as he paused on the threshold of the editorial sanctum. "That's right," replied the editor, without looking up from his work, for it was publication day and there was a stern demand for copy that could not be denied. "When you write for it be particular and give your name and post office address distinctly."  
"I will send the solemn man, stepping in and taking a chair.  
"And don't forget to enclose the money. Some folks write for the paper and forget to put in any money. Then they complain because the paper doesn't come."  
"Do you want money when a man writes for your paper?" asked the solemn man, as his face acquired an additional elongation.  
"Of course. What d'ye think we print a paper for? Fun? Not much. If a man writes for the paper we suppose he wants it, and if he wants it he must pay for it."  
"You don't understand," said the solemn man; "what I want is to write for your paper."  
"That's what you said before, and I told you how to do it," replied the editor, testily, swinging around in his chair. "Though I can't see why you can't subscribe right here now, just as well as to wait until you get home and then write for it. Though may be you haven't the necessary two dollars with you. I respect your independence. You don't want to subscribe for a paper you are not prepared to pay for. That's right."  
"But if I write for it—"  
"If you write for it and enclose the money it will be sent promptly. No fear of that. Subscribers will confer a favor on this office by reporting any carelessness or irregularity on the part of their postmaster in delivering the paper."  
"I can put a great deal into a letter," insinuated the solemn man.  
"Needn't put more than two dollars in," said the editor, "unless you get up a club. Usual reductions to clubs."  
"I fear you don't comprehend me," said the solemn visage. "I want to write for your paper—write articles and correspondence, you know, for a remuneration."  
"Oh, that's it. Why didn't you say so before? Thought you wanted to subscribe. Seemed sort o' curious, too, that you couldn't write for my paper to be sent without coming in and telling me about it."  
"You will like my letters."  
"Can't say as to that. The most interesting letters the editor gets, as a rule, are those short, pithy ones, which say, 'Enclosed please find subscription price for your valuable paper for one year.' That outweighs a dozen pages of 'Reflections on the Dying Year,' or 'Thoughts of Discovering the First June Bug.' A great many people want to write for the paper who have nothing half so interesting to say as that they find their subscription has about expired and here is the money for renewing it. That is neat and to the point, and no editor will throw the letter into the waste basket—without first taking the money and duly crediting the subscriber on his account. Write for the paper, my friend, by all means, but don't forget the enclosure."  
"Then the solemn man went away more thoughtful than before.—Cincinnati Saturday night.

The steam schooner Theresa May was sold Monday in Portland at private sale to T. L. Stark and John Deas for \$6,000. The new owners will at once place her in readiness for the Yaquina Bay trade and expect to make alternate trips to Yaquina and Gray's harbor. The employment of this vessel will furnish additional and ample transfer facilities for freight and passenger carriage. The Theresa May is a good sailer, and has power to steam eight knots in ordinary weather. She will carry seventy tons of freight and has accommodations for a few passengers.—Benton Leader.

# For The Children.

## THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of woman!  
Angels guard her strength and grace  
In the cottage, palace, hovel,  
O, no matter where the place!  
Would that never storms assailed it;  
Rainbows ever gently curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;  
Power may with beauty flow,  
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,  
From them souls unresting grow,  
Grow on for the good or evil,  
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Women, how divine your mission  
Here upon our natal sod;  
Keep, oh keep the young heart open  
Always to the breath of God!  
All the trophies of the ages  
Are from mother earth unpearled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!  
Father, sons, and daughters cry,  
And the sacred song is mingled  
With the worship of the sky—  
Mingles where no tempest darkens,  
Rainbows evermore are curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Our first this week comes from Blanche, who has never written for the Circle before; it is a real nice, chatty letter, too, telling of her daily life and of her surroundings. She says that in feeding chickens in the winter she uses pepper in the food. This is an excellent idea, and one that we used to follow when we wanted to get eggs in the winter. Blanche's letter is worth a good deal for this hint alone.

Vellie's name was not on the last published Temperance Roll; mistakes will occur, and we are very sorry about it. Vellie has an eye for the beautiful, we judge, for she tells of the beauty of Mary's Peak while covered with snow. The world is very beautiful in all its different phases, beautiful in its summer dress of green foliage, and grand in its snowy covering—at least it looks beautiful to the young; till care, disappointment and weariness of the world takes away from its charms. Vellie writes a good letter and must not forget to write again.

It is a good while since Christmas, yet many of our little folks keep it in memory still, and we love to hear of the pretty things they got.

Parthenia is not old enough to write herself, so she gets some one else to write for her; that is a very good way, and it is just about the same as if she had done it herself; it is better than not to write at all.

Jamie does his share; we hear of so few of the boys, when they should be the best of correspondents, for they have plenty to write about and have more leisure than girls do.

Clara thinks our mountains are so beautiful and admires the tall timber. We judge she comes from some of those prairies east of the Rocky Mountains. We like to hear new comers speak so pleasantly of Oregon; many come with the idea of finding a country where money is to be picked up, while it is just as necessary to be industrious in Oregon as any other place, if one wishes to get along well; these sort of people look about a little and then go back disgusted and discouraged, when they find they must work to live.

Maud sends a very good letter and must write again.

Chester must have missed some papers, for we remember a letter from him once a long time ago. We wish Chester would tell the rest of the boys how he goes to work to break his colt, whether he does it gently or scares the poor timid animal till it loses all spirit. No boy or man is fit to break in any animal till he can rule his own spirit and temper. No man can be a successful farmer till he has command of himself; animals will not do well or thrive under a passionate man; the horses will balk and the cows will kick. When you see the pigs, chickens and cattle run towards a man when he goes into the field you may be sure that man is good to his family, and that he is a successful farmer and will get rich; on the contrary, when a man has to spend half a day chasing around to catch his horse, you may be sure he is a demon in his family and not fit to live. The Bible says, that he who ruleth his own spirit is better than one who taketh a city. No one respects a man who gets into rages of passion.

Boys should learn to control themselves while they are young, then it will come easy as they grow older to curb an ugly temper. If our boys want to grow up to be influential men they must do this, for no one wants to deal with passionate people, and such men get justice; when a boy once gets a reputation for being disagreeable and ill-natured it sticks to him all through life, and prevents success in life, even if he has all good other qualities. These disagreeable people not only are miserable themselves but they make everybody wretched about them—that's the great trouble with bad tempers. Others have to suffer from them. Some of you may say, "I can't help getting mad." Yes you can; commence now while you are young, and it is easy, but if you indulge in ill nature every year will make it harder to control till it will get to be that every one about you will hate you for your ill ways.

SPRINGFIELD, Or., Feb. 12, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
As I have never written to your paper I thought I would write. I am a little girl ten years old; we take five papers. I have pieced one quilt. The snow is about four inches deep here now; our pump froze up, it is a wooden pump; we can't thaw it out, so we have to melt snow to get water. Our well is sixty-five feet deep. I got a nice handkerchief for a Christmas present. We get from nine to twelve eggs a day; we feed our chickens pepper. We have one cat and two dogs, they are good to catch squirrels. I and my sister wash the dishes all the time; she is six years old. I have a canary bird, it is so cold I have to wrap it up every night. It was five deg. above zero last night. Mamma is making a rug, she is working two cats on it. I will close by wishing your paper success.  
BLANCHE EDWARDS.

PHILOMATH, Or., Feb. 18, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
You didn't have my name on the temperance roll, I sent it last summer and I didn't see it on the roll. I have not missed but three days of school since last September. We have a nice view of Mary's Peak, it is all covered with snow away down on the trees on the sides of it these snowy days. My oldest brother and I belong to the Band of Hope; we don't go very much. We didn't go to the Christmas tree, but old Santa Claus came and put the things in our stockings. I will tell you what my brothers and I got; I got an autograph album, a pair of mittens and a knife; my oldest brother got a knife and drum and harmonica, and jump-jack. My aunt down at Corvallis got some presents for us; she gave me a wax doll; my oldest brother got another knife, the youngest one got a whistle and each of us got a little glass to drink out of. We had a good time if we didn't go to the Christmas tree. We all got some candy and nuts. It has been snowing for several days; some persons around here have been fixing up sleds to ride in; they have sheep bells and cow bells on their horses for sleigh bells. The other night, I heard some of them going by on the road and I said to Mamma, old Santa Claus was coming ringing the bells; the boys up here had a cow bell on their horses. Is it snowing at Salem now? it is a foot and a half deep here now. Have they got any sleighs in Salem. I will close by asking a riddle: I shouldn't wonder if Aunt Hetty knew the answer to it. I want to see my letter in print next week. I have a little more before the riddle, I got dinner while mamma washed to day. The riddle is: "My missie sent me to your missie to get a whinoc a whinoc a four board jellock to strike ton thomic and hours after hours and you may have it again." Success to all.  
Your friend,  
VELLIE E. CHAPMAN.

SPRINGFIELD, Or., Feb. 12, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
As I have never written to the FARMER I thought I would write a few lines; I am a little boy twelve years of age. We are having pretty cold weather here; the snow was about five inches deep yesterday. I live on a farm eight miles east of Eugene City. I am taking the Youth's Companion and think it is a nice paper. We have some little lambs. We take the FARMER and like it very well. I think Aunt Hetty is very kind to let the little folks have a page to write to. I am sorry to say that I have written to the FARMER, but did not see it in print, but I thought I would write again. We have sowed one hundred acres of fall wheat and twelve acres of spring wheat. We plow when it is not too wet. I picked hops last year and made a dollar a day. I am getting subscribers for a dictionary. I have three sisters. We have been cutting wood; I have to run one saw; I am breaking a colt to ride. I will tell you what my studies are, the fifth reader, speller, written arithmetic, physical geography, mental arithmetic, grammar, and writing.  
Yours truly,  
CHESTER EDWARDS.

CROOK CO., Or., Jan. 12, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
I am a little girl nine years old, and I can't write very well, so I will get my Aunt to write for me; her name is Mrs. Newbill. She has taken me to raise; I thought I would like to have a letter wrote to the FARMER. I like my new home ever so much. Aunt has one little boy his name is Frankie, he is such a nice little fellow. As this is my first letter I will not write too much for fear it will go into the waste basket, I will close by wishing Aunt Hetty a Happy New Year. As ever yours,  
PARHENIA WAITE.

MOHAWK VALLEY, Or., Feb. 24, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
This is my first letter to the FARMER. I am a little girl ten years old; I live in Mohawk valley. There is a little snow on the ground, but it is melting off so fast that papa thinks there is going to be high water. I have started a star quilt; I have got four blocks made. I will tell you how many pets I have got; I have a pig and a cat—I call my kittie Tab; my sister has got two little canny birds, one of their names is Clويد and the other Maud. We made a snow man, but it is melted now. Well I will close for this time. Great wishes to the FARMER.  
MAUD E. WILSON.

MOHAWK VALLEY, Or., Feb. 21, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
This is my first letter to the FARMER. I am a little girl twelve years old; I live in Mohawk valley; we came here in 1880; we came from the Eastern States; I like it better here than I did there; it is so cold in the winters there, but we also have some cold weather here. It has been snowing here for over a week. I think Oregon is a pretty State, for there are so many pretty mountains and so many pretty trees on them. I have nearly two quilts finished, and both of them are a four block. I will tell you of my pets—I have a lamb and a kittie; my lamb's name is Kate, and my kittie's name is Maltie. I must close; good-bye; yours truly,  
CLARA A. WILSON.

PRINEVILLE, Or., Jan. 12, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:  
This is my first letter to the FARMER; I am 13 years old; father takes the FARMER; I like to read the little folk's letters very much. We are having very cold weather; the snow is about four inches deep. We live sixteen miles from Prineville. I do not see any letters from Crook county in the Home Circle. I have a little brother ten years old, his name is Edward; we are not going to school at present; I am in the Fourth Reader and expect to take the Fifth Reader next summer. Fearing my letter is already too long I will close by my best wishes to Aunt Hetty. Please put my name on the Temperance Roll.  
Very respectfully,  
JANNEY PAGE.

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