

# The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, EDITOR.

## OLD RYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten,  
And not to be drank;  
To be threshed in a barn,  
Not soaked in a tank,  
I came as a blessing  
When put through a mill:  
As a blight and a curse  
When run through a still.  
Make me into loaves,  
And your children are fed;  
But if into drink,  
I will starve them instead.  
In bread, I'm a servant,  
The eater shall rule;  
In drink I am master.  
The drinker a fool.  
Then remember the warning;  
My strength I'll employ,  
If eaten to strengthen,  
If drank to destroy.

## A TOAST.

Here's a toast to the boy who fails,  
If he only sincerely tries!  
Here's a cup to the health of the fallen  
lad  
Who honestly tried to rise!

Here's a hand for the boy who faints,  
With the mountain top so near!  
And here's for the lad who almost wins,  
If he does his best—a cheer!

And for him who succeeds at last,  
A jubilant "three times three,"  
If he only remembers to help along  
Some weaker boy than he!

## TOO ECONOMICAL.

A little while ago, I was taking care of a sick neighbor for a day and night, and as I had often heard the family spoken of as exceedingly "saving," I was not much surprised to find a scarcity of comforts and conveniences. The poor woman complained of a severe pain in her side, so acute that she could with difficulty draw a long breath. I suggested a mustard plaster. There was no mustard in the house, and the question was asked if something else would not answer. As I knew of no substitute, they concluded to send to the store for a box; but it would take a little time to get it, and she was in so much pain that I thought a hot flannel might ease her. Inquiring for it, no one knew where there was any. "Get me one of the children's shirts, then," I said; and after a while one was produced, looking like Joseph's coat, being so patched that it was hard to tell what the original color was. Supposing it to be a cast-off garment, I took shears and cut it in half, so as to have a change when it got cold. "Oh, don't cut it," groaned the sick woman, when she saw what I was doing; but it was too late. The hot flannel cured the pain somewhat, and then she regretted sending for the mustard—"It is so expensive to have sickness in the family!" she said.

When the mustard was prepared, there was another hunt for cloth to spread it on. Every bit of cloth was too good to cut up; but happening to see a thin stocking with the heel and toe entirely gone, I took the shears, cut open the leg, and spread the plaster on it.

"Oh, dear! I was going to cut those stockings over. I am sorry you took that!" she said as I applied the paste.

She eased a little, and I told one of the girls to heat the other piece of flannel, so that I could change it. The sick woman roused up as I spoke:

"Don't burn it, Jennie!" she cried; "that will have to be sewed together, and last another year!" Turning to me, she whispered: "Won't you see she don't scorch it? Flannel is costly, you know."

Finally she dropped off to sleep, and I thought I would go and help the girls in the kitchen and pantry, for they were young, and could not be expected to be very efficient housekeepers.

"Get me your dish-pan and cloth, Jennie," I said, "and I will help you while your mother sleeps."

"We haven't any dish-pan, we use this wooden bowl," she said, setting a chopping bowl on the table.

"Let me wash and scald it out," I said; "hand me the dish cloth."

A long search and a cloth was found—a little bit of ragged remnant of a shirt-sleeve. The dish-wiper was another fragment of the same garment.

Mr. K. came in, and drawing a chair up to the stove, sat down in it. He was a rather heavy person, and down he went, chair and self, on the floor, with a smash that jarred the house, and of course waked his wife.

"Confound this chair!" he exclaimed. "It is the third time it has floored me

and I have tinkered it up. Three times and out!" and he brought his foot down on the back with such force that the rounds flew across the room, and the seat was split in a dozen pieces.

"Oh, Mr. K.," shrieked his wife from the bed-room. "What have you done? That was grandfather's chair, and so comfortable! It is too bad!"

"I tell you," said Mr. K. to me, "my wife is a dreadful saving woman, but I sometimes think there is danger of carrying things too far and being too economical."

Whether it was bodily or mental pain that troubled the poor woman most, I do not know; she evidently suffered, and I changed the flannels, but she could not get to sleep again. She was sick for a long time, and as a near neighbor I had ample opportunity to see the workings of the domestic machinery, and I came to the conclusion that if economy is an essential element to prosperity, there is some danger of being so economical as to deprive oneself and one's family of real comfort. I would rather have things that were comfortable in my daily life, than to hoard up money to leave to my children to quarrel over when I am laid away.

FARMER'S WIFE.

## CHOICE RECIPES.

**Ripe Tomato Pickles.**—Select smooth tomatoes, not ripe enough to be soft, nor showing only a tinge of green around the stem. Wash and wipe, or drain thoroughly dry. Insert a few cloves through the tender skin; then lay in a stone jar and cover with vinegar. The smaller tomatoes are best, as the largest are apt to become broken; three cloves should be used for a tomato the size of an egg. Most excellent pickles are made of the yellow plum tomato and the small red cherry; push a clove into each at the stem and end, and merely cover with vinegar. Pretty effects are produced by arranging the two colors together on a glass dish; as an accompaniment to baked beans nothing better could be found. If the vinegar is of good cider, and not too strong, they will not mold or grow soft.

**Preserves.**—Excellent preserves are also made of the small yellow tomato. Wash and weigh the fruit, and lay in a stew-kettle; then with a pestle break each tomato to release the juices. To each four pounds of the fruit allow three pounds of white sugar and one lemon sliced very thin. Stew slowly until thick; then pour into bowls or wide-mouthed bottles, and cover with a piece of writing paper dipped in white of egg and pasted over the top. Keep in a cool place.

**Sweet Tomato Pickle.**—Cover green tomatoes with boiling water, allowing a large spoonful of salt for each quart of water. When the water becomes cold, remove and drain the tomatoes; slice one-fourth of an inch thick, and lay in a jar until about two inches deep, and a few whole cloves and bits of stick cinnamon. Repeat in alternative layers until the jar is full; then cover with vinegar, lay on them cabbage or grape leaves, and weight down with a plate.

**Easier Methods.**—Many who do not relish sweet pickles, put them up in the same manner as above, leaving out the sugar; or, if preferred, lay whole green tomatoes in a jar, scald the spices in a quart of vinegar, turn this with the spices over the tomatoes, and cover with cold vinegar. If the housewife lacks time or inclination to put up green tomato pickles they can be laid in strong brine with the cucumbers, and in winter make nice pickles by merely "freshing" and covering with vinegar.

**Catsup.**—Wash thoroughly ripe tomatoes; slice them, and stew until soft; then rub through a wire sieve to remove seeds and skins. Measure and return to the stew kettle; to each gallon allow one pint of good sharp vinegar, two table-spoonfuls of salt and one of black pepper, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Stew until thick, bottle while hot, cork tightly, and set in a cool place. This catsup may be varied by adding different spices to a few bottles, which should be distinctly labeled so that the catsup may be known from the plain.

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand dollars." The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed: "The lawyers got that!" The judge and the audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

Clover is splendid food for hogs. It may be fed, cut and added to other feed.

# For The Children.

## TO DOLLIE.

She sports a witching gown  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt.  
She is gentle she is shy;  
But there's mischief in her eye—  
She's a flirt.

She displays a tiny glove,  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe;  
And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabric of her dreams—  
But enough!  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
Past belief;  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that  
In their grier.

It is shocking, I declare!  
But what does Dollie care  
When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
Little rose?

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Aunt Hetty does not feel very cheerful to-day as she sits down to read the nice letters, for it has been raining all night and all the day before, and she thinks of all the new mown hay that is being spoiled, and of the grain that is cut and lying on the ground; all this means loss to the farmer, and if the farmers don't do well every one feels it; the merchant and the banker feel it—the world could not well get along without the crops that grow. Then the rain is bad for the little birds Aunt Hetty has been watching; the nest has got so full that it hardly holds the four little ones now that they are feathered out. Last evening both of the old birds spread their wings over the nest, for one could not cover so many little heads, and it seems to take a deal of scolding and talk from mother bird to keep the youngsters from getting into the wet grass, for they would surely die if they got to flying in this wet weather. Birds must have some way of talking to each other, and the little birds seem to understand.

Jeneveve tells of her robins nest that she loves to watch; no doubt the birds will come again next season to the same place. We have known the same sort of bird to come year after year, and we thought it might be some of the same family. Aunt Hetty would be very glad to claim relationship with Jeneveve, and we will just consider that we are a sort of "cousin," anyway.

Next comes a letter from Frank, who has the right idea about the way cows and calves should be treated, and we are sure he will have the courage to speak up when he sees an animal abused; this is moral courage—the best kind of courage. It is not always a brave boy that is ready to stand up and fight with his fists, but the bravest is one who dares to speak the truth, standing up for the right, whether it be a popular thing or not. It is strange what should have made these little pigs die—perhaps they were fed too well. Prince has sense and intelligence, every dog has that has a young master who has a kind hand.

Julia was thoughtful to remember the Circle just now when letters are like angels visits. Dan must be a wonderful horse to do so many tricks; Dan knows it pleases you all, and every horse seems to try to please, and they do wish to do right, but when they get beat if they do, and beat if they don't do, they lose heart and rebel and kick over the traces. Be patient until they understand what is wanted of them.

Dear little Maggie has something nice to say about her pets, too; she will find that Tom could not be lost for good. Cats seem to have the bump of locality well developed; they will travel miles and miles, even crossing water, which they hate, to get to the old home.

Now comes such a nice letter from away across the sea, from near the same place where the famous "Jersey Lily" came from. Willie is something of an American boy, even though he is now a subject of Queen Victoria. We are sure all the boys and girls will be ever so much interested in hearing about the way Jersey people live. That is the place where all the fine Jersey cows first came from. Willie asks some very hard questions, and questions that are calculated to improve the mind by studying

them out. We shall be so glad to get more letters from Jersey, and so will all the Circle.

Now those of you who can't shut your eyes and imagine where the Isle of Jersey is, must get the map, hunt up Old England, Ireland and Scotland and then find this famous little bit of land. Geography is too little studied now in schools. We think perhaps Oregon has as many square miles as all these islands spoken of.

DEER CREEK, Or., July 11, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I see others are claiming relationship to you, because their ancestor's name was Clark. I have as good a right to claim you as anyone has, for I am a descendant of the Clark family, and I have seen you several times, and I guess a great many readers of the Home Circle have not. I have written three letters for my little nephew and nieces, Frank, Julia and Maggie. We have over a hundred little chickens, four little ducks and three turkeys. This spring I found a robin's nest when there were but two eggs in it; I have made a visit every day or two ever since; the little birds are so large now that they make the nest more than full; they are not afraid of me at all and the old birds do not care when I take them in my hands, but they sit by and see that I do not take them away from their little home; no one but me knows where they are hid away so snug, but they will soon fly away when the warm weather comes. Your friend,

A. JENEVEVE MILLS.

DEER CREEK, July 10, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I wrote to you last spring. I will answer your question about the cows and calves; it is not right to kick and abuse them. I was in the orchard this evening, and I got a few ripe, red apples. I will tell you about my little pigs, as it may be a benefit to some other little boys who have pigs; I had five in a pen, I fed them milk from a fresh cow, and four died soon after. I have a shepherd dog, his name is Prince.

FRANK RAYMOND.

DEER CREEK, Or., July 10, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

We saw in the last FARMER that letters were scarce, so we thought we would send a few. The apples are getting ripe. I have a cow, her name is Peggie; we have a pet horse, his name is Dan, he will kneel down, put his feet on a box and several other things. The big show came to town and I saw the baby camel and a bear and some elephants. Our school is out and we are enjoying our vacation.

JULIA B. RAYMOND.

Editor Home Circle:

I have never written to the FARMER before; I am five years old; I am quite a little girl, I have blue eyes and brown curls; I have a little sister a year and a half old, her name is Mary; I never went to school but one day, but I can spell as good as my brother and sister. I have a very big cat, his name is Tom, he was lost in the hills four days; I have a cow, her name is Lily; I have a hen and chickens. From your little friend,

MAGGIE RAYMOND.

"BOX CHOIX," Millbrook, Jersey, Channel Islands, June 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

Father has taken the WILLAMETTE FARMER for some time, and I take much pleasure in reading the various letters of the "Young Folks." Some of the readers of this column may be interested in a letter from these far off regions but perhaps they may not just know where they are. If they will look on the map of Europe they will see four little islands between England and France. Be careful! as they might be mistaken for fly specks, but we are living on one of the largest, Jersey, and nearest to France. But small as these islands are, they are famous all over the world for their cows. Jersey cattle are the best in the world and are sold for large sums of money. The Farmer's Glory, a young Jersey bull, was sold to an American for \$5,000. A few weeks ago I went to a cattle show and saw some very fine cows; the cow which gained the prize (which was a silver cup) was a perfect beauty; she was also sold to an American. The cattle are chiefly fed here on grass and lucerne, to which they greatly owe their good milk. When they are feeding in orchards, during the fruit season, their heads are tied down to their feet to prevent them from reaching the apples, which might choke them.

A peculiar cabbage grows in this island. It sometimes grows to the height of ten feet. The stalks are made into walking-sticks, which are very light, but of a formidable size. Nearly every visitor to this island buys a cabbage-stick as a "souvenir of Jersey." The leaves of it are given to the cows. If any of

the readers of the FARMER should want some of the seeds of this cabbage I will forward him a packet for 20 cents, post free. I am not sure that they will grow in America, as the climate is very mild here.

I have a pet dog, its name is Beauty, and my brother has a tabby cat, the latter has just had four kittens, but we only kept one; Beauty and Tabby delight to play together, and every morning Beauty goes and sees how Mrs. Tabby's kitten is getting on; we have named it Miss Minette, which is the French for pussy. The next time I will write of potatoes, of which the crop has been enormous.

I will conclude by asking three questions:

1. Who can tell me three words ending in dous?

2. Who can solve the following sum: A man has two silver cups of unequal weight, and a cover which fits both, weighing five ounces. Now, when the cover is put on the less cup the weight is double the weight of the greater, but when put on the greater the weight is triple that of the less cup. What is the weight of each?

3. Who can tell me the Seven Wonders of the World. Yours respectfully,  
WILLIE G. ROBERTS.

## A GOOD WORD.

Such a kind, encouraging letter accompanies our Jersey boy's communication, that we want others to feel its inspiring influence; it is a veritable ray of sunshine across the sometimes weary path. How many of those on our temperance roll would like to join the society spoken of by Mrs. Roberts? Let us hear from one—any—or all of you on the subject. It seems as if it would be a very good thing to join this Bible Union. It creates a bond of fellowship, and we will feel all the more interested to know that others are reading under the same leadership. We should like to know that every one of our girls and boys read the Bible, and that they will be able to say they have read it through.

BON-CHOIX, MILLBROOK, Jersey, Channel Island, June, 1884.

Dear Aunt Hetty:

My son has just completed a letter for the column of the Home Circle, which I am sure will delight him if you think it worthy of print. My husband has taken the FARMER since our residence in this pretty island and we all like it much. I am never afraid for our children to read it, as a healthy tone pervades each paper, and we see none of those sensational "horrors" which so often fill the pages of American newspapers, and makes one blush and dread the effect on the morals of the young. I am so glad you are interested in the temperance cause. We are all abstainers—belonging to the "Blue Ribbon Army." I must say that I enjoy reading your Home Circle. I like to hear of all those dear little boys and girls who are trying to help mothers and fathers, doing all they can to make home happy. I feel like saying to those loving little helpers: "He that is faithful in the least, the little things as we are apt to call all the necessary duties of this life, will, when the greater, more self-denying duties of life fall to their lot, prove also faithful and trustworthy." Perhaps we are more interested in Oregon than we should otherwise be—as we anticipate (God willing) to make our home somewhere in the Northwest on the Pacific. I should like very much to get all the young people that belong to your temperance roll to join a society I and four of our children belong to for reading the Scriptures. A chapter in the Old Testament each morning and a short portion of the New each evening. We know that God's Holy Word is able to make us wise unto salvation, therefore I should be so glad if I knew how we could form such a society. To each one who belongs to the Bible union a card of membership is given with their number attached, also The Christian Progress is a small pamphlet giving the portion of Scripture for each day. Also a golden text. I am sincerely,

ELIZA W. ROBERTS.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,  
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;  
"Tis Castoria.  
When Babies fret, and cry by turns,  
What cures their colic, kills their worms,  
But Castoria.  
What quickly cures Constipation,  
Stomach, Cold, Indigestion;  
But Castoria.  
Farewell then to Morphine Syrup,  
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and  
Hall's Castoria.

**Centaur Liniment.**—An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an instantaneous Pain-reliever.