

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, EDITOR.

WHILE GIRLS WILL WED.

She rose at the early daybreak,
With a sick and aching head,
And she said—this cross little woman—
"I wonder why girls will wed!
They wouldn't, I am sure, if they reckoned
The things that a woman must bear;
The never-done work of a household,
The never-done Mother care.

"Six dozen pieces to wash to-day,
And the children must go to school,
And every one knows on washing day
Baby is cross as a rule;
And Bridget is now to the work yet,
(Oh, dear, how my head does ache!)
Yet, I shall have the dinner to cook,
And all of the beds to make."

But as soon as breakfast was ready,
Father came in from the yard;
And kissed the sick little mother,
"Was sure that her work was hard,"
He said to the noisy boys: "Be still!
Your mother's not well to-day;"
And when he bids her "good-by,"
He "could kiss the pain away."

And the coffee, or kiss—which was it?—
Heated like a magical charm;
The spirit of diligent gladness
Was every where on the farm.
The father worked hard at the plowing,
The mother forgot her pain,
Bridget did well with the washing,
There wasn't a drop of rain.

The baking and cleaning was over
When the boys came home from school;
Baby forgot it was washday,
And pleasantly broke his rule;
And at night the house was clear and bright—
There was not a thing amiss;
"Tis only a wife," the father thought,
"Would do so much for a kiss."

And the wife, sitting down in the fire-light,
The baby asleep at her side,
Her husband chatting and watching her
With a husband's loving pride,
Thought much of her full and pleasant home,
Of her children asleep in bed;
And said with a sweet contented laugh,
"No wonder that girls will wed!"

BY THE FIRE.

She sat and mused by the driftwood fire,
As the leaping flames flashed high and higher,
And the phantoms of youth, so fair and bright,
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light;
The blossoms she gathered in life's young days
Wreathed and waved in the flickering blaze;
And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears
That rose at the dream of her April years;
And ever and aye the sudden rain
Plashed on the glittering window pane.

Sobered and saddened the pictures that
showed
As the drift wood to a red core glowed,
And the fancied figures of olden time
Passed with the steadied step of their prime;
The daisies and snow drops bloomed and died,
Red roses and lilies stood side by side,
While richer and fuller and deeper grew
The lines the pictures August drew;
And ever and aye the falling rain
Streamed thick and fast on the window-pane.
The driftwood died down into feathery ashes
Where faintly and fitfully shone the flash;
Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,
And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet;
And lush and green as from guarded grave
She saw the grass of the valley wave;
And like the echoes in ruins seemed to sigh,
The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,
And caught the sweep of the sullen rain,
And dashed it against the window pane.

—All the Year Around.

BEDS AND BEDDING.

Editor Home Circle:
I want to give some of my ideas on beds. I have been away from home on a visit and got stirred up on the subject. The furniture of the room I slept in was of the best, the bed was supplied with a hair mattress and no doubt my hostess thought there was nothing more to be desired. I was tired and on being shown to my room, I wished to rest as soon as possible. Well there is no telling how long that bed had been made up as I found it. But certainly I found it very damp, and I awoke in the morning with a sore throat, and aching all over. Those quilts I slept under were the especial pride of my friend. Her mother had had them when she went to housekeeping. They had been washed until in order to keep one warm it almost required weight enough to tire a strong man. Surely, there has been enough written on this subject. A spare bed should never be kept made up. A spread nicely tucked over the mattress, the pillow shams, look all right. Then if you have company come in damp weather, air the sheets by the fire before you put them on the bed.

I do not think it of so much importance of what a bed is made, as how it is made. Every one cannot afford nice mattresses, and those who cannot, can have husks or straw, a good cotton mat, to just cover it, (of two or three pounds in weight,) then the sheets, etc., and you have a better bed than a cheap mat-

trass can make. If you have old quilts that are not fit to sleep under they will do for mats, though, of course they will not be as soft as new. My mats are covered with unbleached muslin. When they become soiled I take the covering off and wash it and put it back on. I always find the cotton as snow white as new. I tie them with twine from grocers' packages, and as they do not need to be tied very closely, I can make one in an hour and a half. I line all my quilts with white, and after they are all done, face them at the top with a strip about a quarter of a yard wide. Treated in this way they can be used for a great many years by people who are careful, without needing to be washed. I am making a comforter for my little boy's bed of all wool. I piece each block, cut the lining the same size, turn and run together all but one side; turn again, leaving the seams inside; lightly stuff the block with cotton wool, being careful to have it smooth and flat. Make a star in the center or make a tuft of zephyr (it's a nice way to use up all odds and ends of zephyrs). When I have blocks enough I sew them together with strong thread and cross-stitch over the seam on the right side. You will find it pretty work, doing away with the inconvenience of quilting frames. Each separate block looks like a little cushion. I made a bed spread for his bed of unbleached muslin, tufted with unbleached, unprepared cotton. I had some difficulty in getting the latter, but they must both be unbleached when made, so as to shrink together, else the tufts will pull out. The muslin must not be too fine, else the thread will break in pulling so much cotton through. To make it, lay your cloth on the floor, and with a lead pencil mark any pattern you choose. Mine is simply diamonds. I used a yard stick for a ruler. Then prepare your cotton (it comes in skeins and will require 30 or 40 cents' worth for a large spread), in long needle furls, fourteen threads in a needleful; and with a tufting needle (a large darning needle will do, though it is much harder to work with) make a stitch, drawing the cotton through to within half an inch of the end; go on to the place you wish the next tuft, letting the cotton lie flat with the cloth, and so on, until the spread is done; then cut in the middle of each stitch, on the right side. Soak a day and night in suds quite blue with indigo, and put out to bleach. I hope I have made the directions plain enough to follow. Spreads made in this manner are very durable, quite cheap and pretty.

EUNICE.

THE WORK BASKET.

Pretty comforts for the beds in summer are made of the so-called barrette veilings, which can be bought for a few cents a yard. The scarlet makes very pretty ones if tufted with white and button-holed around the edge with Germantown or some similar wool, after being cut in deep and good-sized scallops.

A pretty way to dress up the sofa is to make a long and narrow scarf. This may be of any handsome material, but it must be long enough to tie in a loose and graceful knot; this is to be placed at the top and in the centre of the back, and the ends are to be spread out and must be fastened in place to the cushions of the sofa. If fringe is used to decorate the ends it should be soft and silky, and not be in balls; if made with taste this is a pleasing change from tidies.

An ornamental and convenient wall-pocket is made by covering a large palm-leaf fan with silk. If the silk is thin, put a sheet of white wadding under it, so that the ribs in the fan will not show. The silk must be put smoothly over it. The handle of the fan must, when it is hung on the wall, be at the left hand side, not inclined at all, but pointing straight toward the left. A pocket is to be shirred on across the fan; it is cut rounding at the bottom and straight across the top. At the top of the pocket put a bow of ribbon. Above the pocket on the plain silk, work in delicate grey etching silk, a spider's web, and at one side pin on a metal spider, which can be obtained at a millinery store. This makes a pretty ornament for the wall of any room.

Pretty curtains for the dining room are made of plain colored material, whether Canton flannel, cretonne or saten; on the edge put a broad band or border of flowered cretonne. This should be worked with crewels and silk, and a little gilt thread may be used with excellent effect. If the outlines of the figures alone are worked, and only a few stitches here and there in the centre of the flowers, you will still have without great labor, a very elegant curtain. These curtains are particularly pretty

and appropriate for winter, and working the border will furnish pleasant employment for odd moments.

To make a hanging scrap basket take a silver, gilt, or gayly colored folding Japanese fan; remove the rivet; also cut the stiff end-sticks off; join the two paper ends together, and fasten with mucilage. As soon as this is dry gather the sticks at the bottom to a point, and run through them a wire, twisting the ends together to hold the sticks in place. Weave a bright satin ribbon, about an inch wide, in and out of the sticks, and tie through the point a bow of the same satin ribbon, with ends hanging from it, around the inside of the paper part of the fan, which is at the top of the basket, paste a narrow piece of stiff paper to hold the basket out. Make a loop of ribbon three-eighths of a yard long, the ends of which are to be fastened to either side of the basket. Finish where the joining is, by a bow of ribbon, and two bows to hide the seam on the paper part of the fan. The baskets are convenient to hang beside the dressing table as receptacles for scraps, or for holding articles of usefulness.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Baked Tomatoes.—Put six large, ripe tomatoes, with their stalks cut off, into a well buttered pie dish; sprinkle pepper and salt over them and cover with finely grated bread crumbs; bake from half to three-quarters of an hour in a moderately hot oven. Slice the tomatoes before baking.

Plain Tomatoes Sliced.—If the taste of garlic is not disliked, rub a dish slightly with cut garlic, slice the tomatoes into very thin slices, lay these slices on the dish, sprinkle well with pepper and pour some vinegar over just before served, but do not let the tomatoes stand in the vinegar.

Tomatoes and Onions.—Pare six tomatoes, peel and cut two small onions into little pieces, put them into a lined saucepan with a little water and allow them to boil until quite tender; then add the tomatoes, season well with pepper and salt, and simmer altogether for twenty minutes; then add two eggs well beaten, only after the eggs are added the mixture must not boil, but simmer very gently; serve on toast, and then hot. N. B.—Eight button mushrooms may be substituted for the onions in this recipe; they should be stewed instead of boiled, a little milk being used and the eggs put in with them instead of being added afterward, the yolks being well beaten up; a dash of lemon juice or vinegar should be added before serving.

Blackberry Cordial.—Blackberry cordial is a home-made medicine of much value during August as a remedy for diarrhoea: To one quart of blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, one tablespoonful each, of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice. Boil all together for fifteen or twenty minutes, take from the fire and add a wine-glass full of brandy or Jamaica rum. While still hot put in bottles with stout corks, and seal if not intended for immediate use. A tablespoonful three or four times a day is the usual dose, though in severe cases it may be increased to a small wine glass full.

Layering a Rose Bush.—A writer in one of the agricultural newspapers says that a rose bush may be layered with little trouble, and then tells how to do it. Make a narrow trench, three or four inches deep where a good, well grown shoot can be bent into it. After blooming, in June cut a slit in the shoot selected at the point where it will touch the soil into the cut, bend the cane down to the bottom of the trench and fasten it there with some pegs, and cover it well with soil. By fall it will be a rooted plant, and can be cut away and transplanted.

Castor Beans for Moles.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly attests that the old remedy, dropping castor oil beans in the runs of moles is adequate. A pint will rid an acre of land from them. Thrust the forefinger into the mole hole, put in a single bean and cover up the finger hole with a bit of earth, chip, stone, or clod to keep out the light. The mole will be sure to eat the bean and it is death to him. Also in planting corn in fields where this pest abounds, if a seed is dropped occasionally in a hill, the mole will eat it in preference to the corn.

His Success.

Financially and socially are due to his excellent health. If his system were clogged and feverish, no doubt he would fail as many others do. But why not enjoy good health when one can please the palate at the same time? Syrup of Figs is not only pleasant to the taste, it also cleanses the system thoroughly, yet painlessly; it is harmless in its nature, and strengthens the organs on which it acts so that regular habits may be formed, and the sufferer permanently restored to health and happiness. Sample bottles free and large bottles for sale by J. J. Briggs.

For The Children.

THE BIRD PARLIAMENT.

One day the birds all met together
To have a talk about the weather—
The crow, the daw, the dove, the jay,
The lark, the linnet, brown and gray,
The sparrow from the cottage eaves,
The finch and wheat-ears from the sheaves,
The thrush and blackbirds from the brake,
The swan and heron from the lake,
The snipe and woodcock from the sedges,
The wren and robbin from the dedges,
The hawk and eagle from the rock,
And from the farm the turkey cock,
And many others great and small—
So many I can't name them all.
(The bat and owl both stayed at home,
For only in the night they roam.)
O, such a cackling, screaming, shrieking,
Whistling, and at y noise but speaking,
Till it was time to go to bed,
That not a single thing was said.

OUR LETTER BOX.

It is so thoughtful in our little friends to keep on writing this nice summer time. Last week there was not one letter left to commence on for this week. It had always been a rule not to use the very last one, but we have confidence now that some one will remember the Circle.

Lizzie sends a letter she has written to Grace Buford to the Letter Box, so that we may all have the benefit of reading it. It is a good idea, for we all have the pleasure of seeing it, and Grace loses nothing by letting us have it first. Perhaps Grace will send the answer in the same way. Just think of living seven miles from school; it seems as if in an as old settled region as "Foster's" there might have been school houses built convenient to every one.

Martha sends a letter too, enclosed her sister's. The letter is so nicely written and so well expressed that we should not think it was seven miles to a school house. Aunt Hetty would like so much to see these little girls and see the chickens, turkeys and other pets they have to take care of. There is a great deal of pleasure in the care of animals, and if they are well treated they will develop a great deal of intelligence, they soon learn that a kind hand ministers to their wants. Aunt Hetty has a pet just now in a goblet, a funny sort of one, too. We let a man put some young trees in a corner of our nursery, just for accommodation; it seems now that these young trees were infested with an insect called "borers," and these insects got into our own young trees, so we had to dig about the roots of every one of the trees to find them—so much for being accommodating. Well, Aunt Hetty put some of the "cyralsis," or cocoons in some dirt in a goblet and covered it over to see what sort of a miller it was. One has hatched out, and every day we put in fresh plum leaves for it to feed on. The miller is almost black and has long pretty wings. The time is coming when we shall all have to fight for what fruit we get, just as they do in California and the Eastern States. But if every one would watch and kill they could not increase so fast. One lady told me last week that a large field of corn and beans that they had planted was entirely eaten up by cut worms, and she was sure it was because many robins died last spring in the cold weather. The birds are our best friends, and we must see that they are protected. The same lady said that boys came from town and shot everything they could find and then threw them away, they just seemed to kill for the love of destruction. Every one ought to put up a trespass notice, and then punish any one who shot on their premises.

Allie writes for the first time, and a very good letter, too; not many could do so well at nine years old.

Delman has been camping; those Silver creek falls are lovely, one of the most charming spots in Oregon. By next year Delman will be able to help more in the fields; yet it is a great help to get cool, fresh water, and it is no little thing to carry water through the hot sun. Be faithful in small things, it is a good preparation for greater things. Then there is no greater help to mother than to know some one is taking care of baby, some one that she can trust and can be sure that he will be kind and faithful.

FOSTER, Or., July 18, 1884.

Dear Grace Buford:
I think it is a nice plan to correspond with one another and get acquainted better. I live away out here so far from any of the other children that I write to the Home Circle. There are some that write from Centerville, but I do not know them; we live 30 miles from Centerville, we came through there moving

out here—it is a pretty little town. Grace, have you any chickens and turkeys? I love to raise chickens and turkeys and take care of them. I like the children's corner in the FARMER the best of all. My father has gone to the mountains; I would like to go to the mountains berry-picking, I think it would be nice. They are talking of building a school-house around here before long, and then I will be glad, for I can go to school then, we live seven miles from any school-house. We have a canary bird, his name is Harry, he is a beautiful singer; we have three pet calves and two colts, one of the colts is black and the other bay; we are milking three cows. Well, Grace, I think you are a nice girl, and I would like to see you. Grace, let us hear from you. How many others are going to keep up a correspondence with each other. From your friend,
LIZZIE PARKER.

FOSTER, Or., July 16, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
I am a girl 11 years old; my father has gone to the mountains and I have to herd the cows while he is gone. As others are telling what pets they have I will tell what mine are, I have got a calf and his name is Cherry; I have a colt, her name is Daisy; I have a hen and chickens. I have a sister, her name is Myrtle, and she is as sweet as she can be. From your friend,
MARTHA A. PARKER.

HARMONY, Or., July 17, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
As I have never written to the FARMER I thought I would, as all the other little boys and girls are. I am nine years old. Three of my aunts and one of my uncles have gone to the mountains; one of my uncles and grandpa are building a well-house; I go to school, my studies are third reader, mental arithmetic and speller, but our school is out now; I got a card the last day. ALLIE D. PHILLIPS.

WHEATLAND, Or., July 26, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
I have been having such a nice time lately that I almost forgot the Circle. Since I wrote before we have all been to Silver creek falls and Mehama; the falls are grand, the water pours down over the rocks into a very deep hole and falls in a light mist that looks like snow; papa thinks the water falls at least one hundred and fifty feet. We had a fine time camping, caught some splendid trout, got a few blackberries, it was too early for many to be ripe; since we came home we all went to the river bottom and gathered a nice lot—mamma has about fifteen gallons put up. The grain is getting ripe very fast; the rain last week did some damage but if it don't rain any more papa can save most of ours. I can't help in the field so I take care of baby and carry water to the men.
DELMAN PETTYJOHN.

Honey for Boys and Girls.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter. One pound of honey will go as far as two pounds of butter, and has, besides, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasting. It always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and sometimes produces cramp and diarrhoea. Honey eaten on wheat bread is very beneficial to health. It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving-principle. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscle as does beef-steak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and physical and intellectual action.

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,
Tis Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
Tis Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrup,
Castor Oil and Paregoric,
Tis Castoria.

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

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