

## The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

### THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY J. L. MCCREERY.

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer shower,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth;

And all things that for growth or joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

Though life becomes a desert waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into paradise,  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody,  
That we have missed and mourned so long,  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms  
That we have learned to love, are torn  
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here,  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serene sphere.

They have but dropped their robes of clay  
To put their shining raiment on;  
They have not wandered far away,  
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep.

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,  
Their arms enfold us, and their hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life: There are no dead.

### HOW TO PROFIT BY READING

Martha Holmes Bates, in a recent St. Nicholas gives the following good advice to young readers; but as many of their seniors also get into very careless habits of reading, we give it for their benefit, feeling sure that scores will profit by it, women particularly, who, from a diet of light literature, have so relaxed their minds that they cannot without a conscious effort grasp more substantial neutral food.

After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be affected by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit then of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and also teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has

its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

### HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you would have for hidden, under the same circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of anger and resentful spirit.—Exchange.

### CHOICE RECIPES

**Chocolate Marble Cake.**—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one and one-half cups of milk, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, about three cups of flour, and a little vanilla. After this is well mixed take half of it and put into another dish and stir into it one square of melted chocolate, have your pan ready and put in a spoonful of white and brown alternately until all is used.

**Cabbage.**—It should be boiled two hours. It is very nice also, after it is boiled, chopped very fine and fried in a little butter. When done, add a little vinegar and stir it up.

**Lemon Fritters.**—To one cup of milk and one egg allow the juice and pulp of one lemon. These may be served with sauce; in that case add the grated peel of half the lemon to flavor the sauce.

**Tapioca Meringue.**—Two cups of tapioca; soak in the milk or water overnight; in the morning put it on to boil, adding a little milk at a time until it becomes of the consistency of cream; add yolks of five eggs; sweeten to taste; flavor delicately; when cold cover with a meringue made of the whites of eggs.

**To Make Beef Tea.**—The Boston Journal of Chemistry gives the following directions: One ounce of beef to six tablespoonfuls of water is a fair proportion for a good article. Cut the meat into dice, put it into a stewpan and add the water cold; let it stand ten minutes, then put it to heat very gradually.

**Excelsior Fruit Cake.** One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of flour, ten eggs, beat the yolks, sugar and butter together, beat the whites separately; One-half pound citron, one pound English currants, one pound raisins, one ounce mace, one ounce cinnamon, one ounce cloves. Bake in a slow oven two hours.

**To Make Welsh Rarebit.**—Take half a pound of cheese, three eggs, one small cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, mustard and salt to taste. After beating the eggs in an earthen dish add the other ingredients, then spread on the top of slices of bread, toasted or not, as you choose, and set in the oven to melt.

**Breakfast Cakes.**—The requisites are two pounds of flour, four eggs, a pound and a half of butter, some ginger, caraway seeds, citron, half a pint of cream, some milk and a little yeast. Mix the butter with the flour, beat up the eggs, add the cream put ginger, caraway seed and citron to taste, then three teaspoonfuls of yeast, and milk enough to make it of a right thickness. Beat all thoroughly together with a spoon, set it before the fire to rise, and when it has risen, drop it in cakes upon tins and bake them.

## For The Children.

### THE DIMPLE ON HER CHEEK.

Within a nest of roses,  
Half hidden from the sight  
Until a smile discloses  
Its loveliness aright,  
Behold the work of Cupid,  
Who wrought it in a freak,  
The witching little dimple—  
The dimple on her cheek!

The sirens' lays and glances  
To lure the sailor nigh;  
The perilous romances  
Of fabled Lorelio,  
And all the spells of Circe  
Are roft of charm and weak,  
Beside the dainty dimple—  
The dimple on her cheek!

Were these the golden ages  
Of knights and troubadours,  
Who brighten olden pages  
With tourneys and amours,  
What lances would be broken—  
What silver lute would speak,  
In honor of the dimple—  
The dimple on her cheek!

### OUR LETTER BOX.

We put faith in our young folks, and sure enough there are more letters this week than we can well use, nice, good, long letters, too. There is a decided improvement in all the letters that come; they are longer, and then they seem to cover a greater variety of topics, with more originality of ideas than at first.

Eva's card came with her letter. We have quite a box full of pretty cards which have come to us from time to time from our little friends. Eva is right in learning to do all sorts of housework; not only farmers' girls, but all girls should know how to "cook, scrub and make pie." There should be much pride in making the very best pies, too; a great deal may be learned from experience, if one tries to do the best they can. Eva must write again and not be afraid of writing too much.

Clyde sends an answer to a problem, which must have cost him quite a considerable time and thought. We hope some one will answer the questions he asks, for they are such as will help to stimulate the mind and encourage love of history.

Samuel Kelly writes again. We are glad to have the boys write, but it seems as if our most reliable correspondents were the girls. He sends a puzzle which some other bright boy may guess; there is some "catch" in it.

We have been on Clatsop beach and so can have some idea of Annie's home on the Newaukum but it must be great fun to fish from the door-yard.

R. E. Pearce gives a very good account of his trip to the sea coast. There is great fun for boys on such a trip, and many curious things to be seen. Digging clams, getting rock oysters and hunting for shells up and down the beach. It is curious to watch the Indian women dig for razor clams, which seem to dig down into the sand faster than the women can follow them. A person who is not used to catching them cannot get them, they disappear so quickly. I don't think I would like to kill the gulls, for they are not good to eat, and are harmless. At Astoria a person would be fined who would harm a gull that came about the city, for they are thought to be good scavengers. They will follow a ship or a steamer miles and miles out to sea to catch the refuse food that is thrown overboard. Sailors say they will go half way to California, then meeting a steamer coming back, will return. We found amusement in throwing food to them to see how quickly they would catch it and how gracefully they rode the waves while devouring it, sometimes a dozen would be fighting for the same morsel.

ELLENSBURG, Or., July 20, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I am a little girl eleven years old; as I have never written to any paper before I thought I would write to the Home Circle, as I enjoy reading the little folk's letters very much. Aunt Hetty, I am a farmer's girl, I can wash, scrub, cook, milk, gather blackberries and make pies, and I found it very convenient to know how to cook, for I had it to do when ma had the measles. Well, Aunt Hetty, I will send you one of my cards. I am not going to school now but our school will commence in about three weeks. We have got about 78 little chickens. Well, I will close. EVA MILLER.

LOST VALLEY, Or., July 29, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I will send the solution of Willie's problem. The first cup with cover equals twice the second, minus five cov-

ers; the second equals three times the first minus five; three times the first equal six times the second minus fifteen; hence the second equals twenty ounces, from which four ounces equal the weight of larger cup, and three ounces equal the smaller one. Questions: What Jewish Prince married Rahab, the harlot, and what Jewish King ordered his brother to be executed as a traitor. I would like to hear from some person on the other question I asked; perhaps Aunt Hetty will answer. Respectfully, C. C. B.

NEWAUKUM, W. T., Aug. 5, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I thought I would write a letter to Aunt Hetty. I never wrote a letter to the Circle. The middle verse is the 8th verse of 118th Psalm. I will ask a Bible question: Which is the middle and the least chapter in the Bible? I have two brothers, one is three years old. The Newaukum river runs through our farm and I can stand in the yard by our fence and fish, and I can go up the river in our boat. Put my name on the temperance roll. My papa takes the FARMER. I wish you success. ANNA ROGERS.

PLEASANT HOME, Or., July 28, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I will write to the FARMER again. The sun is shining bright to-day; we went to Sunday School this forenoon, and there were a good many out—everybody takes quite an interest in it. There is no school here now; I did not go last term but I shall go next term. I love to read the Circle. We have six horses, including the colts; my brothers have two Indian ponies besides; we are milking nine cows at present. My oldest sister lives at Salem and the other has moved to Portland. I cannot think of any more this time, so I will close by sending a puzzle: One duck ahead of two ducks, one duck between two ducks and one duck behind two ducks; how many were there. Your friend, SAMUEL KELLY.

ESOLA, Aug. 4, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I have sat down to write another letter to you about my trip to Nestucca and back. I had long wished to go to the sea shore. My brothers Charlie and Willie had been once before and concluded to go again, so I had a chance to go, which I did. We left June 10 at 1 o'clock, and the next day were in dead timber at the toll gate; during the night it rained. At 10 next day we pushed on and at 6 in the evening arrived at the bay and were busy an hour pitching our tent, then our boys started for the beach; we were at the beach about two hours and succeeded in killing 16 gulls, which was very fine sport. We then returned to camp. We staid at the beach four days, then we made another move and crossed the bay on a boat and went to Sand lake, four miles below Cape Lookout, where we caught about 70 flounders. They were very good fish and now the travel homeward began—being 10 days from home—we hitched up and started, driving two days. We were greeted at home with much joy. I will close for the present. R. E. PEARCE.

In a neighboring city a few months ago a man was injured by the falling of an elevator, and was carried home and put to bed. In the course of the day it occurred to him that it would be the proper thing for him to secure the services of a legal adviser for the purpose of securing damages from the concern which was responsible for the accident. A lawyer was sent for and he arrived just as his client was getting up. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in amazement, "go right back to bed again; do you want to spoil your case?"

### A False Move

He was a porter in a wholesale dry goods house on Jefferson avenue. His salary was not large enough to warrant him in buying a fast horse and wearing silk undershirts, but he was growing fat and smoking fair to medium cigars. In an evil moment the tempter came and whispered in his ear that he could make \$20,000 as easy as rolling off a log. With that much money in his hind pocket he could cheese the racket and have a new tailor every week in the year.

Yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, the porter invited the senior partner to go upon the roof with him to see about repairs. There was a wicked leer on his face and a strange light in his eyes, but the guileless senior partner noticed nothing but the fact that the porter was getting a bornly flush on his nose. No sooner had they reached the roof than the villain seized his employer and held him suspended over the dizzy height, and cried out—

"Your check for \$20,000 or I drop you into the alley!"

"Say \$15,000."

"Never!"

"Make it \$17,000!"

"I will not! Give me what I ask or over you go."

"Very well—I knock under."

The senior partner sat down on the key cover of the trap door and wrote the check for the sum named. The porter seized it and swiftly descended and closed the trap to keep the victim on the roof. It was but the work of five minutes to run to the bank and present the check.

"Never had a cent on deposit with us," said the cashier, as he shoved it back.

The porter had made a false move and he had lost. He crossed the river on the ice, and is now a wanderer on foreign shores.—Detroit Free Press.

"What makes you so late to-night?" asked a wife of her husband. "You promised me you would be at home at ten o'clock." "I've been (hic) lookin' at the comets," he replied. "Comets? There is but one comet visible to the naked eye."

"Yesh, but one comet visible to the naked eye (hic); but yer see I had the aid of er-powerful glass and could see two of em."

There is a tradition of a Cunard captain of years ago who in his off-days, prided himself on his curt replies to inquirers. A lady on his ship asked him a civil question one day, when he was especially cross. "Don't trouble me, ma'am," was the response. "Go ask the cook. Perhaps he'll tell you." "Excuse me," she said instantly, "I supposed you were the cook, when I addressed you." The captain was polite the rest of the trip.

# \$11,950

## IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

### To SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the \$25 premium fully described in our former announcements.

The premium will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

F. A. WILEY, Esq., Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you \$11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our emery tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 15th.

Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq., Cashier Bank of Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of \$11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.

Yours truly, F. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

See our other announcements.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their frowns, makes them sleep? It is Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrup, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hall Castoria!

**CENTAUR LINIMENT**—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.