The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose

They toss the hay in the meadows,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apple hangs ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,
Tiny barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber,
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great:
And from those brown-haired children
Shal grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

POPPIES.

When life to its evening declines
Bright Spring fills the heart with gloom,
And in mocking, it seems she twines
Her garland of fragrant bloom,
Of all her flowry wealth,
That love has opened by stealth
Fresh blossoms that dazzle the sight,
Alas! no need to pluck more
Than a few leaves to scatter o'er
A coffin's pillowed night.

Pluck me the poppy that grows
Wild in the cornfield's shade!
'Tis said that its juice will close
Eyes by life's sorrow o'erweighed,
I've waked too long—my soul doth tire
Of dreams that ever in dreams expire,
Far from me, Spring, with thy radient bower
Of lilies and roses gay!—
Close-shut eyes—what need have they
Of aught but sleep's sentinel flower?

CANNING FOR WINTER.

Now is the time for housekeepers to lay in a supply of canned fruits and vegetables for next winter's use. While enjoying an abundance of these things in their season, one is apt to foget their season, one is apt to forget their scarcity in the winter time, and the summer will often slip by without this provision being made. To be able to have a change occasionally from the usual winter diet to a meal of green peas, string beans, tomatoes and berries, is higly enjoyable.

I have heard housekeepers complain of being unsuccessful in their attempts at canning peas and beans. It must be that their method of canning was at fault, for in one year's experience in canning them, I have had no difficulty whatever. I use the same rule for canning everything, and will give it, as I know it to be good.

Whatever is to be canned, whether fruit or vegetables, must be cooked sufficiently to be eaten, and must be boiling at the time it is put in the jar. Stand the jar in an empty pan (so it can be easily moved when hot) near the kettle that contains the fruit. Dip a large towel into the hot water, and wind it around the jar. After the jar is filled with fruit, thrust a knife to the bottom, and by stirring it around, the air bubbles will rise to the top. Have the jar full, and seal quickly.

Stand the jar on the top end in a cool place. Leave it up-side down until it cools. As the heat leaves the jar, the cover will loosen, and must be secured occasionally to render it perfectly air-tight.

There is a great difference in jars. I have tested quite a variety, and have better success with Mason's porcelain lined covers than any others. I purchased a large number of "Mason's improved" last year, with glass covers screwed on with iron rings. Many of them were worthless, the rings being too large to screw the covers on air-tight.

The pint jar is well adapted to small families. Fruit that is kept air-tight will soon spoil when exposed to the air, and where only a small amount is used, they will be found very convenient.

The old rule for making preserves and jellies is a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit or pint of juice. It is a very inconsistent rule, and I have long since abandoned its use. I think the amount of sugar used should depend on the acid in the fruit. Some fruit is so sour that "pound for pound" is necessary, but where there is little acid in fruit, so much sugar entirely destroys the rich fruit flavor.

Preserves and jellies should be kept secluded from the air, and in a dry place. They should not be placed so that the jars and glasses will come in contact with damp walls, as they imbibe the moisture, both in dampness and taste. To prevent mould, lay a brandied paper over the fruit before tying down.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Cauliflower Salad.—Boil one large cauliflower with two quarts of water and one tablespoonful of salt, for half an hour. Take up and drain. When cold, divide into small tufts. Arrange on the center of a dish and garner with a border of pickled beet. Pour a cupful of mayonaise dressing over the cauliflower. Arrange a star of the pickled beet in the center. Serve immediately.

Potato Puffs.—Take cold roast meat—beef, mutton or ham and veal together—clean the gristle, cut small and season with pepper and salt, also cut pickles if liked; cut and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with an egg and roll out, dredging with flour; cut round with a saucer; put some of the seasoned meat upon one half and fold the other like a puff, pinch neatly and fry a light brown.

Creamed Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Make one pint of cream sauce. Have six slices of toast on a hot dish. Put a layer if sauce on each one and then part of the whites of the eggs, cut in thin strips; rub part of the yolks through a sieve on the toast. Repeat this, and finish with a third layer of the sauce. Place in an oven for about three minutes. Garnish with parsley, and serve.

A highly satisfactory stuffing for a duck, whether canvas-back or red-head, is made by grating enough bread to fill the bird. Moisten it with cream or milk, in which is put a tablespoonful of melted butter; season with salt, pepper, etc., the rind of a lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped celery, and the yolk of one egg. If the flavor of an oyster is to you delectable, add a few raw oysters whole. A strip of bacon placed over the breast of the roasting duck gives a delicate, almost imperceptible flavor, and prevents its becoming dry.

Chocolate Custard.—One quart of milk, two eggs, two and a half heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Heat the milk almost to boiling—same as for soft custard. Beat the eggs; then add the corn starch and work it in till free from lumps; then add the chocolate, then sugar, and wet the whole with cold milk—take sufficient milk besides the quart to have it thin enough to pour—then pour the whole into the hot milk and and stir until about as thick as soft custard. Let it cool a little and pour into glasses.

Koumiss.—Besides being a delicious beverage to those who like it, koumiss is invaluable for use in sickness. Invalids who could retain nothing else have lived upon it for weeks, and its nourishing properties make it desirable for any one who from loss of appetite cannot take a sufficient quantity of food. The original koumiss, kumys, as the Russians call it, was made by the Calmucks, and obtained by fermenting the whey of mares' milk. To make it take a quart of milk, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar and one and a half tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set this mixture in an earthen pan near the fire until the bubbles rise on top; stir it down and bottle, filling the bottles not quite full, fasten the corks firmly with wire or stout string. If wanted to use within three days keep in a temperature of 65 degrees; it is better if allowed to stand for a week in a temperature of 45 degrees. It must be opened with a spigot like a champagne tap, as the contents of the bottle are likely to be lost if the cork is drawn in the ordinary way.

Quinces baked with the skins on are delicious when served warm; put one on a saucer at each plate. If mashed with a knife, the core is easily removed; then put on a little butter and plenty of sugar. In the process of baking, the quince loses the strong taste which is disagreeable to many, and retains a delicate flavor that is excellent.

Success.

The sale of Syrup of Figs is simply immense. Everyone is taking it, and all admit that it is the best medicine ever used. Children cry for it on account of its pleasant taste, and grown people who have used it once never take anything else. Unlike other remedies for biliousness and constipation it never loses its power to act, and it always leaves the organ on which it acts stronger than before. Besides, one feels fresh and bright and realizes that it is Nature's own true laxative. J. J. Briggs is agent for Salem.

Send us one new subscriber.

For The Children.

DON'T SHOOT.

My boy, do you not see
It is your gun, you've raised,
And pointed straight at me?
Surely you must be crazed;
You could not wish to stay
My song, sweeter than flute;
Oh! take your gun away—
Don't shoot, my boy, don't shoot!

Just yonder, in that tree,
There is a precious thing—
My nestlings wait for me,
I must their dinner bring.
My mate would pine for me,
And his sweet voice be mute;
Oh! let me still go free—
Don't shoot, my boy, don't shoot.

A little lifeless thing
Would be all you would gain;
It nevermore could sing,
And you'd have given pain,
And it would hurt you boy,
The heart be less accute;
Oh! give not pain but joy—
Don't shoot, my boy, don't shoot.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Those beautiful summer days are beginning to grow perceptibly shorter. You will know that in the latter part of June we have the very longest day, then each day after that is a few minutes shorter, so that it takes a month or more to really notice the difference. Then at night-fall as we sit on the door steps we begin to hear the crickets call, and those insects that are seen in autumn days. Autumn is close by, with its busy days of canning, drying and preserving of the abundant fruits for next winter's use.

We have to apologize to one of our little friends, for in cleaning the box where we keep the Home Circle we found such a nice communication in an empty envelop that should have been printed long ago.

Clara had never written before, and as this was her first letter we feel all the more regret at its delay. Clara might call her club-footed chicken "Byron." Then Clara helps her mother, besides having to walk to school two miles. We want to hear from Clara again, for she writes a nice letter.

May comes again after a long silence. May must let us know about the chicken account she has kept, and we hope her next letter will be a longer one.

A. J—— certainly has our sympathies on the blackberry question; as for ourselves we are willing to pay a dollar a gallon for them after this. The hopper toad would be a welcome guest if we were sure of being able to keep it at home; the last one we had ran away—it certainly would have staid with me if it could have known its own value. We should be ever so glad to see A. J——.

Maggie's letter is too short; she must be a busy little girl. That big toad if tamed and fed will be a source of great amusement—just watch and see how quickly he can snap up a fly or a beetle—they live entirely on insects; they are invaluable in a garden where there are grub worms and other pests.

Julia ought to be a naturalist—she seems to love to watch the birds. There is a great deal more real pleasure to be found in studying nature than there is in visiting or going about among other people for amusement.

George lives near Silver creek, one of the most beautiful spots in Oregon. He gives a good doscription of the falls. The boys are not so good about writing letters as girls. We hope George will write again before long.

NORTH YAMHILL, Or., April 28, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

As I have never written to the FARMER before I will now try to write a few lines. I am a little girl of twelve years of age; I have got a good many pets; I have got two lambs, one is named Mollie and the other Donnie; have got a chicken named Club-foot—I named it so because its feet were frozen off; I have got a canary bird named Johnny; I have got a horse and a cat; we have got 30 chickens and four calves; we make lots of butter; we get three dozen eggs a day. I will tell you what I do to help my mamma, I wash the dishes and feed the chickens and iron the clothes and help do lots of things. I go to school and walk two miles; we have a good teacher. My grandfather has taken the FARMER for fourteen years—he likes it very well, I like to read the little folk's letters. I will have to close, hoping to see my letter in print. Yours truly and sincere.

CLARA E. RUSSELL.

FOSTER, Or., July 6, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

I will try and write a few lines; it has been a long time since I wrote to the Circle. It has been trying to rain some here to-day. I cannot think of anything to write about to-day. I am going to keep account of the eggs we get this year—I have kept account of them so far; we have got a good many already this year. We have got two young colts and three calves; we are milking three cows this year. As I cannot think of anything else to write about I will close by saying good-bye and wishing success to the FARMER. MAY PARKER.

DEER CREEK, Or., Aug. 2, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

As Aunt Hetty gives us her experience "going for blackberries" I guess ours as we went somewhat farther than she did. We started to pick berries twenty-five miles from home and went over sixty and did not get a quart. We have a very large toad that is well trained to stay near the steps; if you want him, Aunt Hetty, you are welcome to him. I will answer Mary Kelly's Bible question. Saul was converted at Damascus—his name was changed and he was called Paul. I will also give the answer to her riddle; "There were but two persons in that house, the father and mother." I will ask a Bible question: Where is the word "grandmother" mentioned in the Bible, and what was her name. My little neices are anxious that I should call and see Aunt Hetty when I go back to school. Truly yours,

A. J. MILLER.

DEER CREEK, Aug. 3, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

I was glad to see my letter in print and thought I would write again. Plums are ripe and we will commence drying them to-morrow. I found a robbins nest in the orchard and the birds left it last week as soon as they were big enough to fly. Our pet horse Dan came near being killed last night; he got one of his hind feet in the rope around his neck; the hired man cut the rope just in time to save his life. Something caught one of our ducks. Your friend,

JULIA RAYMOND.

DEER CREEK, Or., Aug. 3, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

I was glad to see my first letter in the FARMER. Have you any canary birds? We have a big toad that lives under the back porch. My Tom came home one morning when it rained—he was afraid his fur would get wet. We went up in the mountains to get blackberries and auntie shot a jack rabit with papa's gun and we had him for breakfast. I went to Sunday School this moning. I will send you one of my Sunday School cards. From your little friend,

MAGGIE RAYMOND.

SALEM, Or., Aug. 11, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

As I have never written to the FARMER I thought I would write as boys and girls do. I have two pet lambs and a pony, his name is Spot. I have been going to school in the mountains three months and had a good time there; I lived a quarter of a mile from Silver Creek Falls, which are very nice to see; the water falls one hundred and eighty-three feet; it all falls apart and it looks like snow; you can go around behind the water, which looks pretty scary at first to see great rocks hanging over your head and water falling over them. My father is building new a house there and we are going up there this fall. We have 450 acres of wheat to cut this year. We take your paper and like it very much. Your friend,

GEORGE S. REID.

Encourage the Birds.

War is waged by farmers against all birds, except a few popular songsters, and most boys are taught that birds and birds' nests are their rightful prey. These little creatures do some damage it must be admitted. They will pick up seed that has not been well covered, but that will teach the farmer to sow his seeds more carefully. They will feast upon the ripe grain, and sometimes destroy more than they eat; but the farmer seldom considers that he might not have any grain to harvest, were it not for these same feathered intruders. During the time between sowing and harvesting, birds must live upon something besides grain, and I fancy that farmers seldom think that that something is principally insects, and eggs of insects. They rear their young on these, and one can hardly estimate the immense number of insects thus destroyed. Were it not for this safeguard that nature has kindly furnished us in the form of the feathered race, the world, according to the best calculations, be completely overrun in a few years of uninterrupted propagation, with crawling, stinging pests. Birds have an important work to do, and we should aid them with all the means at our command; certainly we cannot afford to destroy our protectors. Every farmer should teach his children to cherish and protect their feathered friends. Encourage the birds, and children too, by building bird-houses about the farm buildings. Teach the boys to build these houses, and thus serve two purposes at once—accustoming them to the use of tools, and imbuing their minds with humane sentiments. Many a farm home knows naught of music but that which floats on the air from nature's own orchestra. Let us have all the sweet sounds we can, to soften and lighten our rural toils.—W. D. Boynton, in American Agriculturist.

HOW TO BE A TRUE LADY.

I wish to speak a few words to the young ladies of the Home Circle about how to be a true lady. I feel a great interest in young ladies, but how often do we see a great many young growing up, trying to make ladies out of themselves—whose acts and behavior are such that we can better esteem them anything else than true ladies. What I wish to impress upon the minds of the young girls is this: In this country every girl may grow up to be a lady if she will try. It is not necessary that she become a great scholar (though we wish they were all graduates) in order to be a lady. Some of you girls may be asking yourselves, how must I act to be a lady? You must study the nature of propriety and unselfishness. You must feel for those who are poorer or less wise than you. You cannot accomplish the end with money—it must be the effect of your own actions—you truly can buy many things with money, but money, fine dresses, fine houses, gay company, etc., can never make a lady.

Study and act in such a manner that you can leave a good moral impression on the minds of those with whom you converse. Honor that aged mother, and do any chores to lighten her burden. Take no part with scandal-mongers, never even gossip in a way that your genuine veracity can be questioned. Study the elements of a true lady, then be a lady.

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,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria.

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