

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

DAWN.

On the upturned face of the quivering sea
Shimmering the dawn;
White bars of light stole up in the sky,
And the night was gone.
Was gone—with the tear of a f. flowed dawn,
And with hurrying feet,
To find in shades of the forest glades
A safe retreat.
The legions of stars that had watched wearily,
Crept out of sight;
Uprose the helm of advancing day,
And fast fled the Night.
A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea,
From the gates of the East,
That plashed the tide on the feet of the land,
And the light increased.
And the glittering tips of myriad spears
Shot up from the sea,
With guidons, pennants and lances of light—
A splendor to see.
A hundred flags were upheld in the sky,
And unfurled there—
Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed
In the morning air.
Then from the glowing East arose
The kingly Sun,
And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet
To rest upon.
—The Manhattan.

CHICKENS AGAIN.

A lady writes to the Circle wishing to know what was the matter with her chickens; they would apparently choke and then the head would swell after a while and perhaps the bird would go blind and die. Before we had time to place the question before authority we receive another letter explaining the matter. It seems that wild oats will get lodged sometimes in the throat and will work into the tissues of the throat and head, causing great pain and swelling of the head, producing blindness. Our lady friend says that now when she sees a chick in trouble she catches it, examines the throat and will always find the oat, and on removing it the fowl will be all right again. The writer has often noticed this said wild oat; a certain variety will assume an appearance of animal life and actually, when held in the palm of the open hand, it will turn over and move about a screw like movement; it has formidable spines, being much harder and rougher than those on the husk of the common oat. Altogether this wild oat, which we may thank our California cousins for, is a great plague, as it is quite impossible to get rid of it when it once gets into the field.
It is possible that other ladies in Eastern Oregon may have had similar trouble, and we thank our friend for taking the trouble of giving the public the benefit of her experience. Much might be learned by such interchanges of thought.

SUCCOOTASH

Is the old Indian name for a most delicious dish made of corn and beans. The first white settlers in America found the Indians in mass using corn and raising it, and the Indian name for this particular dish has been handed down. First put in a pint or so of young shelled beans, as they need longer cooking, add some slices of pickled pork or a little bacon, cut the corn lightly from the cob, scraping the cob down to save all the milk. The corn may be added as soon as the beans get soft, but I prefer to save the milk of it until later, as it is more apt to burn on the bottom; indeed, it must be watched very close or it will scorch. Season with a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and we have a dish fit for a king.

About Pot-Pies.

ALBANY, Aug. 24, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
Pot-pies are always a great favorite with all, and especially with the children. As for the meats, of course nothing is better than a good tender chicken; but veal and lamb, and even beef are very palatable when well cooked and properly seasoned. Cut the chicken up as for stewing or fricassees, and the lamb or veal in the same way. The crusts should be thinner than for soda biscuit, and dropped from a spoon in round balls; they can be of light bread or biscuit dough. Grease the bottom of the steamer and place the balls on it, not too near each other, so they can have room to swell, and also admit among them the steam from the cooking meat below. Care is needed to prevent the liquor getting too low, as it is to be nicely thickened and seasoned, and poured over the dish when served. First take out the meat and place it in the center of the platter, and put the dumplings or crust as a garnish around the outside. With the meat properly cooked and seasoned,

and the crust as light as a puff, it is a dish that the most fastidious can hardly fail to enjoy.
AUNT SUE.

Cooking Tomatoes.

Editor Home Circle:
In cooking tomatoes if a little onion is first sliced fine and stewed a little before putting in the tomatoes it will be found a nice way of cooking them for a change—of course all persons do not relish onions. Then another change is to cut a few ears of sweet corn from the cob, scraping the cob to get the milk; this will cook about as quick as the tomatoes will.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Poached Eggs.—Eggs are poached by dropping them raw from the broken shells into a pot of hot water; lift them from the water with a perforated ladle, and do not let them remain long enough in the water for the whites to be made opaque. The beauty of the poached egg is the visibility of the yellow yolk as seen through the semi-transparent white envelope. Served on a slice of hot, buttered toast, and lightly sprinkled with pepper, a poached egg is most appetizing. In the spring of the year, as a top-dressing to boiled greens of any kind, eggs prepared in this way are almost universally liked.

A Reliable Whitewash.—Take two quarts of unslacked lime, five gallons of warm or hot water, some glue and fine salt. Put the lime in a vessel and add one gallon of warm water, and when this water is nearly absorbed, if for inside work, throw in the boiling lime a piece of glue about 1 1/2 inches square, and continue to add water so as to keep the water boiling, but do not let it get lumpy, neither let it get so drowned with water as to stop boiling. When the lime has been broken to pieces by boiling, do not stir it, but perforate it with a stick so that water will go to the bottom of it. When it has ceased boiling, which will be signalled by its refusing to smoke, throw in a handful of salt, and pour in the remainder of the water slowly, and be sure to stir it at the same time. If for wood-work and the first coat (outside) it should have a little more glue and be put on thick, but the second coat will readily bear another gallon of water. Brick or stone work requires the first application to be made thinner, or with six gallons of water, so that it will take hold of porous substances. The subsequent application should be of a thicker substance. Apply the above with an ordinary whitewash brush, the hairs of which have been thoroughly wet (in order to swell them and prevent drying) before they are introduced in the lime-wash.—New York Journal of Commerce.

How to Make Graham Bread.—Graham bread that can be started after breakfast and baked before dinner is made of one pint and a half of sour milk, two scant teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little water, half a cup of New Orleans molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and as much sifted graham flour as can be stirred in with a spoon. Grease a large bread tin very evenly, as the molasses in the bread renders it liable to stick, put into the oven and bake two hours. Have the oven hot when the bread is put in, and toward the last half of the last hour let it cool gradually. Or this bread may be steamed one hour and three-quarters, and be dried off in the oven twenty minutes. When it is taken from the oven wrap a towel around the loaf, the tin and all, and in ten minutes remove from the tin, and keep the loaf wrapped in the cloth until it is sent to the table.

Pickled Beans.—Pickled green beans are a nice relish at this time of year. String one gallon of beans, without breaking them up; put them in enough water to cover, with two tablespoonfuls of salt, and boil until tender. Dip out of the water and drain a few minutes, then cover them with hot vinegar, adding a few whole peppers or ground pepper. If the vinegar is very strong, add half water. We do not like them if too sour. Beans make about the best summer pickle there is, and almost everybody likes them.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—After slicing the tomatoes scald them in salt and water until soft. Test them by pinching a slice between the thumb and finger, and skin out nearly as soon as they boil up. Drain and put them in a jar, and turn on the vinegar. Take half as many pints of sugar as vinegar. Heat the vinegar to dissolve the sugar and get the strength out of the spices, which may be cinnamon and ground cloves, tied up in little thin bags or pieces of cloth. Three or four to a gallon of pickles. Pour this over the tomatoes while hot. These are always in good demand.

Send us one new subscriber.

For The Children.

NOBILITY.

True worth is the being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of the great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.
We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.
'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Thou hast who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile,
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove,
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love!
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.
—Alice Cary.

OUR LETTER BOX

Day comes around every seventh day, and we perhaps enjoy opening the letters as well our little friends do in reading them after they are printed. There is not a week passes that some young friend does not tell us how the family and the children enjoy this column—one gentleman said that sometimes the paper got torn before it got from the wagon, as the youngsters each wanted to get hold of the paper first.

Lizzie is very good to write again, even if she did not see her letter in print—it probably has been printed, or perhaps it was lost before it came to us, for we always publish every one unless we suspect there is something wrong about them, as one or two low fellows have attempted to get matter printed that was intended to ridicule the small children who were doing their very best to write, and who would, if encouraged, be able after a little time to compose well and be able to pass creditably as a letter writer. We thank Lizzie for acting so nicely; some little girls might have pouted about it, and felt angry, while we ought to remember that accidents will happen to every one, and we should not be too hasty in judgment. Many little quarrels might be pleasantly explained or adjusted if each one would rise above little petty jealousy, and ask for explanations of things that happen to hurt the feelings of each other.

The little song is good, and it's a nice idea to copy such little scraps that each may fancy. It shows a desire to aim for higher development. The world need not be all hard work. Let the mind sometimes rise above the petty cares of every day life, and cultivate a love for the beautiful in nature and in literature.

Next comes a welcome letter from Albert. It's so seldom the boys remember the Circle that they ought to be treated with so much more courtesy, so that they will come again. Some of our little Bible girls must answer that good question.

Orah is a Kansas girl, so you must all welcome her as a stranger should be. She seems to have read many of your letters.

Leonora improves. Her letter is written well. It has a neat appearance. She evidently has taken pains that it should be well done. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Can't some of our little housekeepers send each a good receipt? Now, Aunt Hetty will give one good idea to begin on; then let each one tell of some good way to do something—something that perhaps has been learned by experience. Now every little girl knows that even the best of housekeepers and the best of dishwashers will have dishes that show a sort of yellow rim around in creases or by the handles, and the dishes will have a worn, scratched appearance. Take all the dishes, putting platters and plates first in the bottom of a wash boiler, then pack in all the cups and pitchers, then put in one-half of a paper of common baking-powder, pour boiling water on till the dishes are covered, then boil five minutes, then take out and rinse and wipe; see if mamma won't think that the dishes are just from the store. This might be done on scrubbing day or wash day so as to utilize the soapy water. Now, let Aunt Hetty know who has tried this excellent hint.

CRESSWELL, Or., Aug. 5, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

It seems that the letter box is getting empty so I thought I would write a few lines. Etta Handsaker and Sarah W. Kelly about answered my questions correctly, so I will send them each a card. I will answer their questions: Etta's first. It is the 8th verse of the 112 Psalm. Sarah's is: Saul was converted near Damascus, and his name was changed to Paul. The answer to the next question is: There were two people in the house. If I have answered them correctly I will be glad to receive their cards. I will close by asking a question: Where did Christ perform his first miracle and what was it. The first one that answers this I will send them my card. ALBERT F. DAVIS.

TANGENT, Or., Aug. 2, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

As my last letter was not in print I thought I would write again. Would like to hear from Bessie Settlemyre again. She hasn't wrote for a long time. I think it would be very nice for the little folks when they write to give a song at the end of their letters. If anyone wants any songs that I know I will write them to the Home Circle. I will give a song and if anyone wants it they can cut it out. "The Dying Captive."

There is a grave in the forest no white man has ever seen,
Where wave no red roses, no weeping willows green;

There in the forest, in the cold clay and sand
Lies the poor body of the fair Mary Ann.

She died while a captive, not a kindred was near
Except one poor sister who loved her most dear.

I cannot express, with my paper and pen,
The sad thoughts of dear Olive, having lost that dear friend.

At the head of her grave no tombstone doth stand
To express the sad thoughts of the fair Mary Ann;

But as long as the flag in triumph shall wave,
The white man may never forget that lone grave.

Though the wolves may howl and the heathen cry,
Around that lone grave, where sweet Mary doth lie;

But the cry of the heathen in joy or distress,
Disturbs not the dreamer, whose form is at rest.

Though away in the forest, far from her native home,
In the land of the heathen, her body is in tomb.

But how little doth it matter where the body doth lie,
When the spirit's at rest with Thee on high.

If anyone knows the song "Just before the Battle Mother" they will please send it to me.
LIZZIE BRYAN.

PLAINSVILLE, Kan., Aug. 1, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

This is my first letter to Aunt Hetty. I am a little girl 9 years old and live on a farm away out here in Western Kansas, on what is known as the Paradise Flats, two miles north of Plainsville. My sister Mary died the 29th of May; she had been sick for nearly two years. She died very suddenly, and the doctor said it was heart disease. It makes us all feel lonely and sad. She was 26 years old. I can play on the organ a little. My cousin will give me lessons when she comes this fall. Will answer Sarah W. Kelly; there were two. Uncle Enoch Skirvine, from your State, made us a short visit last May and we all had a good time with him, but would have enjoyed it much more if sister had been better. I will write more next time.
GRAH SKIRVINE.

EAGLE CREEK, Or., Aug. 3, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

As I have not written for some time I will try and write again. It has been very warm weather the last few days. The farmers are busy cutting their grain. My uncle has a reaper; he has cut grain for three in the last week. I will try and answer Sarah W. Kelly's puzzle; two persons were all that were in the house. She said, to the first one who answers it correctly she would send a nice card; I never saw the puzzle before, but I supposed it was only two persons who lived in the house. I went to church twice to-day—I like to go very much, an Advent preacher preached. I will try and answer Sarah Kelley's Bible question. Saul was converted near Damascus and his name changed Saul to Paul. It is cloudy and I think it will be raining in the morning. I have a second cousin here on a visit, she is from California, she is going back in a week or two—her name is Towne, and I have a cousin living here this summer, she has a little boy two years old, his name is Gorge; my cousin has two canary birds, but they don't sing much. Very respectfully,
LEONORA S. MAREWOOD.

In Chicago, "Col." Frank Thompson was cowed by Justice Woodman, for libelous statements made by the former.

BEE CULTURE.

We subjoin an interesting extract from a paper recently read by James Hedden, of Dowagie, Michigan, before the Farmers' Institute of Cassopolis, in that state. Mr. Hedden's views on the prospects of apiculture as a business should command attention. He also gives some facts on "over stocking" which we think is a subject which has not received much attention from beekeepers; or at least from bee-keeping farmers:

Regarding apiculture as a specialty, what are the prospects for him who would embark? I do not see how they can be bad. Let us take a look at the two influencing factors outside of the ability of the operator, namely: supply and demand. The price of all produce fluctuates or ebbs and flows, like the tide of the ocean, sometimes above and sometimes below the cost of production. The product honey cannot escape this law. My own opinion is that just in the near future we will experience a reaction from a few years' excellent prices, recently passed through, but the immutable law of action and reaction so well known to you all, will keep it hovering about the cost-of-production point, the same as it does all other products.

Now, regarding supply, I doubt if one-twentieth part (possibly it would be correct to say one-hundredth part) of the honey secreted by the flora of the United States is ever gathered by bees. I feel very confident that the time is far distant, if ever to come, when it can all be gathered at a profit. There are at present many unoccupied areas waiting for the future apiarist. Whether he can work any of them at a living profit or not depends mainly upon his personal ability. It may not be out of place to define what is meant in apiculture vocabulary by an area of field. A single bee has been known to visit nearly two thousand blossoms in obtaining one load or a half drop of honey, though sometimes they get it from a few dozen, or even less. They have been found nine miles from home. My own observations taken with great care in various directions and at varied seasons of the year, have proven to me that my bees go five miles for honey during times of scarcity, while in times of plenty they seem to look upon three or four miles travel as being merely good exercise. In fact our surplus is supplied the most rapidly when our bees reach the first blossoms at two miles, extending their flight to three and one-half, a few scattering out to four.

There is such a thing as "over-stocking" known among bee-keepers; that is, having too many colonies in one area, and when such a condition of affairs takes place, the apiarist establishes "out" apiaries, and these are necessarily managed at a considerable greater expense and quite a smaller income. You will see that an area of "bee range" consists of a circular field of not less than six miles in diameter, and how important it is that each apiary should alone enjoy this field. In fact, it is impossible for two apiaries to long succeed, both occupying one area. Sooner or later one must succumb to the "survival of the fittest."

About one hundred pounds of honey has been estimated as the amount required by a colony annually, the most of which is, of course, consumed during the summer season, in brood rearing and as daily food. It will require fifty pounds surplus for each colony at 10c per pound for extracted honey to pay expenses of an apiary of one hundred colonies. Thus it will be seen that one area must secrete 15,000 pounds before the business begins to pay. Bee-keepers have decided that from sixty to one hundred colonies is all one area will stand without being overstocked, thus lessening the amount of surplus obtained. Many have been surprised at modern reports of the amount of honey taken from a few bees, but when, by a little experience, they receive further light in the matter, they were more surprised at the amount of labor and capital required to produce this modern income.

Ideas of ancient out goes, with modern incomes, regarding bee culture, have cost many a one many a dollar and failure. In conclusion, I will say that the same inexorable laws pervade all classes of production, viz: He who produces at maximum cost will fail. He who produces at minimum cost will succeed.

CASTORIA

Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

- What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fivers, 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, and
'Tis Castoria.

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