

**The Home Circle.**

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

**RAMON.**

Drunk and senseless in his place,  
Prone and sprawling on his face,  
More like brute than any man  
Alive or dead—  
By his great pump out of gear,  
Lay the peon engineer,  
Waking only just to hear,  
Overhead  
Aary tones that called his name,  
Oaths and cries of bitter blame—  
Woke to hear this, and wakened, turned and fled!

"To the men who'll bring to me,"  
Cried Intendant Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—  
"Bring the sot, alive or dead,  
I will give to him," he said.  
"Fifteen hundred Pesos down,  
Just to see the rasoul's crown,  
Underneath this heel of mine:  
Since but death  
Deserves the man whose deed  
Be it vice or want of heed,  
Stops the pump that gives us breath;  
Stops the pump that sucks the death  
From the poisoned lower level of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry  
From the shaft goes up on high;  
And shuffling, scrambling from below  
Come the miners each, the bolder  
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,  
Grappling, clinging to their hold or  
Letting go,  
As the weaker gasped and fell  
From the ladder to the well—  
To the poisoned pit of hell  
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"  
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—  
"Brings them out, and sets them free,  
I will give that man," said he,  
"Twice that sum, who with a rope,  
Face to face with death shall cope,  
Let him come who dares to hope!"  
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,  
Standing by the foreman's side;  
"There has one already gone, who'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,  
Pulling on the rope, and saw  
Fainting figures reappear,  
On the black rope swinging clear,  
Fastened by some skillful hand from below;  
Till a score the level gained—  
And but one alone remained—  
He the hero and the last,  
Ho whose skillful hand made fast  
The long line that brought them back to hope  
and cheer.

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he  
At the feet of Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine:  
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim  
Both rewards. Senor, my name  
Is Ramon!  
I'm the drunken engineer—  
I'm the coward, Sener—" here  
He fell over by that sign  
He fell over by that sign  
Dead as stone!" —*Bret Harte.*

**CHOICE RECIPES.**

A correspondent is experiencing trouble about the color in her summer stockings; black and dark brown give the most annoyance. The best way known to the writer is to make very weak suds; it should hardly be warm, certainly not heated above "lukewarm;" a little salt added to this helps to "set" the color; wash gently with the hands; a lady's stockings of fine quality should not be so soiled as to need more than this gentle rubbing. Rinse thoroughly in cold water, with a little salt in that—just enough to give the water a flavor. Turn the stocking wrong side out, and dry them in the shade. Many a pair of handsome stockings are ruined by the sun, after careful washing.

Here is an excellent dish for dessert. Line a mould with ice cream, fill the centre with berries, cover them with ice cream, and set in the freezer for about half an hour. It is not intended that the fruit shall be literally frozen, but chilled.

A lady wishes to know how to make potato salad. She will be sure to have a most appetizing dish if she does exactly as she is told. Peel and boil in salted water as many potatoes as will meet the requirement of your family. Suppose you have three quarts of boiled potatoes; they should be cut up while hot, in small pieces as nearly square as consistent with the amount of time. A tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a teaspoonful each of black pepper and of salt. To this add a teaspoonful of the best salad oil, and a half teaspoonful of vinegar. Do not stir the salad, as there is great danger of breaking the pieces of potatoes, and giving the dish an untidy look. Line a salad bowl or vegetable dish with tender lettuce leaves, and then put the salad into the dish. In place of parsley, tender stalks or very small leaves of celery may be used. If

celery is used, a teaspoonful of made mustard should be added. Another substitution may be that of butter for oil; the butter should be melted very slowly, in a bowl set over the top of a teakettle; when melted, drain it off, leaving the salt in the bottom of the bowl. Another way to prepare potato salad is to make a cooked mayonnaise dressing and pour over the potatoes. The dressing should be cooked as you cook boiled custard; an excellent rule for this is: To the well beaten yolks of five eggs add five tablespoonfuls of vinegar, which you have heated to a boiling point. When you remove from the fire, add three ounces of butter; season to your taste with salt, pepper and mustard. Cresses and endive are used with excellent effect in potato salads. It may not be quite clear to how you can mix the various ingredients if you do not stir the salad; this may be done successfully by shaking the dish in which you prepare it, and by tossing lightly with a fork.

Cucumbers peeled and boiled until soft are served with chickens roasted. Season the cucumbers just as you do summer squash, and add a very little sweet cream. Serve in a vegetable dish, or put around the chicken—on a platter as a garnish.

A delicious pudding is made in this way: Chop a pineapple quite fine; take some cake which is a little dry, rub it fine in your hands, or crush it on a kneading board; put it into a pudding dish in alternate layers with the pineapple, sweeten abundantly, moisten with cold water, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three quarters.

To insure success in making gooseberry pie, stew the berries in as little water as it is possible to use; when the berries begin to be tender mash them with a spoon; then you will preserve the richness of the juice, and will not have to throw any of it away. Sweeten with light brown sugar, and bake with two crusts.

A most excellent pudding is made by stewing one pound of prunes until they are so tender that the stones may be removed without difficulty. Take one quart of sweet milk, and subtract a teaspoonful; into this stir enough flour to make it like a thick paste, then mix it with the rest of the milk; beat four eggs very light, and add, and lastly stir in the prunes, over which you have first sifted a little flour. Boil or steam for two hours. Serve hot, with some highly flavored sauce, vanilla or wine preferred.

**Train the Boys to Help their Mothers.**

This is a most important point in practical education for the life work. There is much in the interior of home life and labor that the man should know and be able and willing to do when needful. A man need not feel ashamed to do anything his necessities may require or duty prompt. There is a large class of male imbeciles whose only claim to "society and position" is total ignorance of and capacity for dealing with the facts and details of every day life.

Mothers will thus have their boys more with them and unthought of bonds of sympathy spring up between the mother and son that operate like a guiding star through every scene of life. Mothers beware of making a "little man" out of your boy all too soon; rather let him rest on his mother's arm, rely on her advice. She will prove for many, many years a true and to be trusted companion. Make her above all others his confidante, she will not betray him, will be a sterling adviser.

Mothers do not laugh at our turn to ridicule the boy's love for a "baby," a "thimble," a "mud pie," it is the imitation of a mother, the insensible, incomprehensible power that links souls in sympathy, and may safely operate on his plastic nature till maturity and knowledge will direct it into safe channels. How grand the influence of home and mother.

**Our Newspapers.**

According to Edwin Alden & Bro's. (Cincinnati, O.) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1883, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,357; Tri-Weeklies, 71; Semi-Weeklies, 168; Sundays, 295; Weeklies, 10,975; Bi-Weeklies, 39; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-Monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 83; showing an increase over the publications of 1882 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the Weekly Newspapers of a political character (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 850 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. Price \$1.50.

Plowing and seeding for next year's crop of fall wheat has been commenced in Clarke county.

**For The Children.**

**THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.**

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,  
One gathered nuts, and the other had none.  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;  
"Summer is still only just on the wane."  
Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:  
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.  
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,  
One always perfect, the other disgraced;  
"Time enough for my learning," he said  
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."  
Listen, my darling, their looks are turned gray:  
Oae as a governor sitteth to-day;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day,  
One is at work, the other at play,  
Livin' uncared for, dying unknown—  
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught  
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought?  
Answer me this, and my story is done—  
Which of the two would you be, little one?  
—*Growing World.*

**OUR LETTER BOX**

It is a fine thing to have faith, and it is well to cultivate faith, even though we are sometimes disappointed by placing too much in others. Now, last week we used every letter on hand, having full faith in our boys and girls, believing that some of them would write so that this week's letter column should not fail.

Myrtle has been silent for a long time. Her letter is very carefully written and is very neatly done; are her answers correct? Those who ask the questions should notice if they are right.

Clyde promises to be a live boy—we judge from the way he talks of affairs about the home and farm; he is fortunate to have a grandfather come for him since he has no mother to love and care for him; most any boy is lucky to have a grandfather and grandmother.

Another letter from a boy, who comes for the first time. We are glad to see the boys taking more interest in the Letter Box.

Seth has had some good instruction in the Bible questions; we think he is correct, but let anyone who differs in this opinion say so.

Carrie's letter is very neatly written; she knows how nice it is to have a grandfather. Carrie's way of cleaning dishes must be a good way, but ours is a little easier, yet it is good to know more than one way of accomplishing the same thing.

We are glad to get a letter from a grown up friend who has taken the interest to write; she gives some good ideas on flower gardening. We lost a beautiful collection of tulips by gophers, so we can sympathize; we had twenty-five varieties of tulips, but the gophers took nearly all of them; after that we planted each bulb in an old tin can with the bottom melted out, so there was sufficient nourishment for the bulb to do well, and the gophers or moles did not try to go under the bottom of the cans. Some of the wild flowers which grow here are very rare in gardens East, such as the syringa and wild grape, with those beautiful shining beans and tufts of yellow blossoms. We wish "Farmers Wife" will write again.

KNIGHT, Or., Sept. 9, 1884.  
Editor Home Circle:  
I don't know that you will recognize me as an old acquaintance, as it has been a year or more since I last wrote to the FARMER; but I thought I could answer one or two questions and help fill up the letter box. Albert Davis wanted to know where Christ performed His first miracle, and what it was. Now, I won't be sure, but I think he cured Simon's mother of a fever. You will find it in the fourth chapter of Luke, in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses. Perhaps I am wrong, but if I am right, Albert, please send me your card. Mother has never tried Aunt Hetty's plan of washing dishes, but I think it is a good idea. Lizzie Bryan, the song you sent is very pretty. Does any of the readers of the Home Circle know a song, "The Indian Bride's Lament?" If so, will some one please send me the words? Respectfully,  
MYRTIE KNIGHT.

CLACKAMAS, Or., Sept. 6, 1884.  
Editor Home Circle:  
I have never written to the FARMER; I'm a boy, 11 years old; mamma is

dead, and I am staying with my grandpapa; my papa works on the baggage car on the Albany express, and he has been working on the train for a long time. My grandpapa has three cows and two horses; I milk one of the cows and take them to the pasture every night and morning. Our school is going to commence in two or three weeks; I don't know who is going to teach this time. We have no wheat or oats this year to thresh, but Mr. Tilgmon rented a piece of land of us this year, and he cultivated it in oats, and we got one-third of them; it brought over 50 bushels to the acre. My grandpa has a hundred acres of land in all, about fifty acres being in cultivation. We have most all of it seeded in timothy and clover. We have about thirty tons of hay; loose hay is \$12 a ton, and baled hay is \$16 a ton.

CLYDE A. PHILLIPS.  
IRVING, Or., Sept. 4, 1884.  
Editor Home Circle:  
I have never written to the FARMER before, but I thought I would answer Miss C. B.'s question, as I have not seen it answered yet.

"What is sinning against the Holy Ghost?" Answer: Unbelief.

My answer is short, so I will give some proof of its being correct, by connecting the twenty-fourth and twenty-eighth verses of the twelfth chapter of Matthew. It is evident that the Pharisees, in unbelief, attributed the works of the Spirit of God, or Holy Ghost, to the prince of devils. I will close by asking: What is the Gift of the Holy Ghost? Truly yours,  
S. S.  
UMATILLA Co., Or.

Editor Home Circle:  
There are so many things that farmers' wives might write that it seems strange so few write to the Home Circle. I am sure they cannot fail to be interested in it. I wish some of them would write about their flower gardens, for now is the time to plant bulbs for spring blooming. They are so nice, because they are so early—before anything else is in bloom in the spring. And they are so handy there is no danger of losing them unless the gophers get among them as they did mine. There are the tulips, crocus, narcissus, hyacinth, and I do not know how many more, which are so cheap that almost every one may have them. I have seen a plant called crown lily, which I would like very much to have, but have not been able to find anything like it in my catalogues. It blooms very early in the spring, but I do not know the botanical name. There are some wild plants and vines which are very nice for the flower garden, and in this part of the country there are honeysuckles along the creeks and in the mountains, and a wild clematis, which is a beautiful vine. The seeds have tufts of feathery down attached to them, and they are pretty, with dried flowers and grapes, for a winter bouquet. There is a shrub called syringa in the catalogues which is thick along the creeks. It has beautiful white flowers, and is very fragrant.  
FARMER'S WIFE.  
ROSEBURG, Or., Sept. 7, 1884.  
Editor Home Circle:  
As I have not written to the Home Circle for some time I thought I would write again, as I enjoy reading the letters to the Home Circle. I am going to school now; we are to move to Roseburg to go to school this winter. It has been raining here for two or three days and has the appearance of still more. We had a fire on our farm last week—it burned four or five acres before it could be stopped; we had a fire in Roseburg, too, not long ago; it burnt almost two blocks; two lives lost and several were injured. My grandpa was up to see us a week ago; he was quite sick while he was here; he is staying with my aunt at Wilbur, Oregon; he is getting pretty old, he was 81 the 4th of last July, he is almost blind. We raised one hundred chickens this year. I think I can tell a better way to clean dishes than Aunt Hetty; put ashes on them and then let boil about five minutes. There was a little mistake in my name in my other letter. I will close by wishing the FARMER success.  
CARRIE DIXON.  
The Sin Against the Holy Ghost.  
WASHOUGA, W. T., Aug. 23, 1884.  
Editor Home Circle:  
Some time ago Aunt Hetty expressed a wish that some Christian would give their views on the above caption, for publication in the FARMER. I thought at the time that I would at once give my views, but various circumstances have till now prevented. We are informed that all sins, except the sin against the Holy Spirit, shall be forgiven, (I use the word Spirit instead of Ghost, for I like it better) but that one sin is not to be forgiven in either world.

We are told by various commentators that the word "world," in the text, signifies age, or dispensation, viz.: the Jewish or Christian age. But the question is, what is that sin? It is very evident to my mind that it was the malicious accusation that Jesus cast out devils, by Belzebub, the prince of devils. Consult the twelfth chapter of Matthew; also third chapter of Mark, especially the thirtieth verse; also eleventh chapter of Luke. Now, it is but right for me to say that I am not a Christian. Now, will Aunt Hetty throw this communication into the waste basket? Would that be doing as you would like to be done by?  
HIRAM S. MARBLE.

**Little Jim and his Dog**

Little Jim, with wide-awake eyes and air vivacious, hies with his mother to the foot of Main street, where the train awaits the movements of attentive juveniles, who design setting out to the Presbyterian picnic at Palam. Little slip of a Jim on reaching his seat in the cars, doffs his hat and proceeds to fan his ruddy face with the brim of his head-piece—looking at the same time up and down the car, and then out the window, in search of stray amusements.

In a moment he had rushed out of his place, and on to the platform of the train, and taking a free leap from the steps of the car down the embankment, slides and leaps until hatless he has reached the brink of the river. Then he seizes a small, yellow dog and comes tearing back, scrambles up the bank clasping petit chien to his breast, while, with one arm he swings himself a moment between whistling train and terra firma, and catches his heel on the step, foot over, and up he is.

"What in the world are you doing?" exclaims the mother who, breathless and aghast, has stood witnessing the rapid sally of the lad, and capture of the little yellow dog.

"Don't you know him?" the lad calls out, looking up with a bright smile and sparkling eyes. "O! mamma, don't, you remember the little dog? The very nicest little dog I ever had."

Ah, can it be, the mother queries, a quick reminiscence coming to her of the evening she had paid the cook a quarter of a dollar to convey the dog to the vicinity of St. John's college; that the odious little "yaller dog" that the housemaid had presented to Jim, and with Jim's encouragement could always be found in the room where the lad slept, reposing a meager little frame indiscriminately on rug or bed.

"Surely that is not the same dog!" the mother said.

"And surely, surely, mamma, dear, it is," asserted the boy with a pleasant smile and bright eyes.

"You must put him down; put him down," the mother firmly commanded; "you are dressed to go to a picnic, and you cannot possibly take any little dog you like with you. Indeed it is not the same dog, Jamie."

"Oh, O, Oh!" cried the lad, leaping up and down with intense excitement, clasping the dog with all his strength.

"Drop him," said the mother.

"How can I," answered the boy.

Here the whistle sounded, and gravely taking the dog from the little fellow's arms, the mother left the small dog where he belonged.

Two days after, Jamie was standing by his mother in her room. "There's one thing I love and think of so much he said, and that is a little dog. I had always something to play with me when I had my little yellow dog, and the day I looked from the cars and saw him, he was so funny; he was standing down by the water, and looking as if he were saying, 'I see the ancient towers over in the middle of the river.'"

"Why, Jamie, what makes you think he looked that way?"

"Well, he was standing," and Jamie dropped down on all-fours, stretching out his neck and looking off to the distant water where the pillars of a new bridge stood in lonely incompleteness. "He looked, mamma, as if he saw something far away that I could not see."

Two days after, a dog was secured for Jamie, and as he trotted up stairs, or slid down the banisters, the "pup" was ever in his wake. By action and logic he had won his victory.

**CASTORIA**

FOR

**Infants and Children**

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,  
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep?  
**Castoria.**

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,  
What cures their colic, kills their worms,  
**Castoria.**

What quickly cures Constipation,  
Sour stomach, Colic, Indigestion?  
**Castoria.**

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

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