

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

[Original.]

THE LOST ISLAND.

BY ELMO WILDWOOD.

Some way from Boston a dangerous shoal Lies near the surface, nor all concealed At low tide; one sees such times a smooth knoll

Of compact sand, by the ebb revealed. But that is all; here an island once rose, Enduring as aught there in the sea, And was called Vixie's Mate, nobody knows Particularly why, but all agree

The following tale shall sponsor the name: Vix and his Mate were fishermen; Both from the self same neighborhood came, Followed the sea until the time when

The mate came in from a perilous cruise, And came back alone. The tale he told— True or not—who could dispute such news? Was: Vix had died from hunger and cold,

And the body was sunk—thrown overboard— He told this story with guilty guise, Poor Vixie's fate the while he deplored; Murder looked out from glittering eyes.

The courts condemned the treacherous mate, Believing him guilty; so he was hung Out on this low island; at any rate, Denying the deed with dying tongue.

Just before the halter its victim held The man cursed the place and said some day The island would sink for this crime unknoll'd,

Out in the waters of Boston bay. And sink it did, and began at that hour, The sea slow nibbling its lips of sand With the dreadful will of relentless power, Till no sign is left of the land.

And so it went, that dark island of crime, Deaf to innocents pleading with "death;" In the far future comes sometime a time That witnesses wrong's expiring breath.

THANKSGIVING POEM.

Come ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home: All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin, God our maker doth provide For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world's God's own field, Fruit unto his praise to yield; Wheat and tares together sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear: Lord of harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his harvest home; From his field shall in that day All his offences purge away; Give his angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come To thy final harvest home: Gather now thy people in, Free from sorrow, free from sin; There for ever purified, In thy presence to abide; Come with all thy angels, come, Raise the glorious harvest home.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Ginger Snaps.—A little friend sends us the following: I will tell some of the little sisters how to make ginger snaps. Take two cups of sugar and one cup of warm water, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda. Perhaps some of the little girls would like to try this way of making snaps.

Fruit Loaf.—Fruit loaf made of bread dough is very nice; after the dough has risen the first time, take a piece about the size you would need for a loaf of bread; roll this out on a kneading-board until it is not more than an inch thick; on this spread any kind of fruit that you choose—English currants, chopped raisins, stewed figs or jam may any of them be used; sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the fruit, and put some little lumps of butter here and there on it, or spread the dough with butter before putting the fruit on it. Roll it up very tightly into a loaf, let it rise, and bake in hot oven. Cut it in thick slices when done. This may take the form of a plain pudding; in this case it must be served hot, with sauce. The sauce should be rich and highly seasoned, and the pudding must be cut in thin slices; the sauce should be very hot, so that it will penetrate and soften the crust.

Apple Butter.—Cider made from sweet apples will make a better article, but if it cannot be obtained common cider can be used. Take the cider as it runs from the press before any fermentation has taken place and boil it down in a tin or copper boiler (never use iron) until it has evaporated fully one-half. While it is boiling all the scum that rises must

be carefully removed, and as soon as it is thick enough add a good quantity of tart apples, pared and cut into quarters, taking out all the cores. Fill the boiler half full of the quarters. Keep a slow but steady fire but be careful to stir the apples every few moments, to prevent them from sticking to the bottom and sides of the kettle. When the apples have boiled about fifteen minutes, and have settled down a little, add more, until the boiler is quite full enough; now cook to a pulp, stirring it almost continually. When it is finished, showing no whole piece, but all one mass of pulp, turn it into jars and firkins and let it cool; cover it and store in a cool place. It can be seasoned with spices while cooking or afterward. Ground cinnamon and cloves are the best suited as a flavoring. One-and-a-half bushels of apples, after they are pared and quartered, are enough for one barrel of cider before it is boiled down.

Jelly Cake.—The Farming World gives us this recipe: A good large cake is made of one cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup butter, and one and a half cups flour, half cup milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. If you have no jelly, frosting flavored with lemon juice is nice. Use the grated rind for flavoring the cake.

Rusk.—The Tribune-Farmer offers its readers the following: Milk enough mixed with half a cup of yeast to make a pint; make a sponge and rise; then add one and a half cups of white sugar, three eggs, a half cup butter, spice to taste, mould, then put in pan to rise; when baked, cover the tops with sugar dissolved in milk.

Vienna Rolls.—This is Mrs. L. A. Hotchkiss' recipe: One quart of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one or two tablespoonfuls butter, and flour enough to make it stiff enough for biscuit; roll one-half inch thick, cut out with biscuit cutter, wet with milk and turn over, then wet with milk on top, this makes it in the form of a roll.

Bread Cake.—Take any bits of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk or water, until perfectly soft; mash fine, add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the teaspoonful into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good, and a better way to use dry bread than in puddings.

Ginger Bread.—The following is a good recipe for making ginger bread, a delightful winter cake, a correspondent of the Maine Farmer says: "I have a nice recipe for molasses ginger-bread. Take one cup of molasses, three large spoonfuls of cream, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to make it a thick dough. I am ten years old."

Cutting Feed for Stock.

Some have supposed that straw and corn fodder had, really, very little nutriment, and only made bulk in the stomach. But this is quite erroneous. Most pioneer farmers have seen cattle living on the buds and twigs of trees, cut in mid-winter; and if they can digest such woody food as this, it seems quite reasonable that they can digest well masticated oat straw or corn fodder. Straw is very poor in albuminoids, but its digestible carbohydrates are nearly equal to that of meadow hay. It requires food rich in albuminoids to mix with straw. If 200 pounds of linseed oil meal, and 2,000 lbs of middlings are mixed with 2,000 pounds of oat straw, the combination is quite as valuable as meadow hay, and would even keep cattle in better condition over winter. And if hay were worth \$10 per ton, then, by adding \$3.50 to one ton of straw, you have what is equal to 2,400 pounds of hay, or the straw is worth \$8.50 per ton; and running the straw through a cutter would greatly assist in making it thus valuable.

Now, as to the question whether it will pay the cost of labor and machinery to do this cutting, it depends upon the amount of stock kept. A large cutter and power will do the cutting much more rapidly, and therefore much cheaper, than a small one. With a large cutter and an adequate power two tons of straw, or corn fodder, or hay can be cut per hour. With a small stock it would not pay to buy these machines, but it might pay to hire the cutter and power long enough to do the cutting, as in the case of a threshing machine; but with a large stock it would pay well to own the cutter and power. The writer of this has cut many a hundred tons of these coarse fodders, and has long been well satisfied that the labor has been more than paid for. When hay is high and straw plenty, it is much cheaper to feed grain with straw or corn fodder. Corn fodder, when the corn is cut and shocked while the stalk is green, as it should be, is worth more than straw for feeding, and corn fodder, as we have seen, is most benefited by cutting very short.—Ex.

At Lafayette the cannon burst with which they fired a Cleveland and Hendricks salute, but no one was killed.

For The Children.

"OUGH."

The ploughboy whistles behind his plough, For his lungs were sound and he'd no cough; He guided his team with a pliant bough, And watered it well at a wayside trough.

The toil was hard, for the land was rough— It lay on the shores of a Scottish slough— But his well-fed team was stout and tough, And he plied his bough on flank and hough.

He plowed all day and the crow and chough Flew around his head, though he oft cried enough.

But his plow at last struck a hidden share With a force that sent the share clean through.

Then the team took fright and ran off with the plough, With the speed of the wind from the plough-boy, though

He shouted "whoa!" and into a slough It plung'd where the mdd was soft as dough.

The plowboy wept, for the wreck was thorough. He fled that night from the farm to the borough.

OUR LETTER BOX.

There are a number of letters on hand to-day. It was only for a short time in the summer that letters failed to come. There will be plenty from this time, we are sure.

Janie writes her first letter, and we see that she has taken pains to make her letter look neat; each word shows that it has been slowly and carefully made. This is the way to do, for after practice it will come easy and natural to form the letters well. Those turkeys and chickens must keep Janie busy if she takes care of them. We think the dark turkeys are better than the light ones. A lady friend told us that she used turkey eggs to make cake; that her turkeys laid eggs when the chickens did not.

Lucy certainly could not find anything better to do than to write a letter to the Home Circle, only she should take time to write a longer one; there are so many subjects that she could write about if she would put on her thinking cap. If no one answers her conundrum she must tell herself what it is, for we notice that there are a number that have never yet been guessed.

K. H. sends one too, besides answering one; it would seem a difficult one to guess and doubt if any one can solve it, for there is some "catch" about it, so if no one answers it in the next two weeks she must write the riddle again and the answer with it.

Jessie is not going to be behind the rest and she has come out with a riddle too, about the crows. We should guess right off that there would be no crows left after the smoke of the gun cleared off; it is not likely that the rest would sit still to be a target.

Anna sends a very excellent letter, answering some questions and asking some very sensible ones. We will find some good cake recipes, especially for her, before long.

Aunt Hetty commenced last week a puzzle department giving a charade and a riddle; the answer to the first is a newspaper and the latter a hair brush.

Now this week: "Why is a woman deformed when mending stockings?"

"Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies?"

"What is that which lives in winter and dies in summer and always grows with its roots upward?"

ENIGMA.

"I tremble with each breath of air And yet can heaviest burdens bear; 'Tis known that I destroyed the world, And all things in confusion hurled, And yet I do preserve all in it Through each revolving hour and minute."

CORVALLIS, Or., Nov. 4, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to the papers I will try now; I am ten years old; I have four sisters and two brothers; my oldest sister is named Diana, the next is named Margie, the next is named Mary; my two brothers are twins, their names are Alva and Emory, my youngest sister is named Cora. We have seven turkeys and about one hundred chickens; we have two white turkeys and five dark ones. JANIE J. NEWTON.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Oct. 29, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: As I have nothing to do at present I thought I would try and write again. Our potatoes are not dug yet, it has been raining so bad they can't dig; we have thirteen young chickens. I will answer Mr. Hartley's question—it is "ice." I will give a conundrum, it is: I lie in a bed but never sleep, I often murmur but never weep; the more falls I get the faster I move along. Yours, LUCY CROLL.

LA CENTER, W. T., Oct. 29, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: We have been a constant reader of the WILLAMETTE FARMER and we like it very well. Wishing to obtain C. C. B.'s card I will answer her question—it will take the squirrel nine days to carry off the nine ears of corn, for he takes one ear every day and his own two are three ears. I will give a riddle and the one that first answers it I will send a pretty card. Hold up your right hand and you will see what you never will see, never can see and never shall see.

Respectfully, K. HENNESSY.

EOLA, Or., Nov. 9, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: As I have never written to the Home Circle I will try to write a few lines. I am nine years old; I go to school now; I study fourth reader, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and spell in the highest spelling class in the school. It has been raining but it has cleared up now. I have a dog named Carlo and he is really very smart. I will answer Richard Pearce's riddle—it is a cherry. I will now answer Geo. Lehman's riddle—the way to sell it is p-g. I will close by asking a riddle: If there were three crows on a tree and I shoot one of them, how many will remain. Your friend, JESSIE M. BEARDSLEY.

NEWARKUM, Nov. 9, 1884.

Editor Home Circle: As I have not written to the Home Circle for some time I will try and answer one or two questions I saw in last week's FARMER. I am going to school now, it will be out in three weeks. Will answer C. G. King's riddle—he took the goose first, then went back and got the fox, took it over and took the goose back with him, took the corn over, and then went back after the goose. I think the answer to R. E. Pearce's riddle must be a cherry. The Bible contains 3,596,480 letters. Now, Aunt Hetty, these answers may not be correct, but hope some one else will have answers in this week's paper. Auntie and I took a long walk this afternoon and found some blue violets and strawberry blossoms; will send you one of my cards and a violet. Aunt Hetty, will you please send me a good cake recipe. Will close by asking a history question: "What fort was saved by a half-witted boy?" The one that answers my question first I will send my card. Your friend, ANNA ROGERS.

Beautiful Ever-Blooming Roses.

All lovers of choice flowers should send to the Dingee & Conrad Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their lovely roses. These roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail postpaid to all post-offices in the United States. This company is perfectly reliable, and noted for liberal dealing. They give away in premiums and extras more roses than most other establishments grow. Send for their New Guide, a complete treatise on the rose, (76 pages, elegantly illustrated), free. See advertisement in this paper.

Grade Holstein cows seem to milk about as well as full bloods. One grade cow in my herd as a two-year-old, gave about ten thousand pounds. When fresh she produced ten gallons a day. She never goes dry. Several half-blood Holsteins, three years old, and from high grade Short-horn cows, produce when fresh from five to seven gallons a day on grass alone and, of course, when they are fully matured they will yield much more. One grade Holstein heifer from a pure-bred Short-horn cow, when two years old gave forty pounds of milk a day.—Western Agriculturist.

The yield of Columbia county, W. T., was enormous and 3600 tons of wheat is stored along the railroad warehouses, besides that in the mills.

Humor.

Some one who has been rumaging into the dusty and murky past, has discovered that the "drum is one of our oldest musical instruments." How he discovered that the drum is a "musical instrument" we should like to know. It is said that more than 1600 years B. C. immense drums were beaten at banquets and other entertainments. It is no wonder that those people are dead now.—Norristown Herald.

The secretary of the interior has struck a blow at the legitimate drama. He has ordered Sitting Bull and his band back to their reservation. The troupe were losing money, and will probably not desert at the action of the secretary. There are a number of theatrical companies on the road who would regard it as a great favor if the secretary would order them back at the government's expense. It would save them a long walk.—Norristown Herald.

"What business were you engaged in when in the United States?" one foreign tourist asked another.

"I was a bank cashier," replied the traveler.

"Not one of those with 'discrepancy' I hope?" facetiously remarked the tourist.

"Oh, no. There was no discrepancy. I cleared up everything before I left. The safe remains. It is part of the building, you know."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A large crowd had gathered in front. Presently the bodies of two men were brought out and deposited in an ambulance.

"What's the trouble?" asked a citizen of a policeman. "Murder!"

"No; the two men only had \$12 between them, and they tried to make one portion do for both. It's an aggravated case of starvation."—New York Sun.

A Roxbury lady recently employed a washerwoman who came well recommended, and who soon made herself very agreeable. Mrs. S.—'s front name is Annie, while the washerwoman bears the name of Sarah. Monday Sarah reported for work, and during the forenoon Mrs. S., who happened to be in the kitchen, said: "I guess I shall have to call you Sarah hereafter, Mrs. M. it is so much shorter." "All right, marm, and I may call you Annie. It comes natural. I used to work with an Annie years ago." Tableaux.—Roxbury Advocate.

"Simpson," said the managing editor, "please don't write any more pathetic articles. I ask you this as a personal favor for I am inclined to look on the bright side of life, and when I thoughtlessly take up an article like the one you wrote last night, why it topples me over the precipice of despondency and gloom, where I flounder for hours before I can climb up the rugged steep and again bask in the beams of the sun." "To which article do you refer?" asked Simpson. "The one headed 'A Drummer's Experience with a Bottle of Cocktail.'" "Why, sir, that was a humorous article." "That so? Well, give us some pathos then." Say, Simpson, label 'em, please.—Arkansas Traveller.

After a visit to some of the Alaska glaciers, Mr. Thomas Meehan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid torrent, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs Summer and Winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea, and gives off icebergs. Mr. Meehan remarked that the great ice-sheets have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the water-ways change their courses at times through the melting; and that melting progress freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

The Results.

All persons feeling dull and depressed, or perhaps feverish, with no appetite, no energy, the system clogged, the liver torpid, the bowels inactive, who are wondering how to find relief, should purchase a fifty cent or one dollar bottle of Syrup of Figs, read the circular around the bottle, follow the directions, taking a few doses of this pleasant remedy and be restored to health and happiness. It may be had of J. J. Briggs, Salem, Oregon.

CASTORIA

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 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 Syrup, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hall Castoria!

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