

The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

VILLAGE WEDDING BELLS.

Ring on, ring on, ye wedding bells!
There's a duty rests with you;
The joy you make is a joy that tells
Of hearts that are brave and true.

The times are hard for simple folks,
They're oft in stormy weather;
But a man and a wife must pull through life,
And breast the waves together.

One side of life is dark as night;
The other is clear as day.
In doing right you keep the light,
And the dark will pass away.

Though times be hard for simple folk,
And we mourn the ills of fate,
The rule for man is, do what he can,
He must learn to work and wait.

Behind the cloud's a silver light,
A joy for the faithful heart.
Then plight your troth by a solemn oath
To be true till death do part.

It's not in vain the wedding bells
Ring joy on the wedding day;
Though the battle's nigh, yet hopes are high,
And hearts are merry and gay.

Ring on, ring on, ye wedding bells!
There's a duty rests with you;
The joy you make is a joy that tells
Of hearts that are brave and true.

—John Hunt.

SEASONABLE ITEMS.

Apples are one of our most healthful fruits. We are very fond of them baked thus: Select and wash good apples; take out the cores, place them in a baking dish, and fill up the center of each apple with sugar, placing a bit of butter on top. When baked to a nice brown they are delicious.

Steamed apples are excellent. Some are not good cooked in any other way. Pare large apples cut in halves, take out the core, and place them in a steamer, or in a sieve set over a kettle of boiling water. Steam until tender, then remove to a dish. Make a syrup of one cup sugar, half a cup water, and the juice of one lemon. Simmer gently three or four minutes, but do not allow it to boil. Pour this over the apples placed in a dish.

Now while the apples are spoiling so fast, it would be a good idea to hunt up all the empty cans and bottles and fill them with stewed apples for after all, there is no fruit that is so good and healthful as those.

Meat Balls.—To use cold meat and dry bread, chop fine as mince meat, any scraps of cold beef, veal or ham on hand, and to each cupful of dry bread, rolled fine. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with four table spoonfuls of milk. Work into balls, and fry brown in butter or meat drippings. I often prepare them one day for the next breakfast.

Corn Husk Mats.—Not much corn is grown here but, nearly every family has raised enough to get the husks necessary, if saved in time. We have made many of these mats since living in Oregon, and can say that they have served nicely, and are pretty when made well. Look over the husks and select the strong outside ones. Place a few of them in a basin of boiling water long enough to become soft and pliable. Then take them out and set to drain; while they are cooling and draining put in more husks. By keeping the pan of water on the stove, the water remains boiling hot. When cool enough to handle, run the husks through the wringer, and commence braiding. I formerly squeezed them in my hands, but the wringer does it quicker and better. Make three bunches of three husks each, and tie these bunches together about two inches below the thick end. Braid once, and add another bunch of three, braid once, and add another bunch and so on, until you have enough for a rug. It is best to make it all in one strip. When a bunch is put in, the thick end is left out two inches; the braid is smooth on one side and rough on the other. I tie the first three bunches together when commencing to braid, and tie the end of the braid, but find it unnecessary to tie the small bunches. When the braid is long enough, sew it together in either a square or oval shape, using a long slim needle and twine. After the braid is finished take an old three tined iron fork, and slit the ends of the husks fine, this makes a softer finish.

Pork for Home Use.

Every farmer should aim to grow and fatten pork for family use. Only by growing it himself can he insure pork from hogs free from disease. As most farmers are situated they can keep enough pigs for their own use, feeding them when young largely on skim milk and refuse from the kitchen. There is always undoubted profit in keeping pigs enough to dispose of refuse that would otherwise go to waste.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Book-Marks.—One can see at a glance how useful these little three-cornered book-marks are, and they are so easily and cheaply made that they must find favor with every one. The four corners of handsome heavy envelopes furnish the material for them. Glue the back together as though to seal it, and then cut off the corners so as to make four pieces. Paint on each one a little flower, or some other suitable design, or a natural flower can be pressed and then carefully glued on and varnished over with white varnish, or simpler still, a little blossom in decalcomanie can be so neatly transferred as to look well. As some envelopes come in elegant qualities, the book-marks can be very handsome without much expense. When pressed and ready for use slip them on the upper corner of your page and you can tell at a glance just where to open your book. They form one of the few presents adapted to gentlemen's use.

To Remove Vermin.—As this is the time of year all stock are troubled more or less with parasitic insects, I will herein give what has proved of great value to us. Take common bar soap; place in a pan containing a little water; then heat until melted down; then add carbolic acid crystals (carbolic acid crystals can be had of a druggist in one pound bottles at seventy-five cents each,) at least one ounce of acid to each pound of soap used—there is no danger if used stronger. To reduce the crystals to a fluid state remove the cork from the bottle, place in water and heat it warm, when it can be easily poured out and mixed with the soap. When cool a strong suds made of this soap will be sure death to all insects that live on domestic animals. It will cure mange, barn itch and all cutaneous diseases, and makes a cheap and effective sheep dip. When cattle are lousebound, or the hair does not appear healthy, a wash of the suds will prove a benefit, as it is cleansing and healing in cases of sores. It is valuable in poultry houses. It is a good and sure disinfectant, is cheap, safe and effectual, and will be found useful for a great variety of purposes.—Breeder's Gazette.

Superior Bean Soup.—Properly made, bean soup is quite reliable, and very nutritious, also. The small white field beans are preferable. Wash them the evening before, and put them to soak in cold water. At bed time, change this water for fresh. In the morning put them to boil in the soaking water, or just enough of it to keep them cooking well, without burning or scorching. Let them boil slowly until they have all bursted, being careful not to let them stick fast to the kettle. Before setting the beans to boiling, put on, in a large kettle, the meat designed for the soup. A shin of beef, cut up into small pieces, is good for this purpose. Add a quart of water for each pound of meat. Let this boil, skimming frequently, until the meat is ready to fall to pieces. Then take it out, remove the most of the fat, or, what is better, strain it; then add the boiling beans, which will soon be thoroughly dissolved in the soup. One must watch this last process carefully, or the beans will burn. Put some small pieces of toasted bread, or bread fried down in butter, into a soup tureen, and pour the soup over it. Split pea soup may be made in the same way as the above.

Women Who Have Wealth.

The telegraph this morning cites Miss Elizabeth Garrett as the richest single lady of the United States, and says that the estimate of her fortune runs all the way from \$15,000,000 to \$50,000,000. The United States contains a great many wealthy women. Henry E. Packer's sister owns a life interest in 160,000 shares of the Lehigh Valley railroad, the dividends of which amount to \$760,000 annually. Mrs. A. R. Allen of St. Louis pays taxes on \$1,197,000, and Miss Bernice Morrison of the same city is taxed at \$964,000. There is a cattle queen named Rogers near Corpus Christi, Texas, who owns 40,000 cattle, and is worth over \$1,000,000. She is the financial agent of the ranch, keeps the pocketbook and oversees the stock while she sends her second husband to the Texas Legislature. Catherine Wolfe of New York, the daughter of old Peter Wolf, who married Lorillard's two sisters and got \$1,000,000 with each of them, has an income of \$500,000 a year, and she owns real estate to amount to about \$6,000,000. Like Mrs. Rogers of Texas, she is about fifty years old, and plain in all her habits. She is single, too, and lives all alone in a big house on Madison avenue and Twenty-fourth street, New York. It is said that she was engaged to be married years ago, but her affianced died a few days before the day fixed for the wedding. Mrs. William Astor is worth about \$1,000,000, and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, the wife of a mining king, who died some years ago, is said to have assets which will foot up \$8,000,000. Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a princely income, no doubt. Mrs. Gammell is said to contest with Mrs. Garrett the reputation of being the richest unmarried woman in the country, and England's wealthiest heiress I see is a Miss Hamilton, who has large estates in Scotland and an income of somewhat near \$500,000 a year.—Cleveland Leader.

CAN YOU do without the FARMER for 1885? We hardly think so.

For The Children.

A CHILD'S NIGHT THOUGHT.

They put her to bed in the darkness,
And bade her be quiet and good;
But she sobbed in the silence and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the night was so real, so awful!
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary—
That horror of loneliness black!
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understand it aright;—
But at last from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening, the hands that undressed her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment—
Up unto the wonderful sky.

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down to meet her—
That luminous purple dome;
She was caught up into a glory,
Where her baby heart was at home;—

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child could be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed!
The beautiful, grand revelation,
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child slumber,
All folded in splendor high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps
Those infinite spaces trod,—
A fearless little explorer
Of the paths that look up to God.

The darkness now was a dungeon,
But a key into wide release;
And the night was a vision of freedom—
A presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubted not that in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror,
Of the mystery we call Death.

—St. Nicholas.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The snow lies still on the ground; much longer than is usual with this region. It seems sad to hear of the great suffering among the cattle East of the Mountains; it would seem that stock raisers would learn by experience to keep their herds closer by; it could be done by herding them just a few weeks in which these storms may be expected, for neither cattle or horses can travel if caught in a storm while away on the range. Aunt Hetty hopes that each of her little friends have remembered the animals and birds during this snow. A few crumbs or broken grain thrown out each day will keep the little songsters alive. One lady writes that she has been feeding the "Bob-Whites" every day, for they were so hungry that they were as tame as chickens; the crows came too for a share. Aunt Hetty herself has been feeding a flock comprising six species of native birds. The Blue Jays, and great black crows came too, but they were welcome to their share, which was the largest, of course. Some one said not to feed the jay birds, for they were such thieves, but we do not care if they do pick a few of the cherries, they are handsome and we like to see them flying about among the trees.

Victoria sends a nice little letter and we hope she had a happier time than she anticipated; it is not necessary to be in town to have a good time, for a Christmas tree can be had at home.

Alice and Rovella each have sent their first letter, and very good ones too. Seven sisters, all together, what nice happy times they can all have together, and only one brother among so many girls. We hope they will write again.

Estella sends answers to two riddles, and asks one herself, which we think she will have to answer too, for it seems to be a doubtful one.

Eva tells of huckleberrying, and it is December, too; it sounds hardly probable, but of course it must be so, and we should like nothing better than to go on just such a trip as Eva proposes.

Lucia has been silent for a long time. There seems to be quite a diversity of opinion as to the question of Annie's about the fort; Lucia says it is Fort Tecumseh, and three or four others have been mentioned, so Annie will have to settle the question herself. Lucia tells of some wonderful vegetables in the Okecho country. Her letter is excellent, giving information about that country that is wonderful.

John answers the pig question pretty

well, and asks one that will be hard to guess. John lives in Colorado, so does Edith, who writes a very nice letter, indeed; we hope they will come to Oregon. It is too far to go twenty-five miles to school.

Myrta writes again after a long time; she tells of a Band of Hope of which she is a member. We are glad to hear of such organizations; it seems as if our own Circle are forgetting the Temperance Roll, no names have been sent in for a long time.

TURNER, Or., 5, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
I like the Circle so well I will write another little piece for it. We have been having a nice time as my cousin has been visiting us for a week. My sister and I play the organ quite well. Christmas is near again, but I don't expect a very nice time because we live in the country and cannot go to a Christmas tree very easily. I will close by giving a conundrum: I paid \$45 for a horse and sold him for \$10 and made \$5. Can anyone answer this?

VICTORIA BARZEE.

MIDDLETON, Or.

Editor Home Circle:
This is my first attempt to write for a paper. I am going to school with two of my sisters and my brother; I have seven sisters and one brother; we walk a mile to school; we all like our teacher; there are eighteen scholars. We have been in Oregon almost eleven years. I will answer Anna Rogers' history question—I think it was Fort Stanwix; I think the answer to Lucy Croll's question is "water." I will send a riddle:

Twelve pears hanging high,
Eleven men came riding by,
Each took a pear and left eleven there.

ALICE VINSON.

MIDDLETON, Or.

Editor Home Circle:
As I have never written to any paper I thought I would try; I like to read the boys and girl's letters, best of all long ones, but cannot write a long one myself; there are three of my sisters and one brother going to school, and I have most of the work to do; ma is not able to do much. I will try and answer Manie's riddle: she said spell "that" with four letters, it is easy done t-h-a-t.

ROVELLA VINSON.

WILLIAMS, Or., Dec. 3, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
I thought I would try once more to write a few lines to the Home Circle, though it will be very poor. School has been out now for three weeks; we had a real good time on the last day. It is pretty cold weather here now. The measles are in the neighborhood now, we have not had them yet and I hope that we won't. I will answer Manie's riddle—the way to spell porridge with four letters is s-o-u-p; I will also answer Victoria's riddle—it was fire. If these are right I would like to know. I will close by sending a sending a riddle:
There was a thing that was four weeks old,
When Adam was no more;
Before that thing was five weeks old,
Adam was four score.

ESTELLA JOHN.

ELLENSBURG, Or., Dec. 5, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
As I have not got anything to do this evening I thought I would write a few lines to the Circle. I had almost forgot the Circle while I was going to school; but my school is out now; I got a real nice card the last day of school. I will try and answer some of the questions asked in the little folk's letters. I think I can answer Victoria's question it is fire; Lucy Croll's is river; Annie's is what fort was saved by a half-witted boy, it is Schuyler, and Jessie's is if there were three crows on a tree and I shoot one, how many remain? if you shoot one the other two will fly away and there will not be any left. We were out last Monday huckleberry hunting and got over four gallons of berries. Aunt Hetty, if you will come down and make us a visit we will take the buggy and go after huckleberries. We live five miles from Ellensburg. I will close by asking a Bible question—it is how many times, and where does girl occur in the Bible?

EVA MILLER.

PRINEVILLE, Or., Dec. 5, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
As I have not written to the Home Circle for some time I will try to answer some of the riddles that I saw in last week's paper. I think the answer to Victoria Barzee's riddle is fire; the answer to Lucy Croll's riddle is a river or brook; I think the answer to Anna Rodgers' history question is Fort Tecumseh. We have had beautiful weather during November, but it is snowing now, and is quite cold. We are going to school now; there are five going from our house; we have to ride, it is so far; we went horseback a while, but we go in

the hack now. I got a present of a side-saddle on my birthday. We are living on our pre-emption claim now. Pa dug a well, it is thirty-five feet deep. We raised a great many turnips and beets to feed the stock; one rutabaga weighed twenty-four pounds and one weighed twenty pounds; who can beat that? It is getting late, so I will close by asking a question: What is it a man never wishes for?
LUCIA N. PRINGLE.

HYDEVELD Co., Col., Nov. 27, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

As I have never written to the FARMER before I will now write; I expect to do better writing next time. I will answer Robert Bruce Bond's puzzle: Put nine pigs in four pens with an odd number in each pen, one large pen with three little pens in it and three pigs in each little pen. One of my brother's name is Robert Bruce. I am twelve years. I will now ask a puzzle: A drover being asked how many horses he had, replied, "my horses together have twenty fore legs;" how many horses had he? I will send the first one answering this right one of my cards.
JOHN A. ROBINSON.

HYDE, Weld Co., Col., Nov. 29, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

As I have not written to the Home Circle for a year I think I ought to write. Mamma is teaching me at home, as it is twenty-five miles to the nearest school; that is a very long way, but if there was a school nearer there wouldn't be any children to go; there are no neighbors except at the railroad stations. I never went to school but nine days until last winter. I would like some one to tell me how many months do you have school in a year in Oregon. We live in the sandhills; there are no running streams of water here and no trees; there is no farming nearer than thirty miles, but there are a great many cattle; there are wild horses in this country. Aunt Hetty, I expect to come to Oregon some time. I think the riddle of No. 14 is a newspaper. It is so lonely here I always like to get the WILLAMETTE FARMER and read the letters. I will give a riddle: What is it that goes up hill and down hill and always stands still?
EDITH ROBINSON.

BAKER CITY, Or., Dec. 4, 1884.
Editor Home Circle:

It has been such a long time since I have written a letter to the FARMER—I have not written but once and that was four years ago. I go to school and have good teacher, here name is Miss Maxwell. We have a Band of Hope here, and I belong to it and have signed the pledge. I am going to a party the first Friday in January. I am eleven years old and five feet in height; most people take me for thirteen and past. I will send Aunt Hetty my card. I will close by giving a riddle:

Madam Twitch had but one eye,
And she had a tail that she let fly,
And every time she went over a gap
She left the end of her tail in a trap.

MYRTA JAMES.

THE PUZZLE BOX.

PROBLEM.
A man has a forty pound weight which he breaks into four such pieces that he can balance any number of pounds from one to forty. What does each weigh?

CHARADE.
Ye puzzlers skilled of wit and fame
A title for my first proclaim;
The same behead and you'll unscreeen
A name well known to you I ween—
It should be known to one and all.
For once it caused a great downfall.

CURTAINMENT.
1. Curtail a bit of fire and obtain a ships timber
2. Curtail a measure and obtain a spring.
3. Curtail the principal of life and obtain a French coin.
4. Curtail a skip and obtain a plate.

WORD SQUARE.
1. Beloved.
2. A feminine name.
3. Mountains of France and Switzerland.
4. To file.

Answers to last week:—Enigma, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Charade, Carpet.

Vacant Government Lands.

In Eastern Oregon there are still large bodies of vacant government lands awaiting settlement, and the Heppner Gazette, published near them, publishes township plats and information about new lands, besides making land filings and final proofs. The Gazette costs \$2.50 a year, \$1 for three months, or ten cents in stamps for one copy. Address J. W. Redington, Heppner, Or.

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