

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

LOSS AND GAIN.

There is much lost in dying.
 We lose our silver and our gold,
 We lose our friends, both young and old,
 We lose the fields and birds and flowers;
 We lose the sunshine and the showers;
 There is much we lose in dying.

There is much we lose in dying,
 We lose the forest and the breeze,
 That sings its music through the trees;
 We lose the words of love and cheer,
 The smiles of friendship ever dear;
 There is much we lose in dying.

There is much we lose in dying;
 We lose the sea, the deep blue sea,
 The symbol of eternity;
 The sea both beautiful at rest
 And when the waves foam on its breast;
 There is much we lose in dying.

There is much we lose in dying:
 We lose the stars that nightly spread
 A trail of glory o'er our head;
 The kindling light amidst earthly gloom,
 Their radiance can not reach the tomb;
 There is much we lose in dying.

There is much we gain in dying:
 We gain a harp, a crown, a throne,
 A happiness before unknown;
 We gain the presence of the Lamb,
 The white washed robe and visitor's palm
 There is much we gain in dying.

There is much we gain in dying:
 We gain as our great brotherhood,
 The pure, the noble and the good;
 We gain a day without a night,
 A home with matchless glory bright;
 There is much we gain in dying.

There is much we gain in dying:
 We gain a temple high and broad,
 Filled with the presence of our God;
 To Him who reigns o'er earth and skies;
 There is much we gain in dying.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Apple Puffs.—Take a pint of flour to which (before sifting) you have added a salt spoon of salt, and a heaping spoonful of baking powder. Mix this with sufficient sweet milk to form a rather stiff batter. Two eggs, well beaten, may be put into the milk. To this add four to six apples (according to size) chopped fine; they must be of a sort that is tender, and will cook quickly. Have some boiling lard, and drop the puffs in from a tablespoon; dip the spoon first in the hot fat to prevent the dough from sticking to it. When boiled, they may be rolled in fine sugar and cinnamon mixed, or eaten with a sauce of sugar or molaasses.

Graham Custard Pie.—Following to the Home-Farm. Take one cup of milk, two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of graham flour. Beat the eggs and stir all together. The graham sinks to the bottom of the pie-dish as the custard bakes, and forms a good crust. It dissolves easily in the mouth and is entirely digestible. A pleasant cream pie is made from the same receipt, leaving out the eggs and using creamy milk of thin cream. Salt and spice to taste.

Bessies Jelly Cake.—One tablespoon of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs; beat well together; then add one cup of sour cream, rub one teaspoonful of soda into three and one-half cups of flour, stir into the mixture. This receipt makes four layers. Spread jelly between each layer, after it cools, or icing flavored with lemon. In using the icing, place each layer back in the oven after it is iced just long enough to harden it a little then stack them together icing the top and sides nicely, place in oven again.

Ground Pop-Corn Pudding.—I have been trying ground pop-corn and find it very nice. It make a good pudding. The children like to eat it in milk, and it makes a good pudding which is very quickly and easily gotten up. For two cupfuls of the ground pop-corn take 2 tablespoonfuls of white sugar, 1 1/2 cups of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Beat the yolks light; mix the flour smooth with a little of the milk; then add the rest of the milk, the sugar, and the beaten yolks; beat all together and then stir in the corn. Beat the whites of the eggs light and stir a tablespoonful of them lightly into the batter. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish and bake in a quick oven until solid. Add 3 teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar to the rest of the whites, spread over the top of the pudding when it is done, and return to the top of the oven two minutes to brown. I think it best when quite cold, but it can be eaten warm. I try it with a broom splint, and if the splint comes out nearly, or quite clean, it is done.

Sliced Tomatoes and Onion Pickles.—

Slice one peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions; strew over them a coffee-cup of salt, mix and let stand over night. Next morning, drain and put over the fire in a preserving kettle, with a quart of vinegar and two of water. When at boiling heat, simmer half an hour; drain and cover with following hot preparation: Take four quarts of vinegar, add it two pounds of white sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mustard. This mixture should boil 15 minutes before pouring over the pickle.

Fattening Fowls

It is useless to undertake to fatten poultry before they have attained their full growth. Fowls do not get their full growth until after their second annual moult. It requires all the strength of the body to support the growing feathers and afterward to ripen them, and not until then does the benefit of the food go to the body in the shape of fat, although the growth of bone and muscle still continues. As soon as a bird is in condition to fatten, it may be done in an incredibly short time. Until this period arrives, it is better to allow the birds to run at large as they keep themselves more cleanly, and the growth is more gradual, and consequently, if not so rapid, more certain and to the purpose. Fowls, while in a pin-feather state, are more or less (according to the condition of their roosting places) infested with vermin that leave the body and disappear entirely when the feathers are ripened. The juicy sheaths and enlarged pustules that hold the embryo shafts, afford support as well as hiding places for vermin; the pustules are tender and sore, and when in this undressed state, the bird does not care to wallow in the dust or dress the plumage to any great extent. When in the abnormal condition, it is better to allow full freedom. Any injury to the unfolding sheath causes the bird to show a white feather, and a loss of appetite often cripples and deforms what otherwise would have been a fine chick. Therefore it is better to allow the chicks to run at large until fully feathered, when they will have attained their maturity, for the season, and are in a condition to take on fat.

Cocks should not be herded together in large numbers, as their pugnacious propensities will prove a serious drawback to their improvement. They should be kept out of sight and hearing of the hens, and fattened as rapidly as possible. In this manner cocks can be made tolerably fat. Feed them on sifted corn meal, well scalded, with a little salt and cayenne pepper intermixed. The mush should not be too thick. Fed in this manner turkeys will fatten rapidly when in a fit condition, but turkeys are too large birds to confine. This method is to be preferred to the feeding of whole grain, as it digests more rapidly, and consequently does not draw on the strength of the bird. A diet containing oily matter fattens them rapidly. Scraps, potatoes boiled and pulverized, with suet chopped and mingled throughout, furnish a food that confined birds will consume greedily. Good, sweet, fresh-ground corn meal should be the staple; condiments serve to whet the appetite and render it more keen. Hard, yellow corn is preferable to other sorts for fattening purposes.

Domestic fowls are attached to their homes and impatient of removal. They will often pine in confinement, with a loss of appetite, especially if they have been well fed while at large. I do not like the idea of close confinement for fattening purposes, and always find my birds plump and with sufficient fat while at large. Indeed, the pullets and hens are often too fat for table use. It is the quiet, composed condition, and the long run, together with the right quantity and quality of food administered at the proper time and place, with clean roosts, that cause the poultry to look fine. Fine birds and good keeping is the rule to govern the yards; badly fed and ill-cared-for poultry will never look well, no matter how well or how true they be bred. When the fowls become full-feathered, if well kept they will soon rid themselves of vermin. When the feathers are grown and hard, the birds are continually dressing and arranging them. They pick and dust of all the vermin, hunting them out of their lurking places and relieving themselves. A bird that is infested with vermin seldom dresses the plumage, or wallows, but mopes from morning till night, and grows thinner every day.

When fowls are confined to fatten, the business should be done in a week, or ten days at the farthest. If allowed to remain for a longer period they lose appetite and consequently a loss of flesh follows. There is no ingredient mixed and prepared with the food of fowls that is more beneficial than the free use of cayenne pepper. It gives strength and tone to the system. It is better not to employ too much of the ground mixture prepared and put up in tin boxes, for sale at stores and apothecary shops, but use that grown in the home gardens. It is the pure article and contains nothing injurious, whereas the purchased one includes more or less red paint and other foreign matters that are injurious. The small cayenne pepper is very prolific, and one pod will season a quart of drink.—C. B., in Country Gentleman.

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For The Children.

HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

Happy young friends, sit by me
 Under May's blown apple tree,
 Hear a story, strange and old,
 By the wild red Indian told,
 How the robin came to be:

Once a great chief left his son,—
 Well beloved, his only one,—
 When the boy was well-nigh grown,
 In the trial lodge alone.
 Left for tortures long and slow
 Youths like him must undergo,
 Who their pride of manhood test,
 Lacking water, food and rest.
 Seven days the fast he kept,
 Seven night he never slept;
 Then the poor boy, wrung with pain,
 Weak from Nature's overstrain,
 Faltering, moaning, a low complaint;
 "Spare me father, for I faint!"
 But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
 Hid his pity in his pride.
 "You shall be a hunter good,
 Knowing never lack of food:
 You shall be a warrior great,
 Wise as fox, and strong as bear;
 Many scalps your belt shall bear,
 If with patient heart you wait
 One day more," the father said.
 When, next morn, the lodge he sought,
 And boiled sump and moose meat brought
 For the boy, he found him dead.

As with grief his grave they made,
 And his bow beside him laid,
 Pipe and knife and wampum braid.—
 On the lodge-top overhead,
 Prening smooth its breast of red,
 And the brown coat that it wore,
 Sat a bird, unknown before,
 And as if with human tongue,
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung:
 "I, a bird, am still your son,
 Happier than if hunter fleet,
 Or a brave before your feet,
 Laying scalps in battle won.
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer
 Lodge and corn land hovering near
 To each wigwam I shall bring
 Tidings of the coming spring;
 Every child my voice shall know
 In the moon of melting snow.
 When the maple's red buds swell
 And the wild flower lifts its bells.
 As their fond companion
 Men shall henceforth own your son,
 And my song shall testify
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
 How, at first, the robin came
 With a sweeter life from death,
 Bird for boy, and still the same.
 If my young friends doubt that this
 Is the robin's genesis,
 Not in vain is still the myth
 If a truth be found therewith;
 Unto gentleness belong
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
 Happier far than hate is praise—
 He who sings than he who slays.
 —J. G. Whittier.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The cold white snow has quite gone, the warm and welcome Chinook wind carried it off here and Eastern Oregon, and the sun has more slowly melted it away from the hills and valleys on the Willamette. We are almost sure that the letter box will suffer as the sunny days come along. As it is now, there is a good supply on hand and each one must patiently wait, for every letter is sure to appear in its turn. The first opened to-day contained two.

Royal seems to have his full share of animals to look after. We hope they are all well fed.

Pearl sends a nice letter if it is her first one. She is mother's little helper too, which is best of all.

Ida is another little house-keeper but she finds time to ride the pony too.

Effie and Winnie write together—a letter full of interesting items which every one will read with interest. Especially is it nice to think the dear little birds had such kind friends. That quilt will be as good as an album when it is pieced.

Jennie gives a good letter for the first one and must try again.

Millie's letter seems to be dated a long time ago but it has only just come to the letter box—but it is good enough to keep. Take good care of "John" and he will take care of the rats, mice and moles.

Samuel sends a splendid long letter—we have thought that the girls took more interest in letter writing than the boys, although we have no doubt but that the boys all like to read the girls letters. We want to hear from "Pleasant Home" again soon.

Jessie comes again with one of her good long letters—she would soon wish Ida could visit Oregon again if she lived over one New York winter and long for a sight of our ever-green firs, and big red apples, which never have a worm in the core.

Eva's letter is full of good things, her answer to the historical question is cor-

rect, and she asks one that will not be so easy to answer unless you ask. It is something good to know.

Clara also has such a letter that shows much care. We can see that there is improvement in each one—well expressed and neatly written.

PLEASANT HILL, Dec. 7, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 I am going to school now and study reading, spelling, geography and arithmetic. We have been having nice weather this fall but it is pretty cold today. I have a calf and a hen. My calf is named Ralph and he is so gentle that I can take him by the ear and lead him around. We have a fine dog, his name is Bruno and he helps drive cattle. I will close by answering Robert B. Bond's puzzle. I would put three pigs in three pens and build a large pen around them.
 Yours truly,
 ROYAL C. MORGAN.

Editor Home Circle:
 This is my first letter so you can not expect me to do as well as the rest of your young folks. Will tell you what I do to help Ma; I set the table, dry the dishes and sweep the floor. As the rest of the little girls tell about their pets I will tell about mine. I have a pet kid and four chickens and two cats and the nicest of little baby sisters who is ten months old; its eyes and hair is black and is fair complexion. I will give a riddle: What is it than can run and can't walk, and has a tongue and can't talk. I will close. Very resp'y,
 PEARL MORGAN.

SQUAK, W. T., Dec. 16, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 As I have never written to the Home Circle I will try to write a few lines. I am ten years old and my papa takes the FARMER. We enjoy reading the little folks letters. I am not going to school now as our school closed three weeks ago. Have three little brothers but no sisters. I dry the dishes for mother. I can make nice cakes and jam. I have a nice pony and a saddle and enjoy riding. Respectfully,
 IDA M. TIBBETS.

GERVAIS, Or., Dec. 27, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 As I have not written to the FARMER I thought I would write. My papa has taken the FARMER for many years. I am seven years old and only one brother and no sisters. I have two pet kittens. One is named Butter-cup and the other is Snow-drop. I help mamma set the table, wipe dishes, sweep the porches. I will close for this time hoping you will excuse my first attempt.
 JENNIE E. STEWART.

TURNER, Oregon.

Editor Home Circle:
 The teachers were going to have a supper the last day of school but it snowed until the small children could not get there. Did the little boys and girls notice how close the little birds came around the house during the cold weather. We threw apple cores and bread out to them. Each of us have a new cap made of velvet and fur. Ma has saved a scrap of every dress and apron we ever had and it makes a big roll. When I can sew good I will piece a quilt. Effie is piecing some now. We can say all the golden texts for this year. We did not go to Sunday school every Sunday but we got the texts any way and we will get a prize. Carrol has been down to grandmas four weeks. We went out to Silver Creek falls last fall and Mamma and Winnie and a lot more went down behind the falls. It was a fine sight and I wish we could see it now. Mamma helps us some with this letter. We wish Aunt Hetty a Happy New Year. We read all the little letters and like them.
 EFFIE KAUFFMAN,
 WINNIE KAUFFMAN.

WESTON, Or., Oct. 9, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 We had lots of fruit this year such as raspberries, currants and gooseberries and apples—it is quite nice to have all the apples we can eat. Last year we had none. I have one pet cat, his name is John. I would not take \$5 for him. My sister goes to school too. Am two years younger than my sister. Ma has raised lots of chickens and turkeys. How many verses is there in Mark that has no parallel in either Mathew or Luke. Am 13 years old and hope I will see this in print.
 MILLIE A. KING.

PLEASANT HOME, Dec. 22, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 I carry water, help cut wood and carry it in. The snow is about a foot and a half deep. The school is going on yet. But I don't go for the snow is so deep, and there is but a few scholars going now. This is what we call bad weather in this part of the country. The crust on the snow is so hard it will hold a man up, but it is very hard on stock. We have four horses and a colt. I

would like to hear from some of the other boys and girls. They must not get froze up because it is cold weather. I will send a riddle: Head up, tail up, and away goes calup. The quails are getting very tame, they come every morning to feed in the garden near the house. They look very pretty running about over the snow. I will close for this time. I remain your friend,
 SAMUEL A. KELLY.

EOLA, Or., Jan. 6, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 The rain and snow has taken the snow off so much that I can't have any more fun sliding down hill on my sled. We had maple sugar in snow today as mamma and papa had in New York. I think I should like to live in New York, for then I could have lots of maple sugar and plenty of fun riding on the snow. Aunt Hetty you made a mistake in that question I asked. You said take one from 10 and have it leave twenty, but it is to take one from nine-teen and have it leave twenty. My Christmas presents were a box of letter paper, a china mug, a bottle of Florida water, a pair of blue mittens, two pairs leggins, a very nice school bag and some candy and nuts. The answer to Tracy McTimmond's riddle is Air. I will ask a question in arithmetic: If a frog is in a well 20 feet deep and it jumps two feet every day and jumps back one, how many days will it take to get to the top.
 JESSIE BEARDSLEY.

SPRINGFIELD, Neb., Dec. 16, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 To-day is the coldest day we have had this winter, yet it was only four degrees below zero at sunrise. I see in last weeks paper a letter from a little girl by the name of Lizzie Parker. I will ask her if she has any relations in Maine. I have a cousin in Maine whose name is Howard Burbank, and he married a girl whose name was Mamie Parker, over a year ago. She came there from Oregon or Washington Territory, and she has a little girl she named Lizzie Parker Burbank. I did not know but what she may be some relation of yours. We are feeding 101 head of cattle this winter. Corn is worth 19 cents per bushel. They are building a high school in Springfield and have it finished. I will answer Anna Rogers question and if it is right I want her card, it was Fort Schuyler. Aunt Hetty asked one which I think has never been answered. What was it that caused the people of America to rebel against England? The direct cause was an attempt to tax the colonies in order to raise money to defray the expenses of the recent war. I will ask a question, "Who said I would rather be right than President?" I remain your friend.
 EVA B.

SPRINGFIELD, Neb., Dec. 20, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:
 I go to school now, our teachers name is Bertha K. Saxon. I like her quite well. It has been real nice weather this fall for picking corn. We have all our corn picked. We had 140 acres. It has snowed three times this year and we had a blizzard a month ago. We milk three cows. I milk one and my brother the other two. We lost about half our pigs with the cholera. We had quite a good deal of fruit this year and about 75 bushels of apples. I will close by asking a riddle. As I went close through my grandfathers hall, I heard a man both clap and call. A heard of flesh and lips of horn. Such a man was never born. I remain your friend.
 CLARA BURBANK.

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