

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

PREMONITION.

In a still chamber, a white bed of sleep With soothing pillow, and a dream so deep That it alone reality did seem.

And then I breathed the subtle, sweet perfume Of lilacs, purple lilacs, in full bloom; Lilacs so cool and fresh, the flowers I knew

In ecstasy, I to the window flew, Charmed with the garden of my dreams; but no! There coldly fell the moonlight on the snow,

Was it memory that chose to bring From my dream garden a forgotten flower? Was it a spirit that forestalled the hour

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Liquid Glue.—Dissolve good glue in whiskey; keep well corked so it will not evaporate.

To remove paint stains or splashes on glass, moisten the spots with a strong solution of soda, then rub hard.

Rust on Steel.—Make a paste of emery powder and kerosene; rub on and let stand a little while; then polish with oil.

To clean zinc dissolve two ounces of alum in one quart of vinegar; use as hot as you can. Rub until dry.

To remove the tops of fruit jars that cannot be started by hand, dip a cloth in very hot water and apply to the outside of the cap; this will cause it to expand.

When you have spilled anything on the stove or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke escapes, sprinkle the spot with a quantity of salt; this will stop it.

Sleeve Protectors.—Cut off the foot of worn out stockings, turn down a hem and run in a rubber cord at the top and bottom, and you have a nice pair of sleeve protectors.

Empty spools are nice to use to hang towels and clothing on. Drive nails through them so the head will sink in the end of the spool. No danger of rust in using them.

A slate with pencil attached is handy to have in the kitchen, on which to jot down articles you wish to buy when you go "to town;" then you will not forget the very things you want most, as is often the case.

To Clean Nickle Plate.—Thicken equal parts of ammonia and alcohol with powdered whiting. Put on the nickle with a piece of chamoise skin; leave until dry; then polish with a dry clean piece of chamoise skin.

To Make Vinegar.—To one gallon of rainwater add one pound cheap yellow sugar, let stand in the sun with netting over it. If preferred, molasses can be used in the proportion of one quart to seven of rainwater. A very little yeast will hasten the fermentation. Vinegar "mother" can be added also.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Rag Mats.—I must tell you how to make rag mats. I have one now nearly completed which I think quite pretty. I cut my rags, all sorts, stocking legs best of all, in strips finer than for carpet.

Molasses Candy.—Put in a saucepan one pint of molasses, half a pint of sugar, butter the size of a small egg and one tablespoonful of glycerine and boil for twenty minutes. When the mixture is thick, try a few drops in a cup of cold water.

Condensed Wisdom in B.

Be just, but trust not every one. Be timely wise, rather than wise in time.

Beware of bosom sins. Betray no trust; divulge no secret. Bouny is more commended than limited.

Bear your misfortunes with fortitude. Be always at leisure to do good. Business is the salt of life.

Brevity is the soul of wit. Better to live well than long. Be not too hasty to outbid another.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches. Better a small fish than an empty dish.

Business neglected, is business lost. Be active, for idleness is the rust of the mind.

By doing nothing, we learn to do ill. Better to slip with the foot than the tongue.

Be ever vigilant, but never suspicious. Better to do well late than never. Birds of a feather flock together.

Beggars have no right to be choosers. "Bear and forbear," is good philosophy.

Better to be alone than in bad company. Better to be untaught, than ill-taught. Bad books are the public fountain of vice.

Books alone can never teach the use of books. Bear and blame not what you cannot change.

Beware of him who regards not his reputation. Believe after trial, and judge before friendship.

Be good betimes, lest repentance come too late. Be ashamed of your pride, not proud of your shame.

Be slow to promise, and quick to perform. Business makes a man as well as tries him.

Be patient in adversity, and humble in prosperity. One of our walks in the Island of Capri will take us to a very high point,

On which are some ruins of the Villa of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. This gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home,

concluded to retire to this rocky island, where he would be safe from his enemies, and here he lived until his death,

in the year 37 A. D. Capri must have been a very different place then as far as the manners and customs of its inhabitants are concerned.

The Emperor built no less than twelve handsome villas in various parts of the island, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy himself as much as possible.

The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains of vaulted chambers and corridors show that it must have been a very fine building.

A short distance below it, is the top of a precipice, from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down into the sea.

This was not an unusual method of execution with the Romans, and his victims must have met with a certain death.

If any of us really desire to see a hermit, we can now be gratified, for one of that profession has his dwelling here.

He probably does live here all alone, but he does not look like our ordinary ideal of a hermit. He will be glad to receive some coppers, and also to have us write our autographs in a book which he keeps for the purpose.

A hermit autograph-collector in the ruined villa of a Roman Emperor, on the top of a mountainous island in the Mediterranean, is something we did not expect to meet with on our travels.

From "Personally Conducted," by Frank H. Stockton, in St. Nicholas for February.

Fast Horses.

Forty years ago, says a writer in Harper's Magazine, the most distinguished citizens of Kentucky were engaged in writing essays and prize papers on scientific agriculture.

Some Indian arrow-heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their deadly power.

For The Children.

ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY SLEEPING.

Just now I missed from hall and stair A joyful treble that had grown As dear to me as that grave tone

And little footsteps on the floor — Were stayed. I laid aside my pen, — Forgot my theme, and listened — then

No sight! no sound! a moment's freak Of fancy thrilled my pulses through; — "If—no," and yet, that fancy drew

And then—I found him! There he lay, Surprised by sleep, caught in the act, The rosy vandal who had sacked

The shattered vase; the broken jar; A match still smouldering on the floor; The ink stand's purple pool of gore,

Straw leaves of album lightly pressed This wicked "Baby of the Woods;" In fact, of half the household goods

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught The hand that reached; the feet that stray, — And fallen in that ambushade

Then back I stole, and half beguiled My guilt, in trust that when my sleep Should come, there might be one who'd keep

What though torn leaves and tattered book Still testified his deep disgrace? I stooped and kissed the inky face,

Then back I stole, and half beguiled My guilt, in trust that when my sleep Should come, there might be one who'd keep

— Bret Harte.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Yesterday was Easter—the majority of Christian people observe this day which commemorates the rising of our Lord from the tomb.

Soon our Decoration Day will come—the day on which we remember the graves of our own dear ones as well as the resting places of our dead soldiers.

Our staunch friend, Bessie, sends another of her good letters that always tell of bright, cheerful things.

The verses by Rosetta are charming and will appear next week. Our next is from a Washington territory boy who has had the bad luck to cut his foot.

Rosa gives a nice letter too. She has taken pains to write neatly. She goes to Sabbath school and is fortunate in living where there is an interest in the teachings of the Bible.

MILTON, Or. March 20. Editor Home Circle: The cold March winds are blowing and the gray clouds cover all the sky,

My papa found two little rabbits when he was at work in the garden and brought them up to the house and gave them to me.

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ent from the large wild ones which she catches in the strawberry bed, but she looks at me with her eyes half shut as if she did not quite believe me.

The little burrowing owls have begun their strange call at twilight, and our flock of curlews have come back. The answer to Eloise's riddle is a grasshopper.

GUY, W. T., April 10, 1886.

As I have never written to the FARMER, I thought I would write a few lines. My brother takes the FARMER and I like to read the little folks' letters very much.

Brown I am and much admired; Many horses have I tried. Tire a horse and worry a man

Yours Truly, ROSA E. LAWLER.

WAWAWIA, W. T., March 30, 1886.

I am a little boy 12 years old and this is my first letter to the FARMER. I am not going to school now, school was out last Friday.

The other day I was cutting wood and made a mis-luck and cut my foot. I have a little pony and his name is Strawberry. We have had some pretty cold weather this last week and are in great danger of losing the fruit crop on Snake river.

Yours Truly, FREDDY SHAW.

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