

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

A WATCH AND A WOMAN.

A watch and a woman are strangely akin! To prove what I say I'll quickly begin, She's nicely adjusted to heat and to cold, To win her, be modes yet sufficiently bold.

Quarreling.

We find the following excellent sentiments going the rounds of the press. They are so very correct that every person, whether they follow the precepts they set down or not, must approve of them.

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child, or upon what pretence, provocation or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no matter of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, the church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his finger in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes and in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better; the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is if a man cheats you to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

CHOICE RECIPES.

BROWN BETTY.—Grease a pudding dish, put into this a layer of nice cooking apples, sliced, then a layer of bread crumbs, with sugar sprinkled, and small bits of butter. For three apples use one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put a layer of bread crumbs on top; bake. It is very nice with cream.

SAGO PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sago, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs. Soak the sago in water two hours, then put the milk on the stove and stir the sago in; add the butter and the sugar after it is cold; stir in the whites and yolks of the eggs beaten separately. Bake.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut up one chicken and put it into two quarts of milk; season with salt and pepper. When about half done add two tablespoonfuls of barley or of rice. When this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces and add to the soup with a cup of cream.

SILVER CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar beaten to a cream; four cups of flour and half-cup of corn starch, added alternately with a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, flavor to taste; lastly, the whites of twelve eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

CHEAP SOUP.—To two quarts of water add a half can of tomatoes, a carrot sliced fine, a half-cup of rice, one potato cut into small pieces and a little parsley. Boil one hour; season with pepper, salt and a lump of butter.

CANNED APPLE SAUCE.—Cook and make into sauce ready for the table. Then put it up in self-sealing bottles. In this way we can have a good supply of sauce for the table, and for apple pies during all the early summer, when other fresh fruits are scarce. Properly sealed, it is as delicious as that freshly prepared, and by making a quantity of it at a time, it is quite an economy of labor. Then in the winter other fruit bottles are usually empty, and there is no outlay required for them. I am very careful, however, to have every portion of the decayed fruit cut away, as the least part left will impair the flavor of the whole.

APPLE JELLY.—Cook the apples as for sauce, and drain through a flannel bag, being careful not to squeeze it much, as the jelly will be fairer without. Then to each pint of the juice add a pound of sugar, and a little lemon juice, or the extract, if one has not the fresh fruit. Boil it 30 or 40 minutes, or until it jells. Some fruits thicken sooner than others. Then pour into glasses or bowls, and seal as for other jelly.

CREAM CARROTS.—Peel and slice thin boil until tender; then drain off water add butter and let them simmer a while, then turn on rich milk with flour enough to make a gravy. They are nice without the milk for a change.

SPONGE CAKE.—One teacup of powdered or fine white sugar, three eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar, one teacup of flour, flavor with vanilla.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, half a cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of soda, a little ginger, grated or powdered; flour sufficient to roll out.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Choose the strawberries not too ripe, of a firm sort, and good color. Allow three-fourth pounds sugar to every pound of fruit, put them into the preserving-pan, and stir very gently so as not to break the fruit, boil for half an hour, and put into pots, covering in the usual way.

CHERRY JAM.—Allow half the weight of the fruit in sugar, then stone the cherries, and put them in a preserving pan, and boil them for half an hour, next add the sugar, which must be crushed to powder; also one pint of red-currant juice to every six pounds of cherries, add one pound sugar to each pint of currant juice; boil all together till it jellies, which will be in about half an hour skim and keep it well stirred; crack some of the stones and put the kernels in to flavor the jam, cover when cold.

BLACK CURRANT JAM.—The fruit must be gathered on a dry day, strip it from the stalks, and put it into a preserving-pan, allowing to each pound of fruit one gill of water, boil these together for ten minutes, then add three-fourth lb. loaf sugar to every pound of fruit, and boil again for half an hour or even longer, if it does not appear to set when a little is poured on a plate, keep stirring to prevent its burning, remove the scum as it rises, pour into pots, and when cold cover with paper dipped in brandy.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—Gather the fruit in very fine dry weather, pick it from the stalks, put it into a jar, and place in a saucepan of boiling water over a good fire, let it simmer gently until the juice is drawn from the currants, then strain them through a jelly-bag, but do not squeeze them very much. Measure the juice, and to every quart allow 1 1/2 pound loaf sugar; put these in a preserving-pan and set over the fire and keep stirring the jelly until it is sufficiently boiled; be careful to remove all the scum as it rises, using a wooden spoon, a metal one will spoil the color. When it has boiled for about half an hour, put into small pots, and cover in the usual way.

GRAPE JELLY.—Put the grapes in a preserving-pan with just enough water to prevent their burning, when hot, rub them through a fine sieve to get out the seed and skins; weigh the pulp, and to each pound put 3/4 lb. powdered sugar, boil three-quarters of an hour. Pour into pots, cover in the usual way. This is a good way of utilizing outdoor grapes, which in some seasons do not ripen well.

Who remembers not how the distressed mother, Her child's entreaties tries to smother, That she insist not the horrid dose be taken, The remembrance e'en now does her senses awaken, And fond father, To be witness of his child's torture, would rather Pay high price, If money could purchase Cathartic nice.

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For The Children.

A VERY INTELLIGENT BIRD.

We converse some time together— You may think it quite absurd— But I found that quail in the orchard A most intelligent bird. He chose a shady corner, Before he would alight; I inquired: "What is your name sir?" He said at once, "Bob White." He had an air of business, The knowing little sprite! So I asked about his family; He said at once, "All right." I thought I'd like to see them, And ask him if I might; Perhaps it was the thought of toast That made him say, "Not quite." "Permit me just a glance, sir, They must be a cunning sight— Then tell me what's the reason." He winked and said, "Too bright." I said, "Don't you get dizzy When you swing at such a height?" He hopped upon a loftier twig, Then answered back, "You might." Though from answers daisy-like He never served a mite; Yet he always had an answer, The roguish little wight. At last I tried to catch him— He showed no signs of fright, But simply spread his wingslet, And chirped back, "Good-night." Your parrots and your mocking-birds, You may think are very bright; For wit and for intelligence I recommend "Bob White," —The Congregationalist.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Aunt Hetty has felt so hurt to see how her little friends has forgotten the letter box. But this week she finds enough to fill the column, and as fall approaches, she hopes that the boys and girls will begin to think once more of the Home Circle, and its friends. The first one opened comes from Florence May. It is a very nice letter indeed, rather longer than many write, and it is full of good things. We think Florence might make a good newspaper correspondent, for she thinks of so much to write about, that would interest readers. How nice it would have been to have had a taste of Elk meat. It must be a wild country where they can be found in this way. For as the country has settled up, elk and deer have passed away, and only a few are now found in the mountains. If Florence and her brother could only get some young elk and tame them, they could sell them to people who have Parks, where such animals are kept as curiosities. Only a little while longer and there will not be any left. The buffalo has almost entirely disappeared, and when Aunt Hetty crossed the plains, thirty-six years ago, there were herds of them to be seen grazing in the distance, but they would go stamping away as soon as our train came in sight, making the ground shake and roar with the thunder of their heavy feet. And O, the thousands of bleaching bones and skulls we used to see, where these great animals had been killed for their skins. The Indians used to be as careful as we are now with our stock, they never killed game only to eat, and for use. They were careful to save the best, to grow and live. The young men would drive game up into a space of a few miles, into a favorable locality, and then the oldest and best hunters would go in and kill with judgment, reserving the best to breed for their future use. They never killed animals for spoil, as many white people do. A pair of elk to a carriage would be fine indeed. But we think horses would scare at them worse than at a locomotive. These horns will be worth coming to see, and tell papa to keep a pair, for Aunt Hetty is surely coming to see them, and to see Florence May, who gives such a nice invitation to come. Tell mamma she is happier now, with the six dear ones about her, than she ever will be after they are grown up and gone away from her protecting eye. O! how often her heart will ache to see them, and sorrow for them too. Now she can tuck them all in bed and know they are well off and happy under her care. Even the sweet little baby Willie will grow up and be gone before she knows it. How nice to have such big fish, too. We wish Florence would give another of her good, long letters. Jennie sends another good letter. Her pet chickens makes us think of one we had when a little girl, that would follow us to school every day, unless we fastened it in a coop. O! how we did love it! But it had no chicken sense, growing up as it did, for after it got to be a big hen, it commenced sitting on some clam shells, and sit there till it fairly dried, it was so poor. It never

cared for chicken society at all. Jennie is piecing a quilt. That is right. Save all the pieces of dresses, it will be pleasant to look at them years from now.

We are glad to hear from our friend Julia again. We so well remember the dear aunt for whom she was named, who died in early life, and who was so smart and good. It would be a very nice thing to exchange pieces with some of the other girls.

Now girls, see if some of you, who have been silent so long, cannot turn over a new leaf, and begin to write once more to the Circle. We used to have so many letters that we hardly knew how to get them all printed—and everybody likes to read them—while it is a benefit to the writer, too.

GRANTS PASS, OR., AUG. 15, 1887.

Editor Home Circle:

As I have never seen any letters from this county, I thought I would write one. I am eleven years old. Our place is four miles from Grants pass. We used to live on a farm, three miles from Salem. This is a mountainous country, but they raise lots of fruit here. I have a large, black and white cat; his name is Jack. My sister has three pet chickens; the old hen that hatched them would not claim them, so mamma took them away and gave them to my sister. We had a grand celebration here, the Fourth of July, everybody had a nice time. We had a public dinner. It is vacation now, and I am piecing a quilt. I wash the dishes, sweep the floor, and take care of the chickens. I think this letter is long enough for the first one, so I will close. Yours truly, JENNE B. ADAMS.

ACME, LANE CO. OR. Aug. 10, '87.

Editor Home Circle:

Dear Aunt Hetty papa brought the FARMER home the other evening and I looked the first thing to see if my letter was in print and was very proud to see it in print, I think you a very kind Aunt Hetty to take so much trouble for us children, I think the children had ought to try and make it interesting and write more letters so we could have some printed every week. I could write one every week but I am afraid I would tire Aunt Hetty's patience and wear out my welcome. I and my brother have bought us a pair of turkeys and we are going to see how many we can raise next summer. My papa went out hunting the other day and killed two big fat elk. I would like to send you a piece of elk steak, if you would eat elk meat once you wouldn't eat any more beef. We have been thinking of getting a couple of young elk to raise tame. Aunt Hetty how would you like a pair of tame elk to hitch to your carriage when you went out riding? I wish you could see some of the elk horns that my papa killed last summer, some of them were nearly six feet high. You wanted to know how to come down here and I will tell you. Get on the cars at Salem and come to Eugene City, take the stage there and come to the head of tide and [there get on the steamer and come down to Florence. You must send me word when you are ready to come and I will meet you there on the steamer. I have got a little baby brother he is only three months old, he has big blue eyes; we named him Willie after one of my mother's favorite brothers, he will laugh and coo and can almost sit alone. I expect Aunt Hetty your babies are grown up and can take care of themselves; my mamma thinks she will get some rest when we all get grown up; there is six of us, is not that a house full. Everybody here is going to fish here this fall they have caught a few already there are three cannerys here on the river they put up seven cases of salmon here yesterday; they caught some that weighed forty pounds. Aunt Hetty I would like to send you a nice big fresh salmon just out of salt water right in this letter but as I can't I will send you my love and close; from your loving niece, FLORENCE MAY CLARKE.

OAKLAND, OGD., AUG. 7 '87.

Editor Home Circle:

We went blackberrying and stayed over a week and gathered over twenty gallons and had lots of fun. I wish you could have been with us; it has been smoky for the past week; school will start in a week or so. I am piecing a quilt it is called a friendship quilt. I would like to exchange pieces with some of the girls. I have two quilts done and will quilt one of them this week. I will close for this time. Yours truly, JULIA B. RAYMOND.

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