

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There's something in the parting hour Will chill the warmest heart— Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends, Are mated all to part: But this I've seen—and many a pang Has pressed it to my mind— The one who goes is happier Than those he leaves behind. No matter what the journey be, Adventurous, dangerous, far, To the wild deep or bleak frontier, To solitude or war— Still something cheers the heart that dares In all of human kind, And they who go are happier Than those they leave behind. The bride goes to the bridegroom's home With doubts and with tears, But does not hope her rainbow spread Across her cloudy fears? Alas! the mother who remains, What comfort can she find, But this—the gone is happier Than one she leaves behind. Have you a friend—a comrade dear? An old and valued friend? Be sure your term of intercourse At length will have an end. And when you part—as part you will— Oh! take it not unkind, If he who goes is happier Than you he leaves behind. God wills it so—and so it is; The pilgrims on their way, Though weak and worn, more cheerful are Than all the rest who stay. And when, at last, poor man subdued Lies down to death resigned, May he not still be happier far Than those he leaves behind.

McKENZIE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

"Dear Friend Gertrude: Sitting on the summit of the hill that rises at the rear of my father's beautiful residence, my thoughts fly back with the twenty years that have passed since I first saw this lovely place. Remembering that you have often requested me to tell you of my life in Oregon, I will endeavor to relate the most interesting portions in a series of letters to you, which, from the name of my old homestead, and the river it is on, I will term 'McKenzie.' Never will I forget the delight with which I beheld this—my future home. Sitting by my brother's side in the little skiff that Father was rowing I felt as if we were drifting into some fairy land, hitherto unexplored. 'Twas the second day of April, and the banks were lovely with daisies, violets, and buttercups. The hills rising and stretching away in the background were covered with majestic fir, pine and cedar trees. To our left was a small opening; and passing through this we came into a field, or clearing, of perhaps twenty acres. There, Father had planted his first crop of wheat, in Oregon. About fifty yards from the river's bank, on a little knoll stood a tiny board (or shake) shanty, for which we started upon stepping from the boat. With what curious eyes did Mother, Harry, and I survey the little house. Yes, we had seen others like it, but it seemed odd that we were going to actually live in one. It consisted of one room, sixteen by eighteen feet. The floor was rough boards laid crosswise; the fire-place was composed of stones, sticks and mud. "Pooh! This ain't no house at all; we've left the nice little cottage and farm away back in New York for this kind of a place, and I just ain't 'goin' to live in it either." was my brother's comment. "Now, Harry, we don't intend to remain in this, for, as soon as your father can get the garden planted and fenced, he will go to work on a new house, and then we can use this one for a chicken coop;" remonstrated mother gently. "But come, let us straighten up this bit of furniture that Father brought up on the scow yesterday," she continued briskly. Thus urged, Harry and I set to work and soon had everything arranged to our satisfaction. That evening we gathered 'round the fire and begged Mother for a story, as we had been wont to do in our old home. And, as we listened to the simple history of our Puritan forefathers, we felt very much as if we were with them—at their homes in the wilderness. Then our dear, gentle Mother impressed their sacred ideas on our young minds, and so deeply that we never forgot them. Oh! I thank my God that I am now in the land of the FREE, where every one can worship their Creator as they choose. But, dear Gertrude, the sun is sinking slowly behind the hills, and as he goes, his lingering beams kiss the clouds and treetops a gentle good night, and casting reflections on the bosom of the McKenzie, change the color of the silver waters, till we could fancy it gold. As I have promised to take a boat ride this evening, I must go. (To be continued.) Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Because they both have occasioned the fall of man.

Fault-Finding.

There are many people in this world that can see no good in any but themselves. They can see everybody's faults but their own. They seem to be very sociable while you are with them, but as soon as your back is turned they will find fault with you and criticize in different ways. In fact they say you are out of your place, for you talk too much for a lady and that you should stay at home and take care of everything out of doors and in the house, while your husband is going to all the public gatherings in the surrounding country. Then they will begin to find fault with their neighbor's religion and say that he is no better than they are themselves, for he does things that they would not do for the world. So they go on with their fault-finding and say if they owned a certain man's farm they would get rich in five years, where he only makes a good living. How is it that this class of people never see any good in their fellow-beings? Is it because they have no confidence in mankind? Or is it because they look on the dark side of everything? I think if people would learn to watch over each other for good and not for evil, there would be a better state of things in the world. Mrs. K. Waldo Hills.

BREVITIES.

The occasions in life when we are called on to make substantial sacrifices for others, and to perform acts of heroic kindness, are rare; but the occasions when we can show little attentions and do small human charities occur every day in the week.

When Sydney Smith compared matrimony to a pair of shears, he divided the latter evenly between the man and the wife. Since that time, however, things have so changed that the woman has come to be regarded as the shears and the man as the shorn.

Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1799. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

Many a farmer's boy goes into some city, and struggles along until middle life, with nothing to show for his labor except that he has thoroughly learned that a half starved lawyer is less to be envied than a well fed farmer.

Woman should be counseled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at, and brings to light truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

A well-ordered house is a paradise on earth. No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment of the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyment of travel is associated with fatigue and danger and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bitterness. But the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed.

CHOICE RECIPES.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Put a good-sized piece of charcoal into a can of water; it will collect all impurities. Wash it when the water is changed.

APPLES IN RICE.—Scoop out the cores, and pare very neatly a half dozen good-sized apples; boil them in thin clarified sugar; let them imbibe the sugar and be careful to preserve their form. Make a marmalade with some other apples, adding to it rice boiled in milk, with sugar and butter, and the yolks of two or three eggs; put them into a dish for table, surround it with a border of rice and marmalade and bake it.

APPLE FLOAT.—Prepare 12 tart apples, as for sauce. When cold, add two whites of eggs, beaten; then beat the whole till stiff. Make soft custard of the yolks. Put the apple in the custard and serve with cream.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare, core and chop five or six apples, a quarter of a pound of suet; blanch and pound one dozen sweet almonds; half a pound of currants, a small cup of sugar, half of a nutmeg, bread crumbs and flour in equal quantities; teaspoonful of salt, the whites of 3 eggs well beaten; just milk enough to mix a wine glass full of brandy the last thing. From ten to 12 ounces of bread crumbs and flour make a good sized pudding, but if more flour is liked, add a teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted dry in the flour.

CHEAP GINGERBREAD.—One tablespoonful lard, one cupful good molasses, one cupful boiling water, one teaspoonful ginger, one of soda; salt and flour.

NOW.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing without

letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest fall into line and follow like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to, to go and do it."

The Schoolboy's Apples.

A South Hill school-marm, the other day while working an example on the board detected an urchin directly behind her in the unlawful act of devouring an apple. She said to him, "Tim, what are you doing?" "Nothin'," said Tim with his mouth so full that his cheeks stuck out on either side of his head like an alderman's stomach. "Yes you are, paradoxically insisted the teacher.

"What have you in your hand?" "Napple," said Tim, with some surprise, as he looked at the fragment of the apple in his hand and wondered who had bit it while he was studying. "What has become of the rest of it?" "Dunno," said Tim, looking around in an amazed effort to discover who had the rest of it. "Somebody's been eaten it." "Have you any more?" demanded the teacher. "Yes'm," said Tim, dolefully, "Got 'nuther." "Where is it?" relentlessly pursued the teacher. "In my desk," sighed Tim, as he began to suspect that the teacher was going to demand it of him. "Well take it out and go and stand on the platform and eat it." "Eat 'em both?" "Yes, eat 'em both." "Eat 'em all?" "Yes, eat 'em all you have," impatiently responded the teacher, and, turning to the board, continued, "and don't you leave that platform while you have any apple uneaten."

Silence reigned in the school-room. The paper pellet pursued its tranquil transit unobserved and the busy hum of the students' made more noise than the cautious smile of the indolent. Tim stood at his post. Munch, munch, munch. The fragment in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell upon the other apple silently but determinedly. Quickly it follows the first. Then he put his right hand into his pantaloons pocket and took out an apple, and after a cautious reconnoitre, during which he wiped it on his trousers, he began the attack. He carried the fort. Another apple was brought to light. It was quickly despatched. A third followed. He changed his position, and, resting the weight of his body on his left leg, sighed as he drew from his left breeches pocket another apple.

By the time he produced the eighth apple he was silently being observed by two-thirds of the boys in the room. In surprise the teacher saw him reach for still another, and when that was gone, surprise grew to amazement as his unwavering hand sought the mouth of that gaping pocket. As the boy ate he grew in dimensions, and the teacher became alarmed. There seemed to be no end to the apples he had in his clothes. "Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any more apples?" "Got 'nuther," said Tim indifferently. "How many more apples have you?" "Dunno," said Tim, "guess two or three more." The teacher did not dare to let him proceed, and appointed herself an investigating committee to look after the back counties. The boy never changed a muscle of his countenance nor moved an inch while the teacher pulled apple after apple from his coat and piled them upon the desk, until there was something less than a peck piled up, with Duke county to hear from. The school room was a scene of hilarity which wasn't so much subdued as it has been. Tim had laid in apples for the winter, and the pockets of his coat having no bottom, the coat was thus an immense bag, which would hold as many apples as he could carry. The matter hadn't been laid before the school board yet, but the exhausted school marm declares that the next time she will learn how much of aerop of apples a boy has about him before she issues any orders.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Here is something for the fair sex. A happy woman! Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts.

A Philadelphia letter says: The last volumes of the Library of General George Washington were scattered to the winds by the last heir of the family. Lawrence Washington, at Thomas' auction room today. This young man, who was present at the sale, is a great-grandson of General Washington's brother, and son of the late John A. Washington. The books were stored in a room of a house belonging to the family, which was rented to a Pennsylvania man who promised that it should be kept constantly locked. When Mr. Washington examined the library, he found that volumes had disappeared that the autographs had been clipped from others, and that there was danger that the whole collection would be scattered in a few years, and its authenticity destroyed. There was no doubt whatever of the authenticity of the volumes at this time. There was a large number of literary men, booksellers and private collectors present.

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Prices to Suit the Hard Times!

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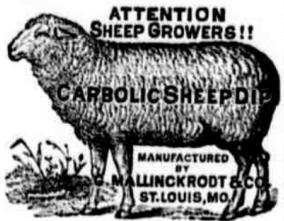
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A SURE CURE FOR Scab, Screw Worm, AND ALL Foot Rot, Parasites that infest Sheep.

IT IS SAFER, BETTER, AND VASTLY CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SHEEP. IT

Improves the Health OF THE ANIMAL, AND THE QUALITY OF THE WOOL.

One gallon is enough for one hundred to two hundred sheep, according to their age, strength, and condition.

It is put up in FIVE-GALLON CANS—Price, \$12 per can.

Send for circulars, to T. A. DAVIS & Co., PORTLAND, OREGON. Wholesale Agents for the State. Or to your nearest Retail Druggist. mv6

FURNITURE STORE.

I HAVE PURCHASED THE ENTIRE interest of Messrs. Yeaton & Loughran in the Furniture Store on the west side of Commercial Street, Salem,

and shall keep on hand a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of goods for the retail trade.

FURNITURE & UPHOLSTERY Parlor & Chamber Sets, BEDSTEADS, LOUNGES, ROCKERS, & C.,

By the set or single piece. Repairing and Jobbing DONE IN THE BEST MANNER, And at reasonable price, as I am a practical workman JOHN GRAY. Salem, July 12, 1895 y

NORTH SALEM STORE.

W. L. WADE,

AT THE BRICK STORE, HAS JUST RECEIVED a full assortment of

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Clothing

Calculated for the City and Country Trade. Bought as low, and will be sold at as SMALL A PROFIT, as those who SELL AT COST. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Nov5y

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IF YOU WANT A GOOD-FITTING FINE BOOT

you can be accommodated by calling

At Armstrong's Shop, ALL WORK WARRANTED. Prices Reasonable.—Repairing neatly and promptly done. GIVE ME A CALL. [SIGNED] W. M. ARMSTRONG.

On State Street, opposite WILLIS'S BOOK STORE.

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For Old and Young, Far-Sighted and Near-Sighted.

Shooting-Glasses for Sportsmen, STEEL, SILVER, AND GOLD FRAMES.

I AM prepared to supply spectacles to fit all eyes, at prices to suit. W. W. MARTIN, Jeweler & Optician, Bank Block, State St. Salem, May 19, 1895. 69a

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FOR BUYING AND FORWARDING FROM New York via Isthmian, Pacific Railroad, and Cape Horn, all kinds of Merchandise, and for the sale of Products from the Pacific coast, for the collection of money, &c. oct21

MARK THESE FACTS!

THE TESTIMONY OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Let the suffering and diseased read the following.

Let all who have been given up by Doctors, and spoken of as incurable, read the following.

Let all who can believe facts, and can have faith in evidence, read the following.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That, on this, the Twentieth day of June, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-six, personally came Joseph Holloway, to me known as such, and being duly sworn, deposed as follows: "That he is the sole general agent for the United States and dependencies thereof for preparations or medicines known as Dr. Holloway's Pills and Ointment, and that the following certificates are verbatim copies to the best of his knowledge and belief. JAMES SMETRE, Notary Public, 14 Wall Street, New York.

[L. S.]

JUNE 1st, 1896.

DR. HOLLOWAY!—I take my pen to write you of my great relief, and that the awful pain in my side has left me at last—thanks to your Pills. Oh, Doctor, how thankful I am that I can get some sleep. I can never write it enough. I thank you again and again, and am sure that you are really the friend of all sufferers. I could not help writing to you, and hope you will not take it amiss. JAMES MYERS, 116 Avenue D.

This is to certify that I was discharged from the army with Chronic Diarrhea, and have been cured by Dr. Holloway's Pills. WILSON HARVEY, New York, April 7, 1896. 21 Pitt Street.

The following is an interesting case of a man employed in an Iron Foundry, who, in pouring molten iron into a flask that was damp and wet, caused an explosion. The molten iron was thrown around and on him in a perfect shower, and he was burned dreadfully. The following certificate was given to me, by him, about eight weeks after the accident: New York, Jan. 11, 1896.

My name is Jacob Hardy; I am an Iron Founder. I was badly burnt by hot iron in November last; my burns healed, but I had a running sore on my leg that would not heal. I tried Holloway's Ointment and it cured me in a few weeks. This is all true, and anybody can see me at Jackson's Iron Works, 2d Avenue. J. HARDY, 119 Goerch St.

Extracts from Various Letters.

"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."

"Your Pills are marvellous."

"I send for another box, and keep them in the house."

"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."

"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."

"My nausea of a morning is now cured."

"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."

"Send me two boxes, I want one for a poor family."

"I enclose a dollar, your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."

"Send me five boxes of your Pills."

"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."

I have over 200 such Testimonials as these, but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders.

And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Disorders of the Kidneys.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stones or gravel, or with aches and pains seated in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bed time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when other means have failed.

For Stomachs out of Order.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasms—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:

- Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colic, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula, or Kings' Evil, Sore Throats, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headache, Indigestion, Stone & Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic-Doloureux, Tumors, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from any cause, &c.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

None are genuine unless the signature J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills, and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and \$1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box. sc20y.