

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Eventide.

More severing of tender chords and more wounds that never heal, result from the mother's death than from any other event that can take place in any home.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters than from any other calamity in life. A word of kindness is a seed which when dropped by chance springs up a flower.

There is a true enjoyment in that friendship which has its source in the innocence and uprightness of a true heart. A sympathizing heart finds an echo in sympathizing bosoms that bring back cheering music to the spirit of the loveliest. Be all honor to true friendship and may it gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse, to spread along the toll-worn road of life.

With all the marvelous drapery in thought, poetry and song, the worth of mother love has never been told. After the zenith of physical capacity has been reached we hold onto the shattered body with a miser grasp. When mother comes how we love to prepare the place for her, giving her the easiest chair, how we love to make the way pleasant before her aged feet. The little children lay the first violets of spring in the withered hands, their compensation being a loving smile. Some hearts never grow old and like wax they are easily impressed. A look of appreciation or a loving word is worth more than rubies.

As this is leap year it may be timely to give a few hints to the young men. We have known young men to meet a pretty face in a ball-room, fall in love with it, marry it, go to housekeeping with it and boast of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are he has neither. He has been "taken in." Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded and as the face was all he paid attention to, all he swore to honor, love and protect, he is sick of his bargain. Another young man becomes enamored of a fortune. He waits upon it to parties and balls, weds it and calls it wife, carries it home, introduces it to his friends and says he is married and has a home. He is not married. He has no home and soon finds it out. If a young man would escape these consequences let him shun the rocks upon which so many have made shipwreck. Let him learn to look into the mind and heart of the woman he thinks of marrying.

We have just been thinking about present day "hobbies" and they create within us a longing for the return of the good old days of our forefathers; days when callous ed hands warmly clasped each other and kid gloves were unknown; days when at eventide the family gathered at the old place and enjoyed the pleasures of home. How different now. Take the average family to-day and the servant girl is usually the only one at home after the evening meal. The father has gone to lodge, the mother to her club, Jane to the music circle, Kate to the card party, Robert has gone down town for a game of billiards, Peter to the reading room. If we drop into a strictly religious home, where each member of the family has been taught to fear God and keep His commandments, a knock at the door brings only the servant, who tells us the family is all absent. The father has gone to prayer meeting, the mother to drill some young ladies for a church concert, Thomas to a meeting of the Epworth League, Harry to the Junior Endeavor, Mary to the Young People's meeting and Sarah to the choir practice. These are most worthy places for members of the family to be, but even the most worthy societies that take the family from home two-thirds of the evenings of the week do not build up that solid Christian character that is formed around the old fireplace at home. Unless in these matters, we return to the good old days of our fathers and parents and children are educated to enjoy home and made to realize that there is no place like "Home, Sweet Home," we can expect many to fall by the wayside and our daughters and boys be ruined at the very threshold of life.

WORD PAINTING OF A HOME.

We recently visited a home and we will give you a brief description of what we saw and heard and see if you can guess whose home it was. We called about the time for the evening meal as we desired to see the head of the family whom we knew would be there promptly for supper.

Upon entering and being seated in a cozy room we awaited the coming of the husband and father. The good wife kept busy at her work and as kitchen door was ajar we beheld a picture that sealed itself in memory's casket. It was evident that the day had been full of active work for the mother. The children, too, had been busy before and after school, helping with the housework, taking care of baby and running about with cheery faces and laughter that brought happy smiles into the mother's eyes. The odor of good things cooking pervaded the kitchen pleasantly. The night was closing in and baby was sleepy and he crowded and whimpered as mother undressed him before the fire, stretching his tiny toes to the warm blaze. Baby was soon sleeping in his little crib. Then the merry talk commenced and grew brighter as the children clustered about mother's chair. The girls had set the table; the chores were all done. The oldest daughter had a story book ready and mother smiled happily at the eager faces as she began to read to the children. This was the happiest half hour of the day. Then a heavy step sounds outside; a hand was on the knob and mother closed the book with an unfinished sentence on her lips.

A shadow fell upon the bright faces as a tall, stern-featured man entered the kitchen. He moved heavily and seemed to have the effect of subduing the light of the lamp and even the blazing fire as well as the children's faces. The mother's mouth kept its sweet smile as she greeted him, but the general overshadowing fell across her eyes and brow as she placed the supper on the table and bowed her head for the long grace. Any attempt at laughter or pleasant conversation that rang through the house all day, was checked by mother's soft, "Hush, Father does not like a noise."

Do you think this father who has banished joy from his household, was a drunkard, a rascal or hard-hearted wretch? He was what the world calls a good man. Honest, a member of the church, industrious and a good citizen, and yet his wife who loved and respected him could never be her natural, cheery self in his presence and his children hated to see him enter the household.

Now do you know whose home this

I. SELLING

A STUPENDOUS SALE

I. SELLING

At prices that are unmatched. A Saving to you from 20 to 40 per cent. off regular price.

Season being well advanced we have made sharp price reductions as we do not aim carrying goods from one season into another.

Table with 3 columns: MEN'S CLOTHING, MEN'S STRAW HATS, and various other items like Wash Goods Specials, Notions, and Shirt Waists with their respective prices.

A Sale without a parallel. Our purpose in making such prices is to dispose of seasonable goods. Special for the children to help celebrate 4th of July, a liberal amount of fire crackers will be given with each purchase of Shoes and Clothing.

Suspension Bridge Corner

I. SELLING

7th and Main Streets.

Large table listing names and amounts for various districts (District No. 17-36) and business transactions at the Clackamas County Court.

GRAND FOURTH of JULY CELEBRATION AT CLARKES, ORE. JULY 4th, 1904

Exercises near Grange Hall HON. GEORGE C. BROWNELL, orator of the day, will speak at 11 o'clock A. M. The Maccabee Quartette will furnish music for the occasion.

Sports of All Kinds Two Games of Baseball--Highland vs. Logan, prize \$5; Shubel vs. Colton, prize \$5.

Horse racing, foot race, sack race and bicycle race. Refreshments of all kinds on the grounds. A merry-go-round for the children.

GRAND BALL at Grange Hall during the afternoon and at night.