

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

THE HEART'S BITTERNESS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Oh, heart, go out of your hiding-place, And wander where you will, Through the city and through the town, Over the dale and hill— Over the sea with its thousand isles, Over the rivers—go In quest of a single human soul That never hath known a woe.

The Old Pastor's Dismissal.

"We need a young man to stir the people And lead them to the fold." The deacon said: "We ask your resignation, Because—you're growing old." The pastor bowed his deacons out in silence, And tenderly the gloom Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish Within the lonely room.

A Story of the Revolution.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns, in Massachusetts, a rugged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street.

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head, as though he belonged to the society of Friends; but that could not be, for the Friends do not go to war.

He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat—and how long he was about it!

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me!" she said to herself. "If he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Mr. Tompkins come in and catch him here."

She went and looked from the window uneasily, but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end very soon.

"Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. How slow he is!"

At last she dared wait no longer, and mildly said to him: "I am sorry to hurry you sir, but my husband will use very abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard at the back of the house, and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a growl and a roar:

"Hey-dey Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you'd better mind your master. And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear yourself out of my house and off my land a good deal quicker than you come."

"Your house! and your land!" the soldier exclaimed, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and dashing off his hat with a quick fiery gesture. His eyes flashed with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was afraid of him, and his wife had given a shriek when the soldier first started to his feet, and had sunk trembling and fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

"You've no business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, completely cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

"Your wife?" exclaimed the soldier, with the very concentration of contempt, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins, with effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones, since you ask," said the soldier, "owner of this house and this land, which you will leave this very hour! As for Molly, softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us!"

"Oh, Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save me!"

With a step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. What do you mean, treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector that there was not a God in heaven against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in the town knew that Harry Jones had come home alive and well to rescue his much-enduring patient wife from a worse constraint than that of a British prison; but what they all said, and what Harry said and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for here the story ends.

What is Life?—Hints on Business.

ED FARMER: Every person of experience and age has often asked himself, What am I living for? or, What is the object of my life? This, I know, is a difficult question to answer. There are many that have an idea that they are living for themselves only,—at least we would judge so from their actions and conduct. One says, I am living to make money, or to accumulate property—this is true in part; but should not be the paramount object sought. Money has no intrinsic value, only as a medium or currency which we can use in purchasing whatever we may need for the comforts of life, &c.

It is strictly necessary and right that we should try and amass sufficient of wealth or property to make ourselves comfortable in after years, and would not matter how much more, if it is not the idol of our life. Whilst we are trying to accumulate property we should endeavor to enjoy it as time rolls along; in doing so the world is benefited by it as well as ourselves. There is no one that helps himself to the comforts of life, but others receive benefits therefrom. Live to make others happy as well as ourselves. There is no such thing as a man living for himself, or being independent of mankind—it's folly to make such expressions, though they are often made by the unwise, and many times thoughtlessly.

It is strictly necessary that every one should have some calling—some business to follow, and follow it—make it a specialty not to have too many irons in the fire at once. One business, well followed, is worth a thousand half attended to. It is not only so in business affairs but in all spheres of life. If a person ever becomes noted in this world as a statesman, general, merchant, geologist, lawyer, or what not (if he is authority or master of his profession) he has not been made so by others. The world has not placed him there. It has been by his strong determined will, perseverance, and strict attention

to business—always sailing close to shore when his vessel is small, and launching out only whenever safety would permit. How many there are that fail in business; it oft times occurs when we overreach, or when we venture too far from shore.

Commodore Vanderbilt's theory was correct: Go sure, step by step, handle no one's money but your own—let these wild speculations alone. Life is what we make it, though circumstance has a great deal to do in moulding one's character as well as in business affairs. Gentle reader, some of you may say you know this already—I know you do but do you practice it? If you do not, it is like amassing a large amount of wealth, or spending time and money in storing up knowledge when we make no good use of it. R. H. R. Irving, Lane Co., Feb. 8, 1877.

CHOICE RECIPES.

GOOD POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar; half pound butter, eight eggs, ten ounces of flour before it is sifted, nutmeg or mace as desired.

GERMAN POTATOES.—Mashed potatoes well seasoned and plenty of cream. Make in little cakes an inch thick, (and made some time before they are handled they are better), beat an egg and dip them into it; brown nicely on both sides.

COCONUT CANDY.—One pound of white sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil the same as for cream candy; spread coconut on buttered plates, and turn on the candy; when cool break into pieces and set in a cool place.

ANSWERS.

In a late number of your paper I notice a request for some method of making yeast, without yeast to start it. The enclosed recipe I use and can recommend as superior to all or any I have ever used. After bottling, keep in a cool place and it will be good for three months. Use same as what is called "hop yeast."

FOR MAKING YEAST.—One ounce of hops, one-half pint of flour, one-half teacup of flour, one-half teacup of salt, one pound of potatoes boiled and mashed. Put the hops in one gallon of water and steep one hour, then pour over the other ingredients whilst boiling hot; stir well; let it stand two days in a warm place. (Strain the hop tea before using) and after standing two days, bottle for use and tie your corks. Mrs. J. B. KNAPP.

Lake River, Feb. 12, 1877. Some one asked a good recipe for chicken salad, without oil:

CHICKEN SALAD WITHOUT OIL.—Take two chickens; boil till tender; chop quite fine; take double the quantity of celery that you have of chicken, chop fine and mix; then take three eggs, beat well, and mix with a cup of vinegar; a large tablespoonful of melted butter; a small teaspoonful of mixed mustard; salt and pepper to taste; stir the whole together over a moderate fire till quite thick; when cold mix with the chicken and celery.—MAY.

BREVITIES.

Think for yourself—and think much more than you talk.

There is a sweet little girl in town wants to be adopted by some one who has no children; she is eighteen.

"That's the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

"Captain," said a son of Erin, as the ship was nearing the coast in inclement weather, "have ye an almkick on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, bejabbers, we shall have to take the weather just as it comes."

Pay as you go; and if you cannot pay don't go.

A WIFE'S POWER.—A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure had influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life; Home must be a place of peace and comfort. There man's soul renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigor to the labors and troubles of life.

When a man in New York has once taken a fine house he doesn't like to leave it, even if his income begins to fail. It makes people talk, and his position may be affected. There did not long ago a gentleman, who up to his death, had been paying \$10,000 a year for his house and could leave nothing for his family. He took it when times were flush, and didn't give it up. In anywhere except New York, no one has paid such a rent as this since Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister, paid the same sum for Cambridge House in Piccadilly. He was childless, eighty, had an income of \$20,000 a year in real estate and income, and his wife had upwards of \$20,000 a year more. London men with \$100,000 a year in the most solid securities are content with houses rented at \$1,000 a year. The London rents of the two richest men in England did not amount to \$7,000. Their property was worth \$90,000,000.

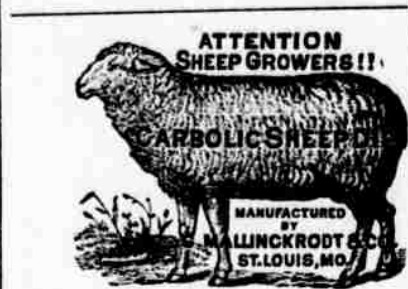
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Prices to Suit the Hard Times!

Woodburn Nursery, WOODBURN, MARION CO., OREGON.

A Choice Selection of Fruit, Shade, Ornamental, Nut-Bearing TREES, Vines, and Shrubby, Plum and Prune Trees, Constantly on Hand.

ADDRESS, J. H. SETTLEMIER, Woodburn.



A SURE CURE FOR Scab, Screw Worm, AND ALL 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.

T. A. DAVIS & Co., PORTLAND, OREGON. Wholesale Agents for the State.

FURNITURE STORE.

I HAVE PURCHASED THE ENTIRE Interest of Messrs. Teaton & Longhary 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., Repairing and Jobbing. JOHN GRAY.

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.

Home-Made and Hand-Made BOOTS.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD-FITTING FINE BOOT you can be accommodated by calling at Armstrong's Shop, On State Street, opposite WILLIS'S BOOK STORE.

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES! 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.

LUCIUS BELL, Successor to J. M. KEELER & Co., 95 Liberty St., NEW YORK, Commission Agent.

FOR BUYING AND FORWARDING FROM New York via Isthmus, 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.

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 SMETTRE, Notary Public, 14 Wall Street, New York.

JUNE 1st, 1866. 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 Diarrhoea, and have been cured by Dr. Holloway's Pills. WILSON HARVEY, New York, April 7, 1865. 21 Pitt Street.

The following is an interesting case of a man employed in an Iron Foundry, who, in pouring melted iron into a flask that was damp and wet, caused an explosion. The melted 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. 10, 1865. 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 nauses 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 300 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 are afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled 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 all 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, Blisters on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colic, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Inflammation, 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 Sympoms, Tic-Douloureux, 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, 50 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.