

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

On the Other Side.

We go our way in life too much alone;  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;  
Too often we are deaf to sigh and moan;  
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;  
Too often where distress and want abide,  
We turn and pass along the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn  
By footsteps passing idly all the day;  
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn,  
Is seldom more than an untrodden way;  
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide  
They lead us by along the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,  
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs;  
Instead, we look about—the way is wide,  
And so we pass along the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,  
Humanity is calling each and all  
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!  
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!  
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,  
Pass guiltlessly along the other side.

McKENZIE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

Letter 2.

"Dear Gertrude: I received your kind letter last evening, and was glad that you appreciated my first letter to you; perhaps the rest will be more interesting.

By the middle of the following month our garden was planted and fenced. Then, Father began to haul lumber to build our new house, and as it began to grow 'neath the workmen's busy hands, we all planned to arrange it as near like the old home as possible. We had not seen any of our near neighbors, but one pleasant day while sitting on the limb of a large oak tree that grew at the rear of our new house, and watching the men lay the sleepers, I espied coming up a path by the river, a woman and two children. Without hesitating a moment I sprang from my perch, at the same time informing Harry at the top of my voice that some folks were coming up the road; then I rushed into the house to tell Mother; she greeted my news with a sharp reproof, saying:

"Hortense, you mustn't tell them, why did you talk so loud to your brother? he isn't deaf, why, child, any one would think you had been raised in the back-woods."

"Well, ain't I being raised here, Mother?" I asked earnestly. Just then, our visitors reached the door, and greeting them cordially, Mother invited them in. The woman said her name was "Misses Yarneth," and the children's names were Moses and Jerusha. After spending her breath telling Mother her children's names and ages, and several other important (?) items, she sat and gazing at me for awhile, began with:

"How old are ye, Sis?"  
"Her name isn't Sis," said Harry indignantly.

"What is it then," she asked.  
"It's Hortense, and mine's Harry," he returned.

"Humph! I believe in old-fashioned names; but my old man would call our eldest gal Armintha," she answered.  
"And how old are ye both?" she asked next.

"I'm eight, and Sister is six."  
"Yes, you're goin' on nine, and she's goin' on seven," she added, in an instructive tone.

"Mother told us to never say that," was my brother's quick reply. Oh! the innocence of childhood!

"Harry, you and Moses had better go and play," said Mother gently.

I can remember but little more about Mrs. Yarneth's first visit to us, but I think, after her departure, that Master 'Hal' received a lecture on telling what Mamma said. By the 20th of the succeeding month, our new dwelling was completed, and we moved in. It consisted of four rooms, viz: a sitting-room, two bed-rooms, and a kitchen. There was also a garret, in which two beds could be placed. Father visited Eugene the next week and tried to get some pretty wall paper. But, finding none that suited him, he bought canvas, and we tacked it on the wall and then painted it white. A very close observer would scarcely be able to detect it from plastering. Mother having brought six of her choicest pictures, Father made rustic frames and varnished them, for two. An old sailor had given me a long string of lovely shells; Mother used these to cover two of her frames. The others were already framed. Father made some quaint little shelves or brackets, which we fastened under the pictures and in the corners. Then he made a number of boxes three inches square, and planting two kinds of vines in them, one grew down, concealing the box, the other grew up and was

trained around the pictures. Father loved ornament as well as any one, and devoted his spare time to making a couple of rustic tables for our sitting-room. Every day, while hauling the materials for our house, he brought home some curiously shaped root, or stick that he had seen by the roadside. Our tables were quite odd and pretty, and we now use them in our conservatory. One then sat by a window and on it stood a box that matched it, containing Mother's favorite plants—a fuchsia and a rose geranium. In the Autumn we gathered leaves and wild grasses, and pressing them, made them into wreaths, bouquets, crosses, anchors and mottoes. These we framed by spreading putty on rude frames, and sticking on buttons, small pine burs, hazel-nut shells, and various kinds of seeds; when varnished they looked very pretty.

"Our place begins to look like our old home, and as I have every-thing arranged satisfactorily, we will return Mrs. Yarneth's visit, for she has been begging for us to come and see her this long time; and Hortense, if you think you can walk so far you may go to see Jerusha," said Mother one pleasant day. Of course I wanted to go and thought two miles would not seem long, and as it was by the river side it did not. But, Gertrude, as I glanced at the McKenzie a moment ago, I saw a boat containing a dozen friends, gliding o'er its waters, and I know they will soon be calling for me, so I will say Good Bye; and in my next I will tell you of our first visit to Mrs. Yarneth.

(To be continued.)

About Valentines.

SALEM, Feb. 14, 1877.

DEAR LITTLE NELLIE: I have been wishing all day for a valentine, without in the least thinking who the beautiful young lady could be who would be so condescending, in the pride of her youth and beauty, as to have one thought of me. Do you know, Nellie, to what we owe this custom of writing letters of love and affection on St. Valentine's day? Lest you should not, I will tell you all I know about it. I suppose, then, the idea got into the heads of our forefathers and mothers a long time ago, when they were, in a manner, wild men and women, much like the Indians when the white people first came here, and consequently had no other means of information than by watching the objects of nature around them; as, for instance, when the first run of salmon came into rivers from the sea, when the berry bushes were in bloom, or the fruit ripe enough to eat; when the wild fowl commenced to lay their eggs. These questions were all of great interest to a wild people, as their food was derived from the fish, the fowl and the fruits. As February is, in the nature of things, a hard time for those to get food who depend on the operations of nature, hunger, famine, and death from starvation was not an uncommon condition for our wild forefathers to be in. I've heard old mountaineers speak of the Indians of the Upper Columbia valley crawling on their hands and knees, so weak with starvation that they could not stand on their feet. In history there may be accounts of wild, or half wild people, recognizing the change of the seasons; as for instance, the Israelites kept the feast of the fine fruits; the Indian, the feast of green corn. I cannot imagine a people whose condition is more calculated to force this subject upon their attention than those who were situated as were the Indians of the Columbia river valley, who depended upon fish. I have myself seen them reduced to such straits as were well calculated to make them look to the Great Spirit with gratitude for causing the movement of the salmon from the sea to the river. You can see yourself what an absorbing interest such people would have in the first indications of the wild birds beginning to make their nests in which to lay their eggs so they could take them for food. Well, some observer, more acute than the rest, made up his mind that about the middle of February was about the time when the birds chose their mates—their lovers if you please, and took note of season by rejoicing, as your mother will tell you. The Clatsop, or Chinook Indians used to hold their feast to Tamauwas when they caught the first salmon of the season. The feast of Tamauwas I allude to was a feast of joy and gratitude. The fish caught were eaten between sunset and sunrise. The Indians would never sell any fish till the first ripe salmonberries were seen, believing that if they descended to trade with the bounties of nature, the Great Spirit would cause the salmon to return to the sea and they would catch no more that season.

Subsequently, some old Roman Catholic Priest, noted for piety, or wit, or something else, and therefore called a "saint," took upon himself to fix the 14th of Feb. as the precise day when all nature was moved by the universal passion, and young men and maidens chose their mates as well as the birds. As few persons could read or write, the engagement was made personally and lasted one year, or longer. You see how easy, from this beginning, comes Valentine's Day, as we have it now, when advances are made by letter because of the extreme modesty of young

men, I suppose. I think it probable that this custom is the remains of a sacred day or religious recognition of the change of season, under the Druidical form of worship, and grafted on to the holidays of the Roman Church by St. Valentine. Webster speaks of it as an old notion alluded to by Shakespeare; Burns alludes to it as a mode of young ladies seeking their "fates" by drawing lots, by making a young lady say to her sister:

"Yes! 'reen at the valentin's dealing,  
My heart to my mouth gie'd a sten,  
For thries I drew one without failing,  
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen."

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fair Maid of Perth," no doubt guided by tradition, makes Simon Glover urge his beautiful daughter select her mate or sweetheart for the season, by personal engagement. Of course, the good old gentleman judged where the best feathered nest would be found.

Since writing the above, I have consulted the American Encyclopedia, and find my surmises to accord with the views of its compiler. He mentions the Romans had a custom connected with the feast of the Lupercalia, in which the young men drew lots containing the names of young women from a vessel, and so chose their "fates." You can understand that at a time of this license of usage, when the young sent messages of love to each other, and Cupid, the mythical god of love, is busy shooting his arrows of love into young and tender hearts, the contrary passion of hate is not idle. There is no kind of hate so bitter and reckless as disappointed love, and as the movement of love seeking its mate causes disappointment and jealousy also to more, in its recklessness, the United States mails are to-day loaded with both kinds of messages. The book stores and stationery shops are thronged with those who seek ready-made expressions of the sentiment which controls them for the time being; and pictures lovely, ugly, or funny, are chosen as love, hate, or headless burlesque, suits the buyer's mind. Your cousin D. tells me a number of the young men and boys at the University went down town to the post office at noon to-day, to receive and send valentines, and some received four demerits each for being late at afternoon lessons. No doubt the young ladies were just as much interested, but they, I believe, always control themselves better than boys. But, dear, the mails don't carry all or half the loves or hates, and what it does carry is not always really the true sentiments of the sender. The mail from Clatsop was burdened one day with an idea it never should have carried, when it took charge of the following message: "Tell Uncle John he does not want to see us one bit, or he would come down here."—Nellie C. was signed at the bottom of the page, and I have reason to know she is a young lady about your age, and her words, as written, don't mean what indifferent readers would think. I am somewhat acquainted with the young lady's Uncle John, and I know he read between the lines as written, "Tell Uncle John I have been looking forward all winter to the pleasure of seeing him here, but I am now giving up the hope with a feeling of disappointment."—That's the way the young girl's Uncle reads her message; don't you think it's the right way? Then the old Uncle has been down to Clatsop many a time this winter, at times when his niece did not perhaps think of him. He keeps a fancy horse of peculiar breed, the same kind of horse Aladdin had to ride, as told of in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. (Did you ever read it? Write, and tell me.) Well, then, with this horse, that nobody ever saw, he sometimes comes to Clatsop at breakfast time, and sits down to table, and takes a cup of coffee from the hand of Nellie's mother, which she makes in the best style, having learned of Nellie's grandmother, who cannot be beat at making coffee or loving her grandchildren. With the coffee there is passed by Nellie's father some warm biscuit and fresh butter, made by Florence, and the eggs that little Nellie herself collected, perhaps, the day before. After this the grandmother comes along, according to previous arrangement, and grandmother, mother, Nellie, and all the rest who choose, spend the day together. (All fancy but very pleasant nevertheless.)

Be my valentine this year, or a loving correspondent. Write frequently and let me know how you all are down there. If you understand all this hastily written valentine, write and tell me so. If you do not, and care for an explanation, I will try to explain. Give my best love to your mother and grandmother, and receive herewith the warm regards of your affectionate

UNCLE JOHN

What Girls Shall Read.

EDITOR FARMER: While perusing the FARMER of the 17th inst., I found an article on what girls should read, from sister Beapole, and I differ widely from her. I should judge from her remarks that she is an advocate of woman's rights, for she says let them read Mrs. A. J. Dunway's paper, while I say let them read history. History of France or history of the Centennial would be of much more benefit to them than such trash as Mrs. D.'s paper contains. Let them be storing their minds with something useful. They must cultivate their mind by reading, by study, reflection, and familiar conversation with the most highly educated persons they come in contact with, and their minds must be matured and fed from the springs of knowledge and by the golden harvests of a lifetime of usefulness and improvement. No girl can retain even

if she wins the interest of an intelligent man, nor can she appear in society well by reading such as sister Beapole suggests. And again she says let them attend most any kind of amusement, such as balls and so forth. I do not think sister B. has chosen very wisely, for they go and associate with the very lowest class. Dancing itself does well enough but it is the company that they necessarily have to associate with to a degree. Any one, no matter how degraded he may be, can, by paying his money, gain admittance and consequently the girls are thrown into their society and to a certain degree degrades them. There are other amusements that they can enjoy and be of more profit to them than attending balls and associating with the class I have mentioned. I have always thought that there is a sacred charm about the evenings at home. Let everything be as pleasant and attractive as possible in our homes and let the young folks invite their friends to spend the evening, where a cheerful laugh is heard; let there be music in abundance and I do not think the girls will deem it necessary to seek the ball room for amusement.

SUSAN JANE CAULIFLOWER.

EUGENE CITY, Feb. 26, 1877.

CHOICE RECIPES.

TREASURE CAKE.—Rub to a cream two cups of sugar, and one of butter; stir in four well-beaten eggs, three cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; stir it till just before baking.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, one teacup of cream, six teacups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda; mould with the hand and bake in a pan.

INK STAINS.—A solution of oxalic acid crystals, one part by measure to eight of soft water, will entirely remove dry ink stains.

In cooking oatmeal, hominy, wheaten grits, cracked wheat, or any of those nice breakfast dishes, cook it in a covered tin dish set in a kettle of boiling water; in this manner there is no danger of scorching. Corn-starch pudding, sea-moss farina, and all other articles mixed with milk, can be cooked in the same way.

A method has been discovered for making more than the usual quantity of tea from any given quantity of the leaf. The whole secret consists in steaming the leaf before steeping. By this process, it is said, fourteen pints of good quality can be brewed from one ounce of tea.

BREVITIES.

Have more than thou showest, speak less than thou knowest, lend less than thou owest.

As a rule, boys do not like to assist in doing any sort of housework, with the single exception of looking over raisins.


Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

Choose the course which you adopt, with deliberation; but, when you have adopted it, then persevere in it with firmness.

Set your mark high in the world, and then move toward it. Do not wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire to—lift yourself.

Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, abuse and evil speaking, slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities in a hearty and appreciative manner; if you give offence, have the manliness to apologise; infuse as much elegance as possible into your acts and thoughts; avoid vulgarities, and you will grow in the respect of others.

ATTENTION SHEEP GROWERS!!



CARBOLIC SHEEP DIP

MANUFACTURED BY G. MALLINGROD & CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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. Send for circular, to

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

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES! For Old and Young. Far-Sighted and Near-Sighted. Shooting-Glasses for Sportsmen. STEEL, SILVER, AND GOLD FRAMES. AM prepared to supply Spectacles to fit all eyes, at prices to suit. W. W. HARRIS, Jeweler & Optician, Bank Block, State St. Salem, May 19, 1876.

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 Haydock, 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 SMETTRIE, 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, 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. 1st, 1866.

My name is Jacob Hardy; I am an Iron Foundry. 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 sores 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 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,                       | Dizziness,                   |
| Asthma,                     | Dropy,                       |
| Bilious Complaints,         | Erysipelas,                  |
| Bitch on the Skin,          | Febrile Irregularities,      |
| Bowel Complaints,           | Favors of all kinds,         |
| Colic,                      | Fits,                        |
| Constipation of the Bowels, | Gout,                        |
| Consumption,                | Headache,                    |
| Inflammation,               | Indigestion,                 |
| Jaundice,                   | Stone & Gravel,              |
| Liver Complaints,           | Secondary Symptoms,          |
| Lumbago,                    | Tic-Douloureux,              |
| Piles,                      | Ulcers,                      |
| Rheumatism,                 | Venereal Affections,         |
| Retention of Urine,         | Worms of all kinds,          |
| Serofula, or Kings's Evil,  | Weakness from any cause, &c. |
| Sore Throats,               |                              |

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

None are genuine unless they bear the signature J. HOLLOWAY, 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.