

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

WOMAN'S WORK.

- Darning little stockings
- For restless little feet;
- Washing little faces
- To keep them clean and sweet;
- Hearing Bible lessons;
- Teaching catechisms;
- Praying for salvation
- From heresy and schism—
- Woman's Work.
- Sewing on the button;
- Overseeing relations;
- Soothing with a kind word
- Others' lamentations;
- Guiding clumsy Bridgets
- And coaxing sullen cooks;
- Entertaining company
- And reading recent books—
- Woman's Work.
- Burying out of sight
- Her own unhealing smarts;
- Letting in the sunshine
- On our clouded hearts;
- Binding up the wounded,
- And healing the sick;
- Bravely marching onward,
- Through dangers dark and thick—
- Woman's Work.
- Leading little children,
- And blessing manhood's years;
- Showing to the sinful
- How God's forgiveness cheers;
- Scattering sweet roses
- Along another's path,
- Smiling by the wayside,
- Content with what she hath—
- Woman's Work.
- Letting fall her own tears,
- Where only God can see;
- Wiping off another's
- With tender sympathy;
- Learning by experience;
- Teaching by example,
- Yearning for the gateway,
- Golden, pearly, ample—
- Woman's Work.
- Lastly cometh silence,
- A day of deep repose—
- Her locks smoothly braided,
- Upon her breast a rose;
- Lashes resting gently
- Upon the marble cheek;
- A look of blessed peace
- Upon the forehead meek!
- Her hands softly folded,
- The kindly pulses still;
- Her lips know no smiling,
- The noble heart no thrill.
- Her couch needs no smoothing,
- She craveth no care;
- Love's tenderest entreaty
- Wakes no responses there.
- A fresh grave in the valley—
- Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
- One more solemn lesson
- That life may not forget.
- Face forever hidden,
- Race forever run—
- "Dust to dust," a voice saith,
- And woman's work is done.

MCKENZIE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

Letter 3.

DEAR FRIEND: In an excursion down the river yesterday we passed a beautiful residence, surrounded by noble oaks and lovely maples. A broad path wound gracefully among them up the graded steep. Rare flowers, cultured by skillful hands, perfumed the air and added beauty to the scene. Here and there a fountain of pure cold water gushed, reminding one of the "Fountain of Life," adding, if possible, more loveliness to the place. Listening to the various exclamations of my friends as we neared the home of my cousin—Nellie Leroy—I thought of the time long ago, when I first visited that place. Instead of the pretty villa that now crowns the hill, a crooked little log cabin stood there. The front yard was filled with articles of cast-off clothing, old tin-ware, chicken coops, and various other things too numerous to mention. Yes, there the Yarneths lived; and, as we came in sight of Nellie's home, I silently contrasted the past with the present. Years ago as we entered the dingy little cabin, it was like leaving a field of sunshine and plunging into a dark cave. Mrs. Y. greeted us very warmly and straightway introduced:

"My eldest darter, Arminta."

"My eldest darter," was a girl thirteen years of age, and very quiet. Oh! What a visit we did have! The dinner was the queerest part of it. Mrs. Y. was very proud of her biscuit, but I would name them saleratus. The day on which we were visiting was Tuesday, and, as we sat at the table, our hostess said:

"Law sakes! What does all those knives? Why, I scoured them last Friday."

As the days grew shorter, Harry and I spent the long evenings studying and reciting our lessons. Christmas came, and "Santa Claus" brought us all a few presents. New Year's day, we all went down to Uncle George's who lived six miles down the river. Our visit was very pleasant indeed, and Cousin, Nellie, a girl fifteen years of age, accompanied us home and spent the winter with us. She and Arminta Yarneth met and became good friends, and Arminta soon began to copy Nellie's lady-like ways.

Gertrude, dear,

"The day beams in the crimson West
Now bid adieu to hill and vale,"

so, good night.

(To be continued.)

God sees hearts as we see faces.

Literary Night-Workers.

Moderate night-work, by the express testimony of experiment and experience, does no hurt to bodily or mental health, but rather the contrary. Mr. E. S. Dallas somewhere takes note how well, and to what old age, nocturnal toilers retain their strength and faculties; how vigorous-minded and strong-framed have eminent astronomers been—Copernicus living to be seventy, Galileo seventy-eight, Flamsteed seventy-three in spite of a disordered body; and of his persistence, night and day, in toil harder, he said, than a corn-thresher's. Then, again, we are referred to by Bradley, who did as much night-working, and yet ran out the allotted period of three score, and ten years; and Maskelyne, his successor as Astronomer Royal, who told four-score all but one year; and grand old Herschel, whose daily labors and night-working lasted so long, and were performed so well that he may be said to have done the work of three lives, and he reached the age of eighty-four. His son Sir John renewed the tale of years and of toil. The practical advice offered to those who wish to rob the night to the best advantage, is, for the robber to sleep two or three hours, get up and work two hours, and then sleep on the rest of the night; doing which, he is promised that he shall not feel the loss of the sleep he has surrendered. But constitutions and capacities vary, and some intending robbers may find the plan laid down for them a mockery and delusion, if not a snare. Pliny, the elder began his studies in summer as soon as it was light; in winter, generally at one in the morning, but often at midnight, and never later than two. How could Richelieu find time amid the multitudinous cares of state to write his memoirs and his miscellanies? Only by night-work. He slept scarcely at all. His nights were given to composition and study.

Archbishop Williams, England's last clerical chancellor, required, from youth to old age, but three hours' sleep in twenty-four to keep him in good health. What the Lord Keeper got through, first and last, in the way of reading, must have been a sight for sore eyes; it even makes the eyes sore to think on.

It was not until his severe application brought on a nearly fatal illness, that Salmasius gave up his cherished habit of devoting the whole of every third night entirely to study.

Pareja, the painter, slave and color-grinder to Velasquez, would spend whole nights in drawing, and all but denied himself sleep altogether in presumed emulation of his great master.

John Selden is pictured by Mr. Dallas in his little chamber in the Temple, poring over piles of black-letter, adding another and another to his host of precedents, and muttering a sneer against ecclesiastics and their tithes, while the faggot on his hearth has burnt itself out, and the white ashes are blown by the night wind about his cell, and settle on his papers and fill the dim air with notes. Fontenelle describes his philosophic friend Varignon, at the time of their lodging as the most laborious of students, glad to go on with what he was doing at two in the morning, under the pretext of its not being worth while to go to bed, because he usually rose at four. Mr. Peypus took credit to himself, as well he might, in his reports to the Admiralty, that in his official labors in that department, involving brainwork as well as penwork toilsome and severe, he made no distinction of hours between day and night, being less acquainted, during the whole war, with the closing his day's work before midnight than after it.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles; it may be so. So have others. None are free from them. They give sinew and bone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either their heads or lips, and those who do so only show that they are departing from the paths of common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbors alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and to do to others as we wish them to do unto us. They must plod and persevere. Pennies must be taken care of because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try to help other people to avoid temptation, and have faith in truth and God.

The fixed purpose sways and bends all circumstances to its use, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

CHOICE RECIPES.

HOT ROLLS.—One pint of milk, one small cup of home-made yeast, flour enough to make a stiff batter, raise over night, in the morning add one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, and flour enough to make it stiff to roll. Mix well and let it rise, then knead it again, roll out, cut with a round tin and fold over, put them in a pan and cover very close. Set them in a warm place until they are very light, bake quickly, and you will have delicious rolls.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take one coffee cup full of sugar and four eggs; beat them to a cream, add a piece of saleratus as large as a pea, dissolved in a teaspoonful of milk, and a teaspoonful of lemon; stir in carefully a coffee-cupful of flour. Bake in a quick oven.

GINGER COOKIES.—Take one teacup of sugar, one of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one of ginger and one of vinegar, and mix them with seven teacups of flour.

NEW YEAR'S COOKIES.—Three pounds of sugar, two and a half of butter, one pint boiling water, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; dissolve the sugar in the water, add flour, and knead the dough until it shines; bake in a slow oven ten or fifteen minutes.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Wash four large tablespoonfuls tapioca, and soak it for an hour in a little warm water; strain it through a sieve, and mix it with the well-beaten yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, a quart of milk, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and sweeten it with sugar. Bake it in a dish, with or without puff paste round the edges, one hour.

YEAST.—For making yeast without yeast to start it, take one ounce of hops, one half-pint of flour, one half-teacup of brown sugar, 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, March 10, 1877.

BREVITIES.

The greatest common divisor—death. A good word is as soon said as an ill one.

Make men intelligent, and they become inventive. Let your first, last, and best confidant be your mother.

No man has a right to ask a woman to become his wife unless he has paved the way, by caution and forethought to a comfortable home, for her.

When the tongue of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort—they are not the worst fruits on which the wasps light.

A scandalous libeler says that the friendship of two young ladies is always a plot against a third one. We only quote to confute.

"Who discovered America?" was the question asked for examination of a class in one of the public schools of Ohio.

"Yankee Doodle," screamed a senior. A yard-stick is very useful in a store; a stick on the stage is of no use whatever; a stick in a tumbler is sometimes in danger of making the sidewalk uneven to pedestrians; a stick of a husband or wife is apt to be much longer than is desired, and a stick full of matter is the commonest thing read in newspapers.

A Vermont court gave a wholesome little lecture, the other day, to a woman who applied for divorce on the ground that her husband was a drunkard and abused her. The court asked her if she knew he was a drinking man when she married him, and she admitted that she did. The Judge said that when a woman marries such a man, with her eyes open, she ought to stand by the risk she has taken, and a divorce should not be granted.

"Laughter! 'tis the poor man's plaster, covering up each sad disaster. Laughing he forgets his troubles, Which, though real, seem but bubbles, Laughter! whether loud or mute, Tells the human kind from brute. Laughter! 'tis hope's living voice, Bidding us to make a choice, And to eul from thorny bowers, Leaving thorns and taking flowers."

A Baby's Way.

It was just about sunset, the street had been sprinkled, and the residents of the neighborhood were grouped on piazzas and doorsteps enjoying themselves in chat and watching the motions of the children playing on the sidewalk. Along the walk came a young man who looked as though he might be connected with the river, he had the general indecipherable appearance of a boatman, and, additionally, it must be confessed that he may have been drinking. As he approached the children they attracted his attention, and he stopped to look at them. Then he began muttering to himself, and unkindly of the people on the adjacent doorstep, who could hear his words distinctly: "There's pretty children. I haven't any now. I wonder if they'd be scared if I should speak to one of them." He went up to one of the children and took him by the hand. Noting by instinct the rather disreputable appearance of the man, the boy caught away his hand and ran, the other children, in terror, imitating his example. Disappointed and hurt, the man turned away to go, when a wee, white-clad bit of a baby girl, not yet big enough to talk, turned about suddenly from the escaping covey, and toddled laughingly back toward the man, holding out her hands. The disreputable fellow

caught her up in his arms, and then she laid her chubby pink cheek against his grimy unshaven one and cuddled and cooed as only a baby knows how to cuddle and coo. The baby's mother, watching all, close by, did not interfere. The man held the child for a moment, and then put her down gently, and hurried off with tears in his eyes. There was nothing very striking about the incident, but it did one rough heart a great deal of good, and didn't hurt the baby.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.—A Wisconsin schoolboy handed in the following composition recently: "I go to school to read and rite and siphon to slide on the ice and trade off an old nife if I have one in summer to pick wild flowers and strawberries and to get out of work hot days, some boys has to go to school to get out of their mother's road, but I would rather stay in winter than to go to miles and set by a cold stove and freeze my toze. I like to go to school to see the teacher scold the big girls when they cut up, some goes to school to fool but I go to study when we are old we can't go to school and then we will feel sorry that we fooled when we was young and went to school. I don't get no time to fool anyway for I have lots to do when it comes to my gography."

To Ladies.

MRS. DR. CRAIG is now prepared to receive patients at her office in Salem. During the past year she has had extensive practice at Dr. Adams' popular Medical Institute at Portland, in treating ladies, and feels confident of affording relief in most cases of a chronic character. Special attention paid to female weakness and nervous prostration. In connection with her treatment, she uses the celebrated Medicated Electric Vapor Baths, which aid vastly in effecting cures. Office and residence, s. e. corner of Center and Summer streets, Salem.

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MANUFACTURED BY LUNCKRODT & CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.
A SURE CURE FOR

Scab, Screw Worm, Foot Rot, 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 Drugist. my6
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. W. W. MARTIN, Jeweler & Optician, Bank Block, State St. Salem, May 19, 1876. 6m

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. oct17
J. A. STRATTON, Attorney at Law, SALEM, OREGON. Office on State Street, opposite the Bennett House, sep29/17

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 Hayward, 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 SMEITRE, 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, 1866. 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, 1866.

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.

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 sores 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 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 King's Evil,
 - Sore Throats,
 - Dizziness,
 - Dropsy,
 - Dysentery,
 - Erysipelas,
 - Female Irregularities,
 - Fevers of all kinds,
 - Fits,
 - Gout,
 - Headache,
 - Indigestion,
 - Stone & Gravel,
 - Secondary Sympoms,
 - Tic-Doloureux,
 - Tumors,
 - Ulcers,
 - Veneral Affections,
 - Worms of all kinds,
 - Weakness from any cause, &c.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

None are genuine unless they bear 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 guidance by making the larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the safe use of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box. sep29/17