

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath— And yet the fair good name was wilted; And friends once fond grew cold and stilled, And life was worse than death.

One venomous word, That struck its coward, poisoned blow, In craven whispers, hushed and low— And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one, That mattered less for very shame, The thing the slanderer dare not name— And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight, And yet, so mighty in its power, A human soul in one short hour Lies crushed beneath its blight!

Higgledy-Piggledy.

Higgledy-Piggledy went to school, Looking so nice and neat; Clean little mittens on clean little hands, Clean little shoes on his feet.

Jacket and trousers all nicely brushed, Collar and cuffs like snow; See that you come home as neat to-night, Higgledy-Piggledy, Oh!

Higgledy-Piggledy came from school, In such a woeful plight, All the people he met in the road Ran screaming away with fright.

One shoe gone forever and aye, 'Tother stiff with mud, Dirt-spattered jacket half torn from his back, Mittens both lost in the wood.

Higgledy-Piggledy staid in bed, All a long pleasant day; While his father fished for his other boot, In the roadside mud and clay.

All day long his mother must mend, Wash, iron and sew, Before she can make him fit to be seen, Higgledy-Piggledy, Oh!

—Nursery.

McKENZIE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

Letter 4.

Seven years had passed away, without anything of interest occurring; but this winter, as Harry had progressed well in his studies at home, our parents concluded to send him to Eugene to attend school. I assure you I was very lonely without him, and, as Christmas drew near, was nearly wild with joy, for he was coming home to spend vacation. At last the day came for father to go for him. It dawned gloomy and cold, and the river looked sullen. "I don't think we will get home before dark, for the roads are almost impassable," said father as he started away.

In the afternoon as I lay upon the lounge reading, and mother sat by the window sewing, we heard a strange, confused noise, as if all the dogs in the land were growling, whining, and barking at the same time.

"Mother, just listen at those coyotes, will you?" I exclaimed, springing to my feet. "They are over on the Bald Butte, and in a little while will be after our sheep, which you know are in the upper pasture," I continued.

"Well, Hortense, they will destroy a large portion of our fine flock, but it can't be helped, for your father will not get home soon enough to put them in the lower corral," she answered.

So I began to read; but my story had lost its interest, for I could hear those wretched little animals rejoicing over the expectant feast, and I pictured my pet lambs being chased and devoured. Presently I sprang up, saying:

"Mother, I guess I'll go and bring in the clothes," and passing through the kitchen, I snatched my cloak and hood and went out into the back yard. A thought struck me. Why could I not save the sheep? to be sure 'twas two miles to their pasture and it was nearly dark and bitter cold; but they must be saved anyway. I ran to the barn to see if my pony was there. Yes, and, without hesitating, I mounted her and set off at a gallop. I soon reached the first fence, and, dismounting, let all the rails down except two, which I thought Polly would step over; so I remounted her on this side of the fence; but, contrary to my expectations, she took a decided leap and I found myself lying on the ground, with my naughty pony looking at me as much as to say:

"What are you lying there for?" I was unhurt, however, excepting a shock and a few slight bruises. Springing to my feet I once more scrambled on her back and set out. The next fence I reached I was sure to let down all the rails. Nearer and nearer my faithful pony brought me to the imprisoned sheep, and, gaining a hilltop, there they were, huddled together, frightened to death at the fierce menaces of their enemy. I laughed aloud, as I paused for a moment, for I was so glad to think that I could cheat the little fiends out of their prey. Oh! how my innocents crowded through the gap, and I did not have the least bit of trouble in driving them home, and, ere long, I had them safely corralled.

Mother had, of course, missed me, and quickly guessed where I had gone. It was now dark, and father and Harry

soon came. They had heard the coyotes and hurried home as fast as possible. And as father entered, he said:

"I fear we'll lose a large portion of our fine sheep to-night."

"You need not fear, husband mine, for this little madcap of ours has them all safely corralled," answered mother, smilingly.

"Why, Hortense De Mere! did you ride away over there, this cold day?" was father's surprised query.

"Sis, you're a regular heroine," said Harry seizing me and kissing me heartily.

The Yarneths still lived in their old home, but were no longer our nearest neighbors, for a dear old lady—Mrs. Leroy, and her two sons, aged twenty-four and eight, respectively, had come on to a place about a half a mile distant. Dear Mrs. Leroy, how I loved her! I think everybody did. In my next I'll tell you how I saved her from drowning.

(To be continued.)

The First and the Last of Her.

They were all enjoying the breeze that swept through the wide parlors that Summer evening, it had been so hot of late. The month was May, the place was Philadelphia, and it was the Centennial time. But don't be alarmed, my reader; I am not going to describe the Great Exhibition, nor tell anything about it. I only intend to relate an incident that happened to take place then and there.

The people enjoying the breeze were a family by the name of Fenton, and consisted of a father and mother, two grown-up daughters, one grown-up son, and a little girl.

Mrs. Fenton had just been saying that she supposed they would soon be over-run with visitors coming to spend a few days and see the Centennial.

"Well, let them come!" said Mr. Fenton heartily, as he turned his paper inside out. "I don't know one that I wouldn't be glad to see."

"Nor I," returned Mrs. Fenton. "I am always so thankful that we needn't be ashamed of any of our relations. There's sister Kate—who could be more delightful?"

"Oh, Aunt Kate is perfectly splendid!" chorused the young people.

"And there's Uncle Phil and Aunt Emily," said Mabel, the eldest girl.

"And Cousin Joe and his wife," added Florence, the second daughter.

"And John and his family," put in Mr. Fenton.

"Oh, if you go to counting up, you'll never get through," said Tom, the son and heir. "But I say! haven't we any objectionable connections at all? Isn't there some old duffer, who'll turn up at just the wrong moment?"

"No, I haven't any," said Mr. F.

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Fenton, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully. "Stop! I think I remember one. Of course—Cousin Jerusha! I wonder I didn't think before. But I don't know that she is objectionable; she's lived 'way up in Vermont all her life. She is a niece of grandfather's, and is an old maid; at least she ought to be, if she isn't married or dead. Her name is Hevington—Jerusha Hevington. I always thought it such a pity to spoil as fine a name as Hevington with Jerusha. I hope she won't come; I'm sure she must be perfectly awful!"

The two young ladies had been looking at their mother in blank silence ever since she had mentioned this unpleasant relation; Tom had gone off in a fit of laughter; so that Mr. Fenton was the only one who spoke.

"Well, if she comes, all we can do is to make the best of it, and treat her as well as we know how."

Tom here looked at his watch, and started up, exclaiming that he should be late, he had an appointment, and bolted off, promising to be home early. Then Mr. Fenton settled down for a nap; Mrs. Fenton buried herself in a book; and the girls yawned over their canvas, fearing a dull evening.

The air gently fluttered the lace curtains, the mellow light shone down from the many-globed chandelier upon the fresh white matting, the linen-draped furniture, the pictures and statues, the three ladies in their pretty evening dresses, and the old gentleman snoring away behind his newspaper; all was quiet as quiet could be, when a violent peal at the door bell made them all nearly jump out of their skins.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Mr. Fenton, bounding up.

Mrs. Fenton dropped her book, and gave a scared look to the hall.

"I suppose it's Mr. Vanderpool," said Mabel.

"Oh, no, he never rings like that," said Florence.

Their old colored waiter had opened the door by this time, and a loud voice was heard inquiring, "Does Mr. Fenton—Mr. Samuel Fenton—live here?"

"Yes, ma'am, he does," old James answered respectfully.

"Wa'al, I guess I'll walk right in—I seen the folks through the window; and apparently before the old servant could stop her, the owner of the voice did "walk right into" the parlor—a tall, strong featured woman, with iron-gray hair, clad in a brilliantly flowered dress that a bulging hoop-skirt showed to advantage, and a shawl of vivid red and yellow plaid. A bonnet of the shape called poke was on her head, and from it dangled a thick green veil. She wore gray cotton gloves, and one hand firmly grasped a lumpy carpet bag, the other a fat umbrella. She looked comfortable and common from top to toe. She peered at the group through her steel-bowed spectacles, and tucking her umbrella under the carpet bag arm, she extended her hand.

"Wa'al, now, I s'pose you don't know me. I'm Jerusha Hevington—yer cousin Jerusha Hevington."

The stricken family were dumb. Mr. Fenton was the first to recover. He took the proffered hand, shook it warmly, and led the lady to a chair, begging her to be seated; he could not say she was welcome, but he tried to make her feel so. Mrs. Fenton then came forward and asked some friendly questions about her journey; and the girls offered to take her things.

"Wa'al, I guess I won't just now, thank yer—I've got to go and see about my trunk in a minute; I hed it left in a grocery store jest around the corner. The young man was awful pleasant when I told him I was one of your folks—he seems to set a heap by you."

"Good Gracious!" thought Florence, with a shudder, "I wonder if she has been going through the city advertising her relationship to us!"

"Wa'al Samuel began Miss Jerusha, "yer've got two fine likely galls; they oughter help their mar a sight in doin' house work and sich. It must take a powerful sight o' work to keep all them fussin' clean"—with an admiring awe-struck glance around the room. Then she went on, "Is them all the children yer've got, Maria?"

Mrs. Fenton answered that she had two more, a son and a little daughter. Mabel offered to send for her little sister, thinking that a little child might make converse easier, but Miss Jerusha answered, "For law's sake, no, I can't bear children," that she drew back offended. Mrs. Fenton looked annoyed, but Miss Jerusha, unabashed, began to complain of the awful drought up in their place, while an awful silence fell upon the rest.

A quick ring made the girls start and fervently hope it was not Mr. Vanderpool—I am sure for the first time in their lives. To have him, of all beings in the world, see this dreadful relative—Mr. Vanderpool, whose father belonged to the oldest of Nickerbocker families, and whose mother was an E. F. V.; who was so fastidious and refined himself! It took only a second for this to rush through their brains, when in Mr. Vanderpool walked. He was greeted in a rather embarrassed manner by all, and inveigled into a seat as far as possible from Miss Jerusha, on pretense of its being cooler by the window.

But Miss Jerusha didn't mean to be left in the background—she got up and stalked over to the group.

"Who's this young man?" she inquired, indicating Mr. Vanderpool with her cotton forefinger.

Mabel, with a very red face, introduced him.

Mr. Vanderpool made an astonished bow, but Miss Jerusha gave his hand a most unmerciful grip, exclaiming heartily, "I'm real glad to see yer, Mister, but see here, sis"—to Mabel—"I ain't ashamed o' bein' yer cousin—yer might have introduced me as sich."

Then ordering Mr. Vanderpool to "set down on the sofa," she took her place beside him, when he had obeyed.

"Wa'al now, I didn't s'pect to see a fine young feller the first night I come—a beau o' yours, I s'pose," she said to Mabel in a loud voice.

Mabel wished that the earth would open and swallow some one of the party.

"Yer needn't git so all-fired red; yer ain't got no call to be ashamed of him; he seems nice nuff kind o' man."

Mabel felt the cold shivers running up and down her back, and thought she knew the meaning of purgatory now.

Miss Jerusha turned to Mr. Vanderpool and put some searching questions in regard to his "trade." Mr. V. politely answered that he was studying for the bar.

"Hum! bar-reader; I shouldn't hev thought it!" was his comment.

"You're awful like Linus Swinefield—the fust beau I ever hed," she exclaimed at length. I knowed him when he went to the district school. They use ter call him Higgy then, and none o' the galls could bear the sight o' him, and when he grooved up, I was the only one who'd go with him. My stars! he was powerful like you. I was awful fond o' him." She sighed, and edged a little nearer the now thoroughly uncomfortable Mr. Vanderpool; then she sighed again, and edged still nearer.

"You're dreadful like him," she said, and buried her face in a big red handkerchief, and groaning, moved still nearer. Another groan, another sigh, made the girls rise in fright. Was the woman crazy? Still another groan and sigh wedged Mr. Vanderpool against a sharp corner of the sofa. He, somewhat alarmed, tried to get up, when Miss Jerusha, with spasmodic twitches all over her face, threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming, convulsively, "My dear, dear boy!"

Mr. Vanderpool indignantly struggled to release himself, but the clinging arms refused to be unhooked. Mabel and Florence stood wringing their hands in despair. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton rushed to the rescue, and in the scuffle that ensued, off came the poke-bonnet and green veil, carrying with them the spectacles and gray hair—and there was Tom's curly brown hair confessed.

"Oh, Tom, you dreadful boy!" cried the girls, as Tom sank down on the sofa shouting and shaking with laughter.

It took about the space of a lightning flash for them to grasp the situation, and such peals of laughter rang through the rooms that it is a wonder the neighborhood was not aroused; but then it was hearty rather than noisy, and that makes a wondrous difference.

Tom, with many chokes and roars, told how he managed winding up with: "Nurse and cook and old Tim acted like regular trumps. How I did fool you all! but I thought I was gone when Mab wanted to send up for Dot; she'd seen the rigging up in the nursery, you know, and she'd have let it all out. Oh, dear, it's the best fun I've

had since I left the academy. When I called father 'Samuel,' I thought I'd explode on the spot. Oh, dear!"

And the young scamp persisted in wearing his outrageous get-up all the rest of the evening, and when Mr. Vanderpool finally took his leave, insisted upon escorting him to the door, where he bade him an affectionate farewell, assuring him that he was "powerful like Linus Swinefield."

—Harper's Weekly.

Sweeping of Carpets.

During these Spring days, so trying to housekeepers, when the carpets are full of dust, and it is too early for regular house-cleaning, it may be of some use to the readers of the Home Department, to know a way of cleansing them without raising the clouds of dust which at present seem unavoidable: it is by the use of bran, which should be dampened, sprinkled over the carpet, and swept off with a stiff broom: about two quarts of it will clean an ordinary sized room. I had heard of using pieces of damp paper, tea leaves, dipping the broom in water, and other methods, and tried some of them, but seeing the use of bran recommended by Mrs. Beecher, in the Christian Union, found it, on trial, to be far preferable for the purpose named. It costs a little trouble, but pays well for both time and trouble. HOUSEKEEPER.

CHOICE RECIPES.

SUGAR KISSES.—Five cups of flour, two of sugar, one cup of butter, half cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, yolks of two and white of one egg; spice to your taste, flour enough to roll it very thin, but do not make it too stiff, beat the whites of an egg, and spread over it before going into the oven; bake rather quick.

RICH SMALL CAKES.—Three eggs; three tablespoonfuls of butter, ditto of sugar; three cups flour; one teaspoonful lemon, half a nutmeg; work all together; roll thin; cut in small cakes and bake.

BREVITIES.

Let Turks delight to howl and fight, for 'tis their nature to; let bear and lion growl and bite, for madness made them so. But Yankees, you should never let your angry passions rise; don't quarrel; trade, work hard, lie low, and forward the supplies.

In England they tell how Sankey walked up to a grenadier, and taking him affectionately by the belt, said: "Young man, I likewise am a soldier—a soldier of Heaven." "Old 'un," returned the grenadier, "you're a long way from your barracks, anyhow."

Vain-glory is a flower that never comes to fruit.

Don't Forget.

BY JESSIE G. D.

You're twenty-one to-day, Paul, And soon you'll leave the farm, And many prayers I'll pray, Paul, That naught may do you harm.

You're going to the town, Paul, And there'll be many a net To steadily draw you down, Paul, Take care, and don't forget.

Oh, don't forget your vows, Paul, But remain both firm and true, Think of Mother as she bows, Paul, Before the Throne for you.

Don't forget the little church, Paul, You joined two years ago; If your Bible you will search, Paul, You can stand and face the foe.

Remember your father, (so gay, Paul) Your brother and sisters, too, Will join with me when I pray, Paul, Will join in my prayers for you.

Follow only Our God, Paul, False, Paul, is any other, Pass meekly under His rod, Paul, And—don't forget your—mother.

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 in the conduct 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.

F. A. Smith, Artist, Salem, Oregon, dealer in stereoscopes and stereoscopic views, and scenes of Salem and the surrounding country. Life-size Photographs, in India Ink, Oil or Water Color. sell.

Beaver Glen Nursery.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF Fruit Trees AND SMALL FRUITS.

G. W. HUNT, Proprietor, SUMMITT, Marion Co. Or. Feb. 12

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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

J. A. STRATTON, Attorney at Law, SALEM, OREGON. Office on State Street, opposite the Bq. net House.

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This incomparable DEPURATIVE is a powerful ALTERATIVE, TONIC, DIURETIC, DIAPHORETIC, and APERIENT, combining virtues which render it invaluable and never-failing, and by its continued use will thoroughly eradicate all diseases of the blood. Its ingredients are of a purely hermetic extraction, the products gathered from remote Egyptian Provinces, and where there is the slightest taint of disease in the system it never fails in ejecting that disease through the medium of the skin, or expelling it through the many and various channels of the body, thereby allowing, and, indeed, forcing all the organs into their proper normal and functional condition. A very brief space of time will convince any patient using it of its undoubted reliability and wonderful curative properties, it being, most unquestionably, the very essence of medical triumph, and the greatest discovery of the present age, in the treatment of every disease where the blood itself is primarily the seat of the lesion or disorder, such as SCURF, RHEUMATISM, and the thousand and one causes that lead to this terrible affliction, of which all civilized communities are so ignorant, for published truths are so scarce that the "Sins of the fathers shall visit even unto the third and fourth generations," and to BROWN, RASH, AND ALL FORMS OF CHRONIC DISEASE IN WHICH THE BLOOD IS THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLE, it is invaluable. A perseverance with this remedy will prove a positive and permanent cure of CHILLS and FEVERS and all MALARIAL POISONS.

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GASTRON is a safe, speedy, and positive cure for that most depressing of ailments, and a brief course of treatment will restore the digestive organs to their normal strength and capacity, and the healthy action of the stomach and intestines. The nervous irritability of liver and all persons suffering with indigestion, is speedily removed by this agent. The stomach is restored to health and the keynote of the system will once more respond in the performance of labor. Price, One Dollar, in large bottle, or six bottles, \$5.

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Many causes tend to produce this painful and distressing state. The blood is retarded in its return; the too frequent use of drastic purgatives tends to produce congestion of the lower, torpid action of the liver, and numerous other causes are the source of this complaint, and hitherto nothing effectual has been presented to the public which would rapidly alleviate symptoms and ultimately prove an effective cure. An PILON is now a remedy which not only acts almost instantly, but will remove the largest tumors of the parts (Piles) by absorption, and many who have received but scant benefit, but have been radically cured, have been assured (prior to using this treatment) by eminent surgeons that the only relief they could expect in life, would be by an operation, and removing it or them from the body by a procedure which necessitated the knife. This remedy has been tested with delight, and is now prescribed by many practicing physicians, who are cognizant of its merits, as the only known sure cure for PILES. Price, Fifty Cents per package, or six for \$3.50.

THE ABOVE REMEDIES ARE thorough in the eradication of the different and various malarial denunciations, and are the result of patient, searching, laborious, and scientific investigation, embracing a period of many years, in Europe and America. The specific directions are compiled with thousands of patients will bear witness to their relative merits, and corroborative cases are recorded. Where there are many complications of disease, and patients so desire, DR. CHANDLER will be pleased to give all information, and treat by letter if needed.

Descriptive and Explanatory Circular of the above remedies sent on receipt of stamp. If the D. O. P. E. T. M. MEDICINES are not on sale at your particular druggist's, send orders to DR. CHANDLER, 1479 Broadway, New-York City.

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