

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke.

Woman's Rights.

One day at school I told the boys 'Twas wrong to chew tobacco; One six years old, grown very bold, presumed to give his veto. Says he: "I saw a fellow chew because he had the toothache." 'Tain't never wrong for any one to chew that has the toothache.' The school agreed with him; indeed his logic charmed the urchins. Quite puzzled, I could scarce reply at first to his assertions. A happy thought however brought relief from Greeley's namesake. "Horace," I said, "if a girl instead should chance to have the toothache, and want to chew, what should she do?" Like older ones by time unschooled, he scratched his head, and then he said, "She'd oughter have the tooth pulled."

At the Stile.

Set deep in the hawthorn hedgerow stands the old rustic stile; Beyond it the breezy uplands lie stretching many a mile; Above it the pale, wild roses, spread fairy hands to meet; Below it, the scarlet poppy flaunts, with the daisies at its feet. Beside it, the bright brown river stirs the lilies amid the sedges, and sings to the blue forget-me-nots that nestle on willow ledges. Over the hill where the heather glowed to a purple flush, and the gorses flashed their lavish gold 'mid the pink of the bilberry bush, tracing the meadow pathway where the scented hay was sweet, through the waves of the bearded barley, and the soft coat of green wheat, graceful and gay, and gallant, with the lover's eager smile, he strode through the July sunshine, to keep his tryst at the stile. Amid the fir boles glistening, her robes white folding shrouded, the bluebell rang its prophet chime, by the winding way she tread; the skylark poised above her, shook out its joyous song, butterflies white and blue and gold heralded her along; on her cheek a wavering color, on her lip a fluttering smile, she stood in the July sunshine, keeping her tryst at the stile. Flower and bird will fade and die, and Summer and Winter change, many a heavy doom may lie in the future's mystical range, many a glitter and glory the coming years may bring, a wild and varying note from the great life harp may ring, but oh! those two young lovers, let fortune frown or smile, will scarce know an hour more purely sweet than the tryst they kept at the stile.

McKENZIE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

Letter 5.

DEAR FRIEND: The next Autumn the Yarnetts sold their place to Mrs. Leroy's eldest son, Amos, who tore down the old shanty and built a neat cottage in its place. He then married cousin Nellie, and they resided there. Three years ago they built the beautiful residence that now crowns the hill. I began to attend school with Harry that Autumn, and as it was new to me, I enjoyed it very much. I, of course, formed many acquaintances, but thought the most of Lou Dyers. Although four years older than I, we were the best of friends—and are yet. In June, at the close of school, she accompanied me home. Didn't we have splendid times, though? I had a skiff that father had presented to me on my fourteenth birthday, and I taught Lou how to row, and we went boating nearly every day. After she had been at our home two weeks, the river began to rise rapidly. Monday evening we sat on the front piazza watching the turbulent waters in the moonlight, and telling of our afternoon's tramp after strawberries, and were complaining of our empty baskets and tired feet. "I'll tell you what we'll do!" said father suddenly. "There are just lots of them over on the other side of the butte; and, Harry, to-morrow you and I can ride over, find a good place to camp, look after the stock a little, then if all are well, we'll 'Jump into the wagon,' go, and stay till Saturday. What say you Mother?" "I think we'd enjoy it very much," she replied. "Would be capital!" exclaimed Harry. "But if Amos and Nell were only here," he added, in a tone of regret. "Yes, but they will not return from Salem until Friday evening," I returned. Then we began to plan for our excursion, and the evening passed quickly. The next morning we were up early for a great deal had to be done, and Father and 'Hal' wanted to get off before the heat of day. The river had risen rapidly, and was nearly to our lower garden. "I fear that we are going to have trouble with the McKenzie," said Fa-

ther, as he surveyed its dark sullen visage. "Oh, I guess it will run down in a day or two," said Harry, as he mounted his horse. And off they went. I snatched my bonnet and ran down to see if my skiff was all right. Yes, 'twas there, but the stake to which I had tied it was surrounded by water; so I sat me down, and drawing off my shoes and stockings waded out to it and pulled my little boat to land. While thus occupied, a thought struck me. Mrs. Leroy's cottage was on lower ground than ours, might not the water be around it? Quickly donning my shoes, and returning to the house, I told Mother and Lou my fears. "I don't think the water has reached it yet, but it will very soon, and you and Lou had better go for Mrs. Leroy and Jamie immediately." Away we went, and getting into my skiff, rowed with all our might. It was a quarter of a mile and we were soon in sight of the tiny cot. The enemy had crept within ten inches of the floor frightening little Jamie as it came silently upward; but as his mother stood in the doorway watching our efforts to row the boat through the shallow water, she exclaimed: "I knew the Lord would send some one to rescue us! Jamie was awfully scared, but I trusted in God." We could get our craft no nearer than three yards from the door, so I once more drew off my shoes and stockings, and waded out after a plank, with which I made a shaky walk for Mrs. Leroy and Jamie, from the door to our boat. After they were safely seated, I closed the door, and scrambled into my skiff, and we started, Lou taking the oars. "Oh! my kitty! my poor, dear kitty! We've left her, and she'll be drowned! Oh!-o-o! my ki-ty!" howled Jamie. "Bless the child! let us go back and get his kitten," laughed Lou, as she turned the boat around. I waded back and found Pussie curled up under the kitchen stove, enjoying a nap. I picked her up, and deposited her in her little master's lap. As we again started, I picked up a long pole which floated near the boat, saying: "Lou, I'll steer with this." Ah! 'twas well that I did, for, a few moments later, a large tree that had been uprooted by the flood came drifting toward us. Lou and I were seated with our backs to it, when Jamie cried, "Just look at that big log, Hortense! I turned instantly. "To the left, Lou, quick!" I cried, as I pushed my pole against it. She instantly obeyed, and we were saved. But, if it had not been for her presence of mind and my pole, we would have been overturned in the boiling tide. We soon reached home, where Mother cordially welcomed Mrs. Leroy, Jamie, and his kitten. "The water would have been up in the house in another hour, don't you think so?" asked Lou, as we entered my room. "Yes, and we must return immediately." "Why! what for?" she asked. "The water will carry the house away, unless securely fastened, for didn't you notice how it shook?—and we'll have to hurry and go," I replied. Mother demurred a little when we told her our plans, but finally consented. Once more we set out for the little cottage; our boat was loaded with chains and ropes, and, having procured another pair of oars, we were both at work. I assure you, 'twas no easy task to secure the ropes around the logs of which the foundation was built; but, with hammer and spikes, we worked far nearly two hours. "Im'm so hungry! are n't you?" said Lou, (after we had succeeded in first fastening a chain to the house, and then securing it to a stout oak that grew near.) "Yes, may be we can find something to eat in the house," I returned. We accordingly entered the kitchen, and began to search; there we found some bread and butter, to which we helped ourselves, meanwhile noticing if there was anything within reach of the destroyer. Mrs. Leroy had moved all of her furniture, bedding, clothes, etc., into the loft, but the stove still remained on the lower floor. "The water will rust that stove badly," was our first thought. "We might take all that we can of it," remarked my companion; so we took the lids, doors, and hearth. "It is screwed together; if we only had a screw-driver, we could take it to pieces, and then carry it up there," said I, as we came down; "but, if we can't find one, a blunt-pointed knife will do." Then we began to search, but in vain. "Won't this do?" said Lou, holding up a knife, the point of which had been broken off.

"Just the thing," I answered, seizing it, and hurrying to the stove. In a few moments we had it stowed with the other household. We now prepared to return home. "Won't some of our friends open their eyes when they hear of this day's doings?" laughed my friend, as we seated ourselves in the boat. Oh, how rejoiced we were to get home and rest! Mrs. Leroy was glad that we had put her stove away. The next day, Lou and I were too much fatigued, from our unusual exertions, to go over to the Butte; but the following Monday we all went, and enjoyed the trip very much; but I will tell you of it in my next letter. So, good night!

(To be continued.)

The King and the Farmer.

King Frederick of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer, who was plowing a field and singing cheerfully over his work. "You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?" "No, sir," replied the old man, who, of course had no idea he was speaking to the king; "I am not so rich as that. I plow for wages." "How much do you earn a day?" asked the king. "Eight groschen," returned the man. That would be about twenty cents of our money. "That is very little," said the king. "Can you get along with it?" "Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left." "How ever do you manage?" "Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend and two I give away for the Lord's sake." "This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king. "Then I must solve it for you," replied the farmer. I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. That is my debt, and it costs me two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters, who cannot work for themselves. Of course I not compelled to give them the money; but I do it for the Lord's sake." "Well done, old man," cried the king as he finished. "Now, I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?" "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses." "This is indeed a riddle which I cannot guess," said the farmer. "Then I will solve it for you," returned the king; and with that he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer. "The coin is genuine," said the king "for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you good-by." And he rode off, leaving the good old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight.

CHOICE RECIPES.

A RELIABLE REMEDY.—For freckles, pimples, or spots, water-cresses bruised, and the juice applied to the face or other parts troubled.

Another Remedy.—Dissolve a little borax and sugar in some lemon juice, and apply to the face and wash with castile soap.

PLAIN SUET PUDDING.—Take one pound and a half of common flour, half a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, two eggs well beaten, one pint of new milk; mix. Have ready a bowl well greased; put in your pudding; tie down with a cloth; boil steadily for two hours. Grated lemon peel improves it.

Another receipt is as follows.—One cup suet, one raisins, all chopped fine; one molasses, one sweet milk, three cups flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, (one or all as desired,) one teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk. Boil or steam steadily three hours. Liquid or hard sauce as preferred.

DAMSON JAM.—Take the damsons and weigh them; to every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of white sugar; boil fast twenty minutes; take out the stones while boiling; crack them, and throw in the kernels; they will improve the flavor of the jam; keep stirring while boiling to prevent burning.

NEWPORT BLANC-MANGE.—To one quart of milk add one ounce, or half a box, of gelatine; soak until dissolved—not less than two hours—add a small cup of white sugar, and place over the fire. When the sugar and gelatine are mixed with the milk, and the blanc-mange is gently boiling remove and add one wine-glass of sherry wine and half a teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Stir while cooling to prevent the cream rising to the top. When cool pour into molds and set on ice.

"What is the trouble among our young men?" Around here it seems to be that there are six working days between every two Sundays, and they feel that is an unjust dispensation, and that there ought to be more Sundays.

A notice in a California paper says two hundred and fifty men are agonizing for work and likely to suffer, in Yuba county. They can only get \$2.50 per day in gold coin.

BREVITIES.

An astonishing case of respiration—The shoemaker who breathes his last.

When parents yield up their daughters in marriage they do it with miss-givings.

A dull minister in the pulpit is a sore trial, but the soprano in the choir is a soarer.

The spring style of hand organ has only one stop. It begins in the morning and stops at night.

Donati is to have a monument donated to him in Florence because he found so many comets.

The letter "O" is called the most charitable of all the alphabet, because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

"Will the coming man steal?" asks the Chicago Times. Probably not. There won't be anything left for the poor fellow to take.

It is said the stomachs of persons living on the sea coast, where oysters and clams are abundant, rise and fall with the tide.

The man who feels the meanest now-days is he who with the new hat on his head tries to keep the old one out of sight under his Spring overcoat.

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are now in charge of females. It worked so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

Woman's Rights, &c.

ED. FARMER: While reading the FARMER over I see an article on what girls shall read, from sister Cauliflower, commenting on Sister Beantpole's sayings on the same subject. Sister C. seems to be afraid of woman's rights, while Sister B., rather favors them. The Sisters have a wide field for argument and let them pitch in, for we are glad to hear from them on that subject. I don't think that Sister C. looks at this question, called Woman's Rights, in the true light, for at present we have no rights. When a woman is left a widow, what is her doom? Why, then comes the administrator, and takes hold of what property she and her husband had made together. He administers under the pretense of saving it for the children. Who gets this estate, nine times out of ten? The officers, that never earned one cent of it, and the woman and children may work hard for a living. Now let the wife be called from time to eternity: who administers on the estate? No body; it all belongs to the man. Where is the equal rights? We have none. It is all one sided thing. I don't think that Sister C. need be afraid of woman's rights. As long as men have all the law-making in their own hands they will keep this matter straight. Now, let us turn to what girls shall read. I don't see why girls should not read anything that is good; history of all kinds such as may be chosen for the benefit of the family. The heads of every household choose their own reading matter and such as is not good for girls to read is not fit for boys to read. Now, as to reading Mrs. A. J. Duniway's paper, I don't see that it will do them any particular good or harm, for when their minds mature they will have a mind of their own and read what they choose and take sides as it suits them. It is our duty as mothers to give our daughters all the instruction religiously, morally and practically that lies in our power for the coming contest which is working its way through the political world as fast as time can roll his wheels around. The time is not far distant when women will have their rights or they will sink lower than they now stand. As to equal rights; now Sister C. and B., I would be glad to hear from you again through the FARMER, for it is our only way of communicating, as we are unknown to each other. As we are all mothers we should be interested in this matter of great importance as to the training of our girls. We should furnish our children with all the good books to read that lies in our power, and such other amusements as we think best. I say plenty of good journals to read and sometimes a magazine would please them very much, and plenty of good music would be of great advantage.

Waldo Hills.

Mrs. K.

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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For Old and Young.
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STEEL, SILVER, AND GOLD FRAMES.
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Salem, May 19, 1878.

J. A. STRATTON,
Attorney at Law,
SALEM, OREGON.
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