

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1877.

PANE PICTURES.

A wonder-worker all night long Has wrought his task for me; Now, by the cold and distant dawn, His miracles I see; His gravings on the window pane, Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep As is the heavenly stair, A way-side cross below the path, But not a pilgrim there; No sad face of humanity, No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake, A fringe of reeds and fern; Across the water's crystal chill No dying sunsets burn, You hear not on that dusky shore The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs, A windfall in the woods; Some wild and wandering hurricane Hath wrecked these solitudes; But on that tangled dreariness No living step intrudes.

And here is Aetio waste and woe; A glaciator's mighty face, Majestic in its awful march, Slow seaward from its place, Beneath that frown of solemn death There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East Ascends the dawning sun, Before his look of light and life The magic is undone; The graceful pictures on the pane All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing, The tracteries of my brain, The little stories sad and glad,— Be uttered all in vain? And vanish when the master comes, Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart Remembers, sing and shine, For wrought from man's humanity Not feeling frost or mme; I love not to be quite forgot; To die and leave no sign.

HARMONIES.

The murmur of a waterfall A mile away, The rustle when a robin lights Upon a spray, The lapping of a lowland stream On dipping boughs, The sound of grazing from a herd Of gentle cows, The echo from a wooded hill Of cuckoo's call, The quiver through the meadow-grass At evening fall;

Too subtle are these harmonies For pen and rule, Such music is not understood By any school; And when the brain is overwrought It hath a spell Beyond all human skill and power To make it well;

The memory of a kindly word For long gone by, The fragrance of a fading flower Sent lovingly, The gleaming of a sudden smile Or sudden tear, The warmer pressure of the hand, The tone of cheer,

The hush that means "I cannot speak, But I have heard!" The note that only bears a verse From God's own word; Such tiny things we hardly count As ministry;

That gives meaning they have shown Soat sympathy; But when the heart is overwrought, Oh, who can tell The power of such tiny things To make it well.

Saturday Night.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I wonder how many housekeepers, besides myself, find Saturday night the busiest part of the week? I fancy that most people consider their week's work done, when tea is over and the dishes are washed on Saturday night. But, alas for me, tired out and discouraged with a long hard day's work, I must now go over, in grand review, all the labors of the week, to see if there are any finishing touches to add. There are stockings to darn and many other clothes to mend; in fact, such an array of little tasks to do, that I have not the courage to enumerate the half of them. I do not write this thinking it will interest any one, but for the sake of sympathy and advice. If any lady (or gentleman, either) can tell me how to do the work for a family of six and from two to four hired men, and to keep it done and do it properly and at proper times, I shall be very grateful to that lady (or gentleman) all the days of my life. When I sometimes get out of patience and assert that it is too much for any woman to do, I am often met with the reply that our mothers used to do it, and spin and weave besides. I only wish I had been my mother or grandmother.

Work as hard as I may, I can never find time to make any of those fanciful little articles which go so far toward making a house look home-like and cheerful. I would like to keep my home and little ones looking neat and tidy, but there is always so much work I am compelled to do, that I can never find time for anything else.

This is said to be an age of progress and reform, and I should like to know if there is any way to get along without working so hard all the time that we have no chance to improve our minds.

Eugene City, April 8, 1877.

A home ruler—a man's wife.

About Flowers.

Ille ego, qui quondam orchards and apples have sung, Flowers Rosanque cano.

Perhaps not an exact quotation, but then it is many a day since I went to school, and my Virgil is not handy. From fruit to flowers is not a long step, and he who enjoys the one, should, by an easy transit, also love the other. Both seem to have been given by the Good Being gratuitously, as it were, as we could live without either. But particularly have flowers been given only for our pleasure. The plants on which the flowers grow do not need those brilliant tints that please the eye so much, nor that fragrance so grateful to our nerves, to mature their seeds, for our most useful ones, such as wheat, oats, &c., have no fine flowers. As God then has given to us the flowers exclusively for our pleasure, let us enjoy them. Your invitation to give something on flowers for the "Home Circle," I comply with gladly, though with sacrifice at this time of year, hoping I could contribute a little to the inducement to make home attractive, and particularly the home of the farmer, where now we see so little or nothing of shrub or flower, though I venture to say that in Oregon not a farmer's wife or daughters can be found, that would not gladly cultivate a rose, snowball, lilac, peony or lily, and the like hardy plants, if the men would furnish a safe place for a small flower-bed, and it is one of the best trainings for children too. A gentleman the other day in my greenhouse remarked that by a law in England, no butcher can sit on the jury. "For a similar reason," said he, "a man who loves and cultivates flowers should be particularly adapted thereto."

As you desire, we will say something about roses, the queen of flowers, and the more so in Oregon, where we can cultivate out of doors the more tender varieties, the Teas, and Bengal or China, and the Bourbons, that in the Eastern States, North of the Potomac, will not survive without good protection.

We will take them by classes: First, the June rose. It only blooms once, but is the hardest of all. To these belong the running roses Prairie Queen and similar climbing ones, and Madam Plantier, not a runner, often used for graves of dear departed ones.

Second, the hardy garden roses. The best of these are La Tay, General Washington, La France, Giant of Battles, La Reine, and many more. This class is most grown and bloom at intervals through the summer. Thorough pruning away of the whole stock or branch of the old wood (not shortening) and good manuring will give good results. These bloom on last year's wood. The Tea roses are the most pleasing, and are really the monthly or daily bloomers, and most, not all, are fragrant; but unfortunately they are tender, and Winters like three years ago froze most of them, even in Portland, down to the ground; but nearly all started again from the roots. Yet with a little covering over the roots with coarse manure and a little fir brush stuck around, will in most Winters be a sufficient protection. This class blooms on young wood, and by shortening the branches one-third or half, we get young shoots that produce buds and flowers. As soon as the flowers fade, pick them off. Never let seed-pods come on. This rule holds good with all ever-blooming plants. The object of nature is to produce fruit and seed, and by taking away the flowers we make her try again. Our best roses are subject to blight, against which sulphur is used, sprinkled over the bush when dew is on in the evening. Snuff is applied against slugs and rose bugs.

My next will be on varieties.

H. M.

Woman's Rights.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I see you have some correspondence against what is generally known as woman's rights. Mrs. Cauliflower seems to want to curtail women's rights a little. It is the teachings of the Grange that women are equal to men, and no doubt if they were to be denied any of their rights in the grange they would not like it and would say it was unjust. According to Mrs. C. it is degrading for women to take the ballot in hand, only in secret, and if so, why not there? Her first proposition is assuredly inconsistent; that the ballot would degrade woman. What elevates woman and has placed her in her present station in society? Is it not education that has done it? What class of persons is it that commands respect? Is it the low down, or is it the refined and educated that are our equals?—What makes persons respected? Most assuredly it is equal mental ability and equal culture and power. What gives men power? It is not their muscular strength that

elevates them, it is the ballot that is the door to full power! No person who is deprived of the ballot can be the equal of those who have it, for that is the highest badge of American liberty. Women are respected because they are our equals; it is not because they are our inferiors. It is power that commands respect. Where are women respected the most? Do we find it among those who think them inferior to men?

If it is necessary to deprive women of power to make them respectable, why not stop educating them and keep them out of the sight of men, that their modesty may not be offended and their delicacy respected, so that no ruffian have the chance to insult them! This, of course, would not be done; but it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. This old fogy idea has been handed down from the dark ages when it was considered that might was right. It is thought right for all men to vote. No matter whether they can read or write, or how low down, they are all allowed to choose the rulers of our country. But women, though they may be intelligent, are denied that privilege. Is there any reason why women should not have a voice in choosing their rulers? They are as amenable to laws as men. It is the teaching of the day that they are now men's equals, and they are allowed to go to political meetings and all other meetings, and they are anxiously waiting for the time to come when they may have a say as to whether saloons shall close our land any longer or not. If we do not want women to believe they are our equals, discard them from the Grange and the Good Templar's lodge; curtail their rights and bring them back to their former status, for knowledge is power, and if we continue to educate them, they will take the ballot in hand and become citizens, and stand side by side with their equals and bear their part in the government. The children will be better educated than they are, as the women are the educators of the children. I. H.

What Girls Shall Read.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I have been considerably interested from time to time in reading the communications on the above heading. Just what girls should read at all times would be hard to tell; but I think they should read that which would expand the mind intellectually and morally. As a rule, they should not read fiction or anything which excites the imagination.

I never saw but three or four novels in my life that were worth anything. Girls should read something that would prepare them for the stern duties of life. I would recommend music, botany, anatomy and physiology. They will have to take their mothers' places soon, and they cannot be too well prepared with useful information. Hopping to hear more on this subject, I remain, MARION PHILLIPS.

Clackamas, Or.

We are very glad to see the ladies beginning to take an interest in the "Home Circle," and hope they will continue to exchange thoughts and opinions through its columns. It is to be hoped that the cause for complaint cited by "Rose," in this issue, is an exceptional one. It has often been said that if farmers took as good care of their wives as they do of their fine stock, there would be fewer premature old women in the world. This reminds us of a toast given in the Sorosis Club, New York City, not long since: "The men—God bless them; the women—God help them."

Little Tim.

The boy with the basket of apples was half an hour late yesterday, for the first time in six months, and when he came in he was without his basket, and his eyes were red and swollen. He's been such a straight square boy that he has many friends on this corner, and he was at once asked if the bookbacks had been cobbing him.

"No, not that," he said, "but don't you remember that 'leddy Tim' who came here once in a while with me?" "Little Tim! Yes—he is your brother."

"That's what he was, and I was breaking him in to sell apples and make change. Well Little Tim is dead." "No?"

"Yes, when I woke up at daylight this morning he was cuddled up to my back and dead! The Lord took him in the night, sir, and wasn't it awful, sir, that I wasn't awake to put my arms over him and hug his little head up under my chin!"

don't see how we can ever gather around the stove again on an evening and he lying in the graveyard! I'm big, sir, but I can't help crying, and father can't help but cry, and I wish I—"

And may the Lord send little Tim at his right hand and give him a crown of glory.

BREVITIES.

A Maiden speech.—Yes. "The sunshine of sweet looks."—Whittier.

Where ten men offer to lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry in the clothes for her on washing day.

When people have good times, and keep a bright, pleasant fireside, and are glad to see friends, there will be always be friends to come.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom; but waste of time never.

Dr. Holland says that the most precious possession that ever comes to man in this world is a woman's heart. It would seem that he has never observed the tender care with which a man handles a meerschaum pipe that is just beginning to have a billous look around the base of the bowl.

Don't look out of our windows when they are open. The habit is exceedingly injurious to the eyes, as the sharp draught of air caused by rapid motion, badly affects the optic nerve. Several cases of total blindness have occurred from this cause.

When you meet a small youth playing the drum, at the head of two-foot soldiers, with a stick and brass kettle, you may know that his mother has the prevailing fever, and has sit down to wringing her hands and wonder "what on earth has become of that boy" she sent after Mrs. Jones' tablet two hours ago.

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young lady, was chafed by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my eyes." "Well," remarked one of the party, "I've had two wives, and they opened my eyes."

A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

Tender handed stroke a nettle, And it stings you for your pains; Grasp it like a man of mettle, And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with vulgar natures, Use them kindly, they rebel; But be rough as nutmeg graters, And the rogues obey you well.

CHOICE RECIPES.

As a medicine for children in the Spring, use a good dose Rochelle salts, and follow it with cream tartar and sulphur for a few days; dose a teaspoonful.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Eight even table-spoonfuls of flour, one pint of cold milk, with a piece of soda the size of a pea dissolved in it; stir in the flour gradually with the milk to the consistency of thin starch; add four well-beaten eggs; on sitting down to dinner put it in the oven; butter the dishes well, and put the mixture in one-eighth of an inch thick, as it rises so rapidly; serve hot from oven with cold sauce.

PEACH TAPIOCA.—Steep in warm water two tablespoonfuls tapioca, until perfectly soft. Peel and stew whole two quarts of peaches; when tender stir in the tapioca, cook ten minutes longer, the sweetest to taste, and cook about five minutes. Eat cold.

Foolishly spent, money paid for children's shoes not protected by SILVER TIPS. Two weeks is about the time it takes a smart active child to ventilate the toe of a shoe. SILVER TIPS the only preventive. Also try Wire Quilted Soles.

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A Sense of Weakness

is often felt by persons who cannot locate any particular disease. If they work, it becomes labor; if they walk, they ache; their mental efforts become a burden, and even joys are dimmed by the shadow of this weakness which is cast over their lives. It is a dangerous character. The advice of physicians to refrain from active labor produces no happy results. Why? The system is debilitated and needs to be built up properly. PARKMAN'S BATTERY will do this very thing. Like the electric current, it permeates the entire system, and by reaching with its corporeal functions, it raises up the enfeebled and brings the color to the cheek again, and hope to the dependent. It does its work promptly and well. Sold by all druggists.

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