

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.
SALEM, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1877.

"By the Still Waters"

Don't you hear the hickory crackling?
Muffled like, and soft, and low;
Sound just like an army tramping,
Only it's a sign of snow.
Here's a cinder smouldering, burning,
Droppin' ashes, powdered fine,
Don't be frightened, little miss,
It's a coffin, but it's mine.
Let me see the balm o' Gilead,
Wavin' by the cabin do',
I won't hear its leaves a rustlin',
In the Spring, my child, no mo'.
Maybe I won't hear de blue bird,
Singin' in de apple trees;
But I'll hear de angels singin',
Day'll have sweeter songs than these.
Hark! is dat de de thunder rolling,—
See de forked lightning's gleam;
Many a time I've soothed my baby,
When de storm disturbed her dream.
Now de drum—I hear it beatin',
Slow and solemn like for me;
Maybe it's de waves a breakin',
On de shores of Gallilee.
'Twas de dark, de stars am shinin',
Way above de storm and rain;
Dere'll be long protracted meetin's
Campin' on de heavenly plain.
Dere won't be any wailin', weepin'—
Dere won't be any day to part;
Christ will hear me when I knock dere,
He will bind de broken heart.
'Cross cold Jordan's troubled waters,
Into Canaan's land I fly;
Dere de trees of life is bloomin',
All de hosts am passin' by.
Raise me up, I hear de rustlin',
Angels at de cabin do';
Don't you weep for poor ole mammy,
She won't never grieve no mo'.

"Sermon's in stones,
Tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks,
And good in everythin'."

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

READ AT THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE,
MAY 11, 1877.

Man is ever striving for what is unknown, ever reaching out after some new principle, some vision of beauty, or some undiscovered truth. Urged onward by a thirst for knowledge he has delved into the bosom of the earth, and brought to light the order of creation; he has penetrated the waters of the ocean and brought forth the wonders of the deep; he has peered into the far off heavens and traced out the courses of the planets; and with the subtlety of mathematics, he has measured their times and their distances, their magnitudes and their seasons.
Sleepless genius traveled for weary years through unexplored lands in search of an unknown power and returned with his coveted prize to an admiring world the latent powers of steam. And, now are all the nations of the earth blessed with the fruit of his labors,
Restless spirits, impatient of the mists and shadows which pervade the low ground of ignorance, have toiled by day and night, piling rock upon rock till a structure was reared which pierced the clouds which hang over the fens of ignorance and error, and looked out upon the clear sky above. Then climbing to the summit of the rugged structure they have plumed the wings of genius and rising Promethean like have brought down fire from on high. They have caged and subdued the rumbling thunders and given to man the harnessed lightning an obedient and a useful slave.
Master spirits urged on by a thirst for what is unknown, have developed the different sciences enumerated in our catalogues. And men desiring to profit by their discoveries have founded institutions of learning, where students might be instructed in the sciences they have unfolded. And among the various tasks of the student in a college course, not least, is that of finding the unknown quantity. And from week to week, and month to month, with ellipse and parabola, triangle and hyperbola, does he work; or, following multiplied x's and z's through circles and cycloids, he obtains at last the desired object, the unknown quantity.
And, when at last, his term is finished, and he enters the school of practical life, it is but, for an uncertain number of years to toil for an unknown quantity; to mingle with a countless throng who like himself are all in search of an unknown quantity. And with weary feet and fevered brain do they journey on, describing in their paths courses as various as mathematics with all her lines and curves is able to comprehend. Blinded by passion and wooed by pleasure they stray into sinuous paths; tempted by power and listening to the voice of pride, they make many and various angles from the right course, often forgetting that in the Bible alone is found the equations of the true path.
And when finally death shall eliminate the equation and solve the problem of life, many shall receive negative results, and like falling stars sink into the unknown realms of darkness. Others who have faithfully kept the right course shall receive positive and

infinite results. Yes death will be the soul's release. No longer will the spirit linger, on the shores of time, a caged chrysalis, but expanding its resplendent wings it shall rise from the dim borders of the earth to the glorious realm on high, where cheered and guided by the genial rays of heaven it shall traverse though eternity an infinite world, amid scenes of endless beauty, love and power.
NANCY SPRINGER.
Christian College, Or.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I have noticed several different articles in your paper about what girls should read, and woman's rights. I am a mere girl, and as Miss J. D. J. seems to desire to have some other girl express her sentiments upon these subjects, allow me that privilege.

I think Miss J's ideas splendid on what girls should read. They suit me exactly. But what a queer opinion Mrs. M. has on woman's rights. She surely does not realize what women would be in men's places, or she would not be guilty of advocating such an absurd idea as woman's suffrage. She does not fully realize that in the ballot box with her vote, she casts her virtues in the eyes of men; that by placing herself on an equal with man, she is lowering herself; by stepping into a rough set of men of every class to cast a ballot, she is falling from the high position on which man has placed her. She at once will seem to him like the rougher associations of his daily life, and he will bring her down from the pedestal of purity whereon he had placed her, to his own coarse level.

I should like to know why women clamor so much for their rights? Have they not rights enough if they only exercise them? are they poor, absurd, creatures, because they have not a voice in choosing their country's ruler, and making their country's laws? Do they consider themselves in bondage because they would not be considered, honest, virtuous, women, if they should speak in political meetings, standing on corners in little crowds, talking politics with men, neglecting home duties, and going to the polls to vote?

My sisters, you may talk of an independent destiny, but, alas! you have never had it, and you do not seem any nearer your object, after all your clamoring. The fact is indisputable that woman's ability is weaker than man's, and that she stands where man has placed her, a free woman. Woman is just what man has made her, and the American woman is what the American man has made her. She is considered the best woman the sun ever shone upon. She has been developed under the influence of free institutions, free education, and free society which made her a free woman. Reared in an atmosphere of confidence, trusted from youth beyond all other woman, trained from childhood in the use of liberty, she has grown up virtuous, trustworthy, intelligent, helpful, and noble, she receives genuine respect—for that which is pure womanly in her character, than women of other notions. Yet she asks for that equal right with man which would destroy her, and cause to fade.

Men seldom make bosom friends of their own sex. Woman is the natural companion of man. Her sympathetic constitution, her affection, and devotion, all prove her his chosen friend. She does not enter into his competitions, is not the subject of his ambitions, is as different from him as if she belong to another race of beings. She does not live in his world, and the confidence which it is so hard for man to give to man, it is easy for him to bestow on woman. It is her joy and pride to give her love worthily and yield with exclusive devotion all the sweetness of her life. This is what induces man to confidence. Here there is no fear of treachery; that keeps men from confiding in one another. Men meet on grounds of politeness, and a friendly interest exists among them, but still they seem to say to one another, "come so far, but no further."

And, my dear sisters, when you get that equal right with man which you now desire. You will no longer be considered the trustworthy companion of man, by man, but a being worthy of the confidence, formerly folded in your sacred keeping. It is because women are raised so high in men's estimation that when they fall they fall so low. I should like to hear some other girls express their sentiments.

CORA JIMSONWEED

There is an old German proverb to the effect that a great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves.

Woman's Rights.

UMATILLA CO., May 19, 1877.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: There seems to be quite a difference in opinion regarding what girls shall read and also about woman's rights. As to what girls shall read: It is well to keep plenty of good reading matter in the house and let them choose for themselves, and never forbid them to read any kind of novels or they will want to read them because they are forbidden fruit.

As for woman's rights, I think the Holy Bible teaches us our rights. It tells us to learn of our husbands at home. And, again, "Wives, obey your husbands." Now, I suppose when those good women who are in favor of woman's rights go to the polls to vote, along with their husbands, they will ask them who they shall vote for, and, like good wives, they will obey. Now I think that Mrs. M. is just a little hard on us when she says that those women who believe in equal rights make better wives and mothers, and can turn off more work. I do not see it in that light. I do not see how believing in woman's rights can help her in doing her work, unless it is because she has the right to call in her husband to help her in the house. As for their being better wives and mothers, I do not believe anything of the kind. I wish she would tell us in what way it would benefit us as wives and mothers? If the time should ever come, and God forbid it should, that women will be allowed to go to the polls and vote, the men had best take care of themselves or their equals will crack them over the head with the broomstick. I think if Mrs. M. could have one introduction to a battle field, she would wish herself at home, where it was the most suitable for a wife and mother.

It is well that Mrs. Mullencup's yeast did run over, for she must have been getting excited. I would ask her to produce her specimens of women who have cast their votes into the ballot box and have not cast in their virtue also, and have retained their modesty and refinement. I think she will find they are scarce. I hope to hear from many others on this subject.

MRS. E. G. PUMPKIN,
Weston Grange, No. 34.

Girls, Don't Talk Slang.

Girls, don't talk slang! If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let it be your big brother, though we would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that he can just as well use. But don't you do it. You have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it, to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer, "Not much" or, if requested to do something she does not wish, to hear her say "Can't see it!"

Not long ago we heard a young miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a young man, say that she intended to "go for him!" and when her sister asked her assistance at some work she answered, "not for Joe!"

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases; and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither ladylike nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking, when a young man is holding the hand of his lady-love, to hear these words issue from her lips. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associations of his daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of her purity whereon he had placed her, to his own coarse level.

We know the bright-eyed girl who reads this will think the matter over, and do what is right, and discard slang and unladylike phrases.

THE MIST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

I was stopping at a gentleman's house. My friend and myself were talking in the parlor, when his little girl came in and said, "O, papa, I don't want to knit this stocking for grandma. I don't want to begin. It looks so tiresome." A few minutes afterwards his little boy came in and said, "O, papa, I don't want to add up this great large sum. It looks so big. I don't want to begin." My friend did not speak in a cross way to his little children, but only said, "Emma and Walter, would you like to hear a story?" "O, yes, indeed," shouted both the little ones. Emma threw down her knitting, and Walter's slate went flying into the corner. "Some years ago," said Mr. Roundly, "I was traveling in the White Mountains with one companion who had been there before. We stopped a certain night at a hotel, and my friend said that he desired to remain here three or four days, because there were some very fine mountain scenes which he wished to see. So the next morning he awoke me and said, 'come, let us be off on our tramp. There is the first mountain. You and I must climb to the top of that to-day.' I was surprised. The mountain seemed to stand almost straight up and down. 'No,' said I, 'no indeed; you don't catch me trying to get up there. Why, we would

not go far before we would begin to slip down again. No indeed!' 'O, come,' said my friend. But he could not persuade me. At last, the next day to please him, I started out, although I told him that I would not know how to commence climbing such a high mountain. We went up and up. The walk did not seem very tiresome, and I said, 'How soon will we begin to climb the highest part?' 'Why, we are mounting it now, and nearly at the top,' said I. 'Yes, indeed, and here we are.' As he spoke, a glorious view burst upon us; our hotel seemed a little speck in the distance far below. 'Is it possible?' I exclaimed. The banks of mist around the brow of the mountain had made it look taller and steeper than it really was. But when we once bravely commenced to go up, we found the difficulties vanished." As my friend, Mr. Roundly, ceased, he looked at his two children. "Do, you understand the meaning of my story, Emma and Walter?" "O, yes, we do, papa," cried both in one voice. "Yes," said Emma, "and I will go to work at my knitting. I will not be so hard after I begin." "And I," said Walter, "will go at my sum." If we take hold of every duty in life with a strong will, it gets easier and easier.—*Child's World.*

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulties sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged verdant in all but purely womanly affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judged them. Their intuitions or insights are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. I advise a man to keep none of his secrets from his wife. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than a man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? I am certain no man succeeds so well in the world as he who takes a partner for life, makes her a partner of his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. And what she most craves and deserves is confidence, without which love is never free from a shadow.

BREVITIES.

A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he disapproved, when he was accosted by his little son, who numbered but five summers: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

THE GOOD WIFE.—She commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtime of her anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly, again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

"My son," said a doting mother to her eight-year-old, "what pleasure do you feel like giving up during the Lenten season?" "Well, ma, I guess I'll stay away from school," was the reply.

Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active, and depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Richard Ceell once said, "The people look at a minister out of the pulpit to see if he means what he says when he is in it." In other words, he must live religion as well as preach it, if he would give to his preaching any value or effect.

CHOICE RECIPES.

GOOD CRULLERS.—Three eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 small teaspoon soda, 2 of cream tartar, or three teaspoons of Cleveland's baking powder.

BOILED CUSTARD.—Four eggs, four spoons of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, three pints of new milk, and flavor to suit. Put the custard in a pail and set in a kettle of boiling water. Stir constantly till it thickens, when it must be instantly taken from the water, or it will curdle.

TO MAKE CORN BREAD.—One pint of thick sour cream, one pint of milk, two eggs, one-half cup brown sugar or molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus (heaped) dissolved in a little hot water, Indian meal enough to make a thick batter; bake one hour in shallow tins. If cream cannot be had, use half a cup of butter or lard.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in two ounces of sifted bread crumbs; stir until the mixture is stiff, then add one ounce of shred suet and

one or two well-beaten eggs; add a little lemon flavoring or grated nutmeg. Put the pudding into a buttered dish, and bake slowly for an hour.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Turn one quart of boiling milk into a pint of corn meal; when lukewarm add three table-spoonsful of flour, three eggs well beaten and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake on a griddle.

Conversation at Home.

No man should allow the cares of life to rob him of mirth and elasticity. Business life should be like an elastic sponge, to receive all the experiences of daily life—the little stories of the street, the nudges of fun that you poke into people's ribs—all these things, gentlemen, you should take home with you. The day's work should be as fuel to the evening's entertainment. Your temper ought to be a fire which cheers, like the open fires which give light, warmth and ventilation. It is as bad to have a close social atmosphere in the house as a room full of noxious gas, for, when the explosion comes, it is enough to teach your children to take the roof off. Can you not teach your children to talk by furnishing them happy themes? Children are very quick-witted. You can't make every boy an orator, but we don't think there is a boy who cannot be made a very agreeable and ready talker if furnished with agreeable themes.

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JOHN GRAY.
Salem, July 12, 1877

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