

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE. SALEM, FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1877.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes."

My little niece and I—I read My Pina in dry easy chair; And she was building on the floor A pack of cards with wondrous care.

There are several interesting communications which we cannot publish this week, owing to want of space.

Rose's Saturday Night

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I see that your correspondent "Rose," has called out several sympathizers who have attempted to comfort her in their own way. It should be remembered that all women have not the same natural abilities, and there is also a great difference in those acquirements that give experience and judgment, and power to plan and execute work expeditiously.

The best way is, when we know we are doing the best we can, and all we can, not to worry if everything is not done just when it should be. If we have more to do than we are able to do, select that which is of the most importance every way—and make up our minds to leave the rest undone and not worry over it.

more tender and loving heart, more delicate perceptions of beauty and truth, more perseverance and God-like long-suffering and patience, than she who from her cool calm heights of strength and self-reliance, looks down in pity on those who toil all their lives in the valley of humiliation.

Believe me Rose, there is compensation. If it be as Dr. Holland says, that "The purest streams of human love flow tranquilly never, But gush by pressure from above, With God's hand on the lever. The first are turbid and meaneat, The last are sweetest and sereneat."

Roses.—Continued.

The tea roses give the most satisfaction of all roses, where they can be raised without danger of having them frozen out every cold Winter. Here in Portland they stand very well, sheltered by so many houses, but in the country they should be planted against a South wall and protected in Winter by fir brush, and some of the best I should advise you not to plant at all, except in boxes that can be removed to the cellar or sitting room during the coldest part of the Winter.

Of the harder sorts are Blush tea, fine in bud and hardest of all. By the way, many tea roses are only valued for the buds, the full-blown rose being loose and half double. White tea is good, medium grower. There are many other varieties like the last two.

Another interesting class is the Bourbon; between the last two classes is hardness. The best of these are: Hermostosa, one of the best for garden, hardy for our climate, and always in bloom. Madam Provost, beautiful white, fine cup-shaped, tender. Malwaison, large white flat flower, not so hardy as Hermostosa. Bourbon Queen, delicate rosy flesh, very fine, but not hardy. This class will lose more of the tips of the branches every Winter. Yet for their continuous long blooming they should be in every garden.

Aunt Hepsy at the State Grange.

Miss Ed. I were fearfully worked up over my last letter to you. Don't you think sum o' my friends say you rit that letter? Yea, sir, that that very letter was composed right in your office. Now if I am a wimin I like to have all the honor due me, as a riter. Niece Rirah's husband nearly kilt his self laughin' over that letter. "And to think" says he "that the Ed. of the FARMER wrote that letter. That is too funny!" But they never got me to smile, for I thought it were a imposition on me as an old mauf, fur-elin' and dependant as I be, I like fur folks ter know if when I do accomplish a thing, I want ter say a few words to my bretherin the P of H, and want it strictly understood that its me, Mabeppaseth, who did the letter. Some two months ago I hearin' so much about the FARMER, concluded to send to my name for a copy of it. I if there be one cent of money to be

sived by Jinin' the grange, I am jist the womin that needs it. So the first thing I knowed a committee of three waited on me, two men and one womin, few see of I were the right kind o' womin to be a granger. I were voted for and privately informed that jist lacked one o' bein' black balled. I tell you bretherin I were fearfully shook up over this news. But when I went to pay my respects to the officers I were amazed, and in vain I pulled my specs down an tried to look over them to see what they be agoin' tew do with pore old Hepsy. But arter many trials I got through, and then sich a shakin' o' hands, and sich lots o' grub my old eyes never see. Then the M. had a little mall which he hit on a little stand, so hard, that I jumped and holered and dropped my specs, and afore I could pick them spees up, some one stepped right on them, and I was out 3 dollars the first day. But when they all set down, I set down tew, law how I did watch tew see what I must do. Finally I see the men holdin up their hands, and jist as I got my hand up theirs went down, for I were bound to vote jist like niece Rirah's man. I were not goin to vote like weak minded wimin. Well, bein' a 4th degree member I went tew the S. G. and I were stonished tew see so many fine folks. Why if you believe me Miss Editor there were country wimin there with silk dresses and gold watches, and the men had stove pipe hats. When I spoke to niece Rirah how they looked, she laughed and says she, "Aunt Hepsy" (she alters called me Aunt H) "you seem to be astonished because you saw such an intelligent delegation present. That is because we are unacquainted with the talent belonging to the rural districts." Pretty soon I heard a perfect buzz. I were fearfully agitated, fur thinks I to myself, they want ter put me out case I amnot so fine as t'others. But niece Rirah told me, they be excited over three womin delegates, who were chosen without their husbands. I sed to her they had oughter be ruled out, they have no business without their men. But niece Rirah says in a sorter grieved stile, "Why Aunt Hepsy how can you speak so, don't you know they were chosen in accordance with the law which the people had. Why should Marion and Clemmas be defrauded of their chosen representatives? Now the M. of the N. G. had sent out a proclamation as to who these sisters should be, but that law was very carefully carried in the pocket of one, the authorities of the N. G. supposed to be over our head" man. "It was not proclaimed to the P's of H. It is not supposed we are governed by hersey, but by a law proclaimed to the people, that is why it would be very unjust to debar these sisters of their privileges as representatives of the people." Aunt Hepsy you think they past a resolution ter let these wimin be delegates, and not a single one voted agin it. But I think this is leadin' to womin's rights, and I am mightily agin, any thing of the kind. But niece Rirah says "no, it is the rights of the P's of H. to send jist who they want few represent them?" But that don't change my mind. These poor fraible women have no right there unless they heve a man there tew tell them how tew vote. When me and my niece Rirah got home and visited our own grange some one got up tew tell what they done at the State Grange and in speaking of the honor paid the State Grange by the Ed. FARMER, and the visit to the Penitentiary, and Prof. Gatche's invitation to the University, a little womin raised up says she "O what did ye? do that wasn't tendin' to business, that was pleasin'!" and them's my sentiments tew. But niece Rirah looks at every-thing different tew what I do, and she sed it showed how the Order saw gainin' influence, and that it were bein' felt to be a power in the land, and more over that we will never give up the good ship Granger. Niece Rirah was dreadful sorry they could not accept the kind invitation of Prof. G. and says he is her dear old teacher, and that it would a been her crownin' joy to a bin there one more, and a seen his genial old face and givin him the rite hand o' friendship.

Niece Rirah is singin' "Pass under the rod" and playin on her organ, and it bothers me so, I will have to say good by. MEBEPSAETH.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Keep the hair clean, in the first place, and avoid the use of pomades and hair oils. Nature provides all the oil required to develop its natural gloss and inherent beauty. But she does not open the oil glands without demanding some effort on the part of the recipient of the treasure. Continuous brushing is the price to be paid, and this requires nothing but patience and perseverance. Neither should the time devoted to this purpose be frittered upon as wasted, for the hair is the most valuable of the body's ornaments, and its beauty is the first thing that strikes the eye.

A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wears a ruff; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that his native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners at once; and an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

CHOICE RECIPES.

ORANGE PIE.—Grate the yellow rind of one fresh orange, take the juice and pulp of two large oranges; add to them one cupful of sugar and the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix one cupful of milk with the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; bake in puff paste.

FRIZZLED DRY BEEF.—Take one pound of beef, put in a stew pan with one quart of cold water; let it come to a boil; then pour off the water, place the pan on the stove, break in four eggs, keep constantly stirring, add one teaspoonful of butter, a little pepper, and very little water; or omit the eggs, and add flour instead to thicken the gravy.

POLEH FOR OLD FURNITURE.—Take of 90 per cent alcohol one-half pint; pulverized resin and gum shellac, of each one-fourth ounce; let this cut in the alcohol; then add linseed oil one-half pint, and shake well.

DRESSING FOR LETTUCE SALAD.—Boil the eggs ten minutes; put the yolks on a large plate, and rub fine with a wooden spoon; mix them with one tablespoonful cold water two tablespoonfuls sweet oil; add slowly a salt-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful dry mustard, and a teaspoonful granulated sugar; when these are well blended, add very gradually three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; put in the bottom of your salad dish, and place the salad in it; but don't stir as this would make it wilt and spoil.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

It is curious to notice the opinions of the world in regard to what constitutes a man. If one enjoys pleasantly the pleasant things of life, and is always ready to mingle with society, and make himself agreeable by his polite manners and suavity toward all, he is called a first-rate man, a good man, a noble man.

The quality of politeness every man should cultivate; yet this is not the thing which makes a man. It certainly adds to his popularity, and consequently to his success in an enterprise that needs the influence and assistance of the people; but it does not discipline him for severe trials, and build him up again with hope in case of important failures.

Real manhood is heroic; it experiences in its passage through the world, from the cradle to the grave, good and evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other, and all, the good and the evil blended in the character, and accepted with stoicism and patience.

This beautiful, uncomplaining acceptance of the good and the evil of life forms the greater part of that education which makes a man indeed a man, in distinction from an animal, which can have no such education—in distinction too, from the common human being, who grumbles at the smallest failures, and cringes under adversity without dignity or manliness.

The pleasant things of life—those which are popularly called best—the calm experiences do never make men; but the rugged experiences, the tempests, the trials.

If a man has passed the age of middle life with no marks of trial or struggle written upon his features—no wrinkles of care and sorrow upon his brow—you may well believe that he has not yet graduated in the severe school which constitutes a man.

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BREVITIES.

The too great desire of speaking is a sign of folly. "Marriage is promotion," says George Eliot. In the eyes of such a reasoner a man with his third wife would doubtless pass for a brigadier-general.

Books are voices of the dead to the living and make us heirs of the life of past ages. "Whom do you like best, Aunt Jane or Aunt Mary?" asked a little miss. "Oh, Aunt Mary, of course, 'cause she keeps the cookies on the lower shelf."

Art passes a language which speaks to all eyes, and is understood by all nations. A woman of true sense will be always ambitious, not of gaining admiration but of deserving it.

In-doubtfully so.—Sentimental youth. "Oh, Ann Maria, you look to me like a wily kissed with dew." Guilty party—"Oh, John! indeed it wasn't a Jew; it was that Tom Stubbs, and I told the plot at the time every one would find it out!"

A jury declared that the man had come to his death "by an unknown weapon." About on a par with this is the Milwaukee verdict respecting a man who had been crushed to death in a mill, when the jury remarked: "No blame can be attached to the machinery."

Alterative

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