

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke.

SALEM, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1877.

No. 9 to No. 1.

Well, Marian, fair eldest sister. I've come. You are sorry, I know— For I'll yell, like the other eight babies Now grown to a down sloping row. And I'll hiccough and stare and fall over, And tear every novel and note; I'll grab at your ear-rings and bracelet, And twist off the tie at your throat. I'll wake up at six in the morning; And cry to get up and be dressed. When poor little mother is weary, And needs every moment of rest; I'll hit little Ann, if I choose to; I'll take Kitty's doll by its clothes, And I'll hammer it over the fender Till it hasn't a scrap of a nose. I'll make the cat dance in your basket, And tangle your knitting and wool; I'll muss up my father's shirt bosom, And give Tommy's white hair a pull. I won't have to be whipped for it, either, As you were, you poor No. 1. You got all the discipline ever, While I came in time for the fun. For the mother, you see, is so weary And tired of little blue cares, And papa too busy to mind us, While struggling with business affairs. But then, when your heart is near broken, And weary and worried, you cry, I'll come with my own little apron To wipe off the tear from your eye; And, putting both fat arms around you, I'll kiss your soft, velvety cheek, And I'll tell you I'll try to do better, As plain as a baby can speak. And then, No. 1, you will bug me. You know, to your warm, loving breast; And will never tell mother your trouble, But will leave her to health-giving rest. And if I wilt down in the summer, And, tooth-cutting, whimper and pine, Don't I know how your tenderest touches Are waiting for small No. 9? Ah! if I should slip out of trouble To the bright other side of the sky, And your arms, that are tired, were empty, Don't I know how you'd, sorrowing, cry? It's queer how they love us—us babies. It don't seem as though we could pay; And yet, how the arms close about us To keep the dark shadow away! Just wait a few years, sister, darling— I'll grow up as quick as I can— And then won't I smooth the rough places For you, when I've grown up a man?

A LETTER OF LOVE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

My dear Mamma: 'Tis a beautiful night; The stars are shining above; Methinks a letter I'll write To you—a letter of love. Your face is ever before me, Your eyes—the loveliest brown— Are beaming tenderly o'er me, In my own arms looking down. I'm your only child, your girl; My lips you've often pressed, You've named me your Pearl; My life, your love has best. Your picture lies before me now, And lovingly I trace The likeness of your mouth, your brow, Your sweet familiar face. Ah! that face is e'er before me: When the stars through my window beam, When Morpheus is bending o'er me, Of those features do I dream. Perhaps you'll think it strange— The words I've written above— But I had no news to write; So I wrote—"a letter of love."

A Talk with Weasel.

DEAR EDITOR: Your paper comes to us a welcome visitor every Saturday evening, laden with food for the mind, some wholesome, palatable, articles, others hard to digest. Among the latter we find a dish served up, by one "Weasel of the Waldo Hills." Tell me friend Weasel, did you consider your letter freighted with gentle, useful advice and items of encouragement, for a tired, careworn sister? Did you think she would be much cheered and comforted after reading it? Surely you remind one of Job's comforter, who thought it high time that the afflicted one should "curse God and die." Our household work is not such a task and dread as some persist in trying to prove it to be; it is like a master-piece of machinery, only let it be managed by a skillful hand and it runs most beautifully; all its various parts work together in harmony; neither does it make slaves of its managers. How came you Weasel, to ferret out so much darkness and to paint such unsightly domestic scenes, and you a girl? surely you need pity and sympathy, for you seem to be old in sad experience. I have been a mother for fourteen years, and have culled many sweet flowers, nor have I found wife and motherhood to be entirely excluded from the warm sunshine of life. You affirm that the work for a family of six, with from two to four hired men, is too much for any one woman to perform. I affirm that a healthy, cheerful woman, one whose children are taught to be a help rather than hindrance, can perform the work, and it is not too much. If an invalid, I am quite certain that no true husband would expect it, yet it seems to have become the popular idea that true husbands are very scarce indeed, and that men generally are to be regarded as tyrants. I have not so learned the world of mankind, and am glad that there are very many whom I am acquainted with besides my father and brother that I regard as natures noble men, and instead of dubbing my husband my lord and master, I regard him as a true friend and companion.

Why, Weasel, should we put tired to tired and try to add it into a mountain of misery? and why must we cook that "extra something" on the Sabbath day even if we do have company? I do not do it, neither do I approve of making a feast day of the Sabbath day. Most housekeepers make it a rule to bake light bread on Saturday, and it does not require much time, neither labor, to bake a cake or a few pies, and to prepare meat that we can serve cold, with sauce or warmed over, some kinds of pudding, rice or tapioca, (for instance) are better served cold; and with fruit, pickles and butter, we can have a very good dinner without tiring ourselves out cooking, for this is our day to rest, and those who go visiting for "something extra" to eat, are quite welcome as far as I am concerned, to remain at home. And, friend Weasel can't we have just a few of those smiles and clean rosy faces, and smoothly brushed heads during the week, as well as all put on one day just for a show? Kind words are easily spoken, and little eyes brighten for them, a smile and a kind word for the tired father, and brother, and even the husband (there excuse me please) will be appreciated. Sow the golden grain of love by the way of life, and our Lord has told us that by and by we shall reap if we faint not. Why, Weasel, need those dinner dishes remain unwashed until your company see fit to depart? What would you have the little son and daughter doing? Annoying you by their noise perhaps. I would have them wash the dishes before the water cools, and do it well. I first remove the victuals from the table to the safe. What if the eldest is a boy? Mine is, yet he can willingly turn up his sleeves and help his sister wash dishes and milkpans, peel potatoes, and many other kinds of work. Some think and teach that it is not a boy's or man's place in the kitchen, doing work; neither a girl's place feeding stock, milking the cows, attending to the pigs and poultry, or even in the field if necessary. Let them work with and help each other, it gives a wholesome earnestness to their work and teaches them to be kind and to help each other. I consider it my husband's or son's place in the kitchen if I am not able to perform my work, just as much as I do consider it mine and my daughters place in the field and milk-yard if necessary. Farewell, for the present, Weasel, we have had quite a chat. I could talk much more but fear that my long letter may crowd out something more interesting, a lecture on Woman's Rights, perhaps. GERTRUDE.

Astoria, June 12th.

Letter from a Boy.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I have read with much interest the articles in your paper on "What girls should read," and "Woman's Rights;" but had no idea of taking the pen myself till reading Miss Corn's article. I am only a "boy" with the prospects before me of becoming a man; and as I have seen nothing from the pen of a "boy" in your paper, I will thank you for the privilege of saying a few words. I should think if Miss C. has a particle of patriotic blood in her veins she would want to have a hand in making the laws, and electing the officers to govern her country. If she is ever left a widow with her property in the hands of lawyers, so that she cannot control it till her children are all of legal age, I think she will want to vote. The idea that it would lower a woman to cast her vote into the ballot-box, I think is perfectly absurd; and if she is so weak of mind and easily defied, then I am greatly deceived in the sex. No man, no matter how degraded he may be, will misconduct himself before a lady. Therefore instead of being the place it now is, with women to help count the votes, and women to vote the polls would be a place of refinement and respectability. Women need not "stop on the street corners" to talk politics, but could introduce the subject into their sewing circles, and other places where women will congregate, and I dare say it would prove as interesting, and much more profitable than so much ideal talk about their neighbors. Miss C. seems to think that "woman is better than man," and that "man is intellectually superior to woman." I think not. God made man and woman equal, and they should be equal in all things. Women have made themselves equal if not superior to man in every branch of industry or mental labor they are permitted to take part in. So they can't be intellectually inferior. I don't like the idea that I am to have a meek tempered, submissive woman for my wife, whom I am to tyrannize over, and that she will submit and

yield to my will without a remonstrance. Such a woman I could not respect; and what is love without respect? Let her be a woman that can reason and advise; one that knows her own mind, and feels herself equally intellectual to her husband. Such a woman would prove herself a help and blessing to any man.

JOHNIE JUMPUP Salem, June 18, 1877.

What Girls shall Read.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: If it be admissible for one of my persuasion, living at such a great distance from you, to say anything about "What girls shall read," allow me to make a few suggestions. I see that the discussion is growing interesting to some of my lady friends in Oregon—"Weasel," for example—and whatever interests them, is likely to elicit my attention also. It is much as "Weasel" says, that girls will continue to read that which pleases them most, if they can get it. It is also as "Another one of the girls" says, that more depends upon the manner of reading, than the matter read.

It is a thing on which minds will differ as much as upon other subjects. People are apt to think that others should read what they read, as we all think much of our own opinions. Out here, in Salt Lake City, it is thought that girls—and boys, too—should read "Book of Doctrine and Covenants," and especially the "Revelation on Celestial Marriage," but I am of the opinion that my Oregon friends would regard such books as all "bosh."

After all, the question is not so much what girls shall read, as what all shall read. Leaving the question of "woman's rights" in the shade, I do decidedly believe that girls are capable of caring and understanding as much as boys are. Then shall we write a class of books for the special use of girls, and another class for boys? I say, No! but let both read the same book. Give girls the same amount of health and vigorous exercise, and drive fashion out of their heads, and they would outstrip many of our tobacco perfumed boys. Then, what shall we all read?

As to novels: There are many from which we can gather some of the brightest, and most exalted ideas. And there are more which, do more evil than good. Such works, as the "Gilded Age," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Gulliver's Travels," will enrich the mind, when rightly understood; and only a feeble mind would fail. Lives of great men and women, those who were heroes and heroines, of the greatest order—not such as Nero or Cleopatra, but those who have won fame, by deeds of kindness, morality, and true bravery, should be in the household of every one.

"Lives of great men all rounded up We can make our lives sublime."

The "Natural Sciences," however, furnish the best reading matter extant. It is well, and needful for us to know what has been done; that we may improve upon past ages, but, to know the laws, which govern health, society, the relation between man and man, between man and God, and those which govern our sphere, and the Universe, is above all other knowledge, and a paramount necessity. If all were versed in the laws of health all injurious habits and fashions would be discarded; if social laws were understood, divorce, and domestic trouble would cease; if each understood himself and those around him, we would all have more charity for our friends and neighbor's faults; if we knew the laws which govern business, bankruptcy and robbery would wane, and lawsuits would be scarce; and if we comprehended the laws of the heavenly bodies, we would cease to think that, when the moon is far north, the weather will be cold. Then, I would say, read and study Physiology, Chemistry, Philosophy, Astronomy—all the Natural sciences pertainology included. The latter is one of the most delightful and instructive sciences in the whole catalogue. To know ourselves, and how to read others is making "masters of the situation." Girls ought to know how to read boys, and boys girls, and each how to read all others. "All our knowledge is ourselves to know," and this reminds me that every young man and woman in the land should read "Popes essay on Man."

Finally let us all read and learn all we can from every source, and study together the "Great Book of Nature," and "Look from Nature up to Nature's God." A. J. LEONARD. Salt Lake City, June 14th, 1877.

Rector's wife (severely)—"Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?" Tommy—"Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

BREVITIES.

The sunshine of sweet looks. Persuasive influences are better than any amount of moralizing. The Chicago Post thinks that women have more mental work to perform than men. It must wear the brain to put a border on a lampmat. "I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer; "for I have seen your pieces."

A person always meets with a warm reception at a hotel. The minute he arrives he is placed on the register.

Actresses have their pictures taken when they are young, and when they are old their lithographs do not part from them.

Within three-quarters of a century eighty-seven theaters have been burned in the United States. The last tragedy, that of Brooklyn, was the worst of them all.

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

A citizen who met an old acquaintance on the street recently, asked why he wore a weed on his hat. "For my poor wife who has passed over the river;" was the melancholy reply. "Well, can't she come back—ain't the ferry boat running?" was the surprised query. The man had to explain that he did not refer to the East River.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Feeding children freely on onions is a pronounced remedy for worms. Garlic bitters never fail.

To render flat-irons smooth, rub them well with salt and then over a piece of beeswax after heating.

To remove smoke and dust from wall paper, carefully rub it with a soft cloth and plenty of dry bran or Indian meal.

A roasted onion made into a poultice and bound around the neck or upon the chest, usually affords immediate relief from bad colds or sore throats.

CURE FOR FELON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap and brown sugar. Let a druggist prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

PARING PEACHES.—It is well worth while to know that they will preserve nicer and cleaner if, instead of paring with a knife, which discolors them, if they be dipped an instant in hot water, and peeled in the same way as tomatoes.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, two cups sugar, one and a half cups water, one tablespoonful butter, nutmeg, two teaspoonful cream tartar and one of soda; half a cup of yeast makes them better. Make the dough up and let the doughnuts stand on the board fifteen minutes before frying.

HAPPINESS.

How much is contained in that one word—happiness! How much more happiness there would be if we thought of the happiness of others rather than our own! But, instead, we are often so selfish in looking out for our own pleasure that there is not much room left in our hearts to think of anybody else. Wives and mothers should always strive to make home happy, so that it may be a place of pleasure for the husband and father. It has been remarked that "no statue which the rich man places ostentatiously in his window is to be compared to the little expectant faces pressed against the window panes watching for father when his day's occupation is done." Nor is the power to make home happy confined exclusively to the wife and mother. The father and husband also should be cheerful, no matter if his business perplexes him, and makes him gloomy and dissatisfied. That frown must disappear before he goes home, for his little ones will feel sorrowful if "papa's not to be bothered to night." These little ones should always be kept happy.

I FORGOT.

There is no excuse for neglect of duty more common, or more unsatisfactory to those hearing it, than "I forgot." Whether the forgetfulness comes from carelessness, inattention, or weakness of the power memory, the result is the same, and the loss or damage therefrom is no less than it would be if the neglect were premeditated and intentional. If a boy forgets to shut a gate, stray cattle can come through and destroy crops to the same extent as if the mode of ingress was intentionally provided for them by some tramp, whose latent "cussedness" had been made active by the refusal of a square meal or a night's lodging. The switchman at a railroad station who forgets to fix his lever properly and allows the incoming train to rush on to destruction, has not the guilt of intentional murder on his soul, but the inevitable law of force works no less destruction to life and property than if he had done it with malice prepense. To overcome the habit of forgetfulness, for it is to a great extent a habit, is to a degree, at least, in the power of every one. He who is not an idiot has a faculty of memory, and the strength of any faculty, can by exercise and cultivation, be increased. Those who do not endeavor to cultivate it are guilty of culpable neglect, and should not be allowed to plead forgetfulness in palliation of any omission or neglect. We know a clergyman whose power of memory is so great as to seem really wonderful, the result almost entirely of cultivation. In fact we have heard him say that when he was young he

was so forgetful as to be constantly under a cloud in consequence. One day, when something more serious than usual had resulted from this falling, he determined to overcome it, and from that moment resolved that his memory should do for him its appointed work, and forced it into action. He allowed himself to make no more memorandums or aids to memory, but demanded that the faculty should work for his assistance. The result is he has but few equals in the country in this respect.

Different from this is a gentleman who lives on one of the up-town avenues in New York, who for the last ten years has, immediately after breakfast, made a list in his note-book of "Things to be done," always heading the list with "Buy a Tribune."

No one knows the strength of any of his powers, physical or mental, until it is tested. Winship, known the world over as the strong man, came to be so only by daily exercise in lifting weights gradually increasing them as his muscular power developed; and other examples of increase in physical strength not so striking perhaps, but sufficiently so to attract notice, are common all about us.

The mental powers are subject to the same laws regulating growth as are the physical, and are as easily cultivated. Whose then the fault if he is forgetful? or with what reason can he urge as an excuse for neglect that phrase of self-condemnation, "I forgot?"—Rural New Yorker.

ADVICE TO JOKERS.—Always let your jokes be well-timed. Any time will do for a good joke, but no time will do for a bad one. Any place will fit, provided the joke itself be fitting, but it never fits if a joke be out of its place. You cannot order a joke as you would a coat or a pair of boots. In concocting jokes, as in making puddings, each person employs similar materials, but the quality of the dish is entirely dependent on the skill of the artist. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society, but the maker of a bad one is a more despicable character than the venditor of cold beer. A joke from a gentleman is an act of charity; an uncharitable joke is an ungentlemanly act. The retort-courteous is the touch-stone of good feeling; the reply curtish—the proof is cold headed stupidity.

In Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails every where, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now to say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Bilelessness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents, and try it. Regular size, 75 cents—Two doses will relieve you.

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QUEENER & STAYTON BROS. Stayton, Or., May 15, 1877.

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