

THE HOPE CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARK. SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1877.

WHEN THE GRASS COVERS ME.

When the grass shall cover me, Head to foot where I am lying; When no wind blows, Summer blooms, or wintry snows, Shall awake me to your sighing; Close above me as you pass, You will say: "How kind she was," You will say: "How true she was," When the grass grows over me.

FRIENDSHIP.

A tiny, slender, silken thread Is friendship, and we make it; Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives; But e'en a breath may shake it, And oft it takes but one word— But one word— to break it.

WALTER'S REVENGE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

The old, old story; Intemperance! Do you see that little boy, as he hurries down the road, over the bridge, and into the village beyond? Suppose we follow him! On he goes turning neither to the right or left, but resolutely pursuing his course as if 'twere one he had often traversed.

"Mr. Greene, is my father here?" The man nods his head in the direction of a back room, and the lad (whose name is Walter Layton) disappears into the room indicated. Presently he returns leading a man who walks with the drunkard's step. Leading his inebriated parent to a seat near the door, he pushes him into the chair, saying: "Sit there a moment father," then turning to the owner of the saloon, says in clear ringing tones:

"Mr. Greene, last week, you promised my mother that you wouldn't sell father any more liquor. You've broken your promise, and her heart, and sure I'm living, when I get to be a man I'll be revenged on you."

"Mother where is Theo? he asks suddenly. "He went out right after tea, and his now ten o'clock."

Walter snatches his hat, saying: "Where shall I find him mother?" "Down at Greene's saloon. He don't keep where he used to, but has a fine establishment on Fifth Street."

"Oh, my God! has it come to this?" groans Walter, as he leaves the cottage. Once more we see Walter Layton hurrying across meadow and bridge on his way to a saloon. Presently he enters the village. The streets are almost deserted. He meets a few men who are going home from their work, but soon he stands face to face with a woman.

"But where are you going, Walter?" In search of my brother." Her face whitens, she answers—"Oh! I've tried so hard to save him, but in vain; father's so hardened! but come and I will take you to him."

"Come Theo!" "He glances up hastily, rises and the three leave the room. Eve's home is on their way; as they stop at the gate Walter says: "I will be down early in the morning."

"Leaving the cottage, he walks rapidly to the residence of Eva Greene. While he and the saloon keepers daughter are forming plans to exterminate the liquor evil, I will tell you something more about her. Her mother having died while she was quite young and leaving her a large amount of property and money, but arranged so Mr. G. could not use it, he naturally looked for some profitable business by which to maintain himself.

"When, he said violently, "when are you going to pay me that bill? I've dunned you till I'm tired and mad. Now, I want a positive answer—when will you pay it?" "By love?" was the reply. "You must take me for a prophet!"

"LECTURE TO-NIGHT! AT GREY'S HALL. Subject: 'THE DEVIL'S DRINK.' BY WALTER LAYTON. Free to all!"

Grey's Hall is directly opposite Greene's saloon, and the keeper walks to the door and looks across at the building. Yes, the doors are open and some men are taking a piano up the steps. He watches them a minute,

then laughing ironically, says: "They can't do much that way, that young cub is a fool to try it." Night comes clear and pleasantly cool. With many imprecations on the head of Walter Layton, he watches the crowd enter Grey's Hall. He walks up the stairs into the room that is generally full of young men; there are still many there, but several are gone, among them Theo Layton, who was such a splendid singer, and drew others in. Maddened more and more he steps out on the front piazza. A sweet voice floats out to him from the opposite room; it is Eve's.

"The girl is against me, and I am helpless!" he mutters. The next day he hears praises everywhere. Praises of Walter, praises of Eve. Eve is to lecture that evening—her subject is:

"My Father's Saloon." "More desert that saloon, and he takes his place of the previous evening, and listens to his daughter as she eloquently, yet sadly relates the misery and ruin that her father's liquor store has brought upon the village. In thrilling tones she relates the incidents of different horrible crimes such as theft, murder, and suicide and many others too common where the demon drink rages. Not a family, not a man, is left out, and she paints only too truly the horrors of intemperance.

"The girl ruins my business, but she tells the truth, nevertheless!" he says, drawing his breath hard. The work goes on day after day, night after night, until Harold Greene comes with the rest and signs the pledge.

Seven years have passed away since Walter begun his revenge. The cottage across the bridge has been considerably enlarged and is now a handsome villa. Mr. Greene, and widow Layton sit on the porch conversing pleasantly. Two children play in the shady walk, or run to the gate to see if papa or mamma are coming with Uncle Theo, who has been studying for the ministry and is now coming home to spend vacation. Presently a carriage is seen approaching, and it soon pauses at the gate; then a lady and two gentlemen alight. They are no other than Eve, her husband Walter, and brother-in-law Theo Layton. They kiss the little ones—Arthur and Nellie—then they are greeted by the couple on the porch.

There are nearly 300 newspapers published in New York. Faithfulness and fidelity are the highest things. Despire no one, for every one knows something which thou knowest not.

Stout ladies are vigorously devoting themselves to certain diet which will reduce their flesh, not for the benefit of their health so much as because it is fashionable to be slender. New handkerchiefs have monograms or initial letters worked in three or four different colors. These having cambric centers and silk borders are selling at remarkably low prices.

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

The Am. Agriculturist tells of a new way of propagating geraniums, begonias, carnations, heliotropes, double peonies and many other other plants of a half woody character. It is done by simply breaking off the shoot desired, leaving it hanging by a shroud of the bark. Even a slight-trip will be sufficient to sustain life in the cutting till it forms a callous or granulated condition which usually precedes the formation of roots. This process is called "layering in the air."

The Ninety and Nine.

The following is Sankey's account of where he found the above named hymn: "When we were going to the North of Scotland, after having been in the Southern part of the country and the Northern part of England, and having sung our hymns very much over there, I felt the need of a new hymn. And one day as we were returning to Edinburgh from Glasgow to hold a farewell meeting there, just before getting on the train I went to the news stand and bought two or three papers—some secular, some religious—and in one of them I found these verses:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay, In the shelter of the fold," etc. And I said: "That's just the hymn I've been wanting. I think the Lord has really sent it to us!" Next day this little tune or chant that it is set to came to me. We went into the noon meeting, and dear Dr. Bonar, who has written so many beautiful hymns—"I was a wandering sheep, and did not love the fold," and "I heard the voice of Jesus say, come unto me and rest,"—he was there, and the thought came to me, "We must sing now this new hymn that the Lord has sent us."

"The girl ruins my business, but she tells the truth, nevertheless!" he says, drawing his breath hard. The work goes on day after day, night after night, until Harold Greene comes with the rest and signs the pledge.

A Word to Boys. J. G. HOLLAND. What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of those wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Value of a Trade. Many a young man has been ruined for life because he never learned how to do anything. "My father," once said an intelligent young friend, who found it extremely difficult to earn a scanty livelihood by his pen, "did not think it worth while for me to learn any trade or business."

Don't Hurry, Girls. One of the crying evils of these times is the tendency and disposition of girls to get through girlhood hurriedly and get into womanhood, or rather into young-ladyhood, without waiting to enjoy the beautiful season of girlhood.

Home-Made and Hand-Made BOOTS. IF YOU WANT A GOOD-FITTING FINE BOOT you can be accommodated by calling At Armstrong's Shop, On State Street, opposite WILLIS'S BOOK STORE.

FURNITURE STORE. I HAVE PURCHASED THE ENTIRE Interest of Messrs. Yuston & Loughery in the Furniture Store on the west side of Commercial Street, Salem, and shall keep on hand a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of goods for the retail trade.

SALEM FOUNDRY, & Machine Shop, OREGON. B. F. DRAKE, Prop'r. STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST MILLS, Pumps, and all kinds and styles of Machinery made to order.

The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust as true women should. But Oh, be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourselves of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent will brighten all your future life.

CHOICE RECIPES.

MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, a little salt; raised over night with compressed yeast. Bake in rings dipped in melted butter.

STRAWBERRY DRINK.—Put to a pint of water a pound of strawberries which you are to bruise or mash in the water, then put in a quarter of a pound or five ounces of sugar, and squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, and suffer it to cool before you drink it. If the lemon be full, it will serve two pints.

Curiosities of Life. Half of all who are born die before they are seventeen. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 100 reaches sixty.

Sensible Advice. You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, you get discouraged spending money with but little success.

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Clothing. NORTH SALEM STORE. W. L. WADE. AT THE BRICK STORE, HAS JUST RECEIVED a full assortment of

STAYTON Saw-Mill. THIS MILL HAS BEEN REPAIRED, WITH New Machinery, and is now prepared to supply first-class LUMBER, rough or dressed, at short notice. Prices range from \$9 to \$15.50 per M.

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