THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1877.

WHEN THE GRASS COVERS ME.

When the grass shall cover me. Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that 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.

When the grass shall cover me, Holden close to earth's warm bosom; While I laugh, or weep, or sing, Nevermore, for anything; You will find in blade and blassom, Sweet small voices, odorous, Tender pleaders in my cause, That speak of me as I was, When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover, me, Ah, beloved, in my sorrow Very patient I can wait, Knowing that or soon or late, There will dawn a clearer morrow; When your heart will moan: "Alas! know how true she was: Now I know how dear 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 wee word-But one wee word-to break it,

It draws the lips in smiling shape,
It draws the look of pleasure
From eye to eye when hands touch bands,
When two hearts best one measure; And draws a meaning from a word Vhich makes that word a treasure.

Like string of tuneful harp or lute Between glad souls 'tis holden.
And love's fond fingers on the thread
Make music rare and golden—
Make music such as tender hearts Could live, and ne'er grow old, in.

But if a breath may shake it, let That breath come near it never; And never spoken be that word Which friendship's tie might sever; But let the cord grow stronger till The dawning of Forever.

WALTER'S REVENGE.

BY JESSIE G. D.

Tho 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. He doesn't pause at any of the lovely residences that face the principal street, nor does he stop to admire the many pleasant objects displayed in the shop window. No! passing all these he at last turns down a side street and enters a miserable looking grog shop. See him, as he stands in the door a moment, the lamplight streaming down on his anxious face! He pushes back the worn hat, revealing a broad white torehead and dark clustering curls. The gray eyes glance searchingly up and down the long low room, and then he steps quickly across the threshold and says to a man behind

"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 drunkards 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's I'm living, when I get to be a man I'll be revenged on you."

The man hurls a string of oaths and shakes his fist at the boy, but the men sitting around loudly cheer him. He, however, heeds not their praise but goes to the drunken parent and coaxes him out into the street, and homeward.

It is all over. Mr. Layton fills a drunkard's grave. Fortunately for her, Mrs. Layton owns the cottage and little place on which they reside. She takes in sewing, Walter gets a position in a store, and together they earn enough to support themselves and his brother six years younger than himself. Several years pass away and an eccentric gentleman, taking a fancy to Walter, sends him to an eastern city to attend school. He studies hard, and at the age of nineteen, he enters college where he stays three years, graduates with high honors, and now we see him sitting a: home by his mother's side. Home for the first time after finishing his studies.

"Mother where is Theo? he asks suddenly. "He went out right after te 1, and its now ten o'clock."

"Oh! Walter! I sadly fear that Theo 1 going the same way your father did, for of late he goes out every night, and one evening he came home drunk," and Mrs. Layton begins to cry.

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 there, but several are gone, among burgh from Glasgow to hold a farewell 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 wom in. On the front plazza. A sweet voice them I found these verses: A woman dressed in black, and a thick veil hiding her features, but he knew

"Eve!"

"Oh Walter!"

She throws back the veil, revealing a lovely face with lustrous brown eyes and sweet red mouth.

"Eve, why are you on the street alone, at this time of night?" he demands abruptly.

"No one dares harm the daughter of Harold Greene, Walter, and I was only closing the eyes of one of his victims," she answers, somewhat bitterly.

Walter looks down in her face gloom

"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."

Mechanically he obeys, and together they walk up the street. They pass the entrance of the saloon, enter a side door, and passing up a flight of stairs emerge into a brilliantly lighted room where groups of young men sit around the tables playing various games, with the wine cup at their elbows. Eve looses hold of Walters arm and gliding swiftly to the farther end of the room where a group of young men sit around a gambling table, touches one of them on the shoulder, saying:

"Come Theo!"

"He glaucea 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 Eve."——morning dawns bright and beautiful. Mrs. Layton and her elder son sit at the breakfast table but they eat little. In the opposite room Theo lies, sleeping off the effects of the wine. Presently, Walter rises, takes his hat and says:

"Mother, ten years ago I told Harold Greene, if I ever grew to be a man, I would be revenged on him for the wrong he has heaped on us. Now I begin my work."

"Leaving the cottage, he walks rapidly to the residence of Eva Greene. While he and the saloon keepers daughthe 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 naturaly looked for some profitable business by which to maintain himself. Prompted by the devil, he set up a small grog shop in the village. Not wishing to be encumbered with the care of the child, he put her under the care of a good old lady, who sent her to school and taught her to despise the business that her father and many of them are still used. followed. Eve had heard Walter's threat ten years before, now, at the age of eighteen, she was ready to help him carry it out. She had the town on their side, for every one loved beautiful, accomplished Eva Greene. Now let us see what they do. Their consultation lasts long; they talk earnestly. At last it ends. Walter hurries to the printing office; Eve dons her walking suit and goes on some errand of love to

her father's victims. About eleven o'clock, as Harold Greene sits by the door of his soloon, puffing a eigar and glancing up and down the long elegant room, a boy enters with a roll of papers on his arm. The lad passes him and hands a paper to the men and waiters, who are standing and sitting around; then returning, hands one to Mr. Greene, and quickly disappears. The saloon-keeper glances at the first sentence, then gives utterance to a tremendous oath. Suppose we read what he did:

"LECTURE TO-NIGHT! AT GREY'S HALL. Subject : THE DEVIL'S DRINK!

Free to all! "The saloon keepers and liquor drinkers are especially invited. There will be music, both at the beginning and close of the lec

BY WALTER LATION.

Grey's Hall is directly opposite Greene's saloon, and the keeper walks to the door and looks across at the

Walter snatches his hat, saying: then laughing ironically, says: "They can't do much that way, that young cub is a fool to try it.

> Night comes clear aud pleasantly cool. With many imprecations on the head of Walter Layton, he watches the crowd enter Grey's Hall. He walks up the Northern part of England, and having With many imprecations on the head of stairs into the room that is generally sung our hymns very much over there, full of young men; there are still many I felt the need of a new hymn. And full of young men; there are still many one day as we were returning to Edinthem Theo Layton, who was such a meeting there, just before getting on floats out to him from the opposite "There were ninety and nine that safely lay, room; it is Eve's,

"The girl is against me, and I am helpless!" he mutters.

The next day he hears praises every-Eve. Eve is to lecture that eveningher 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 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.

tells the 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 minustry 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 gentleman 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 greated by the couple on the porch. Oh! What a happy family they are. No sleepless nights and weary days spent in watching, caring and praying for, the loved ones who sip the dainty wine! No drunken brother and son's, no saloon right in the heart of the her husband Walter, and brother-in-law no saloon right in the heart of the thriving town. No! in the place of that saloon stands a noble hall dedicated to TEMPERANCE. Would to God there probably will come in this way. was a temperance hall in the place of every liquor saloon or grog shop in our land.

BREVITIES.

There are nearly 300 newspapers published in New York.

Faithfulness and fidelity are the highest things.

Despise uo one, for every one knows something which thou knowest not. The fancy for having a number of rows of buttons up and down a costume is now out of vogue, but small buttons

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.

Don't talk about yourself. No one wants to hear of your success or defeat, your joys or trials, except the few tried friends who are really interested in whatever concerns you.

"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 Jove?" was the "you must take me for a prophet! How can I tell?"

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.

Propagating Flowers.

The Am. Agriculturist tells of a new way of propagating geraniums, begonias, carnations, heliotropes, double petunius and many other other plants of
a h If woody character. It is done by
impay breaking of the shoot desired,
leaving it hanging by a shred of the
bark. Even a slight-trip will be suffici. bark. Even a slight strip will be suffici-ent to sustain life in the cutting till it forms a cultous or granulated condition some men are taking a piano up the steps. He watches them a minute, ing in the al.

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 splendid singer, and drew others in. the train I went to the news stand and

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 where. Praises of Walter, praises of 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 tune had scarcely formed itself in my! head yet, but I just cut the words from the paper, put it in front of me on the or brought upon the village. In thrilling gan and began to sing them, hardly knowing where the tune was coming from. But the Lord said, "sing it, and as we were singing it his Spirit came upon us, and what a blessed meeting we had! And away in the gallery there sat a lady-she couldn't speak to us then, the meeting was so orrors of intemperance. crowded, but she wrote to me from Dundee, and said: "I thank you for the girl ruins my business, but she having sung, the other day, my deceased sister's words. She wrote them five years ago. She is in heaven now." I wrote to her and said to her: "Did your sister write any more like that?" and she sent me some other pieces and have them, and one or two of them have been set to music and sung. But this one seems to have received the blessing of God especially. That lady was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Melrose, Scotland, but now she is with the Good Shepherd in heaven, and we are trying to sing men in-to the kingdom of God.

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,

putting into practice.

You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milksop, if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh? What will you do? Will you say. "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half-a-dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a shot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself—just as the soul of Colonei Backus does, and will keep doing during all his life?

Value of a Trade.

Many a young man has been ruined Many a young man has been ruined for life because he never learned how fo 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." He had been unexpectedly thrown on his own. unexpectedly thrown on his own re-sources, and, although a man in stature and years, he was a mere infant in his capacity to earn a living. There are too many men of his class floating around the world-men who have talents, but do not know how to apply them. Such cases lead us to look upon the culpabili tp as very great of any parents who brings up a son without having been practically and thoroughly instructed in some way of earning an honest liv-ing.—Every man should have some profession or trade. Then, whether he steadfastly pursues it or not, he at least has an occupation to which, in an emergency, he may resort for the support of himself and others who may be depend ent upon him. Of all men, the practi cal know-nothing is most to be pitled.

Don't Hurry, Girls.

Speaking on this point, Bishop Morris says-"Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girl-

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 bright-en all your future life.

CHOICE RECIPES.

MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, suffi-cient 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.

Rusty black goods, of any material, except silk, can be restored with slight cost and little trouble. Collect all the old black worsted material you have, and put them into about two pailfuls of of boiling suds in which has been dissolved two spoonfuls of the extract of logwood, same of copperas; boil the goods five minutes, stirring all the time; drain, and wrench out all the dye, then dip in a pail of water in which an ounce of gum arabic has been dissolved. Iron when half dry, on the wrong side.

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.

The married live longer than the

Out of every thousand persons born, only ninety-five weddings take place. Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some mortal passes to his maker—some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and, if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Sensible Advice.

You are asked every day through the col-ums of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsis and Liver Com-plaint that you know nothing about, you ges discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S AUGUAT FLOWER will proof that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headsche, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Water-brash Fullness at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, Coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to go to your Druggistand get a Sample Bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 10 cents and try it, or a Regular Size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you.

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