THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Mise HATTIE B. CLARKE,

SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1877.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

The needles have dropped from the nervele

hands,
As she watches the dying embers glow,
For out from the broad old chimney place Come ghostly shadows of "long ago:" Shadows that carry her back again To the time of her childhood's artiess joy; Shadows that show her a tiny row Of stockings awaiting the Christmas toy:

Bhadows that show her the faces loved Of many a half-forgotten friend;
And the Christmas eve it is passing by,
While Past and Present in shadows blend.
Alone in the dear old homestead, now,
With only the shadows of Auld Lang Syne,
The clock is ticking the moments on, While the tears in her aged eyes still shine.

If only out from the silent world—
The world of shadows which mock her so,
One might return to his vacant chair,
To sit with her in the fire-light's glow! If only—was that a white white hand That seemed to beckon be contof the gloom Or was it the ember's last bright flash
That startled the shadows round the room:

The Christmas eve has passed at length; A glorious day from the night is born; he shadows are gone from earth away, And the bells are ringing for Christmas

But, ab! by the broad old chimney place The angel of death keeps watch alone, For straight to the Christ-child's loving arm A longing spirit bath gladly flown,

Bread-Baking and Ghostly warnings.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his house—the haunted house of R very much against his wife's will. I was a lonely house. It was near a graveyard which, though long unused was not very cheerful, and it had the reputation of a ghost. However, Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, was too cheerful to be depressed by warnings, and never intended to be lonely.

"Mother Hubbard, he said, when his wife shook her head over the pur-

chase, "I got the house cheap, and it's a good one. You'll like it when you get there. If you don't, why then

So the house was bought, and into it the Hubbard family moved. There was scarcely a chance for a ghost to show his face in such a household of boys and girls. The rosy-faced master and his little wife had ten of them. It was in view of the eternal cry of "mother," that the jolly husband had dubbed his Martha Jane "Mother Hubbard," using it in jest, at first, and at last because of an old habit. Hearing it, the rest of R — fell into the way of calling her Mother Hubbard, so that it was more her name by far, than her baptismal Martha Jane.

Having once expostulated and 'spok-en out her mind,' Mother Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and scoured, tacked down carpets and put up curtains, and owned the place was pretty, and as not a ghost appeared for a week, made up her mind that there was no such inhabitant, and even began uot to mind the tombstones. So the house was got to rights at last, and of baker's bread, and were tired of it.

Mrs. Hubbard had never enjoyed setting a batch of bread to rise as she did that which was to be eaten for the first time in the new house. "For I can't get up an appetite for stuff that nobody knows who has had the making of," said Mother Hubbard, "and all puffy and alumy besides." So into the oven went the bread, and out it came at the proper time even and brown and beau-

tiful as loaves could be. Mother Hubbard turned them up on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread tray, glorious proof of her skill and the excellence of the oven, when Tominy bounded in. Tommy was four, and at that age one is prone to believe that anything will bear our weight. Tommy, therefore, anxious to inspect the new made bread, swung himself off his feet by clutching the edge of the bread tray, and over it came, loaves and Tom-my and all. Mother Hubbard flew to the rescue and picked up the loaves. All were dusted and in the tray but That lay bottom upwards under

A bothering child to give me so much trouble," she said, as she crawled under the table. "Ah—oh—ah—oh dear—dear—dear— oh my—." And there on the floor sat Mother Hubbard. screaming, wringing her hand, and shaking her head. The children all screamed in concert. Mr. Hubbard rushed in from the garden where he

"What is the matter, mother?" he Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap. "Look there, and ask me?" she said. It's a warning William I am going to be taken from 'em all."

And, as Mr. Hubbard looked, he saw on the loaf a 'death's head and cross bones,' as plainly engraven as they pos-albly could be.
"It's accident," said Mr. Hubbard.

"Buch queer cracks do come you know, But Mother Hubbard was in a trou-bled state of mind. "The stories about the haunted house were true," she said, "and the spirits have marked the loa! I'm afraid it's a warning." And the loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not dare eat any of

meaning, people differed. Some be-lieved that it was a warning of ap-proaching death; some that the spirits wanted to frighten the Hubbards away. This latter supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage. Finally she leaned to that belief, and when another baking day arrived, put her loaves into the oven once more, prepared for cross-bones, and not to be frightened by them. The loaves baked as before. They came out brown and crusty. Mother Hubbard turned each in her hands. There were no cross bones visible; but on the last were sundry characters or latters. What! No dry characters or letters. What! No one could tell until there dropped in for a chat a certain printer of the neighborhood, accustomed to reading things backwards.
"Halloo!" said he, "that's curious!

That is curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-a-m—resur-gam (I shall rise again): that's what's on the loaf-resurgam."

"It's what they put on the tembs, ain't it?" asked Mother Hubbard,

faintly.
"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbsrd; "but it ain't so bad as cross-bones and skulls."
Mother Hubbard shook her head. "It's even solemner," said the little woman, who was not as good a linguist as a bread maker. "I feel confident, William, that I shall soon be 'resur-gamed;" and what will those dear

children do then?" And now that the second loaf was before her eyes, marked awfully as was the first, Mother Hubbard really grew thin and pale and lost all of her cheer-fulness. "I have a presentiment, she said over and over again, "that the third baking will decide who the warning points to. I believe it's meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I'm getting?" And al-though Mr. Hnbbard laughed, he also

began to be troubled. The third baking day was one of gloom. Solemnly as to a funeral the family assembled to assist in the draw-Five loaves came out markless; but one remained. Mother Hubbard's hand trembled, but she drew it forth, and laid it in the tray; she turned it softly about. At last she exposed the lower surface. On it were letters printed backwards: plain enough to read this time, and arranged thus:

" Died, April 2nd. Lamented by Her large family."

"It's me," cried Mrs, Hubbard. "I'm to go to-morrow. This is the first. I do feel fain!. Yes, I do. It's awful, and so sudden," and Mother Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of husbands. The children screamed, the dog barked, the cat mewed. The eldest toy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the house. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mother Hubbard's "warning,"—her call to guit this world. her call to quit this world.

She lay in her bed bidding good bye to her family and friends, her strength going fast. She read her Bible, and tried not to grieve too much. The doctor shook his head. The clergyman prayed with her; nobody doubted that her end was at hand, for people were very superstitious in those days. They had been up all night with good little Mother Hubbard, and dawn was breaking, and with it she felt that she must go; when clatter over the road and up to the door came a horse, on the horse baking day came about. In the press of business they had had a great deal a man. He alighted. He rattled the There was knocker. He rushed in. no stopping him. Up stairs he went to Mother Hubbard's room, and bolted in. Every one stared at him. He took off his hat.

"Parding!" said he, "I heerd Miss Hubbard was a dyin'. That she'd hed warnin's on her bakin's. I come over to explain. You see I was sexton o' the church here two years ago, and I know all about it. You needn't die o' skeer just yet, Miss Hubbard, for there is neither spirits nor devils about, nor yet warnin's. What marks the loaves is old Mrs. Finkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven bottom, seein' thar war no survivors and bricks war dear. The last folks before you didn't have 'em printed off cos they made pan loaves, but we was used to 'em ourselves. Cross-bones and skulls in the ginger-bread we didn't heed, and I never though o' carin' for the resurgam. So you see how it is, Miss Hubbard, and I'm sorry you was skeered. I'd orter a mentioned it when I sold the proper-

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his hymn book. The doctor walkek to the window-there was deathly silence. Mother Hubbard broke it.

"Father," she said, "the first thing you do, get a new bottom to that oven. And the tone assured the assemblage of friends that Mother Hubbard wasn't going to die just then. Indeed, she sat up the very next day, and as soon as the oven was rebottomed invited everybody to a tea drinking, at which no one discovered awful warnings on the bread, nor ghostly printings on the ginger-cake.

Notes from Columbia County, Oregon.

As the tourist along the Columbia river approaches Eagle Cliff, W. T., a depresions in the mountains on the opposite side of the river, in Oregon, is noticed. There lies the Clatskanie the river, passing through Columbia Slough, and Beaver creek, the mouth of Clatskanie river is reached "then to the right," row leisurely with the tide and enjoy the cool sea breeze. The roses line the banks on either side, and

land in the Valley. The first farm we find is owned by E. G. Bryant who has are in cultivation, hay fields, good wa- in. ter, good pastures; no better claim can be found for a dairy. Here we see an orchard growing, apples, pears, plums and good soil for all kinds of grain, and vegetables. The steamer Gazelle is at the lumber

yard and on reaching there find E. S.

and O. J. Bryant have thousands of feet of lumber from their saw mill ready to transfer to the steamer. Here we find the finest cedar lumber in the State, planed and ready for use. They employ a number of men and the Gazelle makes semi-monthly trips, carryfng freight and passengers. Leaving the river we pass through O. J. Bryants farm, past his garden and orchard to A. Barr's claim. A beautiful field of wheat and pear by a field of timothy and clover, attracts the admiration. Here we see an old logging camp, but from the looks of the fine fir timber somebody is going to coin money from the sale of these enormous trees. There is a substantial barn (with a mountain stream near by which furnishes water for the stock,) in sight of the hills. We stop at this hospitable house to rest and are soon served with a tip-top good dinner cherries are ripe, and we areinvited to partake. Apple, peach, plum, cherry, and different kinds of fruit trees abound. A span of horses and a cultivator are making great im provements in that field, while the garden shows that a koe has been used to good advantage on the weeds. The soil is moist and every plants looks fresh and green, although there has been no rain for sometime. We saunter along in the shade of the majestic firs, and leafy moss-grown maples till we find the Barr school house, by the side of a quite little mountain stream. We quench our thirst, and call on the school. Good order prevails and all seem satisfied with their kind teacher. Miss C. A. English of this county. A song in which all join the teacher, and the children go over the hill to Beaver and down the Clatskanie. We find the company of the school marm pleasant, likes to see his wife overburdened, and and Mrs. L. Barr's is soon reached. Her sons Wm. and James take care of this place,—320 acres some of which is under good cultivation. They have grain, grasses, vegetables, and plenty of all kinds of good fruit, while there is it there are no good to the care of the car Her sons Wm. and James take care of is timber enough to make a poor man rich. They have a small mill which &etc. You can spend hours in looking them. It makes a great difference in a about this place and feel it is good to here, is a good flouring mill owned by God made women as helps meet for hour. Geo. Barr. We retrace our steps down and across the river to the farm of our old friend Hon. E. W. Conyers, now post master at this place. We pass through a fine orchard and meadow to his house, and find him at home distributing the weekly mail. Such a quantity of letters and miscellaneous matter! and we see the WILLAMETE FAR-MER there too. There is a fine field of potatoes growing near the garden and it reminds me of what a man once told me: "they can't raise anything down there but potatoes and salmon," From the looks of the cauliflower, cabbage, turnips and in fact all kinds of vegetables and melons growing near, I think that man was an Indian. The Clat-kanie school house is in view,-and the trustees think themselves very fortunate in having secured the services of Miss Mary Eaton, of Forest Grove, as teacher for the summer. Over twentyfive scholars are in regular attendance. Aere are held the religious services of the M. E. Church; Rev. J. S. Mathews Pastor. Also a union Sunday School-H. B. Tingle Supt. C. C. Lee, asst. Grange no. 182, hold regular monthly meetings, W. H. Conyers, W. M. His claim is near and we find him hoeing corn. See some of those celebrated Irish Cap potatoer growing, and look around to see some little folks turning rocks, and catching little mountain trout in the brook that flows past the house. Such fine fields of clover and timothy! no wonder bees swarm and make such clear sweet honney. Fine fir, alder, maple, ash, hazel everywhere. But we must rest as we are admonished to be moderate in eating, Valley. Taking a sail boat, crossing drinking and I would not wish to tire you all with this, my first description

WORK .- The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man posses, Mr. Hubbard did not dare eat any of it.

Mrs Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marking loaf spread through R—, and people came to the Hubbards all the week, it lit was a death's head in look at it. It was a death's head and cross-bones, certainly; every one law that at a glance; but, as to its

of the Clatskanie Valley.

Nine miles from Eagle Cliff, and we over what is mevitable. If we have eneugh for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a time an argument in regard to "what. lived here over 20 years. Acres of land | worthy good man can possibly engage

Friendly Criticism.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: Are not the correspondents of your department, some naments to society.

Your Ohio correspondent would rather go to the polls with his " wife and other good-looking females," than with the "sterner lords of creation." Mr. S---, in his speech at the Pioneer pienie, desired to hear some of the "females" speak; but, although both Mrs. Minto and Mrs. Duniway made very interesting little speeches, they never once returned the compliment (?) by referring to the gentlemen as males." Mrs. Minto and Mrs. Duniway are ladies, and no modest woman likes to be called by a term that is applicable to any animal of the feminine gender, as well as to women. Gentlemen, if you use the word "female," let it be as a term of scorn and reproach, and apply it to women whom you do one yet." not respect, but not in speaking of your wives, mothers, sisters, or friends. Many use the term not understandingly, but ignorance is not bliss in this instance, at least to ladies.

In the communications to the Home Circle, of late, there has appeared a true mission of woman is love and tendency to speak of men as tyrants marriage. The girls think so, too. and overbearing creatures. Women must not forget that the duties and cares of life fall as heavily upon their husbands as themselves. No true man will try to relieve her as much as posyou. Have you kept your vows any better than he? After all, men are, to was fumber, threshes, grinds cider some extent, what their wives make man's success in life if he has a wife men—as their companions and equals Let us, like "Gertrude," give men

credit for doing the best they can. In regard to such nommes des plumes as "Jennie Squash," "Elizabeth Parsley," "Susan Jane Cauliflower," "Cora Jimpsonweed," and 'Johnny Jumpup: Do you think they are more refined and modest than "Mrs. M.," "Jesse G. D.," "Gertrude," "Rose," and others? In a late number of the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture, one correspondent, speaking of another, says: "Nadine Norwood, what a pretty name you have!" A pretty, rhythmical name, not a lackadaisical one, leaves very pleasant impression, while, after reading an interesting article, if we find a signature entirely at variance with the sentiment expressed in the communication, we read it with a disappointed feeling. Of course, anything like letters from "Aunt Hepsy" is more effective when the name and sentiment are couched in the same oldfashioned style.

What Girls Should Read,

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I differ with Jenny Squash in regard to the number of books that a girl should read. A girl's library should contain all kinds of good books. Knowledge is what we want. In regard to wearing corsets: I think it a good thing for ladies to wear, if worn loosely it will make them straight. I do not believe in the feet being incased in tight shoes. It will do for ladies that sit in the parlor, for they have nothing to do. As for myself I will wear loose shoes. All sensible girls would dress their feet comfortably if they have to work as I do, standing all day doing house work, and occasionally taking the mattock and helping my father grub. How do you like that for a girl only fourteen years old? People cannot wear tight gloves, shoes or dresses and do work. I should like to hear from sisters Cauliflower, Parsley and Beanpole, they appear to have taken a back cost.

MAGGIE MOUNTAIN SPROUT.

A Girl's Library.

girls shall read." I am a girl, and I read everything I desire. I would be much displeased if I were not allowed that privilege. I do not agree with Miss Jenny in regard to a girl's library. I think it should contain more than of them, rather overdoing the matter three books. I know those books she when they say so much of "woman's mentioned are necessary in a girls lirights" and novel-reading? Before brary, but others should be added to it, writing on anything, the writer should a girl should read everything boys thoroughly understand the subject, read. Miss Jenny says "train a girl's and deal with it clearly and concisely. waist by the corset." The corset will "What girls shall read," has become spoil any girl's form if worn tightly. exceeding trite. Every young lady's If worn loose enough to feel pleasant it. life, character, and taste, breathe of is not so injurious. We know that the atmosphere of home. If girls are lacing will make us slim, but it throws brought up under the influence of us out of shape. It makes our shoulpious, cultivated, and refined parents, ders too large, and it throws our hips they will unconsciously form noble into a queer shape. It presses our characters, acquire a pure literary taste, lungs and makes them small. There and grow up cultivated women and or- are about 7,000 pores to an inch square. Just think of pressing all of those littlepores with a corset. It ruins our health forever. I am afraid Miss Jknny's advice will cause some of our rosy-cheeked girls to be placed in an early grave. It would be a wise act if corsets were thrown away.

> REBECCA VANDERPOOL. Prineville, Or.

BREVITIES.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

Steadfastness is a noble quality; but unguided by knowledge or numility, it becomes rashness.

"Where are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance. "To see a friend."
"Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent—noth-ing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing in different, for that is silly. Mrs, Boss, who has been lecturing on "Our Girls," in Boston, holds that the

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him who pursueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it. If thou contest it without merit, thou shall never attain unto it. If thou de-servest it, though thou hide thyself it will never forsake thee.

CHOICE RECIPES.

NICE CHEAP PUDDING .- One quart of milk; four tablespoonfuls of flour; four eggs; six tablespoonfuls of sugar; be here. Across the Clatskanie from who is kind, helpful and sympathizing. putmeg. Steam three-fourths of an

> APPLE PIRS. - Take nice tart apples. Spitzenburg are best, although Pippins Greenings and Russets are excellent. Slice them; fill the under crust an inch thick; sprinkle water over them; add a spoonful or two of water; cover with a thin crust, and bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven.

> PICKLED CABBAGE,-Select solid heads, slice fine, cery fine, put in a jar, then cover with bolling water; when cold drain off the water and season with sliced horse radish, salt, equal parts of black and red peoper, cinnamon and cloves whole; cover with strong vinegar. This is, handy, always ready, and

> SLEEPING HINTS.-Sleeping with the mouth open should not make the throat sore. Pass a broad elastic band from the anterior portion of the lower jaw over top of head, and make it sufficiently tight to keep the teeth closed; if the cholorate of patass (xj) one dram to three ounces of water, three or four times daily.

NORTH SALEM STORE.

W. L. WADE,

A THE BRICK STORR, WAS JUST RECEIV-General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries. Boots & Shoes. Hardware, Clothing

alculated for the City and Country Trade. Bought ow, and will be sold at as SMALL A PROPIT, hose who SELL AT COST. ESF Goods delivered my part of the city free of charge.

Farms and Land for Sale. OFFER FOR S. LE ONE FARM, 320 ACRES, 100 acres in coltivat on, vood or hard, situs ed on the Pica-ant Hill road, about 1400 acres of MINED LAMD, one of the best valley and beaver dan Land in the county, an rounded to hill stal bush and. Three or tour very good farms can be made out of it. Good clace for a rolony. Want to see the whole lot together. This Land is situated in Lette county, about 12 alles from Enterior City, and six from Cres will.

Home-Made and Hand-Made BOOTS.

F YOU WANT A GOOD-PITTING FINE BOOT At Armstrong's Shop, WORK WARRANTED. Prices KRABORAS