

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1877.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

The needles have dropped from the nervous hands...

As she watches the dying embers glow, For out from the broad old chimney place...

Of stockings awaiting the Christmas toy: Shadows that show her the faces loved...

But, ah! by the broad old chimney place The angel of death keeps watch alone...

Bread-Baking and Ghostly warnings.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land...

The house was bought, and into it the Hubbard family moved. There was scarcely a chance for a ghost to show his face...

Having once expostulated and spoken out her mind, Mother Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and scoured, tacked down carpets...

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...

Mother Hubbard turned them up on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread tray...

"What is the matter, mother?" he gaped. Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

And, as Mr. Hubbard looked, he saw on the loaf a death's head and cross bones, as plainly engraved as they possibly could be.

"It's a warning," said Mr. Hubbard. "Such queer cracks do come you know, don't they?"

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through R—, and people came to the Hubbards all the week...

meaning, people differed. Some believed that it was a warning of approaching death...

"Hullo!" said he, "that's curious! That is curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-a-m—resurgam (I shall rise again)!"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard; "but it ain't so bad as cross-bones and skulls."

Mother Hubbard shook her head. "It's even sadder," said the little woman, who was not as good a linguist as a bread maker.

And now that the second loaf was before her eyes, marked awfully as was the first, Mother Hubbard really grew thin and pale...

"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 faint. Yes, I do. It's awful, and so sudden."

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.

"Pardner!" said he, "I heard Miss Hubbard was a dyin'. That she'd had warnin's on her bakin's. I come over to explain. You see I was sexton of the church here two years ago, and I know all about it."

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his hymn book. The doctor walked to the window—there was deathly silence.

"Father," she said, "the first thing you do, get a new bottom to that oven."

Notes from Columbia County, Oregon. As the tourist along the Columbia river approaches Eagle Cliff, W. T., a depression in the mountains on the opposite side of the river, in Oregon, is noticed.

WORK.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation.

Nine miles from Eagle Cliff, and we land in the Valley. The first farm we find is owned by E. G. Bryant who has lived here over 20 years.

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...

We stop at this hospitable house to rest, and are soon served with a tip-top good dinner. Cherries are ripe, and we are invited to partake. Apple, peach, plum, cherry, and different kinds of fruit trees abound.

God 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.

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.

In regard to such *nommes des plumes* as "Jennie Squash," "Elizabeth Parsley," "Susan Jane Cauliflower," "Cora Jimsonweed," and "Johnny Jumpup"...

What Girls Should Read. ED. HOME CIRCLE: I differ with Jenny Squash in regard to the number of books that a girl should read.

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over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy good man can possibly engage in.

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A Girl's Library. DEAR ED. There has been for some time an argument in regard to "what girls shall read."

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 humility, it becomes rashness.

"Where are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance. "To see a friend."

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent—nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing in different, for that is silly.

Mrs. Ross, who has been lecturing on "Our Girls," in Boston, holds that the true mission of woman is love and marriage. The girls think so, too.

Old Mrs. Simpleigh read that it cost \$50,000 to move "Cleopatra's needle" from Egypt to London, and now she would like to know about how much it would cost to move Cleopatra's sewing machine the same distance.

APPLE PIE.—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, *very fine*, put in a jar, then cover with boiling water; when cold drain off the water and season with sliced horse radish, salt, equal parts of black and red pepper, cinnamon and cloves whole; cover with strong vinegar. This is handy, always ready, and good.

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 chlorate of potash (X) one dram to three ounces of water, three or four times daily.

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

Farms and Land for Sale. OFFER FOR SALE ONE FARM, 320 ACRES, 100 acres in cultivation, wood of 100, situated on the Pleasant Hill road, about 4 miles from Eugene City. Also, about 1400 acres of MIXED LAND, one of the best valleys and best soil in the county, as bounded by hill and creek and in the center very good farms are to be had out of it. Good place for a colony. Want to see the place let together. This land is situated in Lane county, about 15 miles from Eugene City, and six from the city.

Home-Made and Hand-Made BOOTS. IF YOU WANT A GOOD-FITTING FINE BOOT you can be accommodated by calling At Armstrong's Shop, 5 West Street, opposite WILLIAM'S BLOCK STORE, ALL WORK WARRANTED. Prices Reasonable—Repairing neatly and promptly done. GIVE US A CALL. [SIGNED] M. ARMSTRONG.

MARGIE MOUNTAIN SPROUT. Jefferson, Or.