

The Hope Circle.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke.

SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1877.

The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face.

In that desolate land and stone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,

OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;

Home-Work.

DEAR ED: It is pleasant to notice the
interest which the ladies are taking in
this department of the FARMER.

endeavor to finish any sewing or
mending we may have on hand. Our
ywn family numbers eight persons and
for eighteen years we were not without
at least one hired man.

Having been an only child, and not
accustomed to the care of children, and
having had no experience in the man-
agement of household affairs, I have
sometimes find it quite impossible to
get along without help.

At present we are trying a plan
which, although perhaps not so lucra-
tive, is less trouble. We hire those
who can and will board themselves,

DAVID MATSON, THE LOST MAN.

[Mrs. Danlway's poem "David and
Anna Matson" is taken from the fol-
lowing story by Whittier.]
Who of my young readers have not
read the sorrowful story of Enech Ar-
den, so sweetly and simply told by the
great English poet?

And how was it all this time with
David himself?
Now you must know that the Mo-
hammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli,

When a boy he was learned the trade
of ship carpenter with his father on the
Merrimac, and now he was set to work
in the dockyards. His master, who
was naturally a kind man, did not over
work him.

So time went on—days, weeks,
months and years. His dark hair be-
came gray. He still dreamed of his
old home on the Merrimac, and of his
good Anna and the boys.

David Matson had saved a little mo-
ney during his captivity, by odd jobs
and work on holidays. He got a pas-
sage to Malaga, where he bought a
nice shawl for his wife and a watch for
each of his boys.

"I rather think I do," said Pel-
tiah; "She's my wife."
"Your wife," cried the other. "She
is mine, before God and man. I am
David Matson, and she is the mother of
my children."

The little old bull's-eye watch which
is still in the possession of one of her
grandchildren, is now all that remains
to tell the tale of David Matson, the
lost man.

In Germany, they manage this little
pastime in a very pleasant way.
When a couple meet after having eaten
philopena together, no advantage is
taken of the other until one of them
pronounce the "philopena."

any offer from the other wins the game.
Both are constantly exercising their
wits to prevent being caught, and the
sport often goes on all the evening.

Patching.

One of the sisters said, a short time
ago, "Let us have more practice and
less theory." I suppose what we prac-
tice most will be the easiest to dis-
course on, so I will take for my text to
day—patching—that much abused sub-
ject.

As to patching (boy's especially) I
prefer to put in the patch when the
garment is made.
For the knee cut the piece wide as
the leg of the pants, and some ten or
twelve inches long; sew in with the leg
seam, and blind stitch top and bottom.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Please give me a recipe for tomato
catsup, peach and crab-apple jelly and
chocolate blanc-mange.—HELEN MAR.

OIL CLOTH.—If a little milk is put
into the last water they are washed
with, it will keep them bright and
clean longer than clear water. I use it
on the Japanese hearth of the heater.

MUSTARD PLASTER.—In making a
mustard plaster no water whatever
should be used, but the mustard mixed
with the white of an egg; the result
will be a plaster which will draw per-
fectly, but will not produce a blister
even upon the skin of an infant, no
matter how long it is allowed to re-
main upon the part.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Five pounds of
currants taken from stems; four pounds
of white sugar; one pint of vinegar;
three table-spoonsful of ground cinnam-
on; two ditto of ground cloves; half a
teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together
and boil slowly for an hour, skimming
thoroughly.

CURRENT JAM.—Free the currants
from the stems; take eight pounds of
sugar to ten pounds of berries. Strain
the juice from half of the currants; then
crush the rest with the sugar; pour the
juice over them, and boil in a porcelain
kettle until it is a smooth, thick mass.
Have a moderate fire and let it cook
slowly, so it will not burn the jam.
This is nearly as good as cranberries for
cold meats and game.

A True Lady.

Beauty and style are not the surest
passports to respectability—some of the
noblest specimens of womanhood that
the world has ever seen have present-
ed the plainest and most unpreposses-
sing appearance. A woman's worth is
to be estimated by the real goodness of
her heart, the greatness of her soul and
the purity and sweetness of her charac-
ter; and a woman with a kindly dispo-
sition, and a well-balanced mind and
temper, is lovely and attractive, be her
face ever so plain, and her figure ever
so homely; she makes the best of wives
and the truest of mothers. She has a
higher purpose in living than the beau-
tiful yet vain and supercilious woman,
who has no higher ambition than to
flaunt her finery on the streets, or to
gratify her inordinate vanity by ex-
tracting flattery and praise from a soci-
ety whose compliments are shallow as
they are insincere.

BREVITIES.

Retiring early at night will surely
shorten a man's days.
"No pains will be spared," as the
quack said when he sawed off a pa-
tient's finger to cure a felon.
The beautiful in heart is a million
times of more avail as securing dome-
stic happiness, than the beautiful in per-
son.
Family religion is of unspeakable im-
portance. Its effect will greatly depend
on the sincerity of the head of the fam-
ily, and on his mode of conducting the
worship of his household. If his chil-

dren and servants do not see his prayer
exemplified in his temper and man-
ners, they will be disgusted with reli-
gion.

"Insult," says a modern philosopher
"are like counterfeit money. We can
not hinder their being coined, but we
are not compelled to take them."

As nothing truly valuable can be at-
tained without industry, so there can
be no preserving industry without a
deep sense of the value of time.

Four-year-old to his mother holding
the baby; "Say, mamma, say! Zat
squawling 'tittle baby seems to sink 'ee's
ze only chile you got! I'd take him back
agin!"

A locomotive engineer, who had just
been discharged for some cause, gave
vent to his spite in a way eminently
characteristic of American humor. He
said it was about time he left the com-
pany anyhow, for the sake of his life,
for "there was nothing left of the track
but two streaks of rust and the right of
way."

Don't waste life in doubts and fears;
spend yourself on the work before you,
well assured that the right performance
of this hour's duties will be the best
preparation for the hours or ages that
follow it.

Energy will do anything that can be
done in this world; and no talents, no
circumstances, no opportunities, will
bring any degree of success without it.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not
begin you will never come to the end.
The first weed pulled up in the garden,
the first seed set in the ground, the
first shilling put in the savings bank, the
first mile traveled on a journey, are all
important things; they make a begin-
ning, and thereby give a hope, a prom-
ise, a pledge, an assurance, that you
are in earnest. How many a poor, idle,
erring, hesitating outcast is now creep-
ing his way through the world, who
might have prospered, if, instead of
putting off his resolutions of amend-
ment and industry, he had made a be-
ginning.

WASHINGTON'S SELF-CONTROL.—An
officer to whom he was very much at-
tached was taken dangerously ill, and
he had him removed from his uncom-
fortable quarters to a room in his own
house. Late in the evening one of his
aids with some other young officers, re-
turned from a party in the country, and
gathering around the old fire-place,
grew quite hilarious over some incident
or incidents that had occurred. Wash-
ington stepped out of his room adjoining,
and after exchanging a few words
with them, spoke of the sick officer and
his dangerous condition. The young
officers became quiet, but after a little
while they forgot all about it, and were
as merry as ever. In the midst of their
jokes and laughter the door of Wash-
ington's room opened very gently, and
the general himself appeared with a
candle in his hand. Crossing the floor
on tiptoe, he went into the kitchen as if
in search of something, and immedi-
ately returned in the same noiseless, care-
ful manner. The young men took the
hint, and immediately dispersed.

IMPOLITIC.—Under no circumstances
does it pay to quarrel. In the heat of
anger words are spoken which had far
better be left unsaid, but which, once
spoken, cannot be recalled or forgotten.
A quarrel degrades a man in his own
eyes, what is worse, blunts the sensibili-
ties on the one hand, and increases the
power of passionate irritability on the
other. The truth is, the more peaceably
and quietly we get on, the better for
our neighbors and ourselves. In nine
cases out of ten, the better course is, if
a man cheats you, cease to deal with
him; if he is abusive, quit his company;
and if he slanders you, take care to
live so that nobody will believe him.
No matter who he is, or how he mis-
uses you, the wisest way is to let him
alone; for there is nothing better than
this cool, calm, and quiet way of deal-
ing with the wrong we meet with.
Lies unchased, will die; fires unfan-
ned will burn out; and quarrels neglected,
become as dull as the crater of an ex-
tinct volcano.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION AND LOCKS COMPANY.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING RATES OF
Freight on Grain and Flour have been es-
tablished by this company as the maximum
rates for one year from May 1st, 1877, viz:
Per Ton.
Oregon City to Portland.....\$1 00
Butteville " " ".....1 75
Champoeg " " ".....2 00
Dayton " " ".....2 50
Fairfield " " ".....2 50
Wheatland " " ".....2 50
Lincoln " " ".....2 50
Halem " " ".....2 50
Kola " " ".....2 75
Independence " " ".....3 00
Ankeny's Landing " " ".....3 00
Buena Vista " " ".....3 00
Spring Hill " " ".....3 00
Albany " " ".....3 00
Corvallis " " ".....3 50
Poulsbo " " ".....4 00
Monroe " " ".....4 00
Harrisburg " " ".....4 00
Eugene City " " ".....5 00
Grain and Flour shipped from the points above
mentioned direct to Astoria will be charged \$1 00
per ton additional.
The company will contract with parties who
desire it, to transport Grain and Flour at above
rates for any specified time, not exceeding five
years.
A. G. REED, Vice President W. T. & L. CO.
Portland, April 28, 1877.
MAY-28

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seven per cent per annum. Both principal and inter-
est payable in U. S. Currency.
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Said Lands to be addressed to F. SCHUBERT, Land
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