## THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARER.

### SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1877.

The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face. In that describe land and alone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefe
Muttered their wose and griefe
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high.
From their crags re-schood the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the mesdow spreading wide By woodland and riverside The Indian village stood; All was silent as a dream, Save the runhing of the stream And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Orouched in the class and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the istal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand:
But of that gallant band Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foeman fied in the night. And Rain-in-the-Face in his flight, Uplified high in air As a gastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong? Sing it, O funeral song, With a voice that is full of tears, And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

—.Henry W. Longfellow, in Youths' Com-

### OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
Et comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart, and bright brown bair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of acure, and eyes of brown, And snow-white foreheads, are there; A glimmering cross and glittering crown, A thorny bed and a couch of down, Lost hopes and leafiets of prayer.

A rosy leaf in a dimpled hand,
A ring, and a plighted vow;
Three golden rings on a broken hand,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a stainless brow.

There's a tincture of grief to the beautiful That sobs on the summer air,
And loneliness telt in the feetive throng
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of the day,
And it asingled with the matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful day,
And im melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now "Old Times." -Tinsleg's Magasine.

# Honse-Work

DEAR ED: It is pleasant to notice th interest which the ladies are taking in a sweet young wife and little daughter. this department of the FARMER. It is to be hoped that they will continue to where he remained several years, when he was discovered, and taken off by a give their experience and advice, for it is only by an interchange of ideas that we may hope to arrive at the best found his wife married to an old playmethods of doing our work, conducting ear homes, or bringing up our children. Those who cling to the old ways without trying to improve upon them manifest but little common sense. I can sympathize fully with those who are worn out and nervous from over-work. worn out and nervous from over-work. It is easy enough to plan, but not so easy to work up to it. I have always endeavored to conduct my affairs according to system, more or less, but have not always been able to make things move as smoothly as Gertrude seems to have done. Sickness, company, unexpected and sometimes neglected duties interfere, and system must be lost sight of for a time. Yet I do not see how it would be possible to accomplish our work at all without system.

which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that, in its main particulars, it is a true tale. One bright Snmmer morning, more one bright Snmmer morning, more shank of the river, near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his where to the port a few miles below. The Lively Tartle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in work at all without system.

Every one recognizes the necessity of washing clothes every week. Common decency teaches us that underclothes. calleo dresses, aprons etc., clothes. calico dresses, aprons etc., son's blue eyes, for she loved her hus sould not be worn longer than that, if band, and knew there was always dan-Monday is the best day for this: After resting on the Sabbath, we are well prepared to do a hard day's work. Monday is the day set apart by most good housekeepers for this work, and consequently there is less liability of being the wife and boys.

Herrinac, with the dear wife and herry boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping in it, when he turned to kiss the wife and boys. interrupted by company. I am not a "In with you, man," said Pelatiah "natural washerwoman" and so think Curtis. "There's no time for kissing and such foolishness when the tide if we get our clothes washed, starched, and folded on Monday, we are doing well enough. We can afford to sew the rest of the day. Tuesday we iron; if we get the many dresses, shirts etc., done by night, we are satisfied. Wednesday is baking day. We also clean what is necessary. Thursday we sew or do any extra work we may wish to accomplish, such as putting up fruit. Friday is sweeping day. Our visiting is mostly done Thursday and Friday. Much of our sewing is done on these days, also much of the house-cleaning. Saturday we scrub and bake and also if we get our clothes washed, starched,

endeavor to finish any sewing or mending we may have on hand. Our ywn family nhmbers eight persons and for eighteen years we were not without at least one hired man. Often our family has numbered twelve for months at a time; besides we have much compa-

ny. Having been an only child, and not accustomed to the care of children, and having had no experience in the management of household affairs, I have sometimes find it quite impossible to get along without help. In early days this could very seldom be obtained, and I have often thought that health and strength were gone never to return. We tried in various ways to lighten the indoor work. A good girt is invaluable and hard to obtain, although we have been fortunate enough to find several at one time and another. Chinese house labor, in the country is very unsatisfactory. Unless they become very much attached to a family or there are others of their countrymen near, they soon get homesick. As soon as they become skilled in the labor required of them, they will demand higher wages, or depart, and leave their disappointed mistress to spend more time training another one, who will in turn treat her in the same manner. I always have a feeling of insecurity when there is a chinaman in the house. I cannot trust them, but always feel that through ignorance, stupidity, or malice they might at any time burn the house or do some other desperate deed. After considerable experience with them I can say that I think there are a few who will not steal; I know many of them will.

At present we are trying a plan which, although perhaps not so lucrative, is less trouble. We hire those who can and will board themselves, and have no hired help about the house except occasionally when there is much hurry. We rent some of our ground, and use as much machinery as we can well make available, both out and in doors. Our work is not as well done perhaps, but we are happier, and think our children are better off now, than when iwe were surrounded by those whose tastes and sympathies were not in accordance with ours. We have but little time for fancy-work. Our flower garden is somewhat neglected, but we try to do the best we can, and have learned not to worry over what we can not accomplish. FLORA.

# DAVID MATSON, THE LOST MAN.

[Mrs. Duniway's poem "David and Anna Matson" is taken from the following story by Whittier.]

Who of my young readers have not read the sorrowful story of Enech Arden, so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to see, leaving behind man who went to

age to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine, talking cheer-fully, but had you been near enough you could have seen tears in Anna Mat-

So time went on—days, weeks, months and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimac, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they were yet living, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing prefer to put in were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But the log of him, and what they are 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 to a life.

gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and they were free.

The seat of the pants should be treated in like manner.

When you have your garment done, you also have that "miserable job" of patching done while the pants are new through, all you have to do is to cut out the worn part of the garment and nicely sew down.

In speaking of patching. I would inment. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips and thanked

knelt down on the chips and thanked God for the great deliverance.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sall for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Peltiah Curtia, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his pame, he began to put questions about his old home and finally asked if he knew Mrs Matgan to put questions about his old home and finally asked if he knew Mrs Mat-

He shook hands with his rival. "Pe tiah," said he, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the sailor in a careless ione. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh cud of tobacco; "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

Peltiah Curtis reached home. He told Anna the story of her husband and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman, with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish it waswrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

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.

lost man.

# Philopena

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.' This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls on a lady; she invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. During all this time he endeavors to take her by surprise, for the first scenotance of

And how was it all this time with any offer from theother wins the game. dren and servants do not see his prayer David himself? And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, Mogdore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Both are constantly exercising their exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with religion.

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

As, nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be do preserving industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

Four-year-old to his mother holding the slave, poor David Matson among the in every truth.

when a boy he was learned the trade of ship carpenter with his father on the Merrimac, and now be was set to work in the dockyards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not over work him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair, woven by the Berbey women. Three hours beforesun set he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year at the season called Ramcan, he was left at leisure for a whole week.

So time went on—days, weeks, months and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his ravel and draw out of shape; secondly, washing the patch with the garment will cause them to look more alike and

nicely sew down.

In speaking of patching, I would include darning, for that is my pet profession. Never put a patch where a rend can be darned, either in garments

TO MAKE BUTTER-SCOTCH.—Half cup butter, cup molases, cup sugar; boil until it snaps; try it in cold water; pour out on plates.

OIL CLOTHS.—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 Japanned hearth of the heater.

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. 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 presented the plainest and most unprepossessing 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 character, and a woman with a kindly dispoler; 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 patient's finger to cure a felon.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail as securing domes-tic happiness, than the beautiful in per-

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effect will greatly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on his mode of conducting the worship of his honsehold. If his chil-

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 company anyhow, for the sake of his life, for "there was nothing left of the track" but two streaks of rust and the right of

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.

good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they were yet living, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that governs of the parts of the garment and one slaves belonging to that governs out the word on the word on the stranger was none of the word of the parts are worn and clean. After the pants are worn and industry, he had made a become that governs of the word on the shrink together.

As to patching (boy's especially) I prefer to put in the patch when the garment is made.

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 shilling put in the savings bank, the fi ginning.

> WASHINGTON'S SELF-CONTROL.-An officer to whom he was very much attached was taken dangerously ill, and he had him removed from his uncomrend can be darned, either in garments or hosiery.
>
> By a little patient perseverance you will soon learn to weave the threads in so nicely that you scarcely perceive where the rend was. Always darn on the wrong side when you can have access to it, if yov wish your work to look neatly.
>
> CHOICE RECIPES.
>
> Please give me a recipe for tomato catsup, peach and crab-apple jelly and chocolate blanc-mange.—Helen Mar.
>
> To Make Butter-scotch.—Half cup butter, cup molases, cup sugar; boil 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 immediately returned in the same noiseless, careful manner. The young men took the hint, and immediately dispersed.

"Your wife," cried the other. "She is mine, before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine, too," said Peltiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"Your wife," cried the other. "She is mustard plaster no water whatever should be used, but the mustard mixed does it pay to quarrel. In the heat of anger words are spoken which had far better be left unsaid, but which, once should be used, but the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; the result will draw perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the currents is better be left unsaid, but which, once will be a plaster which will draw perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of other. The tendence of the control her is outlawed; at any rate, she is min upon the part.

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of her up."

Spiced Currants.—Five pounds of currants taken from stems; four pounds of three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two ditto of ground cloves; half a man cheats you, cease to deal with teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together and boil slowly for an hour, skimming these with my blessing," and he handed over, with a sigh, the bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

Currants taken from stems; four pounds of three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two ditto of ground cloves; half a man cheats you, cease to deal with teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together and boil slowly for an hour, skimming thoroughly.

Currants taken from stems; four pounds of three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two ditto of ground cloves; half 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 mister three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two ditto of ground cloves; half 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 mister was you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than the shook hands with his rival. "Pel-" this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrong we meet with.
Lies unchased, will die; fires unfanned will burn out; and quarrels neglected, become as dull as the crater of an extinet volcano.

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S. G. REED, Vice Procident W.T. & L.OO. Portland, April 28, 1977.

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