

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clark. SALEM, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877.

WHEN WE ARE DEAD.

BY IRVING CONNELL.

The winds will sleep, the winds will blow, The changeful seasons come and go, The sky will bend far overhead, Just as of old, when we are dead, And when our restless feet are stilled, No single place will be unfilled; When we are silent there will be No break in Nature's harmony. Still, watchful eyes will ever trace The varying beauties of her face, While yet her great deep heart will hold Room for her children as of old. Others for us will come and go, And worship hands than ours, we know Will take the web we left half spun, And weave its threads out, one by one. Then other feet will wander in The self-same ways of doubt and sin, And other shoulders bend to bear The weight we dropped of daily care. While sad hearts grieve, while tired eyes weep, Shall we care, lying fast asleep? Earth's storms shall lightly o'er us pass, As summer breezes o'er the grass. We know the world will fill me on To nobler ends when we are gone; We know her heroes yet will strive That truth and right be kept alive. And Mother Nature will not grieve If prone upon her breast we leave The forms she gave, and still may take Back to her hands to mould and make. Her doors are open wide about— And Life and Death pass in and out; And every part of earth's great round Will under each in turn be found. They come, they go, and with them bear All things that have been, and that are; They come, they go, and shall not cease While the great tides of years increase.

SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD.

Dear woman, in the dream of life, Adorned with every winning art; As mother, daughter, sister, wife, She melts the soul, she charms the heart. Without her, what were lordly man? A rainless cloud—a fruitless tree— A world without a sun—a plan That ever incomplete must be. Her fostering care, devotion, love Seem inspirations from above. In childhood's hour, beside her chair She calls the fragile form; She clasps the tiny hands in prayer, Safe sheltered from the storm. Yet man, ungrateful man, the dart Of falsehood bursts with skill; And when he's won a woman's heart, He seeks its love to kill. Her lot is to be tried, though pure, To sigh, to suffer and endure. Oh mothers of a race unborn, 'Tis yours to speak those grand decrees That herald in the promised morn. The waiting world's Hesperides, Ye are the molds of heralds strong, Who guard and glorify our lives; The seas in song shall roll along, Beneath the splendor of your smiles, The beautiful and good shall reign, The sinless Eden bloom again.

FORGIVENESS.

O God, forgive the years and years Of worldly pride and hopes and fears; Forgive, and blot them from thy book, The sins on which I mourn to look. Forgive the lack of service done For thee thro' life, from life begun; Forgive the vain desires to be All else but that desired by Thee. Forgive the love of human praise, The false step in crooked ways, The choice of evil and the night, The heart closed shut against the light. Forgive the love that could endure No cost to bless the sad and poor; Forgive, and give me grace to see The life laid down to love for me.

What was in Hilda Hyde's Bundle.

"Miss Hilda Hyde, who died at the almshouse on the 13th inst. at the age of eighty-two years, had been there sixty years. It was her home, and probably the only one she ever clearly remembered. She was a regular attendant upon church services, and often carried with her to the meeting-house a bundle, which she laid in the paw by her side, but never opened."—[Oldville Gazette.] Would you like to know? I can tell you, and I can tell you about Hilda Hyde; for I have seen her since I was a boy, when we first moved to Oldville. You know that kind of a girl, with glossy yellow hair, that tumbles down over her face, and blue eyes that look out at you, slanting, from under deep, shady lids, and the veil of a red blush over her cheeks. It is sunny hair that loves the sunshine, else she would not be running out so often into it, or would not so often let her hat slip down over her back or shake her head so defiantly in the very blaze of sunlight. Not that she is often long in one place, but flashes out from the dark porch over the grass, or goes stooping among the currant bushes, or tilts back her head with all its curls, as she reaches up into the cherry trees. No wonder she likes to be out in the open air, hunting for violets in the Spring, poking about little asparagus beds, digging in flower borders, tying up vines to the porch and by the windows, picking roses, getting the thorns in her fingers, or holding one up to you to find the thorn in it. Is it Hilda Hyde I am describing, or that kind of a girl? I hardly know; I never saw Hilda when she was a girl; you see that was sixty years ago. But my grandmother knew her; and she was telling me about her, and about the color of her hair and her eyes, one evening. And when my grandmother talk-

ed of Hilda, I thought of Annette, as she had looked that afternoon. Reuben and I had come home with the oxen, just before sunset; and we were on our way up to the barn when Annette came flashing out of her house in this way. Reuben is not my brother, though you may think so. He is my cousin, mother's sister's son. He came to live with us when his mother died. He was a head taller than I; and that measures the distance between us all over. And together we had all the care of the farm, worked in the fields together, and had the same books. And Annette had only been staying at the next house this Summer and she was to go back in the Autumn. She came out into the yellow sunset as I tell you, up through a little garden walk by the side of aunt's house; there was a row of box each side of the walk, and the skirts of the dress brushed it; I can smell it now. And she came through a break in the hedges of currant bushes into the green patch in front of our barn, where Reuben and I stood with oxen. "Is there anybody who wants to drive me over to Granty this evening?" Aunt Mary wants me to go over with a message to Kate; and uncle says I may have the horse and wagon if I can find a driver." Of course Reuben and I both started to meet her, when she came to speak to us. "One at once," she said, laughing, "or, stop a minute, I'll settle who shall go." So she drew two bits of straw out from the barn window. "Don't look, George," she said reprovingly; for I couldn't help looking to see the sunlight dancing on her hair, the last rays round the barn corner. "You are not to see which straw is the shortest, for the one that draws the longest is to go with me;" and she held out both of her hands, with the straws crushed in between them. "You shall draw," said Reuben; so I drew the shortest, and I went back to the oxen. And it was that evening some of the children had asked grandmother about Hilda. We used to see her Sundays; and the next Sunday I saw her, an old, old woman, thin, with clear eyes, looking forward; and she always came into the pew in front of ours, and set her bundle down by her side. It was Deacon Gordon's pew; his was one of the old families; and when she was a child Hilda used to come to his pew, so she came still even though it was from the almshouse. For her mother's house used to be next to the Gordon mansion; and when Hilda was a young girl she used to be in and out of the Gordons' house as though she were one of the daughters. Indeed, Madam Gordon always sent for her when she had company to help her make the jellies and cake for the evening, and always told her when she was through to go home, and brush up her curls, and come back to the party, for it would not be a party without Hilda Hyde. Christie Gordon thought so certainly, and his mother did not scold him for it, but Hilda was one of those who had a smile for everybody; and nobody could tell whether she preferred young Gordon or Martin Grant, the young man who was learning a carpenter's trade, and had been building himself a little house by the mill. Christie Gordon had left suddenly the day before the fire—that terrible fire that Oldville remembers to this day—burned down the great Gordon mansion, and the little house belonging to Hilda Hyde's mother, and the doctor's house, and indeed half the village. It is a fire that is not forgotten now, because there was loss of life, as well as property. If only Mrs. Gordon's son had been at home, all might have been saved; for Mrs. Gordon and the servants were all so bewildered at the very beginning that they took no means to put the fire out, and by the time help could get to them, it was too late. It spread to the outhouses, then to Mrs. Hyde's house; she was ill at the time, and the shock of it made her worse and they took her straight to the almshouse for the night. But Hilda staid around to see what she could do help the Gordons. And there was Martin Grant working harder than any one. First, he had helped the Hydcs, doing all he could; then he tried to make Hilda go to one of the neighbors' to rest, for all this was in the middle of the night. So when he found she would not leave the fire while he was working there he set her down on the broad stone fence a little way opposite, in full sight, and gave her a bundle to hold, done up in a bright colored handkerchief. This grandmother saw; and she remember it so plainly, as one of the

things that happened that terrible night and how Hilda's yellow hair was streaming over her shoulders. But just then there was a crash and scream; and some one said Mrs. Gordon had gone back into the house to save an old picture she thought of; and her daughters were for rushing back into the flame after her. But Martin called to them not to go. He took a ladder and mounted it to one of the windows in the room to which Madame Gordon was going. And there was a stillness for a while; and then the roof fell, and all was in a blaze; and that was the end, for those two were burned in the flames. Nobody paid any attention to Hilda. Martin's mother was the first to be thought of, and Mrs. Gordon's poor daughters. But they went away from the town directly, they could not bear to stay in a place so full of sadness to them; they joined their brother who was to sail, it seemed for Europe, so they went with him. But the next Sunday, Hilda was seen coming up to the meeting house, walking slowly with a bundle in her hand, looking, so grandmother says, like an old woman, changed all at once from a young girl. And just at that moment some of the loungers on the steps read on the publishing board that Martin Grant and Hilda Hyde proposed marriage. And Hilda looked neither one way nor the other, but went to her old seat in the Gordons' pew and placed her bundle at her side; and that she did every Sunday afterwards that she could go out. And so everybody understood why it was that Christie Gordon had gone away so suddenly, because Hilda had settled to marry her poor lover rather than her rich one. I asked my grandmother many questions about this Christie Gordon whether he ever came back, and what became of him. She thought he did return, but that he did not stay. Hilda did not recognize him, or no one knew whom she did recognize, or what she was seeing through her large wide open eyes. And there was Hilda Hyde still sitting on Sunday in the Gordon pew when I returned after three years' absence in the war; for Reuben and I of course joined the army. What a day that was when our little band collected to march to the station on our way to camp! We could not find Annette to say good bye to us when we went over to her aunt's house. "She says bidding good bye is too sad," said her aunt who had tears in her eyes. But at the corner, just when we turned to the station, there she was with her hands full of yellow and white crocuses. "I thought I would bring you something," she said, and a bit of sunlight strayed over her yellow curls, as she tried to give us a sunny smile for the very last. I knew Reuben had been with her all the evening before, but there was nothing in her parting with us two now. We kept together, in camp and out, Reuben and I. I tried to make him let me take his place on guard and on picket duty. I begged him for Annette's sake. He was hers; he was going to be hers, and he must take care of himself on her account. Once I did prevail with him, and I got leave to take his post as a night picket. But I got a shot in my arm and after that he would not let me serve for him. But, in the field I could sometimes try to shield him. Oh, how I wished I had been made taller! he was so much larger than I that he was a fairer mark. I tried to expose myself to be shot at, for I thought the chances were, we should not both be killed, and I could not bear that he should be the one. I tried to be where the bullets were; and got by his side; and I did not get another wound, only a slight one. Then came those September days, and Antietam; I could not keep in front of Reuben then, but we fell together. I was by his side; when the shot struck him, and then, I too fell. But I lived to come home—not he. I have not seen her yet. They say she sits at the window looking for Reuben still. And they told me the other day that Hilda Hyde was dead. So she has done waiting for her lover. I was sorry they buried it with her. The key of the house he had been building was in it, which after his death his mother had occupied; for Hilda had staid at the almshouse ever since that night; and as they said Hilda had lost her mind, it must be the best place for her. And there was one or two letters tied up in the handkerchief, and a coat, perhaps that he meant to be married in. They said Hilda had lost her mind, I think only she had kept it. She was living on always in that evening in

which she parted from Martin, and all those sixty years she was waiting for him. And who knows if the time seemed long to her? She was very sure he would come back, and to her all those years were but the few moments since he left her sitting on the broad stone fence that shut in the lane. CHOICE RECIPES. MAKING JELLIES.—The preserving kettle should be of a shallow form. Those made of porcelain are the best, and a tight cover is desirable. Jelly bags of flannel should be made in the shape of a cornucopia, and tape strings attached to them, so that they can be fastened to a chair, and the jelly turned into them very slowly, and arranged so as to fall into a dish placed on the floor. strawberries, raspberries, currants and cherries should be made into jellies and jams, with the best double refined sugar. CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine, ripe, red currants from the stems, bruise them and strain through a thin cotton or flannel bag. To each pint of juice put one pound of best white sugar, and stir until it is well dissolved; set it over a slow fire, and when it boils skim well. Let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then try it by cooling a spoonful a little and pouring it into a cup of cold water; if it sinks to the bottom directly, and scarcely colors the water, it is done; if not, let it boil five minutes longer. Strain it into small jars or glass tumblers, and when cold, cover with thin white paper dipped either in spirits or the white of an egg, and paste thick brown paper over the jars. PRESERVED CURRANTS.—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them and put three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of berries. Take a teacupful of water to each pound of sugar, and boil until the syrup is very clear; then turn it over the uncooked berries and let it stand overnight. Next morning put over a slow fire and boil gently until the berries are clear; skim them out into jars, and boil the syrup until thick, and pour it over the berries. Very durable and neat mats for floors can be made from old coffee sacks. A piece of the bagging of suitable size is bound with some dark fabric, and secured to a frame of laths. By means of a hook of wood or iron, like an enlarged crochet needle, carpet rags are carried through the material so as to skip every other thread and to leave loops half an inch long, the ends of course, being fastened. Old red flannel can be used to make tasteful borders. Fanny Fern's Picture of the Modern Old Maid. For the benefit of those who may have seen it when it first appeared in the Revolution, we reproduce here etchings from Fanny Fern's picture of the modern old maid: "No, sir, she don't shuffle round in 'skimp' raiment, awkward shoes, cotton gloves, with horn side-combs fastening six hairs to her temples. She don't read 'Law's Serious Call' or keep a cat, or a snuff box, or go to bed at dark, nor scowl at little children, nor gather catnip. Not a bit of it. She wears nicely fitting dresses and becoming bits of color in her hair, and she goes to concerts or parties, and suppers and lectures, and don't go alone either, and she lives in a nice house earned by herself, and gives nice little teas in it. She don't work for no wages and bare toleration day and night. No, sir. If she has no money she teaches, or she lectures or she writes books or poems, or she is a book-keeper, or she sets type, or she does anything but depend upon somebody else's husband; and she feels well and independent in consequence, and holds up her head with the best and asks no favors, and Woman's Rights has done it. She has sense as well as freshness, and conversation repartee as well as dimples and curves. She carries a dainty parasol, and a natty little umbrella, and has live poets and sages and philosophers in her train; and knows how to use her eyes, and don't care if she never sees a cat, and couldn't tell a snuff box from a patent reaper, and has a bank book and dividends, and her name is Alice or Phoebe, and Woman's Rights has done it. BREVITIES. Why are the girls in Missouri always sweet? Because they are Mo. lasses. 'Tis the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker, without being a good self-examiner.—Earl Shaftesbury. To be a perfect farmer a man should combine reading, observation and practice. A man may work in the field all his life and be a poor farmer. It is not great battles alone that build the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still small rain from heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature, and of human nature, than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow. An unquestioning, unsuspecting unhesitating spirit, God delights to honor. He does not delight in a credulous, weak, unstable mind. He gives us full evidence when He calls and leads; but He expects to find in us what He Himself bestows,—an open ear, and a disposed heart.—Cecil. As the rays are from the sun and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy; if there is the light of love in us, it has ray from the full sun of love.

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Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. H. R. Myers, plaintiff, vs. A. F. Chase, Ellen Chase, Henry Stoyton and L. DeLara Stoyton, defendants.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION AND LOCKS COMPANY. NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING RATES OF Freight on Grain and Flour have been established by this company as of the 1st of May 1877.

NOTICE. OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD. THE FOLLOWING RATES OF FREIGHT ON Grain, Flour and Mill Stuffs, in car loads, as published tariff of the Company under date of January 9th, 1877, will be maintained as the maximum rates until May 31st, 1878.

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