

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clark. SALEM, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1877.

THE IMPATIENT MOTHER.

Unload the chairs; one, two, three, Misses and scarfs accordingly; A pile of coats all thrown about, Their pocket treasures emptied out. Marbles, and tops, and tangled string, Pencils, and pebbles, and a string; Slate rags? No, handkerchiefs! Behold, The tricks of boys are manifold! Six muddy boots! across the floor Their tracks I even now deplore. Yet as I set them up again My heart goes toward my little men. All day these boots on tireless feet Have tracked along the muddy street, Or paced the schoolroom's closer bound, Or tramped for me some tiresome round. The caps and coats upon the chair Take on an almost life-like air; I hang them up quite patiently, While softening thoughts come over me. Upstairs, three warty, childlike heads Rest softly on their cosy beds, And now I think remorsefully, How welcome nightfall is to me. How often through the busy day I hide my children at their play; How often, weary and depressed, impatiently I long for rest. And now I ponder tearfully How sad that time may be for me; For death may bring it, and at best There hastens on this time for me. The time will come when nevermore Shall children play about my door, Or noisy voices at their play. Disturb me as they have to-day.

My Say.

I think I shall now have my little say on the subjects lately so eagerly discussed in the "Home Circle." No novels are to be voted unfit for girls to read?

I want to ask somebody, in a whisper, if they are not also unfit for the boys to read?

Fay says she—or he—never saw any novels that were good for anything. This sweeping assertion leads us to infer that her novel reading has been rather limited; for we cannot allow one individual to decide for us that genial noble Walter Scott wasted his life in giving us the novels that have been dear comforters of many lonely hours; or that patient Charlotte Bronte whose crystallized pictures of life enter our very hearts "lived, loved and worked in vain." Dickens graphic pen did a great work in the exposure of radical wrongs. His vivid and thrilling narratives reached the great heart of the public more effectually than any other means. Who has not felt a sense of being lifted into a higher life while wandering with innocent Nell on dewy English meadows? One grows more impatient as they follow "little Paul" to the brink of the shining river. Fay, do you know what novels are? They are the flowers of literature. A sweet poetess has expressed better than I can the thought that the flowers are of no practical use. Yet we see over God's foot-stool these bright-eyed emblems of purity, cheering our tired hearts with their freshness, beautifying our houses and characters; the human lilies roses, violets, the grander shrubs, the lower weeds, all delineated. Gathered for the vases of your memory, making it fragrant with pleasant thoughts.

Would it not be well to discuss "What Girls shall read" a little more. Every girl, and boy too, would be better for reading "My Wife and I," "The Wide Wide World," and others equally good. Just now I have a bright idea. I intend to write a novel entitled "My Husband and I." I'll send the first copy to Fay and she will at once become a convert to my opinions—O vanity thy name is!

In the country especially would it not be better if Farmers and their wives, in the few hours of leisure they have, should discuss this or that book and the characters in it than to worry about the peculiarities of a neighbor. We all like to study and criticize human nature, and it is much better to study it as delineated by a master mind possessing a rare insight into the human heart than in our own weak way, judging by our own faulty standard.

The mind will turn refreshed to the practical duties of life after wandering among the realms of Fancy—Give your girls and boys a good novel occasionally; talk with them about what they read. Teach them that they must discriminate between right and wrong—not going through the world frightened at every shadow lest evil lurk therein. Don't forbid novels to your children and force them to seek cheap literature. I know a young man who read the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," adopted Ralph's perseverance, and won success.

I did intend to give Rose some advice, advising is so easy, but must wait now. She has my sympathy however. BRIGHELLA.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

Notes from Columbia Co.—Continued.

The County road from Clatskanie to Riverside (Nehalem Valley) is almost completed. The work so far has been volunteered by the settlers on both sides of the range. There is good timber along the road, good water everywhere. Several claims have been taken near a large "burn" close to the summit of the mountain. Returning from this hasty view of this mountain, to the farm of C. C. Lee, we accept a Grange invitation to visit his family; find them all at home, including a party of young folks from Marshland, four miles below here. Eating, singing, music, and a good time. Wish our Edith Miss H. B. C., could have been there, and noted some of the sayings of the "gentleman from New York." We go down in the early morn to the farm of B. W. Blood to visit the float factory, owned by Blood and Lee, above mentioned. Here are floats for salmon, nets by the thousands, croquet sets of cedar and maple, rolling pins, potato mashers, soldering iron handles, and other articles too numerous to mention. Timber of all kinds for manufacturing purposes is all around, and here and there can be seen fields of growing crops. Roaring creek which supplies the power by which the lathes at the factory are run, quenches our thirst as well as many a quieter one has done since we left our cottage by the sea. Flowers of all kinds do wonderfully well in this valley, the air being moist. And we see many plants usually treated as house plants growing in the garden here.

E. H. Murray's farm is the last but not least in this valley. Timothy and white clover fields are passed and we find growing crops of all kinds of vegetables, corn, sweet, and field, acres of potatoes doing well. Haying has commenced, and in some fields the timothy and white clover lays two feet deep where it is cut. Anyone wishing to more about the vacant lands here could do well to visit the valley and prospect. Such an opportunity as is here afforded the tourist for hunting, fishing and gathering specimens of Natural History will well repay them for their expenses. Across the mountain two miles from Clatskanie and on the road leading to the Columbia River are several fine claims. A logging camp on Beaver slough belonging to J. Reddick is doing a thriving business, red cedar white fir, yellow fir predominate. We find our way to Mr. N. Tingle's farm. Find here thrifty looking crops, and men haying, ladies canning wild berries which grow in abundance on the hills around. The Tingle bro's., are men who will succeed anywhere. Vacant lands are here also waiting for settlers, some of them, as in the other valleys mentioned, is 'locked up' in the hands of the R. R. The people are very anxious to have a chance to buy and improve those lands. Crossing the Beaver farm of Jos. Dobbins attracts general attention. The hills over in W. T. are in view and we hear the whistle of the O. S. N. Co's., steamer. We have only time for a hasty view of the orchard and fields, for we must look at the dairy house, where the milk of twenty cows is set. Such splendid butter! never let us hear that Oregon can't produce good butter! and better cheese was never made than has been and is made in these valleys. In proof thereof, let the FARMER come down and get a breath and taste this butter. And sail with the tide and wind favorable, and we will reach Marshland in a few hours, where there is quite a settlement. J. S. Bryant who is farmer. Post Master and dairyman is soon reached. Fruits abound. This land is all occupied. In this valley or foot hills we pass through fine meadows, orchards, past good substantial houses and barns belonging to J. McGuire, S. and H. Grahams, to Wm. Lingenselters. Here we find another dairy-farm. Fruits of all kinds abound, and here as everywhere crops are doing well. This is only a few miles from Westport in Clatsop Co. and a good market is thus afforded these settlers. W. W. Elliott Bros., have a large logging camp here. As we look around a grove of beautiful maples attracts our attention, and we go over to find a number of young people playing croquet under the leafy shade. The tones of an organ reach our ear and we follow the sound to find ourselves at the hospitable home of A. Tichenor, Miss Hattie Stone teacher, receives us, and presents us again to the young folks we met at Clatskanie. Mr. and Mrs. Tichenor are Eastern people who have come to this place to make their home thinking it to be more healthful. Everywhere are seen evidences of their perseverance and good management. Bidding them good bye for a while we return to Eagle Cliff as we came, in a sail boat.

MORE ANON.

The Man that Would do the House-keeping.

In an old French magazine I found a Norwegian story translated into French which illustrates, as even the "Danbury News man" could not do better, the folly of an attempt by one sex to take the place and perform the appropriate duties of the other. It is not in this instance their sex which is held up to ridicule, and so the story may be more strongly commended to those ladies who are so very ambitious to leap into spheres for which they were never made. Very likely the story suffers by a double translation, but it is good enough any way. Here it is:

There was once a quarrelsome and cavilling husband, who could never find that his wife had enough to do in the house. One evening as he returned from his mowing, he grumbled and scolded so vehemently that his good wife said to him:

"Nonsense, father do not be so ugly. Would you like to change work with me tomorrow? You shall take my place in the house, and I will go and do your work in the field."

The man consented with glee, laughing at her stupidity. "Fine work," said he to himself. "Ten women do not do as much work in a day as one man."

In the morning early, the woman, with scythe on her shoulder, went to the field. The husband, to begin with wished to make some butter; but after churning a few minutes, he felt thirsty, and went down into the cellar to draw some beer. While the cup was filling he heard the pig coming into the house, and fearing he would upset the churn, he ran after him without taking care to replace the faucet. But the churn was already upset, and the porker was paddling in the cream, which ran away on the stone floor. At this picture our man became so angry that he forgot his beer, and put himself after the pig with all his legs. When he reached him he struck him so violent a blow that it laid him dead on the ground. He observed then that he had the faucet still in his hand, and he hurried to the cellar, but he was too late—all the beer had run out of the cask.

A little confused he went into the milkroom, and finding enough cream to refill the churn, he recommenced making butter for dinner. After having churned a quarter of an hour, he remembered that the cow was yet in the stable, and that he had given her nothing, wet or dry, although it was already late. As he had not time to take her to the pasture, he took the notion of making her mount the roof—for the cabin was covered with turf, and the grass was high and thick. The house leaned against a hill-side and a plank was only necessary to enable the cow to reach the roof. But our man did not dare to quit the churn, for the calf was running and capering about everywhere, and he was afraid it might turn it topsy-turvy. So he took the churn on his back to lead the cow to drink before he bent down to draw the water, the cream fell down his neck, and ran into the well.

Midday approached, and he had no butter. He resolved then to make some hasty pudding, and suspend in the fire-place a porridge-pot full of water. Then thinking, of a sudden, that the cow might fall and break her limbs he mounted the roof to fasten her. So he passed a cord around her neck, and took care to drop the other end down the chimney that he might fasten it around his leg for the water was already boiling, and he had to bray the goats. While he was thus occupied, striving to make up for lost time, the cow fell, and her weight drew the man roughly up the flue of the chimney. There he remained suspended, bawling as he possessed, and beating the walls black with soot, while the beast was hovering between heaven and earth.

This woman, who had for a long time expected that her husband would call her, at length lost her patience. She suspected some misadventure, and came back to the house. When she saw the cow in that sad position without being able to comprehend what had happened, she hastened to cut the cord with the scythe, and at the same instant the man fell tumbling down the chimney, fell with his head in the porridge-pot.

He had enough of that experience. The next day he went to mowing.

The Responsibility of Americans.

This lovely and this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers admonish us with their paternal voices; pointing out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and of what we possess we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government. Nature has indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and faithful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands and skies and seas to civilized man without society, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed in all their extent and all their excellence but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? There is not one of us who does not at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condi-

tion and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and benefit of this liberty and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it.—Daniel Webster.

The Bible.

No fragment of any army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and fall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon, which they have conquered, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame: "Tis living Greece no more;" and Iron Rome of the Caesars is held in precarious occupation by a feeble hand. Yet the book which foretells all this survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems and institutions have died away, the Bible now engages men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more real and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved, and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated, more freely given to the world, more honored and more abused than any book the world ever saw.—Journal of Agriculture.

CHOICE RECIPES.

HAIR WASH.—Try half an ounce of borax to a quart of water for a hair wash apply very gently with a sponge on alternate days; apply a little glycerine dissolved in soft water.

CLEANING KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of supplying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. We can get a better polish by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

TO COOK DRIED BEEF.—Cut the beef in thin slices, place it in the spider and pour hot water on it, thicken with a little flour and water, stirred smoothly in; then season with butter, salt and pepper; boil about five minutes, and while boiling break in one or two eggs and stir all together. Halve and put some warm biscuit, place in a deep dish, and pour the mixture upon them. It is very nice indeed.

PLUM BUTTER.—Look over the plums, discard the bad ones; then wash them. Put them in either a tin or porcelain vessel, and pour in hot water to cover them, but leave out the soda. Boil until the skins crack; drain off, and measure the water; put it in a tin pan or porcelain kettle with a pound of white sugar to every pint of plum water, boil and dry until it jells. I sometimes put in a little lemon extract while hot. You will find you have the clearest, nicest jelly you ever saw, and the easiest made. While the jelly is boiling, if you have time—but don't neglect your jelly and let it burn or boil over—you can rub the plums through a colander for your butter.

The lemon verbena is deemed a valuable herb by the Spaniards. Every loaf of it is treasured and dried for winter use, and it is regarded as the finest cordial stomachic in the world. It is taken in two ways, either made into a decoction with hot water and sugar, and drank cold as a refresco and tonic, or better still with the morning and evening cup of tea. Put a sprig of lemon verbena, say five or six leaves, into the teacup and pour the tea upon it; you will never suffer from flatulence, never be made nervous and old-maidish, never have cholera diarrhoea or loss of appetite.

BREVITIES.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a dress woven of the webs of the large South America spider—a gift of the Empress of Brazil.

"All the world's a stage," he ruminated, "and all the men and women merely players, and most of the plays are from Shakespeare too! Before we were married Julia and I played 'Romeo and Juliet,' and now it's mostly 'Tompost.'"

He that changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When troubles come upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair.

A Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of fact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore, seldom consents you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and a heart.

Leo Willis,

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attends State Street, Salem.

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 Stanton and L. DeLuna Stanton, defendants.

To A. F. CHASE and ELLEN CHASE, defendants, non-residents:

In the name of the state of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled action, on or before the third Monday in October, 1877, that being the first day of the next term of this court. By order of H. P. Boise, Judge of said court made in open court June 20th, 1877. And if you fail so to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will ask the court for the relief in the complaint prayed, which he is entitled to in deed and quiet title to half of the D. S. Stanton and wife's donation land claim in Sec. 3, in T. 9 S. R. 1 W., in Marion county, Oregon—the tract to which you lately claimed title and had possession. LAWSON & CUTTING, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION AND LOCKS COMPANY.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING RATES OF Freight on Grain and Flour have been established by this company as the maximum rates for one year from May 1st, 1877, viz:

Table with columns: Destination, Rate per Ton. Includes Oregon City, Champeoz, Dayton, Fairfield, Wheeland, Lincoln, Salem, Kola, Independence, Ankeny's Landing, Buena Vista, Spring Hill, Corvallis, Plover, Monroe, Harrisburg, Eugene City.

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 to transport Grain and Flour at above rates for any specified time, not exceeding five years. G. B. BIRD, Vice President W. T. & L. CO., Portland, April 28, 1877.

NOTICE.

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

THE FOLLOWING RATES OF FREIGHT ON Grain, Flour and Mill Stuffs, in car loads, as per published tariff of the Company are in effect as of January 25th, 1877, will be maintained as the maximum rates until May 31st, 1878, viz:

Table with columns: Destination, Rate per 100 lbs. Includes Milwaukie, Clatskanie, Oregon City, Rock Island, Canby, Aurora, Hubbard, Woodburn, Gervais, B. Oaks, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, A. B. City, Tangent, Shields, Halcyon, Muddy, Harrisburg, Junction, Lapine, Irving, Eugene, Springfield, Gresham, Creswell, Latham, Comstock's, Drain, Yoneda, Oakland, Umpqua, Blytheburg.

No charge for drays at Portland. R. KOCHLER, Vice Pres. O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Oregon, June 25th, 1877.

STAYTON Saw Mill.

THIS MILL HAS BEEN RE-EQUIPPED WITH New Machinery, and we are now prepared to supply Sashings, Lumber, rough or dressed, at short notice. Prices low. From \$5 to \$14.50 per M.

QUENNER & STAYTON BROS. Stayton, Or., May 15, 1877.

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