

The Hope Circle.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE. SALEM, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1877.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE.

Would you lead a happy life, Free from melancholy, Grieving care and thorny strife, And plagues of blind folly? I will tell you how to live Heartily and truly, With sweet honey in your hive, Like a bee in July. Like a bee, be out and work When the sun is shining, Never in a corner lurking, Whimpering and whining, If you scour the fields, you'll find Thyme, or mint, or clover; Something to a willing mind God will still discover. When the sky is grim and gray, Though the clouds rain fountains, March, and mole-hills on your way Don't mistake for mountains. If a ghost beside you stand, Make no fearful comment; But face the shadow boldly, and 'Tis vanished in a moment. What the folks of you may say Never mind a rattle, Spin your quiet yarn, while they Waste their wind in tattle. Lies that float on wintry wings With windy haste will perish; But the seed of truthful things Time's fruitful womb will cherish. Wear your heart not on your sleeve, But on just occasion Let men know what you believe With breezy ventilation; Prove the good and make them thine, With warm embrace and smile; But never cast your pearls to swine, Who turn and rend and trample. Make a penny when you can, 'Tis useful as a tool is; But who says, 'Money makes the man,' A messenger-witted fool. Rich is he whose genial breast, With liberal salutation, Hath welcomed all that's bright and best Throughout the wide creation.

INDIGNANT POLLY WOG.

BY MARGARET FITTING.

A tree-toad dressed in apple-green, Sat on a mossy log Beside a pond, and shrilly sang, "Come forth, my Polly Wog— My Polly Wog— My Polly Wog— My Polly Wog, I've something very sweet to say, My slender Polly Wog! "The air is moist—the moon is hid Behind a heavy fog, No stars are out to wink and blink At you, my Polly Wog— My Polly Wog— My Polly Wog, My graceful Polly Wog! Oh, tarry not, beloved one! My precious Polly Wog! Just then away went clouds, and there A sitting on the log— The other end, I mean—the moon Showed angry Polly Wog. Her small eyes flashed—she swelled until She looked almost a frog; "How dare you call me, sir," she asked, "Your precious Polly Wog!" "Why, one would think your life was spent In some low, muddy bog; I'd have you know, to strange young toads My name's Miss Mary Wog." One wild, wild laugh that tree-toad gave And tumbled off the log, And on the ground he kicked and screamed, "Oh, Mary, Mary Wog! Oh, Mal oh, Ry! oh, Wog! Oh, goodness gracious! what a joke! Hurrah for Mary Wog!"

Did She Have Her Rights?

BY JESSIE G. D.

Lucia Lester sat at the breakfast table toying idly with her spoon, or gazing out of the window as if more occupied with her thoughts than her breakfast. Opposite sat her aunt, a pleasant, even-tempered lady, who kept looking at her niece, nervously pulling at her cap strings, as if she, too, were occupied with some unusual thought. Presently she said as if with an effort, "Lucia, it seems to me as if you're uncommon friendly with Edwin Thorpe, here lately; he stayed pretty late last night didn't he?" The girl looked up with a smile. "Why yes aunt Mattie, 'twas rather late when he went away, and you must not tell the gossip, but I'm going to marry him." Mrs. Brown started and stared at her niece with uplifted hands. "Why Lucia Lester! 'twould never do!" she exclaimed; but Lucia only smiled, saying: "Why not?" "Why, there's dozens of reasonable he has been married, and didn't treat his wife well. I was their housekeeper when they were married, and kept house until she died. He was twenty-one, she seventeen. They seemed happy together for a while, but, between you and me, I believe his sister Judith Thorp put trouble between 'em; any way, after a while, I noticed that she gave up and let him and Judith have the full lead. Well, they lived at Thorny Hall seven years, then she died of consumption, leaving two children, Joy, aged four years, and baby Marcia three months old. Then Miss Judith said she didn't want me any longer, so I came here to live. Edwin went abroad, and we saw no more of him, till just before you came here two years ago. But, Lucia, there are other reasons why you shouldn't marry him, you are not only a strong advocate of Woman's Rights, but are president of

our society here; you are also strictly temperate, having lectured time and again on Temperance, while Edwin disbelieves in Woman's Rights and uses wine on his table;" and having finished her long speech, Mrs. Brown leaned back in her chair waiting for a response from Lucia. "Aunt, Mr. Thorpe and I discussed these faults—or advantages—last evening, and he was willing to take me for better or worse; I love him and think he loves me, as he does not know of my wealth, but thinks I am penniless," so saying, Lucia arose and left the room. Mrs. Brown, drank her chocolate, soliloquizing: "She is all right, they'll make a nice couple, she's past twenty-four, and he must be about thirty-five—I—" Just then Lucia returned, saying: "Aunt Mattie, we are to be married the middle of June, just two months from to day, and I want you to go shopping with me. Not here, but in New York. It will take us three hours to go, and we can stay a couple of days, then return, and go about our usual avocations saying nothing of our trip or its purport." They were married. They did not go to Europe then, preferring to wait until Autumn, but they went to New England and spent a week with some of Edwin's relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe took their seat in the phaeton and drove leisurely from the depot to Mrs. Brown's cottage. The good lady stood on the porch ready to welcome them. "Come in! it's too sultry to drive home now; come in, and take tea with me," she said as they paused at the gate. Thus urged, they stopped a couple of hours; sending word to the Hall that they would not be there for a while. At last they told Aunt Mattie that they must go, and entering the phaeton drove homeward. The sun was slowly sinking behind the hill, as they drove up the main avenue to the Hall. Lucia was charmed with the beautiful surroundings, and stately appearance of her future home, and with a little sigh wondered if 'twould prove a palace or prison. Her sister-in-law eyed her sharply, finding in her an enemy who must be crushed. Did Lucia Thorpe appear like a woman easily crushed? Far from it. The well poised head, the regular features, firmly cut mouth, and broad intellectual forehead, could not belong to a weak minded woman; but if she had not possessed these, her steel grey eyes told wonderful tales of firm resolutions not easily shaken and a pure inner life. "Where are the children?" asked Mr. Thorpe, as they entered the drawing room. "They have retired," answered his sister shortly, then turning to Lucia said: "I will take you to your room," and together they went up stairs. Having left Mrs. Thorpe at her room door, Judith returned to her brother, who sat on the piazza. Lucia's trunks had been unpacked and her dresses nicely arranged in her dressing room. Selecting a white muslin, she exchanged her traveling dress for that, and placing some dainty flowers in her hair she left her room, and turned into a long corridor saying: "I don't think they are asleep yet, and I want to see them to night." Hurrying down the hall until she reached an open door; she paused, thinking: "Yes, this must be it, aunt Mattie said 'twas here." Yes, two white beds occupied by two little forms, stood in separate corners. She softly approached the nearer one. [To be continued.]

A Girl's Library.

MISS EDITOR: What a droll idea that a girl should only read three books, a fashion magazine, a book of etiquette, and a cook book. I fear Jenny Squash has lost sight of the object of woman's creation. I was somewhat surprised when I read her letter wherein she advises young ladies to lace or rather urges mothers to train their daughters to use corsets unsparingly; she also recommends tight shoes and gloves, for young ladies, to make them what she calls beautiful. I am strictly opposed to habit of lacing, for when you see a young lady wearing a tight laced corset come in at one door, you are certain to see health go out at the other door. I also think the wearing of tight shoes bad, for they make one always think: "Oh my feet! my feet! and they have no time to think of anything until they have taken off their tight shoes and bathed those troublesome corns. Jennie S. seems to think beauty is all a girl requires to fit her for life. If men only marry for beauty we would see a great many old maids go down to their

graves, broken hearted. Jennie S. says she is sure that the majority of women will agree with her that "no modest woman desires to breath all over her lungs like a man." A woman requiring as much breath to keep her alive as a man does, and any sensible mother who cares for her daughters as she should, does not wish to see them cut in with a corset that helps to fill so many premature graves. I do not believe in keeping indoors to secure a fair complexion. Nor do I approve of paint, but I do approve of plenty of outdoor exercise, such as riding on horseback, walking and working in the garden too, will do our modern young ladies no harm. I care not for complexion, She may be brown or fair, If she's but got discretion, And meaning in her air. I pity that sweet, dependent, irresponsible woman she refers to in her letter. Jennie S. seems to endorse ignorance for our girls more than intelligence, so long as they are what she calls beautiful. She would have us teach our girls that they cannot lean on their own sense and ambition in choosing a husband, but like the pea-vines throw out their tendrils in every direction for something to cling to. Then suppose they take a thistle or a rose-brier—she would have them hold fast such support which would only be serving them right if they are foolish enough to try by the means of deception to ensnare a man. I would not have my young lady friends think I want them to look untidy! no, not by any means. There is nothing more pleasing than to see young ladies dressed nicely as long as they take their health into consideration. I would say to the young men: never marry a girl for beauty alone. You may pull a red rose in the morning, and it will fade away by noon. If you marry a girl who is in the habit of lacing you may as well buy you a medicine chest at once, for you will be sure to need one. In looking for a wife, look for a girl with a gentle disposition, but never one vainly gay, one that cares more for her health than she does for fine clothes and who has read more than three books. Marry one who is kind to her parents and has a smile for her brothers and sisters, and who is willing to work if necessary. Such a girl will be willing to help you by her cheerfulness if nothing more, through the rough and rugged paths of life. If you had a wife kind and good, you would think her pretty, and when you get a wife be sure and prove yourself worthy of her by your tender affection. A wife is sure to be just what her husband makes her. MRS. E. PUMPKIN.

BREVITIES.

Revenge a wrong by forgiving it. Outdoor relief—A breath of pure air. Oftentimes the most costly thing we have is that which is given us. Men talk about the idle wind; but the wind is always busy, and like a cheerful farmer, whistles at its work. "Does my baby annoy you night?" said a fond mother to a serious looking young man who occupied the adjoining room. "Oh, not at all," he meekly replied; "I love babies." And yet he had been engaged for several days upon an article in defense of Herod. And if you ask what is the temper which is most fitted to be victorious over sin on earth, I answer that it is the warp of a sunny gentleness must be woven across the woof of a strong character. By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable. Be frugal, not mean; prudent, not subtle; complaisant, not servile; active in business, but not its slave. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns; these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. If wever persistently the epirine theorists of modern times may deny it, it is nevertheless a truth plainly visible in the who e post history, of the sexes, that the natural condition of women is to find her master in man. Look in the face of any woman who is in no direct way dependent on a man, and as certainly as you see the sun in a cloudless sky, you see a woman who is not happy. The want of a master is their great unknown want; the possession of a master is—unconsciously to themselves—the only possible completion of their lives. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this one primitive instinct is at the bottom of the otherwise inexplicable sacrifice when we see a woman, of her own free will, throw herself away on a man unworthy of her.—[Wilkie Collins, in "Man and Wife."] Every woman ought to be sufficiently skilled in some trade or profession to make a living, particularly in America, where vicissitudes of fortune tend else-where. To this end, after the girl has

attained her fifteenth year, or sooner, a special calling should be selected for which she has an aptitude, and be diligently pursued until mastered. If her mind be of a high order, the fields of art and science are wide and offer particular departments for the exercise of particular talents.—[Galaxy.] CHOICE RECIPES. If you are troubled with dyspepsia, eat a peeled apple every night before going to bed. It is a sure cure for this distressing complaint. THE TOILET.—An excellent remedy for sore mouth is sage tea sweetened with honey. It is good for chapped lips. PEPPERMINT DROPS.—Mix one pound of powdered and sifted loaf sugar with the whites of three or four eggs; and ten or twelve drops oil of peppermint; beat well; drop on writing paper. PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.—One cupful of sweet, chopped figs, one cupful of molasses; three cupfuls flour, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, one teaspoonful of soda. Put in pudding pail, cover close and steam three hours. A piece of mutton tallow the size of a small walnut thrown in a pint of starch just as it comes to a boil, and stirred about for a minute and then withdrawn, will effectually prevent irons from sticking to starched clothes, besides imparting to them a beautiful gloss. CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Cut out the eyes and stalks of the apple, halve them and put in a preserving-kettle, with enough water to prevent burning; cook until soft, then strain through a sieve, afterwards through a muslin bag; to every pound of liquor put one pound and a quarter of sugar, boil gently for twenty minutes. SCALLOPED VEAL.—Chop cold cooked veal fine; put a layer in a baking dish, alternate with a layer of powdered cracker, salt, pepper and butter, until you fill the dish. Beat up two eggs; add a pint of milk; pour it over the veal and crackers. Cover with a plate and bake half an hour. Remove the plate and let the top brown. INGROWING NAILS.—Pare the nail close in the middle, then with a pin put as much cotton under the corners as you can. Do this a few times and the difficulty will be remedied. Never pare the corners of the toe nails, this makes the matter worse. Take a teaspoonful of oatmeal, cook in three tablespoonfuls of water half an hour; then strain through a cloth, and apply with a soft sponge three times a day for three months. This should be washed off as soon as dry. It will cure pimples on the face, unless caused by a diseased stomach. How often do we see people, when cleaning house, have everything turned topsy-turvy! They try to clean a whole house at once, and never get anything half done. Others will clean a house, and a person would hardly ever know what was going on, but all at once, as if by magic, the rooms appear newly papered and whitewashed as beautifully as the most fastidious can desire. How often do we see a family living in one corner of the house, never opening a spare room unless some stranger comes. Such a family never takes any comfort. No books or papers are found in their homes, and the young men can generally be found at the store or tavern, spending rainy days and long winter evenings. We like a well cleaned, orderly house, but not those nice housekeepers that never do anything but scrub. The Editor. Oh dear, what's the use of wishing? but, I do think an editor—a real editor, none of your locals, nor reporters, nor writers for the poet's corner—an editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world. He can go the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding-cake sent him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back in the next issue, which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper basted that day, and he couldn't take nothing back. While other folks have to go bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it's a big thing to hang out till ten o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. That will be a big thing! The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em get up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for, if they are on his side, if they ain't, he goes for them anyway, so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession for years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus-rider, I would say, let me go and be a editor!

Leo Willis, Pianos and Organs. Books and Stationery. 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 Sloan, et al. Defendants. To A. F. CHASE and ELLEN CHASE, defendants, and non-resident: 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. Hoiles, 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 is to correct said estate in deed and quiet title to half of the H. R. Myerson 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 of July 1st 1877. LAWSON & CUTLER, 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: Oregon City to Portland, Per Ton, \$1.00; Astoria to Portland, 1.15; Clatskanie, 1.30; Cannon Beach, 1.45; Dayton, 1.60; Fairfield, 1.75; Wheatland, 1.90; Lincoln, 2.05; Siskiyou, 2.20; Independence, 2.35; Ankeny's Landing, 2.50; Roma Vista, 2.65; Spring Hill, 2.80; Albany, 2.95; Cayuga, 3.10; Monroe, 3.25; Harrisburg, 3.40; Eugene City, 3.50. 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. H. G. REED, 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 on the date of January 9th, 1877, will be maintained as the maximum rates until May 31st, 1878, viz: Millwaukie to Portland, Per 100 lbs., 7 cents; Clatskanie, 8 cents; Oregon City, 9 cents; Rock Island, 10 cents; Canyon, 11 cents; Aurora, 12 cents; Hubbard, 13 cents; Woodburn, 14 cents; Corvallis, 15 cents; B. Colka, 16 cents; Salem, 17 cents; Marion, 18 cents; Jefferson, 19 cents; Milwaukie, 20 cents; Albany, 21 cents; Tangent, 22 cents; Sheehy's, 23 cents; Halsey, 24 cents; Madras, 25 cents; Harrisburg, 26 cents; Junction, 27 cents; Linn's, 28 cents; Irving, 29 cents; Eugene, 30 cents; Springfield, 31 cents; Gresham, 32 cents; Creswell, 33 cents; Latham, 34 cents; Clatskanie, 35 cents; Drain, 36 cents; Yonah, 37 cents; Oakland, 38 cents; Impqua, 39 cents; Roseburg, 40 cents. No charge for drayage at Portland. R. KOEHLER, Vice Pres. O. & C. R. R. Co., Portland, Oregon, June 9th, 1877.

STAYTON Saw Mill. THIS MILL HAS BEEN RE-ERECTED WITH New Machinery, and has one of Drake's New Planes, and we are now prepared to supply fast class Lumber, rough or dressed, at short notice. Prices range From \$9 to \$18.50 per M. QUEENER & STAYTON BROS. Stayton, Or., May 15, 1877.

SALEM FOUNDRY, & Machine Shop. SALEM, OREGON. B. F. DRAKE, Prop'r. STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST MILLS, Hoop, Pumps, and all kinds and styles of Machinery made to order. Machinery repaired at a short notice. Pattern-making done in all its various forms, and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished at short notice. Also, manufacturer of ENTERPRISE PLANER and MATCHES, and STICKERS and SHAPERS.

RAILROAD LANDS. Liberal Terms! LOW PRICES! LONG TIME! LOW INTEREST! The Oregon and California and Oregon Central Railroad Companies OFFER their Lands for sale upon the following liberal terms: One tenth of the price in cash, interest on the balance at the rate of seven per cent, due on the first of each year after sale; and each following year one tenth of the principal and interest on the balance at the rate of seven per cent per annum. Both principal and interest payable in U. S. Currency. A statement of the price and other particulars will be furnished on application to R. KOEHLER, Loan Agent O. & C. R. R., Portland, Or.