

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARK. SALEM, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1877.

DARE TO BE TRUE.

Dare to be true, whatever your station, No matter what your name or your nation; Undaunted and fearless be every thought, Your earnest conviction honestly wrought.

GINX AT BEDTIME.

"Who puts the chickens to bed, And tucks the blankets round them tight?" Asked little Ginx the sleepy head, Of his last night.

A Trip to our Mountain Home.

We might have known it would rain on the third of August. It was not the season for rain, at least for anything more than a thunder shower to clear the air, but this year it rained hard on the third day of May, and rained all day the third of June, and if you will remember, it never rained, but it poured, on July third, and we all know that it rained on the third of August.

and we could see nice farms lower down. We stood on a bench that looked northward, a little cabin waiting for us to come in out of the wet, and wearing a desolate look, showing it had been for many a month uninhabited.

As the night came creeping on, we heard the boys and girls across the river calling home the cows, and as the dark stole down all familiar sounds were hushed with it. After supper a good talk about the glowing cook stove, beds made on the floor, and finally all were asleep, and the little cabin was so quiet, that its former occupants, mice and wood rats, climbed in and cautiously prospected the scene to discover what intruders had made invasion of their premises, soled, no doubt by the abundant crumbs of comfort scattered on the evening meal.

The sun's bright rays awoke us Saturday morning, and by its cheerful light we could enjoy the day and our surroundings. To see the hills and ranges all about one; to hear the dash and rush, and hurry of the mountain streams; to watch the mists gather and rise; to wander through the mammoth fern and beautiful thickets and drink from the spring whose waters, so fresh and cold, might cause some poet to invent another tale of El Dorado, all these were the delights of the passing days.

Close to the back door was a fir thicket that offered shade morning, noon, and night, and here we feasted on good things, washed down with copious draughts of pure air and ice-cold spring water.

There was another arrival to-day—a gentleman and his sister from Jefferson. were added to our party. The beauty of a stay in the mountains it is great restfulness. The charm of it is to do nothing that involves labor and to do a great deal of it. To wander about the changing wilderness and spy at its treasures; to prospect the shores of the river, wade in its limpid waters, watch the fish that decline to be caught and make merry our trifles light as air; sorrowing over nothing except it be at the prospect of having to leave Nature to again assume a place in civilized society.

Did She Have Her Rights?

BY JESSIE G. D. CHAPTER II

The pillow was covered with a mass of rich brown hair, and a face turned toward her with two lustrous "soul windows," looking wonderingly at her. "Is this little Marcia?" she asked sweetly.

put willingly, and Lucia, not only kissed her once, but twice, thrice, yea, a dozen times, clasping her in her arms and pressing the kisses on cheek, lip, and brow.

"There! how do you like that?" she asked with a light laugh. "I think its real nice, nobody but Joy ever kisses me, 'cause aunt Judith says its nonsense." For answer Mrs. Thorpe kissed her again, then said, "Now I'm going to kiss Joy if he'll let me, and she walked to the other bed leading Marcia.

"Aunt Judith will punish me forgetting up," said the child. "No she won't, I will not allow it," returned Lucia, reassuringly.

"Yes ma'm, are you a fairy?" "Oh no, I've just happened up here to tell you a story and to kiss you, now you both have on night dresses, so you will not take cold, and I'll draw that big chair up here and we will have a chat," so saying, she flew to the corridor and drawing in a large easy chair, she placed it by the window. Then placing Joy at her side, and with Marcia curled up in her lap, she began to tell them a story. Meanwhile, Edwin and Judith sat in the deepening twilight on the piazza. Presently he said:

"I believe I'll go find Lucia, she may have lost her way in attempting to return." He walked slowly up the stairs thinking of his little ones, and wondering if they were yet asleep.

"I'll just slip in and see if they're all right," he said as he stole softly along the corridor. He paused at the nursery door, for his eyes met an unusual sight. There sat some one in a white dress by the window with two white forms pressed closely to her, and they were all talking.

"Yes, that's a nice story, and I know it is true too, for its about Jesus," Marcia was saying.

"I think its very nice, but won't you tell us who you are?" asked Joy. "I am your new mamma; how do you like me?" returned Lucia gravely.

"Why! aunt Judith said you would not hardly notice us! why she said you would be mean to us and abuse and treat us mean,—and that you married papa for his money and—"

"Hush, you mustn't tell me what your aunt said, she had never seen me and was mistaken. I love children, and would not abuse you, and I was very rich when your papa married me, so don't believe, I'm going to be like the wicked stepmothers in fairy tales," replied Mrs. Thorpe, warmly.

"Oh! we just love fairy stories, don't you? aunt says its wrong to read them, but they are so nice. I found a lot in the library once, while papa was gone and we began to read them, but she took them away and we never got to read them."

"Yes, I like fairy stories and will tell you some, sometime; now I must go, 'good night,' tell aunt Judith that you don't think your new mamma will abuse you." So saying, Lucia kissed each of them and starting to leave the room met her husband at the door.

"Why Edwin?" he placed his hand over her mouth, and she was silent till they the hall, then he said:

"We must go down now Lucia, we'll talk of them by and bye," and they descended the stairs. There were lights in the drawingroom, although Miss Thorpe still sat on the porch.

"You had better come in Judith," said her brother. She arose and entered the room, her black eyes glowing with unusual brilliancy. Lucia entered at the same time with her husband.

"Come Lucia, let us have some music," he said opening the piano. Complimenting with his request she played several brilliant pieces, and then began a pretty song in which Edwin joined. Judith sat at the other end of the room envying them, as they sang happily, wishing that Edwin had never married, and planning how she might drive this new bride from the threshold she had so lately crossed. The next morning as they seated themselves at the breakfast table, Edwin said:

"I should like for you to send for the children Judith, and allow them to take their meals with us in the future." "Certainly, if it will not discommode Mrs. Thorpe," she answered amiably. "I would like it very much," replied Lucia quietly. The children were sent for, and in a few moments came timidly in.

of love him; didn't wait for them to come to him, but seizing Marcia kissed her and then seated her at his side and folded his boy to his breast with all the fervor of a father's love. Miss Thorpe looked on in amazement, but quickly recovered herself. After breakfast Mr. Thorpe ordered the carriage in order to take a drive over the park, so that Lucia might see more of her new home.

"Yes if they have their lessons well," was the cool answer. "Edwin," said Lucia as they drove down the avenue. "Edwin, I think Marcia and Joy, need more out door exercise, they seem like tender house plants; don't you think 'twould be prudent for them to lay aside their studies for a while, and allow them to recruit this Summer?"

"Why yes, they ought to have a vacation, Judith keeps them too close in her anxiety to have them learn," he replied.

CHOICE RECIPES.

TO RENEW GREENADINE.—Dip in lager beer, and shake and clap until nearly dry, then place between newspapers under a heavy weight.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Scald a half pint of Indian meal, half a pint of dro. flour, and stir all into a pint of milk, with a tablespoonful of butter and one egg. Spread very thin on the griddle.

TO MAKE HAIR GROW ON THE BALD HEAD.—Rum and sweet oil; mix equal parts; then wash the spot three times a day. Rum constantly used to wash the hair keeps it very clean and free from disease and promotes its growth, and is also very strengthening to the roots of the hair.

POT-PIE.—Take new milk, two spoons of sweet cream, and yeast enough to raise. Begin to make them at seven o'clock in the morning, cut into biscuits and let them raise. Cut them apart, and not have the kettle crowded; and if they are left, I steam them (some think these are the best). Put in a few potatoes to stop the boiling, and cook half an hour. I never have soggy ones. Be sure any always mix them hard enough.

SPICED APPLES.—Take apples not very tender, 50s., peeled, halved and cored; add sugar, one pint vinegar, one ounce cloves, two ounces cinnamon—either pulverized. Put the sugar, vinegar, and spices together, and let them come to a boil. Dro. in a few apples, and let them cook until they are just soft through, when they are to be taken out and dropped into a jar. When all are done so, pour the liquor left over them, adding a half-pint of vinegar. I keep apples in this way perfectly the year through, on a cellar floor of only ordinary temperature, merely covering the jar with a paper and plate.

FERNS AS ORNAMENTS.—Ferns, so-called native and Hartford, are both largely used as ornaments. Arranged on cardboard together with bright Fall leaves they form a pretty picture for the wall. Many use them to cover picnards and to trim curtains during Winter. Pasted on perforated board and covered by a very thin gauze, to prevent the heat from curling them, they show very nicely as lamp-shades. All larger florists sell them as well as dried ornamental grasses, with which ferns work up nicely into wreaths, bouquets, baskets and designs.

Ed. Home Circle: I have a good recipe that I have tried to take out spots on linen or light calico and equally as good to take out iron rust which is such an annoyance to good housekeepers:

Take ripe tomatoes, rub the juice well on the spots, hang in the sun an hour or two, then rinse well in warm water, if it is not all out, repeat it again; rinse before washing. This is always handy to get as canned tomatoes are good if they are put up without seasoning, except salt.

BREVITIES.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella? It's used up. Young people, every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune for future life. Very few of the Russians can read. This gives the American newspapers a chance to print any kind of war map without hurting the feelings of the natives.

Pretense of every kind is bad; whatever a man's position or calling be, if it be a thing to be ashamed of, let him abandon it; but if it be not wrong or disgraceful in itself, let him never be ashamed of it.

A professional gentleman of a Maine city, noted for his brusque manner, accosted one of his daughters on the street today or two ago, and received a somewhat caustic reply, accompanied with a hurried movement toward home and a saucy toss of the head. The gentleman looked perplexed for a moment and then exclaimed in a deprecating tone. "Well go along—you are too much like your father for me to have anything to say to you!"

Avoid placing rose-colored next scarlet, orange or violet. Do not place orange next to yellow or blue next to violet. White relieves any color, but do not place it next yellow. Orange goes well with blue and yellow with violet. Rose color and purple always go well together.

Home Courtiers.

A writer in Harper's Bazar makes some excellent remarks concerning courtesy at home. Please listen, good people of the home circle. The placing of the armchair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for auntie, hunting up papa's spectacles, and a score or little loving deeds, show unexpressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you dear," if papa's "Just what I was waiting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are initiative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if mother's spoon of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, children can be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comforts of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the home where courtesy prevails it seems to meet him on the very threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No rude eyes scan your dress. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable yet indescribable.

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SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. H. E. Myers, plaintiff, vs. A. F. Chase, Ellen Chase, Henry Clayton, Rebecca Ripper, Lafayette Ripper, and L. Dolan Ripper, defendants. To A. F. CHASE and ELLEN CHASE, defendants, and 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. F. Boies, Judge of said court, made in open court June 22d, 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 title in deed and quiet title to half of the D. S. Clayton and wife's donation land claim in Sec. 3, in T. 2 S. 2, R. 1 W., in Marion county, Oregon—the tract to which you claim title, and had possession of, on July 12, 1877. 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. Includes Oregon City, Clatsop, Dayton, Fairfield, Wheeler, Lincoln, Salem, Kola, Independence, Ankeny's Landing, Buena Vista, Spring Hill, Albany, Corvallis, Astoria, 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 it, to transport Grain and Flour at above rates for any specified time, not exceeding five years. G. REED, Vice President W. T. & L. CO. Portland, April 24, 1877. Mavi-5m

NOTICE. OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

THE FOLLOWING RATES OF FREIGHT ON Grain, Flour and Millstuffs, in car load, as per published tariff of the Company in force from January 9th, 1877, will be maintained as the maximum rates until May 31st, 1878, viz:

Table with columns: Destination, Rate. Includes Milwaukee, Clatsop, Oregon City, Rock Island, Canby, Westport, Hubbard, Woodburn, Gresham, Beaverton, Salem, Turner, Madras, Jefferson, Milwaukie, Albany, Tualuma, Sherburne, Harney, Madras, Harrisburg, Juneau, Cape Meares, Clifton, Seaside, Gresham, Astoria, Lathrop, Tualuma, Cannon Beach, Yonkers, Umpqua, Astoria, No. 100 for drayage at Astoria, KOHLER, Vice Pres. O. C. H. CO. Portland, Oregon, 1877.