

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1877.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun, The veriest mystery under the sun;

Only a boy, with his fearful tread, Who cannot be driven, but must be led;

Only a boy, with his wild strange ways, With his idle hours or busy days;

Only a boy, who will be a man If nature goes on with her first great plan—

Did She Have Her Rights?

BY JESSIE G. D.

CHAPTER III.

That day at luncheon, he proposed a sail on the river.

"We will visit the island and spend the afternoon there," he said.

"Yes, and take Marcia and Joy with us," added Lucia. The childrens eyes sparkled.

"No, they had very poor lessons this morning, and must stay at home and study," answered Judith severely.

"Joy go and bring me your books, I want to see them," commanded Mr. Thorpe. The children disappeared, and presently returned with a half dozen books which he handed his father.

"What were your to day's lessons?" The boy pointed them out.

"Did you have all of these to day?"

"Yes sir," Mr. T. sent for his daughter's books. They had dined in the library as 'twas much cooler than the dining room, and when the servant brought the books, Edwin arose and opening a drawer in his private cabinet he laid them in it, locking the drawer and depositing the key in his pocket.

He said: "Now, don't you touch those books till next September. I want you to play all the time and get your cheeks rosy."

If any one ever looked astonished Judith Thorpe, and her niece and nephew appeared so.

"Well, Edwin! I am shocked at you. Those children will forget all they've ever learned in that time," said his sister.

"They'll have plenty of time to learn over again," he replied coolly as he led his wife into the drawing room.

Oh what a merry time they had that afternoon on the island, which was named Thorpe Island, it being Mr. Thorpe's property. Edwin and Lucia were perfectly happy, playing with the children, running races up the wide smooth paths, or sitting on the rustic seats singing snatches of gay song, and watching the children feed the swans that gilded gracefully on the miniature lakes.

"Papa, this is such a lovely place!" exclaimed Marcia with a long sigh of delight.

"Yes, Edwin you have indeed caused it to resemble some fairy land, or enchanted realm," laughed Lucia.

They ate their lunch at the source of a tiny stream which flowed into the river.

"I never did have such a good time in all my life!" said Joy as he devoured a sandwich.

"Nor I either," said Marcia.

"Well you shall always have a good time as long as I can give it to you, replied their father gravely. At last the declining sun warned them of approaching night and they regretfully entered their little boat and started homeward. But they didn't make much progress for there was but little wind; then Lucia and Joy wanted some water lilies, and they stopped to get them.

"I wish that you had ordered your guitar put in, Lucia!" exclaimed Edwin as the sun kept getting lower.

"It would sound pleasant out on the water."

"I brought it," she replied drawing it out from under her seat. They began a quaint scotch ballad, Edwin joining with his rich bass, after that another and another, until Lucia declared that she was tired and could sing no more. The moon's silver beams flung their radiance over the earth, shining softly on terrace and fountain, as the little party wended their way up

the steps of Thornly Hall; Judith met them at the door, saying quietly:

"You are late; these little ones should have been asleep long ago."

"I'll be up bye and bye," said their mamma as she bent to kiss them, then she entered the library where her husband had gone to write some letters. She seated herself in a widow, then curtains fell around her completely hiding her from view. Presently there was a knock at the door and upon Edwin bidding her in, Miss Judith entered and seated herself ready to say a few gentle (?) words to her brother.

"Edwin, you've got a very nice wife but she don't begin to compare with dear, dear Meta," she began.

"Why, Judith, you don't know her yet," he exclaimed impatiently.

"I am aware that I've not seen much of her, but I'm a good judge of human nature and wouldn't trust her far; and dear brother, I feel much hurt at you for allowing her to take the children from me so quickly. I was afraid she would treat them coldly, but am rejoiced to see that she does not and fear that she will indulge them too much; and Oh Edwin! I love the children so, I beg you not to take them from under my care, at least not for awhile until you are sure that, that woman will treat them well," and Miss Thorpe burst into tears.

Now Edwin (like all men) was moved at the sight of a woman in tears, and might have promised anything had Lucia not parted the curtains and stepped into the room. Walking to where Judith sat she looked down upon her with burning indignant face, then said wrathfully:

"Miss Thorpe, I trust that I am a true woman, and will prove it to you ere I spend a twelve-month under this roof."

That decided Edwin. He arose, with dignity pronouncing:

"Judith I consider my wife and myself fully capable of governing and caring for our own children, although we do not remove them from you." They left the room, leaving Miss Thorpe to her own reflections.

The next morning a caller was announced.

"It is my old friend Dr. Altiers; excuse me Edwin," and Lucia left the morning room; hastening to the parlor. The call lasted a half hour, then she entered the room saying:

"I should like to see you in my room Edwin." He readily acquiesced, and he entered her boudoir. She said:

"The Good Templars are going to have a celebration at Holman's grove on the Fourth, and they have asked me to deliver the oration. I accepted the invitation, as they seemed quite anxious that I should speak, and I thought as you had never heard your wife speak, you would be pleased at the opportunity." Edwin looked down in the fair face, in simple amazement. She had received an invite to make a speech, a public speech, and without saying "by your leave," had, not only accepted it but seemed to think that he would be pleased, and expected him to attend and approve. But she seemed so innocent of offense, not being accustomed to going to others and consulting them in regard to her affairs, he must forgive her this time, and teach her by degrees; so he answered:

"Why yes, darling, I should like to attend of course, though I'm rather surprised at the invitation as 'tis so near the Fourth." She laughed softly.

"I suspect they would have offered it ere this, but they were afraid I would decline as I am now Mrs. Edwin Thorpe instead of Lucia Lester."

[To be continued.]

A Letter from Rose.

ED HOME CIRCLE: I see some are not so deeply engrossed in the woman questions as to entirely over-look my plea for sympathy and advice. First comes Rosebud, and she must be a Rosebud indeed, and one of very little experience, at that. The idea of any one contending that women as a class, are able to do what she says they are; and enjoy good health, is very absurd. If she should cook for fifteen or twenty men, with the care of three or four little ones thrown in, and do the work which is required for a family, she would not find the task as easy or pleasant as she seems to imagine it. In fact I am inclined to see more ridicule than sympathy in what she has to say. She takes it for granted too, that I spend my time manufacturing frills and furbelows, with which to dress myself and children, and in washing and ironing the same. That my mother and grandmother dressed plainer than I, that my grandmother had not so many frills to iron; china to wash; silver to clean; carpets to sweep; and visitors to entertain. Now, friend Rosebud, as for my mother dressing plainer than I, I can

not say, as I have no recollection of her, but hardly think she could if she had tried. My grandma did not, I am certain. I have never put a ruffle, puff, tuck, kilt, pleat, or any trimming of the kind on a dress for myself in the last ten years, and very little trimming of any kind on my childrens clothes. As to cleaning china, I have not see my china to clean yet, and my carpets, I never owned; my silver is a set of German silver forks, so I cannot spend time cleaning what I do not possess. If I spend my time between meals baking pies and cakes that will keep for two or three weeks (I wish you had sent a few recipes for pies that would keep that long) and in preparing puddings and vegetables, when am I to do sewing, knitting, piecing, quilting, washing and ironing and patching, which I am compelled to do for my family. I am aware that canned fruit, honey, and the like, would be a great help, but then we are not always able to have every thing that we need, and would like to have. As for the ornaments of which you speak so lightly, I am not aware that I would like either frivolous or useless one. I do think that a nicely crocheted stand cover, a tidy for a chair or a neatly made comb pocket, and pin cushion, make a room look nicer and are of some service at the same time.

When it comes to the care and training of my little ones, I hope and trust that I may be enabled to do my duty by them, let come what may. It is not my intention to raise them idle block-heads, and there you are mistaken again, when you imagined that I knew nothing about the losing of one of my darlings. I had that to endure when our first was just a little past one year of age, and was the only one we had. He had just begun trying to talk and his first words were papa and mamma spiced in sweet baby fashion. I shall never forget the agony I endured when I first knew that he was to be taken from us. But enough, friend Rosebud, and remember in your next that I a ked not for ridicule.

Next comes Gertrude and there is a ring of true sympathy in what she says but through all she tells of her little Mary doing this and doing that, to help her along, which makes me think that Mary is large enough to be considerable help, and is twelve or thirteen years of age. My eldest is seven; not large enough to do much, unless mamma goes ahead and helps, and baby is just large enough not to know when she is far enough from the house to stop, and as there if no fence to check the little miss, it keeps her sister busy watching her, most of the time. Friend Gertrude, you gave me a catalogue of your week's work, and I will try and give you mine, and you may be able to tell me wherein I may improve. Monday I seldom wash, for the simple reason that I always make wash day and house-cleaning go together, and I like to have my house clean on Sunday, as that is usually visiting day in the country. People will talk you know if your house is dirty, no matter if you are over-run with work. Monday morning breakfast is to be gotten through with, after which the dishes are cleared away, milk skimmed, pans washed and set out to air, then there is churning to be done, the butter salted and set away. The beds to be made, sweeping and dusting done, then the vegetables to be brought in from the garden and prepared for cooking. By the time I get them ready it is time to build a fire and begin dinner. After dinner the dishes are washed and kitchen swept, the little ones are washed, their heads combed and clean aprons put on, by which time it is near two o'clock. I have a few hours in which to knit or sew, and there is always a garment to be made or finished, on which I work until supper. After supper the dishes are washed; the little ones to be washed and put to bed. I am tired, enough to go to bed myself, but am often compelled to sew or knit until nine or ten o'clock to keep from getting behind with my work. Tuesday and Wednesday are spent much the same as Monday. Thursday is my day for washing. Thing done is to fill the kettle with water and build a fire under it, so that by the time breakfast is over the water is hot, and I can put my white clothes to soak while I am clearing away the breakfast things and putting the house to rights. Then as I have vegetables gathered the evening before, and let milk skimming go until afternoon, by working hard I can get my clothes ready for rinsing and dinner ready by half past twelve. After dinner the clothes are to be rinsed and hung on the line to dry, the floors are to be scrubbed, the milk skimmed, pans washed and churning done, then maybe a half hour to rest before supper. Friday morning is spent in much the same as Monday. In the afternoon I iron my week's ironing, or a part of it at

least. Saturday, the busiest day of the week, there is baking to be done, and I am not successful at making hop bread so I have to depend on salt rising, which is far more trouble. Then perhaps, the ironing is to be finished. My little Mary is not large enough to do such work, and I can not leave the plain garments for her, but have them all to do myself. Then the patching and darning is to be done, a change of clothing to be laid out for each of the family, a bath to be given all round, the house put to rights from garret to cellar. In fact there are a hundred tasks to be done on Saturday, and when night comes I am worn out, with never an hour through the week for rest or recreation of any kind. We think, with Weasel, it is too much to expect of any one woman, more especially when the babes come every fifteen months or two years. Of course it would be different if our eldest was fourteen, instead of seven. I do not think as you hinted in your chat with Weasel, that men as a rule are tyrants, but the majority of them think, or pretend to think a woman's work is little more than play, and while they are buying machinery to lighten their labor they don't think it worth while to buy to lighten their wife's. Doesn't she do half of her work sitting in a chair, (and of course she is resting whenever she is sitting down) no matter if she does have a fretful babe to worry with, or is breaking her back over her sewing. Nay, Gertrude, where you will find one farmer's wife that is not over-worked you will find twenty that are. But nevertheless we read with pleasure your words of sympathy, and felt at the time that there was one at least who could sympathize with us if her lot had been cast in pleasant places. Next comes Weasel, who says she is a country school marm, out of employment, and wants to know if there is a scarcity in Lane. I think friend Weasel, that your chance of getting employment depends most entirely on what class of teachers you belong to. If you are one of the protected and supported class, you might be enabled to get a school after harvest, if you are willing to teach for 25 or 30 dollars a month, and at the same time agree to teach your scholars as much as a man, who is paid from 40 to 50 per month. Some directors say they would rather hire a woman as they can get them a third cheaper, and they will teach their scholars as much and more than a man. You are slightly mistaken when you asserted that I ask when to read and what to read. If I could find the time, I could select what pleased me best, and shall allow my children the same privilege, both boys and girls. I do not think parents should read anything they would not be willing for their children to read. At present I seldom read anything—except the FARMER and New North West, and those principally on Sunday. ROSE.

BREVITIES.

When they make a hog's head into cheese and his tail into sausage, they make extremes meet.

A man who had a Frenchman to teach him the cornet always referred to the instructor as the French tooter.

If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.

Up in Rutland, Vt., a man has just had a piece of window glass, more than two in long, taken from his leg, where it had been for eighteen years. It may be truly said that during that entire period he has never been absolutely free from pain.

The following is told of a grave digger in a cathedral town in the North of England: One day, while "gathering in" the remains of an aged parishioner, he observed some women weeping by the grave side. Turning around he sharply demanded of them, "What are ye crying for? If ye dinna bring 'em at 80, when wad ye bring 'em?"

Jennie has strict ideas about equity in little things. When she first heard of the Savi's miracle in feeding the multitude with the few loaves and fishes obtained from the young man's basket, she was awed into thoughtful and solemn amazement. Some time afterward, in the midst of a talk about other matters, she suddenly paused and asked with special concern, "Did they give back the basket to that boy?"

WANT OF MONEY.—Many a wife whose husband is in good circumstances, is continually in want of money, because her husband is too thoughtless or too mean to keep her purse supplied. A lady said to us: "I have lain awake half the night, dreading the stern necessity of asking my husband for money the next day." Another said: "I was absolute mistress of even the paltry sum of one hundred dollars a year, so that I could spend it without feeling responsible to anybody, I should indeed feel that a great weight had been lifted off me." How would man feel if he were compelled to ask some one when he wanted a new hat, or coat, or a pair of shoes? Not very

happy. Yet he compels his wife to endure this trial. A woman who does her share of work for the family, and by careful management and contriving adds to the common fund, is entitled to her share of the profits, and the division should be justly and cheerfully made by the masculine head of the firm, as with any other partner. If women were so recognized and trusted many whose souls are now tormented about the vexed question of their "rights" would be contented, happy "keepers at home."

CHOICE RECIPES.

TARNISHED GILT FRAMES.—These may be made bright and fresh by washing them over with a brush dipped in the white of an egg.

To clean white kid gloves, if they are not stained, only soiled, take a little sweet milk, a piece of soft white flannel, and a piece of common brown soap; put the gloves on the hand, and the flannel tightly over your finger, dip it in the milk to moisten it a very little, rub some soap on it and rub the gloves gently. The kid must not be wet through.

AMMONIA.—It is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It is very useful for domestic use. For washing paint, put a tablespoonful into a quart of warm water, dip in a flannel cloth, and then wipe off the wood-work.

A lady in England, a successful breeder of poultry, preserves eggs fresh by immersing them in melted tallow and then packing in bran. This process closes the pores of the shell and excludes the air, and it is claimed will keep eggs fresh for months.

\$55 877 1/2 Week of... P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Leo Willis,

BEGS LEAVE TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF the public to his new stock of

Pianos and Organs.

In store and to arrive, which are offered at

Greatly Reduced Prices,

either for cash or on installments,

his stock of



Books and Stationery

is also COMPLETE, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Will furnish, at short notice, any book published in the United States, at publisher's rates.

Orders solicited, and an examination of his stock respectfully invited.

LEO WILLIS,

State Street, Salem.

SALEM FOUNDRY, &

Machine Shop, OREGON.

B. F. DRAKE, Prop'r.

TEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST MILLS, Pumps, and all kinds and styles of Machinery made to order. Machinery repaired at a short notice. Pattern-making done in all the various forms, and all kinds of brass and iron castings furnished at short notice. Also, manufacturer of ENTERPRISE PLANER and MATCHER, and STICKERS and SHAPERS.

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, Per Ton, and additional notes for various cities like Astoria, Clatskanie, etc.

Grain and Flour shipped from the points here 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 the above rates for any specified time, not exceeding five years.

A. 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 Millstuffs, in carloads, as per published tariff of the Company under date of June 25th, 1877, will be maintained as the maximum rates until May 21st, 1878, viz:

Table with columns: Destination, Per 100 lbs., and notes for various locations like Clatskanie, Astoria, etc.

No charge for drays at Portland, Astoria, Clatskanie, etc.

H. KOEHLER, Vice Pres. O. & C. R. Co. Portland, Oregon, June 1st, 1877.