

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke.

SALEM, FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1877.

Better Late than Never.

Life is a race, where some succeed, while others are beginning; 'Tis luck at times, at others speed, That gives an early winning; But if you chance to fall behind, Never slacken your endeavor, Bear this wholesome truth in mind— 'Tis better late than never.

Reply to Rose.

FRIEND ROSE: As we have become partially acquainted in our dear Home Circle, I wish to continue our remarks upon the subject of housework a little longer. I am truly glad that you found no cause for offence in my letter to you, for indeed it is not my intention to wound any fellow creature. You will agree with me, I think, that the washing and ironing is the hardest part of our week's work. As I am not that long-levered, tall, natural washer-woman, whom I. C. describes, I regard it as such, and if the weight of our work be accomplished during the first part of the week, we are not so much burdened the latter part. We have time to put our house to rights before Saturday, and we also are not obliged to wash, scrub, churn and cook so much upon that one day, say Monday, for we have at least two or three loaves of our Saturday's baking, and if we have butter and milk we need not cook much for dinner. If our husbands cannot stand it, they may buy a washing machine and wringer; then our little girls can almost do the washing; but so long as we do without those necessary implements, we do the best we can and favor ourselves as much as possible. Would you not feel better Thursday if your washing and ironing were done, and your clothes folded away and perhaps most of them mended? You have the remainder of the week for other tasks. Rose, do you love flowers? You can have a beautiful ornament, especially for the sitting room, by getting a slip of fuchsia and planting it in a box or little jar. In half an hour you can drive the nails and tie strings for it to run up on. Mrs. Friendly here, has one and I admire it so much. It runs along on her ceiling and its blossoms droop down like stars, and it wreathes some of her pictures too. After it is set its box it is no trouble only to water it once a day. Ice and dew plants are pretty for hanging in basket, can or box, and they grow so thriftily and resemble natural ice and dew so nearly. I love house-plants and birds, although mine are wild birds—robins and meadow larks. Were you ever cheered by the song of a bird? Last year the swallows built a nest and hatched their young beneath our portico. One day I sat down, tired and sad, and watched the mother-bird feeding her young. What a noise they made! What a clamoring for food! The little morsels seemed to do them no good, yet the mother worked patiently with her mate, trying to supply their wants, and it was raining hard, too. "Little bird, don't you get tired and discouraged?" I asked, almost unconsciously. For reply she looked at me, shook the water from her feathers, and twittered just such a cheerful little song as a swallow can. Perhaps this has no moral, Rose, but somehow I think it has. Why do you say that my lot is cast in pleasant places? Don't you think I, too, grow foot-sore and weary, in the upward and onward struggle? Yes, I am often almost discouraged, and often put on a cheerful appearance for the sake of those I love, when my heart is sad. I wonder if I. C. knows that she, from the valley of humility, comforted her sister of the "cool calm heights," by her sweet little quotation from Dr. Holland. Don't you think, I. C., that if our girls were to imitate the example of the young heroine Maggie Mountain Sprout, there would be less cause for complaint of weak backs and the hands and wrists of a child? Please tell us, Rose, wherein you fail in making hop-yeast bread? I have a

recipe for making hop or potato yeast, also bread, that I have never known to fail. Would you like it, or do you prefer salt-rising? Plenty of good light bread is one saving, both of time and labor, and I think of flour also. I wish you could visit our portion of Oregon. It would do you good to see the tides come and go, drink in the pure sweet air, and listen to the song of the sea. Come and see me, Rose, for although I never saw nor heard of you, except through the Home Circle, yet I love you. GERTRUDE.

Astoria, Sept. 6, 1877.

A ROMANCE OF FORTGEORGE ISLAND

Fort George Island—a winter resort at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, which is coming into fashion—is the subject of an enthusiastic writer in SCISSOR for September, who relates the following story:

The young owner of the island, cultivating hundreds of acres and raising enormous crops of cotton and sugar, used to build schooners in a ship-yard of his own, and imported slaves directly from the African coast, selling to his neighbors such as he did not want. He was unmarried. Perhaps none of the daughters of the neighboring planters could be persuaded to share the lonely life which could hardly have appeared attractive in any woman's eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom and independence. However that may have been, he was in the habit of going occasionally to Africa himself, and of buying his slaves from the native chiefs, who disposed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged in bargaining, he was struck with the grace and beauty of the chief's young daughter, a child of ten years old. He proposed to buy her, but she was a favorite child and her father could not part with her. Persuasions were for a time unavailing, but at length the savage father, unable to resist the glitter of the white man's gold, agreed to part with his child upon condition that she should be treated with consideration and brought up as becomes a king's daughter. The planter promised, and, strange to say he kept his word. She was kindly cared for and well educated, and in course of time became the planter's lawful wife. She had, according to tradition, with the exception of a dark skin, none of the usual negro characteristics. Her husband seems never to have regretted his unusual course, and her influence over her captive countrymen was unbounded. In addition to her position and superior intelligence was the consideration of her native rank, which to them at least was a source of unquestioned right.

The establishment was kept up in almost princely style. The sons were sent to England to be educated; for the daughters French and English governesses were procured, and established in separate houses near the mansion; white artisans of various kinds were constantly employed, making quite a large community aside from the hundreds of slaves upon the island. And over all this, in her husband's long and frequent absences, reigned our dusky princess, as absolute in her insular domain as her savage father in his native wilds. She had a strong and powerful mind, and womanly kindness and sympathy as well. One old negro, who died some time since, so old that no one could remember him as other than old, used to tell how he was brought over when young to this island, where he had lived ever since, and how he and others, sick and exhausted, were ministered to by the "misses'" own hands, and how they all loved her and always prayed, "Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every morning as she stood upon this very spot the field hands passed in review before her, each gang with its driver, going to their daily work. She inspected them all, picking out such as were unfit for labor and sending them to the hospital or to lighter tasks; and every night in the same spot she heard a report of the day, examined into all complaints, and with strict justice adjudged each offender's punishments; and without her order not a lash could be given.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Most people would like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power which any person may have who has a handsome face and attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their looks.

Now, all cannot have good features—they are as God made them—but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely. All the skin wants is to act freely, and it takes care of itself. Its thousands of air-holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly, and sleep enough—not too much. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse. It must have regular work and rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with cleansed teeth. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. All women know that. Washes for the teeth should be very simple. Acid may whiten the teeth, but it takes off the enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a cleanly skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up mind and soul.

When the mind is awake the daily, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands,

but it seems so. Think and read, not trashy novels, but books and papers that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them. Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes do not even pay for a newspaper. In that case it does them little good, they feel so mean while reading them. But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, was spent in books and papers for self-improvement, we should see a change. Men would grow handsome, and women, too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books and read them, and sermons and heed them.

STUDY AT HOME.—We find in the August number of the Atlantic Monthly two or three columns devoted to an explanation of the methods adopted by the "Stay-at-home society." This society is completely dissociated from all educational institutions, and cannot in any organic form be connected with them, while it offers many opportunities to teachers, which some are using. The purpose is to induce girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind. To carry out this purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which the pupil members may select one or more, according to their taste and leisure. Aid is given them from time to time, through direction and advice, and a meeting is held once a year, where the students may meet the managers. The courses open to students are history, natural science (including botany, physical geography, zoology, geology, mineralogy and astronomy), art, German, French and English literature. The first year there were 45 students, the second year 82, the third year 296, and last year 576. The corps of managers includes a chairman, secretary, treasurer, six heads of departments, and 28 members. The headquarters are at Boston, and there is also a bureau of managers in California, and an agency in Louisiana.

HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.—When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone and use lemons and sour apples they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as a plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should in these times purchase several dozen at once and prepare them for use in the warm days of Summer, when acids, especially citric acids, or acids of lemons and ripe fruits are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. A few minutes boiling is sufficient. Put a pound of white sugar to a pint of juice, and boil three minutes; bottle it and your lemonade is ready. Put a teaspoonful of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cooling, healthful drink.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.—The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah! how few of them—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort is in no wise lessened, but on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers!

WHO WAS CASABIANCA?—Owen Casabianca was a native of Corsica, on which island he was born in the year 1788. His father was Louis Casabianca, a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and the friend of Napoleon. He was captain at this time of the Orient, one of the largest vessels in the French navy, a magnificent ship-of-war, carrying 120 guns and 500 seamen. Of Casabianca's mother we know but little, save that she was a young and beautiful Corsican lady, and devotedly attached to her son. Owen was her only child, a handsome, manly little fellow, with her beauty in his flashing eyes and dusky hair. She died while he was quite young, and when the green sod was placed above her grave, the boy left the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of Corsica, to go with his father and tread the hard deck of a war vessel. Mere child as he was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's dangerous calling, and became a favorite with all on board. He was made midshipman, and at the age of ten years participated with his father in the battle of the Nile. The ship caught fire during the action. Soon after, Captain Casabianca, the father, was wounded by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was struck in the head some minutes later by a splinter which laid him on the deck insensible. His gallant son, unconscious of the chieftan's doom, still held his post at the battery, where he worked like the hero he was. He saw the flames raging around him; he saw the ship's crew deserting him one by one, and the boy was urged to flee. With courage and coolness beyond his years, he refused to desert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabianca, he fought on and never abandoned the Orient till the whole of the immense vessel was in flames. Then seeking refuge on a floating mast, he left the burning ship behind him. But he was too late. The final catastrophe came

like the judgment doom. With an explosion so tremendous that every ship felt it to the bottom, the Orient blew up, and from among the wreck the next morning was picked up the dead, mangled body of the young hero, whose story, romance and poetry cannot make more heroic than it was.—Youth's Companion.

CHOICE RECIPES.

BAKED GREEN APPLES.—Take one dozen of apples, peel and core them, set them in a deep dish all around; then fill up the vacant places with some quarters; put a piece of butter into each apple where the core came out; pour over the apples a full cup of sugar heated up, some nutmeg grated over it; take a cup of tapioca, put it to soak in a quart of warm water, let it soak until it is perfectly soft, like a jelly; pour the whole over it; have water enough to fill up the dish. Set it in the oven to bake, slowly, for two hours.

STEWED FOWL.—Fill the inside of a young fowl with oysters, put it in a jar or tin pail, tightly closed, and put it in a kettle of water. Boil an hour and a half; there will be a quantity of gravy from the fowl and oysters, add to it a little flour made smooth in a small quantity of water, some butter, seasoning to taste, and a more oysters with their liquor. Serve this with the fowl, which will be very white and tender. All the fine flavor lost in the ordinary boiling will be preserved.

SALT RISING BREAD.—One teaspoonful of new milk, one of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar; stir into this flour until it will cleave from the spoon. Then set it into a kettle of very warm water, and keep it as near the same temperature as possible. If you wish to have good bread use no soda, and use half as much yeast as water to wet up the flour needed; make a sponge as for hop yeast; it will rise in an hour.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—Core and peel eight apples, put in a dish, fill the places from which the cores have been taken with brown sugar, cover and bake. Take the yolks of four eggs and beat them light, add two tea-cups of flour, with three even tea-spoonfuls of baking powder sifted with it, one pint of milk and tea-spoonful of salt, then the whites well beaten; pour over the apples and bake. Use sauce with it.

BREVITIES.

Be calm in argument, for fierceness makes error a guilt, and truth discourses.

Do our lady readers know that the highest panegyric that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants?

In the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Whatever be your outward 'ot in life, your condition is truly pitiable if you are guilty of neglecting moments.

When a man is unfortunate, people are ready to find him faulty lest they should be forced to pity him.

Every man is born for heaven; and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not.

Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast upon you. Let them alone for a while, and then like mud on clothes, they will rub off of themselves.

A Chicago girl, who claims to have proved it by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue-glass window he can be made to propose at once sitting.

Each grave on the broad breast of the whole earth, whether men have marked it, or forgotten it, is in God's keeping, briars and weeds cannot hide it from his eyes, neglect and desolation cannot cover it from his care.

Peace does not dwell in outward things but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace, in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

ABOUT READING ALOUD.—And what is good vocal reading that is so neglected by so many and so nearly impossible to some? It is simply the natural utterance of the sentences, read according to the meaning. All that is necessary to good reading aloud is an intelligent apprehension of what is read, and an utterance of it with such emphasis and such inflections as are in natural accordance with the meaning of each clause, sentence and passage. And yet the doing of this simple thing perfectly well, is a rare accomplishment, and one which is found rather more rarely among professional elocutionists than, proportionately, among intelligent and educated people who make no such professions. So it is said that to walk well, well enough for instance, to pass across the stage without seeming awkward, is something that most actors have to learn; although all that is required is a natural and easy movement of the body and limbs; and that to stand perfectly still with ease and dignity upon the stage is one of the rarest of theatrical accomplishments. The reason of this is that self-consciousness, or the loss of self-possession, or the effort to be pleasing—to do something, and not simply to be—begets awkwardness, uneasiness, and leads to indulgence in little tricks and motions, all of which are inconsistent with grace and dignity. Something of the same kind takes place when most people read aloud. They think they must do something more than to speak naturally what is before them, and thus they become either heavily monotonous or absurdly emphatic.

EARLY DEATH OF TEACHERS.—My attention has been recently called to the fact that so many of the teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia die young, and I am asked if there is anything in the profession of teaching calculated to induce this mortality. I think there is. The amount of arithmetic the teachers have first to cram into themselves, and then into a succession of pupils, is enough to sap their nervous energies. It must be an awful thing to spend days in driving such barren facts into vacant minds, and to waken up each morning knowing the same dreary routine lies before one. I do not think the community knows how really good and self-sacrificing the majority of our public school teachers are. How, in winter, they gather clothing and shoes for many of the poorer pupils. How often they feed and help them, and visit them, in sickness, at their homes. Often but poorly paid themselves, they share the little that they have with those so much worse off. After all, how touchingly sad are the struggles of the poor for education! What sacrifices a destitute widow will make to send her little ones to school! One day a woman who worked for me came without her shoes. I asked her where they were. She told me that "Johnny had none to go to school in, and as she did not like to have him go barefooted, she gave him hers." Oh, boys, will you ever realize what women have done for you? How, at every step, you have been nourished on their tears, on their life? How, from the cradle to the grave, woman has been your best dependence, your most faithful friend? Think of it, and uncover your heads with reverence, even when the oldest, the poorest and ugliest of the sex pass by.—Phil. Sunday Times.

FACTS AND HINTS.—The skins of fruit, especially grapes, are often swallowed, with the vague notion that they prevent any bad effects from eating said fruit. No error can be more fatally absurd. Cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of the most excruciating nature. The skins of fruit contain no nourishing qualities, but are one of the most indigestible substances that can be swallowed. They pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and frequently inflammation of the bowels.

The Coliseum at Rome covers five and one half acres of ground and was intended to seat one hundred thousand spectators.

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