THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE,

SALEM, FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1877.

NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

BY GERALD MASSRY.

There's no dearth of kindness In this world of ours; Only in our blindness We gather thorns for flowers! Outward we are spurning-Trampling one another! While we are inly yearning At the name of "Brother."

There's no dearth of kindness, Or love among mankind, But in darkting ioneliness Hooded hearts grow blind! Full of kindness tingling, Soul is shut from soul, When they might be mingling in one kindred whole.

There's no dearth of kindness, Though it be unspoken, For the heart it buildeth Rainbow smiles in token— That there be none so lowly But have some angel touch; Yet, pursing loves unboly, We live for self too much.

As the wild rose bloweth, As runs the happy river, Kindness freely floweth In the heart forever, But if men will banker Ever for golden dust, Kindest hearts will cacker, Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness In this world of ours; Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh! cherish God's best giving
Falling from above! Life were not worth living, Were it not for love.

THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said, And plucked the border leaf by leaf; "A little—too much—not at all— With truest heart—bayon 1 belief."

" A little-too much-not at all-" So rang the changes o'er and o'er; The tiny leaders fluttered down, And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little-too much-pot at all-With truest heart-" ob, magic brief! Ab, foolish task, to measure out Love's value on a datey leaf.

For as she pulled the latest left With "no: at all," I heard her say,
"Ao, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFUL-NESS.

Not long ago, a good-looking man in middle life came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my other lies here, we have come to lay father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

lived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There was seven of us sons and daughters, and, as we could not find any one who who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was

feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But, then, she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or more and in imitation of ours those life. grew sad in imitation of ours, those lit-tle ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as 'mother,' and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears and our love

linked with their hopes of heaven. When the bell toiled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

less words rung in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports on the greensward, in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—spoke mouth till this wings are gravely of school days and little more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride.

Dieces of bread and clover heads, and drop it in his wide-open mouth till his craw, his throat, and his mouth were filled. There he would sit with his bill wide open, unable to shut it till the food slowly digested, then recommence his "caw-caw-caw." With his wings came what the twinkle in those black eyes foretold—mischief, sly and deep. Mischief premeditated and unpremediated and unpremediated, and mischief purely because he couldn't help it, and this propensity brought before us the happy bride.

To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

Twenty spoke of the young mother, cause she most felt his presence and re-whose heart was full to bursting with sented it. the new, strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and tolls through which she passed during these long wears, till fifty rang out harsh and loud.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy-seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toils and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a place to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-

reaving and money-grasping children.

New sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coff-in, cold and still—she makes no trouble now demands he laws and words. now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of pa-tient endurance, we fancied also an ex-pression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her chil-dren were there clad in weeds of woe,

When the bell ceased tolling the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair silvery white. He read several passages of scripture ex-pressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth him. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the was slowly drawn into the water, holdclaim his promise when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting tailed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before bim, he said reverently, "From a child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I truly know much love and sympatray this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it, Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all his mouth and still trying to eat. But us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day -that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she had passed most of her life, tolling, as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, Jim. But one day a happy thought to dwell among her children; and siezed him. He took a long straw in muring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely a great improvement. In the pockets reap from them when yourselves totter of our coats there were stones and on the brink of the grave. I entreat sticks, and never a pen or pencil could you as a friend, as one who has himself lie loose on the table. Jim's strong entered the evening of life, that you point was butter, and on churning days entered the evening of life, that you familles nor of heaven: 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a one day he ran his bill through a pound burden to us.' Never, never; a mother and tried to fly away with it. He was burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that. No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like

call forth by her helplessness all the no-ble, generous feelings of their natures." Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

a precious weight on their bosoms, and

Our Pet Crow.

From the Reading (Pa.) Times,

A lady in this city was the owner of a pet crow, whose oddities and love of mischief made him a household pet. He was the "social lion" of his day, and company were always entertained by an interview with "Jim Crow," as he was called. The history of this bird was thus related by the lady herself:

Sitting in the trunk of a tree beside

the cabin of a woodchopper, I first saw "Jim Crow." He was too young to fly, only partially overed with feathers, looked so queer, helpless and mischevious, that I bought him, tied him "She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heart-to everybody else!" These cruel, heart-to everybody else! The everybody el increased his appetite, for from his perch his continuous "caw-caw" could be heard from morn till eve. It was the amusement of all the family to fill up "Jim Crow," which meant to take pieces of bread and clover heads, and

He delighted in going into the cook's room, whose careless habits made that place a paradise to him. He would put place a paradise to him. He would put his bill under her sewing box and turn off the cover on the floor—and then the fun began. The needles were carefully stuck over the bed one by one. The cotton was hid in the wood-house and the seissors nicely tucked under the pillows in the room quite removed from the scene of his labors. The wax and thimble were dropped into the aguarium. And after all this delicious to the cover on the floor—and turn the scene of his labors. The wax and thimble were dropped into the aguarium. And after all this delicious to the cover on the floor—and then the born on the premises, and had the same trouble every year when the tree was in flower. She took the disorder by lying on the sofa near a window not far from the tree. The eruption was not accompanied by any feverish symptoms, such as loss of appetite or quick-From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearied mother and grand-mother, living over again her own loys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. and thimble were dropped into the aquarium. And after all this delicious fun, he one day took a little pot of hard pomade in his bill, and, hopping to the veranda roof, ate the pomade with evident relish, and then dropped

To it we always went to find a missing comb, a tooth or a hair brush, and were sure to find it behind the glass or under the carpet or bed. During the short illness of one of the family, regularly at nine a. m. "Jim" hopped along the veranda roof, gave a quiet tap on the closed window, and, on being admitted, brought with him to the bedside a chicken bone or leg, or something equally tempting. Seeing that he was duly observed, he would ruffle up his feathers, and then open wide his mouth for a part of the invalid's breakfast. After stirring up things for half an hour, or more, opening the clock, picking at the hands, stopping the pendulum, dropping the soap in the water pitcher, and taking all the pins out of the pincushion, he would take his leave.

and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "she was a good mother in her day."

To carry away small chickens and drop them into holes and cover them with dirt was his intense delight, and when we saw a distracted hen rushing when we saw a distracted hen rushing madly about the barnyard, some one looked up "Jim Crow" and went to the rescue. Once, after a day's fishing, we were cleaning the fish on the race bank, and busy watching the operation was the crow and some ducks. One fish was considered too small and thrown into the water. A duck quickly siezed it by the head and "Jim" took the fail, and they pulled and pullfull, and then hop about, unable to shut his mouth and still trying to eat. But as the pieces were too small and his bill too wide apart he could not rob sticks, and never a pen or pencil could may never say in the presence of your Jim staid at home and behaved himself. He could eat a half pound. But caught rolling over and over on the floor with it, and from that time he

was banished. As summer faded into autumn Jim staid more and more away from home, and would return occasionally with friends, evidently showing them the place. Once our attention was called to a vigorous cawing on the roof. There was Jim with three friends. They sol-emnly walked in at the cook's wind ow and remained some time. When they left, all moveable things were found over-turned, and the room in the state Jim always left it. The pleasures of that place had no doubt been described by Jim to his friends, and he had now

brought them along for a frolic. One rainy day he sat for hours on the pple tree delivering a farewell address

r he never came again. Jim was a nulsance on wash days; between dropping trash in the tubs, fly ing away with the soap, and pulling out the clothespins from the clothes on the line, he was kept very busy. He dropped small stones every evening on a pet toad, who lived under the kitchen, and who came out to be fed by the cook and tormented by Jim. He'd come quietly, meekly hopping into the kitchen, looking so innocent and hun-gry, give the sleeping cat a fearfully hard peck, and fly out the window. He stole a quantity of butter one day and hid it near the chimney of an out kitchen. We were as much surprised to see grease trickling down the wall as was Jim when he went for his treas-

end rubbed on the wrist of a person, the spot touched not being larger than a tencent piece. The effect was to cause the hand and wrist to become badly swollen and very much inflamed, with a toms, such as loss of appetite or quick-ened pulsation. No effect appeared to be produced on the brain. Allanthus trees have been planted in England for 130 years and in France for 120 years. They were started in this country by a speculator 30 or 40 years ago, who sent packages of the seeds to every post-master, giving him a proportion of the packages for selling the rest, and he realized about \$5,000 by the operation. Thus the trees were planted in every town in the United States, under the attractive name of the Pride of Heaven.

BE FRANK .- Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell anything that thing that you have seen with your own eyes relate it cerrectly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantages of this course.

COMPANIONSHIP AND HEALTH .- To be perfectly healthy and happy, one must have friends. They need not be in large numbers, but one, two or three kindred spirits with whom one can commune, share joys and sorrows, thoughts and feelings. In choosing friends great care is necessary. There must be some bond of sympathy. It may be moral, intellectual or social; but even these bonds are not sufficient. An invalid or a weakly person, needs healthy friends; a timid one, brave friends. Those who are blessed with good friends are healthier and happier than those who have none.

BREVITIES.

Charity is frequently best displayed in helping others to help themselves.

It is reported that when the doctors run short of jaw-breakers they consult a European war map.

They tell of a Kentucky schoolmaster who had his wife for a pupil, and found it necessary to chastise her one day. Next day a notice appeared on the door saying, "School closed for one week— schoolmaster is ill."

A wit being told that an old acquain-tance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgivness, "Aud yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any

said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had out- loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general, but our mother had out- muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions and the condition of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on account of the care she has loss in general between the conditions are muring on the care she has loss in general between the care she has loss in general between the care with the warmest reception possible. We burn them."

> The bride's vell originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man over the bridegroom and bride to conceal her virgin blushes; but if the bride was a widow, the veil was dispensed with.

CHOICE RECIPES.

DELICATE CAKE.—The whites of four eggs, three-fourths cupful butter, one cupful sugar, one half cupful milk, one half cupful corn-starch, one cupful flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder; sife the flour, corn-starch, and baking powder together, and whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and flour, and lastly, stir in the whipped egg.

PEACH TAPIOCA. -Soak half a pint of taploca in cold water for two or three hours, then set on the stove until it boils; sweeten with white sugar; peel and slice ripe peacnes to nearly fill a baking dish; sprinkle over them white sugar, then ponr over the tapioca and bake slowly for one hour. To be eaten with cream and sugars

SWEET PICKLED PEARS.-To seven pounds of fruit, make a syrup of four pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar; peel the pears, cut out the calyx and stick cloves into them, say half an inch apart; boil the pears in the syrup until tender; take them out and drain on a sieve; when cool place in jars; boil the syrup lifteen or twenty minutes longer, then pour over the fruit; when cold fasten thick paper over the top.

PEACH MARMALADE.-The fruit should be finely flavored and thoroughly ripe, but perfectly sound; pare, re-move the stones, weigh; put the peach-es ove the fire in a preserving kettle, and boil until very soft with a few of the kernels; stir them often to prevent born ng; remove them from the fire, barn ag; remove them from the fire, mash to a pulp, and add three-quarters of a pound of refined sugar to each pound of peaches; return to the fire and boil briskly five minutes; skim carefully any scum that may rise. It should be a smooth paste. Put it up in jelly glasses; lay soft paper over the marm ade, and seal up.

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LAND DEPARTMENT O. & C. R., 1.

PORTIAND, June 25, 1877.

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The voyage will be made in about sixty days.

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For persons here who have friends in the Atlantic States wishing to come to Oregon this offers a rare opportunity, as the annoyances and fatigue of the overland route by rail are avoided, and the passage is considerably less.

For particular information address F. C. Schmidt, I South William street, New York, or Jym6].

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