THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, GCT. 28, 1877.

MONDAY'S WASH.

Brooding afternoon in Summer, Bloomy June's first period day, Hopeful bees with cheerful chanting Winging home their patient way,
Apple trees of dense green foliage
Shelt'ring families of birds,
E'en the sir full of caressing,
Hinting hopes too sweet for words.

Gathered in a low brown farm-house,
Talking with their might and main,
Are four maidens—farmers' daughters—
Guests of pretty Margie Payne.
Pretty gowns of treshest fashions, Draped in many a wondrous way, Beautified these country maidens-Dainty, jaunty, trig and gay.

As their fingers take nea! (?) stitches As their fingers take near (?) stitches
In a quilt of patch-work gay,
They keep up a sprightly chalter
In a taking folly way.
Now they're speaking of their likings,
Taking turns in girlish glee,
And we'll listen by the window,
To the "girl talk" fresh and free.

Sue says she loves books and blossoms, Roses, pansies rich with bloom, While a book of Reade or Dickens Can dispel her deepest gloom; Lilla dotes on 'broidered cushions, Sofa pillows, tidies, mats; Says she finds screnest comfort Working rugs with dogs and cats.

Fan says she enjoys good horses , Carriage horses a la mode,
And a nice young man to drive her.
Out upon the chestnut road;
Jess says she enjoys a sunset,
Bright with tints of rose and gold,
Tho'she sees the picture often,
Pleasure never can grow old.

"Come now, Margie, tell your story,"
Hand me first the marking twine if
"Well," says Mag, "I do enjoy, giris,
Monday's wash upon the line.
There's a zest of power and pleasure,
Something finished up once more,
Come into my peaceful musings
As I look the long line o'er.

"There's those overalls of Benny's,
Grandpa's snow, well washed shirt,
That appalled me in the morning, With their density of dirt;
There's the stockings, dresses, napkins,
Sheets and towels half a score,
Oh it is to me a pleasure
Just to view my good work o'er.

"Many things to me are pleasure, Keen erjoyment, triumph, too,
But I think for satisfaction,
This is best that I can do;
And as long as soap and water,
Health and "o'bow grease" are mine,
I can have my well-earned pleasure—
Monday's wash upon the line.

[Rixby Forbes, in the Prairie Farmer.

JOHNSON'S OVERCOAT.

She had promised him that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat, if he would wear another and leave that at home. And so, he had left it, she took it from the hall rack and carried it

into her sewing-room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never—never during that time had had one unhappy moment. Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, very generous, a d never made her jealous. She often said she was the happiest woman living. Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these

They had never had any children, but when people are all in all to each other, that is no very great grief. All her that is no very great grief. Al care was for him-all his for her.

"And he is just the best, dearest, truest fellow in the wor'd," said Eva Wilton to herself. "I'm not half good enough to him. I wonder what this is in his pocket; it bulges it all out of

She put her hand in the breast pocket as she spoke and drew out a little pack-age wrapped up in sliver paper and tied

with blue ribbon.
"Something he has bought for me, I expect," said Eva. "I wonder what it is. I think I won't open it until he comes home"; then she laid the silk across the hole and cut it out and bastacross the hole and cut it out and basted it down. "I wonder what it is,"
said she. "Tom did mean to get me
an opera glass, I know; but this is not
the shape of the parcel. It doesn't
seem like a book. It might be lace on
a card—real lace—"
She looked at the package again.
"I do wonder what it is," said she,
and hemmed the patch down.

and hemmed the patch down.

"There wasn't much to mend, after all," she said. "I thought the tear much longer. He caught it on a nail at the office, I know. Now I do wonder what there is in that package."

Eva put the coat over a chair and took up the little parcel. "Tom wouldn't mind, I will just take a peep. I'm sure it is for me."
Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded

the paper and saw letters.
"Dear Tom," said she, "he must keep my old letters next his heart, as he has told me."

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.
"His mother's letters," she said, 'he

loved his mother so." Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin: "My dear

son," nor anything like it.
She cast her eyes over them. They were love lette's.
"Tom has loved some other woman

"Tom has loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to ery. "Oh, what shall I do?" Then she cried out: "Oh, foolish, foolish creature that I am. Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met. I must not mind'—but there she paused, gave a scream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a screent and bitten her. It was dated the past week. It was not four days old. not four days old.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Eva. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh where shall I go?"

At every cry a thought pierced her womans dat cry and do not wish de rat breast like an actual stab. "Tom!—he to become black in de face. So be be false! Oh, have I gone mad! No, calm." be false! Oh, have I gone mad! No, there they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die? do people live through such things as

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered up the letters and steadily read them through. There were ten of them. Such love letters! No other interpretation could be put upon them. They were absurd love letters—such as breach of promise. And they called him "Popsy Wopsy," and "Darling Parlingy," and "Lovey Dovey," and "Own Sweetness," and "Your own Nellie," are always produced in court in cases of

"It is all true," said poor Eva, wringing her hands, "and it is worse than anything I ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom-mine!"

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered n the letters, packed them up, wrap-ped the silver paper around them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back in the awful breast pocket of that dreadful overcoat, and flung it on the hall rack

again.
"Tom shall never know," she said.
"Pil not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I will be dead. I will not live to bear this."

Then she sat down to think over the means of suicide. She could hang herself to a chandelier with a window cord, but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She could drown herself, but then her body would go floating down the river to the sea; and drowned people looked even worse then drowned people looked even worse than

drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was afraid of firearms. She would take poison.

Yes. That would be best; and the she would never see Tom again, he'd see her, and remorse would sting him. Here she made a great mistake.

A man who is coolly treacherous to a woman never has any remorse. Remorse in love affairs is a purely feminine quality, and even the worst of our sex are not without it. However, it is natural to believe that remorse is posnatural to believe that remorse is possible to a man whom one has heretofore believed to be an angel in human form, and Eva took a little miserable comfort in the thought that Tom would kneel by her coffin and burst into tears and passionate expressions of regret, which she, perhaps, might see from some spiritual post of observation. So, putting on her hat and thick veil, Eva went around the corner to the nearest German druggist.

German druggist.

The druggist was an old man, a benevolent looking one, with red cheeks and a smiling mouth; and when she asked for "poison for rats," he said "So!" and beamed mildly upon her.

"I want it very strong," said Eva.

"So!" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is

"So!" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary," said Eva.

"To the rats?" asked the druggist.

"Yes," said Eva, "of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face."

And with a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eva took it and poid the few cents he

Eva took it and paid the few cents he asked, and walked away. Once home she went at once to her room and undressed herself and retired to bed, taking the powder with her. Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping it was not very disagreeable. Then, finding it sweet, she bravely

swallowed it.
"It is over," she said. "Oh Heaven,

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow. Just as she did so the familiar sound of a latch key in the door below started her. Tom never came home at noon-but there he was now; no one else but Tom would walk in in that cool way, and now he was calling

"Eva-Eva-Eva-where are you?"
Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments! Hark-

Now he was bouncing up stairs. He was in the room. "What is the matter? Are you ill, Eva?" he cried.

"No," she said faintly-"only tired." "Ah! You look tired, little one," said "I came home to get the overcoat. I suppose you've found out by this time that that in the hall is not miue; I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office iast night by mistake, and he is enx-ious about it. He asked me if there was any one in the house who would be

was any one in the house who would be apt to meddle with papers or anything in the pockets. I said I thought not. I hadn't a jealous wife—eh? What's the matter, Eva?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Eva, hysterically.

"Oh, Tom, say it again! it was not your coat? Oh, Tom, kiss me."

"Why, what is the matter, Eva?"
cried Tom. "You must be ill."

cried Tom. "You must be ill. Then Eva remembered all. "Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom!" she cried. "There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you false to me. I—I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die—and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, kiss me." "Yes, yes!" cried Tom. "Oh, good

heaven, what poison?" "Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!"

He burst into the shop like a whirl-

"The lady?" he gasped. "The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake. Can you save her? Have you any antidote? She is dying!

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm, be at rest! No, no; she cannot die of dat. When a lady ask me for poison dat will not turn a rat black in face I say to myself so: 'I smells some-

So Tom flew home again, and Eva rejoiced; and hearing that Johnson was a ongaged, she did not rip the patch as she had at first intended.

A TALE OF THE DESERT.

About twenty five years ago a com-pany of young men started out from Damascus for Jerusalem. They had not gone far before a band of armed horsemen surrounded them, and the hersemen surrounded them, and the leader said the caravan might move on if they would deliver up a young man named Randall. The terms were acceded to, and his companions last saw him mounted on a fine horse, attended by the gay horsemen of the Bedouin shelk of the Le Avish tribe. He was taken to the shelk's tent, and to his surported. prise, found a magnificent entertainment awaiting him. What does it all mean? Arzalia, the sheik's daughter, has seen the young man ant fallen passionately in love with him, and this passionately in love with him, and this is the wolding feast. The young man and Arzalia are married. There was no escape for him. His tent was guarded by night, and his person watched by day, lest he should escape, and this guard was kept over him for years. He and Arzalia, however, seemed happy; children were born to them, and their domestic life was marked by kindness, courtesy and true affection. Randall rapidly acquired the Arabic language; his wife as rapidly mastered the Enghis wife as rapidly mastered the Eng-lish. Their children were taught in both. He is an American by birth. When he was admitted to the sheik's family they had to receive his religion as well as his person. Through him his wife became a Christian; the fatherin-law became a patron of his son-in-law's faith, and the surrounding tribes became favorable to the religion.

But a dervish, a zealot of the Mohammadan faith for a long time and a second

medan faith, for a long time endeavored to have Randall's sons thrown out of the employ of the Turkish government, and failing in this, turned the assault noon the daughter of the foreigner, charging her with witcheraft and apostasy from the true faith. She was brought before the Megils, composed of 114 venerable sheiks and offendis, to answer charges which involved her life. She, although but fourteen years of age, made a defense worthy of an apostle; and the unanimous verdict was in her favor. The chiefs of the tribes pledged each other to defend all Christians who ed to have Randall's sons thrown out of each other to defend all Christians who thought and felt as Rosa did. The trial was in October, 1872. In June, 1873, Rosa was teaching a class of little girls in a grove; the dervish stealthily approached, murdered the maid and fied.

Where to Draw the Line.

It is right to put the dish of beans and the pan of brown bread into the oven Saturday night, and to let them finish their baking on Sunday. Is it, then, or is it not, equally right for one man, a baker, to undertake to do all that same Sunday morning, ceoking for fifty or a hundred families in his neighborhood, they to send to the shop in due season for their brown bread and baked beans? And would it, or would it not, be right for a family living in a city to close up the domestic ing in a city to close up the domestic kitchen on the Sabbath and step out to the restaurant around the corner for their meals that day? Again, no one questions the propriety of a Sabbath conversation of Sabbath themes between two relatives or friends. Is 1t, then, or is it not, proper to write on that day, or sabbath conversation. that day on such themes to a relative or friend who may be far away? And if it be right to write such a letter, but wrong to post it, how does it become less wrong to post any letter Saturday night, when its destination and route are such that it must help to swell a Sunday mail? Few of the many peo-ple who would never read a Sunday morning newspaper, do not hesitate to read a Monday morning paper. Yet if Sabbath labor be the influencing consi-deration, why should the latter be al-lowed and the former forbidden? Many use the horse cars on the Sabbath without a scruple, who would feel it very wrong to use the steam cars. Yet is it not probable that the latter would make in proportion less work for man aed beast than the former? It is right, we will suppose, to ride in your own carriage one mile to church on the Lord's day. Is it right to ride two miles? And if uot, why not?—Congre-

gationalist. A Woman's Feat.—The Sacramento Bee tells the following: "Some days ago, as the Freeport ferry was carrying a load of passengers across the river, and when about half way over, the rope which is attached to the shore, and by means of which the boat is towed, broke. Consternation reigned among the passengers; none of the men could swim; the boat was drifting down; there was nothing on board by which it could be paddled or its movements directed. For a few seconds silence and inactivity reigned; then a strong and healthy-looking Canadian woman, seeing that the men could do nothing, proceeded camly to take off her shoes and stockings. Modesty forebade the removal of much more, and arrayed as weighti'y as Horatius Cocles was when the bridge fell and he jumped into the yellow Tiber with his harness on his back, she caught a rope in her teeth, plunged into the muddy current, and swam for shore. There were no exultant Romans on the shore to greet her with loud plaudits, but the suddenly cheerful faces of the 'lords of creation' on the boat were beaming upon her with eyes of admiration. She reached the shore, tied the rope to a strong tree, and the men hauled the boat ashore."

things,' and I give her in de paber shust a little sugar and somethings. Because it is first cradled, and then She could take a pound. Go home and thrashed, and finally becomes the flowtell her so, I never sells poison to er of the family.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Tomato Catsup.—For four or five quarts of catsup boil one peck of ripe tomatoes fifteen minutes without resingle man, who admitted himself to be engaged, she did not rip the patch as she had at first intended.

moving the skins, and strain through a sieve; put into a little bag one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, allspice, spoonful of ground cinnamon, alispice, and black pepper, and put these with a pint of good vinegar into the strained tomatoes, and boil the whole carefully from three to five hours; when sufficiently boiled and condensed stir in one tablespoonful of ground mustara and one teaspoonful of ground cayenne pepper, salt to taste, and keep in well-corked bottles. This catsup will keep for years. for years.

GREEN PICKLES.—Gather the pickles when three or four inches long; wash and pack them in a jar; then take strong vinegar and heat it boiling hot, and pour over them; heat the same vinegar every day for ten days, carefully taking off the scum, and pour it over the pickles. The ninth an I tenth days put layers of young grape leaves among the pickles before putting on the hot vine-gar. The eleventh day drain thorough-ly, put in the spices, and heat new vinegar and pour over them, and the pickies will be as green as when picked, and keep entirely pure.

To CORN BEEF .- The best method, and one used extensively throughout the Uulted States and England, is as follows: One gallon of water, 1½ lbs. coarse salt, ½ lb. coarse brown sugar, ½ oz. saltpetre, mix and heat to a boiling point and skim.

How To Grow THIN,-1. Drink as lit How to Grow Tilln.—1. Drink as little as you can get along with comfortably—no hot drinks, no soup, no beer, and only milk enough to color the cold or lukewarm tea or coffee you drink.

2. Eat chiefly stale bread, lean meat, eggs, with such vegetables as peas, beans, lettuce, in moderation. Avoid watery vegetables like cabbage, potatoes, turnips, &c. No pastry whatever.

3. Limit yourself to seven hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and take plenty of exercise in the open air.

BREVITIES.

Two of a trade seldom agree. Industry and integrity bring fortune nd fame.

Maid of money: a young heiress. An expensive wife makes a pensive

In icebergs only one-seventh is out of the water, and many are 200 feet high. The Chinese are said to have invented gunpowder soon after the Christian

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.

"Women," remarked the contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Aye, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

An exchange thinks if Grant were nominated for President in 1880, he would probably carry all of Great Brit-ain, except Ireland.

falls to building in his old age, and dies before his house is in condition to be painted and glazed.

Darwin says a monkey "takes after man more than any other living thing." There are other animals, however, that "take after man" more than a monkey does. A tiger, or a cross dog, for in-

A distinguished Japanese traveler in this country writes home, "The chief branch of education is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

THE SISTER.—No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence; what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care; can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness; does the world show us anything purer? Who would live with-out a sister? A sister is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quick-ener of good resolutions; the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is light and life. Her heart is the treasure house of confidence. In her he finds a safe adviser, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is open as day and sweet as the fragrance of flowers We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sisters office is a no-ble and gentle one. It is hers to per-suade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to gnard the citadel of home with the sleeples vigilance of virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy office.

How to OBEY.—In a panic in a public school, caused by the cry of fire, one little girl sat perfectly still. On being asked why she did so she said, "My father is a fireman, and told me if the school should be afire I would be far safer to sit in my place until the rush was over, and then get out quietly." She knew how to obey.

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