

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE. SALEM, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1877.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day: His languid step and his weary way, His bowed head, his slow hand, All showed his work for the good of the land: For he sows, And he hoos, And he mows, All for the good of the land. By the kitchen fire stood the patient wife, Leant on her elbow and joy of his life, With face all aglow and busy hand, Preparing the meal for her husband's band. For she must boil, And she must toll, And she must broil, All for the good of the home. The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out; The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about; The brook bubbles softly in the glen While he works so brave for the good of men: For he sows, And he hoos, And he mows, All for the good of the land. How briskly the wife steps about within, The dishes to wash, the milk to skim; The fire goes out, the flies buzz about; For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout: There are pies to make, There is bread to bake, And sheeps to take, All for the sake of home. When the day is o'er and the evening is come, The creatures are fed, the milking is done, He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree, From the labor of the land his thoughts are free: Though he sows, And he hoos, And he mows, He rests from the work of the land. But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes up her burden that never is done; There is no rest, there is no play, For the good of her home she must work away: For to mend the frock, And to knit the sock, And the cradle to rock, All for the good of the home. When Autumn is here, with its chilling blast, The farmer gathers his crop at last; His barns are full, his fields are bare; For the good of the land he never bath care: While it blows, And it snows, Till winter goes, He rests from the work of the land. But the willing wife, till life's closing day, Is the children's guide, the husband's stay; From day to day she has done her best, Until death alone has given her rest: For after the test, Comes the rest, With the best, In the Father's heavenly home.

"JOE."

BY JESSIE G. D.

Chap. I.

"Emma, where's Joe?" The questioner stood in the doorway of a cosy library, where sat a pretty girl, deeply interested in a book. "I don't know; don't bother me, George!" George started down the hall, when Emma's voice arrested her:—"Georgia!" "Well what is it?" "I saw Joe going over to Mrs. May's, and then forgot about it." "Just like you," and Georgia ran across the street, entered the "May" dwelling very unceremoniously and ran up stairs, where she found her friend Joe holding a counsel with their friend Hattie May. Now while they are busy allow me to tell you something about the four young ladies I have just mentioned. First: Joe a lively girl, very witty, entertaining, and handsome; she was the only daughter of Judge Wilder, and had been much petted, and a little spoiled perhaps, and we now find her a saucy brown-eyed beauty, of a petite, graceful figure, aged twenty-one. She was the leader of all the mischievous and daring freaks committed by the girls of the neighborhood. Next: was Hattie May, a tall, well formed girl, with lovely blonde hair, fair complexion, and large violet eyes. Then Georgia Ames; who she resembles a little school teacher that I know—pretty grey eyes, dark brown hair, pink and white complexion, and a pretty mouth; full of dazzling white teeth. And last: Emma Wilder, Joe's orphan cousin, a delicate girl, who always sat with a book in her hand, or else had some legend, bit of romance, history or biography to relate, and 'twas about her, that the others were talking so earnestly, over in Hattie's room. "I just tell you girls, she'll die with a book in her hand some of these days, if we don't devise some way to prevent her from reading so much," said George. "Yes she will; Joe what will we do about it?" asked Hattie. "We'll I'll tell you, we've scolded and coaxed her enough, now we must act; first, we'll get her to ride with us over to 'Jim's Schoolhouse' this afternoon, then take tea with Mother Upton and her girls, this evening, and thus keep her from reading a while, any way; come on, let's go and invite her to ride with us."

The two crossed the street and entered the room where Emma still sat bending over her book. "Well, cousin mine, what are you reading now?" began Joe. "Oh it's such an interesting book! Jules Verne's latest; I'm perfectly entranced with it!" "Yes, as usual," observed Georgia dryly. "Emma dear, you must lay aside that volume for a while, and go riding with us this afternoon," said Hattie sweetly. "Oh my headache!" "The ride will help it, the reading won't." "My horse is lame." "You may have Alice May's, she won't want to use her's." "My habit is torn." "I'll mend it." "Oh it's torn dreadfully!" "We've got forty fingers, two sewing machines, a box of thread, several papers of needles, and a half dozen thimbles." "I'll go," laughed Emma as they ran up stairs to get the riding habit. They went to work and soon had it mended neatly; then Georgia went home, the girls promising to call for her, and Hattie ate luncheon with the Wilder girls. After lunch, Joe stepped to the window exclaiming: "Oh, girls! it's going to rain, and spoil our ride, and Georgia is all alone, for her folks have gone out to Harrisville to make a visit, and will not be back to-night; it will just be pouring before we can get up there, Oh, dear!" "Never mind; perhaps if we'll hurry, we can walk that far before the worst comes," said Hattie, cheerily, while Emma thought "Perhaps I'll get to finish my book," but Joe saw her contented smile, and said sharply, "You are not going to read a word this afternoon, Emma Wilder! Come along, let's get our waterproofs and overshoes!" They hurried up stairs, donned their cloaks, and started out, but had scarce reached the gate ere the rain came down in torrents. Joe pulled her curls in despair, and, rushing into the library dashed her cloak on the lounge, and, striking an attitude, recited some impromptu lines about the "raging storm." They, however, resolved to make the best of it, and, tossing their wraps on the lounge, were gathered around the fire, discussing the best mode of spending the afternoon, when the door flew open. There stood Georgia, her hood off, her hair down, flying around her face, rosy and flushed by her long run, her waterproof dripping, and her whole appearance indicating a good run in the rain. "Oh, George Ames! Did you rain down?" "You old darling!" "You sweet little thing!" etc., were the exclamations that greeted her. How they petted her! Joe took her cloak and umbrella, Hattie braided her hair, and Emma helped all; then they gathered about the fire, and resumed their old discussion, how to spend the afternoon. Emma wanted to read her new book to them, but Joe shook her head. "Let's get up some new charades," suggested Hattie. "All right! I think it would be splendid." "We must get up some new costumes, and make it interesting," said Emma. "Em, don't you remember that old black trunk up in the garret? It's full of everything!" "Any boys in it?" queried Georgia, gravely. "Oh! I meant everything in the way of old dresses, caps, ribbons, and old wearing apparel generally." They went up stairs, and grouped around the old trunk. "Why here's a good suit of clothes, just about right for me; whose are they?" asked Georgia. "Oh, it's a suit that Brother John outgrew quite a while ago," replied Joe. "But see this old-fashioned dress; it's one that Mamma wore when she was first married. Suppose we have the word 'Grandma,' and I'll represent that personage. We can make a cap, and powder my hair, and when I put this on, and borrow Mrs. Greene's spectacles, I'll do first rate, won't I?" she continued. They agreed, and, getting the articles wanted, returned to the library and began to prepare for their charade. Emma was to be a grand young lady, and, after Grandma was duly dressed, and installed in a comfortable arm-chair, knitting in hand, by the fire, she was magnificently arrayed in an old silk dress, looped and puffed and covered with bows of many-hued ribbon, and finished by an enormous chignon of false hair. While Hattie was adjusting the last bows, Georgia disappeared. Soon a knock at the door startled them. Emma alighted behind the

curtains of the bay-window; Joe began to knit industriously; while Hattie, who was to be audience and critic, went hesitatingly to the door. A young dandy stood there, and, giving a bow, with a twist of his black moustache, asked if "Mith Joethephine Wildaw" were at home; "Yes, just step into the the parlor; she'll be in soon," said Hattie, politely; but the young fellow walked past her, and, stepping up to Joe, said: "And how d'ye do, Mith Wildaw?—You look quite respectable in yonaw disguise." "Very good, Miss eGorgia, but you forgot the 'th' in respectable," laughed Emma, peeping from her retreat. "Sure enough, it is Georgia," laughed Hattie and Joe, as they jumped up to inspect their caller's costume. She looked very much like a young man, in her borrowed clothes and false moustache. "Now Hattie get the iron and curl my hair to make it short, and when I get my gloves, and John's cane I'll be quite dis(x)tinguishing," she said as they finished their inspection. They at last completed their dressing, and began their charade. The first act terminated, and was pronounced a success by all. The second was even more so, and the third was begun, when a ring at the front door startled them. "Hattie go to the door, please, or that stupi Jane will bring whoever it is right in here," entreated Joe. Hattie disappeared with alacrity, and ushering the visitor in the parlor, returned to the girls, her face full of mischief: "A visitor for Miss Emma Wilder!" she announced. To be continued.

My Visit to the Fair.

SALEM, Oct. 13, 1877.

MY DEAR MARY ANN: Well, the Fair is over, and I sit right down to tell you all about what I saw while I was there, as I promised you I would when I left you to visit this far-off country. You know your poor, dear Uncle John that's dead and gone used to say that I was very observing, and says he "what ifetty don't see ain't worth seein'." To begin with, we got here on the cars all right, and Mr. Simms was on hand to meet me, and took me right out to the camp where his folks was, and they treated me real friendly, and I must say, right here, that the Oregonians are very hospitable. The tent was among the oak trees, and I guess there was more than 500 families fixed the same way, only some had little board houses that they come to every year, and it is a sight better than tents to keep off the weather. It rained a good deal at first, but the campers did not seem to mind it a bit, but was real cheerful and sociable like together. I guess they are used to so much dampness, and it rather agrees with them. The Californians call them "web-feet" on that account. I like them better than the California folks, who are too stuck up to camp out, and consequently at their Fair this fall there wan't half as many folks as there was here, for, having no rain to speak of, their crops was a failure, and the farmers could not afford to go and board their wives and families, so they had to stay at home. I must say this independent way of the Oregon folks pleases me, and I was not looking for such a go-ahead sort of people, from what they told me in California, while I was stopping there. I am sure that it took energy and pluck to cross those plains twenty years ago, and no fool could get here unless he came by water. They tell me there was not as many people here as usual, but there was a sight of folks with nice teams, carriages and wagons, all having a thrifty look. The fine show of wheat attracted me first of all, for we don't have any such as I saw spread out there. We live in the States. Why! it's uncommon to see an apple that is not wormy or knotty, and we never see a plum, for the curculio gets away with them all, and something else affects the currants and gooseberries, so you may be sure it was good to see the fine fruit of all kinds. The man in the corner who had the nice display of fruit dried in the "Plummer Fruit Dryer," told me to just step inside and sample it, which I did without more urging. I guess he saw I was from the States. The fruit was all put up fancy, in nice boxes, the apples all cut in rings, and so white. My! what an improvement to the way we used to dry them when I was young. In those days, long ago, we used to to string them and hang them around the chimney jamb and on the side of the house in the sun. But then I don't forget that it was at an apple paring bee that your Uncle John popped the question, and I always shall like to stew

apples in quarters, better for that reason. All we girls used to keep the peeling all in one piece and then throw it over our heads three times, to see what letter it would make when it fell, and count the seeds to spell the name of our sweethearts. It was sometimes hard to make out a J, but he always persuaded me it looked like it. The same man had nice white codfish dried too, and a fine big one had a blue ribbon tied on its tail, and he told me he had a ship load just like it. I don't believe Oregonians half appreciate their wealth in the one staple of dried fruits or they would not let so much go to waste as I saw on the road here. There were sights of nice vegetables. One squash weighed 200 pounds and was raised from a seed of the one that took the premium at the Centennial. There was some cake but we Yankee folks can beat them on that, and the bread show was small and poor, too. But then if the same encouragement was proportionately given for skill in home cooking as is offered to horse racing folks, may be the women would have a better show. Well I must close for now, and I will try and finish some other time. AUNT HETTY.

CHOICE RECIPES.

MOths.—An experienced fur dealer told me, that oil of peppermint was the best thing he knew to keep moths and all insects from furs. STOVE POLISH.—You will find that by placing a piece of camphor the size of a hickory nut, in the stove blacking, the blacking will adhere through the greatest heat. To prevent door-hinges creaking, rub them with soap. TO CLEAN FURNITURE.—A shovelful of hot coals held over varnished furniture will take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel. TO POLISH FLAT-IRONS.—If flat-irons are rough or smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and rub them well. It will smooth them and prevent sticking. FOR UTILIZING OLD TIN CANS.—Take off the top of the can, punch holes on opposite sides near the rim, put in a wire bail, and you have a little bucket, which may serve for a pint pot, to keep nails in, or other handy purposes. Take off the top, cut to the proper shape, and fasten on a handle by means of a screw through a hole in the bottom, and a useful scoop may be made. A saucepan for small messes may be made by cutting down a can, leaving a strip to be bent at right angles, and turned around a stick to serve as a handle. A coarse grater for crackers, etc., is easily formed from a piece of tin fastened to a board. The holes in the grater should be made with an old three-cornered file.

BREVITIES.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by. The memory of an eye is the most deathless of memories, because there, if anywhere, you catch a glimpse of the visible soul as it sits by the window. Nationality is the aggregated individuality of the greatest men of the nation. If there were as many mysteries in the Bible as there are in some heads, who could understand it?

The American Woman of To-Day.

American women take vastly better care of themselves than formerly. They have more acquaintance with hygienic laws, and hold them in far higher esteem. The days when they exposed themselves to dampness and wintry cold in thin slippers and silk stockings; when they abstained from flannels next the skin; when they pinched their waists to semi-suffocation; when they sacrificed comfort and health to what they conceived to be appearances—those foolish and unhappy days have gone forever, and have barely been known to the rising generation. Our women now have few mawkish and morbid notions as to themselves; they no longer think that to be unhealthy is to be attractive; that invalidism and interestingness are synonymous; that pale faces and compressed lungs are tokens of beauty. They dress seasonably; they wear thick boots and warm clothes in bad and cold weather; they allow themselves to breathe freely, and they find their looks improved, not injured, by the wholesome change. There are exceptions, many of them doubtless, and the exceptions are constantly diminishing. It may be safely said that all sensible women are becoming, if they have not become, converts to nature, and they heed her behests, recognizing the great principle that what is not natural cannot be beautiful. Little more than a quarter of a century ago young American women were ashamed to show a hearty appetite in public. They were infatuated with the Byronic philosophy; they wanted to be spiritual—as if all true spirituality did not rest on some sound physical conditions—and to look elegantly wretched, many of them had half their wish; they looked wretched, but not elegant. They were charged with drinking vinegar, eating slate pencils and committing other monstrous absurdities. They may have been unjustly accused, but their theories warrant the accusation. All such nonsense belongs to the past. American women to-day eat as much as they want, and more wholesome

food than they once ate; they walk more; court the open air; cultivate their bodies as well as their minds; believe in perfect digestion, unbroken sleep, the glow and glory of unblemished health. No wonder their proportions are fuller, their cheeks more blooming, their eyes brighter, their step more elastic. The growth of the country and their own common sense are serving them generously. The scrawny, sallow, peaked woman, if she be educated and fairly placed, will ere long cease to be the type of the middle aged American woman. With the steady development of the republic, the increased ease of circumstances, and their complete health, American women will be comelier and rounder, as they are comelier and rounder now than they have been. External and internal conditions assure this. They are not likely to become gross and obese, as so many of their European sisters are; the character of the country, its institutions, and its atmosphere, with their own temperament, will preserve them from that.—Harper's Bazar.

Established 1840. DR. A. Q. SIMMONS' Original Liver Medicine. FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, SOURNESS OF THE STOMACH, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, ETC. ETC. PRICE, One Dollar. T. A. DAVIS, & CO. Wholesale Druggists, 71 Front St., Portland, May 25-1m. Agents for Oregon.

NORTH SALEM STORE. W. L. WADE, AT THE BRICK STORE, HAS JUST RECEIVED A FULL ASSORTMENT OF General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Clothing. Calculated for the City and Country Trade. Bought as low, and will be sold at as SMALL A PROFIT, as those who SELL AT COST. EAGLE Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Nov 5

NOTICE TO PERSONS INTENDING TO EMIGRATE TO OREGON.

Direct Passage from New York to Portland, Oregon.

LAND DEPARTMENT O. & C. R. PORTLAND, June 25, 1877. THE OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS agreed to carry on its iron steamship, now being built at Chester Pa., by John Roach & Son, upon her completion, on or about the 15th day of January, 1878, steaming passengers from New York to Portland, direct, via the Straits of Macellan, at the extremely low rate of \$75.00 currency, board included. This steamer will be the best, strongest and most comfortably arranged ship ever built in the United States. Speed, 12 1/2 knots. Dimensions: 200 feet in length; 28 feet beam; 2 1/2 depth of hold; capacity, 220 tons; 200 cabin and 500 steerage passengers. The fitting up of the steamer will receive special attention; it will be provided with all modern improvements and its ventilation will be perfect. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of passengers, and the fare will be of the best quality. Part of the deck room will be fitted up for refrigerating purposes, with a view to furnish passengers fresh meat during the whole voyage. The voyage will be made in about sixty days. To assist persons who desire to emigrate to Oregon, agricultural and other implements will be taken at very low rates. 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. Schmitt, 1 South William street, New York, or J. J. Schuller, Land Agent O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Ogn.

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THE PLUMMER FRUIT DRYERS.

Patented April 1877. THESE MACHINES ARE UNSURPASSED BY any other for Drying or Preserving Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds, and are constructed and included complete in four different sizes, namely: The Tom Thumb Dryer—capacity of 1/2 bushel of apples per hour—price.....\$3 The Small Family Dryer—capacity of 1 1/2 bushels per hour—price.....\$12 The Family Dryer—capacity of 2 bushels per hour—price.....\$20 The Factory Dryer—capacity of 6 bushels per hour—price.....\$50 These Dryers were awarded the Centennial Medal and Diploma at Philadelphia in 1876. Also, the Gold Medal of the State of Oregon for 1876, for excellence of flavor, color and condition of fruit. All sizes constantly on hand and furnished on short-notice. Farm and County Rights for sale. For further particulars and descriptive catalogue address W. B. PLUMMER, Patentee and Manufacturer, East Portland, Oregon. July 5

A COMPLETE LINE OF HARNESS, Saddles, Whips, Collars, Bridles, Robes, Spurs, Etc., Etc. AT... DEARBORN'S, ON COMMERICAL STREET, DURBIN'S BLOCK, SALEM OREGON. April 14