

**THE HOME CIRCLE.**

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARK.  
SALEM, FRIDAY, OCT. 26, 1877.

**A WOMAN'S ANSWER.**

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man-like have you questioned me;  
New stand at the tail of my woman's soul,  
Wait I question thee.  
You require your mutton shall be always  
hot,  
Yours socks and your shirts be whole;  
I require your heart to be pure as God's stars,  
And pure as His heaven your soul.  
You require a cook for your mutton and beef,  
I require a far greater thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and  
for shirts,  
I look for a man and a king.  
A king for the beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did from the first,  
And say, "It is very good."  
I am fair and young, but the roses will fade  
From my face, young cheek one day—  
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mong the bloom of May?  
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my sail on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the Jay she is made a bride.  
I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.  
If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook  
You can be a man and a little to pay;  
But a woman's heart, and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

**GIVE HIM A LIFT.**

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,  
Nor moralize with his despair;  
The man is down, and his great need  
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

One grain of aid just now is more  
To him than tomes of saintly lore.  
Pray, if you must, in your full heart,  
But give him a lift—give him a start!

**"JOE."**

BY JESSIE G. D.  
Chap. 2.

"Who?"  
"Guess."  
"Jerry Morgan?"  
"Alfred Johns?"  
"Mr. Ormes?"  
"No, it's the new Principal of our  
Academy—Paul Ainsly."  
"Lucky he didn't ask for me, what  
did you tell 'im?" queried Joe.  
"I told him that Miss Emma was  
engaged, but would be in presently.  
Now Em, go and get that ridiculous rig  
off, while I go and entertain the Profes-  
sor."

The girls ran up stairs, while Hattie  
started for the parlor.  
"I say, Hattie!"  
"Well what is it Joe?"

"Bring him in here, and introduce  
me as 'Grandma Wilder,' I'll be a little  
deaf; let down that curtain and he'll  
never suspect; Oh, won't it be fun!"  
"But Joe—?"  
"Oh, yes, do Hattie."  
"Well."  
"Hattie crossed the hall and entered  
the parlor, saying:

"The parlor's quite chilly, won't you  
come into the Library where there's a  
good fire? there's no one in there  
but old Grandma Wilder," he arose and  
accepting her invitation they entered  
the library.

"Grandma, this is Professor Ainsly,"  
said Hattie in a loud voice.  
"How d'ye do Mister Ainsly? 'scuse  
my risin', I've got the rheumatiz; are  
ye troubled with the rheumatiz, Mr.  
Ainsly?"

That gentleman colored and said with  
a faint smile, that he thought he was  
rather young to be troubled with that  
disease.  
"Are ye married Mister Ainsly?"  
"No Madame."  
"Aha! an ole bach hey?" (with a  
shrill laugh) "My granddaughters will  
be settin' their caps fur you, though I  
don't no 'bout Josephine, she's most too  
young, 'bout fifteen."  
The school teacher said nothing, but  
he thought:

"What a garrulous old lady! but I'm  
glad I found out that lovely mischief's  
age; how I wish she were older, I'm  
thirty-one now."  
"Hattie I hear Emma a comin' down  
stairs, wish you'd go and tell her to bring  
my black shawl."

Hattie was nearly choked with laugh-  
ter at Joe's clever acting and shrill  
voice, so gladly left the room, and meet-  
ing both girls (Georgia still wore her  
dandy suit) told them of Joe's mischief,  
which caused a merry peal of laughter;  
then they heard Joe say:  
"Law sakes, jest hear them gals larf!  
young critters like them are so happy  
like; seems to me I'd like to be young  
agin onct more."

They didn't hear the Professor's an-  
swer, and Hattie and Emma entered  
the library, Georgia whispering:  
"I'll ring the bell, and some of you  
must present me as 'Augustus D'  
Orme.'"  
Accordingly when they had seated  
themselves and Emma had just got in-  
to an interesting conversation, on the

latest book, with the handsome Paul,  
there was a loud peal of the bell, caus-  
ing "Grandma" to start out of a seem-  
ing nap and exclaim:  
"La sakes who may that be!"  
"Hattie dropped her worsted, and  
obeying the summons, soon reappeared  
with Georgia, whom she introduced to  
Mr. Ainsly. Up went the eye-glasses,  
and dainty fingers were tipped out to  
that gentleman, while she said:  
"Aw how do ye do, Osw Mistow Ains-  
ly, gaud to see you."

Then followed a short conversation  
and after a fifteen minute call "Augus-  
tus" rose and after expressing his (her)  
"wegwets" that Miss Josie was not at  
home, went over to that young lady  
and assuring her of her devoted love  
and begging her to call before long,  
kissed her hand, and bade them "good  
afternoon." "Grandma" was taken  
with a violent fit of coughing, and fee-  
bly requested Emma to assist her up-  
stairs. Metninks the Professor would  
have opened his eyes had he beheld  
"poor feeble grandma" chasing Mr.  
Augustus around, in the upper hall,  
and Miss Emma sitting helplessly in a  
chair convulsed with laughter. Presen-  
tly she returned to her caller, and  
excusing Hattie at her own request,  
they once more resumed their conver-  
sation on books.

When at last Professor Ainsly bade  
Miss Wilder good evening, as he passed  
in the hall to get his hat and um-  
brella, he noticed a cane, a pair of  
gloves, and a hat, that looked suspi-  
ciously like those worn by "Mr. D'  
Orme. He stopped a moment and  
heard some one say:  
"Oh, Joe! I've lost my eyeglasses,  
do you suppose I left them in the hall  
with my gloves?"

He took up one of the gloves, and  
saw "Miss Georgia Ames" inscribed  
on the inside, with indelible ink; then  
turning to leave the hall, he heard that  
young lady laugh merrily and say:  
"Oh, Joe! don't you think I can en-  
act the 'dandy' to perfection?"  
"I think you can," laughed he to  
himself, and he laughed all the way  
home, and whenever he thought of  
Georgia. That young lady, and Emma  
Wilder had not yet finished their edu-  
cation, and on Mondays and Thurs-  
days went to the academy to recite  
their lessons. The day following the  
girls masquerade, the Principal walked  
to the academy, still thinking of Geor-  
gia's acting, and her farewell to Grand-  
ma Wilder came to his mind, this  
thought struck him:

"Either Grandma knew that 'Augus-  
tus' was not what he seemed to be,"  
or else she was also acting; was it possi-  
ble? yes she did resemble Joe; and  
he walked to his desk puzzled yet re-  
solving to sift the matter thoroughly.  
After prayers he went around to Em-  
ma and Georgia who sat together.  
"Did you solve that problem Miss  
Ames?"  
"Yes sir, I had no trouble with it."  
"Ah! I'm pleased of your success, I  
have a question for you that puzzles  
me considerably but you, I think can  
answer it without any trouble."  
Georgia's eyes drooped under the  
steady searching gaze.  
"I wonder if he does so peet me?"  
she thought quietly. He turned to her  
companion.  
"Did you have good success with  
your examples Miss Emma?"  
"Some were quite easy, but Cousin  
Joe helped me with the others."  
"Ah! your cousin is farther advanced  
than you!" he remarked pleasantly.  
"Oh, yes! she graduated three years  
ago."  
"She must have been quite young;"  
"No, she was eighteen," returned  
Emma innocently. He only asked one  
more question, watching her face close-  
ly:  
"How is Grandma Wilder, this  
morning?"  
Georgia's suddenly busy fingers on  
her slate, and Emma's blush, and the  
look of merriment that stole into her  
eyes as she answered: "She's quite  
well thank you;" helped to confirm his  
suspicions. That evening Joe received  
a note from him, asking permission to  
accompany her to a concert, to be given  
the next evening.  
"Will you go?" asked the girls.  
"I don't know, do you suppose he'd  
think he was condescending any?"  
"No, of course not!"  
"Well, I'll go then if Mamma's will-  
ing." Of course "Mamma" was will-  
ing that Joe should go with the hand-  
some well off Professor; he was so  
grave and gentlemanly, she would not  
be likely to get into mischief if he were  
with her; so Joe wrote and accepting  
the note, the following evening found  
her walking demurely by Mr. Ains-  
ly's side, clasping his arm lightly with  
her little gloved hand.  
"How's Grandma this evening?" he  
queried, in the course of the walk.

"She's well," replied Joe, exulting  
in the thought of having acted so clever-  
ly, but at his next words she felt a  
little alarmed. You are about the same  
height are you not?"  
"I believe we are."  
"Your resemblance is apparent, I  
think you are only a younger image."  
"I was not aware that we looked  
alike, you must think that I am very  
old."  
"Indeed you look quite young, and  
I always supposed you quite young 'till  
a little bird told me your exact age."  
Joe adroitly changed the subject.  
As they returned from the concert,  
she found herself thinking how very  
agreeable he was, and she didn't know  
that he could be so witty and entertain-  
ing. Always before he had been sar-  
castic, and critical and so very proper  
that she had been even more mischiev-  
ous and childish than she really was;  
but to-night she was a lady, he a gen-  
tleman, and thus her enjoyment.  
"Have you enjoyed the evening?"  
he queried, as he bade her good night,  
at the gate.  
"Yes, very much."  
"May I accompany you to church,  
Sunday evening?"  
"Certainly, another good night, and  
she ran up to her room where Emma  
sat reading.  
"Had a good time?"  
"Yes, he isn't so stupid as I thought;  
and Emma, do you suppose that he sus-  
pects me of being 'Grandma' the other  
day?"  
"I don't think he does. Why Joe?"  
She related the conversation of the  
early part of the evening. Emma lis-  
tened attentively, and then told her  
what he had said to Georgia the pre-  
vious day. They had a long conversa-  
tion and decided to go to Hattie and  
Georgia and ask them about it. The  
counsel of four decided to tell Mr. Ains-  
ly that 'Grandma' had gone and 'Augus-  
tus' accompanied her, and thus put  
an end to polite questions. Sunday eve-  
ning when Professor Paul called for  
Miss Josie, he put the following query:  
"How's Grandma Wilder's health  
this evening?"  
"Oh! she's gone home and that young  
fop Augustus D'Orme went with her,"  
said Emma with a smile.  
"Yes, and we'll miss Grandma," said  
Joe as she drew on her gloves.  
"I am ready Mr. Ainsly," and on the  
walk to a id from church Joe was so en-  
gaging that Paul never once thought of  
Grandma Wilder, or any other Grand-  
ma. A few weeks later the Princip-  
al of the Academy overheard a con-  
versation which served to fulfill all of  
his suspicions. It happened in this  
wise: Emma Wilder was going to give  
a party on her eighteenth birthday,  
and a couple of days previous the girls  
were gathered around the stove dis-  
cussing the coming event.  
"Are you going to have charades?"  
asked one.  
"Yes, Joe got up a splendid one once  
and we were acting it when we had a  
caller. Joe and Georgia remained  
dressed up and he never recognized  
them, we don't want him to find it out  
or they'd act it again," said Emma.  
"Oh! who was the caller, laughed  
several, but the girls wouldn't tell.  
But Mr. Ainsly overheard the con-  
versation, and wrote the following note  
to Joe.  
"Barton Academy, Sept—  
DEAR LITTLE JOE:  
I thought that you were present when I  
called on your cousin one day not long since;  
but your disguise was so complete that I was  
not sure until to day. I fell in love with  
'Grandma' and want her for my wife, do you  
think she'll consent? Yours Truly  
Paul Ainsly.  
"Joe where'd you get that ring?" asked  
Hattie the next day.  
"Hattie dear, Grandma Wilder alias  
Joe W. is going to marry Paul Ainsly  
next Christmas." And she did.

**The American Woman of To-Day.**  
American women take vastly better  
care of themselves than formerly.  
They have more acquaintance with hy-  
gienic laws, and hold them in far higher  
esteem. The days when they exposed  
themselves to dampness and wintery  
cold in thin slippers and silk stockings;  
when they abstained from fannels 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 to-  
kens 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 di-  
minishing. It may be safely said that  
all sensible women are becoming, if

they have not become, converts to na-  
ture, and they heed her behests, recog-  
nizing the great principle that what is  
not natural cannot be beautiful.  
Little more than a quarter of a cen-  
tury ago young American women were  
ashamed to show a hearty appetite in  
public. They were infested with the  
Ryonic philosophy; they wanted to be  
spiritual—as if all true spirituality did  
not rest on some sound physical condi-  
tions—and to look elegantly wretched,  
many of them had half their wish; they  
looked wretched, but not elegant.  
They were charged with drinking vin-  
egar, eating sate pencils and commit-  
ting 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 elas-  
tic. 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 repub-  
lic, 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.

**BREVITIES.**  
An exchange says: "Girls, if you  
knew how men disliked slovenliness in  
women, you would keep yourselves as  
neat as wax all the time." Are men  
worth taking all that trouble for?"  
The most trivial circumstances are  
able to put an end to our gratifications;  
they are like beds of roses; where it is  
very unlikely all the leaves should be  
smooth, and even one that is doubled  
suffices to make us uncomfortable.

One Sunday night we were sitting  
out in the moonlight, unusually silent  
—almost sad. Suddenly some one—a  
poetical looking man, with a gentle  
loving face—said in a low tone: "Did  
you ever think of the beautiful lesson  
the stars teach us?" We gave a vague,  
appreciative murmur, but some soulless  
clod said: "No; what is it?" "How  
to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet  
voice.

A strong mind always hopes, because  
it knows the mutability of human  
affairs, and how slight a circumstance  
may change the whole course of events.  
Such a spirit too, rests upon itself; it is  
not confined to particular objects, and  
if, at all, all should be lost, it has saved  
itself its own integrity and worth.  
Hope awakens courage, while despon-  
dency is the last of all evils; it is the  
abandonment of good—the giving up  
of the battle of life with dead nothing-  
ness. He who can implant courage in  
the human soul is the best physician.

**CHOICE RECIPES.**  
Black calicoes should be washed with  
the contents of a beef gall put into one  
pail of warm water. This will set the  
color. Stiffen with a weak solution of  
brown glue. This manner of washing  
is nice for navy-blue dresses and dark  
batistes.  
TO WASH LACE.—Cover a common  
quart bottle with linen, then wrap your  
lace around the bottle, being careful to  
keep the pearl or edge out smooth.  
You may put on several layers of lace.  
Then cover the whole with another  
piece of linen sewed on tightly so as to  
keep the lace smooth. Wash the bottle  
and its coverings in suds, rubbing with  
the palm of the hand, then boil with  
the other clothes on washing day; blue  
and stiffen with thin starch. Tie a  
string around the neck of the bottle  
and hang it up to dry. When quite  
dry, rip off the outside linen and your  
lace will be found clean and smooth.

**EAR ACHE.**—There is scarcely any  
ache to which children are subject so  
bad to bear and difficult to cure as the  
ear ache. But there is a remedy never  
known to fail. Take a bit of cotton bat-  
ting, put upon it a pinch of black pep-  
per, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet  
oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel  
bandage over the head to keep it  
warm. It is certain to give immediate  
relief.

**BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.**—Placing  
a small roll of paper or muslin above  
the front teeth, under the upper lip,  
and pressing hard on the same, will ar-  
rest bleeding of the nose by checking  
the passage of blood through the ar-  
teries leading to the nose. It is some-  
times cured by sponging the forehead  
and face in ice water. Raising both  
arms above the head and keeping them  
there will often have the desired effect.

**Letter from Indiana.**  
ED. HOME CIRCLE: Being greatly  
interested in the FARMER, and especi-  
ally in the correspondence of the Home  
Circle, I thought I would offer a sug-  
gestion that might prove of value to  
those that support its columns. In  
every community there is a lack of  
some literary organization, something  
that will bring the young people (and  
old ones too) together pleasantly and

profitably. If some one would inter-  
est himself in forming a reading club  
with a membership of six or eight lad-  
ies and the same number of gentle-  
men, they would find that after a year's  
work they had accomplished more in a  
literary and social way than they even  
hoped for. The writer has belonged to  
a club which has been very successful;  
it being over six years since it was or-  
ganized. The meetings are held at the  
houses of the different members, every  
two weeks. Our programmes par-  
take of a literary, musical and social  
nature. Should any one of your read-  
ers see fit to make any attempt in this  
direction, I would be glad to furnish  
any further information they might de-  
sire concerning the plan of working our  
club.  
S. HEATH.

Indianapolis.

Established 1840.  
**DR. A. Q. SIMMONS'**  
**Original Liver Medicine.**

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, SOUR-  
NESS OF THE STOMACH, LOSS OF APPE-  
TITE, SICK HEADACHE, ETC. ETC.  
PRICE, One Dollar.

T. A. DAVIS, & CO.  
Wholesale Druggists, 71 Front St., Portland,  
May 25-tn. Agents for Oregon.

**NORTH SALEM STORE.**  
W. L. WADE,  
AT THE BRICK STORE, HAS JUST RECEIV-  
ed 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. Goods delivered to  
any part of the city free of charge. None

**NOTICE TO PERSONS INTENDING TO  
EMIGRATE TO OREGON.**

**Direct Passage from New  
York to Portland, Oregon.**

LAND DEPARTMENT O. & C. R. I.  
PORTLAND, June 25, 1877.  
THE OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS  
agreed to carry on its iron steamship, now being  
built at Chester Pa., by John Hoch & Son, upon her  
completion, on or about the 15th day of January,  
1878 steers passengers from New York to Portland,  
direct, via the Straits of Magellan, at the extremely  
low rate of \$75.00 currency, board included.  
The steamer will be the best, strongest and most  
comfortably arranged ship ever built in the United  
States. Speed, 12 1/2 knots. Dimensions: 90 feet in  
length; 35 feet beam; 2 1/2 depth of hold; capacity,  
5,000 tons; 300 cabin and 500 steerage passengers.  
The fitting up of the steamer will receive special  
attention; it will be provided with all modern im-  
provements 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 pur-  
poses, with a view to furnish passengers fresh meat dur-  
ing 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. J. SCHULZE,  
Land Agent O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Ogn.

**Home-Made and Hand-Made  
BOOTS.**

IF YOU WANT A GOOD-FITTING PINE BOOT  
you can be accommodated by calling  
At Armstrong's Shop,  
On State Street, opposite WILLIS'S BOOK STORE.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE.  
Repairing neatly and promptly done. GIVE ME A  
CALL. (SICUT) WM. ARMSTRONG.

**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  
finished complete in four different sizes, namely:  
The Tom Thumb Dryer—capacity of 1/2  
bushel per hour—price.....\$ 25  
The Small Family Dryer—capacity of 1 1/2  
bushels per hour—price.....\$ 45  
The Family Dryer—capacity of 2 bushels  
per hour—price.....\$ 60  
The Factory Dryer—capacity of 5 bushels  
per hour—price.....\$ 100

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-  
est notice.  
Wares and County Rights for sale.  
For further particulars and descriptive catalogue  
address  
W. S. PLUMMER,  
Patentee and Manufacturer,  
East Portland, Oregon.  
jeld5f

**A COMPLETE LINE OF  
HARNESS,  
Saddles,  
Whips,  
Collars,  
Bridles,  
Robes,  
Spurs,  
Etc., Etc.**

.....AT.....  
**DEARBORN'S,  
ON CORNER MERCIAL STREET,  
SALEM - OREGON.**