

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1877.

IDEAL'S DREAM.

Three wanderers met at break of day, And here is what the first did say: From scenes of life I scornful fled; To hold communion with the dead; 'Midst ruins of a bygone age...

The first did end his mournful lay; Hear what the second had to say; I, too, shun mortal's guilt-stamped face, And fly to Nature's pure embrace; In tempest's roar or peaceful calm...

Up rose the sun from misty gray— Then spoke the third and turned away. Farewell! For I my steps must wend To yonder city, there to blend With million lives my worthless life...

David Gray's Estate.

Over his forge bent David Gray, And thought of the rich man 'cross the way. "Hammer and anvil for me," he said, "And weary toil for the children's bread; For him, soft carpets and pictured walls, A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke; A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke. Ox in travis, forge grown white hot, Oat and hat were alike forgot, As up the highway the blacksmith ran, In face and main like a crazy man.

"School house afore!" Men's hearts stood still. And the women prayed as women will, While 'bove the turret the walling cry Of frightened children rose shrill and high. Night in its shadows hid sun and earth; The rich man sat by his costly hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold, But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old. He thought of the family 'cross the way; "I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray." The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed To look once more at each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God, he cried, "My sin in thy boundless mercy hide! Only to-day have I learned how great, Hath been thy bounty and my estate."

The Unhappiness of Childhood.

There is a common way of talking of the period of childhood as if it were one of perpetual happiness. Grown-up people are so far removed from their early days, that, in many cases, they seem to forget what they endured as children.

They think of themselves as having been happy, strong, free from care, lighthearted—at least; in contrast with the various conditions of life and thought in which they now find themselves; it seems as if it had been so; and they speak of happy childhood as if entire happiness were the normal condition of human beings in the early stages of their existence.

It is probable that there are some persons who can look back upon an interruptedly happy childhood, and when that is the case, they have memories to be stored up where, indeed, priceless in value. But it is true, in far more cases than the popular reckoning allows, that childhood is a period in which there is very little of positive happiness, and very much of actual suffering and unhappiness.

Not only are there the small griefs incident to the discipline necessary for childhood—the petty disappointments which seem so keen, the small self-denials which appear so great, the restraints as to the exercise of will which the necessary rule of home or school imposes—but there are far keener sufferings than these. There are the cases of children whose whole life is one of suffering, of actual or impending illness, who may, perhaps, by constant care, grow up to be men and women in tolerable health, but who never can look back on a time when, in their childhood, they were strong and well.

People are apt to think that such children as these have their compensations in the extra care and love given to them; but, let anyone who has had experience of such a childhood look back to it, and say if the unhappiness of illness did not render life very sad. There is, above all, the unhappiness of mismanaged and misunderstood children. There are children of peculiar temperaments, whose whole lives are rendered a burden to them by the fact that the persons set over them either parents, guardians, or teachers, have not thought it worth while to try what a change in the plan of managing them would do.

Harriet Martineau and the young Brontes seem to have been children misunderstood; and their strong natures struggled through into brighter lives, yet there are hundreds, nay, thousands of children, set down as sullen, dogged, obstinate, and treated with harshness, who live lives of dull wretchedness because they do not know what is wrong with them, and no one takes pains enough to try to set things straight for them and make them happier.

Again there are clever children weighed down by utterly uninteresting surroundings, forbidden to read, because reading is a "waste of time," kept to mere mechanical work, and never allowed to indulge fully their love of study. At one period of her childhood Mrs. Somerville seems to have suffered a good deal from this. Of course, nothing could be more unwise than to allow all the whims and

fancies of children to have their way unrepessed. Such a course of action would merely and the misery of undisciplined will to the others which children suffer. But that childhood is often a time of great, even of morbid unhappiness, is a statement that no reflecting persons, especially those who have had much to do with children, can deny.

We have been led to the consideration of this subject by the recent sad occurrence of the suicide of a young boy—one of the pupils of a great public school. He complained of having been abused by a boy older than himself; he ran away twice from school; he had been punished and flogged for his misbehavior, and the poor child found refuge from what seemed unavoidable accumulation of miseries, in death by hanging. He was said to have been obstinate; it was also declared that no terrorism could have been exercised over him without the knowledge of the superior authorities of the school.

But the fact remains, that to the poor lad life had become so miserable that he could endure it no longer. The jury gave a verdict of "temporary insanity," but what a revelation of unhappy childhood does this bring before us! Cases of the committing of suicide by children are after all not very uncommon. How sad must have been the condition of these poor sufferers! Childhood to them was all unhappiness.

The lessons for parents, and for all who have to do with children are obvious. Children are as different in their nature and temperaments as grown-up people are, and they are infinitely more sensitive, making them easier both to manage and mismanage. Children cannot be governed by any stern, unvarying rule; they must be treated according to the differences in their characters. Above all, children who appear morose, obstinate, unappreciative, should not be made more so by punishment—they are wretched enough already. To alleviate, not to increase the unhappiness of childhood should be the aim of all who have the welfare of children at heart.—The Queen, London.

CHOICE RECIPES.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One cupful brown sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful molasses, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cream-tartar, one teaspoonful soda, one pound raisins, chopped fine; one pound currants. Bake in a slow oven.

FLANNEL CAKES.—To one pint of flour add one half pint of corn-meal, four eggs, one tablespoonful yeast with milk enough to make a stiff batter. set to rise over night. Thin with warm milk and water before baking next morning.

MACARONI SOUP.—Throw four ounces macaroni in boiling water, add one ounce of butter and one onion stuck with a few cloves. When tender drain and put into two quarts of clear gravy soup, simmer for ten minutes and serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Put two teaspoonfuls of rice in a quart of sweet milk in a warm place on the stove. When well soaked place where it will cool, and stir constantly to prevent its burning. Add more milk if necessary. When nearly done put in a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. To be eaten with or without sauce.

MUTTON SOUP.—Take the fore-quarter of mutton, cut out the bone from the shoulder, and put it down to boil in two quarts of water; as soon as it boils skim it well; set it where it will keep simmering for an hour; then add the meat, also more boiling water; skim again as soon as any steam rises; grate one good-sized carrot, chop three onions, three yellow turnips, and some celery quite small, and add to the soup; boil slowly five hours; soak a cupful of rice or barley, according to taste, in some tepid water, and add with the meat; season with the grated rind of a lemon, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and a sprinkle of nutmeg.

For working butter that is to be kept for months a paper recommends the use of the following composition, rather than salt alone: Take one part of saltpetre, one part loaf-sugar, and two parts fine rock-salt; beat the mixture into a fine powder and use one ounce of the composition to each pound of butter. This will give a peculiar rich flavor, but should not be used for two or three weeks at least. For immediate use salt alone is preferable.

Thomas Dill, moralist, weeps with pity for the schoolmistress because she can't marry very much. The idea of pitying a woman because she is unmarried! Better save his sympathies for Mrs. Scroggins, who enjoys communion with her wash-tub seven hours a day, and then walks the floor at night with the sixth baby, while Scroggins stops snoring only long enough to wonder why in blazes she can't manage children the way his mother did. "Unloved and unmarried," indeed.

When you see a woman standing on a kitchen chair, looking up at a ragged hole in the plastering, while she holds a hammer in her right hand and her left thumb in her mouth, there is your chance for a candid opinion about the nail works.

A rough towel or a piece of flannel is better to wash the face with than a sponge. The roughness cleanses the pores of the skin, and if a little soap be applied, will remove those little black specks, which trouble many people.

Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

The Tale of a Cat.

Mrs. Tabitha Grey had four kittens, and was reputed the pleasantest cat in Catville. But the best of tempers are sometimes tried, and one morning, Mrs. Tabitha Grey, having been made rheumatic and cross by a week of rain and fog, boxed the ears of her oldest, and spit on her youngest kitten, because they attempted to play a game of "hop, skip and jump across her back."

Nothing would have come of it, and this tale would have been untold, had not Mrs. Tortoise-Shell Topaz, Tabitha's most intimate friend, been present. Mrs. Tortoise-Shell Topaz, had a kind heart, but she was very vain of her story-telling ability, and when she went home, and found Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Spot sitting on the door-step, she could not refrain from describing what she had just witnessed, and of course she made the story as interesting as possible.

Mr. Joshua Spot was very much amused, and Mrs. Spot, if the truth must be told, was highly gratified to know that Mrs. Tabitha Grey had actually lost her temper, and when they made the next call, which was upon Mrs. Pinky White, Mrs. Spot said insinuatingly: "La Mrs. Pinky White, you can nevguess what I heard this morning."

"Of course you will tell me," replied Mrs. Pinky White. "Oh, I don't know as to that," said Mrs. Spot with importance. "It was told me in the strictest confidence by Mrs. Tortoise-Shell Topaz."

"Oh, do tell it then!" cried Mrs. Pinky White, trembling with curiosity. "You and Mr. Spot tell a story so delightfully, it will be more amusing to hear it from you than any one. Do tell me about it, that's a dear!"

"Well," said flattered Mrs. Spot, Mrs. Tortoise-Shell Topaz called upon Mrs. Tabitha Grey this morning, and while she was there, Tabitha, you know what a name for amiability she has, scratched her oldest kitten till he bled profusely. I think Mrs. Tortoise-Shell Topaz said she saw hair fly; indeed I'm sure she said so. And her youngest kitten, little Malta, she frightened into fits, by spitting and scolding at her. And what do you think was the occasion of it all? The poor, little, darling dears were playing over their mother's back!"

"Did any body ever hear anything so shocking?" exclaimed Mrs. Pinky White. "I'm sure I never, never did!" said Mr. Joshua Spot, in a very bass voice. "It is really no more than I have suspected, this long time," said Mrs. Spot. "I have always thought her an artful piece," said Mrs. Pinky White.

"Please don't slip a word of this to any one," said Mrs. Spot, as she rose to take her leave. "Not for the world," said Mrs. Pinky White, impatient for her visitor to go, that she might scamper to Mrs. Satin Black with the news. "I consider it quite confidential."

From cat to cat the story went, and at last it was whispered that Mrs. Tabitha Grey had, in a fit of rage, torn in pieces her oldest, and eaten up her youngest kitten.

As the story gained in proportions it lost in definiteness. At Catscratch, a town ten miles from Catville, it was said that a cat at Catville became angry and tore all her kittens in pieces and then ate them up. At Catawamkeag it was said that two cats of Catville devoured their kittens while in a fit of rage; and when the story reached Catopolis, it was said that ten cats supposed to be descendants of the celebrated Kilkenny cats, tore their kittens in pieces, and then falling upon each other they scratched, and tore, and bit, till the tips of their tails and the ends of their nails was all that was left of them.

By a curious law, like a fox, turns at a certain point and retraces its steps. From Catopolis the story floated back to Catville, and one fine morning, when Mrs. Tabitha Grey and her kittens, now grown to be sizable cats, were sunning themselves on the walk, Mrs. Satin Black told them a terrible story about thirty cats who had become stark mad through ugliness, and torn their kittens and then each other, till only a few tufts of hair was left to tell the tale.

"Where did it happen?" cried Mrs. Tabitha Grey. "At Catopolis," Mr. Lowler told me," said Mrs. Satin Black. "It is dreadful! very dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Tabitha Grey. "You and I, Mrs. Black know very little of the wickedness and misery there is in the world."—New York Tribune.

Cleopatra's Needle.

London is on tiptoe as the day approaches for the Egyptian wonder to land, but is in much the same predicament as the purchaser of the polar bear—a thing pretty to have but hard to find a place for. An exchange gives the following description of the manner of launching this strange voyager:

The method by which Cleopatra's Needle has just been floated is novel and ingenious. A hollow iron cylinder with wedge shaped ends now encloses it. The cylinder is built up and riveted together around the stone—the iron thus used weighing 60 tons. The air spaces of the cylinder were so calculated as to be sufficient to float the whole. Two months were occupied in this part of the work, which included digging away the sand beneath the stone, pushing the stone with hydraulic jacks till it was parallel with the water's edge, and constructing a sloping road of broken rock down to the water. The dimensions of the stone are probably similar to those of the companion obelisk, of which the shaft is 67 feet long, tapering in with from 8 feet 2 inches to five feet 2 inches. The iron cylinder is 92 feet long, and 15 feet in diameter. All around this iron box, wood planking was fitted and strapped

fast, and then the whole contrivance was rolled sideways down to the water. To make it roll, ropes were passed around it, and wound upon winches fixed on vessels in the water. Other ropes also passed around it, which unwound slowly from winches on shore behind the stone, preventing it from rolling too fast. When the strain was first put on to start it, the vessels moved instead, dragging their anchors; steam tugs were substituted, and when they put on steam to go ahead, the great cylinder rolled. Its movement was so slow as to scarcely be perceptible, and the greater part of two days was occupied in reaching the water. Then a disappointment awaited the toilers; the cylinder filled with water, and a powerful pump could not empty the air spaces. Divers at first failed to find the leak, but at last one submarine armor discovered it. Notwithstanding the casing of planks, a stone had broken a hole eighteen inches across, into the cylinder, and the stone was wedged in the hole. So the cylinder had to be rolled back till the hole was uppermost; the hole was then patched, the cylinder pumped out, another downward roll was effected, and the strange craft was afloat. It draws from eight ten feet of water, and has a displacement of 280 tons; bilge pieces, or wings, have been attached to prevent rolling. It will be towed slowly on its long voyage; and, though ungainly, it is not unseaworthy.

If there are sermons in stones, there is certainly a text in this obelisk, transported from a heathen temple to the capital of a Christian land, over a thousand miles of sea. The slaves whose labors brought it to Heliopolis thirty-four centuries ago, worshipped a deity that had temples in his honor in all that land of ancient shrines. To-day those temples are ruined and deserted, and the deity of that subject race is the God of Christendom.

During a storm in the Atlantic, the ship in charge of the obelisk was obliged to cast it adrift. It was found at sea by a vessel, and towed into the harbor of Ferrol, Spain, which claimed the usual salvage. When that is paid, the obelisk may be taken to its destination.

THE HUMAN FACE.—The countenance of every nation defines the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates a moral training as well as the temperament and ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proven by the variety of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage the people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and un-governed passions. People whose employments are intellectual have invariably a large, clear gaze, a bright, outgoing expression, as if from an inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and a deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty.

ONE WOMAN OF ANOTHER.—From her father Anna Dickinson inherits the ardor, passion, and almost insane love of justice which distinguish her, while from her mother comes the love of fine and rare things, the tenacity of purpose, the perseverance and determination to do or die, which are equally a part of her nature. Her home consists of an apartment shut in from everything but the breeze, which comes through the foliaged spaces of one of the wide streets of New York. Here she lives with her maid, her books, her pictures, and her work; and here her intimates share her dainty lunch or quiet dinner, unpretending as to description of viands, but exquisitely cooked and served in such rare old china, with the addition of delicate bits of glass and antique silver! She is the fortunate owner of heirlooms for which one has to pay large amounts in bric-a-brac shops, and having a passion, besides, for what is rare and choice, she has made a collection of engravings and small works of art, which would make a connoisseur's mouth water.

BREVITIES.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face. The province of all governments is to protect the weak and restrain the strong. Man has evil qualities as well as good qualities peculiar to himself. Drunkenness places him as much below the level of the brutes as reason elevates him above them.

"How dreadful is this defiance of law, and robbery of innocent people!" said, with a sigh of indignation, the director of an exploded savings bank as he read of a band of western railroad robbers having stopped a train and plundered the passengers.

I talked with a minion from her Majesty's dominions. Says I, "Where are you going?" Says he, "To hide a hoe." Says I, "What are you going to hide a hoe for?" Says he, "I didn't say hide a hoe; I said hide a hoe." Says I, "Spell it." Says he, "I-d-a-ho." "Oh," says I, "Idaho." "Yes," says he, "Hide a hoe."

Small and mean things serve as well as great symbols. The meaner the type by which law is expressed, the more pungent it is, and the more lasting in the memories of men; just as we choose the smallest box or case, in which any utensil can be carried.

Mrs. Rohrer's New Remedy FOR THE LUNGS IS METING WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS! THIS PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY HAS no equal in the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Measles, &c. It has produced some remarkable cures. Sold by druggists generally. Prepared only by JOHN A. MURPHY, Monmouth, Or., To whom all letters of business should be addressed.

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