WILLAMETTE FARMER.

THE HOME CIRCLE. Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE. SALEM, FRIDAY, NOV. 16, 1877.

THE HOME CONCERT.

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye. I've had a wonderful visit here; Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could Away from all that my heart holds dear.

Maybe I've been a trifle rough— A little awkward, your wife would say— And very likely I've missed the hint

Of your city polish, day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old

Sheltered us both when we were boys, And the same dear mother love watched u

both, Sharing our childish griefs and joys. Yet you are almost a stranger now; Your ways and mine are as far apart As though we never had thrown an arm About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom, Your wife and children are fair to see; You couldn't breathe in the little cot, The home that belongs to me.

And I am lost in your grand large house. And dazed with the wealth on every side. And bardly know my brother, Tom, In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand last night, The singing spiendid, but, do you know, My heart kept longing, the evening through For another concert, so sweet and low That maybe it wouldn't please the ear Of one so cultured and gran I as you; But to its music-laugh if you will-My heart and thoughts must over be true

I shut my eyes in the hall last night

For the clash of the music wearied me, And close to my heart this vision came-The same sweet picture I always see: In the vine clad porch of a cottage home, Half in shadow and half in sun, A mother chanting her lullaby,

Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell From the mother's lips, I heard the coo Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue She echoed the song with "Goo.a.goo." Together they sang, the mother and babe, My wife and child, by the cottage door, Ab ! That is the concert, brother Tom, My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good bye. And I wish you well, And many a year of wealth and gain. You were born to be rich and gay: I am content to be poor and plain.

nd I go back to my country home With a love that absence has strengthened

Back to the concert all my own-Mother's singing and baby's coo.

Harper's Magazine for October.

What a Fall.

A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his con-gregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He selzed the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, stag-gered, and fell in the hall. The minis-ter said to me (I could give you his name if necessary), "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked out and down the hill. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulthere was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the mar-ble step had come in contact with the bard a new name, and she is mighty agin beed to be step had come in contact with the somuch loger bere too. She ses: "Banhead as he swung him around, and a so much loger bere too. She ses: "Banwife upon the brink of the grave! 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink.' He had told me that I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed, 'What is the mat-ter? Where am I? Where is my boy?' 'You can not see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To premy way. I will see my boy,' To pre-vent confusion I took him to the child's vent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah! my child?'" The minister said further to me, "One year after that he was brought from a luna-tic asylum to lie side by side with his wife, in one grave, and I attended the funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunk-on bester in a stable up Boston. Now en hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn eve-rything that is noble, bright, glorious and god-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. We are, are we not, to fight till the day of our death? PUTTING CHILDREN TO BED.-Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bedtime for that. If you ever heard a little creature sigh-ing and sobbing in its sleep you could never do this. Seal their closing eye-lids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come all too soon when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them then at least they do it the better. But niece Rirah nave this sweet memory of a happy ses we hadn't oughter put this temptachildhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this in-volve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If yon have ever met the man or woman a little child has crept trustingly to its it oughter be divided, wimmin and mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home, dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indul-gence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

HORSE RACIN' AND SICH.

MISS ED: I be in a peck o' trouble jest now. Ef you was only here, maybe ye might tell me what to do. I was at a informal meetin, of the granges of Marion bounty an a letter was read; maybe it was a report o' some commite or sich like. It was mighty good, as some o' the brothers sed. Niece Rirah ses she thinks the hull of it hed oughter be lade before the Board of manegers of the State Fair. One o' the Board bein present, he jumps up an' ses he: " if that part on hoss racin' aint struk out, they wont pay no tention to thet report;" an' them's the centiments of Mahepsabeth; it wont do fer any one to sa one word agin hoss racin', fer thet is all thet keeps up the fair. But niece Rirah she thinks if thet is all we have fairs fer they had better give up; she visited fares back East an' no hoss racin' was allowed on the grounds; an' thare was lots o' people there too; she ses: "hoss racin' aint no pracktical use to the agriculturists, it is considered fur above the fine arts; siences, nateral histery, domestick manerfacterys, iuventions, and sich like, things of rale worth to mankind, git but very litle in comparison with this grate evel. Thousands are pade out yearly fer hoss racin', an' that muny be taken frum rale work an gin to the horse jocky, encouragin' gamblin' and ruin among our young folks. Take yer muny you thus throw away, an' encourage labur. Let us shatter this strong hold o' evel; let us elevate labur; put down hoss racin' and gamblin', it only helps the followers on to ruin, makin' sad the hart o' many a fond mother, causin' sum to seek comfort in sin blacker than hell. But niece Rirah an' me don't see alike. Why Miss Ed. don't yon know if it wan't fer hoss racin' thare wouldn't be no fair, nobody would come jest to look at tother things? Far all ther be mor'n as many agin comes frum the country then frum the cities, yet it be all these keers full from the towns, that counts. I jist think the man thet brings his little race hoss there, thet no womin would dare drive, case he is unsafe, an' thet never works or does nothin' but an' the man thet brings his hosses of all work, and thorough breds and sich like, hadn't oughter heve a sent over \$30. if he gits first premium. You see hoss racin' helps git the society out'n det, by bringin' so many to the fair, an FARMER. as far as gamblin' is consernd, they don't gamble, they sel pools, an' that don't hurt nobody; ef I go an' give \$50

fur a pool on Ry Straw, and he gits beet, that aint nothin', I didn't bet, I bought my pool. Can't ye all see it aint gamblin'? But niece Rirah ses its nothin' a new name, and she is mighty agin so much loger bere too. She ses: "Ban-ish the vile dens called loger bere stands fer behind each won o' them rum is sold to our fathers, sons, and bruthers." She says: "O, you of the law giver, why do you fer filthy lucre, deal out worse than death to those we love, why dont ye listen to the prayers and plead-in's, an' heart akes of mothers, wives, and sisters—O, spare my son, spare my husband, have pity fer my bruther." husband, have pity fer my bruther." Ses she, "they make a saloon, a vile whisky stand of our fares, yearly thousands touch ther firs' glass an' lay the foundation fer distrukshun. Still they call this den o' hoss racin' an' whiske shops the Agriculteral Fair." She ses " make them mep pay fer selin' whiske ef they must heve it there, to do it honestly." Now I think them whiske stands jest the thing, it saves the men an' boys frum spendin' ther muny goin' up town, fer they will hev it, and it looks manly to see men take a drink, in my young day every body hed whiske in ther house, and thar never was half the drunk folks thet ye see now a' days. Now niece Rirah's man sed thare was more drunk men at the fare this year than he ever see, and more young boys drunk. But, la me! they hev to so ther wild oats, and the sooner ses we hadn't oughter put this temptation before 'em, and she thinks the Board hed oughter furnish straw fer its patruns, as it can do it fer the fine race hosses, and ther men, some o' them men sleep on straw too feet deep, and childern need it wus than hossses and cattle; but now Miss Ed. hain't it reasonable to know they might fill a waggen with straw an' haul it to the fair fer beddin' even if they do hev to come three or four hundred miles? An' that missellaneus corner is jest the thing, ye can enter yer things thare an' it wont cost ye one cent, even if it is a tidy ye can call it a stand cover and put it thare an ye are a'most sure to git a

do better; old scarfs, lamp mats and sich like thet are worn and faded ken be put in thet corner without a fear o' bein' beet. An' Californy moss reaths ken come in without a fear, so ken a little lump o' lead ore and coal git to the misc. instead o' the i ton the book calls fer, an' most every thing ye can think of, whether it be eny acount or not. An' the committee of thet department gits more tenshun then all the to make some moderately strong soap-balance, the blesed Sec. and Pres. both suds and mix a little oil with it. It cum around evry little bit an ses they. " now be kerful o' the muny," an' arter the blu ribbins are tide on ye can see this un an' that un cummin' round ask in' what they got, an' if it be a dipplomy they say why Mrs. Superintendent I'd ruther heve the muny, or I wish I could hev a medal; an' if they git the red ribbin then they are sure to try to convince ye they oughter heve the blue. I don't spect I'd a knowed so much how things went, but I hed a few things in thet corner myself, and i jist follered thet commite to see ef I got the blue additional in the take the, set it on the back part of the solved, stirring frequently; it must not come to a boil; use with a plece of old, soft, white flannel; it cleans paint for the back part of the solved, stirring frequently; it must not come to a boil; use with a plece of old, soft, white flannel; it cleans paint for the back part of the solved stirring frequently; it must not come to a boil; use with a plece of old, soft, white flannel; it is also beneficial for the bands, and much better for blue ribbin, and then when I did git it, I follered to see thet they didn't change it to the red, an' I heern a heep o' things. But niece Rirah she thinks thet misc. corner is the bigest humbug o' the fair. Ses she: "here is where the big gouge is centered, an' why is it wains use Javelle water, which is there be no fee to enter this division, ve can do most anything gist by givin' yer artickles a name. Men work jest Ink stains are removed in the same as hard as the wimmin to git in the way; if a brown stain remains, use Jamisc, there oughter be a misc, class to thing sure to remove mildew. each division, then thare wont be so much confusun in this division or if the commite's were to hev sum latitude about articles not on the list, but entered in the right place it would be better." But sakes alive thet would never do, the commite's might gin so much thet thar wouldn't be 'nuf left fur them fine race hosses, and then the blessed Sec. and Pres. would hev to run ther jump; a lazylie soon tires itself out, legs of goin arter so many committes an tellin them to "be keerful o' the muny." I am mighty savin' when it tice pleasurable, and you create for the comes to things entered in the pervilliun, so thet we can gin a plenty to the fine race hosses, and so be the Sec. an' Pres. an' that is jest the reason I think them all right, tho' I am a little afeard run, hed oughter heve \$500, if he wins, the Pres. dont go as much on sich as the Sec. does; but now like as not the Board does as much bossin' as they do. Miss Ed., I didn't know whether I better go before the board and try to cumfert them with my say, or go to the FARMER. MAHEPSABETH.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Middletown Press relates the following:

A quiet wedding occurred in this vil- draughts of ice water. lage within two months, at which were no guests, a mother to the bride being was a "deck hand" on a flat-boat, a lage within two months, at which were

CHOICE RECIPES.

BREAKFAST RELISH.-Cut into small pieces one-quarter of a pound of cheese, place in a spider with a small piece of butter; pour over it one cup of milk and one egg well beaten; season high with salt and pepper.

KEROSENE OIL FOR INSECTS. - A COP respondent of the Gardener's Monthly says that the simplest plan to use this substance on insects to destroy them is readily combines with the suds, and can be then applied uniformly with a syringe. It is the best thing for mealy bugs, and may be used in dilution suited to the nature of the plant requiring treatment.

FOR CLEANING PAINT .- The best soap for cleaning paint is made by tak-ing one ounce of pulverised borax, one pouud of best brown soap cut in small pleces, and three quarts of water; put all in a kettle; set it on the back part of for the hands, and much better for washing clothes than any other scap.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST, &c.-Get salts f lemon at any druggist's, moisten the linen, apply the sait, and lay the mains, use Javelle water, which is composed of sal soda and lime, and sold by druggists; rinse in clear water. yelle water. Javelie water is the only

BREVITIES.

Forgive any sooner than thyself.

Athletic sports for ladies: jumping at conclusions; walking around a subject, runniug through a dime novel; skip-ping full descriptions.

Truth never need be in a hurry, but lie must keep all the time on the and ends in confusion.

Teach selfdenial, and make its pracworld a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

We see the heads that turn on the plyot of the spine-no more; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world-so slow and lazily and great they move.

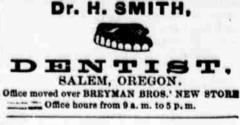
An English lady has presented to Parliament a petition, with 104,330 sig-natures, that no more grants be made to the royal family till they give a full account of their present income, and how they use it.

Hew many remember ever having heard that a piece of ice placed on the wrist, pulses or temple, will in a short time effectually cool the whole system without the injurious effects of large

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Absent things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

ceased. Letter after after letter was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was that after that terrible battle he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never entirely bride. Some time during the fight he was taken prisoner and soon after sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year, suffering almost un-told torture. He escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockaderunner. After much delay and many disappointments, during which his courage almost failed him, he succeed-ed. He remembers sailing through the blockading squadron. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon after insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him, he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a lady of thirty-two, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married and are now in England, where he proposes to remain for a term of years. During his long absence his only surviving relatives, a brother and uncle, had died, and he had no ties to keep him here, save the love of country, which will eventually bring him and his faithful wife back to our shores. our shores. Swearing on the Bible was first intro-duced into judicia' proceedings by the Saxons, about A. D. 600. It was called

open the Latin school to the girls; but a bitter opposition is met with mainly on the ground that "the girls are not adapted by nature to undergo the phy-sical effort required." And curiously enough, just at this time comes evi-dence in support of this in the report of the committee of the legislature in Wiscousin appointed to examine into the failure or success of the system of co-education in that state. The committee report "an unmistakable ap-pearance of ill health" among the female students, and conclude that "the peculiar physiology of women will not permit them to study as closely as men.'

FEAR OF DEATH.-A striking fact in connection with the dying is that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are reported to have died "game." Death after insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by the captain of the blockade-runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured but penniless. He succeeded, through the assistance of friends in the asylum, in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house where he won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story.

When a child picks flowers i 1 a field and brings us the whole haudful, one up and oue down, all see more clearly the beauty, the harmony in color and form that is so good to our sight. We arrange them, and all together they blend in a beautiful whole, so that we do not look at one, but at the whole bouquet. This perception of the harmony of beauty b an instinct in ns, lying in our eyes and ears-these bridges between our souls and the created things, even in the beating of the waves of the air made manifest in sound.

Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hands point silently to a figpremium, an' quite ole ladies can enter ther work in the misc. fer little galls work, even ef they be grown an' might

opportunity, as the annoyances and fatigue of the overland route by rall are avoided, and the passage is considerably less. For particular information address F. C. Schmidt, 1 South William street, New York, or [Jym6] P. SCHULZE, Land Agent O. & C. R. R. Co. Portland, Ogn.

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