

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke. SALEM, FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 1877.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Guard, my child, thy tongue, That speak no wrong; Let no evil word pass over it, Set the watch of truth before it, That it do no wrong— Guard my child, thy tongue. Guard, my child, thine eyes; Prying is not wise; Let them look on what is right, From all evil turn their sight; Prying is not wise— Guard, my child, thine eyes. Guard, my child, thine ear; Wicked words will hear; Let no evil words come in, That may cause thy soul to sin; Wicked words will hear— Guard, my child, thine ear. Ear, and eye, and tongue Guard while thou art young, For, alas! these busy three Can unruly members be; Guide, while thou art young, Ear, and eye, and tongue.

The Heart.

Two chambers hath the heart, And there Dwell Joy and Care. Wake Joy in thine, Thus Care in his Will peacefully recline. O Joy, beware! Speak gently, Lest thou waken Care. [From the German.]

Letter from Aunt Hetty.

MY DEAR MARY ANN: I guess you think I had almost forgotten you, but I have had a spell of rheumatism in my hand (they call it neuralgia nowadays) so I could not write sooner. It has rained ever since the Fair with only now and then a fine day, and it is not common to have rain set in so soon, and many farmers have lost much wheat. Mr Simms lost considerable, and one of his renters lost all of his while waiting for a harvester, as did hundreds of others. I could not help thinking that these Oregonians was rather easy folks. Now your Uncle John would have just hired a lot of those Emigrants, who are standing around the streets wanting work, and just had that grain cradled and stacked between showers. Speaking of the rain reminds me to say right here that I have not seen one lightning rod since I came and of course no lightning-rod-agent was to be seen around, though they have all other sorts of agents just as we have pestering us at home; and I could not think for a long time what it was that was wanting to sort of finish up the houses here, and all at once I missed those long irons that point their sharpened fingers to catch the deadly flame. Mrs. Simms did not know what I meant, when I asked her about it and she said she had never heard of but one person being killed by lightning, and never a tornado nor "Blizzard" as in Iowa, and as for thunder, it's very uncommon, and she says one clap will send terror to all animals—the cows will start for home head and tails up, and the dogs will howl and hide under the bed.

I saw on the Fair ground that nice gentleman with gold specks who we saw in Philadelphia in charge of the Oregon exhibit, Mr. Dufur; of course he did not know me. He delivered the address here, and when he was through I went right up and spoke to him, and he introduced me to his folks and showed me about considerable and made me acquainted with some of the exhibitors. One was Mr McLaren, the gentleman who sent that nice oat meal that your husband admired so, at the Centennial. He is a Scotchman too, I know by the glint of his eye, and Mr. McLeod would have been glad to have seen the man who took the premium over all the world, even old Scotia herself, for you Scotch folks are so clannish with your oat meal porridge and bannock cakes. He had bags of corn meal, cracked wheat, buck wheat, all with blue ribbons on, which showed it was first premium again. You see all these products are put up in cotton bags here and are called sacks, I have not seen a flour barrel yet. Mr. Dufur introduced me to the President of the society, Mr. Wilkins, who also took premium at the World's Fair for fine wool. Mr. W. told me, that while in Philadelphia, he got acquainted with an Englishman who was a great wool grower, and he just showed him a sample of this wool and asked him to express his opinion in regard to it, not telling him what section of the States it came from; after a careful examination, this man who had made wool growing a life study, as had his father before him, said, that only in one part of England could such staple be produced, and that the climate in which it was grown was almost perfect. Oregon got 35 premiums at the Centennial, and I hear on all sides that it was the energy and public spirit of Mr. Dufur that made it possible for such a re-

sult, as the State was very niggardly in appropriating money to help. He has made Oregon famous; California got only five, and spent its thousands to make a fine display.

The wheat here did look nice all displayed in open bags with bundles in the ear standing behind. That makes me think of what a little lady told me while coming up on the steamer. She was an Oregon girl, and she said while she was in San Francisco, a California lady took her to the Mechanic's Fair, and among other things, her friend pointed to a large and very fine display of grasses and grains, and says she: "see what we can raise in California." The lady, who was a bright little school ma'am, soon detected over it all, "Oregon exhibit," she said it paid for a good deal of talk about "Web feet," "Long Tom," and Soap creek," to see that California face settle itself into its usual complacency.

Mrs. Simms makes nice brown bread, and I must tell you how. Two cups of corn meal, pour hot water enough on it to scald it, add half cup of sweet milk to cool it, a little salt, and good half cup of syrup, a big cup full of sour milk, a teaspoon of soda, or a cup of sour dough softened so as to mix well, and then stir in brown flour till it is quite stiff, and put it in a greased can—say a five pound lard can with a tight cover, and set it in a kettle of boiling water, cover tight and keep boiling for three or four hours, and its just delicious.

YOUR AUNT BETTY.

The State Fair.

There seems to be quite an excitement about the way the State Fair is managed; every body finds fault with the management of the society, without knowing anything about what is done, or what is going to be done. The best way for these fault-finding people to do is to join the society and help manage the Fair after this, and see that it is done better than it has been in times past; every one knows how it should be done, but no one takes hold of it. I'll tell you what the matter is: The three dollars that it takes to be a member is pinched too tight. All they want is the premium money and they don't care what becomes of the Agricultural society, but still like employment as superintendents, or committee-men, for they think it quite an honor to fill these places, besides they get pay for it, and that is quite an item. Let the society look out for itself and the people will do the same. Now let us look at the way things go on at the Fair: While the many visitors find so much injustice done there, I think if they would make themselves acquainted with the constitution, rules, and regulations of the society, they would not see so much of what they call partiality. It is not supposed that we all see alike, and everybody cannot have a premium, that enters for it, as long as there are nine knit bed-spreads entered for the same premium. I think there is some mistake about one pair of blankets having the first premium for ten years, for that pair of blankets were so nearly worn out that they had to be colored, to hide the wear, and the judges were not well enough posted to know the difference last year, and this year they were not there, unless they were bleached out and brought in white.

Turner, Nov. 15, 1877. MATRON.

The Science of Floor Scrubbing.

"Top-dust" can be washed off without great labor. Have the water only moderately warm, especially when the floor is of soft wood, because hot water sinks in so rapidly, and occupies so much more time in drying than cool water upon wood. Drain the mop pretty well before putting it upon the floor, thus wetting the floor but little. The object is to wipe up the dust as thoroughly as possible, rinsing it off from the water, and changing the water for cleaner very often. If you put much water upon a very dusty floor, you have a big, troublesome mud-puddle to sop up or rinse away. Experiment has convinced me that a floor made of pine or basswood looks best after cleaning, if a small amount of water has been put on each portion of it. Use as much water as you please on the whole floor, the more the better, if you wash and wipe only a small portion at a time, and then throw out the dirty water, and begin the next division with clean water. The sooner a soft wood floor dries, the better it looks. I have seen women work very hard to scrub a pine or basswood floor white, and the result has been quite disappointing. They would put a great deal of water upon the floor and then scrub with a broom hard and long; after this would sweep all the dirty water out, and rinse the floor with as many waters as they could afford. When at last the well soaked floor was dry, it was undoubtedly clean, but it looked dark and somewhat weather-beaten, in consequence of remaining wet so long. It is a question of health with me, in winter, to have a dry floor as soon as possible. A little lye in the water has an excellent effect upon floors. It may be poured directly upon decided greasy spots, but the whole floor is

whitened with very little hard rubbing if a small amount of lye is mixed with the water. Too much makes the boards yellow. How much should be used depends upon its strength. Never put lye into the water with which you wash a painted floor, else you gradually but steadily remove the paint with each cleaning. If you let an inexperienced hired girl have her own way with a painted floor, she will probably use her boiling suds upon it, and soon remove nearly all of the best paint. Clean warm water is best for painted floors. If you have a nice hard-wood floor, be thankful, especially if it be of white ash, but never let its spotlessness become dearer to your heart than the family peace. You learn by experiment how much nicer one of these hard floors looks, when washed with clean suds, than when washed with the boiling suds of Monday.

Let those who like get down upon their knees, and scrub their floors with brushes and floor-cloths—such work is not for me nor mine, and I consider it pitiful business for any one. I hear of long handled scrubbing brushes, and doubtless these are suitable for human beings in the work of floor-cleaning. What I most want is a cheap and easy mop wringer, for I dislike extremely to put my hand into the mopping water. Of such a wringer I have heard, but have had no experience of its merits.

What's in the Rag Bag?

The "finds" in the rag bag and the rubbish heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty, the maid, to keep a rag bag, and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuable finds themselves in very old places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders or lizards, that are found by the paper makers in bundles of esparto; they are an unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin prayer-book, bought as waste paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside it. Half-sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper maker. The London rag-brigade boys once found a bank check-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought; these unexpected articles were, to the honor of the brigade, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—of the gentle sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public house, the buyer began to rip up the garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank note. We rather think that in the strictness of the law the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing their spare money about their persons; thus, an old waist-coat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank notes. But of all the finds, what shall we think of a baby? A paper manufacturer assures us that in a bag of rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found, pressed almost flat.—Chamber's Journal.

A Modern Evangeline.

The story of Evangeline is repeated with wonderful fidelity in all its details in the experience of a young French girl, a resident of Marseilles. She was engaged to a sailor, to whom she was to be married on his return from a voyage to New York. He did not return, and, after a year, she got a berth as stewardess' assistant on one of Havre steamers, to come here in search of him. On the passage a rich American lady became interested in her story and resolved to help her find out her lover. In New York she learned, that he had gone to Canada. For months she traveled about the Dominion, sometimes close on his track, and again losing every clue as to his whereabouts. She returned to New York, and one day, while standing at a Broadway crossing waiting her turn to get across, she saw the object of her long search on the other side. She shrieked his name and ran into the middle of the street, but a policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles. "Angels of God there was none," and she never again saw the Gabriel she had so long sought and so nearly found. She learned then that he had sailed for San Francisco, and so went overland to California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific coast, she found that her lover had fallen overboard just out the Heads and been drowned. Meanwhile the body of a young man, dressed in sailor's clothes, was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the coroner's office, and, not being identified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-sodden pocket-book was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French and unaddressed. The girl, hearing of this, went to the coroner's office and found that the letters were hers. The waves had tardily and partially recompensed her devoted search, and she was able to find the grave of her devoted lover.—New York World.

BREVITIES.

There are 2,750 languages.

They who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fall of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

Happy is the deaf man, for he can hear no evil of himself. And the dumb man, too, for he can speak no evil of any one.

Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

THE MOONS OF MARS.—It is a little singular that they should not have been discovered before this year, especially as the astronomers now make haste to show that they had for a long time been thinking about them. A Mr. Brumham, of London, says that years ago he discovered the law that ought to give two moons to Mars, while Saturn ought to have an eighth moon, Uranus sixteen, Neptune thirty-two. The eighth moon of Saturn did come to light, as predicted, and Mr. Brumham remarks that the astronomers now have to look diligently for the remaining twelve moons of Uranus. He had hoped himself to discover the two small moons of Mars, which he knew were to be found this year if at all, when that planet approached nearest to the earth, but he confesses he was disappointed. An American has been before him. The outer satellite, it appears, has a diameter of but two or three miles, and the inner one a still smaller one, which will supply the reason for their long concealment.

CHOICE RECIPES.

WASHING WOOLEN GOODS.—All descriptions of woollen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap; and as soon as the article is cleaned immerse it in cold water; then let it be hung up to be dried.

TO MAKE CALICOES WASH WELL.—Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave them till cold; in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

CLEAR STARCH.—Take two table-spoonsful of starch dissolved in as much water; add a gill of cold water; then add one pint of boiling water, and boil it half an hour, adding a small piece of spermaceti, sugar, or salt; strain, etc. Thin it with water.

FLOUR STARCH.—Mix flour gradually with cold water, so that it may be free from lumps. Stir in cold water till it will pour easily; then stir it into a pot of boiling water, and let it boil five or six minutes, stirring it frequently. A little spermaceti will make it smoother. This starch will answer very well for cotton and linen. Poland starch is made in the same manner.

GLUE STARCH.—Boil a piece of glue four inches square in three quarts of water. Keep it in a bottle well corked. Use for calico.

GUM STARCH.—Dissolve four ounces of gum-arabic in a quart of hot water and set it away in a bottle corked. This is used for silks and fine muslins. It can be mixed with water at discretion.

A Word to Fathers.

The great secret of success in bringing up children is to establish and preserve perfect confidence between parents and children. If the father is the boy's best friend, as all wise mothers are the girls', there is no trouble about keeping them from bad associates, whose vicious examples and silly bravado have a lasting effect upon their characters. Fathers, in your efforts to secure fortunes for your families, remember that money will not save you from the heart-ache if your boys is in being kept close by your side, helping you in business, and you in turn sharing their fun and play. Nothing is so flattering to boys as the society of their fathers, and nothing makes a man so popular with them as his joining in their amusements. Try to do this, and your sons will try in turn to understand your cares and troubles. Take as much pains to preserve them from contamination in the shape of immoral companionship as mothers do their girls, and you will find them growing up to be modest and virtuous young men, fit companions and husbands for girls who have been carefully guided from all knowledge of evil. Devote your evenings to family amusements and pleasures. Invite young people to your house and pay them attention, instead of going off to bed or shutting yourself in another room the moment they make their appearance, as if there was, and could be, nothing between your manhood and their youth. So shall you be kept young in heart, and the inexperience of your sons will be tempered with something of the sobriety of experience.

A VIRGINIA BELLE.—The "Powhatan estate" was for two hundred years the property of the Mayo family and here, as the story goes, John Howard Payne fell madly in love, when in Richmond, with Miss Maria Mayo (afterward Mrs. General Winfield Scott), a famous Richmond belle in her day, and remarkable for her wit and intelligence, as well as for her extraordinary beauty. Poor Payne laid his heart at her feet, but she is said to have toyed and coquetted with it and then to have flung it aside. When all hope of winning the fair prize was abandoned, Payne went to Europe, where he remained for nearly twenty years and where he wrote his "Home, Sweet Home," which was first sung in his opera of "Clare," at London. This traditional incident in the life of Payne revives another (and one still current

in Richmond) connected with General Scott. It is said that when he first addressed Miss Mayo, she was only a captain in the regular army, and his suit was summarily dismissed. Afterward, when a major, he renewed the proffer of his hand, but with no better success. The third time he wore the epaulets of a general, and these promptly secured his acceptance. When asked by one of her friends why she had thus suddenly changed her mind, Miss Mayo is said to have replied, "In my estimation, there is a very decided difference between a captain, or even a major, and a general in the American army."

Dr. H. SMITH,



DENTIST.

SALEM, OREGON. Office moved over BREYMAN BROS.' NEW STORE. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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

Calculators for the City and Country Trade. Bought as new, and will be sold at a SMALL PROFIT, as those who SELL AT COST. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Nov 29

Mrs. Rohrer's New Remedy FOR THE LUNGS

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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 L. MURPHY, Mouthmouth, Or., To whom all letters of business should be addressed.

Farms and Land for Sale.

OFFER FOR SALE ONE FARM, 320 ACRES, of 100 acres in cultivation, on good orchard, situated on the Pleasant Hill road, about 14 miles from Eugene City. Also, about 1400 acres of MIXED LAND, some of the best valley and lower-dam land in the county, surrounded by hill and brush land. Three or four very good farms can be made out of it. Good place for a colony. Want to sell the whole lot together. This land is situated in Lane county, about 12 miles from Eugene City, and six from Creswell. Address F. B. DUNN, Eugene City.

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 steamer passengers from New York to Portland, direct, via the Straits of Magellan, at the extremely low rate of \$25.00 currency, board included. This steamer will be the best, strongest and most comfortably arranged ship ever built in the United States. Speed, 15 1/2 knots. Dimensions: 220 feet in length; 35 feet beam; 2 1/2 depth of hold; capacity, 2,200 tons; 300 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 annoyance and fatigue of the overland route by rail are avoided, and the passage is considerably less. For particular information address F. C. Schmidt, 1 South William street, New York, or P. SCHULZE, Land Agent O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Ogn.

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 furnished complete in four different sizes, namely: The Tom Thumb Dryer—capacity of 3 bushels of apples per hour—price, \$75. The Small Family Dryer—capacity of 1 1/2 bushels per hour—price, \$125. The Family Dryer—capacity of 2 bushels per hour—price, \$200. The Factory Dryer—capacity of 6 bushels per hour—price, \$300. 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 shortest notice. Farm and County Rights for sale. For further particulars and descriptive catalogue address W. S. PLUMMER, Patentee and Manufacturer, East Portland, Oregon. jel5d

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