

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Miss Hattie B. Clarke. SALEM, FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 1877.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

The leaves are fading and falling, The winds are rough and wild, The birds have ceased their calling, But let me tell you, my child, Though day by day it closes, Doth darker and colder grow, The roots of the bright red roses Will keep alive in the snow. And when the winter is over, The boughs will get new leaves, The quail come back to the clover, And the swallow back to the eaves; The robin will wear on his breast A vest that is bright and new, And the loveliest way-side blossom Will shine with the sun and the dew. The leaves to-day are whirling, The brooks are all dry and dumb; But let me tell you, my darling, The spring will be sure to come. There must be rough, cold weather, And winds and rains so wild; Not all good things together Come to us here, my child! So, when some dear joy loses Its beautiful summer glow, Think how the roots of the roses Are kept alive in the snow! —Alice Carey.

Red Wine—A True Story.

It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamp-lighters were going their rounds, and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home. All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the sidewalk, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with rapt face into a great room with painted ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table, heaped with delicious food, stood near the center of the room. The bright light struck through the decanter, and made a big crimson stain on the white hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside. "I wish he would look up," the child was thinking. But though he waited and watched, the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wineglass which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window. "Please, sir."

That was all the boy said. He had stepped from the street into the wide hall; then without stopping to knock, he had opened the great door which led to the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done. "What is it, my small man?"

Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came easily to his handsome face; but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a great while. "You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket.

"Oh, no, sir, I never thought of that. I wanted—mean—please sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. His manner, too, at first so eager, now so embarrassed, had aroused his curiosity. "You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the great fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not think it queer for a little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm-chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the big chair. "You will tell me your name at least?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

Mr. Leonard was smiling now, as he saw the boy's courage coming back. "You will not be angry with me, sir?" "Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you?"

In a great big house most as big as this, I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wineglass. "Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed, because I thought he was dead. The black man that drove the horses, came up stairs and helped mother get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if any one went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up our clothes, and went to live where she could get some money. We've only got two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly. "Mr. Leonard moved uneasily. "This is what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father, and I wondered if you had a little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die because of the red wine?" and then the tears came and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big arm chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying, too. He could not see the big brown eyes, for his head was dropping upon his breast.

"I'm going home now, sir. Mother will have my supper ready, and be frightened if I don't come," and before Mr. Leonard roused from the painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club house is deserted; the fire is out, the room is dark; the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy, hanging about his neck the father whispers: "God bless my child and keep us from the destruction of the red wine."—Congregationalist.

Aunt Hopsy Sees the Sea.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I Never laughed so in all my days, as I did over that letter on "see sickness" by D. M. Morris. I tell ye it well nigh gin me a back set with my catar in my hed; now I expected to here sunthin wonderful, but in me, he was "doin'" Astory, what a idee he hed o' that place, called the P. O. the Custom house. Now niece Rihrah is dian larfin at me, she sez: "Why Aunt Hopsy ye have got it backwards, he called the Custom house the P. O." It stonishes me to think that one thet travels and reads like D. M. M. should hev sich a quare notun about the size of Astory, why it want no bigger ner thet in my grate grand mother Mahepsabets day, an shes bin gone these many a day. Then he gits out ter sea the see an' the gal gits sick an' falls down, "he is the fust on tu her," an' puts ner in the little bed; how wonderful thet he should be the "fust one tu her!" Why he never sed how he felt with his sea sickness. Now I'member well how I felt when I were at see. I tell yer it were nun o' the best feelins fur a poor ole woinin' like me ter go thru with, an' O, Miss Ed. there was no one tu go to me fust. I an' lots o' other people was up on deek, I was tryin to stay well long as I could, an' takin' a last lingerin' look at the buttil hills and Frisco, as we headed our way fer old Oregon, then I lost sight o' them entirely, an' I gazed on the heavin', seethin', and surgin' billows. Pretty soon I begun ter feel powerful lightheded, my hed aked, then I gin ter feel thet awful goneness at the stummack, no words o' mine kin tell jist how bad I was a feelin', jist take a good dose o' lobetia and ye will know suthin about it. When I startid fer my little room I turned blind, an' never knew nothin for a long time, when I did know what was goin' on I was heavin was ner the roarin billows ther selves, an' when my hed went up, my feet went down, an' when my feet went up, my hed went tother way (fer we was on a side roller,) an' my stummack seemed to float between jist like quicksilver in a level. O, I hed such a goneness at my stummack! My branc seemed to be loose i my hed, in fact I felt jist like there was several parts o' my body an' that they did not belong together. I thought many a time what poor fraible crecturs we all be. An' cat? why ther want nothin' on thet boat thet I could eat, I'member they gin me a hull lot of sweet meets to eat, but the sight o' them was too much, thet powerful goneness at my stummack would return, so I jist gin them to sum little shavers thet stuck ther little curly heds in to see the poor lone woman that was most dyin, what with her heavin' an' groainin' an' bein' so sjok. The boat stood still a time or

too, then was the most tryin lime o' all on the nerves, an' describe them feelin's I don't know as I kin, only thet the outside o' yer body went round an' round, while the inside went round tother way, makin' ye feel perfectly deathly. Well I lived thru three days jist sich misery as that, then I gin to git better, an' found myself nearly intor the fresh water. I never wer so rejoiced in my life as I wer when I got o' n thet boat, an' I tell yer if I never sea Frisco agin, without goin on the ocean, then I'll never see it, fur I know it'ud kill me next time. Now Mis Ed. you jist tell D. M. M. ter rite suthin about his seeicknes. MAHEPSABETH.

CHOICE RECIPES.

BREAD BALLS.—Break the bread into small pieces, and moisten with milk or a little warm water, season with salt, pepper and nutmeg, adding a little fine sage or parsley and a small piece of butter, mix and form into small cakes or balls; roast with beef or chickens or fry after meat in a skillet.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One egg, one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoon of saleratus, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of shortening, two tablespoons of molasses, one cup of flour, and corn meal enough to make as stiff as stirred cake.

PLUM PUDDING.—A pint of bread crumbs; pour over them one-half pint boiling milk and let it cool thoroughly. Then add one pound stoned raisins, one-half pound currants, one tablespoonful butter, minced fine, one tablespoonful sugar, one small teaspoonful cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, and five eggs beaten light. Flour your fruit before mixing, and boil three hours. Eat with a hot brandy sauce.

KING CAKES.—The following is from a cook book over two hundred years old: "Take a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of currants well cleaned; rub your butter well into your flour, and put in as many yolks of eggs as will lithe them, then put in your sugar, currants, and shred in as much mace as will give them a taste; so make them up in little round cakes, and butter the paper you lay them on."

MINCEMEAT FRITTERS.—With half a pound of mincemeat mix two ounces of fine bread crumbs (or a tablespoonful of flour) two eggs well beaten, and the strained juice of half a small lemon. Mix these well, and drop the fritters with a dessert spoon into plenty of pure lard; fry them from seven to eight minutes, brain them in a napkin and send them very hot to the table. They should be quite small.

BREVITIES.

All wealth that is worth having is won by work and preserved by care.

Frowns blight your children as frosty nights blight your plants.

The Tennessee Methodist Conference resolved not to admit any clergyman who uses tobacco.

To notice a libel is like digging around a hill of potatoes—you make it grow the faster.

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you wish to keep them in working order.

A woman's hair is her crown of glory, but a woman's hat is getting to be a crown of feathers.

There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

If a whale 70 feet long was struck by a harpoon in the tail, a second would elapse before the disturbance could reach the brain.

A matrimonial victim wishes he could have followed Henry VIII. in his plan of courting, by marrying a wife first and axing her afterward.

In a late style of marriage announcements only the names of the bride and clergyman appear. As civilization advances, the groom becomes of less and less importance on such occasions.

Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of less talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them as making society easy and pleasing.—Chesterfield.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—The first Robian journal, issued two thousand years ago, appeared but once a year. The editor of this paper was the Pontifex Maximus, whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white wooden tablets and attached to the residence of the citizens. It must have been a very curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around the tablets to get a look at the latest news. But the thirst after knowledge, and the curiosity of the people, grew rapidly and in such a measure that the government, the issuer of the journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily, which appeared either on tablets hung out in public, or was written in red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents were simply news; from the want of the necessary materials political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the views of the Roman government, it was a true journal, and intended as reading matter for the public.

Hold On, Boys.

Hold your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue, it is above all price in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to speak of himself as a man whose work is nearly done, but the only evidence of the weakness of old age which those who talk with him discover, is a little hesitation and effort in recalling some needed word, especially a proper name. May he keep long the strength of which his country has so much right to be proud! Mrs. Emerson is a stately lady, with beautiful snowy hair and a graceful bearing. One daughter still brightens and cares for the quaint house filled with old china and pictures and books. Mr. Emerson is daily at work in his study. He has always disliked mathematics, and the amusing story is told of him that only a few years ago he unwittingly cheated a poor Irishman, when paying him for a piece of work, by calculating that seven times seven were twenty-seven, and the error was not detected until Pat, who had his doubts about the matter, consulted a neighbor and came back for a resettlement.—Tribune.

TRUTHS.

An excellent quartette—a good temper, a good library, a good wife and a good friend are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

If an ass goes traveling he will not come home a horse.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness—able men were never ungrateful.

Time will teach him who has no teacher.

How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value. Her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

Some fifty years ago a poor old woman in Ireland had her cottage pulled down over her head by her landlord. Her name was Mollie Maguire, and she died of grief and exposure. Thereupon her son and some neighbor lads formed themselves into a secret band, and vowed and took fierce revenge on Irish landlords in general. The band spread rapidly, and they called themselves the "Mollie Maguires," and Irish coal miners brought the name to America.

Mademoiselle Rachel was desirous of having her portrait painted by Ingress, and paid a visit to his studio to talk over preliminaries. After looking at her attentively for some minutes, the artist said that he should require fifty sittings of two or three hours each. "And when will these fifty sittings be at an end?" "In five or six years." "Miserable!" she exclaimed, "I may be dead and buried before you have immortalized me!" "Madame," coolly observed the painter, "in that respect I should be too late in the field—your own genius has already saved me the trouble."

ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have just sent notices to many subscribers transferred from the Cultivator list, informing them that we have placed a date on each tag that corresponds, at \$2.50 per annum, with the amount they owed last February when we took the list.

Where words and figures are abbreviated on the tag, the last figure stands for the year; we are short of 78, so Aug. 6 stands for August '78, 8e7 stands for Sept. '77, Jc8 stands for June '78, &c., &c.

As we are short of 81, those who pay up nowadays will not find their dates changed this week, but we shall probably receive 88 before another week.

We have sent accounts to some of the Cultivator subscribers who have made partial payment to us, and in all such instances we give the date to which such payment entitles them. A great many on the Cultivator list are badly in arrears, and to all such we send an earnest request to pay at an early day, to enable us to meet our own pressing engagements. We make this last call to all who were subscribers of the Cultivator that if they have any claims to make of errors in the accounts against them, such claims must be made without delay, as we are closing up our accounts with the late proprietors of that paper.

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,

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Mrs. Rohrer's New Remedy FOR THE LUNGS

IS METTING WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS! THIS PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY HAS no equal in the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. It has produced some remarkable cures. Sold by druggists generally. Prepared only by JOHN E. REEVEY, Moonlight, Or. To whom all letters of business should be addressed.

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I OFFER FOR SALE ONE FARM, 330 ACRES, 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 hewer-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. J. B. 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. 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 Roach & 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. This steamer will be the best, strongest and most comfortably arranged ship ever built in the United States. Speed, 13 1/2 knots. Dimensions: 200 feet in length; 28 feet beam; 2 1/2 depth of hold; capacity, 2,200 tons; 2nd 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. Schmidt, 1 South William street, New York. F. SCHULZE, Land Agent O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Ore.

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