WILLAMETTE FARMER.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, DEC. 14, 1877.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Here is a poetic gem of rare beauty, which will touch many a responsive heart:

The stream is caimest when it nears the ille And flowers are sweetest at the eventide, And birds most musical st close of day, And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm Lies folded close in Evening's robes of balm. And weary man must ever love her best, For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings

doth bear A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Foots eps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eyes of day in peace;

All things are hushed before her as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;

There is a calmer beauty and a power That morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

Until the Evening we must weep and toil— Plowfile's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil— Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny

May, And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide, Like summer Evening down the golden tide; And leave behind us, as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

NEVER GROW OLD.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror, And saw the marks of care, The crows' feet and wrinkles,

And the gray in the dark brown hair. My wife looked over my shoulder— Most beautiful was she:

"Thou will never grow old, my love," she

said, "Nover grow old to me.

"For age is the chilling of heart, And thine, as mine can tell. Is as young and warm as when first we heard The sound of the bridal bell!" I turned and kissed her red, ripe lips:

Let time do its worst on m If in my soul, my love, my faith, I never seem old to thee!"

How Women Dress in Persia.

-Belgravia.

A few women were to be seen. We At first the French Council refused, met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We be saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might believe them to be women because of their costume and size; but we can see have. The English noblemen were so their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chud-der, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chud-der is tied around the head a yard-long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the are in the old-fashioned language of the time: "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen." Queen Isabeau stood at a little dis-tance, curious and anxious, no doubt, to know how her little daughter would ef the veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The veil passes under the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trowsers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her on the street. In this costume Moham-medan women grope their way about medan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trowsers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture; the of Queen of England. Froissart, a and slippers with no covering for the celebrated historian living at that some apparel of those uncomfortable victims of the Persian reading of the Koran. The indoor costume of Persian heel, complete the unsightly unwhole-Noran. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears in-delicate to the Europeans. The chud-der and trowsers are the invariable walking costume. Indoors the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet-girl. In the ante-rooms of Por a ballet-girl. In the ante-rooms of Per-sian royalty my wife was received by princesses thus attired, or rather unat-tired.-Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan." THE VALE OF ROSES.-War has made the once beautiful Vale of Roses, and nighboring valleys south of the Schipka Pass, a desert filled with hor-rors. A correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "All the way from Schip-ka to Yehi Saghr, at which place we took the rail, the air is polluted with the remains of the killed. The bodies of men, women and children are to be met with in all stages of decomposition at the roadsides, in the composition gardens, on the banks of streams and in the beds of rivulets. Some hundreds were choking the shallow river within a quarter of a mile from where we cam ped at Yeni Saghr. Desolation and ruin appeared along the whole way. The re-mains of formerly prosperous villages, which it was impossible to pitch a tent even near, rippling mountain streams in which our horses refused to drink, the howling of wolves around us at night, brought down from the mountains earlier than usual by the horrid feasts prepared for them (the largest I have ever seen lay dead, evidently re-cently shot, by the side of the road) not far from Yeni Saghr, and worse, the occasional shricks from human beings, followed by solitary rifle reports, which made one shudder more than the damp night air-all these sights and sounds went to form one great phantasmagoria, which none of us are likely to live long enough to remember without pain."

I wonder how many of the little girl readers of St. Nicholas are fond of history? If they answer candidly, I do not doubt that a very large proportion will declare that they prefer the charm-ing stories they find in *St. Nicholas* to and instead of being commented upon for their extravagance they ought to be praised. And the cynical single men, and the disappointed married ones, who cast the slur on the sex that is done when they are assailed as ex-travagant, are guilty of a wrong which is perpetrated in ignorance or with ma-licious intent. Perhaps a trifle of jus-tice in this matter would exhibit in a more prominent way the common sense ing stories they find in St. Nicholas to the dull pages of history, with its count-less battles and murdered sovereigns. But history is not every bit dull, by any means, as you will find if yonr ei-der sisters and friends will select por-tions for you to read that are suitable to your age and interests. Perhaps you are very imaginative, and prefer fairy tales to all others. I am sure, then, that you will like the story I am about to tell you, of a little French princess, who was married and crowned queen who was married and crowned queen

Habberton's new book, "Some of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve. This child-sovereign was born many Folks," has the following sketch:

Sam's wife is very ill and she has sent for Sam to come to her bedside; the doctor and nurses leave the husband

and wife together. "Sam, doctor says I ain't got much time left."

hundred ycars ago-1387-at the palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture-gallery I am sure you all have heard-if, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI., whose misfortunes made him insane,

time left." "Mary," said Sam, "I wish ter God I could die fur yer. The children—" "It's them I want to talk about, Sam," replied his wife. "An', I wish that the, could die with me rather'n hev 'em live ez I've hed ter. Not thet you ain't been a kind husband to me, for you hev. Whenever I wanted meat yev got it, somehow; an' when yev been ugly drunk yev kept away from the house. But I'm dyin', Sam, and it's cos you've killed me." "Good God, Mary!" cried the aston-ished Sam, jumping np. "Sure crazy whose misjortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing cards were invented, and of his queen, Isa-beau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Prinbess Isa-bella was the eldest of twelve children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire court of France. King Richard II. of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead

of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella. ished Sam, jumping np. "Sure crazyhere, doctor!"

"She was much too young," he was "Doctor can't do no good, Sam; keep still an listen, if yer love me like yer once said yer did, fur I hev'nt got much breath left," gasped the woman. "Mary," said the aggrieved Sam, "I swon to God I dunno what yer drivin' told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The king, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of

his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remage is a fault that every day will rem-edy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of earls, marshals, knights, and squires of honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of five hundred. When the embassy reached Paris, of the offer of marriage had been forat.

and the offer of marriage had been for-"Then tell a feller where the killin' came in Mary, for Heaven's sake," said mally accepted, the archbishop and the earls asked to see the little princess

the unhappy Sam. "It's come along, Sam," said the wo-man. "There is women in the States, so I've heerd, that marries for a home an' bread an' butter, but you promised more'n that, Sam. An' I've waited, an it ain't come, an' there's somethin' in me that's all starved an' cut to pieces, an' life your fault Sam. Link yer fur who was soon to become their queen. an' it's your fault, Sam. I tuk yer fur better or fur wuss, an' I've never grum-

'I know yer hain't, Mary," whisper-ed the conscience-stricken Pike. "An' I know what yer mean. Ef God 'll 1 know what yer mean. Ef God 'll only let yer be fur a few years I'll see ef the thing can't be helped. Don't cuss me, Mary; I've never knowed how I've been a-goin'. I wish there was something I could do 'fore you go to pay yer all I owe yer. I'd go back on everything that makes life worth hevin'."

" Pay it to the children, Sam," said the sick woman, raising herself in her miserable bed. "I'll forgive yerevery-thing if you'll do the right thing for them. Do-do-everything?" said the woman, throwing up her arms and fall-ing backward. Her husband's arm caught her; his lips brought to her wan face a smile, which the grim visitor, who an instant later sto e her breath, pityingly left in full possession of the rightful inheritance from which it had been so long excluded.

CHOICE RECIPES.

CREAM PIE.-Put about two-thirds of a quart of milk to boil in a water-bath; beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of sugar; one even spoonful of butter; mix two spoons of corn-starch in a little milk; then mix all to-gether, and flavor. Put it in the boil-ing milk and stir constantly till it is done, when it will be a smooth, thick cream. Put it in a rich crust and bake. Beat the whites of the two eggs until they are stiff; add two spoons of sugar; flavor with lemon. When the ple is done, spread this on, and leave it in the oven till slightly brown.

CRULLERS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, small cup of milk, a spoonful of soda dissolved in it, three eggs, a nutmeg; melt the butter in the milk, stir the sugar in it; beat the three eggs very light and stir in, if the milk eggs very light and stir in, if the milk is not too hot; add just flour enough to roll out. Be careful not to make the dough too stiff. Put at least three pounds of the best lard in a narrow and deep kellte; cut the dough in crul-ler shape, and drop in two or three at a time; rock the kettle gently till they rise to the top; turn them over that they may be equally cooked. The fat they may be equally cooked. The fat must be bolling, but not so hot as to scorch.

HASTY LEMON PIE.-Make and bake an under crust. Meanwhile, put in a nice stew-pan juice and a little grated peel of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful corn starch, yolks of two eggs, and a small piece of butter. Stir this till it boils, then pour into the crust. Beat whites of the two eggs to a foam, sweeten and flavor a little; pour it over the pie, and brown slightly in the oven.

GRAHAM GEMS.-Take equal quantities by measure of good graham flour and cold water. Mix and bake in a very quick oven in the small pans specially made for gems, and which can be got of any hardware dealer. Su cess depends on baking the dough in small quantities, as must be done when the pans are used, and in a quick oven, so that a top crust forms almost immediately and makes the gems light.

POP CORN PUDDING .- Take four quarts of popped corn, cover with sweet milk. Let stand until soaked through; then add two eggs and a tablespoonful of sugar. Bake one-half an hour.

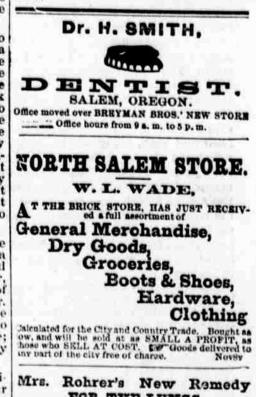
RAISED CAKE .- One ponud of butter, two pounds of sugar, three pounds of flour, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of soda, milk enough to make it as thick as you can stir it.

BREVITIES.

He who promiseth runs in debt.

Characters never change; opinions alter, characters are only developed.

self, and in his contusion put his hand into his pocket and, feeling the purse drew it out. He turned pale, and was overwhelmed with grief and astonish-ment. He shed a toirent of tears without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter?" inquired the king. "Sire," said the page, falling upon his knees, "some one seeks my ruin; I know not of this money." "My friend," said the king, "God often sends us good in our sleep. Send the money to your mother, and assure her I will take care of you both." self, and in his contusion put his hand



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NOTICE TO PERSONS INTENDING TO EMIGRATE TO OREGON.

DirectiPassage from New York to Portland, Oregon.

There is no man so friendless, but that he can flad a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths. When a girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's necktie it is an infailible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.
A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.
Kindnesses do not always produce what we expect; from a hand which we hate they are regarded as offenses; the more we lavish upon one who may hate us, the more arms we give

A Child Queen.

Emulation is a handsome passion, is enterprising, but just withal. It keeps a man within the terms of honor and makes the contest for glory just and generous. He strives to excel, but it is by raising himself, not by depressing others.

Pride drives away the tears of anger and vexation; humility those of grief. The one is indignant that we should suffer; the other claims us by reminder that we deserve nothing else.

epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see

in state to England, where the Baby Queen was crowned in the famous Westminister Abbey.— Cecilia Cleveland, in St. Nicholas.

A Word in Defence of Women.

Men too often malign women in accusing them of extravagance in dress. Generalizing is always dangerous, and particularly so where women are concerned.

The masses of women are not spendthrifts; any sane man will admit that as a rule women are not even extravagant. They have certain pet theories regarding dress which if not admirable are nevertheless not of sufficient importance to warrant a libel to be writ-ten against them. The truth is that women are not nor ever have been, as a sex, extravagant; on the contrary, they are economical many times to penuriousness. They have no income of their own, and the money given them by their husbands is always for family expenses, and goes to the purchase of wearing apparel and household goods, and the little that is left is often less than many men imagine. The trouble is that women buy for show when they do buy, and they do their shopping in such an elaborate and deliberate way that lookers-on are deceived. Then again women buy only costly articles, those that will be seen to advantage. Hats and gloves they spend money on; also on trimmings or ornaments, but very seldom do women wear costly or as valuable clothing as men. Their costumes are more showy and varied, more perishable and cost less than the suits or garments of men. Women have many weaknesses which can be used againat them, but they are not more numerous than those of men, nor are their habits half so expensive. They wear more fancy trifles, pay more for ribbons, and laces, and "gewgaws," than men do for their articles of adornment, but they have no expensive tastes as men have (and which are more than an offset to any foolish vanities that

women possess), and they contrive and make much for themselves which men never think of doing.

Poor Mary: Women with more re-fined, more cultivated husbands than yours, have something in them "that's all starved and cut to pieces."

Adornment.

"It was one of those pretty houses, surrounded with shrubbery and flowers, about which almost every passer re marked, 'Oh! how I should like to live in that pretty house!' " Such is the description of a house we have in our mind's eye, and it could be true of al-most every farm-house in the land, did the occupants only will it so. A few flowers, a little grass and a few shrubs, all well cared for at a triffing expense of money or labor, and the thing is done. A little care each day would keep everything neat and in or der, and a little thought each week would regulate that care to the best advantage. We do not live in this world for ourselves alone; but for the whole world. Upon this principle, we know a woman who always keeps a light in the front rooms of her house every winter night because, as she says, "we not only have the warm glow of it ourselves, but to every passer-by it gives out a cheerful message which produces in his imagination a picture of comfort and happiness within. So it is with the adornments around a house. They not only give enjoyment to their pos-sessors, but to everyone who passes they send a message of thrift, refinement, and happiness, which should alone be sufficient compensation for the little labor and expense they may

cost. We remember once passing through a little village in which almost every a little village in which almost every house was surrounded with flowers, shrubs and vines, and wdich left upon our mind an ineffaceable impression. our mind an ineffaceable impression. Though nearly twenty years have pass-ed since then, we still think of it fre-quently with pleasure. Could the oc-cupants of those pretty village places only know of this, they will doubtless feel amply repaid for all their trouble. In all your calculations on the profits of your crops, by all means fail not to in-clude your crop of household adornyour crops, by all means tail not to in-clude your crop of househofd adorn-ments. The profits on your grain may be lasting, probably will uot; but the profits on your pure, God-given pleas-ures, though not counted in dollars and cents, can never vanish.

This year women were never more frosty nights blight you. children frosty nights blight your plants.

may hate us, the more arms we give him who wishes to betray us.

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow, and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive The bodily exercise in some cases, and want of a due portion in others.

WISE MAXIMS .- Mr. John McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire, had engraved on his tombstone a series of maxims which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success was mainly attributable:

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of existence.

Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done

by. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

Study in the course of your life to do the greatest amount of good,

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and regularity.

Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

One day Frederick, King of Prussia, rang the bell. No one came, so he opened the door and found his page asleep in an arm chair. He advanced toward him and intended to awake him. A letter was in the page's pock-et. The king preceived it, and being curious to know what it contained, he opened and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother. She thanked him for a portion of his wages he had sent her, to help her in her dis-trass. The king took from his pocket tress. The king took from his pocket a purse of ducats and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. He then returned to his own room in safety. A short time afterward the king rang the bell much louder than before. The page appeared before the king. "You have slept well," tays the king. The page endeavored to a see him-

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