

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARKE.

SALEM, FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1878.

SOME DAY.

Some day, if I live, a letter will come From over the plains, in my mother's home, And I shall open it up as I read, Of what the weight of a tidings are.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

'Tis dark and dreary waiting For the night to pass away, But they tell me it is ever Darkest just at dawn of day.

More about the State Fair.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: I was in Salem when the Board of Managers held a meeting for the purpose of revising the Premium List and changing the rules and regulations for the coming State Fair, with the view of making it better for the Society.

How Birds Fly.—At a recent meeting in England to discuss aerial navigation, it was laid down as the proposition of the Aeronautical Society that flight was merely a mechanical action, capable of imitation, that it was assisted by air cells or other contrivances for effecting levity, and that the balloon as a means of locomotion was useless to man except in the way of waftage.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three pence?"

"Three pence," was the answer; and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near him had watched him, and, now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him his three pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—Morning Star.

What a Boy did for the Steam Engine.

In his article in the Popular Science Monthly, on the growth of the steam engine, Prof. Thurston says that when the engine had assumed a form that somewhat resembles the modern machine, an important defect still existed in the necessity of keeping an attendant by the engine to open and shut the cocks. A bright boy, however, Humphrey Potter, to whom was assigned this duty on a Newcomen engine in 1713, contrived what he called a scoggin—a catch rigged with a cord from the beam overhead—which performed the work for him. The boy, thus making the operation of the valve-gear automatic, increased the speed of the engine to 15 or 16 strokes a minute, and gave it a regularity and certainty of action that could only be obtained by such an adjustment of its valves. This ingenious young mechanic afterwards became a skillful workman, and an excellent engineer, and went abroad on the continent, where he erected several fine engines. Potter's valve gear was soon improved by Henry Beighton, and the new device was applied to an engine which that talented engineer erected at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1718, in which engine he substituted substantial materials for Potter's unmechanical arrangement of cords.

George Washington, when quite young, was about to go as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel by opposite his father's house, the little boat had come ashore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but feeling that she would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again, he turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

THE RAVENS.—I suppose we have all read how the ravens saved Elijah's life. Perhaps your readers would like to hear a little story, which is quite true, about a raven that saved the lives of some men in England. Many years ago some men were working in Winslade Quarry near Kingsbridge, in Devon; they were just going to have some dinner, when a raven stole one of the men's dinners, and flew away with it. All the men ran out of the quarry to see the bird flying off with it, and while they were doing so the quarry fell in. If they had been in it they would all have been killed. So you see that Elijah's life was saved by having food brought to him by the ravens; but these men were saved by having some of their food taken away.—Little Folks.

ADVICE TO BOYS.—Horace Mann writes: "You are made to be kind, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him on with his lesson. If there be a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or a stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

WHERE DANIEL BOONE DIED.

Daniel Boone died at the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, on Femme Osage Creek, St. Charles County, Mo., on September 26, 1820, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The next day his remains were moved to the house of his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, near Marthasville, Warren County, where, after a funeral sermon by Rev. James Craig, a son-in-law of Nathan Boone, they were interred on the summit of a beautiful knoll on Tenque Creek, about one mile southeast of Marthasville. The house—a two-story stone building, and the first of its kind erected in the State—is yet standing and occupied as a dwelling.

A HEROINE.—Miss Grace Vernon Russell is a young English lady, only 16 years old. Hearing of a boat being capsized, Miss Russell rode on horse back down a steep cliff at full speed to the scene of the disaster. She rode her horse into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat, accompanied by her servant, and with as many women and children clinging to her and her horse as possible, she made for the shore and placed them in safety. The Royal Humane Society has awarded the brave girl a silver medal, with a bronze medallion to her servant, who saved a man.

It has been asserted, as a reproach to woman, that she has no inventive genius. In refutation, Mrs. Nancy Todd, of Missouri, has taken out a patent for a chicken coop which defies the entrance of all vermin. It is simply a coop which is raised in air by a contrivance similar to a well sweep, the coop dangling in air when it is raised, to the great aggravation of the vermin, who sit licking their chops below.

CHOICE RECIPES.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Four quarts of graham meal, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of corn meal, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of brown sugar, and one cup of yeast. Let these rise all night for breakfast, and through the forenoon for dinner. One-fourth of this amount is enough for a small family.

STEAMED SUET PUDDING.—One cup of stoned and chopped raisins, one cup of finely-chopped suet, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to stir it quite stiff like bread. Steam three hours. Berries or currants may be used instead of raisins.

GINGER SNAPS.—Six teaspoonfuls of butter, four teaspoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of ginger. Put these in a cup and fill the cup with New Orleans molasses. Flour enough to roll. Be careful not to scorch in baking.

BREVITIES.

To make light of anything—set it on fire.

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

"Oh, I've loved before," said a Detroit woman to her fourth husband, as she took a handful of hair from his head because he objected to hang out the week's washing.

A junior student, in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered an item: "Charity, \$30." His father wrote back, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

In Germany it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination always having proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE.

When Professor Tyndall, in his famous Belfast address, startled his associates, and both the learned and the religious world, by stating that in its farthest reaches, and by its last analysis, science entirely fails to detect any other force than that of nature itself, he uttered only an obvious and a commonplace truth. Science, however excellent, is self-limited as to its application. It is shut up to nature, and cannot go beyond its imposed limitations; and all its laws and modes of action are within its own sphere. As well might the blind treat of colors, or the deaf of sounds, as for science, which relates only to natural things, to search for the spiritual; and as the want of these perceptions on the part of the blind and the deaf is no evidence against the existence of the objects which they fail to detect, so the failure of science to find anything beyond nature and its laws is not even negative evidence that there is not a supernatural or spiritual universe. The things with which science has to deal are not predicates of the divine personality. God is a spirit; and spirit is essentially another something than matter. Had that high priest of nature, therefore, carried his researches a thousand times further, he would have found only the green and the laws of nature. An eastern sage of ancient times confronted the same folly with the inquiry that needed no answer: "Can't thou find out the almighty unto perception?" The heathen and the depths alike confess that they do not contain him. The declaration of St. Paul, that "the world by wisdom knew not God," was a revelation that the recognition of a natural and necessary truth. But while science forever fails to demonstrate the existence of a personal God, it shows the need of such a one to stand over the world of nature; and so it creates a strong antecedent probability in favor of the divine testimony respecting himself, his being and his attributes, which comes to man's spiritual perceptions through the institutions of faith.

OREGON.

BY J. P. VEATCH.

In boyhood's days I heard stories told Of sunny climes and lands of gold, Of towering mountains capped with snow That shone like fire in sunset's glow; And, as I listened at each word, My eager soul within me stirred, And long I wished for manhood's prime, That I might reach that lovely clime.

At length my childhood days were passed, And manhood crowned my brow at last, And often as the storm king came, And swept across the frozen plain, And I heard my own, my fingers freeze, And drifted round my house the snows, I thought much of that sunset shore Where drifting storms are felt no more.

(We started)

'Twas in the days of civil war, Nor railroad then nor palace car Was there, that I might safely ride Over grassy plain or desert wide, But by slow toil, we day by day Traversed this long and dangerous way, Until the oxen at the wheel Became so weak that they would reel.

False lakes and forests rose to view, To lure us from the pathway true, But, ever as we neared the place, Nor lake nor forest could we trace; The towering mount, the sagey plain, But tired our limbs and vexed our brain; Yet onward, under swollen sky, We crossed the noxious alkali.

(We reached the goal)

Although our patient toil was o'er, And we had reached that sunset shore, Where dashing streams and rivers bold Flow in their course o'er sands of gold, Where mountains rise on mountains high, Commingling with the clouds and sky, Where grassy plains and forests grand Unite to beautify the land.

Oh, beautiful land! Oh, lovely place! My home, my happy resting-place From care and danger, toil and strife: Here I take new lease of life, While drinking from the crystal fountain That gushes from the snow-capped mountain, Which in their silent grandeur rise And seem to touch the very skies.

Oh, land of health! Oh, land of love! My guardian angels from above, Which o'er thee in thy youthful days, And teach thy children wisdom's ways, And ever, as they onward toil, To curb the stream or till the soil, May they look upward from thy sod, And bless this land and praise thy God, Who, in His goodness, has so blessed This beautiful land, this glorious West. SALEM, Dec. 25, 1877.

THE LAW OF PANICS.

In discussing "panics" some time ago we drew attention to a fact which, we think, had previously been little noticed, that the interval between them is twice as great in this country as in England, and that it is only this country and England and France which have, until very recently, been exposed to them. Since 1870 they have begun to appear in Austria and Germany, and even Russia, which have had one a piece. In England the first was in 1797; the others have followed in 1807, 1817, 1826, 1837, 1847, 1857, and 1866, or, at intervals, of about ten years. In this country, the first was in 1815, and they recurred in 1836, 1857 and 1873, or at intervals of about twenty years. The reason why they appeared first in England and next in this country is the earlier development in these two countries not only of commercial and industrial enterprise, but of the system of buying and selling on credit—that is, not with money, but with promises to pay money. Without credit you cannot have panics. They do not show themselves in an agricultural community, or in an aboriginal or in a secure community. They have never been known on the greater part of the European continent until now, for the same reason assigned, by Mr. Bright for the absence in that region, until very recently, of banks of issue.

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go on from day to day complaining with Sour Stomach, Sick Head-ache, Habitual Constiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart burn, Water-brash, Grawing or burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Swollen Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, Coming up of food after eating, Low spirits, &c. No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist—and get a Bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 75 cents your cure is certain. But if you doubt this, get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.



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NOTICE TO PERSONS INTENDING TO EMIGRATE TO OREGON.

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THE GRIGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS agreed to carry on its iron steamship, now being built at Chester Pa., by John Birch & Son, upon her completion, on or about the 15th day of January, 1878, steaming from New York to Portland, direct, via the Straits of Mazatlan, 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, 12 1/2 knots. Dimensions: 200 feet in length, 28 feet beam; 2 1/2 depth of hold; capacity, 230 tons; 200 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 on 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, Ore.

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