

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Miss HATTIE B. CLARK. SALEM, FRIDAY, JAN. 18, 1878.

LOST.

A wild rose, by the way-side, hung, Dew glittering, on the morning air. A pure, scarce-conscious perfume flung; I looked, and found the flow'ret fair— So fair, I sought, with sudden zest, To wear its beauty on my breast.

In that high mood when thought hath wings, And finds alone its speech in song, I struck an old harp's slumbering strings, And drew an idle hand along;

I heard a wild bird on the shore, Singing a wild song to the sea; And bold the burden that it bore, And sweeter than all else to me—

And yet, while memory hath power To count the hours too vainly spent, The fragrance of that faded flower, That harp's last dying music, blent With the wild bird's weird death-song, will Haunt every waking moment still,

—Tinsley's Magazine.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

Florence Marryat, in her novel now running through the English press, "My Own Child," gives the experience of a sixteen-year-old widow, whose husband had just died, and whose infant was about to be born. She says: As is customary with young mothers, I often feared that I should die in my coming trial than live to see my child grow up and flourish.

It was the dawn of one of the earliest days of March when I lay in my bed so weak and exhausted that I felt as if I were sinking through the mattresses and the floor, right away into infinity. Everything above me seemed as though I were in a dream. The voices of the persons who moved about my room seemed far off, as if heard through a fog, and yet I could distinguish each word they said, and watch in a kind of indistinct and hazy manner the grey dawn that struggled through the white window blinds and fought with the sickly light of the candle which Dr. Carlisle seemed to be carrying all over the room in the most aimless way.

"A fine child," said the doctor. "Very fine, sir," responded the nurse—who had been torturing me for twenty-four hours past with wise saws, questionable jokes and worrying attentions, until I had begun to regard her as an emissary of the fiend himself—"I don't know as ever I see a finer. She's a regular beauty, she is; and such lungs, too."

"Afterwards, my dear, afterwards; you are not strong enough yet. Trust me, everything is right, and you shall have it as soon as you have rested a little." My agitation was rising. The nurse glanced at the doctor, and the doctor nodded at the nurse, and in another moment a bundle of flannel was laid on my left arm, and I trembled with eagerness as I pulled it open. A fat, pulpy, red face met my view, with a nose that seemed to spread half over it, two weak, swollen eyes feebly blinking at the light, and a mouth that was slit from ear to ear—in fact, the orthodox newborn baby.

me, everything is right, and you shall have it as soon as you have rested a little."

But I don't think I saw what she was like. I was experiencing that marvellous thrill that comes over a woman when the child of the man she loves is first placed in her arms, and in the unconscious little creature beside me I saw only Hugh's representative. Hugh in his strength and beauty—Hugh in his imprudence and boldness—Hugh in his love for and protection of me—Hugh on his death-bed! Oh! I had never missed Hugh before as I missed him when I first beheld his baby in my arms! Where was he to rejoice over this wonderful thing with me?—to be thankful for my safety—to assure me he would love it for my sake and his own? Where was the father of my child? I only felt half a mother without him. The first word I uttered as I looked at my little daughter's features was his name. The first welcome I gave her were the tears that swelled up weakly into my eyes at the remembrance that he could never see her.

"Come! come! this will never do!" said the doctor, as he hurriedly mixed some horrid decoction in a glass. "Here, my dear, drink this; and nurse take the child into another room until Mrs. Powers has had a sleep." "No, no!" I said imploringly. "I will drink whatever you like, doctor, but pray don't take my baby from me!" "Will you promise not to talk any more, then, or even to think!" "I will promise anything if you will leave my baby here." So, fearing the effect of opposition, I suppose, they did as I desired them, and with my lips pressed upon the face of my infant, who, with the instinct of young animals, seemed to understand I was her mother, and to be quite content to lie where she was, I sunk off into a sleep as placid as her own.

THE BLESSING OF A CHEERFUL WIFE.—What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and electrical brightness of her looks and movements infects every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy, and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart and prospering business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

BREVITIES.

Give the tramps no quarter. Mental pleasures do not cloy. Boys, don't keep bad company. "I can't" never does anything. We can pardon, but can we forget? The wicked flee when no man pursueth. He who tells one lie may become a confirmed liar. A small and early party—The newspaper boy. Just the place for old maids—The I love Man. Bogs in Ireland are remains of fallen forests, covered with peat and loose soil. In 1750, an extensive earthquake at Pence, Chili, uplifted the whole coast 50 feet. The term "Cockney" is of Saxon origin, and applied to all born within sound of Bow church (London) bell.

No people are such thorough nuisances as those who are perpetually meddling with the business of their neighbors, who are always on the alert for anything suspicious—always ready to believe the worst of everybody. Heroes sometimes reason curiously. Nelson told Lord Holland that he often felt pain in the arm he had lost, "and this," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul, and sets the question completely at rest."

In 1687 the sea retired from the shores of Peru, and returned in mountainous waves, which destroyed everything on the coast; and among other places, Callao. In 1746 the same phenomenon took place, and of the 4,200 inhabitants of Callao less than 200 were saved.

In 1666 the great fire in London destroyed 13,200 houses, and all the public buildings, including eighty-six parish churches. Since that there has been no plague. The great fires at Chicago, Boston, and the late one at St. John, New Brunswick, look small in comparison.

CHOICE RECIPES.

COCONUT CAKE.—Half cup butter, two cups sugar, three flour, half cup sweet milk, four eggs, two teas; confuls baking powder, one and a half cups grated coconut, or the same amount of prepared coconut. Hickory-nut cake after this recipe, using two cups of nuts, is very nice.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, six eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar. Lemon Jelly.—Six ounces sugar, two of butter, three eggs, the rind of one lemon, juice of two.

"HASTY PUDDING."—Nine table-spoonfuls flour, six eggs beaten light, a quart of milk; have a hot oven, and bake 20 minutes. Serve with sauce; butter and sugar rubbed to a cream, and flavored to your taste, is very nice.

The Trade Winds.

The Earth turns on its axis from west to east, and with it rotates daily the enormous envelope of the atmosphere. The velocity of rotation at the equator is something over one thousand miles an hour; at thirty degrees distance it is about 150 miles less, and at the poles nothing. Therefore, whenever the air moves north or south on the surface of the earth it will carry with it less or greater velocity of the rotation than the place it passes over, and will turn into an easterly or westerly wind according as it approaches or recedes from the equator. In the region of the sun's greatest heat, the air, rarefied and lightened, is continually rising, and cooler currents come in on both sides to take the place of the ascending volume. As these side currents come from a distance of about thirty degrees from the equator, they have, at starting, an eastward velocity many miles an hour less than the localities they will eventually reach. Consequently they will appear to lag behind in all the course of their progress to the equator—that is, they will have a westerly motion united with their north and south movements. These are the great trade winds, blowing constantly from the north-west on this side and the south-east on the other side of the equator.

The force of the wind is easily measured by an anemometer. Seven miles an hour is a gentle air; fourteen miles a light breeze; twenty-one miles a good, steady breeze; forty miles a gale; sixty miles a heavy storm; and eighty to one hundred miles is a sweeping hurricane.

A NOBLE ILLUSTRATION.—Lord Carnarvon, in addressing the people of Birmingham, used the following illustration: "Travelers tell us that in some of the Eastern seas, where those wonderful coral islands exist, the insects that form the coral within the reefs, where they are under the shelter of protecting rocks, out of the reach of wind and wave, work quicker, and their work is apparently sound and good. But, on the other hand, those little workers who work outside those reefs, in the foam and dash of waves, are fortified and hardened; and their work is firmer and more enduring. And so I believe it is with men. The more their minds are braced up by conflict, by the necessity of forming opinions up on difficult subjects, the better they will be qualified to go through the hard wear and tear of the world, the better they will be able to hold their own in that conflict of opinion which after all it is a man's duty to meet."

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and, before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk.

John McEwan, a well known resident of this city, in former years, died at East Portland on the 14th inst. For many years Mr. McEwan had been an inmate of the Asylum. He died at the advanced age of 97 years, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, and grand children, many of whom reside in this part of the state. He was a native of Pictou county, Nova Scotia. His children surviving him are Robert H., of Clatsop; William and George B., and Mrs. Davidson of Astoria; Alexander at East Portland, and Mrs. Margaret Clark of Canada.—Astorian.

WOMEN FOR SCHOOL OFFICERS.—The eligibility of women for elective school offices in Illinois being now undisputed, the number of lady County Superintendents of schools is yearly increasing. Two years ago three or four women were elected to that office. At this year's county elections there were a dozen or fifteen instances where women were nominated for that office, and nine of them were elected.

An old bachelor probably wrote this: "Twixt woman and wine, man's lot is to smart; 'tis wine makes his head ache, and woman his heart."

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.

Fall in—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have. Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully. Right Face—Popping the question like a man and she'll accept you. Quick March—To her parents and ask their consent. Right Turn—With her to the church and go through the service of holy matrimony. Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife. Right About Face—From the haunts that you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home. Advance Arms—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you. Break Off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

CONVERSATION.—A celebrated author says: If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have a good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.

How it is Done.—The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to retain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second, (good health) by using GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitual Constipation, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles, 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Positively sold by all first-class Druggists in the U. S.

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GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE

My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1878 will be sent FREE, in January to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for cultivation on each package. All seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise I will refund the order gratis. As the original introducer of the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, the Marblehead Cabbage, and a score of other new vegetables, I invite the patronage of all who are anxious to have their seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain. New Vegetables a specialty. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

NOTICE.—A PETITION having been filed in the county court of the State of Oregon for the county of Marion, for the appointment of E. S. Gregory as guardian of the estate of J. Joseph Stone, a 21-year-old minor, and Monday, February 4th, 1878, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said court, at said time then and there to show cause why said E. S. Gregory should not be appointed as such guardian. JOHN C. FEEBLES, County Judge.

Final Settlement. NOTICE is hereby given that W. M. Gorline and Emma L. Jones, administrators of the estate of Deice E. Jones, late of Marion county, deceased, have this day filed their final account in the matter of said estate, and Saturday the 9th day of February, 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, has been fixed as the time for hearing the same. All persons interested in said estate are therefore required to appear before the county court of the State of Oregon at the day and hour aforesaid, and show cause, if any exist, why said account should not be allowed and said administrators discharged. W. M. GORLINE, EMMA L. JONES.

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Farms and Land for Sale. OFFER FOR SALE ONE FARM, 390 ACRES, 100 acres in cultivation, good orchards situated on the Pleasant Hill road, about 14 miles from Eugene City. Also, about 1,400 acres of MIXED LAND, some of the best valley and hilly 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. Jos. Address: F. B. DUNN, Eugene City.

NOTICE TO PERSONS INTENDING TO EMIGRATE TO OREGON.

Direct Passage from New York to Portland, Oregon.

THE OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY HAS agreed to carry on its iron steamship, now being built at Chester Pa., by John Koch & Son, upon her completion, on or about the 15th day of January, 1878, the Oregon 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; 200 cabin and 500 steerage passengers. The fitting up of the steerage 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. S. Schmidt, 1 South William street, New York, or SCHULZE, Land Agent O. & C. R. Co., Portland, Ore.

THE PLUMMER FRUIT DRYERS.

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 5 bushels per hour—price.....\$25 The Small Family Dryer—capacity of 1 1/2 bushels per hour—price.....\$15 The Family Dryer—capacity of 2 bushels per hour—price.....\$20 The Factory Dryer—capacity of 6 bushels per hour—price.....\$30 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.

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