

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

MOTHERHOOD.

"Her lot is on you"—woman's lot she meant. The singer who sang sweetly long ago; And rose and yew and tender myrtle bled; To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.

FROM A MAINE GIRL.

DEAR EDITOR HOME CIRCLE: Such a pleasant reception was given us on our first call, that with your permission we will come again. The Oregon girls' letters were much enjoyed, and an introduction seems the next thing in order.

By report we know Oregon to be grand in scenery. Her mountains may be higher, reaching up through rifted clouds; her hills less rocky, her valleys greener; but she can have no more of them than the State of Maine can boast.

Many years ago, before the Pacific States, in costly apparel, had made a debut upon this little United States stage, it was the custom of our Eastern fathers, as you know, to make a start in life by starting into the wilderness, and, when sufficiently removed from civilization, to set up, or rather down, the Lares and Penates of a future home.

Our great-grandfather, following the fashion as grandfathers will, chose this humble slaty-ledge hill, rising from the river Sandy (you may find it in your geographies if you care to look), in the western part of the State. We call it "humble" simply because there are hills higher.

In an artistic sense, we can but admire our ancestor's choice. The country slopes down into valleys, then rises into hills and mountains, far and near. To the south the hills fade away in blue distance. To the west is Mt. Blue, the pride and mountain resort of the region round about, 2,800 feet above sea level.

The ancestral quietness reigns about us, quietness disturbed now and then, only by ring of ax, and whet of scythe, and but very few Indians. Yet daily we hear what our grandfather never heard, the shriek of the civilized engine, and see what our grandfather never saw, the smoke of the train wending its iron way among the hills one mile distant, at our very feet.

freight his goods by the car load, for in after years he attended, with the family tradition, the first Legislature of his State, traveling ninety miles in a chaise, and doubtless rejoicing that he did not have to go on foot.

Should this sketch ever see the light of a newspaper day, our great-grandfather will not have lived and died in vain. The daughter of his people, realizing the labor of the occupation founded by the murderous Cain, wants to know more about "how the Oregon girls manufacture fun."

After all that has been written about what we shall read, do they like Pickwick Papers? or Dickens anyway! Do Miss Alcott's "Little Women," "Old Fashioned Girl," "Moods" and "Work" stray into their hands and heads?

Must this foreign correspondent give name and reference as a guaranty of good faith? Our moral rectitude is vouched for by the fact that we are an ardent admirer of the "Home Circle" and its able editor.

THE MAINE GIRL. Farmington, Maine, July 10, 1878.

GIVE THE CHILDREN PETS.

Give them something to love and care for—give them something too that they can call their own, and sell if they want to, when merchantable, not to take away and sell yourself and drop the money into the common fund and tell them you will give them another some time.

CHOICE RECIPES.

TO COOK OATMEAL.—Take a cup and a half of meal (course) and a pinch of salt, put in a two-quart tin pail and fill it up with boiling water; put on the cover tight, and boil in a kettle half full of water for an hour and a half.

OR TRY THIS.—Take one cup of oatmeal and put to soak in enough water to cover nicely; then take one quart of water, put in a kettle, and let it come to a boiling heat; then salt and stir in the oatmeal; be sure and let it soak while the water is heating; cook about thirty minutes; then pour into a mold and let it cool.

THIS IS STILL ANOTHER.—Whatever the quantity of oatmeal desired for one cooking, put in salt and cold water enough to cover the meal, overnight. In the morning add just so much boiling water, in quantity, as there was of the dry oatmeal, and cook it, being sure to stir it very frequently while cooking. Fifteen minutes is usually long enough.

Pleasant Bed-Rooms.

There is nothing more indicative of refinement and genuine culture in a family than bright, cheerful and tastefully decorated bed-chambers. Tasteful decorations do not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FOR CHILDREN.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John; Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on, And he was off to the garden to swing; And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell; Then she tossed and pouted full half the day, Till her mother had need what she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan, "To-day I'll help you all I can; How glad I am that school doesn't keep!" So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom, And swept the floor and tidied the room; Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed, How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

What Mamie Did.

There were four flies upon the screen-door. They were tired, and hot, and hungry. They had been playing "tag" in the sunshine all the morning long, and now came to the door to see if dinner was ready.

The table was all set, and no one in the room but Mamie. She was standing in a chair by a great dish full of beautiful red strawberries, with snow-white sugar drifted over them. She reached out her fingers and took one—two—three—four. They were so large that it made a deep hole, and Mamie quickly tumbled the rest together, and got down and came to the door.

Mamie did not feel good. She thought the strawberries must be bad. Then she saw the four flies who wanted to get in. She knew her mother had not asked them to dinner, and did not want them, but the bad strawberries had made her ugly, and she took out her slate-pencil and punched a hole right through the wire screen. It came the flies, and with them one much larger than the rest, and very handsome. He had a very stylish, slender look, and wore a bright yellow vest, striped with black.

Mamie thought him the prettiest fly she had ever seen. She thought he must be a fine soldier, or else dressed for a ball. She thought if she could catch him and show him to her mother she would not think of strawberries, or anything but the beautiful fly.

So the chase began. The fly ducked, and dodged, and buzzed, and grew angry, while Mamie knocked down chairs, tore her apron, and broke a castor-bottle. At last, tired and very angry, the yellow coated guest stopped on a window to rest. Now was Mamie's chance, and the same two naughty fingers that stole the strawberries caught hold of the handsome fly! He must defend himself. Very naughtily he drew his tiny sword, and made a deep thrust into one little finger!

Poor Mamie dropped him and screamed. She held her hand to her mouth, and jumped and cried until mamma and papa and many others came in, and then she told a queer little story:

How four flies looked so nice that she ate them, and four strawberries wanted to come in, and they hurt her, and made her so bad that the wire door punched a hole through her slate pencil, and he had on yellow clothes, and may have been a Chinaman, or a fireman, or a soldier, or dressed for a party, and she wanted him, and he—he—took his knife and cut off her finger, and—"O dear, dear! Mamie will never, never take no nuffin again—no matter how much sugar!"

They looked at her poor little finger, and found it all swollen and red. They wondered and hunted until they found the offending hornet staggering around on the carpet and trying to suck the roses there. Harry was going to kill him, but Mamie said—

"No, let him go out de door again. Dess strawberries' dood, flies dood, and no one be bad but Mamie own self. Let him go, an' Mamie cry finger well, and den everything be dood, an' never naughty no more, amen."—Youth's Companion.

Jokes for Little Ones.

A Sunday-school boy, on being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

From a boy's composition on hens: "I cut my Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death."

A gentleman who has been in the habit of repeating the Lord's prayer with his family recently began to preface that with extemporaneous petitions. His bright three-year-old girl kneeling by his side thought the time was up, and broke in—as well as out—with "Papa, hurry up; I want to say amen."

A little boy who went to church was told to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right, that will I pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought it over for awhile, and then cried out, "What do you stand round here doing nuffin' for? Go into my barn-yard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

An enterprising farmer is a valuable acquisition to any community. Let us raise and develop more of them.

W. B. Carter, State Printer, will go to San Francisco on a "short run" for the benefit of his health.

The Boy Just Out of School.

Did you ever pause and contemplate that particular and peculiar phrase of human nature developed by the anxious school-boy when released from the study and discipline—when "school is out," and he is on his way home? Ordinary humanity, when released from the toils of the day, is prone to seek rest and relaxation. The boy scorns all such effeminate ideas. He is composed of but three parts—legs, arms and yell, and the yell is the biggest part of him. His legs and arms have been kept in irksome, compulsory quietude all day, and must now be exercised. His voice has been seething and swelling in him for hours, and now must have vent. As soon as he is clear of the school-house steps he stops and deliberately yells a yell that is ear-splitting, but which has no more object, meaning or direction than the midnight vociferation of a mule; and yet appears at a full run, with his arms flying about like the scintillations of a pin-wheel. The amount of racing, jumping, pulling and hauling and howling that a school-boy can concentrate into a transit of two squares is positively astonishing, and the preternatural coolness and the quietude with which he takes his red face and pants a breath into the kitchen and asks if supper ain't most ready, is a human conundrum that calls for unqualified admiration.—Easton Free Press.

Boys and Home.

Make home a pleasant place for your boys. Do not be so afraid of your best parlor that they may not use it. Let them have plenty of warmth and light, and entertaining books to read, and musical instruments, and any parlor games they like. Girls will stay at home if home be the dulllest place under the moon, but boys will not. If their young companions are banished, if they are checked when they laugh, or sing, or make a noise, if they may not have the innocent freedom that they need, under their parents' roof, then they will have freedom of some sort elsewhere. And there are always enough ready to beckon them to places where the bloom is brushed from youth's round cheek. A young man will squeeze a little "fun" out of his life, and if you want him to be a credit to you, and, to himself, make it possible for him to enjoy himself in his home. Let the home be a place to live and breathe in, not merely a roof under which he may eat and sleep.—Home and Farm.

The Adventure of Two Girls.

An exciting scene occurred at Little Falls N. J. about five miles above Patterson. The Passaic River at this place is crossed by a dam fifteen feet high. Above the river is smooth, and below there are rapids. On Tuesday evening two little girls, both grandchildren of Robert Beatty one of the principal mill-owners of the place, aged respectively nine and fourteen years, were on the river rowing. They went to near the dam and were swept over it, to what appeared to be certain death. A number of persons who had seen their efforts to reach the shore ran to the lower side of the dam and to their astonishment saw that the boat had gone over and landed right side up against a rocky ledge almost under the waterfall. The children were in the boat and apparently uninjured. No one had gone over that dam before and escaped, and the spectators could scarcely believe their eyes. There was still great danger, for the boat was likely to be swamped at any moment or swept down the rapids. After various suggestions a rope was stretched across the river near the boat, the current is too swift to wade and Henry Stanley volunteered to pull himself by the rope to the boat. The current was too strong for him and he had to let go being nearly drowned himself. Mr. Simon took his place, and after a hard struggle succeeded in reaching the girls. He seized the younger one and fought his way back to the shore, with her in his arms. Then he started for the other. She, however, was a larger girl and the first attempt to rescue her was unsuccessful. A long ladder was then found and stretched between two rocks, and with the aid of this and the rope the girl was safely got to the shore, amid the cheers of the crowd on the bank.

When Sir Samuel Baker the African traveler was taking leave of Kamrasi King of Unyoro, that potentate asked him as a particular favor to leave the Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the king that if ever he made such a request again he would shoot him. Lady Baker who overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in strongest language she could command. His majesty for a while was greatly astonished being unconscious of having given any offence. At last seeing his guests were really angry he said in a deprecating tone "Do not be angry. I did not mean to offend you by asking you for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objection to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you would like to exchange. Don't make a fuss about it! If you don't like to do as others do, there's an end to it!"

Musical notes invented and used, 1280.

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