

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted by MRS. HARRIET T. CLARKE.

Harvest Song.

When roses were budding, and clover was sweet, And the grasses were cool, and long, and green, There was laughter and song with the hay-maker's feet.

The Independent Farmer.

Let sailors sing of the mighty deep, Let soldiers praise their armor, But in my heart this toast I'll keep—The independent farmer.

MY FIRST LOVE LETTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Have I ever told you, Nell, of my first love letter? I presume not. It is a story I have not been very fond of telling. But years bring to me, if not philosophy, a comfortable sense of the comical in regard to all early illusions and delusions.

curled. Oh, the torture of a night and the hideousness of a day in curl papers! I wore natural flowers and carried a huge bouquet.

Distressingly diffident, not to say awkward, I early in the evening retired to a deep window seat, where I remained watching the merry groups of wedding guests, and listening to their easy chatter with childish wonder and delight.

Among the gayest of the gay was a certain fair young lady whom I had known for some time as my double. Not that she was in the least like me. She was a blonde—very much blonde—while I was a very brunette. She was distinguished for scrumptuousness of attire; and dress was not then any more than it is now, my besetting sin, or peculiar virtue, whichever you incline to esteem it.

Which was all very proper, she being a rich tallow chandler's daughter. But not long did I watch my double, for, my dear, at this very party I saw him—my ideal hero—my fairy prince. From all that goodly company I singled him out at a glance. There were the dark blue eyes, there was the Greek profile, the black, curly hair, the Byron peak and all.

Well, he stood by me and talked to me for a bright wonderful half hour, precisely as if I had been a full grown belle; and I, under the spell of his pleasant flattery, fell in with the little make believe, and chatted away quite at ease, and said some things that were really not so bad. Yet when I spoke, it seemed to me it was some one else talking in a second double. My very voice had an unfamiliar sound.

Mr. Trevalyan talked of poetry, art, music and flowers, in a low, sweet, beguiling, particular way, after the manner of his kind. He said, of all the fine arts, his enthusiasm was decidedly for sculpture, "so cold, so pure, so exalted," and he begged to know if I shared his esthetic preference. I suppose, if I had been properly trained, or a year or two older, I might have answered: "I am enraptured with music—Beethoven, Mozart, Henry Russell and the Seguinis; I dearly love art—Titian, Michael Angelo, and Benjamin West; but I adore poetry—Wilton, Byron, and N. P. Willis."

As it was, with a despatch, honest impulse, I replied: "I admire art and music, poetry, and all such things, but I don't know much about them yet. To tell the truth, my particular enthusiasm is—just horses! I suppose its perverse and improper, and all that; but I do know something about horses, and I love them."

My hero smiled, in a beaming, indulgent way, and declared that he participated in my enthusiasm—that his love for horses amounted to quite a passion, and that he flattered himself he owned the fastest trotter in all that region.

Ah! at that moment, to quote from dear Miss Bremer, "our souls met." Mysterious sympathy of passionate young hearts! His eyes, upon a nearer view, were gray, but their expression was full of poetic sensibility. They beamed with that tender deference, half wistful, half wicked, hardest of all looks for even "little women" to resist. I suspect the fellow knew it. They all do.

There was, now and then, a mysterious shade of sadness over his brow—an interesting, Lara-like frown that came and went in that festive hour. I divined that, young as he was, he had had great thoughts and ambitions, great sorrows and sins, or meant to have them, which was all the same.

At parting he begged for my bouquet a sprig of geranium, which he placed in his button hole "for remembrance." Then he asked leave to visit me, which I graciously accorded. They were murmured our adieux.

I went home with my head among the stars. My dear, absurd as it may seem, I really believed I had that night met my destiny, and met it on the whole in a very satisfactory shape. I did not know just when to look for my admirer, but I was ready for him morning and evening. I grew strangely careful of my dress. I assiduously brushed and curled my hair. I applied cosmetics to my sunburnt face. I slept in kid gloves.

These alarming symptoms were not unnoticed by my tender mother, but she noticed that my manner had grown quiet and maidenly, and took great comfort thereat. Six days I waited in vain. The seventh—magic number! brought—not him, but a letter. It was a dainty looking missive, all rose tinted and gilt edged. This was before the time of envelopes—a remote age bordering on the "Drift Period" you may think, in the insolence of your nineteenth summers.

It was directed—this letter of letters—in one of those rearing Italian hands—once so fashionable. It was sealed with lilac colored wax, and the seal bore the motto—how well I remember it, though I didn't in the least know what it meant then—of "Toujours fidèle."

With my heart beating into my fingertips I broke the seal—I opened the letter. The very first line was some-

thing startling, unequivocal: "My dearest love!"

Without waiting to read another word I turned the leaf to look at the signature. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" it was "John Trevalyan!"

I made no copy of that letter, and found memory has been a little unfaithful in regard to the exact wording. I know that I read it with great satisfaction—in especial, a lover-like inventory which it contained of my most amiable and admirable characteristics. There were things set down there that I had supposed known only to myself. Toward its close the letter assumed a practical tone. "I will, with your leave," it ran, call on your father in a day or two. In the meantime, love, perhaps you had better confide our dear secret to no one, unless it be to your brother Tom."

Ah, heavens! the letter was not for me! Alas! I had no "brother Tom." Providence had been bountiful in sons to our house. Our cup had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had somehow never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it in.

Fatal omission! "Madam, you might have saved me from this."

I revealed that letter. I sent it with all dispatch, and a courteous apology to my double, now my rival. I was wretched, but I could not be base.

Yes, she married my John. After that I got no more of her letters, which was some consolation.

No, she was not pretty—even on her wedding day, but she was charmingly dressed. John still lives. He has grown rich and stout; but the Byron peak on his brow is more pronounced than ever. Of all the beautiful enthusiasms of youth that for fast horses alone remains. He has, I believe, never been so unhappy or wicked as he promised to be, though for a time, he fell into evil ways and was sent to the Legislature.

My double has made several visits to Paris, and has grown fonder and more au fait of dress than ever. As she has no children, she gives her whole time and mind to it—"but that's not much."

I never could think her the companion for John in intellect and soul. I never, in truth, could help thinking that, if I had had a fair start with her—if I had had her clothes—if I had had her brother Tom—it might have—but ah—

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

HOME LIFE.

Why cannot the people of one family be good to each other? Why keep smiles and pleasant words for friends and acquaintances, making all bright cheer for chance visitors, and thinking time wasted if spent in entertaining each other, justifying the latter remark of a young man who, on hearing a friend say, "there is no place like home," replied, "No, not such another gloomy hole that I know of." The fault generally rests with all the members of a family. They do not take time to be agreeable to each other, but hurry and worry through home life, and when too late realize how beautiful it might have been. Husband and wife, instead of treasuring the courtesy of manner that brightened their intercourse before marriage, seem to think it a place wherein spite, ill-humor, crossness and rudeness can be safely indulged; in fact, a receptacle for all that is disagreeable in their natures. Sisters and brothers, who in company are gentle and loving, entertaining and polite, think it affectionate to use their conversational powers for the benefit of each other. Doing away with courtesy, of course rudeness creeps in, and then ill-temper. It is terrible to think of how we treat our homes. How many men who in the voyage of life are nearly wrecked or saved by the thought of home, and in contradistinction how many thousands go down to destruction because they never know home life. If we would only feel that we are never at liberty to be ill-natured, we would grow so much better. A happy home does not only benefit those who have it, but the influence is felt by all who visit there. A happy home is one where each one tries to make life pleasant for the rest; where, if any one feels hateful, he takes a dose of solitude, and when he rejoins the family is cured; where self is not thought of, and where people are not too lazy or afraid to be civil. One discontented member in a family can cause so much discomfort.

CHOICE RECIPES.

TO PICKLE WHOLE TOMATOES.—Prick each tomato with a fork to allow some of the juice to exude; put them in a deep pan; then add vinegar, pepper, cinnamon and cloves; sprinkle some salt between each layer, and let them remain for three days covered then wash off the salt and with a pickle of cold water been boiled with the spices, ready for use in ten or twelve days and is an excellent sauce meats of any kind.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Green tomatoes, one onion; slice the tomatoes thin; pack them in a jar in salt between; let them stand four hours; take out a brine off. To this put mace, one ounce of white onion of celery seed, cloves, half pound white two tablespoonfuls of three pounds of brown quart of vinegar. Boil

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Pounds small green to each one with a fork

sugar, one ounce ginger root, one ounce mace, four lemons; make the syrup, allowing one cup of water to given amount of sugar; boil tomatoes in the syrup till clear; skim them out, and lay on dishes to cool before putting them in jars; boil syrup until thick, and pour over them.—Mrs. J. J. C.

SWEET PICKLE TOMATOES.—Slice and stand in salt and water night and day; take out and drain carefully; two quarts of vinegar, five pounds of brown sugar, to one peck of tomatoes; cinnamon, allspice, and cloves to taste; boil all together.

TOMATO CUSTARD.—This is said to be a beneficial diet for consumptives. It is made by straining finely stewed tomatoes through a coarse sieve and adding two pints of milk, which has been scalded and cooled, and one pint of tomatoes for four eggs, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Bake in some cups quickly.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—In answer to an inquiry, a correspondent of the Massachusetts Ploverman gives the following directions:

I would say that with the best of evidence, salt ought not to be used for pickles. My evidence is this: For nearly forty years, whenever friends or acquaintances called, our pickles were always the subject of remark, the unanimous opinion being in favor of my method of pickling, and as follows: Pick the cucumbers of any desirable size; wash them clean; drain them dry; put them into sweet butter tins; place two gills of spice in a bag in the middle of the keg; then fill up with pure cider vinegar, and your pickles will keep good for twelve months. Put the vinegar in cold. When not using from the keg, it would be well to stir the vinegar at least once a week. The spice keeps the pickles hard.

Sward's Character.

From the officers of the ship George F. Manson we learn something of the character of this seeming innocent boy who tells such a sympathetic story, such an one in fact as would work upon the sympathies of the most austere judge. He is a hardened criminal when his age is taken into consideration. While in Philadelphia he committed a robbery, or assisted in it, getting away with \$500, for which he served his term in prison. He has been twice shot, once in the jaw near the chin and another in the back of the head or neck. He was on board the ship at Philadelphia four days before he was engaged, during which time the old skipper said he was the smartest boy he ever saw in the rigging. After the ship sailed his agility left him and he caused more trouble to compel him to do his duty than any four men on board. He was always complaining of being sick or going lame in order to avoid work. Another officer said he was the worst man they had on board, and were greatly relieved when they came in port and he left. In his testimony yesterday his story was different in several particulars from the one he gave us and was published in yesterday's Standard, and was also false in several particulars as will be proven by some of our best citizens. From indications, he is not the "injured innocence" he would have our citizens believe, which through investigation will undoubtedly prove.

Put Life into your Work.

A Young man's interest and duty dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt and careful that the accident of his absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer a friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all entrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and what it is not his place to do will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest Emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England—to learn the business. That's just what you want to do. Be energetic; look and act with alacrity; take an interest in your employer's success; work as though the business were your own and let your employer know he can place absolute reliance in your word and on your acts. Be mindful; have your mind on your business, because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work, do not go about in a listless, formal manner but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.—[Nevada Transcript.]

A young lady in Washington woke in the middle of the night somebody stands by her side, and she says, "What's that?"

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR-RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. For sale by all dealers.

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