

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. HARRIET T. CLARK.

DRIFTING AWAY.

We are drifting out on an ocean wide, From our childhood's home, where time and tide Brought fairest flowers, and sunny skies, To cheer our hearts, and glad our eyes; And we never dreamed in our childish play, That our tiny barks were drifting away.

Never Grow Old.

I looked in the bell-tale mirror, And saw the marks of care, The crow's feet and the wrinkles, And the gray in the dark brown hair, My wife looked o'er my shoulder— Most beautiful was she, "Thou wilt never grow old my love," she said, "Never grow old to me.

In the Months Without an R.

Gayley the oyster Opens his shell, Murruring gladly, "Now, all is well!" In the bright summer No one may care For broiled or for roasted, Juicy and rare.

COUNTRY HOMES.

In traveling about the country this summer we noticed decided improvements in farm buildings and surroundings. Many nice houses have been erected, too. Naturally, a good house creates emulation in a neighborhood, and others follow suit.

men's work easier is gotten as a matter of course, while little or nothing is thought of to lighten the heart of the mother. She should at least have the boon of a comfortably-furnished house—and a wood-shed. We have noticed a lack of that very necessary appendage, and now, as the rainy season is at hand, dear Sisters, just insist upon your right, and have a nice lot of good dry wood baled up and put under cover, or take your rights this winter and let the men-folks cook themselves—I mean cook their own victuals.

AUNT MARY.

Ingratitude to Parents.

There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields and goods—and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him: "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come. Will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a larger room?"

After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said: "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him: "Father, the people run in and out here all day, so if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noontide sleep. Would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town-wall?"

The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church, or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend to steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time she, too, was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather: "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so he sank back in his chair and died.—Martin Luther.

A Dutch Laundry.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, Winter or Summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Mevrouw holds her grand saturday. Without doubt, the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen of course) but twice in the year. Cuff, collars and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are hung for a time into huge baskets.

Every house has a block or pulley firmly fixed to the ornamental coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows.

A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which has been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window.

The clothes are simply rough washed in the country, and, when sent back, all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and wring.

CHOICE RECIPES.

FARMER'S CAKE.—One egg and the yolk of another, one cup of sugar, a lump of butter as large as a hen's egg, half a nutmeg, one of thin sour cream, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup heaping full of flour; beat the eggs, sugar and butter together, then add cream and saleratus, nutmeg and flour last. If you wish it extra nice, put in the whites of two eggs and use white pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of the essence of lemon; leave out the nutmeg.

YEAST THAT WILL START ITSELF.—People living in the country several miles from towns or other ranches, sometimes get out of yeast and are obliged to use the condensed yeast cakes, sour dough rising or other soda mixtures, which are very unwholesome. To such the following recipe will be quite acceptable: Boil a handful of good hops half an hour in two quarts of soft water; strain and let the liquid cool to new milk warmth; then add one tablespoonful salt, one-half cup of white sugar, and a e-half pound, or small saucerful of flour; beat well together and set in a warm place; let it set three days, stirring frequently. The third day boil one and a half pounds of potatoes, mash and add to the mixture and let it stand until next day, when it is ready for use. Always stir well before using. One cup of yeast will make four common-sized loaves.

EXCELLENT SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of loaf sugar rolled fine, one and a half cups of flour, and a little salt, mixed with the flour. First beat the yolks and one cup of sugar well together, with cold water enough to dampen the sugar; next beat the whites to a stiff froth. If by this time small bubbles rise on the mixture of yolks and sugar, it has been beaten enough; if not, beat more. Put in the rest of the sugar and then mix all together with a knife, adding more water if too thick. Cover and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes without opening the oven door. Then uncover quickly and leave five minutes longer to brown.—Kearl Press.

J. Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home of his own, but died and was buried in a foreign land.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Meadow Talk.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold, Sat perched on a red-clover top, When a grasshopper, wiry and old, Came along with a skip and a hop, "Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-Bee! You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work," Said the bee with a jerk, "Find a benefit sometimes in stopping; Only insects like you, Who have nothing to do, Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way, And thoughtfully lunched up his knees; "Why trouble this sunny day?" Quoth he, "with reflections like these? I follow the trade for which I was made; We all can't be wise bumble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad, And a time to be glad; A time both for working and stopping; For men to make money, For you to make honey, And for me to do nothing but hopping." —Caroline Leslie, in St. Nicholas for July.

TO BE OR TO SEEM.

BY MILDRED BENTLEY.

There was once a beautiful rosebush that wished to be beautiful. All day long it stood in a sunny, south window, and stretched its fair green leaves to the light.

"O dear!" she sighed; "if I only had some sweet pink blossoms then everybody would like me and praise me. O dear!"

But she was a lazy little rosebush, not at all in earnest about being beautiful. If she had been she would have searched carefully among the dark mould at her feet until she found something to begin a reseed with—ever so little dot of a bud to begin with. Then she would have loved the tiny thing and nursed it and coaxed it till it grew a fair and shapely bud; and when the old sun found out about it he would have sent an exquisite artist millions of miles to paint its folded petals, and at last there would softly unfold a beautiful flower that would be the joy of all who saw it.

But the little tree had no idea of going to work. It just stood still and sighed, "O dear! I wish I had some blossoms."

One day its mistress heard its sighs, and she fastened upon it some artificial buds and flowers. Then the little vain bush held up its head quite proud and satisfied.

The people who passed by the window, when they caught the first glimpse of the rosebush, used to exclaim, "O! how beautiful!" but when they came near, and saw that the blossoms were only make-believe, pinned-on blossoms, they cried, "O dear!" and turned away with contempt.

There was once a little girl wished to be beautiful. She wished to have every one love and admire her, but she did not try to obtain the wisdom that would win their admiration, or the graces of heart and life that would win their love. That was too much trouble and too much self denial.

There must be a great deal of lowly, patient, painstaking work, deep down in the heart, before the blossoms of a beautiful character can unfold themselves in life and action. The little girl did not like this kind of work; so she gave up trying to be beautiful, and was content only to seem beautiful. So her beauty was only on the outside. She had fine dresses, with flounces and ribbons and bows, and she was careful to be very polite, and practiced elegant manners. She could dance, and play, and sing, and many other pleasant accomplishments.

When people saw this young girl they exclaimed, "O! how lovely!" but when they came nearer, and saw her real character to be selfish and deceitful, they found all her attractions were only pinned-on roses, and they turned away in contempt from a character so fair but false.

Stick to Your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment which render life uncomfortable. It is a common thing for a man to be disappointed with his business, and to desire to change it for some other which, it seems to him, will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look around you and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion. There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much from lack of contentment mingled with industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money; goes away to the land of gold, and after many months of hard toil comes home again to commence at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again. Mark the men in every community, who are notorious for their ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will find them to be those who never stick to one business, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it is beginning to be profitable.—Scientific American.

Never start away thin as for the sake of putting them out of sight.

The Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you,—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual constiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, etc. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you.

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Women's Influence on Social Life.

Men as a rule, are easily attracted to a beautiful face, but still it is an internal beauty of character by which a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true minded man, though at first enamoured by the glare of personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of beauty in the mind. Inestimably great is the influence a sweet-minded woman may wield over those around her. It is to her that her friends would come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and support—one soothing touch of her kindly hand would work wonders on the feverish child, a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister would do much to raise the load of grief which was bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, his slippers placed by loving hands in readiness, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead on his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected.—St. James' Magazine.

There are now about 70,000 Russian Mennonites in this country and more are coming. They are located mainly in Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota, and make excellent farmers and good citizens. They are a cross between Baptist and Quaker, though they baptize by pouring. They are non-resistants and allow no oaths. The Omish among them use no buttons, preferring hooks and eyes as less sinful. This makes the division of Hooker Mennonites and Button or Knopfer Mennonites.