

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. HARRIET T. CLARKE.

HURRYING ON.

Hurrying on in the midst of excitement,
Pushing extravagant projects through,
Few of us know or pause ever to question,
Even to ask where we're hurrying to;
Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,
Casting some joy, like the butterfly, gone,
What is the good of our wonderful frenzy?
What is the use of our hurrying on?

We have been hurrying on from our cradles—
What else but shadows lie in the past!
We are still hurrying on as expectant—
What shall we get for our hurry at last?
Graves are so thick we cannot well miss them;
Going with only the clothes that we wear;
Where shall be, then, all we're hurrying after?
What shall we have with our hurry when there?

Hurrying on the wake of the phantoms,
Conjured alone in the fever of haste,
Hurrying on with extravagant projects,
Little we rock of the treasures we waste;
Little we think of the diamond moments,
Wealth of eternity planted in time;
The soil for its seed growing barren as asher,
While we are yet hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly—but slowly my brethren—
Not hurrying onward in passion and strife—
Works with love only, and only for others,
Not for Himself in the green fields of life.
Let us sit down, and be calm and be thoughtful,
Lifting our hearts to eternity's brink;
Let us cease living alone for the present;
Let us cease hurrying—what do you think?

A Woman on the Chinese Question.

The newspapers, the pulpit, and the stump have each their own hue and cry about the Chinamen, and I propose to give my opinion that they are a blessing to us women. I am glad to see so many farmers' wives getting them into their families to do the drudgery. I hope to see many more employ them. I have had a number of them, and can recommend them as the best and most efficient help I ever had—willing, honest, and faithful. If they are treated with consistent kindness, they appreciate it, and fully repay any little effort made to teach them. One just arrived can be had for about fifty dollars for the first year, and they are so quick and anxious to learn that after a month of patient teaching (for it needs patience to teach them to talk) they will be able to do nearly all the work of a house. They are a methodical and imitative people, and like a regular routine for work, and it puts them out to work otherwise. I find it best to let them have a day for washing, ironing, and baking, and then, when I am away from home, the work goes on in regular order—They are generally cleanly in their habits. (I am writing this as my experience for the benefit of other tired housekeepers.) They are a timid people, and would not be willing to leave town if there were no other Chinese in the neighborhood; so it would be well for several neighbors to agree to get them at the same time. They do good work in the garden, also chores of any kind, to save the men-folks. It will not do to let boys and children chafe them; one "boss" is all they will allow. There is another great item in favor of us women: they grub our land, and board themselves while they are doing it. Thousands of acres of land that are now yielding a golden harvest of grain and dollars, would be lying a useless waste were it not for these same Chinese. There may be great questions of political importance underlying this influx of Chinese. I only care that for my weary hands and tired feet are once resting from their labor. I do most of my own cooking, for I prefer to do it, but of the dirty drudgery I am relieved.

GLANDERS IN CALIFORNIA.—That very loathsome disease the 'glanders' is prevailing to an alarming extent in San Francisco. There is no certain cure for the affection, and the only way to doctor a glandered horse is to knock him in the head. In San Francisco this disease threatens to become an epidemic. Human beings are liable to contract it from horses that they handle, drive, or pass by, and it is as terrible for man as beast.

We notice in the *Indiana Farmer* a contributor, writing from Garfield, in Kansas, says that good new wagons sell there for \$75; wheat, from 50 to 65 cents a bushel; butter, five and six cents a pound; eggs, three cents a dozen. Farmers ought to be satisfied here with wheat at \$1, eggs at 25 cents, and butter at 30 cents.

W. W. Martin has brought from San Francisco a fine chronometer, at a cost of about four hundred dollars. It varies only two-tenths of a second in the course of a year.

Mr. David Newsome called and left us some fine Gravenstein apples last week. They are the finest we ever saw of the kind.

CHOICE RECIPES.

PUTTING UP CUCUMBERS.—This is the way to put up cucumbers, to have them remain firm without using poison to accomplish it. Wash your cucumbers taken fresh from the vine, in clear, cold water; put them in a porcelain kettle, with just water enough to cover them, and add sufficient salt to season the cucumbers. Let them remain on the stove till hot, but not boil; then take them out and drain till perfectly dry. Put them in bottles, and cover them with boiling vinegar of the best quality to which has been added some red pepper, some mustard seed, a little horseradish, and sugar just to suit the taste. Cucumbers prepared in this way, if good vinegar is used, will keep a whole year if properly sealed up.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One bushel of tomatoes boiled until soft; must be ripe, but not soft, and need not be peeled; rub through a wire sieve; when cold add one-half gallon vinegar, and one-fourth of a pint of salt, two ounces of cloves, three ounces of all-spice, two ounces of cayenne, three tea-spoonfuls of black pepper, one pound of sugar; boil slowly three hours, or until reduced to one-half. Bottle without straining.

CHOW CHOW.—One peck of green tomatoes chopped fine; sprinkle one cup of salt over them and let stand overnight; in the morning drain in a colander, add eight green peppers chopped fine, one cup of white sugar, cover with vinegar and boil twenty minutes. Chop fine six large onions; two bunches—the white part—of celery, with three or four red peppers. Add to the other ingredients, when cool, with a cup of mixed mustard, whatever spices you like and a pint of grated horse-radish. Put into a stone jar, cover with cold vinegar and tie down tightly.

Packing Butter.

Mrs. Ellsworth, of Barre, Massachusetts, in an essay on the management of the butter dairy in an exchange, has the following on packing butter:

The preparation of the tub in which the butter is to be packed is of more consequence than the kind of wood of which it is made. It should be thoroughly soaked in strong brine. To pack butter intended for keeping, sprinkle a little salt on the bottom of the tub, pack the butter firmly in about three-inch layers, with a little salt between each lay, until nearly full; cover the top of the butter with a thin cloth, on which sprinkle one teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre and a handful of granulated sugar; then cover this, one-half inch thick, with salt, and make a strong brine, to which add one teaspoonful of saltpetre, and pour over the top of the whole, and keep it well covered. Put down in this way butter will be sure to keep a long time. Lamp butter for immediate use should be put up in a neat, tasteful manner, to please the consumer but never put through molds expecting an extra price. Some who make what is called "gilt edged" butter, put it up in two ounce lumps, others in one quarter pound lumps, and still others, who make one pound lumps four inches by two and one-half inches square, all weighed, and done by hand with wooden ladles or spats. This kind of butter should be salted just enough to prevent its being insipid; too much salt will destroy the fine delicate flavor so highly prized by those people who are willing to pay one dollar a pound for the best butter. If you would attain to eminence as butter makers, all these minute particulars must be carefully attended to.

Prescriptions for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticks of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Sluggardness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bread of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a Fit of Envy.—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in a flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh. Envy is the rottenness of the bones."

"Minnie Myrtle" is writing for the *Sunday Call*, in East Portland. She is a lady who has decided literary abilities, and some fine verses attributed to her former husband "Joaquin" are claimed by herself, and we have no doubt she is correct in her assertion.

The U. S. dredger completed the first cut through St. Helens bar Wednesday, getting a depth of 19 feet at low water. The channel will be widened to 100 feet, and completed about September 20th, if nothing unforeseen occurs.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE IMPATIENCE.

It takes so many hours to make a day!
It takes so many days to make a year!
My seventh birthday seems so far away,
And yet my eighth, they say, is now here near.

The robin's nest out in the cherry tree
Held four young birds,—naked, and weak
and small,
A month ago!—so fast they grew, you see,
There's not a robin in the tree at all!

They flew, full grown!—and I'm no bigger now
Than when the nest was built that one can see,
How robins grow so fast, and girls so slow,
Is very strange indeed, it seems to me.

I wonder how 'twould seem to be seven teen,
And wear long dresses like my Cousin Sue,
She has a watch,—the prettiest ever seen,
And winds it all herself,—as I should do.

I suppose I shall be married too, some day,
As mama was. I've seen her veil and dress;
They're in the bureau drawer, laid away,
She's saving them for me to wear, I guess.

I wonder who I'll have! Not Cousin Joe!
Nor teasing Clare! May be my Uncle Tim,
My papa is the nicest man I know;
But mama's very sure she can't spare him!

—Joy Allison.

Birds in the Air, and the Air in Birds.

The chief peculiarity of birds is their power of flight, and, although there are a few birds which do not fly, most of them do, and the various organs of their bodies are all constructed in such a way as to fit them for a life in the air. Their bodies are very solid and compact, in order that most of their weight shall be near the place where the wings are attached. The feet, legs, head, and neck are light, and so arranged that they may be drawn up close to the body while the bird is flying. As the neck is long and very flexible, the body does not need to be pliant, as with most creatures having backbones; but it is important that the wings should have a firm support, so the bones of the back are united. The body of a bird must also be well protected from the cold; for, as it ascends and descends through the air, it passes through regions of very different temperatures, and it must be provided with a thick and warm covering in order to be able to endure the sudden changes, and one also which shall be very light and able to shed water; for, otherwise, a bird would be unable to fly. The feathers of a bird answer to all these needs and are so placed upon the body that they form a smooth surface which does not catch against the air when the bird is passing through it. In its rapid ascents and descents, the bird is exposed to another danger even greater than the sudden changes of temperature. You all know that air presses in every direction with great force, and that we do not feel it because there is air in all parts of our bodies as well as outside them, and the pressure of the air inside exactly balances that of the outside air. If we should suddenly take away the outside air in any way, such as covering a person up with an air-pump receiver, and quickly and completely exhausting the air, the consequences of the inside pressure would be very terrible, and if the experiment could be tried quickly enough the body would burst like an exploding gun, with a loud noise.

When people go up rapidly in a balloon or climb very high mountains, they are troubled by a ringing noise, and a feeling of great pressure in the ears and head, and by palpitation of the heart, bleeding at the nose, and fainting. These unpleasant and often dangerous symptoms are caused by the expansion of the air inside their bodies. In ascending very high mountains it is necessary to go very slowly and to stop very often, to give time for some of the expanding air to escape, and equalize the pressure again. Now, many birds, the condor, for example, fly over the tops of the highest mountains, and nearly all birds, either occasionally or habitually, ascend to very great altitudes, and, unless there were some plan for regulating the pressure of the air inside their bodies they would suffer great inconvenience and even pain and danger. But they are provided with an arrangement by which the air within them can escape easily as it expands and thus keep the pressure within just equal to that outside, so that they can ascend and descend as rapidly as they wish, without feeling the least inconvenience. In the body of the bird there are several large bags, like the lungs, called air-chambers; many of their bones are hollow, and others are pierced with long winding tubes called air-tubes. All these air-chambers and air-tubes are connected with the lungs so that air can pass into and out of them at each breath. The connection between these chambers and the lungs is so complete that a wounded hawk can breathe through a broken wing almost as well as through its mouth. When a bird mounts upward, the air inside its body gradually expands, but the bird does not feel any inconvenience; for, at each breath, part of the air passes from the air-chambers into the lungs, so that the pressure on the inside does not become greater than that on the outside.—*St. Nicholas* for September.

A Boy's Opinion of Girls.

Mrs. EDITHA'S OF HOME CIRCLE:
I was just a going to tell you a bout my experience with girls. Girls is a queer kind of varmint, girls is all a like one way, they are headstrong they all ways have their own way every time. One I thought I would have my way while we was skating on the ice. First the girl throw her nose up like an elephant would its trunk and shot down the pond like a whirl wind and then was on the out and shoot, she cut a round the corner and shot for home. The next day I saw her at school I asked her if she would except of my accompanying home with her. An I did not think a girl like her would give a boy like me the mitten but she

did, the next day I started out a round town telling my friends that there was one fool in the country, they asked who it was I told them it was me they asked why I told them them that I was fool enough to let a girl give me the mitten they wanted to know how it could be helped I told them why not let a girl have the chance, they told me they would look out for their gal, here is the song us boys sung last winter.

Their was a girl sweeter than roses,
She lived down south
in a big white house
and called her self Sue Moses,
and here is the song we sing now,
oh how happy we would be,
if all the girls was transported
beyond the Northern Sea.

That fool was the boy that went across the mountain and sed if he was a girl he would right the main girl the feminine trip of the boy that road in the bread bowl caught the biggest fish in Oregon bought a pony and walked home afoot.

THE POULTRY YARD.

We propose to devote some space each week, in our part of the paper, to "Henology." Poultry-raising is light, easy work, and especially do we recommend this industry to the women, and young folks of the family. It is a paying business, if properly attended to, for eggs and chickens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, command a cash price in the markets in town. The increase from this source is not often noticed, as it is so easy to take a few eggs to town, and they are generally used in exchange for groceries, and so are absorbed in the general expenses of the family. The aggregate is large, at the end of the year, as a few dozen of eggs each week soon count up. We were traveling on the cars once with a lady well known in Oregon, who said she knew that her labor in chicken-raising and butter-making went far toward the year's income, but her husband made light of the idea, so he promised to keep a strict account of the sales and give her the proceeds for one year to furnish the house, as he said it "did not amount to much."—She was a prime butter-maker, and had an average of six cows, but had a pretty good home market in her own large family. Much to her husband's surprise—and chagrin—at the end of the year she had three hundred and odd dollars for butter alone. I have forgotten the poultry increase, but it was large. So for twenty years and more she had averaged that, and yet had not been able to control her individual earnings, so as to have comfortable furniture and pleasant things about her when she sat down to rest. It is a nice, comfortable feeling for a woman to know that she has pocket-money of her own, and to be able to spend it without being obliged to give account of it. Here is a way of a little moderate independence.

Henology.

There is science in the keeping of poultry successfully, especially with sizable flocks and a limited area of yard. A hen is a contradictory bird, unless studied and understood, and those most familiar with her tell us that a close knowledge of her habits and methods is essential to the best success. Some men know their fowls, and always have eggs and chickens; others not so well acquainted with their habits have the birds but not the eggs nor the chickens which they expect. There are one or two facts in a hen's life which it is well to remember. She lays not all the time, but in successive litters of eggs, followed by a period of rest. This rest is a physiological necessity, and in the natural state is the provision for the hatching of the eggs previously laid, and to give opportunity for the moult. Consequently after the setting and the moult, we expect a recommencement of the laying period. How unwise, then, to "break up" this sitting hen, and feed her with stimulating food! Then again the young hen lays a larger litter than the aged hen. It is probable that the first and second years of the hen's life are the most productive of eggs, how unprofitable, then, to kill off the young fowls, and to leave the aged fowls.—*Wisconsin*.

Farm Poultry.

Connected with every farm establishment there should be a poultry yard. Without it the farm would be incomplete. We see no reason why poultry should not be considered as a species of agricultural stock, and tamed to as good account as cattle or hogs. In fact, every household, whether farmer, mechanic or professional man, would find it to his advantage to keep a few hens, at least enough to supply the table with an abundance of eggs. A dozen hens, with careful management, would supply an ordinary family with all the eggs they wanted, and a fowl now and then for the table. The cost of food for this small number of hens would amount to little; the care and attention given to them would be amply repaid by the pleasure afforded in studying their habits and watching their cunning ways; and the profits realized from the food obtained would amount in a year to a very handsome sum. During this period a dozen hens would lay at least a hundred dozen of eggs, and raise chickens enough to supply the family with a weekly dinner. From these data calculations can easily be made of the profits gained by keeping poultry.—*Id.*

In certain parts of Vermont they are discussing a proposal to establish vigilance committees, for protection against depredations by tramps.

"Transported for life"—the man who marries happily.

Liver is King.

The Liver is the Imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is un-qualified in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and Stomach. Sample, bottles to 12, 10 cents. Postively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. This does a still prove that it is just what you want.

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For Sale.
TWENTY HEAD OF GOLDINGS, THREE AND four years old, at sixty dollars per head. Also fifty American brood sows. C. G. FORCE.
THE DAILY, Aug. 16, 1878.—41

Tonic Vermifuge

Worms in Children or Adults are thoroughly destroyed by Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. As a rule, all children are subject to these pests,—the indications of their presence being so varied, that there is scarcely a complaint which they will not excite or imitate. The symptoms should accordingly be watched for and promptly treated with this Vermifuge, which not only kills the worms and expels them, but dissolves the slime or mucus in the stomach and bowels, which favors their production.

General Debility and Dyspepsia are usually remedied by Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It will be found to have excellent tonic properties, strengthening the organs of digestion, restoring the appetite, and infusing new vigor into the whole system. The weak, broken-down and dispirited will derive the most beneficial effects from this Tonic.

Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are favorably affected by Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, and it is a curative likewise for Fever and Ague in children. It should be taken in connection with Dr. Jayne's Sarsaparilla Pills for these complaints, and this combination will be found to be equally serviceable in cases of Disordered Liver.

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