

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriet T. Clarke.

SHE ANSWERED NO.

They stood at the altar, the one at his side, All blushing and trembling would soon be his bride;

Kind friends gathered round them the young and the fair; A priest in the robes of his office was there.

How holy, how solemn the vows to be given, An angel was waiting to bear them to heaven; The priest bade her answer for weal or for woe.

In faltering accents she answered him—no. She spoke to her lover in tears fraught with pain.

Your promise is broken, to trust you is vain; When breathing your vows on the altar divine, Was wafted to me a strong odor of wine.

The day we were plighted you promised me then, Your honor you never would taste it again; All vainly they pleaded, she still answered, no; Wedding a tippler brings misery and woe.

You may lay all the wealth of worlds at my feet, And seek untold pleasures may joy to complete; Bring earth's rarest jewels encircling my brow, All fall in a balance with one broken vow.

Let those who would censure her look all around, See victims of ruin everywhere to be found, See wives broken hearted, hear widows sad wail, And thousands of orphans repeat their sad tale.

Oh, ruin, sad destroyer; thy withering breath Fills our beautiful world with shadows of death, For worse than the night when on Midian's plain, The pride of the nation in anger was slain.

JEFFERSON. N. L. M.

ST. TACOMA.

DELLIE W. COOKER.

Morning dawns, and Lo! Tacoma Stands against the Eastern sky, Rising up from flood and mountain With its snow crest lifted high.

Sunday Best for Women.

Sunday is apt to be the most tiresome day of the week, while it should be that this seventh day was one of quiet relaxation from the duties of the other six money-making days.

In a woman's sphere and usefulness it seems that she cannot command stated hours of rest, it really seems as if "woman's work was never done."

mother along very much, if they would only think to do it, and so lessen the steps that make her so weary before night comes; see that wood and water are brought in; sweep off the porches and steps; empty the ashes and slops, scraping the feet before coming in; hanging up coats and hats; putting away boots and shoes, to keep her from stooping so often.

CHOICE RECIPES.

MARBLE CAKE.—To make the dark part, take one cup molasses, a piece of butter, size of an egg, three-fourths cup sour milk, the yolk of three eggs, one teaspoonful soda; cloves, cinnamon and allspice one-half teaspoonful of each; stir in enough flour to make a stiff batter.

APPLE DUMPLINGS BOILED.—Use Russet apples; pare and cut them in half; take out the core and fill the cavities with sugar, apricot jam and a clove; join the halves, and inclose them in suet paste; boil them in cloths for about three-quarters of an hour; serve with melted butter, plain sauce.

PICKLED SEED CUCUMBERS.—Pare ripe cucumbers, take out the seeds, wash in cold water and wipe dry with a cloth. Cut in strips and pour cold vinegar over them. Let them stand 24 hours. If the vinegar is weak, pour away part and add new. To one quart of vinegar add one and a half pounds of sugar, half ounce of cinnamon buds, and the cucumbers; boil until the cucumbers look clean.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, and one of white mustard seed, all ground. Lay the tomatoes, sliced, with a little salt between the layers, over night; then drain off the water, cover with vinegar, add spices and sugar, and boil a few minutes, stirring to prevent burning.

Governor's Proclamation.

In accordance with an established custom which has been observed annually for a long period of time, I, W. W. Thayer, as executive of this State, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November, A. D., 1879, as a day of Thanksgiving.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State of Oregon. Done at Salem this 10th day of November, A. D., 1879.

Not often in the history of these United States has there been so much cause for real thankfulness as during this past year of 1879. Peace prevails at home and abroad. We are at present standing strong and influential among other nations, with no aggressive policy. Manufactures have received new impetus within a few months by a call for American goods.

A cow that wore a bell having been run over and killed on a railroad, the owner brought suit against the railroad company for damages. It was proved that the engineer rang his bell and tried to frighten the cow off the track, but the farmer's lawyer also proved that the cow rang her bell and tried to frighten the engine off the track.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed, A little face above the spread, A little frock behind the door, A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair, A little blue-eyed face, and fair, A little lane that leads to school, A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blitheome, winsome maid, A little hand within is laid, A little cottage, acres four, A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered 'round, A little turf-hearth, hear dew'd mound, A little added to his soil, A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair, A little room and easy chair, A little night of earth-fit gloom, A little cortege to the tomb.

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Will it never be Thanksgiving?" said Amanda, plaintively, as she threw her dinner-basket and books in a corner and prepared to eat the supper, which she found neatly spread for her, on her return from the school-house, two miles away.

"So we can, little daughter," said a gentle, tired voice. "Every day of our lives may be made a preparation for Thanksgiving, by counting up our mercies, and thanking the Lord for them as we go along."

"Pshaw!" said Amanda, "I didn't mean that way; I meant doing something. It's always so gay and lively when you're chopping apples and making pies and all that; but we've got to wait six whole months for that, and it's so dull."

"Suppose we begin to-day, Mandy," said the farmer, as he took his place at the table, "and you and Jake spend your spare time all summer getting ready for Thanksgiving; that is, of course, when lessons are over."

When tea was over the farmer unfolded his plan, and the first preparation for Thanksgiving was made by the children's going out into the garden-patch and in the center of a great open space dropping three squash-seeds into an open hole in the top of a little hill.

"These are all to be yours, daughter, as long as you feed them regularly and take care of them, for Thanksgiving."

Meanwhile, Jake went with the farm hands to plant corn, and undertook to drive the cows to and from the pasture every night, and to learn to milk, that he might help to make the golden butter, which would be needed by and by, to spread Thanksgiving bread and to make the Thanksgiving pie-crust.

No one heard the children complain of dullness now, for the poultry and the cows took up a great deal of the long light evenings, and the shouts of delight with which Amanda announced the discovery of shining white eggs, were only equalled by their joy at the sight of the little green squash-vines that in time peeped up above the dark-brown earth.

As the season advanced, there were apples to be gathered and packed away in barrels; or else peeled, strung on long cords, and hung up to dry, the frost opened the chestnuts, and they and the hickory-nuts afforded many an hour's busy sport for the children; and many a jolly woodland excursion was taken on Saturday, while the men cut down trees, brought them home, and cut and piled wood for the Thanksgiving fires.

One grand excursion to the cranberry swamps closed the season, and on this occasion the baskets and pails, filled with bright red berries, were crowned with wreaths of ground pine, branches of hemlock, and twigs of shining holly, with which to decorate the old farm house for the grand Puritan Christmas,—the Thanksgiving festival.

Meanwhile, the children, Amanda and Jake, were happy and contented. The dear children had learned many secrets of nature, and of domestic and rustic art. Nor did even their annoying disappointments, when young turkeys hung themselves on wood-piles, black hawks carried off downy chickens, malicious boys stole unripe crook-necks, and the like, hurt them; they thus learned to "endure hardships," and to gain the mental and moral vigor which comes from perseverance under difficulty and patience in defeat.

"I did not think it took so much time and so many things to get ready for Thanksgiving," said Amanda, as the afternoon before the happy feast-day, she stood in the store-room with her mother, taking a last look at the

dressed for roasting; sausages waiting to be fried, and chickens ready to be broiled. Great loaves of white and brown bread and jars of cookies and nut cakes already were made for the children, and sponge and jelly cake for the elders.

Outside of the store-room, all was in a state of beautiful, home-like decoration. Fires blazed on every hearth, and besides them stood wood-boxes piled with logs and crackling brush, gathered by Jake's busy hands. Bedrooms had been fixed up everywhere, and snowy beds prepared in rubbish rooms and closets, while the warm, dry loft above the wood house, with its row of "bunks," looked, Jake said, "a good deal like a camp meeting."

"So many things," said Amanda, as she closed the door, "besides all that we have done, there's sugar, raisins and spice and flour, and the things to cook with—oh, I can't think how many!"

"Yes," said her father, who just then entered, bright with expectation, "long before you and I were born, and ever since, God has been busy getting ready for our Thanksgiving. He put the coal down in the earth; He set the trees to growing; He prepared the seeds, and made ready the soil, and blessed the labors of the husbandman. He built the homestead and sent the children. Yes, wife, He has watched and cared for each one as it grew up and so arranged its life that, of the band who come to us to-day, not one but is an honor and cause for thanksgiving."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife heartily, "I want my little girl here to learn that not by fits and starts of feeling, but by steady perseverance in appointed tasks all through life; by gentle works and thoughts, by kindly and care-taking deeds, we must be storing up the good things, just as she has done this summer."

"It's all 'getting ready,' I suppose," said Amanda thoughtfully, at the same time breaking the least little teeny bit from the edge of the fruit-cake and nibbling it with great complacency.

The Three Little Kittens.

I have a true story to tell you about three little kittens; not the ones who "lost their mittens, all on a shelf so high," but about three kittens who lost their mother before they were old enough to take care of themselves, which I think was much sadder than losing mittens; don't you? I will tell you how it happened. One morning puss left her kittens fast asleep in their nest under the stable, and went into the yard to hunt something for her breakfast. While quietly eating a piece of meat a neighbor's son, caring only for sport, shot her dead. The baby kittens awoke and cried a long time, but as their mother did not come, they were very hungry, and found their way into the chicken-yard, where they sniffed about, crying piteously. There was an old hen with seven little chicks in the yard, and around her the kittens played, after having made their dinner on corn meal, with the chickens. The hen seemed well satisfied to have them with her, for at night she gathered them under her wings with her chickens, and always afterward treated them as if they belonged to her.

The kittens grew, and the chickens grew, but still they staid together, night and day, in a barrel, coop, or wherever the hen choose to take her brood. One night my father put the hen and chickens into a box, which he hung upon the bare stable wall, so as to keep them from the rats. In the morning, when he took them down from their high perch, behold! there were the kittens, all three nestling under the hen as snugly as the chickens themselves.

They grew together to be large cats and chickens, perfectly harmonious and happy.—St. Nicholas.

Conduct Not Polite.

Seventeen things in which many young people make themselves very impolite:

- 1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially your parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.

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COMMON PLANT!

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Dr. Wm. Hensley—Dear Sir: Having a severe backache last winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It is not more unpleasant to take than other tea recommended to me. Yours truly, JOHN P. FARMER.
Dr. Wm. Hensley—Dear Sir: Your OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude to you. As your motive seems to be to alleviate the distress of your fellowmen, I may please you to know that in my own case you have succeeded and made many hearts glad. I shall always remember the Oregon Kidney Tea with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances. Yours respectfully, J. H. DOWNING (at P. Helling's).
Dr. Wm. Hensley—Dear Sir: While I was in Tillamook last winter I was affected with a pain in my back and kidneys, so that it was almost impossible for me to rest for food. When I got here I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank at my meals the tea made from it, and it did me a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was. Respectfully yours, E. COBB.

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