

# The Home Circle.

MRS. HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor.

## THE STORY OF A LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born  
A helpless babe, to greet the light  
With a sharp wail, as if the morn  
Foretold a cloudy noon and night.  
To weep, to sleep and weep again,  
With sunny smiles between—and then?  
And then the infant grows  
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,  
Happy despite his little woes,  
Were he but conscious of his joy!  
To be, in short, from one to ten,  
A merry, moody child—and then?  
And then in coat and trousers clad,  
To learn to say the decalogue,  
And break it; an unthinking lad.  
With mirth and mischief all agog;  
A truant oft by field and fen,  
And capture butterflies—and then?  
And then increased in strength and size,  
To be a youth full grown;  
A hero in his mother's eyes,  
A young Apollo in his own;  
To imitate the ways of men  
In fashionable sin—and then?  
And then, at last, to be a man,  
To fall in love, to woo and wed!  
With seething brain to scheme and plan  
To gather gold or toil for bread;  
To sue for fame, with tongue or pen,  
And gain or lose the prize! And then?  
And then in gray and wrinkled old  
To mourn the speed of life's decline;  
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,  
And dwell in the memory of lang syne;  
To dream awhile with darkened ken,  
To drop into the grave—and then?  
—John G. Saxe.

## SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The streets were wet with the recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laugh and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled high and deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way;  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels, or the horses' feet  
Should carry her down in the slippery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of the group;  
He paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys you know,  
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

## CHOICE RECIPES.

**Starch Polish.**—The following is an approved recipe for putting a gloss on shirts: One ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax and seven drops of glycerine; melt all together in an earthen dish; when cold keep wrapped in a paper. Wash the shirts and dry them, make your starch, one tablespoonful of dry starch to each shirt, and while cooking put in a piece of the wax as large as a Lima bean to each shirt, rub it in while warm, until every part of the bosom looks clear when held to the light, roll up and don't iron for a few hours, then dip a cloth in clear water, rub your linen, and iron with a hot iron. After it is ironed and thoroughly dried use a wet cloth and a polishing iron.

**Spiced Currants.**—Eight pounds fruit, five pounds sugar, one pint cider vinegar, one ounce cinnamon, one half ounce cloves, one ounce nutmeg. Boil one hour all together. Put in more spice if you wish, and cook it down as much as you wish. A very nice relish with meats.

**Dish for Dessert.**—Line a mould with ice cream, fill the center with strawberries, cover them with ice cream, and set in the freezer for about half an hour. It is not intended that the fruit shall be literally frozen, but chilled. Any fruit may of course be used.

**Ripe Cantaloupe Pickle.**—Seven pounds of cantaloupe rind, cut from a melon ripe but not soft. Peel thickly; wash and drain thoroughly. To two quarts of vinegar add four pounds of brown sugar, and one ounce each of cinnamon, white ginger and cloves, with the rind of two lemons; boil the vinegar and sugar together, and remove any scum that rises; add the spices, and let

it boil a few minutes; then put in the fruit and let it boil until the syrup looks a little thick.

**Fruit Pudding.**—A delicious pudding is made in this way: Chop a pineapple quite fine; take some cake which is a little dry, rub it fine in your hands, or crush it on a kneading board; put it into a pudding dish in alternate layers with the pineapple, sweeten abundantly, moisten with cold water, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

**Currant Jelly.**—Heat your currants just as picked, after washing, and crush with a wooden spoon; then squeeze through a jelly-bag. To four cups of juice add four cups of white sugar; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes. Don't boil more than four cups at a time. Put in jelly tumblers.

**Blueberry Cake.**—One quart flour, one pint berries, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one of soda, a little salt, two teacups of sweet milk. Dissolve the soda in the milk and cream tartar; stir in the flour. Heat all together and add the blueberries and a spoonful of sugar, just before baking.

**Raspberry Shrub.**—Add ten pounds white sugar to the strained juice of eight quarts of berries. Boil ten minutes; take from the fire, and when cool skim it. When cold add two ounces tartaric acid, and bottle.

## Luck.

Is there such a thing as luck? There may be with gamblers, whether it be with cards or in the stock or mining exchanges; but ask any old, successful business man what luck is, and how much he owes his success to mere luck, and his reply will convince you that luck consists in steady application, hard work, persistent and well directed endeavor, ever held together by economy in the administration of business in all departments. This is an insight into luck which young persons seldom get. They look at certain successes, not realizing the very many hardships and obstacles which had to be overcome to attain them, and then call it "luck."

Luck belongs to fairyland, and is very nice for the nurses to beguile the children with, but the lucky man usually dies in infancy—if we may be permitted to use this Irish bull—and the sooner beginners in life realize the fact that success is the result of well directed and hard, persistent work, the sooner will he achieve that reward for his labors which the visionary ones are pleased to call Mr. So and So's luck, calling him a favored, fortunate man and grumbling because luck frowned on them so sternly.

We have seen rich men envied by their poorer neighbors, the latter being so lazy that they would not if offered accept the wealth that excited their envy if they had to work as hard to get it as the rich man himself did.

Mr. Jones is called lucky because he has raised so many fine chicks, and because so many of them are choice specimens, the commentators not caring to acquaint themselves with the fact that knowledge and work together produced the desirable and flattering results. Mr. Brown gets good prices for his surplus stock, sells them off quickly and reaps a very comfortable profit from his pure-bred poultry, and lookers-on claim that he has been lucky in doing this, when it was merely a judicious use of printer's ink which secured him customers for the fine stock which care and labor produced.

A combination of fortuitous circumstances is called luck, and yet this combination has almost invariably been brought about by judgment, knowledge and labor, either of hand or of head, or both. If we will trace back almost all the cases of seeming luck, we will find that it leads sooner or later to brains, from whence it had its origin and direction, yet too many persons are prone to view the successful results without taking into consideration the causes which directed and accomplished them, and thus lose sight of the very essence of so-called luck. There is a cute proverb which speaks of "the luck which happens to good players" at cards.—Poultry World.

**Plantation Philosophy:** De fust step toward spilin' a chile is ter laugh an' call him smart when he sasses yer. Sense doan' allus win in business. De smartes' dog on de plan'ation will sometimes bark at a holler, an' arterwards fine dat de rabbit ain't dar. A boy ken do wrong an' outlive it but it ain't often dat way wid a man. De colt ken slip down an' jump up widout much injury, but when de old hoss falls he's ap' to hurt hisself. De 'oman what dresses ter please herself shows sense, but de 'oman what dresses to displease some other 'oman wid s'perior finery is got a soft spot summers near de top o' her head. I has allus heard it said dat if yer'll arnly stick ter yer business yer's boun' ter win, but dis ain't true in ebery case. When yer tries ter keep a ole goose from settin', yer may take der s'igs er way, an' 'stroy her nes', but de goose keeps on er settin' jes' az clos' ter de nes' az she can get. Dis shows mighty fine 'termination, but mighty po' sense.

## Its Wonderful Efficacy.

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# For The Children.

## THE CRICKETS VIOLIN.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" a cricket said,  
"Grandmother Gray has gone to bed;  
No one listens but little Fred  
To all the tunes I play;  
So I will hop away."

"I'll climb the chimney, and begin  
To play my dulcet violin.  
Too long I've waited; 'ere a sin  
For genius thus to stay  
Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan:  
"Grandmother Gray, the cricket's gone!"  
And you and I are left alone!  
Alas! I fear," he said,  
"The Summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop, hop, hop  
The cricket reached the chimney top.  
Bat, ah! the people did not stop!  
None heard in all the din  
The cricket's viola.

The cricket played in every key,  
From do, fa, la, to do, re, mi,  
From a, b, c, to x, y, z,  
He played both slow and fast—  
The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came round and nipped his bow,  
And then the music was so low,  
The cricket cried in tones of woe:  
"Oh, for the hearthstone bed,  
The ears of little Fred."  
—St. Nicholas.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Last week every letter on hand was printed. Aunt Hetty thought she would depend upon chance or good luck for this week, and sure enough her faith in her dear little nephews and nieces was rewarded by three good letters. Aunt Hetty is very busy helping in the prune orchard—she rides out every morning early and stays all day out in the beautiful sunshine; away up where the air is so pure and from where five snow mountains can be seen every cloudless day, and as there has been no mountain fires this year the sky is clear. There was time to watch the birds, and the little ones in the nest—but also some ivy grew over it—the kind called "poison ivy," and Aunt Hetty has to suffer so much from contact with it. We think most all of the little girls have some such experience with it.

The first letter comes from afar off Iowa. Charley does not tell us which of the two ducks claimed the duckling, or whether the little webfoot had two mothers to teach him to swim and cry quack, quack, quack.

Ettie is one of our most faithful of friends to the Letter Box and we always feel glad to see her handwriting. Ettie has a wonderfully sweet trio of cousins—now she ought to tell us the names given to them—it will be quite a study to find names appropriate for them.

Sarah shall have a book for learning the Bible verses. It will come to her as soon as time will permit. She asks a difficult question on relationship. Sarah must answer it next week, for there will be no one able to answer it.

As for blackberry picking Aunt Hetty had sufficient experience this season to last a life time—going nine miles to where the berries were said to be four miles distant—then we left the team and walked a mile farther through the down timber left by a heavy storm. By that time we did not come to or even see a blackberry. And we shall never think fifty cents a gallon was too much to pay for them. If easy to get at it is nice to gather them.

KILLDEEF, IOWA, July 18, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

As I have not wrote for a long time I will write again. It wont be long until wheat will do to cut here. We have a Derrang binder and a mower, it is the Clipper. My brothers sent for a telescope. We can see the moons of Jupiter with it. We had two ducks that have their nest close together. They hatched out six ducks, and now they haven't but only one. I will send you one of my cards. Yours truly,

CHARLIE F. SMISK.

DENTER, Or., July 23, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

As this is such a beautiful morning I will spend it by chatting with Aunt Hetty and the numerous cousins. This seems a very unusual summer; there is a great amount of hay being spoiled on account of so much rain. Our orchard is looking well, and is loaded with pears and apples, but plums and blackberries are a failure with us. I will answer Albert's questions. The shortest verse is: "Jesus wept," and is found in 11th chapter of St. John. I will tell where the longest one is to be found: "Esther, 8th chapter and 9th verse. I will ask a Bible question: Which is the middle verse in the Bible. The first one who

answers I will send my card to. As all of the girls tell about their little nieces, nephews, sisters, brothers and cousins I think I can beat them all. I have three little cousins that were all born the 1st day of June. Their name is Cannon and they live in Douglas county. I have not seen them yet. They are all girls and weighed when born 4, 6 and 7 pounds respectively. I will close.

ETTA HANDSAKER.

PLEASANT HOME, July 24, 1884.

Editor Home Circle:

I will write you another letter to let you know that I have not forgotten the Circle. Am very sorry to see so few letters in our Letter Box. I think it very kind in Aunt Hetty to offer the children a prize for learning verses, and if she thinks I deserve a prize I will send my address at the end of this letter. I will answer Albert's question: Longest verse, Esther 8, 9. Shortest verse, John 11, 35. I will ask a question, "Where was Saul converted; was his name changed; what was he called? I am afraid our boys and girls are losing all interest in the Letter Box. Guess we will have to excuse them on account of busy times. I am afraid this rain will spoil a great deal of hay for our farmers. Father was about half through his harvest when it commenced to rain and had it all in the barn with the exception of about two acres which he had not time to haul in. I would have enjoyed it very much if Aunt Hetty could have been here to pick blackberries with me before it rained. Our new church is progressing very slowly at present and I will be glad when it is finished so we can use it. I will send a puzzle and to the one who first answers it correctly I will send a nice card. In a house lives a father, mother, uncle, aunt, son, daughter, nephew and a niece; how many persons were there in that house. I will close hoping to see this in print.

SARAH W. KELLY.

## The First Distillery in Oregon—Some Interesting Reminiscences.

A correspondent of the Tacoma News tells the following:

Listening to modern temperance talk and speeches carries my mind back to the first temperance lecture delivered in this northwest country, some forty years ago, in Washington county, Oregon, by the Rev. J. S. Griffin, on the text, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." There was a large audience, and many signed what was called the Washingtonian pledge. That was in the year '44, and was the first temperance campaign carried on between there and Sutter's fort.

The first legislators of Oregon territory passed an act prohibiting the making or selling of intoxicating liquors of any kind.

The first distillery in Oregon was destroyed by a mob headed by E. White, and the worm was cast into the falls of the Willamette for safe keeping, and no doubt is there yet. Of the first three men that made the first whisky there, two killed themselves drinking their own goods.

Of the first three men killed two came to their death by whisky.

The cause of the first Indian hanging was whisky.

The first Indian killed was struck with the edge of a paddle on the back of the neck in a drunken fit.

The first white man, W. C. Bourse, who killed his wife and three little daughters, set fire to his house while drunk, burning his family and everything he had in it, while he lay on a plank with a bottle of whisky in his hand. When his neighbors asked him where his family were, he pointed to his burning house.

Five Indians were burnt to death, and one white man killed by the Indians at Checto, Oregon, instigated by whisky.

At Scott valley, Cal., one white man was killed by an Indian, and nine Indians and the same number of white men were killed. In Jackson county, Oregon,

36 Indians, mostly women, were killed. The same morning a white man that had been left by Supt. Palmer on Table Rock, had his head chopped off by Chief John, for whom he had been left to build a house. From there John went to Mr. Wagner's and killed his wife and child; and the Indians then traveled north, killing the whites as they met them.

At the big battle of Hungry Hill, many were killed on both sides.

Then came the great war of 1854-5. This was what the Indians told me (I was then United States Interpreter), that this war started from one bottle of whisky, and no white man ever denied it. I could name many other similar cases of murder and ravages due to whisky, but these will suffice.

The first whisky destroyed in the northwest was at Ellensburg, Oregon, by Rev. J. L. Parrish, Indian agent, who stove in the head of the barrels. One of the owners, a white woman, who had been selling to Indians, seeing her whisky disappearing, laid down and took a long last drink!

The first wholesalers on the coast were two Indians between Salmon and Siletz rivers. Two large barrels of whisky were floated ashore from the wreck of a ship. They rolled the barrels to a point above high tide, sent word far and near, knocked in the heads, and sold the liquor by the bucket full.

The first keg of whisky taken from an Indian at Grand Ronde reservation was taken by the writer and turned over to the agent in charge. The day of trial was delayed from time to time, and when the council met the keg was brought into court, minus the whisky, and there was no evidence. The judge said: "Give the Indian his keg, dismiss the council. There is no evidence that there was whisky in the keg."

The first cargo forfeited on Grand Ronde reservation was a load of apples. The Indian wife of an old Frenchman had passed the gate near Fort Yamhill time and again unmolested, but was finally seized and her cargo examined. A keg of whisky was found under the apples. The old woman was put in the blockhouse, and the apples and whisky were taken in charge. The next day the old klootchman was turned out and her horse and cart headed homeward. She never returned. I never heard of the official report of the affair; I guess it never went further. I think the officer in charge at the time was Lieut. Phil. Sheridan, since somewhat famous.

The first selling of whisky on the above reservation was by "Indian Dave." An inducement had been held out to any one reporting the sale of liquor to an Indian. Dave offered his services, providing some one would let him have the money to buy with. He was handed \$5 and a keg, with strict orders to bring the whisky to the officer in charge, but Dave took the liquor to oak Grove, fixed up a bar, and retailed it at 25 cents a glass. When he took one quart out he put in a quart of water. After awhile he was discovered, and a file of soldiers was sent to arrest him. He refused to go and to work for thirty days with pick and shovel, adorned with a ball and chain, but would not inform on his customers. Dave's life was a checked one. He often boasted of being one of the first missionary boys at Salem, having been with the first missionary that came to this country, Jason Lee, who came here about 1856. When I first knew Dave he could read some. He said that he ran away from the missionaries before his education was complete.

I once saw Gov. Woods strip Dave of nearly all his clothes, his blanket, horse and nearly everything he had, and leave him in the road with five empty whisky bottles, for stealing one of the governor's horses. Dave was one of the chiefs who signed the first treaties that the government would accept, in March, 1854. Dave made many narrow escapes with his life. He was once shot in the foot by an Indian, and once by McGinniss. The quarrel was about one bottle of whisky. McGinniss took his gun. Dave started to run, leaning forward. McGinniss shot; the ball struck on the right side, shooting two of his ribs off, and making a horrible wound. He rode 18 miles that evening. He married Princess Mary of Rogue river. I heard that he killed her in a drunken spree. Dave understood politics better than many whites. He was first a Democrat of the Johnson school; and afterwards a war Democrat. Quite a history could be written of poor Dave; he became blind and was murdered in his house.

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