

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

A CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSION.

If I were a girl—and I knew just how—I'd marry the boy who holds the plow; The boy who is brave and has a stout heart In the drama of life to act well his part.

The boy who is honest and known to be true, Such an one, girls, I would picture to you; A boy of this kind, whether Harry or Dan, Is sure to mature into an honorable man.

What of the duds boy, who sports with a cane, Parts his hair in the middle, and is otherwise vain?

You ask what I'd do, should such seek to marry?

I'd say: "Thank you, kind sir, I'd much rather tarry."

If I were a girl—and that we'll allow—I would marry the boy who holds at the plow;

The man of good sense, and of muscle and brain,

Is the "prize" for a sensible woman to gain, —New England Farmer.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor,

When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor;

Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing—

What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits over,

And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defects discover;

Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber

Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere love is past forgiving,

Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living!

To-day's repressed rebuke may save Our blinding tears to-morrow;

Then patience, e'en when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor,

And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamour;

Aut wise it were for thee and me, Ere love is past forgiving,

To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living.

—Good Cheer.

The Decline of Home Politeness.

There is a general complaint at home and abroad of the decline of politeness. Although part of the lament may be due to the time-honored feeling that "things are not now as they used to be," yet there is good cause for the oft-heard moan. In America we lay perhaps too little stress upon the outward and visible signs of an inward grace. We think it enough that a person shall mean well, no matter how far short he may come of expressing his good intentions. There appears to be so great a rush to accomplish the daily round of business that little time, if any at all, is given to those acts of graceful courtesy, so trifling in themselves, yet which contribute greatly to reduce the friction of home and social life to a minimum. This living by the clock, this running for train or boat, leaves no margin for quiet stateliness in act or speech.

Children are too often allowed a latitude which formerly only was permitted to persons of mature years, and hold opinions upon matters far beyond their ken, expressing them freely in and out of season. This prevents them from having a becoming respect for their superiors in years and knowledge. It was delightfully refreshing to hear a celebrated physician say the other day: "In my opinion, whether a son be 4 or 40 years of age, so long as he lives under the same roof with his father he should defer to his parents' slightest wish. If this be not possible he should make his abode elsewhere; but wherever he may be his father must be treated with due deference."

Good manners are really the outcome of unselfish natures; ill manners are almost a synonym for selfishness. It may be said that it is impossible to change a person's nature, and nothing can be gained by talking. True, there can be no absolute bouleversement of this sort, but there may be so great a modification that unpleasant qualities will be rendered quite endurable. "Care killed a cat," says the old proverb, and it can also kill disagreeable manners. Apropos of this, a bright girl recently said to me: "You can educate anything. Even unmanageable feet may be made tractable if you only train them persistently, for many an ill-shapen foot is the result of carelessness. If feet are inclined to breadth and flatness, take pains as to how you walk; never allow the feet to

touch the ground with force, and they will soon repay your care." It therefore only requires a little carefulness and sympathy for others to soften our manners and bring about that deference and courtesy which is so delightful in every-day life.—Louisville-Courier Journal.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Steamed Pudding.—One cup chopped suet, one cup sweet milk, one cup molasses, one cup raisins chopped fine, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda; steam three hours. Eat with sweetened cream.

Lemon Pie.—Take three lemons, one and a half cups sugar, one cup water, two tablespoons flour and five eggs. This will fill two pies. Squeeze out the juice, grate the yellow rind, chop the inside part fine; add sugar, flour, water and beaten eggs, saving whites of two of them. Beat the whites with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when the pies are done, pour this over them and put them back in the oven to brown.

Orange Sauce.—A lady correspondent writes as follows: I have been much interested in this department, and send you a recipe for cheap sauce to use in the place of "butter and cream sauce." This is "orange sauce." Take two oranges and squeeze them into a cup of water, add one cup of sugar, tablespoonful of butter, and thicken with a little flour or corn starch. Let it come to a boil and serve either hot or cold. It is nice with soft "ginger bread" or apple dumpling.

Here is a good way to keep sausage for summer or late use: After mixing to suit the taste, pack closely in earthen pans, set in the oven, and bake till done; to ascertain this pierce with straw as for cake. If grease does not rise sufficient to cover, add some when done.

Here is a way of sweetening old butter to use for cooking. To one pound butter put one pint water, one teaspoon baking soda, and one teaspoon salt; put on the stove in a stewpan, let come to a boil. Set off to get cold; let all water drain off, wipe the butter dry, and it can be used for cake and all cooking purposes.

Objecting to Women.

I asked the chief of one of the bureaus this morning why such a great and seemingly unjust discrimination was made after their competency for the places had been so well established. He replied as follows: "There are a number of reasons why we prefer men to women for department work. The first reason is that women are more susceptible to complaints than men and lose more time by sickness. The record shows this. When a woman has the headache, or is feeling badly otherwise, you are more sympathetic with her than you would be with a man, and if it is possible, would much prefer her going home than remaining at her desk. Then you do not care to boss a woman around like you would a man, or scold her if she fail to do her work. And then there are women who will not stand being reprimanded, and talk back to you savagely, and then subside into a spell of the sulks that will last for several days. All of this is very unpleasant, and it does not occur often with the male clerks.—Washington Correspondent.

"Who" and "What?"

Commodore Vanderbilt, who married a tavern-keeper's maid, was sitting on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel, beside his daughter, who was arrayed in silks and diamonds, when an uncouth, poorly dressed old chap came along, and saluting Vanderbilt with "Hello! Commodore, how are you to-day?" came on the piazza and shook hands with him. The daughter drew her elegant dress hastily aside at his approach, as if in fear of contamination, with a look of utter disdain. After the aged visitor had chatted a moment and passed on, the daughter said: "Why, papa, how could you recognize that dingy old man in this public place?" "Bless your heart, dear," said the commodore, "he used to buy beer of your mother before you were born." This smart rap on the knuckles of a snobbish instinct might be taken to heart by a great many people who regard it as utterly beneath them to treat with ordinary decency persons who happen to belong to the same station in life that our own parents belonged to, before riches came to gild the dress. Society often makes an ass of itself by asking, "Who is he?" instead of "What is he?"

Avoid by all means, the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

Humor.

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on the corn crop thus: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

Edith, you want to know "whether funny men on newspapers ever laugh at their own jokes," do you, dear? Yes, Edith, often; in fact, in a good many cases you will find that they are the only ones that do laugh; but, of course, this is confidential.—Boston Post.

An Arkansas Judge said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am glad to see that you find a verdict of not guilty. The dead man in this case played base ball, and therefore, under the statutes, he ought to have died."—Arkansas Traveler.

In describing a richly appointed room the reporter says, "The first thing that strikes the visitor is the magnificent crystal chandelier." It's strange that m. c. c. was not hung a little higher.

"What was the first brew in history, Miss Greatheart?" "I don't know," she replied. "Hebrew," giggled Mr. Simpkins, gleefully. "What Hindooed Jew to make a pun like that?" responded Miss Greatheart. "Oh, you are Pharisee and can stand it," said Mr. Simpkins with another giggle. "If you don't stop this you make me Sadducee and then I'll go Russian off and leave you," said Miss Greatheart. Mr. Simpkins held on to a lamp-post for four minutes.

An Oregon man recently invented a machine that, being attached to a sleeping person, will accurately register the dreams of the night. Any man who purchases one of these machines must keep the key where his wife can't find it.

Cowboy: "Stranger, there's some good men in this gang, you betcher yer life. Do you see that quiet, inoffensive little man over there? You wouldn't think, to look at him, that he'd killed his dozen or more men, would you?" Tenderfoot: "Good gracious, no! Has he?" Cowboy: "You bet, pard; he's a doctor." Tenderfoot: "O, I see."—Chicago Rambler.

"There are sermons in stones," says Shakespeare. That's so. And when a crowd of boys begin to heave them, it doesn't take even a poor old cat long to find out the import of the text.—Somerville Journal.

A new comedy is called "The girl with a Tin Heart." Near all girls have a tin heart when a young man comes around with soft solder.

A doctor calls his dog Tonic, because the animal is a mixture of whines and barks.

Mr. Tompkins was waiting for Miss Minnie, and her youthful brother was entertaining him until his sister's arrival. "Say," he ventured, "your hair is black, ain't it?" "Yes." "Well, you dye it, don't you?" "No, what put that idea into your head?" "I dunno, only sister Minnie said the other day that she believed you were naturally light-headed." Mr. Tompkins has transferred his affections to another girl.

Persia is very rugged, hence the Persian rug.

A little four-year-old girl, who had just seen an icicle, ran into the house the other day. "Mamma, I've seen Jack Frost! I've seen Jack Frost!" Where did you see him, my darling?" queried the mother. "Oh, I saw the tip of his tail hanging over the eaves!"

Through the telephone! "Is that you, doctor?" "Yes, who is it?" "Mrs. Morony. O, doctor, what shall I do for baby? He has swallowed a dime." "Well, you surely don't want to spend \$2 to get a dime, do you?" And the telephone ceased to work.—Newman Independent.

Many people couldn't stand up if they didn't lie.

Miss Vinton of the Bible Class: Now, Colonel, tell me seriously what you think of the works of St. Paul? Col. Slumber, of the Engineer Corps: Well, it is my belief that if they moved the fort down to the east bluff, where the big beer-garden now stands, and established two or three good batteries near the Pig's Eye, they would be all right. Miss Vinton remarks to her mother later that it is perfectly dreadful, but she believes Col. Slumber is in liquor.—Philadelphia Press.

Tramp: "Are you a Grand Army man?" Gentleman: "Yes." Tramp: "Could you help a poor fellow who lost his leg during the war?" Gentleman (giving him ten cents): "What regiment did you belong to?" Tramp: "Not any, sir, I was run down by a beer-wagon a day or two after the battle of Fair Oaks. Those were gloomy days, indeed, sir."—New York Sun.

A North Carolina Coon Story.

It wasn't many Saturdays ago that a number of gentlemen standing on the streets at Greensboro discussed fox hunting, bird hunting, and kindred sports. Each one had told a story, remarkable in a high degree, when the climax was reached by one of the gentlemen, who told the following story:

"Coons!" said he with a sneer. "You don't know anything about coons in this country. Why you ought to go to southwest Georgia. I lived there once, and my favorite pastime was coon hunting. Early one morning I started out with my dogs for a hunt. The morning was damp and heavy, and we hadn't gone far before the dogs struck a trail, and away they went. How beautiful it was! Through the underbrush they rushed, crashing, barking, the sounds coming to us like low music on the morning air. It wasn't many minutes before the long howl of the leading dog told us that he had treed.

"We put out after them, going through the swamps and down into a canebrake. There we came upon the dogs all clustered about a cypress log. They smelled it, and then all started back as if they didn't know what was to pay. We drew near and endeavored to urge them on. But they wouldn't urge. We went up to the log, and it seemed to be moving. I didn't know what to make of it. The sides of it rose and fell as regular as the beat of a clock. We finally cut into it, and there it was packed with coons. We killed 140, and I don't know how many got away."

"What made the log move?" innocently asked a bystander.

"Oh, plain as day. The coons were packed so close that every time they breathed the log would expand."

There was ghastly silence, and the crowd moved away. "It wasn't a good day for coons either!" he yelled after them, and putting a fresh chew of tobacco in his mouth he walked rapidly in the direction of the "cotton bourse" on Wall Street, and in a moment more was buying the fleecy staple with a serene and unmoved countenance.—Greensboro Herald.

Crater Lake.

Will Steel yesterday received a letter from Captain C. Dutton, chief of the Coast and Geodetic survey, in which he promises to visit Crater Lake about the first of June. This will be the time of the year when Captain Dutton takes his vacation, and he will have ample leisure to fully examine Crater Lake and its environs. A short time since Mr. Steel wrote to United States Fish Commissioner Baird, requesting him to send fish with which to stock Crater Lake. Mr. Steel guaranteed the pay of the freight charges on the fish from Medford over the mountains to the lake. It is a well established fact that there are no fish in the lake, and Commissioner Baird replied that he would not send the fish until a sample of the water in the lake had been analyzed, in order to demonstrate whether it was capable of sustaining life. He also said it would be necessary to have some sort of food in the lake to sustain them after they were placed in its waters. When these facts were determined the fish necessary to stock the lake would be forwarded.

As the Twig is Bent.

The Adams Times says that a juvenile hanging bee was held in that town recently. Several little "kids" assembled to lynch little Charley Springler, hung him to beam and were gyrating gleefully around their victim as he swung, black in the face and about ready to climb the shining step, when Mr. I. Hanson, who fortunately had business there at that moment, frustrated the tragedy. Such is the effect of Umatilla county vigilance committees.

There is, perhaps, no quality which has a more pervading influence in giving color to the whole character than the strictest truthfulness, for it is the foundation-stone of honesty and an all pervading integrity.

Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

Hopper Gazette is Not a Claim!

Neither is it a mountain oyster; but it is a wordy paper scribbled up in plain U. S. language and printed on a sweat-power press in a part of Eastern Oregon where cords and cords of vacant government and railroad land still lies out doors. It never stole hogs, but it is sometimes borrowed by the neighbors. Sample copy with description of the Hopper hills country, 10 cents in stamps. No discount to bummers. It never sucks eggs. Address, J. W. Hedington, Heppner, Oregon.

A correspondent of the Live Stock Journal, says: Every precaution should be taken in weaning young calves to avoid allowing them to fall into the objectionable and positively injurious habit of smoking each other, and in large herds, where there are great numbers to handle, and a separate feeding box is impracticable, it is a good plan to construct a row of stanchions in connection with a feeding trough in front, divided by partitions in such a manner that each calf will get the share intended, and not be robbed by the more robust and greedy. By allowing them to remain confined in the stanchion a few minutes after the drinking of the milk or water, all desire to suck will have vanished and they can be turned loose together without apprehension.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed. It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provides the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthy and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling out or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

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