

The Home Circle.

MRS HARRIOT T. CLARKE, Editor

UPON THE STEPS.

I've traveled far and wandered wide
And many places seen,
I've skimmed me o'er the bright blue sea,
And danced upon the green;
But all the pleasures yet I've had
Cannot with truth compare
With those winged moments we did share,
That night upon the steps.

The August moon was beaming down
With sweet, effulgent grace,
And like a saintly halo crowned
Her dainty head and face,
While from the grass the crickets sent
Their music to our ears,
And silenced quick all doubting fears,
That night upon the steps.

And we've been married many years,
In joy and sorrow too,
For life is not all pleasantness,
Though youth says this is true;
But still for us the moonlight shines
As dearly as of old,
Its sil'ry recollections hold
That night upon the steps.

WHICH.

If thou art false as thou art fair,
And false the fairest fair may be,
Again the wondrous power to snare,
Again the siren's self we see,
There's danger in those dimpling smiles,
It glances from the witching eye,
And he who would escape thy wiles,
Must quickly from the tempter flee.

For better far, as sages tell,
From fickle fair to bid adieu,
Than fall beneath the magic spell
Of charms the heart may ever rue.
Beware, if false, of beauty bright,
Beware that luring beacon's ray,
For, oh! the love that trusts its light,
May drift a wreck ere dawn of day.

But if thou'rt true as thou art fair,
Art leal in heart though seeming gay,
Wouldst ever-constant prove, and ne'er
With faithful heart all faithless play,
Then thou'rt a gem worth more than gold,
More precious than the ruby rare,
More to be prized than wealth untold,
True heart enshrined in form so fair.

—John Napier.

Rough Handling of Children.

In passing along the streets of cities, and even of our country towns, one often sees distressing cases of rough handling of children. A tiny child, hardly large enough to walk, was lifted on a ferry boat the other day by one arm, and swung over an obstruction, with the remark: "Here, you, why don't you get along!" The child's arm hung limp and painful for a moment, and he cried and patted it. I have often seen mothers give their children severe boxes on the ears—enough to deafen them for life. A writer on this subject says:

"The causes of joint diseases in childhood are frequently obscure, but this much is certain, that the rough handling which children receive at the hands of ignorant parents or careless nurses has much to do with this matter. Stand on any street corner and notice how children are handled. Here comes a lady with a three-year-old girl; she is walking twice as fast as she should and the child is over-exerting itself to keep pace; every time the child lags the mother gives it a sudden and unexpected lurch which is enough to throw its shoulder out, to say nothing of bruising the delicate structures of the joints; a gutter is reached, instead of giving the little toddler time to go over in his own way, or properly lifting it, the mother lifts it from the ground by one arm, its whole weight depends from one upper extremity, and with a swing which twists the child's body as far around as the joints will permit, it is landed, after a course of four or five feet through the air, on the other side.

"Here is a girl twelve years old with a baby of a year in her arms. The babe sits on the girl's arm without support to its back. This would be a hard enough position to maintain were the girl standing still, but she is walking rapidly, and the little one has to gather the entire strength of its muscular system to adapt itself to its changing bases of support, to say nothing of adjusting its little body to sudden leaps and darts of the wayward nurse. Sometimes during a sudden advance you will see a part of the babe a foot in advance of its head and trunk, which have to be brought up by a powerful action of the muscles of the trunk and neck. Probably not one child in a hundred is properly handled."—Apple Blossom.

"Going to Bed" Etiquette.

It is always a debatable point of etiquette whether hostess or guest makes the first movement to go to bed, and thus breaks up the evening gathering. The guest may be overcome with fatigue

from a day's journey, the host may be fidgeting under the strain of entertaining, and longing for the guest to show some signs by which he can gracefully and hospitably suggest "that it is getting late," yet neither quite like to appear, as they think, impolite. In fact many visitors have suffered agonies in trying to be agreeable, while the host and hostess were doing their best to suppress their yawns and to "make conversation" until chance offered a solution of the difficulty. There is, however, but one rule to be followed in this relationship of host and hostess, and the hour of retirement. The host and hostess must always take the initiative and say an appropriate word as to the lateness of the hour and the desirability of going to bed. A Boston lady who has entertained numerous "house parties" relates it as her experience that the visitors she most dreads are "owls," who like to sit up till all is blue. Many is the time, she says, she has regretted the days of her childhood, when the nurse appeared at the drawingroom door promptly at 9 o'clock and carried her off to bed. How gladly would she now welcome the apparition of the nursery tyrant when obliged to find entertainment until midnight for people who were as anxious, perhaps, as herself, to go to their rooms.

Hints for Young Ladies.

Be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation. Try to be accurate, not only for your own sake but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the woman's mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes. Observe the faculty of observation, well developed, makes practical men and women. Try and be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool. Be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people. Avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; reflect that home is the place to be agreeable. Be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs. Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantages it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself. Be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful and happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them. If you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Tact in Baby Management.

The way to keep the baby from becoming "spoiled," says "Babyhood," is to let it cry as little as possible. It will gain strength of mind to endure its necessary ills all the sooner if it is allowed to suffer as little as possible from ills that can be avoided. Its wants should be removed as soon as they arise, without waiting for it to cry; it should be prevented in every way from crying. study its expression; when it is tired of playing on the floor take it up and dance it about the room, and let it look out of the window for a few minutes. In a little while it will be glad to go back and play on the floor again. If it is necessary to resort to discipline, be careful to seize the right moment for it. If you want the baby to learn to go to sleep without being rocked, choose a day when it has been unusually bright and happy all the morning, wait until twenty minutes or so after the regular hour for its nap, then give it a cup of milk particularly sweet and warm and nice, make its little bed soft and cosy, lay it down gently and sooth it with a little kissing and patting, and, if it is not already too much spoiled, it will only be too happy to close its eyes in the sweetest kind of sleep. If it does not, its fit for crying will be almost always as brief and as little injurious as it can be.

Too Great Variety.

Mothers often make the mistake of satiating their children with too great variety. As soon as the child tires of one toy, for example, there is another substituted, and discontent is certain to result. The mother of four children, of whom the oldest was eight and the youngest two, told me she had never had any trouble in amusing them, because they were taught to play a variety of plays with the least possible number of toys. She feared a collision of interests if each child had a special set of toys; and on this account gave each one a doll, with the necessary belongings,

and a few other toys—each possessing almost the same things. The finer toys were understood to be mother's property, and were kept in the cupboard apart. These were only lent to the children on special occasions. There was always rejoicing when mamma's toys were brought out, each child vying with each other as to behavior, so that the treasures could be kept as long as possible. Books for painting, with colored crayons, were an important adjunct, as, when they tired of play, the children were always ready to paint. The older children were taught that they must devise some play for the younger ones, and thus a happy time was the rule in the nursery. A store of harmless bonbons was kept in mamma's drawer, and a single one was put into the mouth of each little one after the evening prayer was said. "Sweetness and light" are powerful adjuncts in nursery ethics.

CHOICE RECIPES.

On taking boiled eggs from the kettle, chip the shells on the ends to let the steam out and prevent their cooking more.

To mend small holes in plastering, use one part plaster of Paris and three parts fine sand; mix with cold water and apply with a case-knife.

A very good cement to fasten on lamp tops is melted alum. Use as soon as melted, and the lamp is ready for use as soon as the cement is cold.

Apple Pudding.—Pulp of two or three large baked apples, white of one egg, one cup powdered sugar. Beat the ingredients half an hour, and serve with boiled custard poured over it. This is very nice.

Raw Tomatoes.—Peel with a sharp blade, slice and season on the table with sugar, salt, pepper, oil and vinegar; sprinkle bits of ice between the layers when you dish it, draining off the water before seasoning. The colder raw tomatoes are, the more delicious they will prove.

Corn Oysters.—One cupful of flour, half a cupful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one pint of grated corn. Pour the corn on the flour and beat well; then add the other ingredients and beat rapidly for three minutes. Have fat in the frying-pan to the depth of about two inches. When smoking hot, put in the batter by the spoonful. Hold the spoon close to the fat and the shape of the oyster will be good. Fry five minutes.

Lemon Jelly Cake.—One cup of sugar mixed with butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, one egg well beaten, and flour enough to make rather stiff, sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and bake in three jelly cake tins. For the jelly, take the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one small cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of corn starch, mixed smoothly with a little water, and one cup of hot water. Let all boil together until thick, and spread on the cakes. The quantity makes two layers.

Lentil Soup.—Take one pound of lentils and wash them in many waters, until thoroughly clean and free from weeds. Soak all night, then add as much more water as will make 2½ quarts. When this boils, add carrot, turnip, parsnip, two onions and a small pinch of carbonate of soda. Boil two hours, then strain, washing all thoroughly except the skins of the lentils; season, and serve. Lentil soup requires no meat, but a small piece of butter mixed with flour is an improvement, and serves to bind the soup together instead of separating into thick and thin.

Beef Stew.—Cut underdone roast beef or steak into inch-long pieces. Have ready in a saucepan a cupful of skimmed gray or broth, a quarter onion, minced very fine, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a pinch of mace and a tablespoonful chopped cucumber pickle. Let it come to a boil, season well, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, put in the meat and set in boiling water, closely covered, at the side of the range, for 20 minutes. If the meat be tough, chop it instead of cutting it up, then proceed as directed. Serve hot.

A happy rural home is the brightest spot on earth the eye of God looks down on. Love and peace in his home send sunshine round a man wherever he goes; disorder and trouble, there is misery everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off, but who can shake himself free from the worry in the household? It blisters the heart.—Selected.

Miscellaneous.

AUTUMN.

It seems only yesterday Summer was here!
The landscape was green, and the sunlight undimmed!
The flowers were garbed in their radiant gear,
And happiest harmonies all the birds hymned.
But now hath the maple a gold that it spurns,
And cast in the dust as the season draws nigh,
That ushers in Death to the year, and returns
To earth all beauty begotten to die.

Now flutter the leaves from around the birds' nests,
And soon the bared branches no shelter will yield.
What wonder if sorrow should silence their breasts?
But One there is watching the birds of the field;
And is it His teaching, they heed till they know
Of glory, of Summer, that welcomes their flight,
And spreading their wings, so unerringly go,
Beyond this horizon, to lands of delight!

The squirrel in the woods seems unsatisfied now,
With store for to-day, and he treasures a hoard
For days when no nuts he will find on the bough,
Nor life when the dead world around him affords.

What wiser is man with his barns full of grain?
How kindly doth nature his needs so supply.
The fruits and the harvests all tempt him to gain
Provisions for days in which all things will die.

—J. D. Vanderpool.

News-Boys and Their Dog.

In Bennet street, a narrow alleyway running through from Seventh to Eighth streets, below Chestnut, there stands against the back wall of one of the Chestnut street stores a box, over which hangs a tattered American flag, and in which, on a soft bed of excelsior, lies a poor little "yaller" dog, grievously wounded, both his forelegs having been broken by being run over by a watering cart at Eighth and Chestnut streets.

The poor little animal was not without friends in his misfortune, however. There is pervading the neighborhood of Eighth and Chestnut streets a gang of young news-boys and boot-blacks who are not the cleanest or always the most orderly of God's creatures, but that there is a large-sized spark of good in the breasts of most of the gamins is shown by their treatment of the poor mutilated animal. As one of them related the circumstances:

"Yes, we saw the poor little cuss git run over and the man what owned him was in a wagon and druv right off 'bout waitin' to see what was the matter; then us fellers picked him up and got a box and fixed it so's he could lay easy, and then we all chucked in and got a horse doctor to fix his legs."

"How much did you have to pay the horse doctor?"
"Well, he done it for us cheap, 'cause we hadn't much cash. He only charged us a quarter. He said it'd be \$1 for anybody else."

"How is the dog coming on now?"
"Oh! bully; he kin most walk. We all chucks in and we gits him a little milk every day and a lot o' meat, and he knows us all, and I guess he'll be all right now pretty soon. I don't know who he'll belong to when he gits well, but I know if I had my legs broke I'd like somebody to take care o' me like we took care o' that dog."—Philadelphia Press.

Children who are allowed to go bare foot, says the Lancet, enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of cold by accidental chilling of the feet; and they are altogether healthier and happier to those who in obedience to the usages of social life, have their extremities permanently invalidated, and, so to say, carefully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the poorer classes of children there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that it is comparably barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet and stockings that are nearly always damp and fowl.

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Surface Indications

What a miser would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Bolls, and Cutaneous Eruptions with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

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