THE EVENING JOURNAL. 50 Cents a Month; contains all the news.

HUMOR

ROMANCE IN LITERATURE.

He Tried the Profession, but 'Twas Not as a Writer That He Succeeded.

There is a well known gentleman in this city who, when a young man at college, felt in love with a professor's daughter. Of course there is nothing remarkable about that. Both were young, and she was beautiful. The professor was poor, but he was wise. There is nothing remarkable about that. Wisdom is often associated with poverty, especially that sort of wisdom that comes from books. The young man was also poor, but he was not wise—he wanted to marry the girl right off. And there was nothing remarkable about that. But the poor, wise professor told the poor, unwise young man:

"Go forth; go and do something. I don't care what you do, but go and do it. Then we'll see about the girl. If she really thinks she can't get along without you she won't mind waiting a year or two. If she won't wait you won't want her."

The poor, unwise young man filed the usual demurrer, but it was promptly overruled. Then he went forth.

The first thing he did was to go and buy a package of cigarettes and sit down and think. He did so much thinking of this kind that he nearly starved to death. Then he tried something else and picked up two dollars a week and twenty dollars' worth of self respect. But he didn't see any opening for matrimony and tried something else. This too failed. Then he tried something else.

The professor said he was a shiftless fellow—a rolling stone.

The daughter said he was a noble young fellow and would get there.

The young man had that girl in his eye all the time. Yet he seemed to monkey with the great world. He tried literature—newspaper literature.

The professor said that settled it.

So did the girl.

It did settle it, for the young man, now unwise and young no longer, grew to fame and wealth as the head of a great syndicate, makes $15,000 a year, married the professor's daughter and hires the professor at fifteen dollars a week to kill copy.—New York Herald.

Why He Smiled a Sickly Smile.

One of the grain operators on the Chicago board of trade was married a short time ago, and of course the first time he appeared on the board after his honeymoon he was subjected to many congratulations and much good natured bantering. One of his friends, after congratulating him, suddenly reached over and took a long brown hair from his shoulder.

"Looks bad in a married man, Ticker," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, that's all right," said Ticker smiling; "it's my wife's."

"No, no, that won't do," responded the friend; "your wife's hair is darker than that."

This made Ticker a trifle angry, and he exclaimed excitedly: "I tell you it is my wife's. I guess I know my wife's hair when I see it."

"Well, you certainly ought to," said the friend, gazing intently at it. "But are you sure it's your wife's?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought perhaps there might be a mistake. You see, I found it on Brown's shoulder just before I saw you."

Ticker's smile was a sickly one.—New York Mercury.

An Unprofessional Mistake.

Doctor (entering hurriedly)—Tell me, Salmon—tell me and quell this suspense—how is your wife today?

Salmon—Why, my dear doctor, what is the matter? You are all of a tremble.

Doctor—Oh, Salmon, my good friend, why shouldn't I be? It is twelve hours since I made my last visit here, and I have just discovered that I have given her the wrong medicine. Oh, how——

Salmon—Ha, ha! I thought there must have been some mistake! She got up this morning as well and hearty as ever.—Boston Courier.

A Friend in Need.

"I appear to have met with a sudden reverse," mused the central figure in the turkey raffle as the winner seized him by the legs and started for home.

"Oh, cheer up," said the latter, "I'll give you a good inside position."—Detroit Tribune.

A Slight Mistake.

Gladys—What a glorious chrysanthemum that is over behind that cactus in the conservatory!

Marie—Hus-sh! That's Count Longlox Blondierre, the new Hungarian pianist. His back's toward us.—Chicago News-Record.

Modern Improvements.

Mr. De Flatt—It's cold as Greenland here this morning. I wonder why the heat hasn't been turned up?

Mrs. De Flatt—I presume the janitor's family are not too warm yet.—New York Weekly.

BROAD TIRED VEHICLES.

A Movement to Encourage Owners of Heavy Trucks to Use Wide Wheels.

The proposed ordinance to encourage the use of broad tired wheels on traffic vehicles in this city, introduced by Alderman Mann, is to be commended. It is in the line of improvement that should long since have been resolved upon, and ought now to be adopted. The ordinance provides that any person desiring to use any wheeled vehicle for traffic upon the streets in Chicago shall first obtain a license therefor, and that the fee for such license shall be in proportion to the width of the tire and the maximum load, including the wagon.

The minimum fee is $1 for all vehicles, and this is all that is to be charged for wagons and trucks having tires of not less than 4½ inches, however great the weight they bear. But for tires of 2½ inches or less the cost of the license is $5 for one ton and rises from that to $30 for four tons. For the latter weight on tires of 3 and 3½ inches the fee is $50, and for 4 inches $10, smaller weights being charged for in proportion.

The ordinance properly provides that the weight of the vehicle shall be counted in with that of the load, but is defective in not pointing out some way in which it may be ascertained if the licensee tells the truth when he applies for the license, or if his employes load the vehicle beyond the specified weight without his knowledge. Supposing that he or they put a load of 1,500 or 2,000 pounds on wheels licensed to bear only half a ton, who is to tell that the terms of the ordinance are being evaded, perhaps in hundreds of cases every day?

It would be well to provide that every licensed vehicle must carry a plainly posted statement of the load it is allowed to bear on its wheels, and that it shall be the duty of police officers or others to watch for infringements on the limit so stated on the vehicle. The policeman should be instructed that in every case where he thinks he has good reason to believe the load exceeds the prescribed maximum he shall cause the vehicle to proceed to the nearest available scale and there be weighed. If he finds the total load to exceed the limit, it should then be his duty to take the offender to the nearest police station and enter complaint against him, so that the law can deal with the person responsible for a breach of the ordinance.

By these means the taxpayers will have insured to them the preservation of such pavements as have been put down in good shape; there will be an incentive to insist upon the proper performance of contracts for paving, and the taxpayers will be saved enormous sums that are now spent in repairing and relaying street pavements years before they ought to be worn to the point of repair or renewal.

It is notorious that the vehicle which has narrow tires in proportion to its heavy load breaks up pavements rapidly and badly, and is the most destructive to those which would be most desirable were it not for the mischief wrought by narrow tires and causeless tearing up of the streets.—Chicago Tribune.

Advice to Young Artists.

Susan Hayes Ward says to young artists: "Stop inventing. Give up your cherubs, your castles, your moated granges, for the live babies, the farmhouse and the rail fences that are all about you. Go to a good art school and test your capacity. There is nothing better to take the conceit out of one than to enter a large studio. Draw and continue to draw, but always from a model and never from imagination, and if circumstances so hem you in that you cannot leave home for the large city studio find a good teacher connected with an accredited school of art who will teach by correspondence, and do not presume to open a studio and invite visitors to buy your pictures until you have had the training of the schools. You are making a grave mistake. Your work betrays not only immaturity, but ignorance. You will be ashamed of it as soon as your eyes are trained. Close your studio and go to school."—Providence Journal.

An Aged Negro's Tin Box.

Howard Orr, who resides on his farm near Pottsville, Graves county, on Wednesday made a lucky discovery on his premises. Some years ago a negro possessing considerable of this world's goods died in the locality of Pottsville, and no one knew what the old darky did with his money until the past week, when a part of it was found by Mr. Orr, who at the time of the discovery was feeding his stock in the horse lot, and noticing a wooden peg, almost rotten, in a block which supported one corner of an ancient gearhouse, Mr. Orr concluded to investigate and see why it was placed there. Removing the peg, the block was found to be hollow, and contained therein he found a tin box containing $1,500 in gold.—Murray (Ky.) Ledger.

Trees That Grow in Sand.

In France 100,000 acres of dunes have been reclaimed by planting. In that country the maritime pine has been planted with great success. It does not, however, thrive close to the sea. The ailantus, a tree common enough in our land, and certainly sufficiently tenacious of life in our streets and fields, is a sand loving tree. I have seen an abandoned cellar choked with healthy ailantus trees, and have known these to spring up from the root after being cut down and rubbed with salt. It is probable, then, that if it will grow on the beach it will hold its own against the ocean or any other enemy.—Agnes L. Carter in Popular Science Monthly.

Mr. Thompson's Run of Luck.

William J. Thompson, of Gloucester City, has had a streak of good luck recently. Last week the supreme court decided that the board of freeholders, of which he is a member, was the legal board of the county. He was elected a member of assembly, and from the result of the election he won $79,000 in bets.—Philadelphia Record.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The father of Pius V was a shepherd.

Paganini's father was a laborer in a factory.

Judge a maiden at the kneading pan, not at the dance.

A Washington man has been poisoned from a crab's bite.

In pica type 71.27 lines go to the foot of printed matter.

The Chinese do not count the hours, but have names for them.

Those races of men who consume most meat are the most hirsute.

Chess is reported to be taught in all the Austrian public schools.

General Sherman's old home in St. Louis is to be sold at auction.

General William S. Rosecrans was dubbed "Rosy" by his soldiers.

No pretty girl or man of wealth ever got off a joke that was not applauded.

A clock is very different from a man. When it strikes it keeps right on working.

The total annual issue of copies of papers in the United States is 3,481,610,000.

The first electromagnet in the form now used was made by Faraday in 1825.

An electric cigar lighter and an electric refrigerator are two late inventions.

Chinese are reported to control almost the entire shoemaking trade in California.

The first elevated railroad in England is fast approaching completion in Liverpool.

There is a wind and storm insurance company doing business in Pennsylvania counties.

A Saginaw (Mich.) man was recently fined six cents for accusing a person of incendiarism.

A little of the grated rind of the fruit is often more delicate for flavoring lemon than the extract.

The progress of the new system of horology bids fair to make it one of the important inventions of the age.

In using melted chocolate in cooking, first mix with it a part of the sugar before adding it to the other ingredients.

Among the most common of germ diseases are typhoid fever, diphtheria, cholera, cholera infantum and yellow fever.

Galileo's first telescope was made out of a common lead pipe, into the ends of which were glued ordinary spectacle glasses.

One hundred and twenty-eight invitations were sent out to a reception at Atchison (Kan.) the other day, and 131 guests came.

It is well known that exhausting marches, like the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, are attended by a frightful loss of life.

Happy Skye Terrier.

A curious if not wholly pleasing spectacle for the typical American, especially the typical American out of a job, is the aristocratic occupant of a splendid turnout to be seen on upper Broadway every pleasant afternoon. An open landau, drawn by two handsome dark bay horses, elegantly caparisoned; an athletic looking coachman in light drab, with red trimmings, and occasionally a young footman in the same livery. That is the turnout, and it is quite as swagger a thing as is to be seen in that line about New York. The carriage is worth not less than $2,500, and the horses and gold mounted harness must be worth as much more, while the coachman and his companion would have brought a cool thousand apiece before the war, though they are really white and very English, you know.

The occupant of this swell establishment is a thin, consumptive looking individual called by experts in his kind a skye terrier. Silvered o'er with spiky hair of no particular color, his little beady eyes glistening from the recesses of his moppy weazened countenance, his nose and every other portion of his anatomical system being invisible, this insignificant personage sits alone on the back seat, if not grand, at least gloomy and peculiar.

Within the physical possibilities not remote from the butcher's trade he would probably be worth ten cents. For my own purposes I would unhesitatingly say ten cents a bunch would be an extravagant price for such as he. Yet it takes a five thousand dollar turnout and an able bodied coachman and footman to give this poor little "critter"—the pet pup of some royal American family—his daily airing.—New York Herald.

Thanksgiving in the South.

Speaking of Thanksgiving it is a pity that it is not more generally observed at the south than it is. We excuse ourselves by saying that Christmas takes its place, but it does not; the associations of that day are—or should be—of a more spiritual nature than gratitude for the supply of our temporal wants during the year. Of course there are church services—very slimly attended—and it is a legal holiday, so that business is generally suspended.

We might take a hint from the Puritan custom of making it a day of family reunions without doing much violence to the memory of our cavalier ancestors. A few congregations have of late years converted it into a kind of harvest home festival, decorating their churches with grain and fruit, the latter being afterward distributed to those to whom it is a luxury.—Charleston News.

An Old Lady's Way.

A happy and vigorous old lady in New Hampshire gives these rules for the secret of the success of eighty years' living on this planet, which brings so much care and worry to many of her sisters: "I never allow myself to fret over things I cannot help. I take a nap, and sometimes two, every day of my life. I never take my washing, ironing or baking to bed with me, and I try to oil all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit belief that there are a brain and a heart to this great universe, and that I can trust them both."

BRAIN WAVES.

Peculiar Sensations of a Student Far Removed from Civilization.

I am living at the headquarters of a subdivision on railway construction, at the very outskirts of civilization, about twenty miles from the nearest station. About ten days ago I went in to the station for a few days. On my way in I met a young police officer, whom I knew slightly, on his way out to take up a post in the jungle beyond my headquarters. We had a short chat. I mentioned, casually, that I should return "on Monday." This was on Friday.

In the station I heard incidentally that the same officer was ill at a small village between where I met him and my headquarters, and was coming in again. To this I attached no great importance. When leaving the station to return about midday on Monday I was seized when a short distance out with a strong feeling that some one was wanting me and that something was wrong. So strong was it I almost turned back, for I had left my wife in the station in not the best state of health.

However, I put the apprehension by, thinking that it was nervousness and that I was a little "run down" with the hot weather. When I got about twelve miles out I fell in with a camp of some fellow engineers returning from survey from a different direction and was asked by them to remain over night.

Again I had the feeling that I ought not to stay, but as I knew of no reason why I should not remain I put the feeling by and staid the night. Next morning I heard that during the night the police officer had been carried through in a dhooly, and that he died just as he got in.

Now, the inference may seem to some people to be born of a diseased imagination, but I have little doubt that the poor fellow who was lying at his last gasp was thinking—in an excited and feverish way perhaps—of myself and his last hopes of seeing a European, and that he had a strong desire for me to come to him; that the thought wave was strong enough to reach me, and that had my brain been attuned to receive it properly and interpret it I should have gone on to him.

The theory is in no way vitiated by the fact that the feeling was transitory, and that the poor fellow's passing the camp in the night did not affect me. By that time he was probably not in a condition to emanate thought waves, nor did he know that I was there.—National Review

A Very Gloomy View of Marriage.

"Marriage is the only game of chance which it is possible for both players to lose," said D. C. Goodwin, a confirmed bachelor who scorns matrimonial joys and cares and takes his ease at his inn. "After much careful play on both sides—after a world of sugar coated deception and premeditated misdeeds, one wins a blank and the other a booby. After long and skillful angling in the matrimonial pool one lands a stingaree and the other a bullhead. One expects to wed a demigod, who only hits the earth in high places, who bumps his majestic head against the stars; the other to capture a featherless angel, who will make his Edenic bower one long drawn sigh of ecstatic bliss.

"When the agony of courtship is over—when the stage play is ended and Romeo and his Juliet get down out of the foolish clouds and strike the realities of life with a jolt—one learns that he is tied to a sloven, who slouches around the house with her hair on tins, a dime novel and a dirty collar; the other that she is chained to a hoodlum who comes home from the lodge at 2 a. m., howls for her to come down and help him hunt for the keyhole that has fallen out of the front door, and is snaked in by a policeman before she can frame an appropriate curtain lecture and boil a tincupful of pure spring water."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Discoverer of Hypnotism.

We owe our earliest knowledge of hypnotism to those wise men of the East, the Hindoos, to whom we owe our language, our religion, our philosophy and our oriental rugs, as well as cholera and the opium habit. Who first in that land of dreams and dirt made use of hypnotic passes to put his fellow men into involuntary sleep is as obscure a personage in history as the discoverer of the oyster, and as unimportant, for, while we enjoy all the material advantages of the discoveries of these unknown heroes of invention, we are not obliged to consider the claims of envious contestants every year, as we have to do in the case of the invention of the telephone and the discovery of America.—New York World.

Asking Too Much.

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to the military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard and for some time; then he threw up his hands and bawled, "Oh, heavens, I can't drink all that!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Tallest Trees.

The Kew Bulletin tells us that "the tallest gum trees and the tallest trees in the world are found in the gullies of Victoria, several trees having been measured that were more than 400 feet high, and the highest was 471 feet."

Two Nautical Expressions.

These two expressions, "weighing anchor," and "under way," are quite distinct, but have been and still are sadly confused. The following is in Latham's edition of Johnson:

"Weigh, s., in navigation, act of leaving the moorings (with under)."

Criticism of this absurdity is a waste of words. The "weigh of a ship" is nonsensical. A substantive weigh could only be applied to the anchor, as it is this that is weighed, not the ship, but the "weigh of an anchor" is not more familiar to me than the "weigh of a ship." The way of a ship is intelligible. It means vulgarly her course or track, technically her progress. A ship is under way not merely at the moment when she leaves her moorings, but all the time she is sailing. "Under way" is probably borrowed from the Dutch, though cognate expressions exist in German (unter weges), Danish (underveis) and Swedish (under vagen). Hexham's Dictionary of 1658 has "onder wegen, under way or upon the way," and I am told by a Dutchman that "Het schip is onder wegen" means, "The ship is en route," and is the regular phrase.—Notes and Queries.

Inherited.

Husband—What in creation is that baby crying for?

Wife—Nothing at all. He simply wants me to half kill myself looking after him. I'm going to name him after you.—New York Weekly.

JAMES R. WAITE,

Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co., Premium Band and Orchestra.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

You will remember the condition I was in five years ago, when I was afflicted with a combination of diseases, and thought there was NO HELP FOR ME. I tried all kinds of medicines, and scores of eminent physicians. My nerves were prostrated, producing dizziness, heart trouble and all the ills that make life miserable. I commenced to take

DR. MILES' NERVINE

and in three months I WAS PERFECTLY CURED. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical wrecks, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is certain, I feel like going to them and saying, "GET DR. MILES' NERVINE AND BE CURED." In my profession, where there are so many suffering from nervous prostration and nervous exhaustion, brought on by the character of the business engaged in, I would recommend "MILES' NERVINE" as a sure cure for all suffering from these causes.

HAS CURED THOUSANDS

JAMES R. WAITE.

SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

TRY DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,

"I'M A DAISY,"

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy

SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overexertion of brain, nerve force, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, lagging, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general Blindness, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements never all others, and gives a current that is Instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state. Our powerful IMPROVED ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men, FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and vigorous strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 Days. Seal for Illustrated Pamphlet, sealed, mailed, free. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 172 First St., PORTLAND, ORE.

The Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

—IN THEIR NEW—

—CONTINUOUS OPTION POLICY,—

Offer the greatest protection and safety to those seeking Life Insurance. Every Policy in the Massachusetts Mutual guarantees Cash Paid up Values every year. Send for SAMPLE POLICY.

J. L. MITCHELL, Salem, Or.

H. G. COLTON, Gen'l Agt., 233 Stark St., Portland.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED

Liberty Street

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given, that George G. Bingham executor of the estate of R B Chubb, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Marion county, Oregon, has set the 5th day of December 1892 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. for the hearing thereof. All persons having objections to said account will present them to said court at said time. GEO. G. BINGHAM, Executor.

11-4-5dw*

Money

To loan on Chattel Mortgages. Money on land; no delay. THOMAS & JOHNSON.

MAN Wanted. Salary and expenses. Permanent place. Apply now. Only growers of nursery stock on both American and Canadian soils. Hardy varieties our specialty. BROWN BROS. CO., 9-12 d-t & s-26t Nurserymen, Chicago.

SOMETHING NEW.

The new Time Card, which is now in effect, via the "Wisconsin Central Lines," in connection with the Northern Pacific R R., affords the traveling public the best facilities from all points west to Chicago and points east and south.

The unsurpassed equipment offered to its patrons, combined with speed, comfort and safety, surpassing all its competitors.

All through trains are composed of Pullman vestibuled drawing-room sleepers, with dining cars and day coaches of latest design.

The daily through fast train each way, making close connection at Chicago with trains in all directions.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to agent of Northern Pacific R. R., or JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER, 215½ Commercial St., - Salem, Oregon. (Next door to Klein's.) Specialty of Spectacles, and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

White's No. 60, SALEM'S FINEST TRUCK, Now ready for business. Careful work a specialty. J. F. WHITE.

E. M. Waite Printing Co. Largest establishment in the city. OVER BUSH'S BANK, SALEM, - - - OREGON.

Wood Saw. Everybody gets Charles Smith's steam wood saw, "The Hustler." Orders at 276 Front street.

E. K. HALL, Paper Hanger and Decorator. Office at Chas. Calvert's Millinery store, Salem, Oregon.

Better than a Government Bond, higher rate of interest, indemnity in old age or at death. You cannot lose a dollar in a Massachusetts company. Cash and paid up values guaranteed each year. Mr. H. G. Colton, Gen'l Agent of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance company, is in the city and if you are thinking of carrying insurance he will be glad to see you. Call at the Willamette Hotel or at the office of MITCHELL & LUNN, Resident Agents.