

DAILY OCCUPATIONS.

HUMDRUM WORK AFTER ALL MAY BE THE MOST SATISFACTORY.

Engrossing and Intellectual Occupations Do Not by Any Means Promote Health and Unhappiness—Automatic Work Affords Chances For Rest.

The Prince of Wales, in the interesting little speech which he made in opening the National Workmen's exhibition, lamented the effect of the subdivision of labor in depriving the laborer of any opportunity of taking pride in his work.

Are humdrum occupations without great advantages? Consider only that almost all occupations, even when requiring at first very considerable skill and manual manipulation, tend to become humdrum so soon as the art is acquired of doing them with the highest efficiency.

Look at a woman with even the most elaborate fancy work. As soon as her fingers are well trained to it and discharge their functions as they ought, you see that she hardly needs to think at all of what she is doing, and the heart and soul wander off to the topics which interest her most.

Her heart and soul are no longer in the mere work, elaborate though it be. The stich has been thoroughly learned, the practice of it is merely automatic—"reflex action," as the physiologists call it—and the heart and soul are at liberty to expatiate on any subject which most deeply interests her.

We suspect that it is no misfortune at all, that it may be the whole a beneficent provision for liberating the heart and soul of the worker to dwell on the class of subjects which best feed the mind of the higher class of minds best feed—the heart or the imagination. We remember hearing how three sisters, all of them women of a good deal of intelligence and warmth of character, were once comparing their favorite occupations.

It may be a very great blessing when the subjects of thoughts on which the mind chiefly dwells are of a very painful and uninteresting kind. But in nine cases out of ten this is not so, and the only effect of an occupation which concentrates the whole energy of the mind is to exclude from a man's thoughts those casual glimpses of his fellow creatures' interests and feelings by which mainly he comes to understand the world and to realize that there are a good many competing interests in the world and that he is not the very center of creation.

We believe that what are called the engrossing and intellectual occupations are by no means those which most promote the health and usefulness of the soul. Art is not an engrossed mind, but the most vivid glimpses of the beauty of nature, so it is not an engrossed mind which catches the most vivid glimpses of the needs and characteristic attitudes and unsatisfied desires of the people about us.

It is humdrum occupations which best liberates the heart and soul and imagination of man to muse on that which fills it with life and energy. From Joseph and David onward, how many star-gazing shepherds have become poets or astronomers or shepherds of the people in the higher sense? And though of course these greater results of humdrum occupations are relatively rare, how much of the humanity of man has grown up in the musings on each day's people and interests which the sedate humdrum occupations of knitting or netting, or the carpenter's shop, or the cobler's awl, or the tailor's or seamstress' needle, promote?

Up to last our great American Museum of Natural History, Central park, New York, could boast of only a coat of the epidemic egg. In that year they were offered one of the real eggs for \$500. Think of it, eggs at \$5,000 per dozen—Exchange.

CHANCE IS A FACTOR.

IN ONE'S LIFE LUCK PLAYS A MIGHTY IMPORTANT PART.

The Sturdy Qualities That Go to Make Up a Capable Man Fall to Push Him Into Prominence Except as Chance Lends Its Aid—Some Noted Examples.

Chance is everything. Opportunity and luck mean much. The great race, it seems to me, is but a creature of conditions. Now and then we hear individuals spoken of as: "He is a man of programme. He fixes a course and adheres to it." And that remark is generally made concerning some one who has achieved success, either as a money getter or holder, or as a success on some elevated plane of life, but when you come to think of it the beggar in the street may be quite as determined in his programme, and possibly it is his very programme that keeps him where he is.

Burglars, highwaymen and rascals generally are quite as likely to be men of programme, to which they adhere with a determination that may well be called obstinate, as any others. My own theory is that mankind is made what it is by circumstances. Very few of us with deliberate intent surveyed the country of opportunity. Very few of us with ax in hand cleared away a path through what appeared an impenetrable forest, which being followed led to a partial clearing, where a persistent labor with the ax and the grub furnished us a fallow field in which to plant the seed of today that we might reap the harvest of tomorrow. I am very sure I didn't.

And as I look around me I am quite convinced that the very large majority of my fellow citizens did not do such things. What makes this man a preacher, this a writer, this a doctor, this a soapmaker, this a salesman, this a banker? In some instances it is natural fitness unquestionably, but in a very great majority of cases it is simply the outcome of all controlling circumstances and conditions.

Take the case of Henry Ward Beecher. Being a clergyman's son, he, like all his father's children, studied for the ministry. I forget how many sons the old gentleman had, but six, at all events, every one of whom became a clergyman. One of them was no more fit to be a preacher than I. One would have made a most admirable teacher, professor, but he is no preacher. In fact, of them all the two who succeeded in life were Henry Ward and Thomas K., but they were sons of Lyman Beecher, and it was as natural for them to yield to the all controlling circumstances and conditions of their father's family and fall into the ministerial line as it is for the son of a butcher to follow his father's calling.

But to return to Beecher. When he was in the west, nothing but an accident prevented his becoming a railroad man. You didn't know that, did you? He was pastor of a church in Indianapolis. A new railroad was projected, and a superintendent was to be chosen. A bank president who was one of the chief directors had been greatly impressed with the go ahead man and zeal of the young parson, and concluding that he was possessed of the qualities that would make him a first rate railroad official proposed his name. The contest was close. Beecher lost by one vote. Now suppose for a moment that he had been successful. He would have gone ahead in his calling, and the fire and energy and vital industry which were prominent among his qualities would rapidly, unquestionably, have forced him to the front.

And then, growing as the west grew, nothing under heaven could have kept him out of politics, and the large probabilities are that he would have become a figure in national councils, with a seat in the senate and possibly a home in the White House. It was a little thing that switched him. One vote settled the matter. As it was with Beecher, so unquestionably it is with multitudes of men less conspicuous.

Not many years ago a humble Irish-American worker was sticking type in the composing room of a neighboring city. The newspaper was not very successful then. Its editor died. None of the reporters seemed quite up to the mark, and the proprietor, a nervous, fidgety man, allowed things to drift. The reporters printed what they pleased. Several paragraphs pertinent, timely, evincing thought, were written by a compositor and handed to the proprietor, who published them. They attracted attention. He asked him to write more. In a little while Thomas Kinsella became the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, which he held as the five chief newspaper properties in the country. If he had not of that paper had continued his work, Kinsella could have remained in the composing room, instead of which he left his case, entered the sanctum, formed political and financial alliances, went to congress and died a comparatively wealthy and a very generally esteemed citizen of that great town.

It was the purest incident of an accident that secured for him a commanding position and a wide field influence in affairs. What nonsense it would be to say that Garfield when he was driving horses on a tow-path had any idea, any plan, any programme, the end of which was the presidency of the United States. It was chance, accident, which gave him an opportunity after that, which gave him an industrial, honest utilization of the chance and of the opportunity which advanced him step by step, but even there see how he was favored by circumstances.

The story is familiar to you all. Twenty thousand people were packed in the great assembly hall in Chicago. Ten thousand of them cheered themselves hoarse over the name of Grant, while the other 10,000 endeavored to drown the noise made by hurrahing and clapping and cheering for Blaine. Now, if Grant's friends had been the stronger in the convention, there would have been no Garfield, or if Blaine's friends had been sufficient, it might have been Garfield would have been nowhere. The happy accident was that there was a divided convention, so far as those names were concerned, and the compromise was Garfield's opportunity.

"Father Winter."

The chamber has lost an original character in the person of M. de Gaste, deputy for Brest. He was a simple, honest fellow and enjoyed the esteem not only of his colleagues of the Left, but also of his adversaries on the Right. He made himself celebrated by his everlasting fur coat, which he wore in all seasons and which earned for him the name of Pere Hiver. He was likewise irreverently called L'Homme-Chien on account of his shaggy hair and whiskers, which he allowed to grow in wild confusion and made him look like a skye terrier. His umbrella, his hat and particularly the cut of his clothes also rendered him famous. His colleagues smiled, but liked him none the less for his eccentricities.

He had one great day in the chamber, when as doyen d'age in the place of M. Pierre Blanc, who was unwell, he presided over the first sitting of the session. On that occasion he delivered a speech in which he embraced every political question under the sun, and might have gone on occupying the house till doomsday had he not found it suddenly empty. He was most assiduous, arriving the first and leaving the last. He was born in 1811 and was originally a civil engineer of the first class. Unlike most of his republican colleagues, he was a staunch Catholic.

Every day, as regular as clockwork, he would mount the tribune and bring forward some unexpected motion, which, much to his sorrow, was invariably shelved. Once, however, his motion was passed, and nobody was more surprised than himself. Of later years he took to female emancipation and attended the meetings of the strong-minded sisterhood, to which two of his daughters belong. At home in his native Brittany he was beloved by all for his generosity and the pleasure he took in doing service to his fellow countrymen. His curious figure will long be remembered.—Paris Cor. London Globe.

How He Stammered. Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Dobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered." "How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Hobbs. "Easily enough," replied Dobbs, "he had rheumatism in his fingers."—Philadelphia Record.

His Excuse. "Sir," said a man scrambling down from a high stool in the rotunda of the Astor House and running after a stranger, "sir, you've got my umbrella." "At the same time he offered to the person addressed a faded, tawny alpaca umbrella and extended his hand to receive in return one which was new, evidently expensive and of jet black silk. "Ah, to be sure," blandly replied the person addressed. "It was a great mistake. You really must excuse me, for I am color blind."—New York Herald.

Very Safe. The office boy is supposed to empty the postoffice delivery box twice a day, but his memory is not infallible. Said a caller the other day after writing a letter: "I don't know as I care to run down stairs to mail this. I suppose it is safe in this box." "Oh, yes," replied one of the clerks, "perfectly safe. I put one in it a week ago, and nobody has ever troubled it."—Boston Transcript.

A Good Idea. "I am going to send Miss Specie my picture in exchange for one of herself. Can you suggest an appropriate sentiment to go with it?" "How would 'Revenge is sweet' do?"—Truth.

An Anxious Parent. "Say, mister, be you one o' them college boys?" "Ya-as." "Well, was ye always this way?" "What way, sir?" "Like ye be now." "Ya-as. Why?" "Nothin' as made ye like this, I'd tellya; my son to come home."—Harper's Bazar.

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HUMOR.

A CHICAGO ROMANCE.

Five Little Girls Suddenly Meet a New Papa.

In a cozy little parlor in a World's fair hotel they sat together—and he and she. "Mrs. Chickwell," he began, "may I ask your first name?" "Amy," softly answered the charming young widow.

"Amy! Lovely name!" he rejoined, taking her hand. "It seems as if I had known you an age." "It has been at least three days and a half," she murmured dreamily.

"Haven't we had abundant opportunity to get acquainted? Haven't we walked together the whole length of the Manufactures building? Have we not been?" "But, Mr. Spatchley, think of—" "Call me Harry," he pleaded, possessing himself of her other hand.

"Well—Harry—if you only knew—" "I don't want to know, dearest! My heart tells me all I want to know! In my faraway California home I have often dreamed of a time like this, when—" "California? And my home is in New England!"

"It wouldn't make any difference to me if you came from New Zealand!" "But, Harry—" "I know what you are going to say: 'This is so sudden!' I've waited more than three whole days, and my mind was made up the minute I saw you! Don't turn your head away, dear!"

"I have a little surprise for you, Amy," said the enraptured young man half an hour later in some embarrassment. "Excuse me a moment." He went out of the room and returned presently accompanied by a stout old lady with a determined expression of countenance.

"My dear," he said, "this is my mother. She—or—will live with us, you know." "So glad! And I have a little surprise for you, too, Harry." She left the room and returned in a moment with five fair haired little girls apparently ranging in age from 8 to 18.

"These are my little darlings, Harry," she whispered. "Lydia, Minerva, Penelope, Rachel and Mabel, kiss the gentleman. He is to be your new papa!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO. Five Little Girls Suddenly Meet a New Papa. In a cozy little parlor in a World's fair hotel they sat together—and he and she.

BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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