

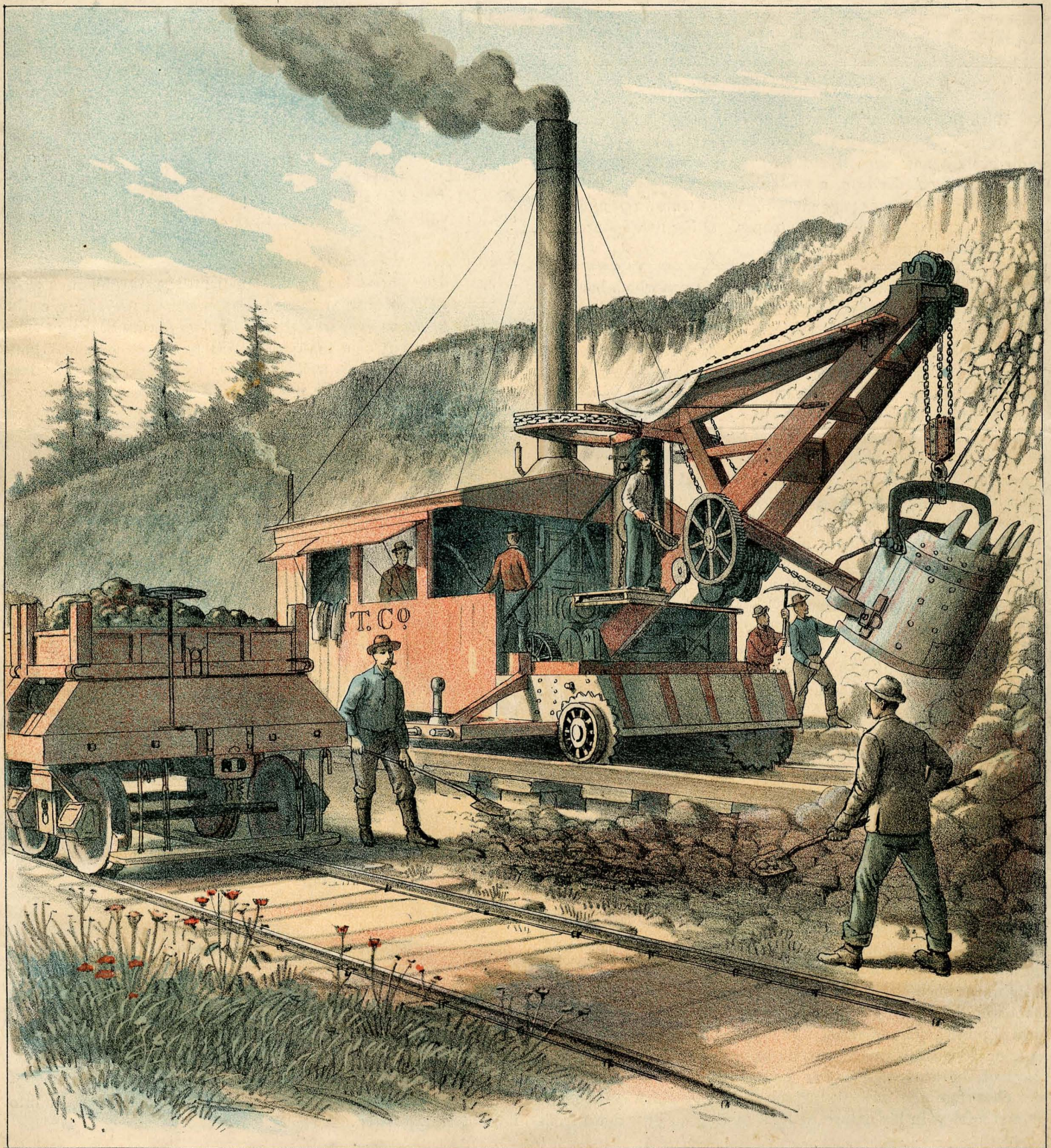
West Shore

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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OREGON—Steam Excavator at Work for Portland's Union Depot.—See Page 3.

West Shore

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The WEST SHORE offers the Best Medium for Advertisers of any publication on the Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1890.

With this number WEST SHORE celebrates its first anniversary as an illustrated weekly by enlarging the size of its page and adding a new department for "Boys and Girls, conducted by Miss Emily A. Kellogg, a writer of national répute on juvenile topics. The larger page gives the artist more scope and adds much to the attractiveness of the paper. Other new features will be added from time to time.

IT would be impossible to find any subject upon which has been expressed a greater diversity of opinion than that of electric execution. The first application of the subtle force to the legal extinction of life was, to say the least, not a complete success. The range of discussion is a wide one, and the opinions, such as are not dictated by self interest or prejudice, seemed to be governed by the ideas of the writers on the subject of capital punishment. If the question be divested of dross and the object aimed at be kept clearly in view, it ought not to be difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion. Clearly, the object to be gained in adopting some less barbarous method than hanging for the legal killing of murderers is not so much to save the victim himself from a few moments of pain as to lessen the brutalizing effect such a custom has upon the people using it. A nation that still commits such barbarity as the hanging of condemned criminals can not be said to have yet reached a high plane of civilization, no matter how wealthy it may be, how advanced in the arts and sciences or how much progress it has made in the paths of literature. If it were not for legal hangings there would be no illegal ones when a new generation shall have risen purged of the debasing influence of the custom. That electric execution is a step in advance for us as a people, and not a more painless way to die, is its recommendation, and if it also possess the latter attribute, so much the better. There is a growing sentiment against hanging, and it is one of the evidences of our progress towards higher and better things. Yearly it becomes more difficult to secure a conviction before a jury where the penalty is death upon the scaffold, and courts of appeal are showing a decided leaning towards the side of mercy. The natural result of this is public clamor against the method in which justice is being administered, resulting in threats of lynching and even in actual execution of the threats. A people whose minds were not dulled in their sensibilities by such a brutal custom would never resort to it illegally under such circumstances. It is also true that more criminals would be convicted and punished were some less repulsive form of punishment adopted. The cry that the murderer deserves hanging because of the agony he has caused his victim is the growl of the brute side of our natures. No man can give voice to such a sentiment without turning from that which is the highest and noblest in his nature, without casting his eyes down from

that which is above him and towards which he should climb and letting his baser and more brutal instincts secure a firmer hold upon him. The time is coming when our children, of, possibly, not more than the second generation, will look with as much horror upon our custom of hanging as we do upon the wheel and the rack. Electric execution is but a step in our evolution towards a higher, more intellectual, more sensitive and more philanthropic civilization, and because it is a step it will undoubtedly be taken.

The spectacle of the two great political parties in congress frittering away the time and money of the people in an all-summer session, which is nothing but a political tournament to see which party will win the most prizes or inflict the most damage upon the other, is not one of which a citizen of this great republic can boast. No matter how much he may favor the one side or the other, he can hardly hold up his head and say, "See what my party is doing in congress; I am proud of it." It is the hope and expectation of thousands of true Americans to have a party in the halls of congress of whose conduct they can speak with pride. As it is now, both the democratic and republican parties are but machine organizations, existing chiefly for the glory and financial advantage of their managers, from the man in the presidential chair down to the lowest ward politician. Behind them are the votes of hundreds of thousands of men that are cast more from habit than from principle. The mere names "republican" and "democratic," without reference to the principles advocated or opposed, are potent to hold the votes of men who, were they divorced from inherited or acquired prejudices, could not be induced to support either of the two parties bearing them. The predicament of a man compelled to choose between these two for the first time is well illustrated by the artist on the last page. He represents the new states of Idaho and Wyoming as in a quandary as to which of two dilapidated inns they will give their patronage. Both of the inns are simply kept from falling into ruins by props representing the sources from which the parties receive their support, while they are patched here and there by unsightly and unsavory records. In the distance a fine American hotel is being erected. Undoubtedly the time is coming, and that rapidly, when lodgers will abandon both the republican and democratic inns and put up at the new American. The American sentiment is spreading rapidly, under the impulse of such incidents as the school contests in Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The motto is not the old know nothing one of "America for Americans," but the broader and more liberal one of "America for American principles." To this any loyal and intelligent foreign born citizen can subscribe heartily, and it is one of the best indications for success of the movement that it is participated in by many citizens who were not born on American soil. The American party in California has nominated an entire state and congressional ticket, composed of men of ability, personal and political purity and known loyalty to the fundamental principles of our government, and only the blind worship of a party name stands between them and success. The sentiment is strong everywhere, and were a party organization made in every state, around which it could crystalize, it would not be long before it would become a political power.

Portland has honored herself this week by entertaining the Oregon Press Association. The editors of Oregon when thus gathered together proved to be a body of very able and pleasant gentlemen. No doubt this pleasant intercourse will unite both city and country in closer bonds of friendship.

If the *Atlanta Constitution* had sufficient forethought to provide itself with a hole, it could now, with good grace, retire into it and pull the string. A small hole will do.

MAKING A HOME IN THE FOREST.

Many people come to Oregon and Washington from the prairie states seeking homes, only to learn that in the western portion of these states, where the climate is mildest, a home must be carved out of the forest, if secured upon government land, and, unfamiliar with forest life, they become discouraged and abandon the idea. To those from the forest belt along the Canadian border, the trees of this region have no terror, large as they are. They know how to handle them, and they know, also the agricultural value of a soil that sustains such a dense forest growth.

Thousands of industrious men are making homes in the timber regions of the west, and some of the finest farms in the union may be seen where a few years ago stood giant trees and a tangled mass of vines and underbrush. To be sure it takes work, but the labor is richly rewarded. Having selected



THE BEGINNING OF A FOREST HOME.

his location and made his homestead filing at the land office, the settler goes upon his quarter section to begin the work of carving out a home from the forest. If reasonably accessible to some town or saw mill, he procures a load of lumber, and after clearing off a site for a cabin, builds such a structure as is seen in the engraving above. Otherwise, he constructs the old-fashioned log cabin, within whose mud-chinked walls have been born many of the greatest men of the nation. A small clearing for a garden and a shed for his stock are next in order. He soon finds his cattle can support themselves by ranging through the woods. Shamrock, or white clover, is indigenous to the soil of this region, and wherever the forest is cleared or thinned it springs up with remarkable quickness and vigor. Swine also can support themselves by foraging in the timber, and thus the provident settler finds that he can at once keep his family supplied with the necessaries of milk, meat, vegetables and eggs. Gradually he clears his land. If favorably situated he is able to sell his good logs to the saw mills for at least enough to pay himself wages. He can also split and cord up a great deal of wood, which will sooner or later find a market. Other timber and refuse are gathered into heaps and burned, care being taken to keep the fire from spreading. Many make no effort to sell logs or wood, and burn everything. Millions of feet of as fine timber trees as the sun ever shown upon have been cut down and burned for the purpose of clearing land. Often the settler goes out to work in logging camps, on farms, on railroad grades and in many other ways earns a few dollars from outside sources. He is able to sell a little stock, also, to procure money for the purchase of groceries, clothing, tools, etc. The industrious and prudent man finds many ways of getting along and improving his condition. From six to ten years later, the time depending much upon the comparative amount of work done at home as well as upon the number of workers in the family, the homestead bears the appearance of the one shown in the second engraving. He is now independent and prosperous; has good horses, plenty of cattle and hogs, a few sheep, chickens, a fine meadow, fields of wheat, oats and hay, and has erected a more modern and comfortable house, surrounded by other buildings of a substantial character. If he be a sensible man, he will by this time have a young orchard growing, and possibly, if he possess suitable land, will have a few acres of hops. This is but an outline of the process of home making in the forest

that is being carried on now in thousands of places in Western Oregon and Western Washington, where there are still as good opportunities as ever for men of the right caliber.

PORTLAND'S GRAND UNION DEPOT.

In the center of this number is given an engraving of the grand union depot now being constructed in Portland by the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, for the occupancy of the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads. The work of filling in the depression known in former years as Couch lake is progressing rapidly, the material being taken from the bluffs on the east side of the river by the patent excavator, or "steam Paddy," shown in the engraving on the front page. The structure will be of a modified Romanesque, of extremely ornamental exterior, with stone and terra cotta art moulded bricks, press bricks and carved stone, and the brick will have an exterior coating of rough cement, treated in colors at the end. The building will vary from one to three stories in height, will be 496 feet long and from 65 to 136 feet in width, with a corner tower 150 feet high, and a train shed 102x600 feet. The shed will contain six tracks and will be connected with the main building by covered passages, at the ends of which will be gates for the exclusion of all persons not entitled to enter.

The main building will contain on the first floor all the accommodations of a modern, first-class union depot, including a general waiting room two full stories in height, ladies' waiting and toilet rooms, smoking room and toilet room for gentlemen, barber shop, emigrants' room with toilet rooms for both sexes, dining room, lunch room, kitchen, etc. At the north end of the building will be placed the general baggage room, accessible from the main waiting room, and the express room, mail room, Pullman supplies, etc. The depot will be equipped with its own electric light and heating plant, which will be placed in a separate building at the south end. Above the ground floor will be offices for the various roads, and in the third story there will be reading rooms and assembly rooms for employees, with bath rooms and other accessories. The main waiting room will give the readiest possible access to the general ticket office, Pullman and telegraph offices, baggage room and the toilet rooms, and will lead by a twelve-foot corridor to the lunch and dining rooms. It will also be provided with news rooms, parcel and package check rooms, etc., and it is intended that, for conveni-



THE FOREST HOME AT THE END OF SIX TO TEN YEARS.

ence both to the public and the railroad companies, the depot shall be second to none in the country. Probably arrangements will be made for the Hunt railroad to use the depot when completed, as well as other lines that will make Portland a terminal point. No doubt the roads seeking depot facilities will tax the company's capacity to its utmost.

If Mrs. Frank Leslie could have refrained from having herself interviewed, she would not have convicted herself of being foolish, frivolous, notional and vain, and having treated DeLeuille in the shameful manner he claims. Out of her own mouth is she condemned. One can not help thinking that the credit she has been receiving of being a remarkably able business woman must be founded upon the brains and work of practically unknown managers of the male persuasion.



SHE LIKED MY NAME.

She liked my name,
She said—upon her cheeks a blush.
She liked my name,
As signature quite fit for fame.
She meant her hint my heart to crush,
But I just then of hearts was flush.
She liked my name.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

AN EUPHEMISM.

"Where are you going this summer?"
"I would go to Europe if I could get the time."

"Well, that astonishes me! I never set you down as a busy man."

"Oh, you are so confoundedly literal. I mean if I could afford it. 'Time is money,' you know."

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION.

"Say, Jack, you are a man of large and varied experience; can you tell me how often a fellow ought to kiss a young lady when he makes a call on her?"

"Oh, no; there is no hard and fast rule for such occasions. Perhaps at every pause in the conversation would be often enough."

"If that's the case a fellow who stammers would be kept very busy."

UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.

MRS. GAZZAM—I'll never speak to Mrs. Jaysmith again. So there!

GAZZAM—What's up?

MRS. GAZZAM—She offered me a seat in the street car, the impertinent thing!

GAZZAM—I should think that was kind of her.

MRS. GAZZAM—Would you! She said, "Take my seat, please; I am younger than you." Oh, I could eat her!"

MAIDEN INNOCENCE.

ETHEL (gushingly)—Oh, Mabel, brother Will had a perfectly splendid dream about you last night.

MABEL (enthusiastically)—Oh, did he? Was it before midnight or after?

ETHEL (scornfully)—Pooh! If you had a brother you wouldn't ask such a foolish question. Will hasn't been to bed before midnight for three years.

FRANKLY STATED.

BORROWELL—Sir, I am temporarily but seriously embarrassed, and I venture to apply to you for a loan of \$5.00 till next Monday.

WESTERLY—But why don't you apply to some of your friends? I don't know you.

BORROWELL—That, sir, is the very reason why I came to you for a loan.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

MRS. GAZZAM—Here's a piece in the newspaper about four babies at a birth.

GAZZAM—What is the mother's name?

MRS. GAZZAM—Wragg.

GAZZAM—Oh, rag babies don't count.

THE SAME OLD STALE AIR.

GUEST AT SUMMER HOTEL—I expected to find fresh air at this country place, but I was disappointed.

FRIEND—How was that?

GUEST—Why, as I got to the hotel the band was playing "Annie Rooney."

THE QUESTION.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," remarked Mrs. Gasher, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and 'Jordan am a hard road to trabble.'" added Gasher. "So what is a poor pedestrian to do?"

A SONG OF THE EARTH.

CUMSO—There is something poetical about real estate.

FANGLE—What do you mean?

CUMSO—I was just thinking about "the lay of the land."

VERY COMPREHENSIVE.

MRS. MCCRACKLE—What a broad smile Mr. Jaysmith has!

MCCRACKLE—Yes. When he has been smiling unusually industriously I have seen him try to cover the entire sidewalk.

WHEN SHE DECLINED HIM.

DOLLEY—I heah that Miss Amy has gone into ah decline.

GOSLIN—That's not new. She went into one a yeah ago, to mah own knowledge.

PERHAPS IT IS.

FANGLE—If you have a few thousands to invest I think you will find the Endless Canal Company stock a good investment.

CUMSO—I'm afraid it's watered.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

MRS. ROBINSON—How do you think this dress suits me?

MRS. TANGLE—First rate. You look charming in it. Why, I hardly knew you.

MISINTERPRETED.

"I have never flirted a bit in my life," declared a pretty, young lady one evening at a party. "I have never so much as allowed a single man to make love to me."

Then the married ones smiled and thought she was a girl after their own hearts.



A FORCED LOAN.

SLIMBY (encountering two suspicious looking wayfarers)—Now, then, what do you fellows want? You won't get a cent from me.

UGLY RAGS—Excuse me, boss, but we ain't no use fer a cent. We would like about \$5.00 apiece.



NOT UNLESS ENDORSED.

MRS. JENKS (after explaining the plans of the W. C. T. U. to city editor)—Now we want you to help us and make a note of this.

CITY EDITOR (abstractedly)—My note wouldn't help you any.

AN IDYL OF THE WEST.



I sing of a sturdy frontiersman, who had a
Fine home 'midst the tall, waving pines of Allada,
Just outside of Utah and into Nevada.
He had a fair daughter, the pride of the prairie,
With face like an angel and step like a fairy;
And she had a lover she wanted to marry.
Alphonso, her lover, of course, wished to marry her,
And to his hearthstone he longed for to carry her,
And her sire's disapproval was the only barrier,
For the youth could not cast with the wealthy his lot.
Cruel poverty threw on his life a dark blot;

The girls had smiled on him, but fortune had not.

Her father was rich, for he had on his hands a

Large share in that great mine, that extravaganza,

Which, out in that region, they call the "Bonanza."

But Alphonzo's manly spirit he could not be derided for;

He plucked up his courage, and her father he glided for,

And he said Angelina should still be provided for.

He is poor, to be sure, but that need not impose a

Restraint to their marriage, for ere long he knows a

Good opening for him down in booming Tarcosa.

But the parent was firm and said: "Young man, beware, sir!

I'll not trust my daughter to any such care, sir,

And your visits to this house must henceforth be scarcer."

This plunged the poor lover in fathomless gloom,

He vowed this decision decided his doom,

And the flower of his youth was cut off in its bloom.

He prayed that the thunders of Jove might be hurled

To take them both out of this miserable world,

Where the banner of discord is ever unfurled.

He wished in his halcyon days he had died.

He'd no love and no business, and Fate would deride

All his efforts—he'd go and commit suicide!

Oh! What would man do without woman to lighten

His heaviest woes, his darkest hours to brighten!

Especially if it's some one that he thinks a sight on.

Angelina consoled him, and moved that they flee

To a justice's office and there married be.

And she said: "Never fear; you'll be happy with me.

"Am I not your darling, the joy of your heart?

I have plenty of money and you shall have part,

And we never, no never, no NEVER shall part.

And no one need say there is nothing to do—

You can go be a preacher in far Timbuctoo,

Or else be a poet in Kalamazoo."

Result of her counsels: Ere another day's sun

His course in his chariot had fairly begun

The service was read and the two were made one.

When this report came to the stern father's door

He swore that her bills he'd endorse never more,

Which left the young couple exceedingly poor.

Way down in this planet's remotest confines,

A thousand feet deep, where the sun never shines,

They sought them a home in one of the mines.

No house rent to pay in that region divine,

No agent to call with malicious design;

And the young man felt proud, for he said: "It's all mine."

Then their hearts were at peace; the happy days rolled on

The swift wheels of time, and the moments were golden,

Like those which first came into Paradise olden.

But, ere long, came a miner, let down by the ropes

A keg of gunpowder on one of the slopes—

And, with one charge he blasted their mine and their hopes!

Up, up, through the dark, murky air they ascended,

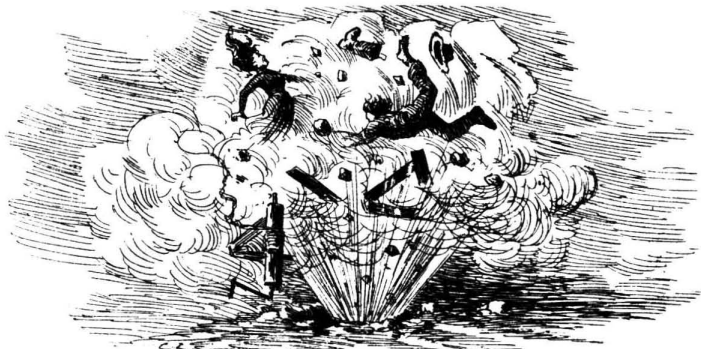
Until with the limitless ether they blended—

And their mission on this earth was pretty much ended.

The moral is plain: Though youth hopeful and rash is,

Beware of a marriage where not any cash is.

Requiescant in pacibus. Peace to their ashes! G. L. COBB.



ETCHINGS.

A man is the loosest when he is tight.

The sun must be a suspicious character to be
so often spotted.

Keep hope in your heart, but don't neglect to
keep something to work with in your hands.

In asking for many newspapers it would be
quite proper to say, "Please pass the plate."

Newspapers are peculiar things—you found
one this year and next year it can't be found.

The *Burlington Hawkeye* is said to be about to
change its name to the *Weekly Cyclone Expositor*.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that inde-
pendence means dependence upon the bar room of
an inn.

Distance lends enchantment liberally, but it
takes it back with compound interest when you
get there.

The female bather is quite a noticeable figure
on the beach this season. She seems to entirely
suit everyone but herself.

President Harrison is doing police duty at Cape
May. He learned to "keep the crowd back" the
first month after he was inaugurated.

A count in Chicago—not Count de Boeuf—has
been rawhided by a woman whose husband had
pummeled him a few days before. The first whip-
ping evidently didn't count.

There is no use looking for game if you have
no gun, and yet hundreds of men stand on the
corners talking about real estate who couldn't buy
enough dirt to plant a potato in.

Russia is evidently trying to put her army on
a war footing. She has offered \$25,000 to Jacques
Alexandre, the Frenchman who has just fasted
forty-two days, for the secret of his power to sus-
tain life without food.

Many a man has fallen into trouble by having
a type writer, but it is the type writer he did not
have which ruined Captain Miltimore, who has
been dismissed from the army for charging the
government with a machine he never bought.

The castle of Chapultepec, that was so gal-
lantly captured by the Americans during the Mex-
ican war, has again surrendered to an American.
Jay Gould has captured it with \$5,000,000. His
conscience must be bad, indeed, if he thinks such
a fortress as that necessary for his safety.

The Portland drummer who was enumerated
with his entire family three times in Seattle and
twice in Tacoma but not at all in Portland, where
he lives, is anxious to know where he is to vote
next election and if he can vote as many times in
each city as he appears on their census returns.

Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" has been deci-
ded "indecent," and has been denied circulation
through the mails. The postal authorities have
passed over a mass of immoral and degrading
trash to condemn a book which, though speaking
plainly, is a literary classic, written by an enthu-
siast and for a moral purpose. Possibly the weak-
ness of censorship could not be better illustrated
than by this incident.

W.

**FACT AND FANCY
FOR WOMEN**

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

AFTER THE AUGUST RAIN.

The tears of heaven lie in the lily urns,
And all the air with new-born sweetness reels;
Along the lanes and thro' the pasture fields,
One smells the warm, wet sunlight on the ferns.

The sea has wearied of her love, the mist,
And flung his pale face from her throbbing breast,
The while she woos the red sun in the west,
Until their lips have met and, flaming, kissed.

The birds shake little, quivering trills of glee
Across the scented yellow of the air;
Here flames the plummy golden-rod—and there
Great, sweet, wet currant-globes hang lazily.

Here the vine-maple reaches blood-red palms
To the glad sun; and purple thistles bloom
In the bright places, shunning cold and gloom—
And O, the winds are soft among the balms!

Now home! Wet rose vines drench my window-pane,
And smiles chase tears from her face waiting there,
A while ago clouded with jealous care:—
And all is sweet—after the August rain.

“You see how it is, my dear,” he said, taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly; “I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first—”

“I don't mind that in the least,” she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

“And,” he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption—“we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you can only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely.”

“And how does your mother manage, dear?” she asked, smiling—but very happily—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

“I don't know,” replied the lover, radiantly; “but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blackening done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away.”

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so went to her for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

I have learned how your mother “manages,” and I am going to explain it to you, since you have confessed you didn't know: I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled, and corded, and unknissed! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. “John!” she repeated, “John!”—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. “Why—John!”—she said in a trembling, bewildered way—“he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home, he is very tired, or else—or else—he goes down town.” Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a “manager” as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must also milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she an “excellent manager.” I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earned the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure that you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow.

So the letter closed, and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.

A friend I had whom I loved and we started out in life together; where I despaired, he hoped; where I doubted, he trusted; where I idled, he worked; where I failed, he succeeded. Step by step, steadily going upward, he mounted life's ladder to the topmost round, and I stood below and looked at him in the flush of his youth, strength, and power, and—yes, I envied him! But lo! that moment of supreme happiness, when he had all

that man cares to have—when he stood radiant and crowned with fame, wealth, honor, and love (and I do not place love last because it belongs there, but because so many men hold it there)—in that moment Death said to him, “Come.” Another friend had I whom I loved still more tenderly, perhaps—who knows!—because he was many rounds beneath me on that wearisome ladder; at least I spoke more softly to him, and often and often, when I could tear my blinded gaze from that friend above me, and looked down at the one below, I found that my eyes were wet and my hand went out to help him—I wish now that it had gone out to him oftener, oftener. Long years he climbed, or tried to climb; but love failed him, and sorrow came to him, and hope left him; his tired hold would loosen, and he would slip a round lower, but still he hung on, and tried—Oh! my heart aches with thinking how he tried! Gradually I, climbing away a little higher, holding it better to keep close to the friend above rather than the one below, lost sight of the poor, disheartened struggler down in the dust and heat; and Death claimed him in the same hour he claimed the other. Dead—both of them! And I, standing between—I sent to the one who had reached the topmost round costly flowers to be laid on his honored bier; but to the one who had failed—O, bitterest word that we speak!—I gave my tears and my heart's best sorrow—only I gave them too late. O, you who are climbing, look often at the one above—for that will bring you near to the summit; but look often, too, at the one below—for that will bring you near the best in life.

You teach your children that they must not lie; that they must not swear; that they must not steal; that they must not break one of the ten commandments. But how many of you teach your children that jealousy and envy are two black sins? Jealousy is to the woman what drink, or a passion for drink, is to the man; it drowns her senses, and conquers her reason, and often and often leads her to crime. If you would only pause and reflect, you would see the utter absurdity, as well as sin, of allowing such a passion to control you. Either you are jealous with cause or without cause. If without cause, summon your will to your aid and look your foolishness squarely in the eyes, and laugh at it; let a little song that you used to sing to your baby sister, or a little tender prayer that you used to whisper at your mother's knee creep into your heart and remain there—you don't know how much good that will do. If you are jealous with cause, let me whisper a little bit of truth in your ear; you may not see the truth in it now, but the day will surely come when you will say I am right. The man who will give you cause for jealousy isn't worth two cents—so far as sweethearts and husbands are concerned—and, although, if you are a true woman, it will hurt you to tear asunder the ties that bind you to him, yet it will be infinitely better for you to do so, firmly and kindly, and at once. It doesn't pay to yield to any evil passion—and jealousy is one of the most evil—for the sake of one who is unworthy of your love or trust. Love strongly, purely, passionately, for that is divine; but never blindly, for that is foolish.

The summer young man is making himself scarce this year; so scarce, indeed, that the enterprising managers of fashionable resorts are hiring him by the quantity—as they do their waiters—and all that is required of him is to part his hair in the middle, play tennis, and flirt with the fair guests. He “draws” better than a soda spring or mountain air.

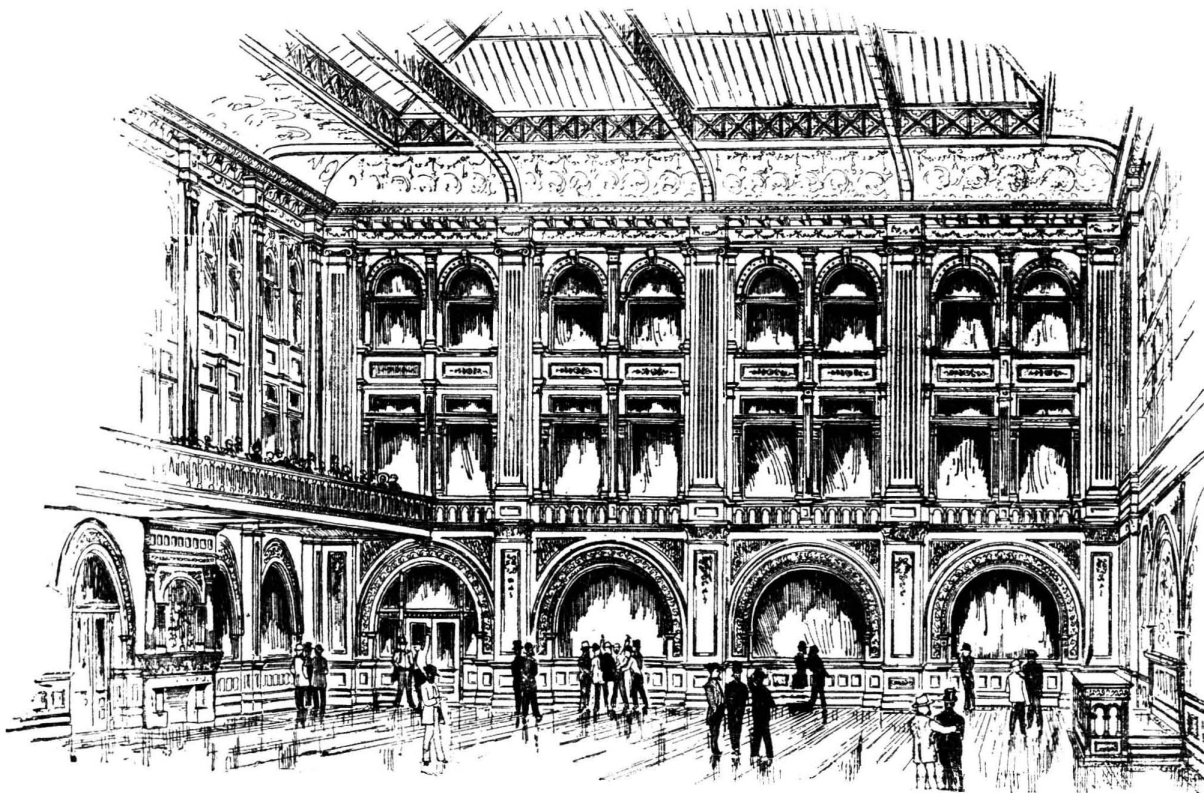
Now here is something right down interesting—to young women, of course. It has been decided in a French court that a woman is entitled not only to the engagement ring, but also to all articles of value presented by a lover before marriage. Perhaps the same diamond will not be seen on so many different fingers now.

Only think of the millions of flowers that bloom their little hour in the depths of the woods and the solitudes of the forest, and are never seen of men; their lives seem as wasted as that of the woman who dies unloving and unloved, yet there is a fragrance about them that is all their own.

Marion Harland, Christine Terhune Herrick, and Mrs. Hungerford have all resigned their editorial positions on the *Home-Maker*, on account of a disagreement with Mr. Carnrick, owner of the magazine. Mr. Carnrick will not easily find three women to fill those three vacant chairs.

Death is a gardener who goes about with a slow, stately tread, cutting down weeds with a strong stick; but often and often—ah, me!—he makes a mistake and cuts down a flower.

The bitterest thing life teaches us is that one may have a surfeit of the good things as well as the bad.



ASSEMBLY ROOM, PORTLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

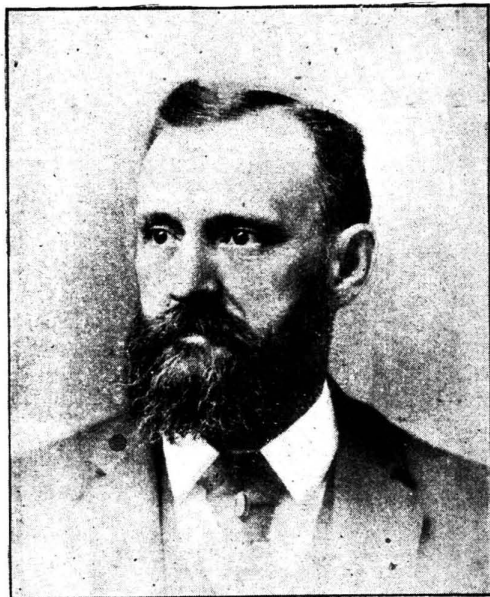
PORTLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

A few months ago the Portland board of trade reorganized as a chamber of commerce and made arrangements for the erection of a magnificent structure to cost \$500,000.00. An entire half block, situated on the north side of Stark street, between Third and Fourth streets, was purchased, and several architects were invited to submit plans. As a result of the competition, the plans of Mr. I. Hodgson, Jr., were adopted. The ground has been cleared and preparations are being made for beginning the actual work of construction.

The accompanying engravings of the exterior and the interior of the chamber

of commerce room give a good idea of the general character of the building. The structure is of the Italian renaissance style of architecture and is very impressive in appearance as well as solid in substance. It will be 100x200 feet in size and 112 feet high to the cornice, the tower rising forty-five feet higher. It will be built of sandstone, with cornices and window caps of heavy carved stone, and interior walls of brick. Two "light wells" will give the interior portion ample light, so that every room will have a window opening upon the street or one of these courts. Four elevators and numerous stairways will give ample facilities for reaching any portion of the building. From the main entrances in the center of each of the three sides, one passes into a public assembly hall 24x89 feet in size. On the second floor will be the large assembly room to be used by the chamber of commerce, the remainder of the six stories being divided into offices, giving an entire office area of 103,800 square feet. It will take about one year to complete the structure.

Mr. T. F. Osborn, whose portrait is given, is president of the chamber, and is the most energetic and progressive man who has ever held that position. He is the business manager of one of Portland's largest wholesale houses, and was



T. F. OSBORN



PORTLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

chosen for this position because of his known ability as a leader and executive. To his energetic and intelligent action is due the fact that Portland will be given an opportunity to correct the grossly inaccurate census that was taken and show herself to be a live and growing city that has need for such a building as the chamber of commerce is erecting.

Work has been begun on a three-story Catholic hospital at Aberdeen, Washington. This, however, is only intended for temporary use for that purpose, as the Catholics own a beautiful site for a permanent hospital, which will be utilized as soon as cleared, and the building erected thereon. The one now under construction will then be sold or utilized for other purposes.

A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.

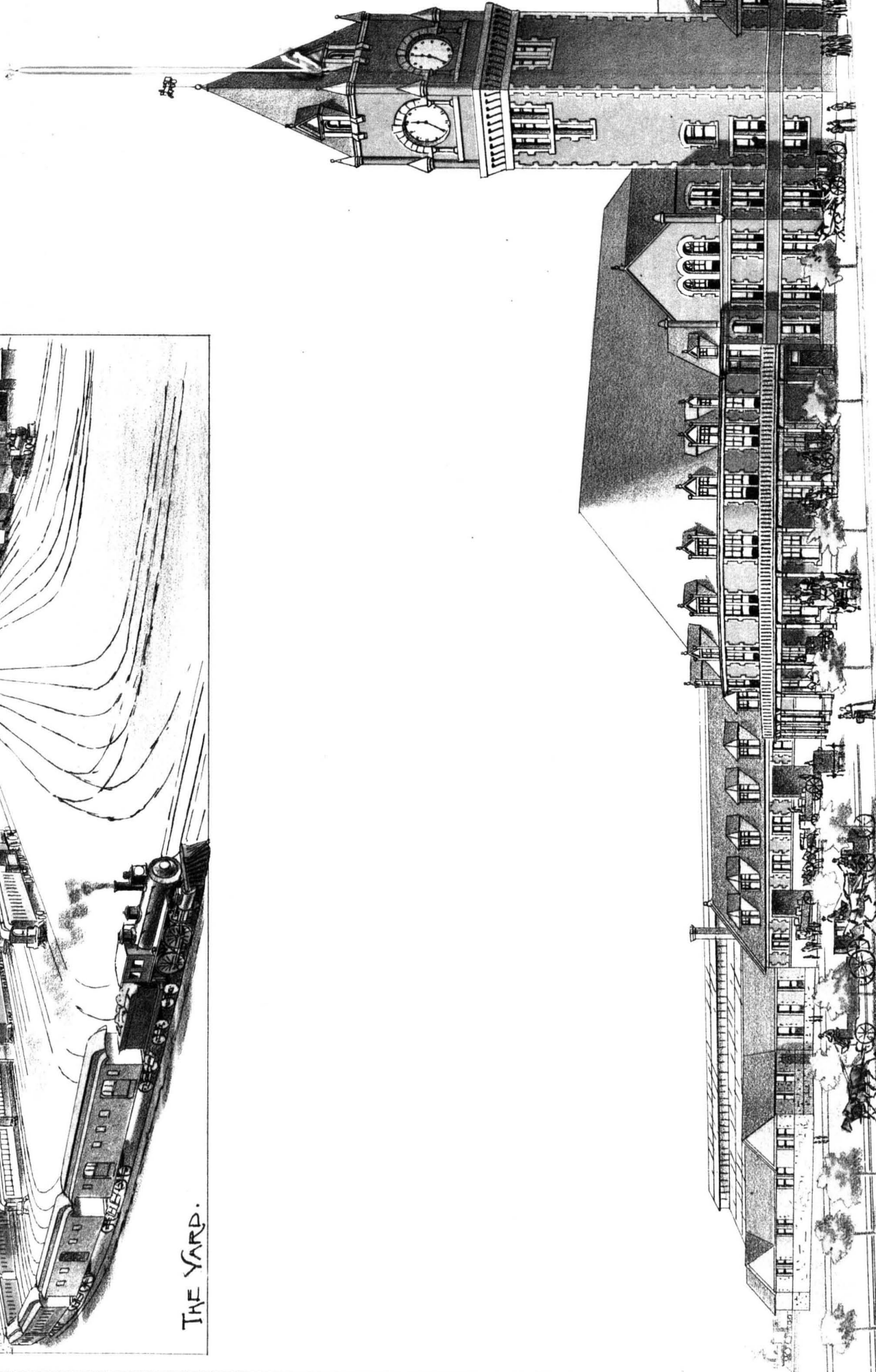
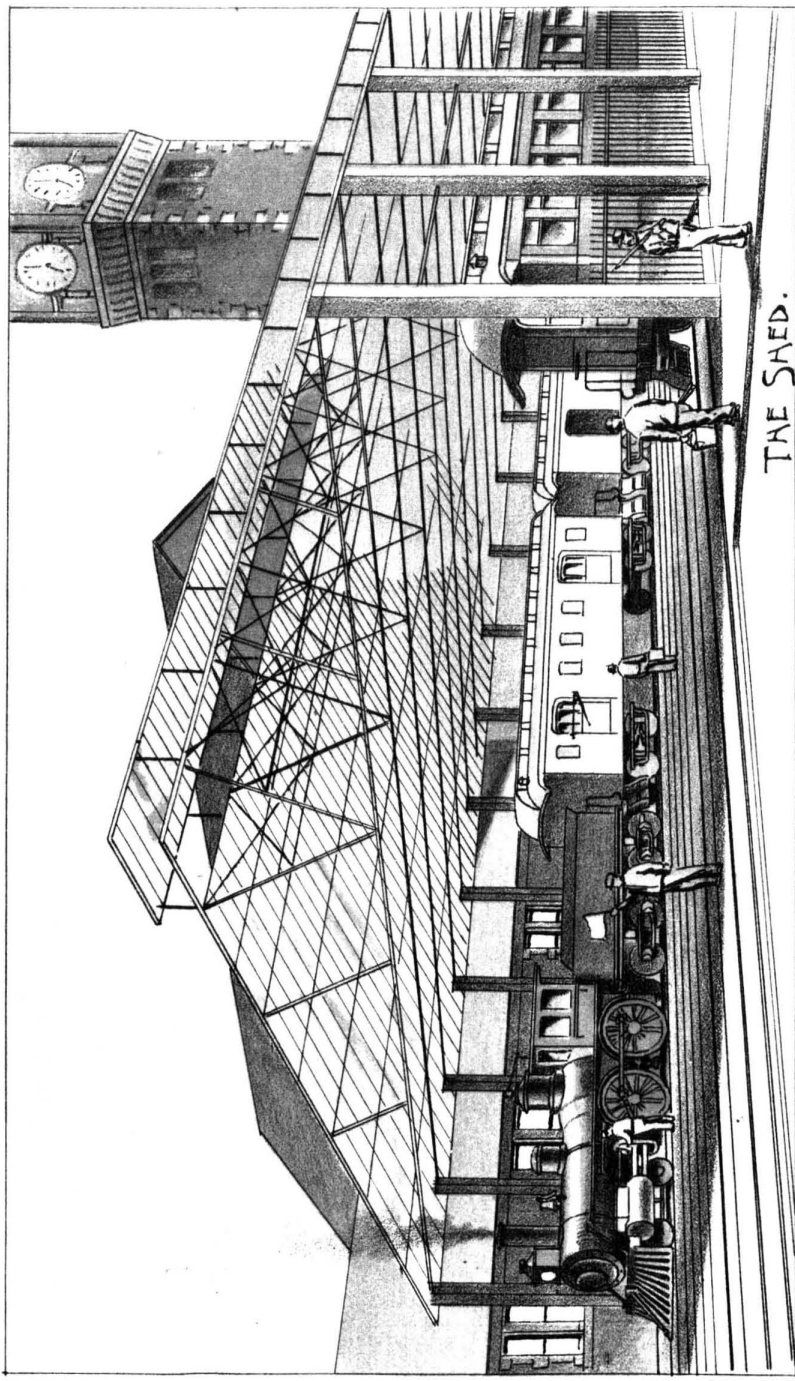
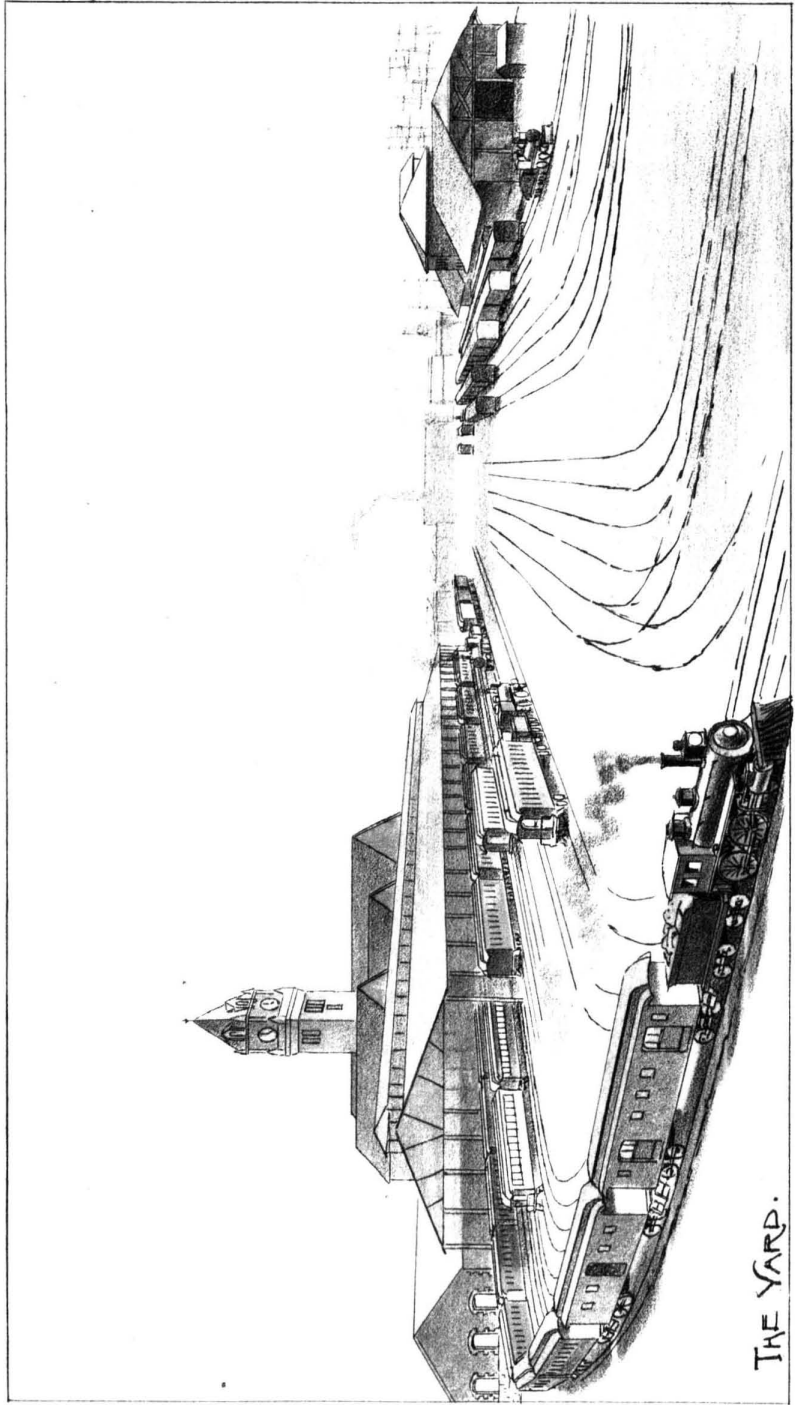
CITIZENS OF OREGON—We demand a new census. The work is grossly inaccurate and the supervisors were utterly incompetent.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER—It can not be that anything I have been superintendent of is not done properly. However, I will investigate it thoroughly. (To Oregon's supervisors)—Gentlemen you are accused of being incompetent and of having done a poor job. How is it?

OREGON'S SUPERVISORS—It is absurd. We are perfectly competent. We doubt if there live any men more competent than we. Our count is correct. It could not help being correct when *we* did it.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER (to citizens of Oregon)—You see, gentlemen, that I have made a most thorough investigation and find that the work was well done and the supervisors were exceptionally competent men.

West Shore



OREGON—THE MILLION DOLLAR UNION DEPOT UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT PORTLAND.—See Page 3.

WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

By Emily A. Kellogg.

DEAR "WEST SHORE" GIRLS AND BOYS—

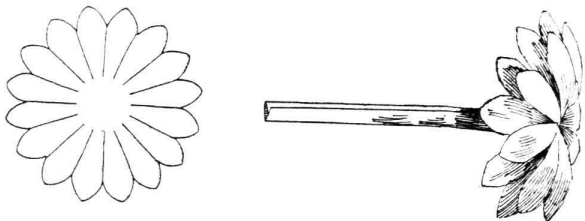
I greet you as friends, and prophesy delightful times we will have together. "Together" does not imply "in the same place," does it? Does not "together" mean "in the same mind?" If so, I am sure we are together, for are we not all of a mind to get great good and great fun, some wisdom and true progress in the graces of living, through this bright page which WEST SHORE has opened to us? This is our own page, where we are at home. In it we will sing our songs and tell our stories, play our games and talk together of the great, big, wonderful world and all its doings. We will talk of our own work and play, our studies and amusements. We will discuss the books we enjoy and the country we love.

I dare not begin to name all the good times which we will have together, but remember, girls and boys, large and small, that this is your own particular corner and I am your particular friend. EMILY A. KELLOGG.

A party was to be given for Gertrude and Jennie; so their aunties put on their thinking caps, with intent to make it a very nice time.

Of course they would themselves be present to see that all went smoothly and to aid the girls in making everything pleasant for their guests. The house was re-arranged for the occasion and the art treasures brought out for entertainment. The tiny parlors were cleared of all unnecessary chattels, and one bedroom (where the bed was a folding one) was transformed into a tasteful refreshment room. There Aunt Louise would preside at the cake table and ladle iced lemonade from the huge bowl, and thither the young people would drift, a few at a time, for the simple but refreshing luxury.

But some novel entertainment must be provided for the diversion of the boys and girls, and "predicaments" was the choice. So one evening, a week beforehand, the family had sat down together and concocted the ques-



tions and answers, or "predicaments" and "remedies." These were made, of course, as absurd as good taste would allow. Each question was written on a slip of paper, about $5 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. To the center of one end of this strip was sewed a pink-tinted, paper flower, of the shape shown in the first cut, and about five inches across. The written paper was neatly folded from each side towards the center, to conceal the writing. It then formed the long, slender stem of the posy, as it appears in the second cut. These paper flowers the aunties found already prepared at the stationer's, but they could easily be cut from sheets of bright tissue paper. The answers were prepared in the same way, only that they had purple flowers to distinguish them. An equal number of each was provided, and as many altogether as the number of expected guests. The pink-tipped "predicaments" were arranged as a rosy bouquet in a charming blue and white glass pitcher, while the purple "answer blossoms," or "remedies," were gorgeous in a vase of green and gold.

"Predicaments" proved a success. Each girl picked at random a pink posy from the pitcher and each boy took a purple one. They were asked to choose partners before unfolding the "stems." Then each couple in turn was called upon to rise and read their papers aloud. The novelty and the accidental hits caused great merriment.

Mollie asked John, "What would you do if you should become an inmate of the county poor house?" and received as answer, "I would eat five watermelons and six pies for supper."

Then Flora asked Sam, "What would you do if forced to live without pockets?" and was answered by, "I would eat my soup with a fork."

A blue-eyed, red-headed boy was asked, "What would you do if your eyes should turn green and your mustache grow out blue?" and he promptly responded, "I would rub the spot with sapolio."

Margaret mournfully inquired of Wilbur, "What would you do if all the soda fountains ran dry and all the lemonade trees were blighted?" He replied, "I would buy a string and a little dog to lead me about the streets."

To the query, "What would you do if you had no visible means of support?" Henry declared that he would "Swallow a pint of kerosene and one end of a lamp wick and light the other end."

When Ruth asked Randall, "What would you do if you were elected mayor?" he replied, "I would take a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief."

The question, "What would you do if you should become bald?" elicited the answer, "I would wear a porous plaster."

Mary asked, "What would you do if you were suddenly attacked with a mania for writing poetry?" Jack answered, prudently, "I would sew on a button."

Louise saucily asked Will, "What would you do if I should never smile on you again?" and received the pathetic reply, "I would take Wizard Oil three times a day."

To the query from Sadie, "What would you do if you should suddenly become a giant?" Winthrop answered, "I would take Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

This inappropriate application of an infantile remedy to a gigantic sufferer quite overcame what little gravity remained, and music was in demand to give vent to the good spirits of the party. The boys and girls went home voting "predicaments" a jolly game.

If you and I had been on a certain Welsh highroad some thirty-seven years ago we might have seen a boy in the gray garb of a pauper, trudging cheerfully along the road, seeking work. He is just leaving the poor-house, the only home he has known for ten years. A cloud of dust heralds the approach of a splendid coach and pair, attended by liveried coachman and lackeys. John Rowlands stands to one side, hat in hand, to make the sturdy bow with which the courteous English poor greet "their betters," and Sir Charles Tennant and his stately lady condescendingly acknowledge the obeisance of the boy and straightway forget him.

Years have passed by since that day, and only last month both hemispheres were astir over a wedding, the greatest social event of this or many a season—the wedding of Dorothy Tennant and Henry M. Stanley. One of the best known and most admired women of England, one accomplished in both artistic and literary work, a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, weds the hero of four tremendous African explorations, the deliverer of Livingstone, the man who has opened to civilization "The Darkest Continent," and whose splendid fame is known to more millions than is that of any other human being.

By special request of the Princess of Wales this marriage is celebrated in Westminster Abbey, the Dean and Archbishop of Westminster assisting the Bishop of Ripon in its solemnization. To this notable occasion come as personal friends of both bride and groom the highest dignitaries of church and state, of army and navy, representatives of royalty from various lands—yes, the future King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.

Autograph letters of congratulation pour in upon the honored pair from the crowned heads of Europe. Countless and priceless gifts are theirs from the world of wealth and rank and royalty.

The bridegroom thus honored is he whom we saw as little John Rowlands at the roadside, covered with dust from the coach of Sir Charles Tennant. Have we, then, returned to the times of magic? Had this pauper boy Aladdin's lamp with which to open before him treasure houses and kings' palaces?

Yes. The magic of our age surrounds every boy and girl with an atmosphere which makes all things possible. The Aladdin's lamp which transformed poor John Rowlands into the world-famed Stanley, and that transported him from Denbigh poor-house to Westminster Abbey (by way of an American newspaper and Central Africa), is to be found alone in the characteristics with which nature endowed the lad, and of which he has made the best use he could, day by day.

He had stubborn courage, endurance, patience and determination. He was slow to grasp his life-work, but with great deliberateness, and growing out of it there was a wonderful insight and an ability to manage men.

With all this there was a tremendous and steady *push*. Had he been satisfied with the life of a Welsh peasant, a Welsh peasant he might have remained to this day. But a noble discontent sent him over seas to America; found for him a friend in Mr. Stanley, who gave him his name; another in Mr. Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, who opened to him his life-work; and a better one than all in Livingstone, who "showed him the Father" and brought him to God. Out of the heart of Africa he came with the Light of the World shining for him, above all other lights, inspiring him anew to effort and success.

Out of Africa's blackness of darkness he came, with banner aloft bearing the legend, "The slave trade must down! Open Africa to light!" and sovereigns and money-kings have ranged themselves beneath his colors for the redemption of Africa.



THE FAR WEST



The Snake is one of the wonderful rivers of the west. Its source is in Wyoming and entering Idaho at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet above sea level, it crosses the state from east to west and flows north forming nearly one-half its western boundary, and leaves the state at an elevation of only 680 feet. This stream runs nearly one thousand miles in its sinuous windings before uniting with the Columbia, and it forms some grand and beautiful cataracts in its descent, the most noted of which are Shoshone falls, which have been heretofore illustrated and described in WEST SHORE. They are 210 feet in height and surpass the noted Niagara in beauty if not in volume. Just above are the Twin falls, which are ninety feet high and may be considered a part of this mighty cataract. Within this short distance are found 300 of the 5,300 feet of the river's fall in Idaho. The remaining 5,000 feet are distributed more or less gradually from the eastern boundary of the state to where it enters Washington, near Lewiston. When Major Powell, director of the geological survey, saw this mighty river, he remarked: "I can put this water on 2,000,000 acres of land for twenty-five cents per acre." He might have added that he could as easily furnish the power to drive the machinery of the world. The matter of using this vast water supply for irrigation purposes is being discussed, and promises to be a reality in the near future. It has, in fact, already been used to some extent, and ere long, doubtless, will be the means of converting the vast Snake river bottoms into growing fields and productive orchards. An extensive field is here offered for the ingenuity of man to make this section, heretofore worthless, one of the garden spots of the west.

The National Park & South Eastern railroad is a new Montana corporation with \$1,000,000 capital stock. The directors recently held a meeting in Butte city, and elected Lee Mantle, president; H. L. Frank, vice-president; W. McC. White, secretary; and C. S. Warren, treasurer. What system of roads is backing the company appears to be a mystery. Liberal guessing has been indulged in, but has so far proved both harmless and useless. The route proposed for the road is as follows: Running southeast from Butte by way of Blacktail, Deer creek, Pipestone pass and Little Pipestone creek to the Jefferson river valley in Jefferson county; thence by way of Jefferson and Ruby valleys and Alder gulch, or some other practicable route, to the Madison river valley, near the town of Ennis; thence south through the Madison river valley to the summit of the Rocky mountains, at or near Reynolds pass, on the southerly boundary of the state. The branches are to be as follows: From some point on the Madison valley line southeasterly through the Madison basin to the western boundary of the National park; also from a point in the Jefferson valley northerly by way of Three Forks to Helena; also from Three Forks to Bozeman; from some convenient point in the Jefferson valley to Dillon and from Butte north to Champion. N. C. Ray has been chosen chief engineer, and has been instructed to make final surveys and report them to a meeting of the directors to be held September 2nd.

A Nooksack City correspondent of the *Post Intelligencer* says. Forces are being concentrated and dirt is flying on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railway grade, which is completed for sixteen miles south from the international boundary, and of the ten miles between North Fork and Samish summit only about three miles remain to be graded. The San Francisco Bridge Company has begun work on the bridge at North Fork, at which place a revetment wall is also being constructed. A force is also now employed in the rock cut. The end of the track is now four miles north of Wooley junction, at which point enough rails are in waiting to complete the line to North Fork, and the balance to reach the boundary will be on hand in the meantime. The bridge across the Stillaguamish river is finished and the track laid for two miles beyond. At a point about four miles north of the town, work is progressing rapidly on an extensive trestle. This is to be completed in ten days, and in about six weeks the track may be pushed to completion. The grounds have been prepared and work will be started on the Nooksack station in a few days. This is to be one of the finest buildings on the line. By October 1, at most, we hope to be able to make the round trip to Seattle in a day and have several hours for business in that place.

In a few things science has beaten nature in the success of its work; or, rather, with the assistance of science, nature is much more successful in

its workings than without it, and in nothing is this truer than fish hatching and propagation. This thought is suggested by the splendid run of salmon in the Columbia river the present season. A few years since the government began the hatching of these fish and the stocking of waters in which the run was not so great as formerly. One of the most important fish hatcheries is the one at Clackamas, Oregon. True to the theory, the run of salmon was increased from the period of the natural return of the fish. The results seem to fully justify the labor and means expended to accomplish them. The run has been large from, doubtless, no other cause, and thus much employment has been given and much food supplied to the public by this work. By it is also solved the question as to the manner of keeping up the production of that elegant food fish in proportion to the population and demands of the country. In but few things is the money of the government so well expended as in the propagation of food fish. This has also been demonstrated in the shad fishing waters of the east, but no where is the fact more apparent than in the salmon fishing of the west.

Active work of constructing the Seattle & Montana railroad has been begun. Earle & Donahue have a portion of the contract and have 200 men at work. Engineer Watson states that the line has been nearly all definitely located, and that contracts will soon be let for truss-span bridges over the Snohomish, Stillaguamish and Skagit rivers. The bids call for eighty-four-foot Howe truss, 150-foot span, 200-foot combination over all, a 200-foot wooden draw in two, and a 250-foot draw in another, and the bridges will be required to carry 3,000 pounds per foot, and will be built of fir. The Skagit bridge is to be turned over to the company November 1, the Stillaguamish bridge on December 1, and the Snohomish bridge December, 15. Manager T. J. Milner will also double the order for timber to be used on the harbor front, trestle and bridges, and contracts will be made for 4,000,000 feet.

Articles of incorporation of the Missoula & Northern Railroad Company were filed recently with the secretary of state by John M. Keith, Charles H. McLeod, Thomas C. Marshall, Richard A. Eddy and Thomas L. Greenough, of Missoula, and E. L. Bonner, of Deer Lodge. The termini of the road are to be in Missoula county, and the general route is to be from a point on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad between the stations of Ravalli and Duncan, by the nearest and most practicable route to the foot of Flathead lake; thence around said lake, on the side most practicable, to the town of Demersville, with the right to extend the road, if the company so elects, northerly from Demersville by the best route to the British line at Tobacco plains. The capital stock is fixed at \$2,000,000, divided into 20,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each.—*Helena Herald*.

The schooner *Olga*, recently arrived from Alaska, brought a subject who may some day serve as a hero in missionary literature as he has already in romance. This subject is a native Indian of Alaska, whom Captain Brown and crew rescued from the burning stake, having been accused of witchcraft by a shaman, tried and convicted, and was about to pay the heathen penalty for that imaginary crime. (Alaskan witchcraft was illustrated in WEST SHORE July 26). Both the captain and crew had to make great haste to prevent capture and having to pay a like penalty.

Mr. Archibald Claverin Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," has written a juvenile book, "Small Boys in Big Boots." It is a story of strictly American life. The hero has no earl for a grandfather and no ancestors worth mentioning, consequently is compelled to make his career for himself, which he does in a strictly business and American manner. This story contains a delightful little love tale, and is full of both humor and pathos. It is beautifully illustrated and is issued by the Home Publishing Company.

Arrangements have been concluded between the Spokane & Northern railroad and the Canadian Columbia river steamers for the extension of the route of the latter from Revelstoke to Little Dalles, and there to connect with the Spokane & Northern at the terminus, and practically link the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific systems.

The Imperial mills, at Oregon City, Or., started up last week with a double crew of hands, and are now running night and day, turning out 550 barrels of flour per day. These mills have been idle since last winter, owing to their basin and flume having been washed out by the flood.

The contract for building the Great Northern railroad extension from Assiniboine, Montana, to the summit of the Rocky mountains has been awarded to Shepard, Siems & Co., and two to three thousand men will be put to work on the line at once.

There are over one thousand miles of railroad now in construction in the state of Washington, much of which will be completed during the present year. This exceeds the railroad construction of any state in the Union.

J. C. Banks has located some coal mines near the headwaters of the Cowlitz river, in Washington. The specimens are good samples of semi-anthracite, of which there is claimed to be a field of 9,000 acres.

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On last Saturday afternoon the Indians of Lemhi agency, with some of their red brethren from Fort Hall, who are visiting them, had a sham battle. The exhibition took place on the flat near the high bridge, and was participated in by about two hundred warriors. They had been getting ready for the fray for several days, and appeared in all the glory of paint of every hue, and had their horses decorated in the same manner. Three different battles were fought; in the first two, the charge and the skirmish, the Indians were mounted, while in the last, a fight at close quarters, the warriors were on foot. This fighting was just the same as in real battles in every particular, even to robbing and scalping the dead, an exhibition of which was given that made the blood of the spectators run cold. About seventy-five white people gathered to witness the novel sight, and felt amply repaid for their trip. The Indians were very friendly and went about to the carriages and shook hands with many of the people, and appeared very proud to have such a large and appreciative audience.—*Idaho Recorder.*

J. D. Bennett, of Montesano, Washington, has discovered a mine of iron ore on North river. He sent a sample to San Francisco, and the assayer in his report stated that the rock carried eighteen per cent. of iron, and that the iron was of excellent quality. The sample sent was an outcropping only, and an effort will shortly be made to get some of the rock from the main ledge, which it is expected will assay much richer. There is a veritable mountain of the rock, it having been traced by the outcroppings for several miles. The ledge is only about eight miles from Montesano.

Hood & Leaven's shingle mill, near Kelso, Washington, was burned last week. Loss \$4,000.

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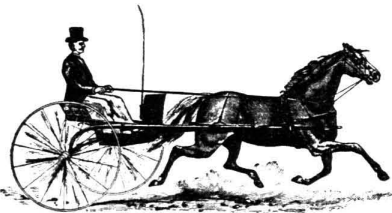
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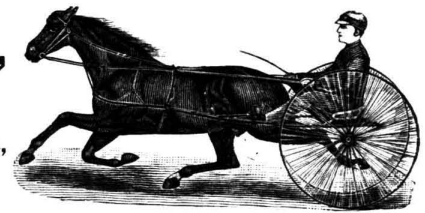
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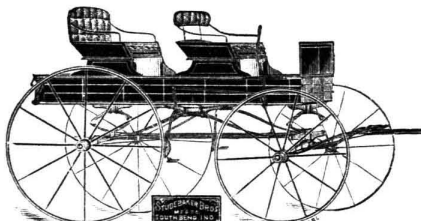
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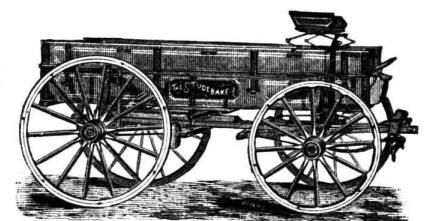
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 Roseburg...3:00 a. m. | Portland...4:00 p. m.
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State.....	Tuesday	" 5
Oregon.....	Saturday	" 9
Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 13
State.....	Sunday	" 17
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 21
Columbia.....	Monday	" 25
State.....	Friday	" 29

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Oregon.....	Saturday	" 16
Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 20
State.....	Sunday	" 24
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 28
Columbia.....	Monday	Sept. 1

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"What do you want?"

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TOM—No; but I dine at his restaurant, and, pretending not to see him, I re-tail all his stories, saying loudly, "I can't tell it as well as he can, but here's a rattling good yarn Mr. D. told us this morning." I've been promoted three times this year.—*Light.*

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AUNT—Did you cry?

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PORTLAND.

ARRIVE		DEPART	
+ 6 36 a.m.	+ 1 45 p.m.	+ 7 25 a.m.	+ 3 40 p.m.
+ 8 40 "	+ 3 15 "	+ 9 20 "	+ 5 20 "
+ 10 40 "	+ 4 50 "	+ 11 00 "	+ 6 20 "
+ 11 45 "	+ 6 07 "	+ 12 30 p.m.	+ 8 35 "
	+ 7 45 "	+ 2 00 "	

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OVER-SENSITIVE EDITOR—Then, my dear madam, I haven't the heart to take it from you.—*Chatter.*

BY-STANDER—'Cos, when he stepped off the car I seen a tooth-brush in his vest pocket.—*Judge.*

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