

West Shore

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IN THE ORCHARD.

West Shore

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

ONE of the Americanisms of recent years is the word "Kick." It has come into such universal use, except with the select few who abhor all English not strictly classical, that the quotation marks generally used to denote a word of uncertain credentials have been removed from around it, and it has been given an extremely useful, if not highly honored, position in "English, as she is spoke" on this side of the Atlantic. But kick is not a slang word; simply the revival of a good English word once in common use, with a broader and more comprehensive meaning given it. Kicking is an inalienable privilege of a free born American citizen. It is a safety valve. After the American has let off steam by means of a vigorous kick, he is prepared to go on with his work, whether the kick was successful or not. Base ball, the great national game, would be a tame affair without the inevitable kick, and it is doubtful if a game could be played without it, or described without the word being used. The knowledge of an umpire upon all the dips, spurs and sinuosities of kicking must be profound if not valuable. In him, probably, can be found the most hearty sympathizer of Census Superintendent Porter, whose initiation into the mysteries, varieties and intensities of kicking has been sudden and overwhelming. Porter should have taken a course of instruction in the league to prepare himself for such an avalanche of kicking as has rushed upon him. The kick, in all degrees of intensity from the mild remonstrance to the most vehement invective, has been pouring into his office for the past few weeks from every corner of the Union. Not the least vigorous of the kickers has been Portland, and either because of her vigor or the superior gravity of her wrongs, she has been successful, while nine-tenths of the others have failed. Salem, also, has kicked to some purpose. Now let the remainder of Oregon emulate their example and make things lively in the census office. That the census of Oregon, as a whole, was a wretched botch is beyond dispute. All the tests usually applied for estimating the population show that Oregon contains a much larger number of people than she is credited with. This is made especially evident when the figures in certain counties are compared with the state census of 1885, the last school census and the vote cast at the last election. On the last page the artist has given his idea of the way the census wagon went through Oregon. Blinded by ignorance and stupidity, the driver has gone pell mell through the state, driving recklessly over facts and figures. By a little extra exertion Portland and Salem have succeeded in getting aboard the wagon, but other cities and counties have been left sprawling in the mire or hopelessly in the rear. What is wanted now is such a vigorous kick by those sections that have been left, that the wagon will be compelled to make a second trip through the state, so that those who have been left can get in and ride. Let every one kick, and be "specific" about it as well as vigorous.

Present appearances indicate that the Knights of Labor, with the full authority and personal direction of Chief Powderly, have begun a contest that, unless terminated by a retreat on the part of the order or the railroad company, will develop into the most wide spread and disastrous conflict between labor and capital the country has ever seen. The outlook is especially dark because there is no question at issue which admits of arbitration. Nothing but the surrender of what each side considers a vital principle can end the struggle. The Knights of Labor are fighting for power, for a monopoly of labor, practically a trust, which they deem essential to the existence of their order as they conceive it should exist, and are striking to place themselves in such a position that members of their order can not be discharged by any employer without the sanction of the order. On the contrary the managers of the railroad are contending for the right to employ or discharge whom they think desirable or undesirable. Out of such a deadlock must spring a fight that can only end in an utter defeat of one of the parties. Vice President Webb is undoubtedly using his power in an arrogant manner, but that hardly justifies a strike in the mind of one not a member of a labor organization. Of all the combines and trusts that this country may suffer from, it is a question whether the labor trust of organizations, if it succeed in acquiring the dictatorial power at which it aims, be not the most dangerous to the well being of the nation.

If we are to have rifles to guard the property of any individual or corporation, they should be in the hands of the representatives of the law, and not borne by a body of mercenaries like that recruited by the Pinkertons and hired out to corporations at so much a head. The right of the citizen to bear arms is guaranteed by the constitution, but it is an individual right and does not include the right to raise and equip a body of armed men to be hired out for the purpose of committing a breach of the peace should circumstances lead to it. Let the corporations depend upon the lawful authorities for protection. They are responsible, and the community permitting the destruction of property through a failure of its legal officers to afford it protection, is responsible for the amount of the loss. Better that millions of dollars be lost in riot than that the principle be established that a private army can be maintained in the United States.

It may be a little uncertain whether or not the Farmers' Alliance is entitled to all the credit, but the fact remains that the Hon. Johnny Ingalls seems to have subsided into a state of comparative decorum since the grasshopper agriculturists manifested a desire to plow him under. If the horny handed sons of toil are really going to take an intelligent interest in politics and not be contented with sucking their tariff, silver, pension and other information through specially constructed straws, there will be less use for the genus demagogue in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Napoleon's maxim, that "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions," does not hold good in Central America, where the Salvadorians have won every battle, though outnumbered by their enemies. The effort of Barrillos to secure through diplomacy what he first tried to gain by precipitating a needless and unsuccessful war, has failed, and Salvador is again pushing both him and his ally, President Brogan, of Honduras, to the wall.

As was predicted by WEST SHORE, the United States circuit court has declared the absurd anti-Chinese city ordinance of San Francisco unconstitutional. Chinese legally in this country have the same rights of residence and business as other foreigners, and can not be discriminated against by legislation or otherwise.

THE GREEK CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

If one wends his way some day towards the northern end of San Francisco, past the oriental sights and smells of Chinatown, northwest of the picturesque and tumbledown shanties of swarthy Mexicans and Italians, he will find a grassy plaza called Washington Square. Facing the square stands a fantastic and ornate building as alien to our occidental ideas of architecture as a Chinese pagoda or a Hindoo temple.

It is the Greco-Russian Church of San Francisco, one of the three outposts on this continent of that great and ancient religion that claims 80,000,000 of adherents, and extends its sway over nearly all Eastern Europe and Northern Asia. The blue central dome, studded with gilded stars and surmounted by a large Greek cross, in contour like an inverted balloon; the smaller towers clustering around, each topped by a smaller cross; the large, conventional figure of some ancient saint painted on the front of the cupola; the many features of Byzantine ecclesiastical architecture, all combine to remind one of the chapels and cathedrals of Holy Russia, and every feature of the interior is strange to our western eyes. There are no pews, as all are expected to either stand or kneel on the carpeted floor during the entire service, excepting the infirm and aged, for whose accommodation there are along the sides a few little stools and diminutive benches. Instead of the somber and subdued tints and the severe simplicity of decoration which prevails in our protestant churches, all is color, richness and splendor; the eye can find no place on which to rest that does not convey some symbolic meaning to the mind. The walls aglow with frescoed paintings, representing biblical scenes, miracles, incidents of the ancient history of the church, and representations of the great saints of the church. Not only are there two rows of frescoed paintings along the sides of the church, but the ceiling, also, is likewise decorated.

As one enters the door he sees at the other end of the church a partition, about eight feet high, extending entirely across. It is ornately decorated with carved woodwork, enclosing pictures of saints and of historical and biblical scenes. Behind it stands the altar, which, during certain parts of the service, is hidden from view, but during other parts, by drawing aside the central portiers and throwing open two large gates or doors, is exposed to view. It is draped with a superb altar cloth, recently brought from Russia, and shines richly with the soft sheen of myriads of threads of gold. The bible on the altar, ponderously bound in great brazen covers, is handsome, but heavy, as it weighs fully fifty pounds. To carry it round the church, as is necessary during certain ceremonies of the service, is no light task, and it is no wonder that a lighter bible is provided when the less athletic priests officiate.

An interesting and strange-looking painting stands against a pillar in one corner of the church. It is a copy of a painting 700 years old, the property of the church in Russia. It represents the Madonna holding the infant Jesus. But the hands and faces only are painted. All the clothing stands out in low relief in gilded and silver wrought metallic work. On the Virgin's head rests a gold crown, richly studded, as is the clothing, with rubies and emeralds and other precious stones. The original of this is supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers, and believers cite many instances where the halt, the maim and the blind have been miraculously healed by praying before it. There are many other objects of interest to be seen: a row of huge, five-foot candlesticks standing in front of the altar partition; the rich, purple velvet banners hanging on the pillars; the vessels for the holy water, and the great bell recently brought from Russia that swings in the cupola.

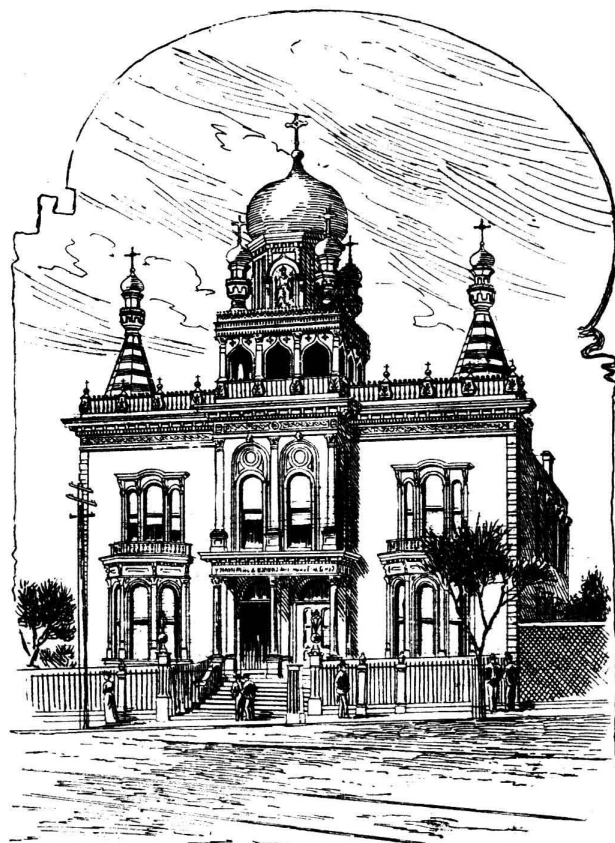
The congregation of the church is strangely cosmopolitan. Strongest numerically are the Slavonians, from Dalmatia; next in number are the Servians and Montenegrans, from the mountainous, liberty-loving districts; there are Greeks, both from the mainland and the archipelago; there are but a few Russians, and there are only about twenty Bedouins. Although there are but about six Russians in the church, it receives most of its support from St. Petersburg. Bishop Vladimir, a learned scholar and an energetic worker, is at the head of the diocese, which extends its sway to Alaska, where there are over 13,000 believers, mostly natives. He is assisted at the

church by several priests, who often officiate at the services, and who travel through the state holding services where there are no churches. The services are full of ritualism and observances that have existed for centuries. They are held usually in the Slavonian tongue, but sometimes in English or Russian. There is no organ in the church, but a trained chorus of forty voices supplies the music.

A part of the building is used for a school and for living-rooms. Here reside the bishop and several priests, besides over a dozen native Alaskans who are being educated at the diocesan school which is connected with the church. Some are Russian creoles, some are half-blooded Americans and some are full-blooded natives. One little fellow, apparently about eight, really fifteen years of age, is considerable of a linguist, being able to read and write the Slavonian, Aleutian, English and Russian languages.

The missionary work of the church in Alaska is superintended from San Francisco, although there is a church in Sitka. The missionaries necessarily undergo great hardships and privations living among the native tribes of that frigid climate, but they are earnest in their work and gentle and kind toward the natives, and succeed in teaching them many of the arts and accomplishments of civilized life.

FRANK TRACY SWETT.



GREEK CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PORTLAND CITY PARK.

It would be difficult to find a tract of land near any city in the union more admirably adapted by nature for the purposes of a public park than the one dedicated to that end in the city of Portland. Lying within the city limits, on the eastern slope of the hills just west of the most desirable residence portion, and reached by two lines of cars, it is very accessible, and has become a favorite place of resort on summer afternoons, especially on Sunday, when music is added to the charms of nature. The sketches in the center of this number give a glimpse here and there of various features of the park, but are utterly unable to convey an adequate impression of it as a whole. It is, to be sure, still in a great degree in a state of nature, and the opportunity for the landscape gardener to display his skill is an excellent one; but nature made it a better park than has been created in many cities by the expenditure of much money and artistic skill.

It is entered from either the north or south by splendid driveways that wind with an easy grade to the summit of the hill. Here the florist's art has been called into service to lend color and beauty to the scene. Here, also, are a music stand, swings, rustic seats and other accessories of a public park. A bear pit, in which four sleek and fat bears—one grizzly, one

cinnamon and two black—amuse themselves and the spectators, a deer park in which half a dozen beautiful deer roam at will, so tame that they eat leaves from the hands of delighted children, and various cages of other animals native to the Oregon woods, are constant objects of interest. He who thinks the cougar and the mountain lion are identical will be disabused of the idea when he sees the specimens of those fierce animals kept here side by side.

Many who visit the park fail to see its greatest beauty—the landscape to be obtained from the brow of the hill looking eastward. At his feet lies the city, encircled by green hills, with the silvery thread of the Willamette winding through it. Beyond the city the green valley, timbered hills, and the forest-robed summits of the Cascades, crowned with peaks of eternal snow charm the eye. This sight should never be missed.

Here is a knot for grammarians to untie: A pitcher full of a sickly-white liquid stood upon the breakfast table and was spoken of by one of the boarders as "a pitcher half full of milk," whereupon another claimed he should say "a pitcher full of half milk." Which is correct?

In enumerating the evils that have been brought upon Louisiana from the north, floods in the Mississippi should not be overlooked.

"PUSH."

Ere our father died and left us for the happy, golden shore,
He said: "I'm sorry, children, that I can't bequeath you more;
You're handsome girls, the three of you, in youth's enchanting flush,
And I hope you will be sensible and marry men of push."

Was it strange our parent's last words left their impress on our lives?
Ere the daisies bloomed above him Kate and Belle were wedded wives;
But I tarried, scarcely liking such a hurry, such a rush,
Nor half liking my new brothers, though they were both men of push.

One had pushed a real estate boom into blossom all too soon,
And was living on the proceeds to a pretty lively tune.
The other—he was pushing at those doors that may be seen
Labeled "Push," and opening inward on a most obliging screen.

Each had his boon companions, pushing, dashing, rapid men;
When they pushed into my presence I just pushed them out again.
Yet my father's word was sacred, and I prayed, at evening's hush—
"Dear God of lonely orphans, what did father mean by 'push?'"

And I think God sent an angel to ask father what he meant,
For an answer to my prayer straightway down to me was sent;
And that answer, plain, convincing, I must tell you all about;
That it came right out of heaven I can never, never doubt.

I was walking out Yamhill street, and the grade was on the rise,
A sweltering August sun was pouring down from cloudless skies;
An over-laden street car—fifty people on, at least—
Came slowly up behind me, dragged by one poor, gasping beast.

How that poor horse tugged and struggled, how he stumbled, tottered,
To my most careless reader needs not to be revealed; [reeled,
We all have seen the picture from the sidewalk or the road,
And sometimes—O, the shame of it!—we've added to the load.

My heart was sore within me and my soul indignant grew;
Yet I stood there, still and helpless, there was nothing I could do.
We women love to pity and our hearts will ache and ache,
Yet we turn the veriest cowards when a brave step we should take.

And while I stood there trembling and pitying from afar,
A man sprang off the platform and dropped behind the car;
And, O, let me record it in plainest black and white,
He grasped the platform railing and pushed with all his might!

The horse took freshened courage and pulled with hopeful will,
And man and horse together rolled the street car up the hill.
I lost my head entirely, and cried, without a blush—
"O, king of men! I now know what father meant by 'push.'"

He looked at me in wonder, and while he looked, of course,
The street car went and left him, pulled by that dear old horse.
Thus my answer came from heaven, straight from heaven, don't you see?
For this man who pushed the street car is pushing now for me.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

IN THE ORCHARD.

The picture on the first page represents a common scene in Oregon from June until October. There is scarcely a residence in the state where one or more trees of cherries, plums, pears, peaches or apples are not to be found in the yard, loaded with their burden, tempting to the eye and delicious to the taste. There is no sight more charming to the lover of fruit than one of the huge Royal Ann cherry trees, with their clusters of bright red fruit contrasting so attractively with the dark green of the leaves. The Royal Anns are so beautiful in color, so monstrous in size and so juicy and pleasing to the taste that they fully deserve the adjective portion of their name. The Black Republicans are also a large, firm and prolific cherry, but they lack the rich color of the others. The next prettiest sight is a tree of ripening peaches, whose rosy cheeks speak to the eye of the sweet juices within. No finer flavored peaches can be found anywhere than those produced in the orchards of Oregon and Washington. The earlier varieties in the market come from California, but we do not really begin to enjoy that favorite fruit until our home orchards pour in their luscious store. The same is true of the pear, the plum, the prune and the apple. The groaning limbs of our orchards, propped up with sticks to keep them from breaking under the rich burden they bear, pour into our laps the choicest fruits the broad area of the union produces. The culture of fruit is rapidly becoming an industry of great importance. Hundreds of thousands of trees have

been set out the past five years, and the next five will see a still greater number planted. The earlier orchards planted for market purposes are now coming into good bearing condition, and their prolific yields and the superior excellence of their product are a prophecy of what will be seen here a few years hence when the later, larger and more numerous orchards add their quota to the state's production. Oregon and Washington are destined to become as famous for their fruits as they now are for their wheat, hops, fish and timber.

NORTH PACIFIC INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

On the twenty-fifth of next month the doors of the North Pacific Industrial Exposition will be opened for the second time, not to close for thirty days. But few not connected with its management realize how close it is upon us and how much larger than the one held last year it will be. Superintendent Allen has been giving it the benefit of his large experience and careful attention for the entire year, and has so perfected it in its numerous details that the people can be promised the greatest exposition ever held in the west. Signor Liberatti, who brought out from New York an excellent band last year, has learned how good music is appreciated in Portland, and will this year bring a band much superior in its personnel to the other one. The art gallery will contain the finest collection of oil paintings ever brought to the Pacific coast. They will delight the lovers of art. So much improvement has been made in the building itself, and so many new features will be added to the general display, that a detailed enumeration would be tedious. It is sufficient to say that every citizen of Portland will feel a just pride in our mammoth exposition, and that it can not fail to make a most favorable impression upon the thousands of strangers who will visit it.

ETCHINGS.

When a reader of a paper comes across an item of news under some such head as "A Lucky Barber" or "Favored by Fortune," and finds that below it are the details of how John Jones drew the capital prize in the Louisiana lottery, he can be certain of one of two things: Either the publisher received pay for publishing that item as an advertisement, or else he is a fool for publishing a lottery advertisement for nothing, and there are very few fools in the publishing business. Disgusted as one may feel at seeing such an advertisement in a respectable paper, he is still more so when he turns to the editorial page and reads a moral philippic against lotteries, for to be mercenary is bad enough, but to be mercenary and hypocritical both is worse.

A stage driver was "held up" recently in Idaho, and when some citizens went out to see what had detained the stage they found the driver in the hands of the desperado, who proved to be John Barleycorn, with only a bottle for a weapon.

Don't waste sympathy on the man who complains that the whole world is against him. He has, doubtless, wasted everything he had, even his opportunities, and you had better let him keep it up and waste sympathy upon himself.

Is a leading daily that publishes under the big headline of "Bulldogs and Blood" all the disgusting details of a savage dog fight to be forgiven for such an outrage upon decency because it refers to the affair as "brutal?"

When Garfield said that "the stars in their courses fight for the republican party," he certainly was not thinking of the police force, for there the stars fight for the "boss," no matter to what party he may belong.

It must be especially galling to the French directors of the Panama canal fizzle to have the dredging plant sold and removed to Nicaragua to work for the American rival.

What sacrifice a woman will not make for the man she loves, and what sacrifice a man will not permit a woman to make for him, are two things not yet discovered.

The Pendleton baker who sells a loaf for two cents is not doing very well because there are so many who loaf for nothing. W.

BOTH HAD A PAIR.

"How loud that dog's pants are!"
 "Yes; he's evidently trying to drown the noise made by yours."

A QUESTION OF RANK.

JACK (who takes an interest in politics)—
 What the country needs is an honest count.
 AMY—A genuine duke would suit me better.

After Johnny Stubbs recovered his breath from the whipping his father gave him for calling his Quaker maiden aunt "Old Ocean," he explained that he did it because she had such a "gray and melancholy" waist.

SHE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN.

"O, Mabel, have you seen the latest thing in spoons?"
 "No, Amy; what is it?"
 "Ice cream?"

ALL THE RAGE.

"What a stylish looking girl Miss Amy is!" exclaimed Goslin.
 "Yes," replied Jinks, "even her cheeks are hand-painted."

WHY HE SMILED.

"Hello, Buffles! What makes you wear that radiant smile this morning?"
 "A woman in high life has just eloped."
 "I don't see why that should amuse you."
 "It happens to be my own wife."

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

MISS BLEEKER (of New York)—We have a discussion, Miss Livewayte, and we have decided to let you settle it. Which is right, "drink soup" or "eat soup?"

MISS LIVEWAYTE (of Chicago)—Well, for my part, I always sop it up with a piece of bread.

EASY IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

"I see that financiers predict easier money," remarked Gilroy.
 "Money is easy now," replied Larkin; "easy to part with."

NOTHING OF THE SORT.

JUDGE (to colored witness)—And when the prisoner struck you, did you retaliate?
 UNCLE JACKSING—Oh, no, youah honah, I wouldn't do nuffin' like dat, sah; I jess knocked him down.

ST. AGEDORE—Let's go to the club and have a quiet cigar.

THE MAN FROM BOSTON—Dear boy, do be more precise. Is a cigar anything but quiet?

ST. AGEDORE—Indeed, it is. That one you have now is so loud that it smells to heaven.

THE QUARREL.

SHE—You are exceedingly rude to-night. Why did you send up word you wanted to see me if you were going to act like this?

HE—Pardon me, I did not. I can not tell a lie, even to a servant. I only asked if you were at home.

THE FRENCH OF IT.

BOSTON GIRL—Oh, these balmy meadows! The wind that steals across them is like the breath of past years.

WESTERN GIRL (*sotto voce*)—Pastyers! I must get onto that pronunciation—must be the French of it! We always call 'em *pastures* out here.

SURE TO SUCCEED.

"Have you heard about the new scheme for supplying the city of Washington with ice?"

"No; what is it?"

"Why, they're going to get Senator Edmonds to stand in the Potomac river for five minutes every morning. Ice two feet thick will form all around him."



THAT BOTHERSOME FAN.

My heart is full of a maiden fair,
 The sweetest that e'er was seen,
 With gleams of gold in her sunny hair
 And wells of light i' her een;
 But, ah, I'm afraid
 This beautiful maid
 Is a trifle cold,
 And thinks I am bold,
 For she grants me naught but her fan to hold.

And when I attempt to declare my love
 She manages artfully
 To hide her face behind the pesky thing,
 And thus gets the drop on me;
 And then, I declare,
 I almost despair,
 For what chance have I
 When she is so shy?

By Jinks! I could fire that fan sky-high!

FRANK B. WELCH.

STAGGERS—The boss fired me yesterday.

MADDOX—Is that so? I suppose it was because you were loaded.

HOW STRAUS LOVED HIS CADRINA.

Of you knew mine secret feelings, ven I lofed you as a boy,
 'Twould fill you mit abundant bride und discondented joy,
 For I used to vish der Intjuns come und dry to take your scalb,
 Ven, hearing shrieks, I rush to you und safe you py mine helb.

I used to vish vrom off der wharf you in der riffer fall,
 So I shump in und safe you ven you frandically call;
 I vished kidnapping bandits come und carry you avay
 Till I, mit bow und arrow, make dem yield me up deir brey.

Ah, yes, mine sweed Cadrina, I haf vished der dings for you
 Vould fill your heart mit habbiness und drive avay der blue;
 I also hunded in der voods in search for hidden gold
 To puy der rings I could not, as my boverty condrolled.

I efen thoughtd at times dot I vould take you to der bay
 Und shtear a boat und sail mit you beyont der glouds of gray
 To some far distant island, vere der mongeys vas alone,
 Und barrots, und ourselves besides, down in der torrid zone.

Und dere, beneath der lofdy palms, fanned by der gentle preeze,
 Ve shleeb beneath der moonlighd, shlanting drough der trees;
 Und drough der voods, der lifflong day, ve vander handt in handt,
 Und trow der stones at barrots, or ve schase der mongey bandt.

So, of you knew mine feelings, ven I lofed you as a boy,
 'Twould fill you mit abundant bride und discondented joy,
 For in imagination did I dream a tousand vays
 To fill you up mit habbiness und gain your endless braise.

ADAIR WELCKER.



A USE FOR IT AT LAST.

CHINAMAN—What a malla you, all time pullee?

JOHNNY—I want it for my whip. Make John give it to me, mamma.



**FACT AND FANCY
FOR WOMEN**
BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

SING, SWEET.

Sing, Sweet, sing!
Though our happy days may be waning:
For far and away the heavens are gray,
And to-morrow it may be raining—
So, sing, Sweet, sing!

Sing, Sweet, sing!
The sun on the hill is dying:
Though falleth the rain, it is still all in vain
To be eternally sighing—
So, sing, Sweet, sing!

Sing, Sweet, sing!
For, as long as a hope is living,
There are pleasures to feel, and sorrows to heal,
And the blessed joy of giving—
So, sing, Sweet, sing!

Sing, Sweet, sing!
Give the joy in your heart an outing,
That others may hear and take courage, dear;
For your song may quiet their doubting—
Then, sing, Sweet, sing!

Sing, Sweet, sing!
The birds in the woods are mating;
Oh, trust and be pure, and, I tell you—sure—
Our God will bless our waiting—
Oh, Sweet, Sweet, sing!

The editor of an eastern magazine has asked some half dozen famous women the question: "Which is the happiest hour of a woman's life." Now you are smiling already and saying to yourself, "As if any woman would tell!" But think of it seriously. It seems at first thought as though you could put your hand out softly and touch the happiest hour of your life. "Oh," you say, with a sweet color coming into your face and that little cleft in your throat swelling in and out, "The happiest hour of *my* life"—and then you draw a brief, fluttering breath, and stop. Dear, I don't believe you can answer that question to your own satisfaction. As soon as you think of one hour, another arises, and looks at you with reproachful eyes, and says, "Why, I thought I was the happiest hour you ever knew." It seems impossible to be true to one dear hour without being faithful to another equally dear. The happiest hour of a woman's life must be connected with love—that is if she be a true woman. Can you not imagine how a woman who has been separated for a long time from him she loves with all the pure, passionate strength of her nature must look forward to the hour when she shall once more reach trembling arms about his throat and feel his strong clasp enfold her, and feel, too, sweet tears wet and cool her burning eyes at the thought that all the doubt, all the waiting, all the uncertainty are over, and know that he loves her still—and O, when that hour comes to her and is her own, is it not her very happiest? Or does she even then look forward feverishly to an hour that she hopes will be still happier? For myself, I am in one long, mad race after the hour that will be my happiest, and I believe you are, also. It has not come to me yet, nor do I really think that it ever will; but it swings along in space ahead of me always, and I have reached out my hands to it an hundred times—but it is always gone. It must be a very happy hour when a woman for the first time feels her weak arms clasp her own child and its little, wet lips resting against her breast; but not her happiest—O, no, no; for the thought of all that child has to suffer will surely come to her in that hour. Or when a woman has known care and sorrow and doubt; when a trusted hand has failed her, or one she loved been untrue to her—what an hour it must be for her when she knows, beyond all doubting, that some heart, tender and true and honest, beats for her alone. When I think it all over I am rather inclined to the belief that there is nothing that gives quite so pure and exquisite a happiness as a reconciliation, complete, perfect, between two who love strongly but into whose hearts had crept a little doubt, a little distrust, a little coldness, one toward the other. To have suffered thus a long time, and then to, one glad day, look into each other's eyes with the old, sweet love and trust—to find all the doubt swept away and all the barriers beaten down—to feel warm hearts throbbing together and glad pulses thrilling one upon the other, once more—is not then the happiest hour? I believe I shall cast my vote for that perfect hour. But—ah, me!—even as I write, there is a little, black, hateful shadow standing at my shoulder, and it speaks to me—in a still whisper, but with its lips so close to my ear that I cannot fail to hear—and it says: "The happiest hour?—The happiest hour?—The happiest hour?"—so soft, and so sad, and so low that each word drops like the clear, solemn note of a funeral bell.

I fled away along a dim road, through dense forests, sometimes frightened, often timid, tired, foot sore, heart-sick, but always with a restless throbbing of the pulses and an unconquerable desire to press onward, onward, in a mad chase after something which flitted mistily before me, just out of my vision's range, but calling to me to follow. Real voices wooed me on either side as I passed, tearful eyes entreated me, tender hands were outstretched to me, warm, true hearts beat for me; but, no, nothing would satisfy me but that phantom thing that fled before me. "I will come back to you," I said ever, keeping my eyes strained into the shadowy distance, "but first I must solve this mystery! I must know what is this beautiful thing that flees before me—but I will come back!" So I sped onward. Often I was compelled to pause for a moment's span and fling myself in the arms of the cool ferns to rest; but even then, with love and tenderness all about me, I felt my brain burning and my whole soul throbbing in a passionate desire to be up and away—like some wild, free thing, with hurried breath and startled eyes—in hot pursuit of that nameless shape that fled before me. At one curve in the dim road stood a beautiful maiden, who reached bare, tender arms to me. "I am the Goddess of Love," breathed she. "Stay!" A moment I tarried with her and was content; then that other shadow flitted on, and that soft voice called, and I followed. Gold, fame, honor—they all wooed me, and tempted me, and I would lean, resting, in their arms for a brief while, but I soon wearied of them—O, I wearied of everything under the sun, save that mad chase after the unseen; save that restless throbbing of my heart and that burning flow of my blood along my veins. But suddenly my strength failed me. In the hot noon my knees trembled beneath me, and my temples leaped like glowing anvils, and I sank down, powerless, hopeless, upon the dry grass. "I give it up," I moaned; "I have fainted and failed. I will flee after you no longer. All loves save you have I known! All mysteries save you have I solved! All lips save yours have I kissed—and I have cast all behind me—all—that I might flee always after you. But go! I am weary and hopeless; I will pursue you no longer!" Then—O, bitter irony of life—that I sought that shapeless thing no longer, it turned and came to me through the dim wood, and I was frightened at its approach. It put cold arms about me and laid icy lips upon my lips. "You are so young—so young," said a hollow voice, mournfully. "But you have worn out your heart! You have found all pleasures empty and soulless, and all griefs bearable, and you have forgotten to take heed of little things, in your blind, feverish chase after one mysterious thing that always eluded you. Now that you have failed in all things, I take pity on you and come to you. Let us go!" Then, with fearful eyes, I looked into her face, and, at last—too late—I recognized her as that pale, awful thing that men name Death.

Those who possess the gift of good conversation are usually aware of the tact, but often—alas!—so blind that they can not see when one is bored to desperation, and so conceited that they would not believe it if you told them. A little of the very best thing in the world goes a long way; and one who has "opinions" and airs them whenever he gets an opportunity is a deadly bore to those who are too kind-hearted to wound his feelings or too well bred to yawn in his face. Because one does not talk much—is that an evidence that he has no mind of his own? He may not care to give his opinions to you, lest you turn about and proclaim them as your own. The one who doesn't talk may require enlightenment—and he may not; so handle him with gloved fingers; the hollyhock is the most unpretentious of flowers, but you will frequently find a bumble-bee in its heart.

A home for fallen women and unfortunate girls has been established in Seattle. The sisters in charge state that they will have to begin in a very modest and limited way at first; so now, if there are any wealthy philanthropists who really desire to do something for those who, having taken one false step—under, often and often, such temptations and trials that no calmer soul can fathom or comprehend them—realize that they can never again find firm foundation for their burning feet, let such philanthropists come forward and help. If you believe in Christ's teachings at all, you must believe that a woman's reformation is as precious to Him as a man's.

The sound of the wedding bells in the tower of Westminster Abbey at the Stanley wedding ceremonies was caught and recorded by phonographs; and a phonograph with these records was presented to the bride. Such downright cruelty makes one shiver. Only think how cracked and tuneless one's wedding chime would sound—after the honeymoon.

Oscar Wilde says "Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious; and both are disappointed." Poor Mrs. Oscar Wilde! What an awfully disappointed woman she must have been when she had her curiosity gratified.

WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

By Emily A. Kellogg.

OUR STARRY FLAG.

Why is the emblem of the United States more lasting than that of France, England, Scotland or Ireland?

The lily may fade and its stalk decay,
The rose from its stem may sever,
The thistle and shamrock may pass away,
But the stars shine on forever.

"Miss Sally" is the most popular individual in the London zoological gardens. This lady is known to scientists as *Anthropopithecus Calvus*, but the common people call her a bald chimpanzee. Her attainments are remarkable. She is also very obliging, and usually complies with the many requests made by her daily visitors. Her ability to judge of numbers seems to give a satisfactory conclusion to scientific discussions as to whether animals can count. For a time three seemed to be the limit of her understanding in this direction, but the drill in "number lessons" was patiently continued, and now she is able to "work out her sums up to ten." Her methods of study are a lesson to all. She very deliberately selects a straw and holds it in her mouth while she picks up another, passing that to her mouth, and so on till the required number is collected. She then takes them from her lips, folds the bundle in a compact form and delivers it to her keeper. But her understanding of language goes still further. "Give me a straw through the key-hole," says the keeper, and she does so. "Put one through the key-hole; now in my pocket," and so on. Not taxing her patience too long, he approvingly says: "Good girl, now you may have this piece of apple," laying several pieces on the woodwork between the wires. "This piece is for you to smell; this piece you may look at, but not touch until I tell you." Sally gives her undivided attention, not attempting to eat any until her keeper says: "Now you may have this piece." To "shake hands" with the right or left one, to put up her right or left foot as bidden to collect straws for a "button-hole" and to place it there, to take milk from a cup with a spoon "like a lady," and many other small performances are promptly, though deliberately, executed as the words are spoken.

When you go to your room at night can you walk directly to the match box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you at night walk among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden path as directly as you would were it daylight?

If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight?

Can you calculate the weight of a book, a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars, where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut can you tell what kind of a flower is put to your nose? Do you know the difference between the odor of a leaf from a rose bush and one from a maple tree?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you by listening tell what kind of a vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four and by eight hoofs?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only can you tell which material is cotton, which is woolen? Can you from a bunch of different-colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

Can you by the taste only tell what kind of meat you are eating? Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of soda water?

Does a rose petal taste like that of a violet? Do hard water and soft water taste alike?

In short, do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then remember what you observe?

The new methods of education are taking care of eyes and hands together, but what classes are there for your nose, your ears, your touch, your sense of weight? Where do you go to school to learn to see in the dark, to smell fire, to hear flies sneeze? Do you not perceive that this education you must give yourself? You can train your senses every moment you are awake. At this moment what do you see, hear, smell? Are you sure you really see, hear and smell what you think you do? Suppose you make a game of "The Senses," and see how many come nearer the booby prize than the first one?

And as I like to give my text at the end instead of the beginning, here it is: That you are not yourself, but only a fraction of what your Heavenly Father meant you to be, unless you have the full use of the senses which He gave you.—*Louise Stockton.*

You can form interesting and highly profitable games from the foregoing suggestions. Some of them are suitable for out-of-door pastimes, and will enliven picnic parties and excursions. Others are better adapted for

evening parties, and can be developed by a little ingenuity into something quite novel and taking. I want to urge you to employ your own intelligence and invention in your recreations as well as in your more serious affairs. There is no reason why you should indulge in worn-out, stupid, silly or harmful amusements while the world is full of materials for first-class fun and fresh, bright faculties are yours. There is none of your studies even from which you can not extract a game as jolly as it is instructive. Put on your thinking caps and see if it is not so.

TALKS AT HOME.

II.—BE CORDIAL TO STRANGERS—You young folks are, I think, naturally inclined to be cordial and hospitable to strangers. Yet, I have noticed many times when you have failed to give the kind and cheery word of welcome for which occasion called. Have you ever been among strangers yourself, and do you know the desolation of loneliness? Do not forget that experience when a boy or girl comes, a stranger, into your circle. Be thoughtful and ready to dispel the loneliness which will come at such a time. "How thoughtless!" is one of the most severe rebukes we older people launch against you for acts which you are prone to think rather light offenses. Do you know that thoughtlessness is only one form of selfishness? We are seldom thoughtless of our own comfort, but so often do we disregard that of others. When that other is a stranger, the heedlessness is more blamable. You are "so sorry" afterward that you "didn't think." "It was too bad that Frank and Ella did not have a good time. Nobody meant to slight them." Of course nobody meant to slight them, but did anyone make an effort to make them happy? "But," you argue, "why couldn't they have joined in with the rest?" Simply because you and your mates did not ask them to do so. "But I do not know them, and they would have thought me queer to go up and talk to them." Blessed be queerness! I acknowledge that it is queer in this cold, selfish world of ours to care for the stranger's happiness. Have the courage to cultivate that kind of queerness. Never fear that cordiality will be mistaken for forwardness. Unselfish desire for the happiness of others prompts the one, and a false idea of one's own importance the other. The youngest and dullest of us can tell the difference. The former will ever win its way, the latter always repels. Neither may you allow yourselves to give shyness as an excuse for neglecting a stranger. Shyness is the outgrowth of sensitiveness in the direction of self. I have little patience with the sensitiveness about self that is seldom or never exercised about others. Last summer, at a large hotel in the mountains, the children held possession of the parlors from six to eight o'clock each night. One evening a timid, plain-looking little girl came into the hotel parlor with her father and mother; it was evident they were not a family in the habit of traveling or of meeting people. The little girl sat timidly watching the other children dancing and playing games. Suddenly a little lady of twelve years left the larger group, and, greeting the small stranger most cordially, invited her to a seat on a distant sofa; in a short time she brought another little girl up and introduced her to the stranger. The little girl who first spoke to the new-comer, remarked: "I once went to a hotel with mamma and nobody spoke to us, and I remember how lonesome I felt, so I always speak to children." When the stage left the hotel the next morning all the children gathered in a group and waved handkerchiefs till it was out of sight. All this because one little girl proved herself a gracious lady and lived up to her privileges. Cultivate a whole-hearted forgetfulness of self and you will find it increasingly easy to greet the stranger with cordiality; you will acquire grace and tact in bringing the "new girl" or the "new boy" right into all the good times that are going.

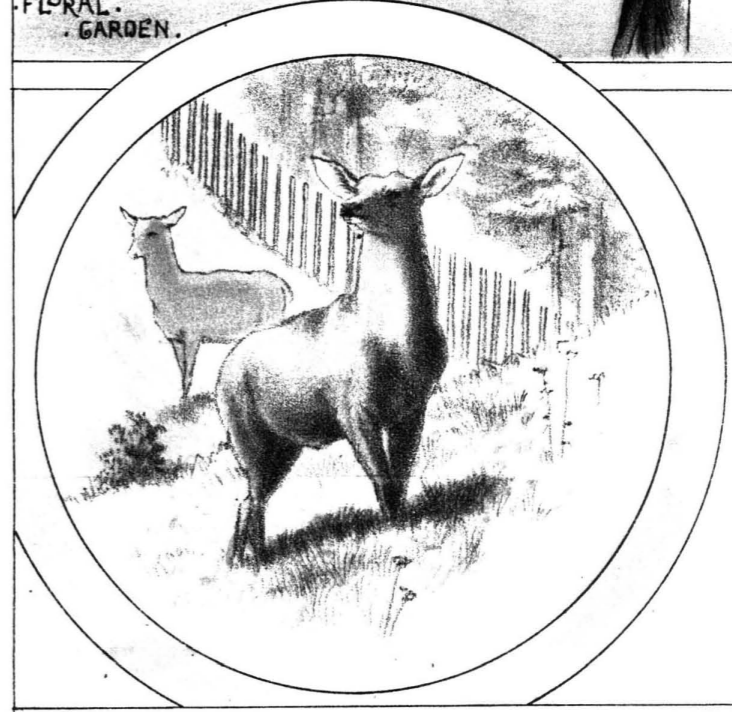
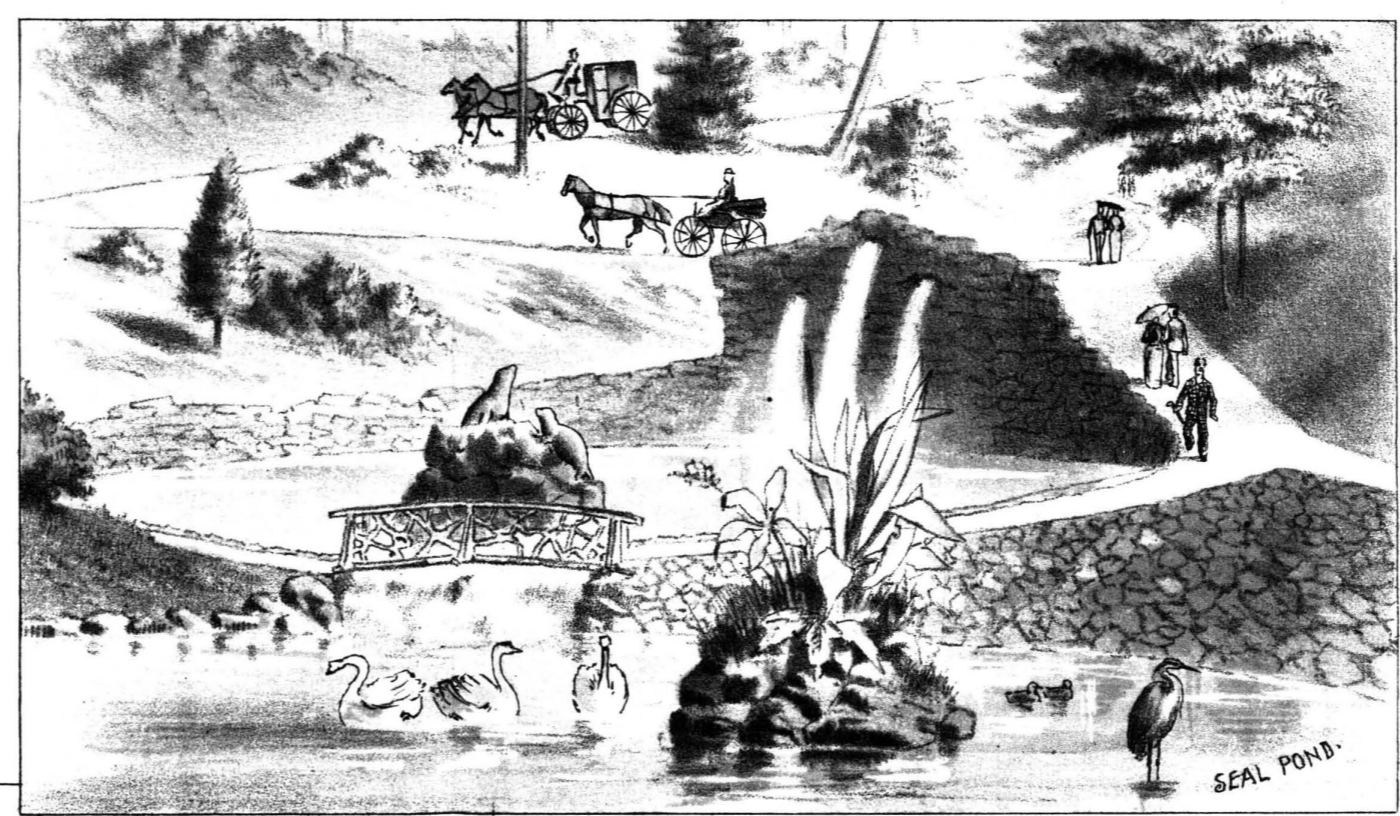
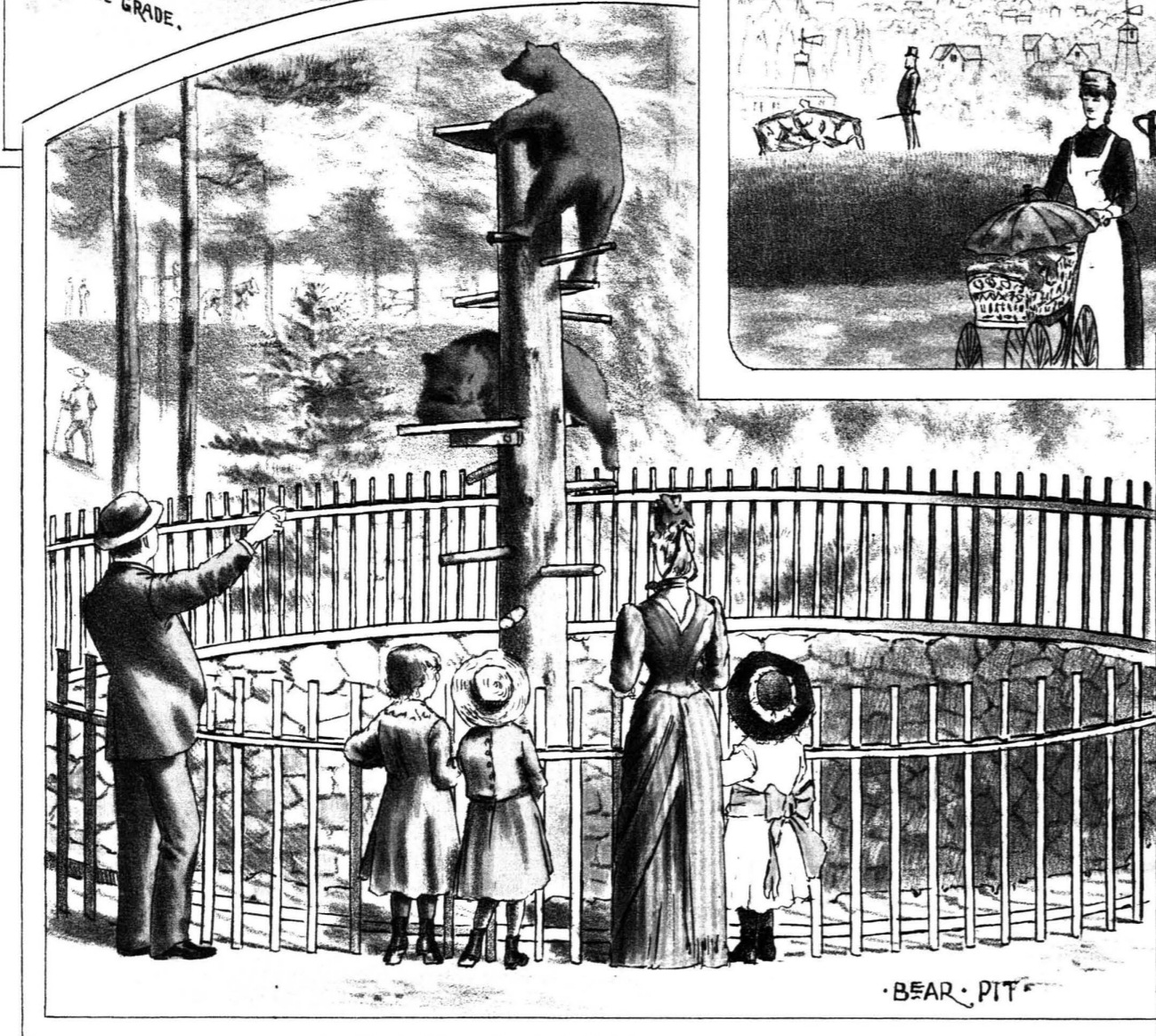
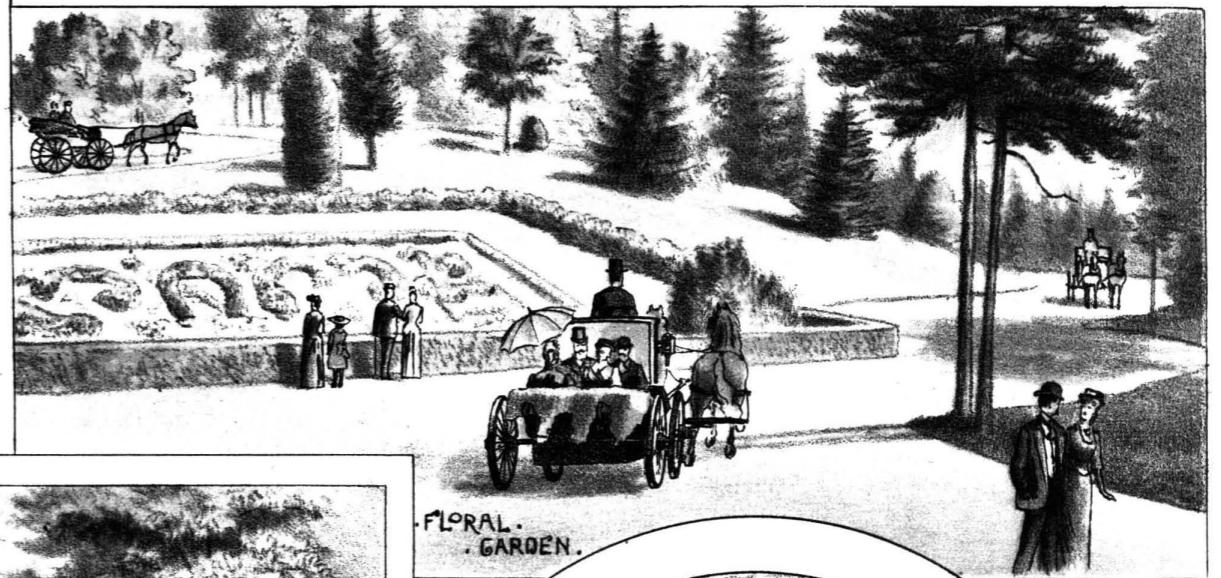
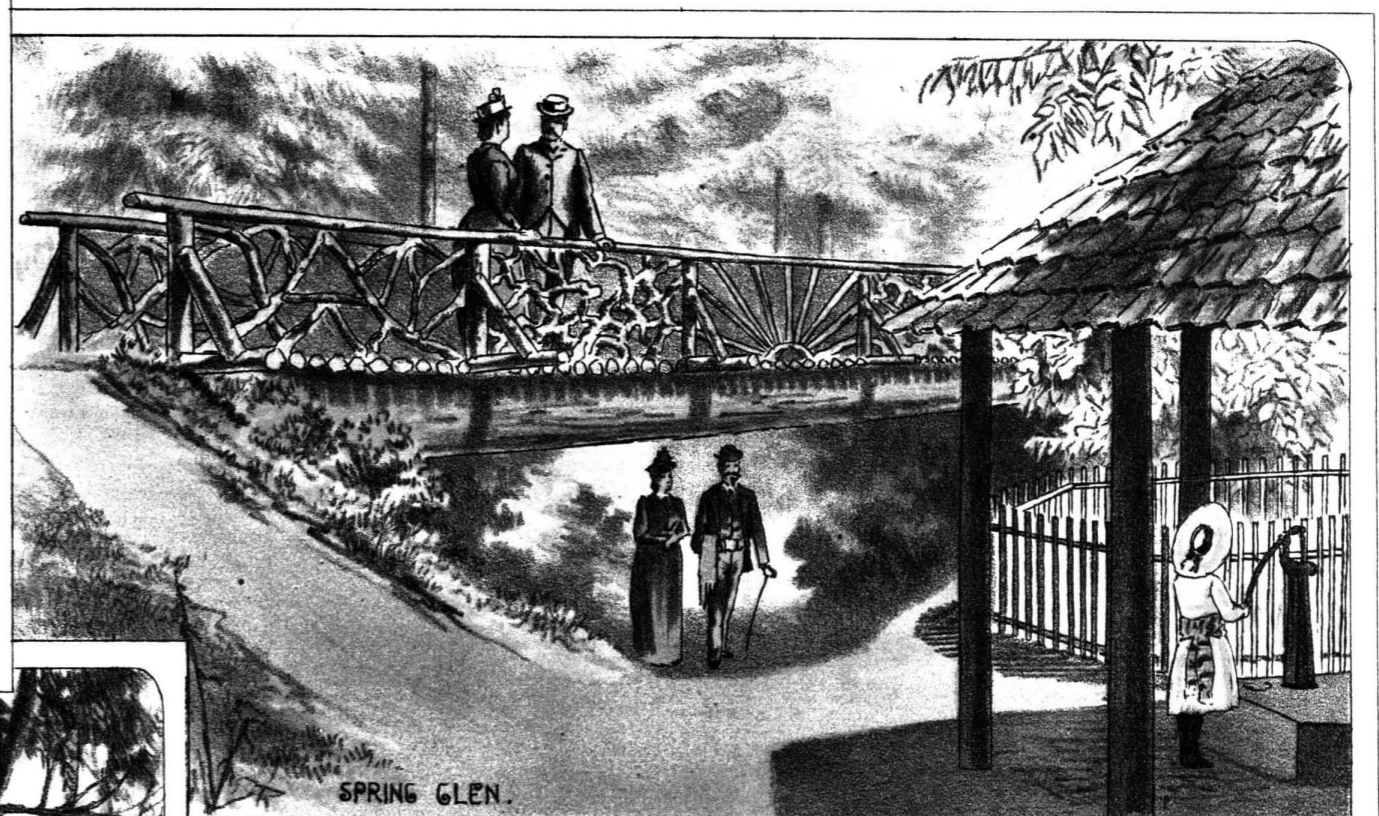
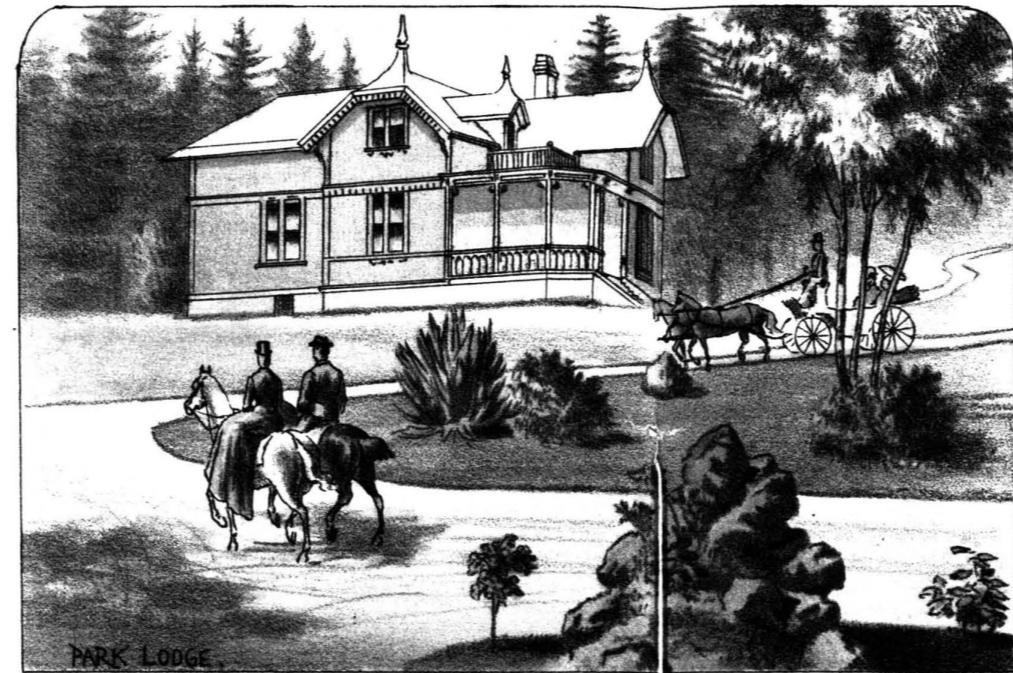
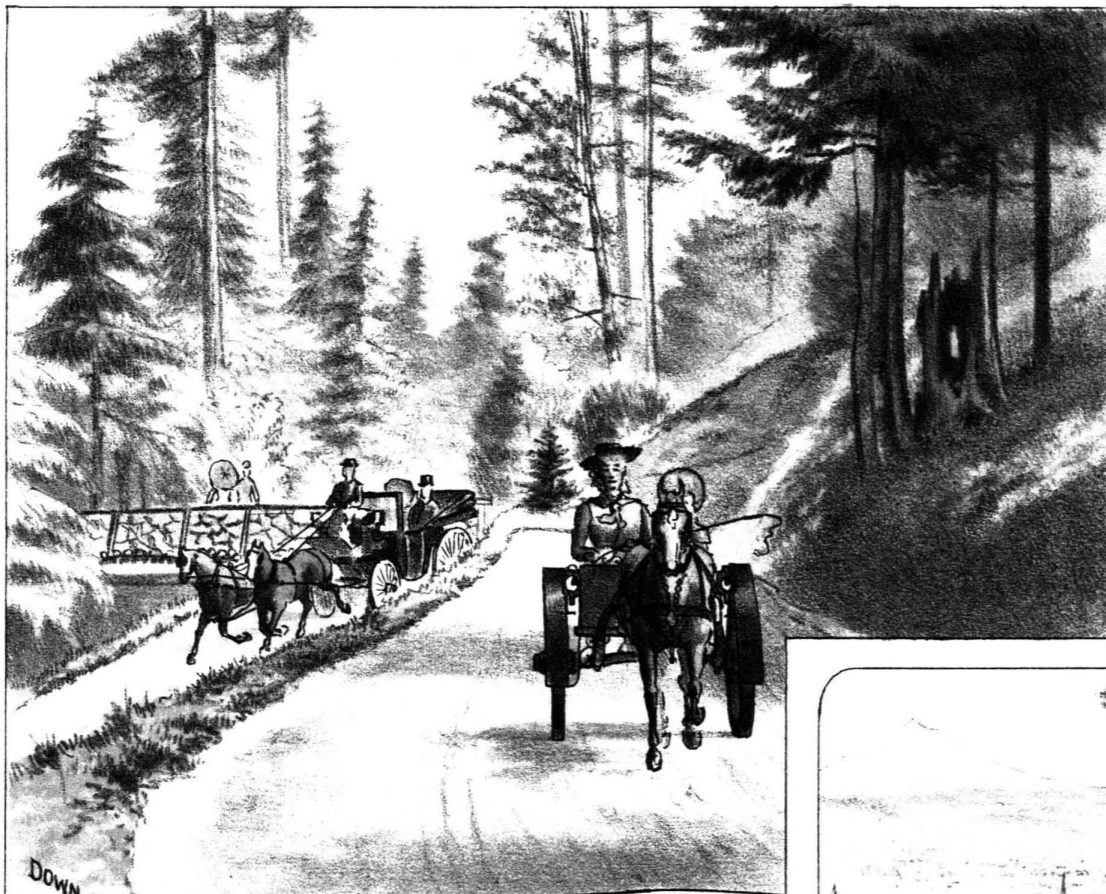
The Home Electric Light Company has been incorporated in Seattle and capitalized at \$500,000. This new company is a union of the Commercial and Pacific electric light companies, and will spend at once \$100,000 in increasing its plant for producing both light and power. The Seattle Gas and Electric Light Company has also been incorporated at Seattle, with a capital stock of \$600,000.

The work of constructing the Albany & Astoria railway is to be actively pushed from the Albany end. The preliminary survey has been completed and grade stakes are now being set. Though the company is made up of Albany capitalists, it is asserted that the Union Pacific is interested in the road.

The Oregonian Railway Company has nearly completed its arrangements to extend its line from Coburg to Springfield, Oregon, and work will be begun as soon as certain titles are cleared up. The first grading contract extends as far as Jasper.

The Portland Cable Railway Company, of Portland, has filed supplementary articles of incorporation increasing its capital stock from \$300,000 to \$500,000.

West Shore





THE FAR WEST

CENTRAL IDAHO RAILROADS.

North and South Idaho, by the usual routes of travel, are far apart. There is no way of getting from one to the other by rail without first going through Washington and Oregon, or by going half way through Montana and thence through Washington. Its having the Snake river running from one section to the other does not help the matter, inasmuch as it is not navigable much of the distance in consequence of the numerous rapids in it. The importance of connecting the two sections of the new state by rail has been seen and much discussed, and railroad companies have done considerable surveying of routes. The Union Pacific several years ago surveyed down Snake river to Lewiston and has had parties at work in the interior. Both the Northern and Union Pacific have begun on roads that may perform that mission. In what may be termed Central Idaho are some of the finest lands in the state and an untold wealth of quartz ledges and placers. A portion of this territory will be reached by the Northern Pacific by its new road from Pullman, Washington, via Moscow, Idaho. At this point the road leaves the plateau known as Paradise valley, which is at an elevation of 2,700 feet above sea level, and follows a stream known as Bear creek to the Potlatch river, and thence down it and the Clearwater river to Lewiston. In doing this the several sections known as American, Fix, Texas, Bear, and Big and Little Potlatch ridges are opened to outlets for their immense trades by means of finely graded wagon roads down the grades of gulches that separate these several ridges, to the railroad. This section is known as the Potlatch country, and is surely one of the finest for grains and fruits on the Pacific coast, the land often producing from fifty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, which has heretofore been hauled from twenty to thirty miles to the nearest railroad point, or Lewiston. The lands were nearly all taken up in advance of the railroad, and the thrifty farmers of that section are more than surprised at their good fortune. At first the lower, or bottom lands were sought, and especially selected for gardens and orchards. It has since been learned, however, that the hills and table lands really suffer less from drouth and frosts, and are really much more valuable. The annual products of this section are surprising, and with the stimulus that will be given by this railroad it will become the garden spot of the "Gem of the Mountains."

Similar, though a little more in the future, will be the effect upon a like plateau south of the Clearwater river which is known as Camas prairie. This name was given it by the Nez Perce Indians, whose reservation forms the northwest corner of it, near Lewiston, from the well known edible roots which are there found in great profusion. The altitude of Camas prairie varies from 1,000 feet to 3,000 feet, with hills and mountains here and there which rise above the table land and which are fertile to their peaks. The air is moistened by the winds from the ocean and the evaporation of the Columbia, Snake and Clearwater rivers, and hence grains and fruits grow in the greatest natural perfection, though in places irrigation would, doubtless, add to the production. This section is also comparatively well settled, though there is still much choice vacant land which at present is only occupied by cattle grazers and the native jack rabbit. In this section are several rich gold and silver quartz mines, while rich placer diggings are found in almost every hillside. So far no railroad has reached out in that direction, but when Lewiston is reached the key to the new field is virtually found, and it will not be long when North and South Idaho will be united, with great profit to the line so doing.

The river and harbor bill contains the following items for Oregon: Improving entrance to Coos bay, \$125,000; improving harbor at Yaquina bay, \$185,000; improving harbor at Tillamook bay, \$5,000; improving entrance to harbor at Nehalem bay, \$10,000; for the commencement of jetty construction and re-examination of Port Orford harbor, with a view to ascertain if the amount estimated for a harbor of refuge can not be materially lessened, \$5,000; improving canal at the Cascades, Columbia river, \$450,000; improving Upper Columbia, including Snake river, \$20,000; improving the mouth of the Columbia river, \$530,000; improving Willamette and Columbia rivers in front of and below Portland, \$100,000; improving the Willamette river above Portland, \$11,000, of which sum \$5,000 may be used in the discretion of the secretary of war for the improvement of the river at Clackamas rapids and Ross island; improving the Coquille river (continuing improvement), \$30,000; improving the Umpqua river, \$9,000;

improving the mouth of the Siuslaw river, to commence construction of jetty, \$50,000; improving Young's and Clatskanie rivers, \$1,600.

The following surveys are provided for in the bill to be made of Oregon rivers and harbors: Tillamook bay and harbor; Alsea bay and river; Coos bay, for improving upper harbor by removal of shoals; dredging the lower Willamette and Columbia rivers, with a view of securing twenty-five feet at low water, from Portland to the mouth of the Columbia; Willamette river, deepening channel on west side of Swan island; improvement of navigation at Clackamas rapids and Ross island and near the city of Corvallis; Lower Columbia river, on south side, between Astoria and Wood's landing, Young's bay channel from the ship channel of the Columbia river to the head of Young's bay, a distance of one and one-half miles, with a view to improving the same by dredging so as to secure a depth of eighteen feet at low tide; Lewis and Clarke's rivers, for snagging; Coquille river, for deepening channel from Coquille City to Myrtle point to four feet at mean low depth; Yamhill river from mouth to McMinnville; for removing obstructions in the Snake river from the Oregon line to the Seven Devils mining district, Idaho.

In Washington no surveys had been made and, it being contrary to the policy of the government to make appropriations without them, that state did not fare so well. The following are the appropriations for Washington as carried in the bill: Improving Columbia river from the head of Rock island rapids to the foot of Priest rapids, \$60,000; improving Chehalis river, \$3,000; improving Cowlitz river, \$8,000; improving Skagit, Stillaguamish, Nooksack, Snohomish and Snoqualmie rivers, \$12,000; the secretary of war is authorized to appoint a board of three officers of the corps of engineers of the United States army, who shall select and survey the most feasible location and estimate the expense of construction of a ship canal to connect the waters of Lakes Union, Washington and Samish with Puget sound, and the sum of \$10,000 is appropriated for its expenses.

The following surveys are provided for Washington: Nooksack, Skagit, Snohomish, Duamish, Black, Puyallup, Nasel, North, Gray's, Deep, Skamokawa and Crooked rivers; Gray's harbor and bar extending up the Chehalis river to Montesano; for a ship canal between Port Townsend bay, Puget sound and Oak bay; Columbia river from the international boundary to Rock island rapids; Gray's river, for snagging; Swinomish slough, with the view of constructing a ship channel through the same, connecting Saratoga passage and Skagit bay with Podilla bay, and to report the most suitable and feasible plan for such improvements, with the cost of the same; Shoalwater bay from and including the entrance to South Bend, about two miles up the Willapa river and from South Bend about ten miles up said river to Woodward's landing, with a view to improving the same for navigation; Olympia harbor from deep water in Budd's inlet to Fourth street in the city of Olympia and separately from said bridge to the mouth of the Deschutes river at Tumwater, and to report as to the most practical and convenient channel and the most feasible, economical and suitable plan for improving the same for navigation by the class of vessels employed on Puget sound, and also to cause to be made an estimate of the cost of each of such improvements; Columbia river from the mouth of Willamette river to the upper limits of the city of Vancouver, with a view of establishing a ship channel.

While the appropriation bill is still subject to changes before final passage, there is but little doubt that Oregon and Washington items will remain unchanged; and while the appropriations are neither as large nor numerous as they might be, those made will be of great service towards better opening up these waters to the trade and commerce of the world.

Since the present congress commenced there has been a great deal of discussion relative to Alaska and the great natural resources of the interior of that territory. A bill for a military post on the Yukon river, near the head of navigation, was introduced, but much opposition to it was made by members of the military committee on the ground of its impracticability. At a recent meeting of the committee it was decided to report a substitute bill appropriating \$100,000 for a scientific exploration by the war department of the Yukon river and the adjacent country. The secretary of war has already outlined the programme to be followed by the exploring party. The expedition is to be in charge of an army officer who has had some experience in Alaska, and his force will consist of army officers who will volunteer for the purpose, botanists, geologists, minerologists, zoologists, entomologists, astronomers, etc., and a detachment of enlisted men. The department hopes to have the expedition ready to start for Yukon early next spring. A small steamer, in which it will be possible to push a considerable distance up the Yukon, and row boats to explore the tributaries will be taken. The preparations for the actual exploration are expected to consume most of the summer, so that the expedition will not begin its object-work until the following year.

The total valuation of property in Victoria, B. C., is \$10,212,094.

One who travels over the usual routes through Oregon and Washington can scarcely realize that but a few miles distant from him can still be found many desirable tracts still in their primeval condition; and when, by some chance he sees them, or hears of them, he naturally wonders why it is so many men will labor and strike in the overcrowded east, who might find here homes and independence. Such a tract as this exists in Western Washington. The section is known as the Big Bottom, and lies in the eastern portion of Lewis county. It is a valley from two to six miles wide and about thirty miles long. The Cowlitz river heads in the upper end of the valley, and is fed by numerous streams from the mountains. It is a big stream, deep enough in many places to swim a horse. One fork of the river, known as Muddy fork, gives the water a chalky appearance quite different from that of the various feeders which cross the trail. Mountains, in some cases several thousand feet high, tower up on the north and to the south. Fires have swept the sides of many of them destroying the giant firs and leaving only the dead trunks. On others there is a new growth of timber, and the fire has apparently never been in some of the canyons. The first settlement was made in this section only four or five years ago, and in many respects the settlement of Big Bottom is like that of the new states a hundred years ago. There is but one wagon in the valley and it was carried in on the backs of ponies. There is not a threshing machine or mowing machine, a sawmill or any heavy piece of machinery. Sleds are used to haul in grain, which is cut with a cradle and threshed out by hand. All the women and some of the bachelors have stoves, and the rest bake their bread in the old-fashioned ovens and cook over the fireplace as our ancestors did years ago. The houses are of logs and split lumber, and it is remarkable what neat structures can be built without the use of a sawmill. Lumber is split from cedar trees that is as true to line as sawed boards. Out of this lumber houses are built, bedsteads, chairs, tables, cupboards and every other article of furniture needed is constructed. There is no school district organized in the Big Bottom, but a minister and a doctor are numbered among the residents. It costs \$3.00 a hundred to carry in flour and other provisions over the trail. As a consequence no great quantity of the luxuries from the outer world are used, flour, coffee and sugar being the principal articles carried over the thirty-five miles of road. Pork, beef and vegetables of all kinds can be produced in abundance and these, with butter, eggs and milk, and fruit and berries, make it possible to live in luxury so far as the table is concerned. While this is the situation to-day, it will not remain so very long. A railroad is already projected through that section which will soon bring more people, activity and progress. Already settlers are going in, and the recent discoveries of coal there will add greatly to the rush. At the head of the valley, near the Cowlitz pass, twenty-six different veins have been discovered, which are from five to six feet in depth, and the supply is believed to be almost inexhaustible. Experts, in the interest of investors and railroads, have already been over the ground, and it is confidently expected that it will be converted from the wild which it now is, into one of Washington's most prosperous sections in a few years.

A contract has been let for the immediate construction of the new electric railway at Seattle, which is to have its lines over Washington and other streets and Rainier avenue. The Thomson-Houston Electric Co. has been awarded the contract to supply the plant for the line. The James and Broadway streets line is also to be commenced at an early day. Brick have already been placed on the ground to build the power house. The line will run up James street to Broadway by cable, and all the rest of the road will be operated by electricity. The first branch will run north on Broadway and continuations to the city limits. The second branch will run south on Broadway to Yesler avenue, along South Eleventh to Main, along Main to Fourteenth and its continuations south to the city limits. The third branch will run from Broadway on Jesse street to Joy and Division streets to Lake Washington.

A member of the O'Neill party, now engaged in exploring in the Olympic mountains, writes as follows of the Skokomish falls: These beautiful falls are at the head of the gorge through which the Skokomish river runs for a distance of about three miles. The whole body of water is here gathered into a space of about five feet, falling over a ledge in the form of a veil a distance of twenty-five feet into a very deep pool about thirty feet wide and forty feet long. At the end of this pool it makes another drop of thirty feet, and turning slightly to the left passes through a chute formed in the rock, and striking the opposite rock wall descends in a cloud of spray a distance of sixty feet, falling in a solid body into a rocky bowl, which causes the water to be thrown up again like the petals of a flower. From the foot of the falls perpendicular walls of rock rise 200 feet high on both sides.

The Orpha mine, recently located near this city, is looking remarkably well. The lead is eight feet wide and keeps its width at a depth of 300 feet, at which point it has been tapped by a fifty-foot tunnel. Crosscuts are

being made at short distances to open the vein, which shows the same quality of ore for a distance of several thousand feet. The ore is very rich in gold, silver and copper, and assays \$540 per ton in gold and silver, but as yet no test has been made to ascertain the percentage of copper. Sixty pounds of the ore have been sent to Anaconda to be tested. This is undoubtedly one of the most valuable properties ever discovered in Lemhi county.—*Recorder, Salmon City, Idaho.*

The *Prince Albert Critic* is one of the most peculiar papers ever issued, for it is really not published in the usual acceptance of that term. It has four pages, and four columns to the page, and is the official paper of Prince Albert, a small hamlet in the center of the Canadian Northwest Territory. What makes it peculiar is that it is gotten out weekly without press or type. Instead of being set in type and run off on a press in the usual manner, it is written by the editor with an electric pen on prepared paper, after the manner of the stylograph, and reprints are made from the original writing. It is said to be quite a newsy little paper, having about three hundred subscribers.

News was brought from Alaska some time since that Mount Bogoslov was in a state of eruption. This mountain is 1,169 feet high, and is on Ounamak island, which is uninhabited, and hence, it can continue in its eruption without doing any damage. Mount Shishaldin, on Analgo island, has also joined Bogoslov in the eruption work, and may be seen from the sea at a distance of ninety miles. It is 5,952 feet high, and in its fireworks amusement, besides being a thing of beauty, serves, with its neighbor, as a natural lighthouse to illuminate the path of ships through Ounamak pass.

The entire amount of the capital stock of the Coos Bay, Roseburg & Eastern Railroad & Navigation Company has been taken, and the following are the officers elected at a recent meeting of the directors: I. R. Spreiden, president; I. W. Burnett, vice-president; W. E. Baines, secretary and treasurer and R. A. Graham, general manager. The contract for the construction of the entire road from Marshfield, Coos county, to Roseburg, Douglas county, was let to R. A. Graham, and the work will be commenced at once.

The Portland, Salem & Astoria Railroad Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,500,000. The new company will absorb, or consolidate with the Astoria & South Coast railroad, and its object is the construction and operation of a railroad from Portland to Astoria and from Portland to Salem. They will also operate, in connection with the railroad, steamboat lines upon the Willamette and Columbia rivers, and Puget sound.

The contract for construction of the extension of the Huntington railroad from Coburg to Jasper, Oregon, has been let to G. V. Stevens, formerly superintendent of construction on the Oregon Pacific railroad. It is said work is to be commenced at once and pushed as rapidly as possible.

The new land office district in Washington comprises the counties of Pierce, Thurston, Mason, Chehalis, Kitsap, Lewis, Pacific and a portion of King. George L. Mills, of Seattle, has recently been appointed receiver, and will open the office in Olympia the first of October.

The motor for the railway which connects the west side standard and narrow gauge railroads, between Independence and Monmouth, has arrived and is on duty. It is twelve tons in weight, and is of the latest pattern, being supplied with air brakes and all late improvements.

The city of Sprague, Washington, will vote in September to decide whether or not it will be bonded for \$35,000, for the purchase of the water and electric light plants for which it is now paying a monthly rental of from \$300 to \$400.

The Port Townsend Electric Railway Company has begun operating its line at Port Townsend, Washington. When the entire line is completed it will be three miles in length.

The Spokane division of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad has been turned over to the Northern Pacific for operation.

The White River Railway Company, of Buckley, Washington, has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$200,000.

MISS LAURA—Do you warrant these corsets?

CLERK—Usually. Er—you are not engaged, are you?—*Terre Haute Express*.

"Oh, mommer, mommer!" yelled a little darkey, as he saw the militia on the way to camp, "what's them, sojers?"

"Sojers, chile!" exclaimed the mother; "what yo' talkin' 'bout? Dem haint sojers; dem's de districk malaria."—*Washington Star*.

SAFE FROM HARM.

BENEVOLENT MAN—You need help again, Uncle Ebony? Well, here's a dollar. I presume you find it difficult to keep the wolf from the door.

UNCLE EBONY—I aint 'fraid o' no wolves, sah. I keep fo' dogs.—*Good News*.

REVERSING THE ORDER.

MAUD—Did you have a good time at the beach, Alice?

ALICE—Didn't I? I was engaged to all three of the young men at the hotel at the same time, and the rest of the girls were perfectly furious.—*Lawrence American*.

PROVOCATION.

"Why did you strike the operator, McCaffrey?"

"Bekase, yer honor, Oi asked 'im to sind a confidential tiligraf to me woife, and the blaggyard read it.—*New York Herald*.

IN A PREDICAMENT.

FASTBOY—I see that Miss Lydia, the burlesque actress, lost her diamonds.

GILTEDGE—Ha! I wonder what she'll do for clothes now!—*Siftings*.

A TENDER-HEARTED GIRL.

OLD MILLION—Dear Miss Youngthing, if you would only marry me I could die happy.

MISS YOUNGTHING—Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying I'd marry you in a minute.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

"That must be a Boston girl."

"Why do you think so?"

"She is all freckled."

"How does that make her a Boston girl?"

"Well, you see she has her specks on."—*Boston Courier*.

HE—And so your answer is final? You will not be mine?

SHE—Yes, absolutely. But pray don't go and blow your brains out.

HE—It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never would have proposed to you.—*Boston Transcript*.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR—Here's a fellow who wants to know how he can acquire a flow of language. What shall I say to him?

SNAKE EDITOR—Ask him if he ever tried stepping on a tack with his bare feet.—*Light*.

MRS. UPTON—Yes, that is my daughter's piano; but she has hardly touched it since she was married.

MRS. DOWNTON—Jest the same 'ith my darter and 'er typewriter.—*New York Weekly*.

MOSQUITO TIME.

Who stays at home is from mosquitoes free,

Or nearly so; he is a man of sense; But he who camps in groves or near the sea

These nights must suffer agony in tents.—*Boston Courier*.

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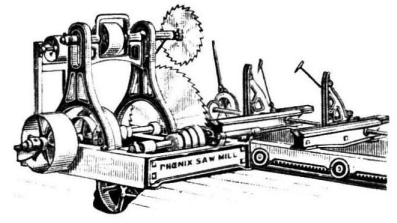
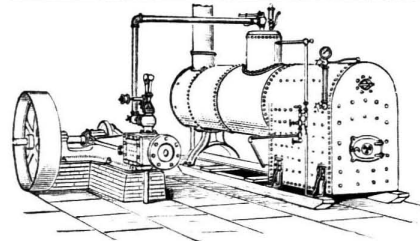
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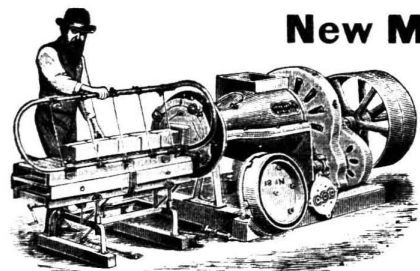
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 LEAVE ARRIVE
 Portland...9:00 a. m. | Roseburg...6:00 p. m.
 Roseburg...9:00 a. m. | Portland...4:00 p. m.
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 A taste that's not permissible;
 But still I don't object to it,
 The pucker is so kissable.—*Puck.*

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Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 13
State.....	Sunday	" 17
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 21
Columbia.....	Monday	" 25
State.....	Friday	" 29

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State.....	Tuesday	" 12
Oregon.....	Saturday	" 16
Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 20
State.....	Sunday	" 24
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 28
Columbia.....	Monday	Sept. 1

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THE

Manufacturing Center of Western Washington,

Has the following three great Transcontinent'al Railway systems constructing lines through the city:

THE YAKIMA & PACIFIC COAST, UNION PACIFIC, AND GREAT NORTHERN.

IS A GROWING CITY.

Has a \$10,000.00 School House, a \$20,000.00 Bank Building, a Large \$25,000.00 Hotel in course of
erection, a large number of Business Houses and Fine Residences, and is the

COUNTY SEAT OF LEWIS COUNTY!

CHEHALIS has some 25 Manufacturing Establishments and has the third largest monthly
pay roll in Western Washington. There are now from 1,000 to 1,500 men at work there on the
new railroads.

THE BOARD OF TRADE will furnish detailed information on request. Address commu-
nications to the secretary.

FAIRHAVEN!

The Actual Pacific Coast Terminus of the GREAT NORTHERN Railway.

By Purchase, in June, 1890, of the Fairhaven & Southern Railroad, and Vast Ter-
minals and Shipping Facilities, the Great Northern Railway has lo-
cated its Actual Deep-Water Terminus at Fairhaven.

FAIRHAVEN'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

In less than one year an almost impenetrable forest
has been turned into a hive of industry. The solid foun-
dation has been laid for a mighty city. Miles of streets
have been graded, planked and lined with imposing
structures, some of which have cost over \$100,000 each.
The best electric light system of the Northwest, both arc
and incandescent, is in operation. A \$100,000 water sys-
tem, comprising some nine miles of mains, delivers the
pure waters of a beautiful mountain lake, capable of sup-
plying a city of 100,000 people. Four banks, two na-
tional, are established. Four saw and two shingle mills
in operation fail to supply the demand. A \$100,000 hotel

being built of brick and stone is nearing completion.
Several brick buildings occupied and more being erected.
Population (U. S. census) 4,031. Assessed valuation over
\$8,000,000. An Iron & Steel Company, with a capital of
\$2,000,000, organized to work ores of Skagit mines. Its
furnaces, rolling mills, etc., will be at Fairhaven. The
Chuckanut stone quarries are one mile from Fairhaven.
The Portland post office is built of this beautiful stone,
and large quantities of it are being shipped to Tacoma,
Seattle and elsewhere. Valuable minerals have been dis-
covered in the Cascades on the line of the Fairhaven &
Southern and prospecting is being actively prosecuted.

A Matchless Harbor with Room for the Shipping of the World.

Thirty-five ocean and coastwise steamers already touch regularly at Fairhaven's wharves. Over \$200,000
are being expended in extending these wharves and other shipping and terminal facilities. The three branches of
the Fairhaven & Southern R. R. (now the Great Northern) are being pushed to speedy connections north, south and
east. The direct outlets, northward via the Canadian Pacific, and southward via the Northern Pacific, Union Pa-
cific and Southern Pacific, will be completed during 1890.

FAIRHAVEN is Actually Developing, on a Mammoth Scale, its Coal, Timber, Iron and Shipping Interests, and offers
Unequaled Inducements to the Laborer, Capitalist or Manufacturer.

PRIZE CONTEST FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

PRIZES FOR PROFESSIONALS.

PRIZES FOR AMATEURS.

WEST SHORE offers the following four prizes for the best photographs produced in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia or Alaska, divided into two classes, as follows:

CLASS 1.—Open to both professionals and amateurs. First prize, \$75.00 cash. Second prize, \$25.00 cash.

CLASS 2.—Open to amateurs only. First prize, one Partridge Compact Camera, 5 x 7, with double combination lens, valued at \$58.00. Second prize, one No. 1 Kodak Camera, valued at \$25.00. These prizes will be shipped from the photographic supply house of E. J. Partridge, No. 69 Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

Photographs may be of any subjects the contestants may select, except portraits and machinery, and the number of entries by one person is not limited. The judges will be honorable, competent men selected just three days before the awards are made. The best photographs sent in will be reproduced from week to week in WEST SHORE, with the names and addresses of the photographers.

Contestants are requested to send two prints of each subject, one to be submitted to the judges and the other for use by the engraver. Make no marks on the photographs themselves, but cut out the accompanying slip and write your name and address, names of subjects and class they are entered in, and forward it with the photographs, one slip for each entry you make. The photographs will be grouped and placed on exhibition at the Portland exposition, the awards being made on the third day of the fair, Saturday, September 27th, 1890. It is important, however, that photographs be sent in as soon as possible, so as to enable us to reproduce them. Those received when the contest is nearly finished can not be reproduced.

NOTE—Amateurs can enter in both classes, but professionals only in Class 1. Number of entries by one individual unlimited, but each entry must have attached to it the entry slip printed below. It is not necessary that a photograph entered by an amateur be entirely his own work; if he has selected the subject and made the exposure, that is sufficient. Photographs should all be mounted.

WEST SHORE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

Class	Name of Photographer
Address	Name of Subject
.....

Assistant General Passenger Agent,
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DRUGGIST—Are you doing anything particular now, James?

JAMES—No, sir.
“Then you may catch some flies to put on that fly paper in the window.”—*Munsey's.*

MAUD—Jack proposed to me when we were in the surf together yesterday.

ETHEL—And did you accept him?
MAUD—Yes; I was afraid he would duck me if I didn't.—*New York Sun.*

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MUSEE AND THEATRE**
THIRD AND YAMHILL.

Summer Season. New Dramatic Company and Musee-Theatre Dramatic Company. Week commencing Monday, Sept. 1, the laughable comedy, in five acts, entitled **VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.**
Strong caste of characters. The Musee—Songs Dances and Refined Specialties.
Every Saturday Children's Day. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 1:30 p. m. Admission—Musee, 10c. Seats in Theatre, 10, 20 and 30 cts., according to location. Box Seats—Matinee 25c; Evening 40c. Seats reserved six days in advance without extra charge at box office and W. B. Allen's Music Store, 214 First street, telephone 800.
Doors open daily 7 p. m. Musee performance begins at 7:30. Theatre begins at 8:30.

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TIME TABLE—AUG., '90.

PORTLAND.			
ARRIVE		DEPART	
6:36 a.m.	7:45 p.m.	7:25 a.m.	3:40 p.m.
8:40 "	8:15 "	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 "	

* Through Mail, Oregonian R. R. points, Surburban Trains—Oswego; Riverside. Saturday night leave 11:30 p. m. for Oswego.
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