

West Shore

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MOUNT TACOMA.

All day we ploughed the sullen, foam-tossed sea,
Whose wood-girt shores, ahaut with solitude
And silence, undulate, where storm clouds brood,
The sea gull sweeping after gracefully.
But sunset cleft the lowering gloom, and we,
The glittering dome of grand Tacoma viewed,
In orange, violet, rosy, melting, mood,
Day ravishing with kisses, fond and free.
My love, as tireless as the sea gull's wing,
Follows thy spirit through life's wan eclipse.
Will sudden transport clear the gloom away,
When death asunder wide this curtain swings,
To wavering visions of the Apocalypse;
As mountain mists rolled back to meet the day?

EMMA P. SEABURY.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

Amelie Rives-Chandler is "courting obscurity" in Paris. If she is half as intense in her courting as her characters are she will get it, and a thankful world hopes she will cling to it.

Olympia has now been finally chosen as the permanent capital of Washington, and that state may well be congratulated upon selecting so beautiful and prosperous a city for its seat of government.

It is rather amusing to hear Senator Sherman speak of how different things are in the "east" (Pennsylvania) and the "west" (Ohio). It reminds one of the geography he studied before the war.

There are evidently many in this region who are sorry they went to hear Joseph Cook lecture. He failed to sustain his reputation, as all people do who have been mounted on too high a pedestal by their fellow mortals.

"Blow a hole through the beautiful sky!" was the injunction the principal of an Oregon college recently gave the school band when about to serenade the officials of a new railroad, and the affrighted officials aver that the band actually did it.

The melancholy days may have come elsewhere, but not in the Pacific northwest, where beautiful sunny days, growing grass and blossoming flowers add to the pleasures of life, and where Jack Frost has not yet sent out his white line of skirmishers.

After all it is a great relief to learn that Stanley is made of common clay, with ambitions, jealousies, spites, concealments, selfishness and a capacity for prevaricating like his fellow mortals. The fever of hero worship, when it rises to a great heat, generally ends in a chill.

Superintendent Porter is endeavoring to gather census statistics by sending blanks all over the country for Tom, Dick and Harry to fill out. Statistics procured in such a way will be but the veriest trash, albeit fit companions for the enumeration schedules already prepared.

Honduras is in a state of revolution, the people seeking to rid themselves of President Bogran, who showed himself to be a tool of Barrillas, the despicable ruler of Guatemala, in the recent trouble in Central America. Every friend of a government by the people wishes them success.

Lodge thinks it was the McKinley tariff bill that exploded with such disastrous effect. McKinley has not said much, but doubtless he has on his private journal entered up a big charge against Lodge's force bill. At all events, McKinley gained largely in his own district, while Lodge lost heavily in his.

Hon. W. J. McConnell, so prominently mentioned in connection with the United States senatorship in Idaho, did good work for the republicans in Washington during the recent campaign. Mr. McConnell is an able and energetic man, and Idaho will honor herself by sending him to represent her in the senate chamber.

The ad. compositor of a contemporary seemed to have a pretty correct idea of things when he set the advertisement of a quack doctor, announcing that he would "be at Portland" soon. He omitted the space between the first two words, and thus informed us that the doctor would "beat Portland," and he doubtless will.

Those papers that compare the population of Alaska, 38,000, with that of Nevada, 44,000, do the latter a great injustice, since they fail to recognize the fact that the former is composed almost exclusively of Indians. There is a brighter day coming for Nevada, when her sterile soil shall have been quickened into life by the vivifying power of water.

The department of agriculture puts the average yield of wheat in Oregon at fifteen bushels per acre. This is utterly absurd. It is doubtful if a single field in the state averaged as low as that this season, while many of them produced forty bushels to the acre. The gathering of such statistics is chiefly valuable to the clerks who secure a job thereby.

Republican politicians and organs are very anxious for an extra session of congress so that the new apportionment can be made by the republicans, as the democrats can not be trusted to do it honorably. Of course the republicans can be trusted. The man up a tree has yet to see any set of partisans that could be trusted to do justice to opponents.

If WEST SHORE shows its "partisan republicanism" when it punctures a little piece of democratic demagoguery, what does it show when it knocks a hole in some republican party clap trap? This query is addressed to a few partisan political papers that can not be made to believe that there is anything in their party that can be honestly criticised by an independent paper.

If, as reported in dispatches from New York, Charles Francis Adams is to be ousted from the presidential chair by the influence of Jay Gould, Mr. Adams will retire with the record of having taken a bankrupt road and by perfectly legitimate means made it one of the strongest railroad systems in the United States. Unlike Gould and other shining lights of Wall street, he has proved himself a railroad saver and not a railroad wrecker.

The Pacific northwest has not only to be thankful for a bountiful crop the present year, accompanied by good prices, owing to less fortunate conditions elsewhere, but for most delightful weather in October and November, with conditions highly favorable to another large crop next season. With enough rain to put the ground in good condition for plowing and with a full month of beautiful sunny weather in which to turn over the soil, the acreage of fall sown grain ought to be larger than ever before.

Now is the time when the republican papers preach sermons on the corrupting influences of the ignorant foreign vote, and yet, when the next election comes, they will pay no attention whatever to that most vital of our national questions, but will pitch in tooth and nail to maintain the shadow of the glory of a party name. What the nation wants is for some great leader to break away from the bondage of party and raise a new standard around which all who love country more than party may rally for the coming struggle for the salvation of the nation.

The accident to the Southern Pacific train near Salem Wednesday night was the first that can be called a great disaster that has occurred in the Pacific northwest. It was caused by the giving way of a trestle over which the track crosses a swampy piece of ground, and was preceded by no signs to indicate that the trestle was not perfectly secure. During the past year the company has relaid its entire line in Oregon with steel rails, ballasted the road bed, repaired the bridges and trestles and made the road equal in every respect to the best in the country; and yet, after all this, a trestle has suddenly gone down under a train with most disastrous and deplorable results. It would seem as though human effort and precaution were powerless to provide for safety in railroad travel.

One of the beautiful workings of the system of deductions for debt in listing property for taxation is shown by comparing the tax rolls of the counties of Coos and Yamhill. The former has gross assessments of \$2,863,365 while the other has \$6,166,009, more than twice the former. Yet after the deductions have been made, Coos has still \$2,140,450, while Yamhill's has dwindled to \$3,912,064, being \$50,000 less than last year. Coos county pays state tax upon seventy-five per cent. of its gross valuation, and Yamhill pays upon only sixty-three per cent. No doubt even greater discrepancies will be revealed when reports are received from the entire state. This question is aside from that of unequal assessment of property, and under the deduction system it will never be possible for the burden of state support to be born by each county in proportion to its wealth, the richer counties shifting an undue proportion of the tax upon the poorer ones.

A certain western embryo city and commercial emporium, after having been for some days enveloped in a dense fog, contrary to the comfort and dignity of the inhabitants, and also contrary to the statements in its immigration pamphlets, recently called a meeting of its board of trade to discuss the situation. Three of the members were appointed a committee to make a report, while the other two occupied the desks of president and secretary while the committee deliberated in the back yard. At last the committee returned and the president rapped for order—all being wrapped in the fog—and called for the report. The chairman arose and said, that the dense fog, which had even befogged their brains and was a great detriment to the town, whose horn they were all blowing, and which now sounded too much like a fog horn, was due, so far as the committee had been able to ascertain, to the presence of a great quantity of fog in the atmosphere. Having delivered themselves of this quintessence of wisdom, the quintette adjourned until the fog—in the atmosphere—should clear away.

Those purblind republican papers that see in the last election a sign that the party made a mistake in not passing a force bill, and call for immediate passage of the bill when congress assembles, seem neither to acquire beauty nor sense from the kick of the public mule. The sooner the republican party leaves the race question in the south to its own natural solution and addresses its attention to the real questions of the day affecting the very existence of the nation as a pure, free, enlightened republic, the quicker it will be reinstated in the confidence of the people. There is a great future before a genuine party of "moral ideas" in this country, but those ideas must be those of living, vital issues, of principles sturdily upheld and ably defended. Let some of the questionable champions of that party be ordered to the rear, and let new leaders sound new slogans that have power to quicken the blood in the veins of the people, and the grand old party, instinct with new life and with its energies directed in new channels, will again command the confidence, the respect and the votes of the people.

Great excitement in Wall street; bulls and bears bellowing and roaring, tossing their horns and showing their savage teeth; stocks going down like mercury before a Dakota blizzard; the whole country looking on in fear that a national financial crisis will be precipitated; the secretary of the treasury standing ready with the mighty resources of the government to avert the impending catastrophe—such was the scene witnessed a few days ago. Sounds like the description of a great poker game, doesn't it? Yes, it does, and it is, with the exception that its influence upon the prosperity and morality of the country is far stronger and more harmful than all the games of poker played since cards were invented. And yet, congress has just passed an anti-lottery law intended to deny the use of the mails to all firms engaged in handling lottery tickets and all papers publishing lottery intelligence. Here is the greatest lottery in the country, the biggest gambling institution in America. Let us see if our national conscience is shocked only by the lesser vices; if our courts will decide that the law includes gambling hazards of all kinds, from the least to the greatest.

Now that the election is over and politics have once more been relegated to the keeping of those professional politicians who make it their life work to nurse and care for them, let the northwest again turn its attention with renewed energy to the promotion of its material interests. In this matter the most important step to be taken by the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, lies in the direction of a proper representation of their resources at the great World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Chicago will be thronged with people seeking information as to the portion of the union offering the best opening for the employment of their industry and capital. A proper representation of the resources and opportunities offered in the northwest will result in the next few years in adding several millions of people to our population and many hundreds of millions to our wealth. This is a matter that must be handled separately in every state, and the people of each should be aroused to the importance of it, and the urgency of action and concentration of effort, in time to secure adequate appropriations from the legislatures at their next sessions. Here is an opportunity for the enterprising, patriotic and wise citizens to take the lead in a movement fraught with so much of material benefit to all.

The condition of the movement in Oregon for representation at the Columbian exposition is a highly gratifying one. The matter has been taken up in an energetic and practical manner by the state board of commerce, the body WEST SHORE deems not only fully qualified to handle it, but the only body representative of the entire state in its composition and closely allied to the subject by the very purposes of its existence. The state board of commerce was organized by the various local boards for the purpose of promoting the general welfare of the entire state. The representation of Oregon at the fair falls directly within the province of this organization, and by no possible method could a more representative body of men of ability, energy

and enthusiastic zeal be selected. If the legislature will make an appropriation subject to the order of the state board of commerce, and officially empower that body to represent Oregon at Chicago, there will be no question of the absolute success of the effort. What brains, energy, zeal and money can accomplish, will be done to make the Oregon exhibit one of the leading features of that great exposition; not merely for glory and the satisfaction of state pride, but for the direct benefit every section of the state will reap from it. It will mean millions of dollars and thousands of people added to the wealth and population of Oregon the next few years. Even the knowledge that Oregon is preparing for the fair on so grand a scale will attract attention to her resources long before the exposition opens its doors.

In view of the probable channel through which the appropriation will be expended, WEST SHORE urges every county not now represented in the state board of commerce to organize a local board and join the state organization. This will secure for every county an equal voice in shaping the general policy of the board in this matter, and will also give the gentlemen selected by the board as special managers of the exhibit an interested medium through which they can secure the best that each county has to offer to make the display complete. With a general committee of the state board, not large enough to be cumbersome and vacillating in its conduct, and with a local committee in each county as an auxiliary, upon which the general committee can call for assistance, the matter would be in form for the accomplishment of practical results. Aside, however, from this question, each county should be represented in the state board of commerce, both for the good of the state and the promotion of its own welfare. It opens up new channels through which the county can receive benefits, breaks down the barriers of sectionalism, promotes harmony, enables the county to participate in every movement for the general good, and gives it a medium through which it can call attention to its own needs and initiate movements for its own benefit. Every county should take immediate steps to organize a local board of trade.

It is glory enough for the Oregon Press Association to have brought this question to its present condition, for undoubtedly to it is due the credit of having by its enlightened and persistent discussion of it aroused the people to a realization of its importance and prompted the state board of commerce to take action upon it. One year ago the press association was looked upon by those who knew of its existence at all as a sort of picnic organization, and many of the ablest members of the press paid no attention to it. Now it is one of the leading, vital forces of the state, made so by the very strength and ability of its members, and there is not an editor or publisher in the state who is not proud to belong to it and to participate actively in its deliberations. Let it follow its proper course, making itself a power in shaping the policy of the state, asserting its claims to recognition and stimulating the people to action. It is not the proper organization to handle the state exhibit at Chicago. Such work as that is entirely foreign to the objects of its existence, and its members have not the time to devote to it that would be required. Let it pursue its true course of keeping the people aroused to action on this and other vital questions, flagging not in its zeal, but aiding in every suitable way the state board, and it will continue to enjoy the respect, confidence and applause of the people and increase in power and influence. The association has done its work well, has stimulated the state board to action, and now its duty is to give the board its hearty and powerful support.

THE BROKEN HARP.

I sang with more than childish joy,
In boyhood's sunny days;
I sang again in joyous mood,
When love inspired my lays;
I sang again in manhood's years—
I sang for poets bays.

With eager hand I tuned my harp,
To sing a rare, sweet strain;
The world's wild discord shook my hand—
Oh, deep my grief and pain!
It broke the harp I loved so well—
I ne'er may sing again.

And so I drift with idle hands
Upon the tide of time;
Hope's star has set; my soul is dead.
Farewell sweet, mystic rhyme!
I'm weary of earth's battle field,
Tho' scarce in manhood's prime.

ETOILE.



THE SNOW WHITE DOVE.

My pea drops from my listless hand—
The night is sweet, the hour is late—
In yonder wood I hear a dove
Mournfully grieving for its mate.

The last red rose is drenched with rain
That shakes in perfume wet and faint;
Dead vines sweep on my window pane—
And still the dove grieves out its plaint.

My throbbing head sinks on my hand—
I cannot read, I cannot write—
And now that snow-white dove has flown
Against my pane, panting for light.

My God! this thing within my breast
That beats for light, like yonder dove!
It is so pure I scarcely dare
To even name it human love!

Yet—see that white thing panting there,
Dying, that it has missed its mate,
While hungry, passionate, human hearts—
Kind heaven, I dream!—The hour is late!

It is better to be the first leaf on the tree to fall than the last one.

A great deal is being said and written in these days about "western vice," and I, for one, am getting tired of it. Vice is vice, and it would require a writer or speaker so brilliant that the world has not yet produced him to convince me that western vice is any worse than eastern vice. We all know that vice exists, and we all know that you may sidle away from it, and never look at it; but you can never help to put it down unless you come quite close to it and lay firm, gentle hands upon it. We have vice in the east and vice in the west. In the west vice goes about openly, unclad, unpolished, open handed. It boldly advertises itself with handsomely engraved cards of invitation to its high carnivals of sin; with brass bands and street parades; with flags and other banners; it looks you in the eye and says, "Yes, I am vice—what are you going to do about it?" Indeed, it makes itself so coarse and repulsive that many shrink from it; while in the east it goes about silent, muffled-footed, velvet-gloved, masqued-faced, and the same ones shake hands with it there who find it only repulsive in the west. I am tired of eastern people coming to our beautiful west and raving over our vice. Let them take the fine clothes from their vice and stand it side by side with ours, and they will find they are twin brothers. When it is loveliest and pleasantest to the senses, it is most dangerous; and if we must have it, give me the crude and ugly vice in preference to the polished and the soft-handed.

I remember that I was very happy that day. Somebody whom I loved had smiled at me with a tenderness of eye that could not be mistaken, and there was a song in my heart so glad that I fancied in the arrogance of my joy that nothing could still it. But a shadow fell across my sunlit way, and it seemed to grow blacker and broader when I saw that it was caused by a hearse—a plain, cheap hearse with a plainer, cheaper coffin inside. The driver paused and asked me the way to the poor-house, adding with an inhuman grin: "Old woman died there last night, an' they want t' get it over with." The poor-house! What a cloud went over the sun, and how the song fled out of my heart! How could I be joyous and singing, while an old woman lay dead—alone, forgotten, unloved, unloved, unloved—unloved—at the poor-house! Once she had been young; perhaps beautiful and attractive; without doubt, happy and glad of heart because somebody she loved had smiled at her with tender eyes. Warm lips had once laid kisses on her lips, firm hands had pressed her young—probably soft—hands until the blood rushed riotously along her veins; kisses had fallen like summer rain on her waving hair—gold then, but now gray and coarse and unkempt. There are no coquettish love-locks about those temples now, but only deep and awful wrinkles; wrinkles, too, about the mouth, and over the throat that was once full, and white, and beating with joyful pulses—O God! O God! What a terrible thing! To have to die, old and alone and forgotten, at the poor-house! Alone! With no one in the whole world to love her well enough to care for her! And I had been idle and light-hearted and care-free within a stone's throw of such misery! Then I remembered how often I had gone with other careless women to carry flowers and fruits and kind words to hospitals, insane asylums, orphans' homes, and even to pet-

ted invalids lying on luxurious couches; but we had never once thought of the wretched inmates of the poor-house. Why, if any one had suggested the idea to us, we would have shrunk from it violently. Charity, you know, loves to go about daintily, delicately, with gloved fingers, but where all the world may see. And how would any one ever find out that we had taken a few comforts to the poor-house? But now! My heart ached with wishing we had gone with wishing that we had been there to cheer those last hours; to lay a kind hand upon that corded brow, and to say a few words that might have made her going more bearable. It is hard and bitter to be old and poor and ill, but that may be borne if one is among one's kindred and beloved, but to die—old, and sad, and forgotten—alone at the poor-house, O, my God! is not that the saddest picture that can be brought before your eyes? Do not try to excuse your neglect by saying their own folly or wasted lives brought them there—their judgment is to be left to God. Somehow, it seems to me, after home charity should turn to the poor-house.

I wish I could go back and be a little girl again in my father's house "just for to-night." The house was a great, low, rambling one that had once been white, but which was white no longer. Not that it mattered, though, for giant cherry trees reached a thousand arms down to shelter it, and soft, green moss ran riot over the low roofs, and everywhere—everywhere—about the square pillars of the porches, along the eaves, around the doors and windows, and all down the sides of the house, there were old-fashioned climbing roses, very pink, very full, very sweet. The house was old and, I am afraid, shabby; I remember the porches were sunken a trifle, and in the parlor there were two or three boards in the floor that creaked when you stepped upon them, and in the fire-places there were "cranes," of which I—as a little child—was very much ashamed, as it was not then "fashionable" to be old-fashioned; but it was always cool in those rooms, and dim and sweet. All about were orchards, through whose luxuriant foliage flamed the scarlet and wine-red cherries in season; golden, mellow pears; striped, mottled and crimson apples; yellow quinces; great purple, or small blue plums. Here was a long arbor where pale green tendrils gracefully curled, and huge bunches of grapes hung, motionless, purple, bursting with wine; many and long rows of bushes, from which drooped clear-veined goose-berries, and currants that looked like string on string of blood-red rubies when my eager, childish hands turned back the dark leaves in those happy June mornings; tall, slim chestnut trees, thick hung with shaggy burrs, bursting as they fell, to reveal the rich brown heart within. From the broad porch and wide, uneven steps at the front of the house, there was one gradual, green slope down to the Willamette river—the beautiful, dreamy, sparkling Willamette river that chimes, chimes, chimes, between its lovely walls, murmuring always, not noisily, but happily, like a little, tender child tossing its arms in its sleep. O, I remember with a pleasure so passionate it is almost pain, how the sunsets used to fade from the evening sky, and the long twilights come on and darken into night; and then the stars would come out in heaven—like silver daisies blooming in a deep blue meadow—and for each one above, a thousand would dance in the restless waves beneath. I wonder if those same stars are blossoming to-night in the Willamette river! Farther from the house there was a wide, white lane up which the cattle used to come home, lowing, sweet-breathed, loitering, full-uddered, crushing the golden-hearted marguerites beneath their cleft hoofs. I wish I could lean my head against old Brindle's warm flank to-night, and listen to the muffled flow of the broad ribbons of milk in the gleaming pails! I wish I could see the soft dark eyes and moist nozzles of the calves through the bars—ah, me! there are bars for us all. I wish I could see those little, silly, awkward colts with their fuzzy manes and ridiculous tails and wonderful legs! And the keen, sweet smell of the hay in the big, rambling barn!—I used to fling myself into its yielding arms and lie there, listening to the horses crushing their food with strong, sharp teeth, their warm, fragrant breaths stealing to me. How sweet it would be one of these hot, restless noons, to go to that old well, with the queer roof above it, and the two buckets roped over a wheel, and tug and tug, hand over hand, at the slippery rope, with the cool drops running down one's arms to the elbows; finally to land the bucket upon the well-worn curb and, panting and breathless, lay heat-fevered, eager lips to God's own cool, pure water—and close one's eyes, and drink, and drink, and drink! Heigh-ho! There are other restless hearts beating under that old mossed roof, and other faces at the low, broad windows, and other dreams dreamed under my "Scotch broom" tree. There is a grand mansion frowning down upon the dear old house, the white lane is spaded into terraces, and the dear fir trees have been cut down for miles on every side—everything is changed save my own Willamette river; it loiters always to the sea, never sullen, never passionate, never loud, but chiming, chiming—soft, and sweet, and low—between its green walls. It is one broad, undulating ribbon—silver at morn, golden at noon, crimson at evening—and in the vast, still midnights there are always star-hearts beating within its bosom. And eyes that behold it, and ears that hear it, and souls that love it, may pass away, but Willamette flows there forever.



THE JOINT OF HER ARMOR.

A passionate girl graduate
From Dr. Hymen's school,
Was trying hard to facinate
A man of manner cool.

Achilles-like he braved the foe,
Nor feared the snares she laid;
Invulner'ble—for he did know
The tricks o' Cupid's trade.

Her wily ways were sadly lost

Upon his love-lorn heart;
As sunbeams chilled by winter's frost
He made her smiles depart.

At last, nerved for a final thrust,
She sweetly dropped her eyes
And murmured softly, "You are just
The dearest, best sir-prize!"

He smiled a smile of sickly hue,
(She thought his heart was shaken)
"It must be true," quoth he, "for you
Are surely not miss-taken."

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

A FREQUENT STARTER.

PRIM MOTHER—Don't never allow that young fellow to kiss you when he comes again.

SALLIE (a smart and obedient child)—No, indeed, mama, I never do that.

PRIM MOTHER—Didn't Ben kiss you last night when he came?

SALLIE—No. He kissed me when he started to leave.

PRIM MOTHER—Well, how many times did he start to leave?

SALLIE—Oh, only about ten times.

ANOTHER CASE.

DOLLEY—Hello, Goslin, isn't that powder on your shoulder?

GOSLIN—So it is. I can't imagine where it came from.

DOLLEY—Of course not. You never suspected that Miss Mabel's face was loaded.

CORROBORATION.

CUMSO—That man I introduced to you yesterday, Mr. Hipple, tells me he is a college bred man, Fangle.

FANGLE—Yes; I believe he was the baker at Yelvard University the year I graduated.

THE NEXT MORNING.

SHE (severely)—John, do you know why you remind me of the ocean in a storm?

HE (mistrustfully)—Well, no, my dear.

SHE—Because it's a high roller.

HUMAN NATURE.

"That man seemed very much pleased when you hinted he was an expert at poker."

"Yes."

"Does he know anything about the game?"

"Not a bit! He's a Baptist deacon, and can't tell one card from another."

THAT IS SO, TOO.

SNOOPER (quoting scripture)—"You may bray a fool in a mortar."

SIMERAL—That is true; but most fools do their own braying.

Advantage of a level head—you can carry a bucket of mortar on it.

GROCER (to delinquent customer)—Why do you make me wait so long for my pay?

CUSTOMER—It's to give you a hint that your own weight ought not to be so short.

IT OUGHT TO BE IN STOCK.

CUSTOMER (to druggist)—Let me have a dollar's worth of electricity.

DRUGGIST—Are you crazy?

CUSTOMER—Not at all. You advertise die stuffs of all kinds.

"Waiter, how long have you worked here?"

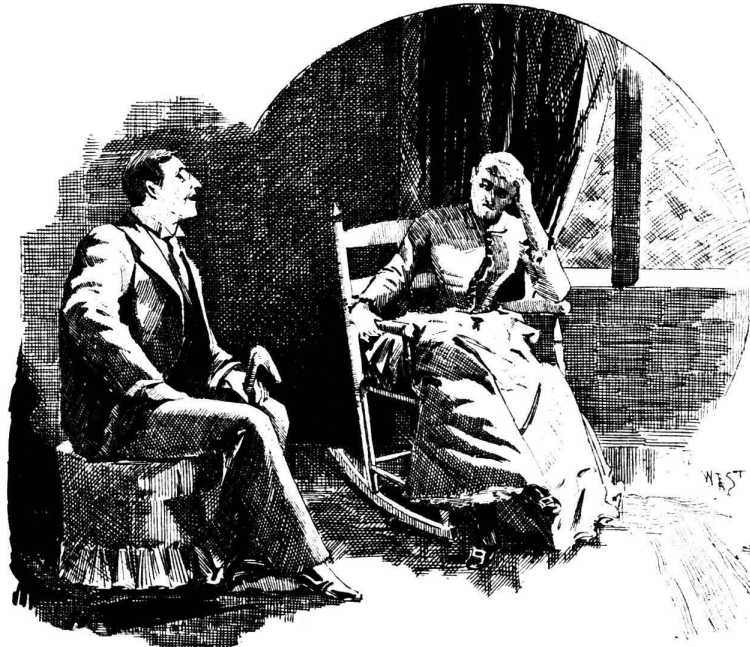
"Oh, about ten days."

"My steak was ordered before your time then. Tell one of those other waiters to come here."

AN APOLOGY ACKNOWLEDGED.

GOSLIN—I beg pahdon for not wecognizing you yestahday. My eye-glahsses are so deceptive doncher know.

FANGLE—That's so, they are. Why, they make you look almost intelligent.



MR. GABOY—What do you think of Reciprocity, Miss Elderly?

MISS ELDERLY (with great dignity)—I never read questionable books.

He sighed as he sat beside her,
And his being thrilled with pain.

Oh, that cruel, cruel cider

He will never drink again. W.

"Did you hear about the accident to the train?"

"Mercy! no; what train?"

"My wife's; she caught it on a carpet tack and tore off fifteen yards of it."

"I am a great admirer of Carlyle," exclaimed Miss Amy, who has refused a dozen good offers of marriage.

"I suppose then," replied Dolley, "that your favorite part of his works is 'The Everlasting No.'"

MR. GAZLAY—Why are you punishing the baby?

MRS. GAZLAY (in surprise)—I'm not punishing it.

GAZLAY—You are singing to it ain't you?

PHILOSOPHY AT THE CLUB.

"Human nature is a peculiar thing," said Grizzly, as he emitted a volume of smoke from his cigar that sent him into total eclipse for a few seconds.

"In what particular?" queried Johnston, as his friend's features became once more visible through the fragrant haze.

"In a great many. Its manifestations are varied and multiform, but when you sift them down to the spring of action, you generally find it to be either selfishness or egotism. Now, for instance," and the moralizer put his feet up in the window and settled back in his leather covered easy chair, while he puffed vigorously a few seconds for inspiration. "Take Miss Hatcheface, who tries to appear swell by wearing two veils."

"Huh!" broke in Johnston. "If I had her face I'd wear three veils."

"No you wouldn't," said the philosopher sharply. "Not having her face you prescribe three veils for her; but if you had it—and possibly you don't realize how narrow an escape you had—you wouldn't wear any, and would grin idiotically at the girls you pass in the street, just as you do now. She doesn't do it to hide her face, but to attract attention. That is a form of egotism that is absolutely incurable, because the sufferer

doesn't realize his hopeless condition.

I can endure that sort of thing well

enough; but the selfish manifestations

put me out of all patience," and the

relator pushed Johnston's feet off the

window sill so as to give himself a lit-

tle more comfortable position while he

continued his sermon on unselfish-

ness. "There are such a multitude of

ways for this human failing to mani-

fest itself, that I will only speak of its

forms as seen on the street cars. Only

the other day I sat in an open car, and

in the seat in front sat a stylishly

dressed young lady, occupying the end

of the seat. At the next corner a very

fat woman endeavored to enter the

seat, and the young lady, instead of

moving along to give her room, held

her place, so that the fat woman, in

trying to get through, became stuck

fast between the young lady and the

seat in front—you will notice, perhaps,

that I accent neither the "young" nor

the "lady"—in spite of the herculean

efforts of the conductor to push her

through. At last the young lady, evi-

dently as a matter of self preservation,

took hold of her and helped pull her

through; when she fell into the seat as the car

started with a jerk, and for five minutes she puffed

like a winded horse from mingled exhaustion and

rage. But that was not the funniest," continued

Grizzly, who was somewhat nettled because John-

ston failed to laugh sufficiently at his last anecdote.

"I was in a closed car yesterday, when two very

fat men entered. I was very much amused watch-

ing them, for there was only room enough on the

seat for one, and it was very funny until they got

it fixed."

"How did they fix it?" asked Johnston,

straightening up and showing a little more interest.

"Oh," answered Grizzly, with a glitter in his

eye, "One of them stood up."

QUILL.

JUST LIKE ALL OF THEM.

"The second-floor roomer was complaining again, Mrs. Small," reported the chambermaid.

"Well, I never pay any attention to rumors," replied the landlady.

PORTLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

On the center pages is given an engraving of the magnificent Chamber of Commerce building, now in process of erection in Portland. The building was planned by I. Hodgson, Jr., and will cost \$500,000. It extends 200 feet on Stark street, from Third to Fourth, and is 100 feet deep, facing south. The structure is seven stories in height, the apex of the tower being 157 feet from the ground. The second floor is devoted to the assembly room and the other rooms for the use of the chamber of commerce, and the other six stories are divided into offices, with a total office area of 103,800 square feet. The structure will be completed in the summer of 1891. Since the conversion of the board of trade into a chamber of commerce, that body has increased wonderfully in numbers, influence and activity. It is now second to no commercial body on the Pacific coast in its ability to comprehend the questions that affect the welfare of the city and surrounding country, and takes hold of them in a vigorous and practical manner that commands respect and achieves results. When this elegant structure shall be completed, as also the imposing city hall and other great buildings now under construction, Portland will, in the matter of architecture, command the admiration of every one of the thousands who visit the city annually.

OREGON AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

When WEST SHORE started in upon its campaign of arousing the people of Oregon to action on the question of a proper representation of the state at the World's Columbian exposition, it anticipated exactly the line of activity to be pursued. From the beginning it urged the press of the state to take the lead in creating local enthusiasm, and called upon the state board of commerce to initiate practical measures. Both of these have been accomplished. On Tuesday last a committee of the Oregon Press Association assembled in Portland, and after a full and free discussion of the question passed resolutions calling for an appropriation of \$250,000 by the legislature, and the formation of an exhibit association composed of one member from each county and five from the city of Portland, and pledging the press to a hearty support of the movement.

On the same day a committee of the state board of commerce assembled and discussed the same question, deciding upon practically the same policy. It prepared a bill to be presented to the legislature, leaving blank the amount to be appropriated and the names of the commissioners to expend it, preferring to have those questions settled after a more thorough

NEW BUILDINGS IN CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON.

A new hotel has been erected in Chehalis, Washington, by the Chehalis Land & Timber Company. All this year the great need of better accommodations for the traveling public has been manifest, especially since four daily trains between Chehalis and Seattle have been running, and the company undertook to supply the deficiency and has succeeded. The Hotel St. Helens is a building three full stories in height, with basement and attic and ornamental tower. The first story is of brick and those above of wood. It stands in a central location at the corner of Market and Cascade streets, and overlooks a public park. The cost of the hotel approximates \$30,000. It is the finest hotel between Portland and Tacoma.

Beside the picture of the Hotel St. Helens, appearing on this page, is one of a substantial business block now under construction in Chehalis by H. J. Duffy. It will be of brick and will cost about \$15,000. The contract specifies that it shall be completed by the end of next February. The buildings are fair examples of the improvements being made in the live town of Chehalis, and they speak well for the enterprise of its citizens.

TWENTY-ONE PUZZLE.

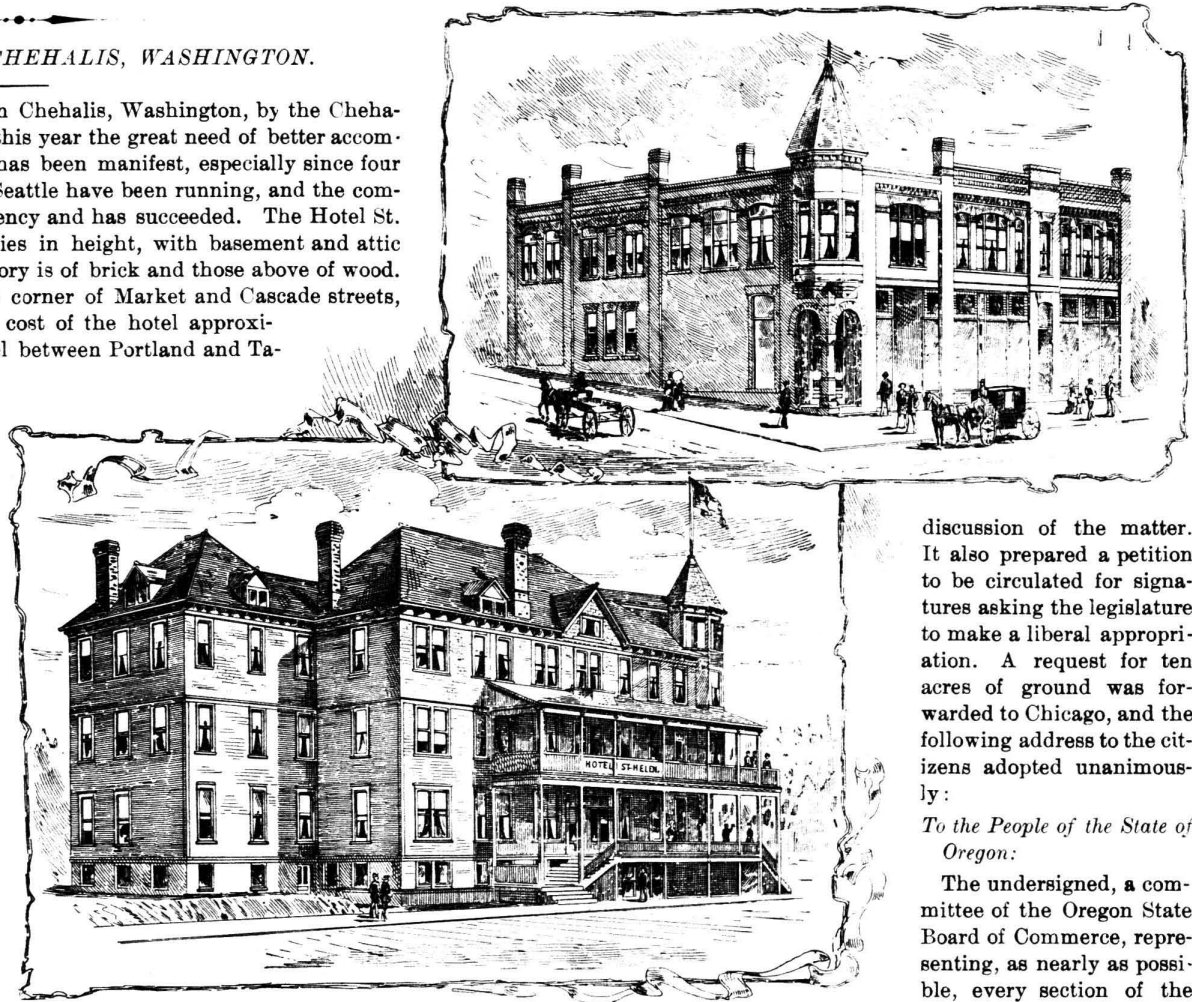
The following puzzle, which first appeared in the *Philadelphia Record*, is being very extensively copied:

1	1	1
3	3	3
5	5	5
7	7	7
9	9	9

The problem is to add any six of these numbers together to make a total of twenty-one. The arrangement of the figures in parallel columns is simply for effect, to make it look like a genuine puzzle. In fact, it is a mathematical impossibility. An even number of odd numerals always gives an even total, and an odd number of odd numerals gives an odd total. It is impossible to make twenty-one, or any other odd number, by adding six odd numerals together. Every mathematician knows this, and such puzzles as the above are only worried over by those who are so forgetful of the arithmetic they learned at school as to have their eyes caught by the tabular arrangement of the five odd Arabic numerals, one column of which would have answered the purpose as well as three. However, by a little jugglery in Roman characters, it can be solved, as follows:

I (1), and V (5), equal IV	4
V	5
III	3
IX	9
<hr/>	
Total	21

No prize goes with this puzzle that the editor has heard of.



NEW BUILDINGS IN CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON.

discussion of the matter. It also prepared a petition to be circulated for signatures asking the legislature to make a liberal appropriation. A request for ten acres of ground was forwarded to Chicago, and the following address to the citizens adopted unanimously:

To the People of the State of Oregon:

The undersigned, a committee of the Oregon State Board of Commerce, representing, as nearly as possible, every section of the state, desire to present to their fellow-citizens some thoughts upon the subject

of the proper representation of the state at the world's great Columbian exposition, to be held in Chicago in 1893, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the renowned Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus.

It is fitting that this event, the greatest in its consequences of any in the history of the world, should be celebrated by the nations that have sprung into life on the hemisphere his genius made known to civilization, and it is especially fitting that the greatest of these, and the youngest of all the great nations of the earth, should take the lead and make itself responsible for the success of the undertaking. National pride should move every citizen of this mighty republic to exert himself to make this the grandest occasion of that nature that the world has ever witnessed. In no sense is it a local enterprise. The government of the United States has invited the nations of the earth to come here with their products, and the city of Chicago has provided \$10,000,000 for the support of the exposition in consideration of its being held at that place. The government has taken full executive control of it, through the medium of a commission of two representatives of each state, and has in the fullest sense of the term made it a national celebration.

It behooves every state, as an integral member of the nation, to do its utmost to further the enterprise and insure its success. National pride and every instinct of patriotism demands that this be done; and it will be done to such an extent that Chicago in 1893 will see such a gathering of the products of this broad and fruitful land as has never before been assembled, and such a collection of the products of art, science, industry and nature from every nation on the face of the earth as human eye has never beheld. Never before has the inventive genius of man rendered possible the concentrating in one locality of the representative products of the entire earth, and this great exposition will be a fitting crown for the last decade of the wonderful nineteenth century.

It is almost impossible to conceive the magnitude upon which this stupendous exposition is being planned and carried out, and still more difficult to so describe it as to impress it upon the mind of one who has not given it deep thought and study. It is sufficient to say a site of 1,000 acres has been selected, upon which it is being planned to provide buildings and appliances that will dwarf into insignificance the greatest that has yet been prepared for a like purpose by any nation of the earth. With this understanding of the nature of the exposition, which will be visited by millions of people, let us consider what Oregon ought to do.

Oregon possesses all the elements, properly utilized, to make her one of the greatest in the Union in wealth, population, influence and prosperity. Her great area, her fertile acres, her delightful climate, her forests of timber, her mountains of coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, nickel and other minerals, her waters teeming with fish, her streams bearing a limitless commerce upon their bosom and possessing the potent forces to turn the countless wheels of industry, all combine to give her an advantage over her less fortunate sisters that has only to be used to place her in the front rank of the great sisterhood. Shall she use it? She stands now at the parting of the ways. Shall she continue to neglect the bounteous gifts of nature, and occupy a position in the rear of those far her inferiors in natural resources, or shall she take the new road that leads to prosperity and will carry her to her rightful position at the head? She has now 350,000 people; she can soon have a million; she has property valued at \$350,000,000; she can soon have ten times as much. All that is necessary for her to do is to let the world know what she has to offer, and population and capital will pour in to develop her dormant resources and occupy her vacant acres. Every man, woman and child within the limits of the state is interested in her progress toward the high position she is eminently fitted to assume. The greatest opportunity she will ever have to place herself properly before the eye of man, will be at this great exposition at Chicago, and it would seem suicidal folly to fail to improve it to the uttermost. All the instincts of state pride, national patriotism and self-advantage urge her to take this step. Whatever sum she may expend, no matter how great, will be returned to her many fold within a few months, while the coming years will see her investment grow as marvelously as the little grain of mustard seed that became a great tree.

One thing is evident at the very beginning, that if an exhibit be made at all, it must be upon a scale corresponding to the general gigantic scope of the exposition. To do less than this would be useless, and the money expended would be worse than thrown away. The best of Oregon products, and she has the equal of the best the earth can present, should be collected in great variety, and so displayed as to hold the attention of the millions of people who will attend the exposition, and who will be so lost in and confused by the great variety and mass of exhibits that their attention can not be especially attracted by anything that is not at once novel, extensive and interesting. To prepare and maintain such an exhibit will cost a large sum of money, just how much cannot be stated until plans have been more definitely settled upon.

As a general outline we think that not less than ten acres of ground should be secured, which should be prepared so as to represent topographically a miniature of the state, planted with the trees and shrubs native to this region. A large building should be constructed of Oregon woods, in all styles of finish, and furnished with Oregon-made furniture of native woods. In this building should be arranged such of the exhibits as are not better displayed in the open air. We deem it important that samples of our products be distributed free in a most liberal manner, so that Oregon grain, fruit, vegetables, wool, wood, hops, fish, etc., etc., may be carried everywhere to show their great superiority by comparison with whatever they may meet. This item alone calls for a large sum of money. A minimum estimate of the sum necessary to carry out the plan given above in its rough outlines is \$250,000.

The legislature meets in January next in the only session it will hold in time to make an appropriation for this purpose, and we appeal to you, citizens of this great state, of which we are so justly proud and whose prosperity we all so strongly desire, to urge upon the members of that body the propriety and necessity of appropriating for this purpose a sum not less than that mentioned above, confident that it will return a hundred fold in less than two years. We earnestly hope that the magnitude and importance of this subject will so impress themselves upon you that you will take

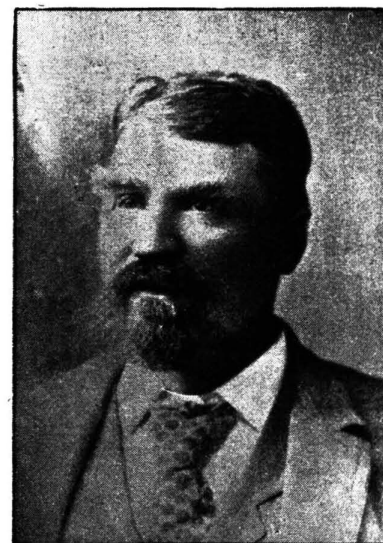
the deepest interest in the furtherance of our efforts to have Oregon improve to the utmost this unrivaled opportunity to show to the world she has more to offer capital and industry, in the development of mines, manufactures, agricultural resources and the building of railways for the transportation of her combined products, than they can find elsewhere, either among her sister states or any of the countries of the earth.

LEBANON, OREGON.

One of the most progressive towns in Oregon is Lebanon, in Linn county. It has a population of about 1,000 and is growing at a rate that will double this number very soon. Beautifully located, having a healthful site, surrounded by a large area of that fertile land that has made the Willamette valley so celebrated, with limitless forests of timber at its door, and with mines of gold and silver but a few miles distant and now being developed, with an abundance of water power and possessing excellent railroad communication with other markets, it certainly has all the elements of prosperity. Natural gas has been discovered within the city limits and is said by experts to exist in great quantities in the region immediately surrounding the town. Experimental boring is now being done. Coal measures have been discovered near by, and the work of developing them has been commenced. These two resources are destined to play an important part in the work of building up the city. Plumbago and fire clay are also found in the vicinity, and will be utilized for manufacturing. A large paper mill, to cost \$100,000, is in process of erection. This industry will have a monthly pay roll of about \$4,000, and will spend large sums for raw materials. It has fine water power, but a canal will soon be built, at a cost of \$20,000, for the purpose of increasing it, preparing for the industries that will naturally spring up there as the work of development progresses.

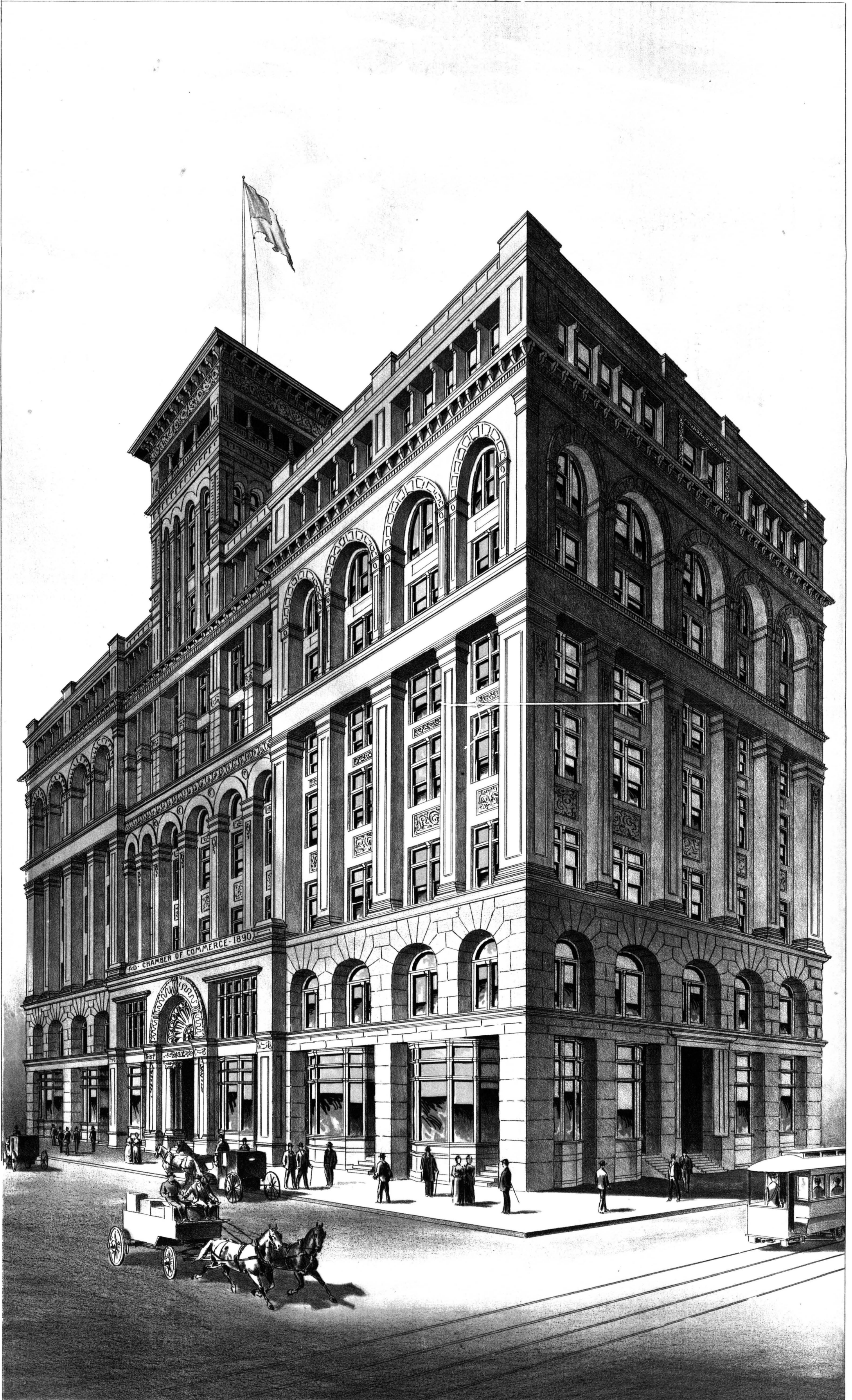
An idea of the present general appearance of Lebanon can be obtained from the engraving on the last page. It has business men of activity and enterprise, and its people are intelligent and refined. It has a number of good churches, and its school facilities are excellent. The *Express* is an ably conducted weekly that looks well after the town's interests.

Lebanon lies on the line of the Oregonian railway, recently purchased by the Southern Pacific and converted from a narrow gauge to a standard gauge. It is to be extended across the Cascades into Eastern Oregon and Nevada and join the Central Pacific at Winnemucca, thus placing Lebanon on a new overland route shorter than any other. In the region between the town and the mountains is much valuable land open to settlement, while much more can be purchased in the surrounding country at figures that enable any man with a small capital to secure a good farm. Fruit lands may be had at a very reasonable price. The development of that section and growth of the town are progressing together and rapidly.



BENJAMIN F. COPLEN.

Benjamin F. Coplen is the founder of the young town of Latah, in the Upper Palouse country of Eastern Washington. He is a pioneer of that section and has been prominently identified with its progress from the beginning. When Latah was incorporated Mr. Coplen was made the first mayor. The law under which that incorporation was made was subsequently declared unconstitutional and steps are now being taken to organize a new municipal government for that growing town. Mr. Coplen is one of the trustees of the Latah academy. He is a large property holder in Latah, and alive to the best interests of the town.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, PORTLAND, OREGON—See Page 214.

J. HODGSON, JR. ARCHT.



THE FAR WEST

ALASKA MINING NEWS.

In reading of Alaska mines, most people do so without a comprehension of the magnitude of that territory, and are apt to confound localities sadly. The following mining intelligence, taken from a letter to the Deer Lodge *New Northwest* from Juneau, Alaska, applies to the comparatively warm coast region, and not to the frigid interior generally spoken of as the Yukon country: The mining outlook for the season 1891 is unusually bright. During this season a vast amount of development work has been carried on quite successfully, new mines have been opened up, and new companies have come into the field. The latest of these is a rich German syndicate from Hamburg, which, although they got badly scorched in their first mining venture in Alaska, through the Great Bear's Nest swindle, have since had their experts looking over the field, and they have found mines possessing sufficient merit to warrant this syndicate in making other heavy investments. Their first purchase was an immense gravel deposit at Shuck bay, about eighty miles southwest of Juneau. Since making this purchase they have exploited the ground thoroughly and now intend to place hydraulic works on the ground early next season. The gravel banks are very extensive and prospect well in gold, and from the workmen there comes a most encouraging report as to the future of that place. Their next purchase was the Ophir group of mines, situated at Berner's bay, about sixty miles northwest from Juneau. These are large, well defined ledges, carrying free-milling gold ore. The consideration for this entire property was \$80,000. Since the transfer extensive development work has been started there, and it is the intention to erect a large stamp mill and tramway on the ground soon. In Silver Bow bar, the S. B. B. M. Co., Mr. T. S. Nowell, president, have inaugurated a stupendous enterprise, which is to tap the gravel deposits in the upper basin by driving a long tunnel. On the first of October this immense tunnel was under cover a distance of 2,231 feet, it being driven in now at the rate of about 200 feet per month. This tunnel will be used as a sluice-way, through which the gravel deposits in the basin above will be worked. The dimensions of the tunnel are 8x10 feet, and through it will run a sluice box four feet wide by three deep, in 1,600 feet of which sluices are now placed. A large percentage of the gravel in this basin is quartz and auriferous material, which, through the action of the glaciers that at one time covered the whole mountain side, has been ground out of the network of veins that cross the head of the basin, and the company has in view the erection of a large stamp mill to work this debris. Their plan is to wash this mass of gravel down through the tunnel, catching the loose gold as it passes through the flume, and then the gravel, as tailings, passes from the end of the flume into the stamp mill. By this means it will be seen that these tailings can be worked at a small cost, as there is no expense of handling attached, and it is calculated that should this mass yield \$1 per ton, there is profit in working it.

On Sheep creek, where are located some very rich silver veins, the Silver Queen mining company are breaking ground for the erection of a ten stamp mill for the next season. During the season a wagon road was completed from the beach up to the basin, and considerable development work has been done on various properties there. The Silver Queen has received extensive development, and in the neighborhood of 1,000 tons of ore have been shipped to the Tacoma and San Francisco smelting works. Although this ore in the main yielded well, the high freight rates and the higher smelting rates of the Pacific coast have consumed the lion's share of the profits, and, after repeated trials at concentrating the Sheep creek ores, miners there have found that it will be cheaper by far to concentrate than to ship, so they will erect such works for this purpose. Sheep creek now shows a number of mines that will furnish quantities of concentrating ore, and with works in successful operation there, that district will turn out a large and steady output of the white metal. The veins there are well defined, averaging from two to six feet in width, and show some very handsome specimens of ruby, brittle and native silver. Recently some very important discoveries have been made along the mineral belt in the section of country lying between Sum Dum and Shettishane bays. The veins are strong and well defined, bearing silver. The ore in character is a chloride and gray copper, and assay returns show it to be very rich. Development work will be pushed extensively there next season.

THE NEIHART DISTRICT, MONTANA.

In this district we include, for the sake of description, Barker, Yogo, and Logging creek, and it occupies the loftiest mountains of the Little Belt

range, which seems to a casual observer to be higher than the mountains of the Great Belt range. The mines seem to be located in the same mineral belt. The mountains are high and precipitous, and the gulches narrow. Neihart is situated towards the head of Belt creek, a picturesque stream some seventy miles long, which, flowing north, empties into the Missouri below the falls. At Neihart the mineral belt is about four miles wide, and crosses Belt creek at an acute angle, the direction of the belt being east of north and west of south. The mineral lies in leads which are true fissure veins in granite, which observe the same general direction as the mineral belt. The ore is gold, silver, and some lead, in which sulphur, zinc and antimony appear, making it quite base, but generally it is so rich that a good profit can be made over the increased cost of smelting. Every lead has some carbonate, and the ore bodies dip to the north. Near Neihart there must be several hundred claims located, and in the whole district the number must reach some two thousand. In the vicinity of Neihart the mountains rise from 1,500 to 2,500 feet above the bed of the Belt, and as the ground is very broken, the development of the mines is slow and difficult. But the wider the ore bodies the better the ore, and so far the ore improves in value as depth is attained. There are about 200 miners at work at Neihart, and seventy at Barker. The principal mines at Neihart are the Moulton (which has the greatest depth of any mine in the camp), Florence, Queen of the Hills, Dakota, Ingersoll, Rochester, Silver Wreath, Silver Belt, Mountain Chief and London, which are being worked, and the Broadwater group and Galt, which are idle. Barker is looking up, and its best mines are doing well. George Ellis and John Casner have bonded a group for \$75,000, and several new and rich discoveries have been made. In Jenkins Barker's mine a body of \$500 ore ten inches wide has been struck. Everybody is looking for the extension of the railroad from Monarch to Neihart and Barker this fall. So far nothing has been done except completing the surveys, but as President Hill visited Monarch Wednesday of last week, it was believed that he was there to look over the ground and order the work to begin. The value of these camps would be greatly increased with the building of these branches. Yogo is about twelve miles east of Neihart, and the prospects for a good camp there are excellent. Logging creek lies west of the Belt, into which it empties some ten miles below Monarch. There is no doubt but valuable mines will be found upon it.—*Helena Mining Review*.

The Hunter mine in the Cœur d'Alenes evidently has a remarkable future before it. The mine was originally bonded for \$45,000, after which it underwent a course of development and was sold for \$95,000. A few weeks since, at a depth of 800 feet, a body of ore sixteen feet in width and running 200 ounces of silver to the ton was struck in a tunnel run a distance of 600 feet. It would take over \$1,000,000 to buy the mine now.

Some of Oregon City's capitalists are contemplating the erection of an elevator or incline railway from the lower part of the city to the top of the bluff. This is an enterprise sadly needed by the falls city, and by utilizing a portion of the immense water power daily going to waste over the falls, could be operated on a remarkably economical basis. It would certainly prove to be a paying investment from the start.

A car load of fruit trees was shipped to parties in Nevada last week from a nursery at Medford, Oregon. Gradually Oregon is winning her way to the front rank in the fruit business, no better evidence of which can be found than in the fact that she is securing orders in preference to California, which has so long maintained supremacy in that branch of agriculture.

The Cheney Washington Land and Water company has at last surmounted all difficulties in the way of getting a water supply for that young city. The supply will come from Fish lake and will be sufficient for all purposes and of excellent quality. The works will be in operation before the end of the year.

The Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern's Canadian Pacific branch has at last reached the international boundary with its grade work. Rails are laid to a point eleven miles north of Sedro, and trains will be running over the Canadian Pacific from Seattle by the first of January.

The contract has been let for the construction of a foundry and machine shop in Fairhaven, Washington. The machine shop is to be completed in thirty days and the foundry in about forty-five days.

Tacoma has built this year, or has under contract, streets costing \$377,595. The aggregate length of these new thoroughfares is sixteen miles.

It is seldom WEST SHORE publishes extracts from the many complimentary letters it receives, but it feels impelled to give the following two from widely different sources, received almost at the same moment: E. A. Gilbert, manager of the Carlton House, Jacksonville, Florida, writes: "We received your WEST SHORE regularly the past year, and nothing we receive is in more demand when it comes. The views it gives of your splendid buildings and the descriptions of the country are greatly appreciated." The other is from the veteran journalist, Mr. James O'Meara, so well known in literary circles of the Pacific coast. Mr. O'Meara says: "Allow me to express the tribute justly due your excellent publication. As a newspaper man of almost half a century experience I can recall the many publications of the entire country as they emerged to importance, renown, popularity and rank. It is without hesitation or reserve I now say that never at any time, in any city of the whole broad land of the Republic, has there been put before the people a publication comparable with WEST SHORE. I recollect the early issues of your paper, published monthly, of eight pages, with few wood engravings, illustrations of local scenes and accompanying descriptive sketches. It was at the time the queer thing for the newspaper men who gave thought to the matter to divine how in the world it could be made to pay. The field was by no means large; the enterprise received indifferent encouragement, and the prospect was certainly not bright; still, every month, on the day announced, the WEST SHORE was regularly sent forth, each month evidencing more care in its contents, judgment in the selection of articles, study throughout in its makeup—and, as the natural business pointer, increased number of advertisements, and these of substantial houses of Portland, managed by merchants of prescience and confidence, now the foremost in fortune and fame upon the Pacific coast. WEST SHORE has grown from a monthly publication to the splendid weekly it is now. Its form is preserved, but, goodness! the betterment in the filling of pages. It is not drawing upon fancy to say that in the United States there is not a publication of its purpose and character which is its equal. In conscious positiveness it can be asserted that WEST SHORE has no superior. Your publication has contracted from a monthly to a weekly. It has expanded from the printing of a few hundred copies once a month to supplying the demand of more than as many thousands of copies every week. Oregon and Washington, Portland and Astoria, Vancouver and Puget sound, a few points on the Columbia and the Willamette, were your patrons. Now the WEST SHORE has its multitudes of patrons and its thousands of readers throughout the states of the Pacific, emerged from territorial condition within the period of the publication of your admirable illustrated weekly WEST SHORE, and, as at the starting, care and study and judgment are still the conspicuous qualities which attract public attention and gain popular support."

At a recent meeting of owners and masters of vessels engaged in the sealing industry, with headquarters at Victoria, B. C., the rate of pay for the hunters was fixed for next season. It was the opinion of all that the price of skins this year was considerably above the average, and that it was highly probable that a drop in prices would take place next year. The reason for the increased prices for the last season's catch was held to be due to the fact that the bad weather had been against a big catch, and that the shortage naturally made a livelier demand. The question of pay for hunters and boatmen then came up, and the adoption of a scale per seal skin was discussed. It was admitted by the owners, many of whom are practical men, that the business of seal hunting was a dangerous and arduous one, and one that should in all fairness be paid for in a liberal way, but at the same time the great risks in the sealing business, together with the uncertainty of the markets, made the payment of an excessive rate entirely out of the question. It was also shown that a good hunter, one that was able to get many seals, was a cheaper man at better pay than was a poor one. An indifferent man occupied a boat and kept two boatmen at work while the result of his season's work might not be sufficient to pay interest on the capital invested. In view of these facts, the following scale of wages was unanimously adopted:

CATCH.	PAY PER SKIN.
Up to 199.....	\$1 00
" 299.....	1 50
" 399.....	2 00
" 400, or over.....	2 50
Grey pups, each.....	1 00

Boat pullers are to be paid \$30 per month, or \$15 per month and twenty-five cents per skin taken by their boat, or no monthly pay and fifty cents per skin taken. This will be an incentive to the boatmen to work with the hunter for a good catch. Another matter of importance was the employment of old hands. It was shown that there were not experienced hunters enough to man the fleet, and it has been agreed upon by the owners to limit the number of old hands in each vessel to three, the others to be made up of new men composed of porpoise hunters from the east. This plan will give each of the owners an equal chance for a good crew. One exception only was made, and that is in the case of a schooner which is owned

almost exclusively by the hunters. In this case the rule as to limit in the number will not be enforced. The scale of wages will, however, be the same.

Isaac Pincus, an extensive hop dealer in this section of the country and in a position to speak reliably, estimates that the hop crop of Washington this year will be in the neighborhood of 32,000 bales, which, averaging about 180 pounds each, will make 5,920,000 pounds. The crop will fall considerably short of last year's, and the price of that part which has not already been sold is advancing rapidly. Yesterday they brought forty cents, which is the highest amount paid in four years. It is not expected, however, that prices will take the boom they did ten years ago, when a good quality of hops brought \$1 a pound. About half of the crop of 1890 was contracted for at the first of the year from the farmers at from fifteen to seventeen and one-half cents, but the other half will average close to twenty-seven and one-half cents. This will make a gross average of about twenty-two and one-half cents per pound, which aggregates in money paid to Washington farmers a total of \$1,332,000. Had the farmer been able to foresee the scarcity of the crop he might have held off his contracts and netted himself twice the amount he received. It is the custom of the farmer to contract previous to picking the hops about half of the expected crop at prices ranging from fifteen to seventeen and one-half cents. He does this to insure himself against actual loss in growing the hops, and with the balance he takes his chances for a clear profit. Last year the reserve half crop brought only seven cents, and the farmer's profit was consequently much less than usual. Many of them supposing that the same low prices would predominate this year, engaged the greater part of their crop early in the season at fifteen cents, and are consequently not benefited by the high market. Hop dealers are engaged in closing up the business of the past season, when everything will be disposed of. They will then take a rest until early in January, when they will start out engaging the crop of 1891.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

The following is from the annual report of Manager Mellen regarding the Northern Pacific Beneficial Association: Total receipts of this association from all sources were \$88,453.95; the total disbursements were \$89,372.37; leaving a deficit of \$918.42. The number of patients treated was 13,042; at Brainerd, 1,680; at Missoula, 1,169; and by line surgeons, 10,427. Of these 2,091 were accident cases, and 11,185 sick cases; 234 being first treated by line surgeons and then transferred to the hospitals. This is an increase in the number of patients treated at Brainerd of 18.2 per cent.; Missoula, 27.9 per cent. and locally 77.5 per cent. The average cost per patient for indoor patients at the hospitals were \$40.92, and average cost per patient for treatment of all patients was \$5.16. The increase in the business of the Northern Pacific railroad, causing a corresponding increase in the number of employees, necessitates an additional hospital, which should be located on the Pacific division, and the president of the Northern Pacific Beneficial Association is figuring with that end in view. Tacoma will probably be selected as the location.

The new town of Kettle Falls, at the cataract of the same name on the Columbia river, in Northeastern Washington, is going ahead surprisingly. Last spring the only way to reach it was by way of Colville where the railway terminated. Now the Spokane Falls & Northern road runs by Kettle Falls on its way to Marcus, and many improvements are being made in the town. A saw mill is in operation and a hotel costing \$10,000 is nearly completed. A newspaper will soon be published there. The town is situated in a fine country and will command the output from the rich farming and fruit-raising section down the river and the stock ranges over in the Indian country. Kettle river, which flows down through a choice valley in British Columbia and on this side of the border must also bring wealth to the new town. It has an immense water power at hand and promises a prosperous growth in every line.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Sumpter valley railroad. The line has been located through Wilovale to the Union Pacific at a point where the latter crosses Powder river. From there a third rail will be laid on the U. P. line to the U. P. depot. A force of men has been grading for the foundation for the mills, which will be located just south of J. F. Jackson's property. Two carloads of ties have already arrived and two carloads of iron are expected daily. A locomotive is also expected to arrive shortly, and track-laying will probably be commenced in a few days. There is a storing capacity for 10,000,000 feet of logs just above the millsite, and the company has made all arrangements so there will be no trouble concerning water rights.

Among the receipts at Puget sound ports by the ocean route this fall are 100,000 boxes of fruit trees, containing nearly 500,000 trees of various kinds. They were shipped from New York.

Victoria, B. C. exported in October products to the value of \$505,652, including 46,961 tons of coal.

Coos county, Oregon, reports a gross value of property of \$2,863,36 and a taxable value of \$2,140,450.

The great Boston & Montana company, at Butte, for the year ending June 30, 1890, mined copper to the value of \$1,999,997, and silver \$234,144, of which sums \$1,229,834 were profit. When sixty per cent. of gross receipts of a business is profit, it can be said to be in a fairly prosperous condition. During the last four years, the company has mined \$11,799,305, which has not only paid for all its mines, its extensive works and reduction plant, but includes \$1,200,000 of dividends. This company is building a huge smelting plant at Great Falls.

Information was received by the editor of this paper last week, the full tenor of which he is not at liberty to publish at this time, that a syndicate or company is in process of formation in England for the purpose of promoting mine development. Their scheme is to appoint their own agent in Denver and cities of kindred mining interests, who will receive applications for financial aid, in developing prospects which have the appearance of value and stability, and if any proposition is accepted, money will be furnished and the property taken as security until the amount and charges are refunded. The rules for advancements of cash to be made from time to time as the work progresses, which will be under the surveillance of the agent of the company, are business-like and practical. The promoters of this company have such a guaranty system that any loss arising is equitably distributed. There is no question but what a company of this kind can find employment for a large sum of money in this country, which may be placed not only safely, but with assurance of large and profitable returns.—*Denver Mining Industry.*

The Sea Haven Land Co. has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, for the purpose of building up the town of Sea Haven, Washington, the terminus of the Pacific, Chehalis & Eastern railroad, now under construction. The trustees are Hermann Trott, capitalist, of St. Paul, Minn., Wm. A. Potter, of Sacramento, Cal., N. B. Coffman, John Dobson and Daniel C. Millett, of Chehalis, Wash., and Thomas Potter and M. L. Cardell, of Sea Haven.

The party of surveyors and viewers who have been examining into the practicability of building a wagon road to Klamath county, following up Butte creek from Eagle Point and crossing the Cascade range at the low pass at the head of Red Blanket creek, find a quite feasible route, and the enterprise bids fair to materialize. Portland merchants assure the co-operation of the board of trade of the metropolis in this effort to regain the trade of Southeastern Oregon, and promise all the assistance necessary from the Multnomah delegation in the legislature to promote so desirable an end as opening a reliable winter road through this valley to the railroad. United and harmonious effort should secure a liberal appropriation to back up private subscriptions.—*Jacksonville Times.*

The Snoqualmie Coal & Coke company, whose mines and works are at the prospective town of Niblock, are in such shape now that working of them commercially will be begun in the spring, by the time the Green River & Northern gets its road completed from Durham to the mines. It is now three years since the projectors of the now heavily capitalized company broke through into the country where the mines are located. Extensive work of getting the mines into shape has been going on, and when business is begun in the spring there will be capacity and equipment to turn out 1,400 tons of coal per day, while the furnaces will prepare the coke on the spot. The officers of the company are: A. M. Cannon, president; Paul F. Mohr, vice president; C. B. Niblock secretary and general manager.—*Seattle Press.*

HOW SMART ARE YOU ?

If you are pretty bright you will stand a good chance of winning a prize in the **West Shore Word Contest.** The five persons sending in the largest lists of words made from the phrase "ILLUSTRATED WEST SHORE," will receive the following prizes in the order of the length of their lists, the longest list taking the first prize.

LIST OF PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE—A scholarship in the Portland Business College, or the Salem Business College, the leading business educational institutions in the Pacific northwest, good for either the business or short hand courses, and available at any time during the year 1891. Value, \$60.00.

SECOND PRIZE—Superb freehand crayon portrait, size 25x30, executed by the well-known portrait artist, Mr. E. W. Moore, at his studio in Portland. The winner of this prize can have his own portrait made, or that of any relative or friend. Value, \$50.00.

THIRD PRIZE—An elegant oil painting of Safrano Roses, executed by the celebrated floral artist, Mrs. J. T. Hayne. This is a most beautiful picture and is valued at her studio in Portland, at \$40.00.

FOURTH PRIZE—Full set of Chambers Encyclopedia, with the American additions, bound in sheep and consisting of eight quarto volumes, of about 800 pages each, illustrated with wood engravings and colored maps. This is the most practical and valuable encyclopedia for constant use yet published. This is a new set, procured from J. K. Gill & Co., book-sellers, Portland. Value, \$30.00.

FIFTH PRIZE—A copy of the new edition of Webster's International Dictionary. This is the only authorized edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and has just been revised and enlarged, making it the only complete and standard work in one volume. It is indexed and bound in sheep. This work is sold by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland. Value, \$10.50.

RULES COVERING THE CONTEST.

No one will be permitted to compete whose name is not on our subscription list for at least three months of 1891.

All words beginning with the same letter must be grouped together, and the groups arranged on the list in the alphabetical order of the initial letter of each group, the total number of words in each group being noted at the bottom of the group.

Only words that can be spelled by using the letters contained in the phrase "ILLUSTRATED WEST SHORE" will be counted, and no letter can be used in the same word more times than it occurs in the phrase. This permits the use of s three times, e three times, t three times, r twice, l twice, and all the others only once each in any one word.

Proper names and geographical names will not be allowed; but adjectives derived from proper nouns, when having a distinct significance, such as "herculean," will be counted.

Only English words, or fully anglicized foreign words, such as appear in full faced type in the dictionary, will be counted. This includes all com-

pound words given separate paragraphs and definitions, but excludes all words printed in italics.

Two words spelled alike, though having different meanings, will be counted as one word.

All forms of the verb, but only one form of the noun, will be allowed.

Prefixes and suffixes will not count as separate words.

The latest edition of Webster's dictionary will be the authority for settling all questions.

If two lists contain the same number of words, preference will be given to the list first received at this office.

The contest closes January 31, 1891, and all lists must be in this office on that day, and the name of the contestants be entered on our list for at least three months of the year 1891 to entitle them to enter the competition.

The result of the contest will be published immediately in WEST SHORE and the prizes held subject to the orders of the winners.

An experimental crop of white German sugar beets was grown from imported seed on the farm of A. L. Rutherford, in Snoqualmie valley, Washington, this season, and demonstrated the fact that sixty tons to the acre could be produced in that region. The farmers are organizing for the purpose of guaranteeing to produce a certain quantity next year, in order to induce Claus Spreckles to establish a beet sugar plant on the sound. The results obtained in Snoqualmie valley can be equaled in many places in Oregon and Washington, and the beet sugar industry, under the premium system just adopted, ought to become an extensive one in the northwest.

Mining men have always known that the sand bars of the Fraser were rich in the yellow metal, but the great trouble has been to get at it. The river is too big to be diverted from its bed, and although millions undoubtedly lie a few feet below the surface, it has not in the past been practical to take it out. Two ingenious mechanics and miners of Westminster, Messrs. J. A. Matthews and H. T. Scurry, have invented a machine which they claim will work the gravel on the bars profitably. The machine is called a sub-aqueous miner, and though hard to describe without flaw, is substantially a large scow, on which is fixed a boiler and engine, the latter being the motive power to actuate a set of dredger buckets much the same as a marine dredger. The stuff raised is made to pass through sluices and riffles, and over blankets and mercury charged plates, which arrest most of the gold in transit. The great feature of the machine is an underwater flume, which lies along the bottom of the stream behind, where the buckets of the dredge are at work in the gravel. This flume lies down stream, and the disturbed gold bearing gravel is swept through it by the force of the current, aided by a revolving brush, which slowly gathers up the dust and sweeps it into the upper end of the flume. This flume is provided with blankets, riffles, mercury plates, etc., and is so arranged that by a system of steam

winches the flume can be at any time easily hoisted to the surface of the water for examination.—*Victoria Times.*

New Westminster, B. C., has occasionally in winter to suffer from the freezing over of its harbor, the Fraser river. Capt. George Cooper has suggested the following remedy: A bridge is going to be built from the head of Lulu island across the North arm to the Westminster side; Capt. Cooper proposes to lay a sill across the river under and parallel with the bridge, at low water height, and give it solidity by filling it in with gravel at the base. From a beam slightly above high water mark will depend, on hinges, in the form of valves, a continuous line of stout doors—flood gates, in fact—which will swing open up river, but will close when the tide sets down stream. The salt water from the gulf, flowing in up the North arm, will be allowed easy ingress to the harbor through the valve gates; the harbor must then fill with the warm, briny water, and when the tide begins to ebb it will be prevented from going back by way of the North arm and will be detained in the harbor, slowly escaping, if at all, by way of the South arm. In two or three tides the harbor will be made thoroughly salt, and the possibility of ice forming when the water is well impregnated is nil. It is true that some of the water may percolate through the barriers at the North arm, but in too insignificant a quantity to affect the general result. The harbor through this means, says Capt. Cooper, will be kept perfectly free of ice all winter, also the South arm and the river as far up as the McLaren-Ross mills. The doors by means of which this grand result is to be achieved can be taken down in summer and piled out of the way for use during the ensuing winter. The fact of the Japan current flowing continually along the coast and the tidal fluctuations of the river bringing it right up to the city every day during the winter, are the scientific facts upon which Capt. Cooper bases his exceedingly ingenious scheme.

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City of Ellensburg,
 WASHINGTON.

Ellensburg, county seat of Kittitas Co., is a town that takes its growth since four years ago. Population 5,000, half of whom came the past year. Its resources are, first, agricultural; second, stock, the tributary ranges now feeding 150,000 head. Minerals well developed are gold, silver, copper, lime, marble, but the greatest is iron, all kinds, ore assaying 40 to 69 per cent. Kittitas county is the geographical center of Washington. The valley is the center of the county, the town the center of the valley. Abundant resources to support a very large town. The universal belief is that the population will equal 15,000 in a few years. Property has doubled in value annually, and investments made now will bring four-fold returns. D7 89 52

PORTLAND & WIL. VALLEY Ry.
 TIME TABLE—AUG., '90.

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 "	

*Through Mail Oregonian R. R. points. Suburban Trains—± Oswego; †Riverside, Saturday night leave 11 30 for Oswego. Ferries connect with all trains for Sellwood and Milwaukie. Excursion parties for Spring Brook or Camp Washington at reduced rates. R. KOEHLER, E. A. BOARDMAN, Manager. A. G. P. A.

"What were your husband's last words?"
 "He hadn't any," sobbed the widow. "I was with him."—*The New Moon.*

IN A TEXAS SCHOOL.

SMALL BOY (holding up his hand)—What's B. C. hitched onto them dates in Greek history mean?

TEACHER (a trifle confused)—Well-er-Samie, you see them old Greeks were queer kind of creeters, so whin they didn't know a date for sartin, they put B. C. "bout correct" arter the numbers.—*Yale Record.*

"Jones is in deep mourning."
 "Yes; his mother-in-law is dead."
 "In deep mourning for his mother-in-law? I'll bet he doesn't feel any grief."
 "You're wrong. He is sincerely grieved for her loss. She used to pay his rent."—*Cape Cod Item.*

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Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 5
State.....	Sunday	" 9
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 13
Columbia.....	Monday	" 17
State.....	Friday	" 21
Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 25
Columbia.....	Saturday	" 29

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Oregon.....	Saturday	" 8
Columbia.....	Wednesday	" 12
State.....	Sunday	" 16
Oregon.....	Thursday	" 20
Columbia.....	Monday	" 24
State.....	Friday	" 28
Oregon.....	Tuesday	Dec. 2

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There never was a man so good that he did not keep something from his wife.—*Atchison Globe.*

If he didn't what would the family live on?

VERY LIKELY.

MRS. BLUNT (reading paper)—It's terrible!

BLUNT—What?
 MRS. BLUNT—The county lunatic asylum was set on fire by the inmates.

BLUNT—My! they must have been crazy.—*Yankee Blade.*

TWO OF A KIND.

TRAMP—Parding, but I heard ye say ye lived in Dugout City, Kansas, an' it had the makin' of a great town.

KANSAS MAN—Yes, siree. All we want is capital.

TRAMP (sadly)—Same way with me.—*Good News.*

WILLING TO HELP.

MRS. LISZT (soliciting subscription)—Can't I rely on getting your name for five dollars to send a missionary to the heathen?

MR. SCADDS—Nope; but if your parson will admit 'em to his church, I'll go down town to the slums and spend five dollars car-fare in sending a hundred heathen to the missionary!—*Puck.*

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 Roseburg...8:00 a. m. | Portland...4:00 p. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday)
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 Corvallis...12:55 p. m. | Portland...5:30 p. m.

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Express Train Daily (Except Sunday)
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 Portland...4:40 p. m. | McMville...7:25 p. m.
 McMville...5:45 a. m. | Portland...8:20 a. m.

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"Do you frequently pen this sort of thing?" asked the editor of the poetic contributor.

"Oh, yes; very frequently."

"Well, why don't you pen them so that they cannot get away and stray around like this?"—*Light.*

MRS. WOOD B. McALLISTER—Dear, isn't it lovely? I see here by a little article that the Vanderbilt children are sent to bed regularly every evening before eight o'clock, and are made to rise before seven. Isn't it cute?

MRS. HABBER-DASHER—Yes—so like my own little darlings!—*Puck.*

FIRST LITTLE BOY—I know how they find out the population. They take th' city directory, and multiply by three.

SECOND LITTLE BOY—No, they don't. They take the last census and multiply by two.—*New York Weekly.*

A puffed-up individual who was of the opinion that he hadn't had his share of the world's attention consulted a fortune teller.

"Rest content, my very dear sir," was the sibyl's vaticination; "a day will come when every head shall be uncovered in your presence."

"When? Oh when?"

"On the day of your funeral."—*Judge*

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Duke's Advertising Agency, 64 and 65 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

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 Only the deaf are not moved by its pure tone, only the blind are not captivated by its elegance, only the envious withhold expressions of admiration. **N. E. SKINNER,** 137 Washington St., Portland, Or., General Agent for Pacific coast.

Educate
 For business at the Portland Business College, Portland, or at the Capital Business College, Salem. Both schools are under the management of A. P. Armstrong, have same course of studies, same rates of tuition.
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THE NORTHWEST FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.
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RIP! STRETCH! TEAR! NO FIT!

These are some of the troubles of many ladies with poor Kid Gloves. We are now showing the latest arrivals of the genuine "ALEXANDRE" Kid Gloves, which for more than forty years have stood in the lead of first class goods.

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**CORDRAY'S
MUSEE AND THEATRE**
THIRD AND YAMHILL.

New Musee-Theater Dramatic Company. Week commencing Monday, Nov. 17, the sensational drama entitled

THE WORLD.

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 600.

Doors open daily 7 p. m. Musee performance begins at 7:30. Theatre begins at 8:30.

CARDS Latest styles. **FREE** Best premiums. Costly outfit. YALE CARD CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MEYER, WILSON & CO., SHIPPING and Commission Merchants, New Market Block, Portland, Or. M. W. & Co., S. F. W. M. & Co., Liverpool.

G. S. Meuborger
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AGENT FOR **DUNLAP HATS**

London & San Francisco Bank, Limtd.

Capital and Reserve, \$2,415,000.

Head Office, 73 Lombard St., London.

This bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange Business, makes loans, discounts bills and issues commercial and travelers' credits available in any city in the world. Portland Branch, No. 48 First street W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

Northwest Loan and Trust Co.
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Capital, \$150,000 | Dollar Savings Bank

Savings deposits received in sums of \$1 and upwards, and interest allowed thereon. Accounts kept subject to check. Drafts drawn on New York, San Francisco and European points. Loans made on Real or Personal Security. This company is also authorized by its charter to execute trusts of every description; act as Assignee, Receiver, Guardian, Executor and Administrator, or in any other fiduciary capacity; assume the care of real estate, collect rents, interests, dividends, etc.; receipt for wills and keep them safely without charge.

OFFICE HOURS—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays.
G. B. Markle, Pres. J. L. Hartman, Treas.
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Ladd & Tilton, Bankers,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Transact a General Banking Business.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections made at all points, on favorable terms.

Letters of credit issued, available in Europe and the eastern states.

Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.

Exchange sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt and Hong Kong.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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Designated Depository and Financial Agent of the United States.

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Sight and Time Bills drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Hong Kong.

Collections made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

AN APT PUPIL.

DOCTOR—The trouble with you is that you don't take enough exercise. Take more.

BLINKS—Thanks. How much do I owe you?

DOCTOR—Two dollars. Here is your change. Much obliged. Heigho! I don't feel very well myself.

BLINKS—You take too much exercise, doctor. Take less. Two dollars, please.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

SHE—Now we are married, Tom, you might give up smoking for my sake.

HE—I don't see why. I'm sure you have given up none of your amusements for my sake. Have you now?

SHE—Yes, I have. I have quit getting engaged, haven't I?—*Detroit Free Press.*

When a fool can really jump three feet, all you have to do is to pat him on the back, and he will break his neck trying to jump ten.—*Atchison Globe.*

A lady called at one of our banks and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check."

Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said freezingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"—*Richmond Dispatch.*

COUNTS AT A DISCOUNT.

SQUILDIG—President Harrison cannot recognize the Count of Paris.

MCSWILLIGEN—No; and Secretary Noble doesn't seem inclined to accept the last count of New York.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

FRANK DEKUM, D. P. THOMPSON, H. C. STRATTON,
President. Vice President. Cashier.

**THE
PORTLAND SAVINGS BANK**

PORTLAND, OREGON.

S. W. Cor. Second and Washington Sts.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Loans Made on Real and Personal Security.

Acts as Trustee for individuals, corporations or estates pending litigation or settlement.

**COMMERCIAL : NATIONAL : BANK,
OF PORTLAND.**

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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Cashier, - - - R. L. DURHAM.
Assistant Cashier, - - - H. C. WORTMAN.

Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfer sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and all principal places throughout the Northwest. Exchange sold on principal cities in Europe and on Hong Kong.

FAIRHAVEN!

The Actual Pacific Coast Terminus of the **GREAT NORTHERN** Railway.

Having fairly started on her second year, **FAIRHAVEN** points to the following marvelous

RECORD OF HER FIRST YEAR'S GROWTH.

Population (June 1st, United States Census) 4,273, now over	6,000
Assessed Valuation of Taxable Property within City limits	\$7,580,000
Eight Miles of Streets Graded, Planked and Sidewalked	400,000
Great Northern Railway Shops and Terminal Works	250,000
Water Works, with capacity for 100,000 people	100,000
Four Lumber Mills, capacity every twenty-four hours 800,000 feet	300,000
Hotel Fairhaven, brick, stone and iron, five stories high	150,000
Four Churches and one School Building	50,000
Electric Light, Arc and Incandescent, best plant in the State	50,000
Gas Works, with capacity for 100,000 people	200,000
Four Banks, two National, capital	300,000
Twenty-four two and three-story brick business blocks	225,000
Three Ocean Docks	200,000
Scores of two and three-story frame business blocks, costing each \$5,000 to	15,000
Hundreds of Residences, costing each \$1,000 to	20,000

These are only the more prominent items, and Fairhaven starts on her second year without a dollar of Bonded or other Incubatedness and \$25,000 in her City Treasury, with the following enterprises among the many inaugurated to double her wealth and triple her population by the close of 1891:

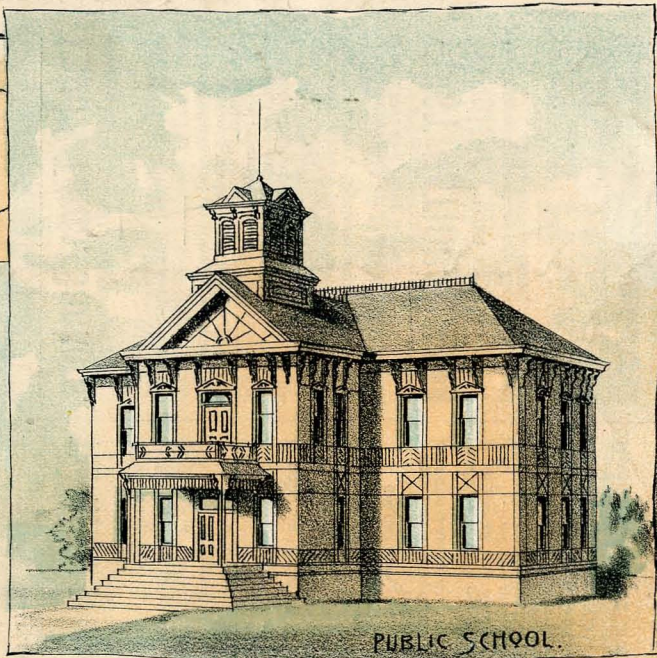
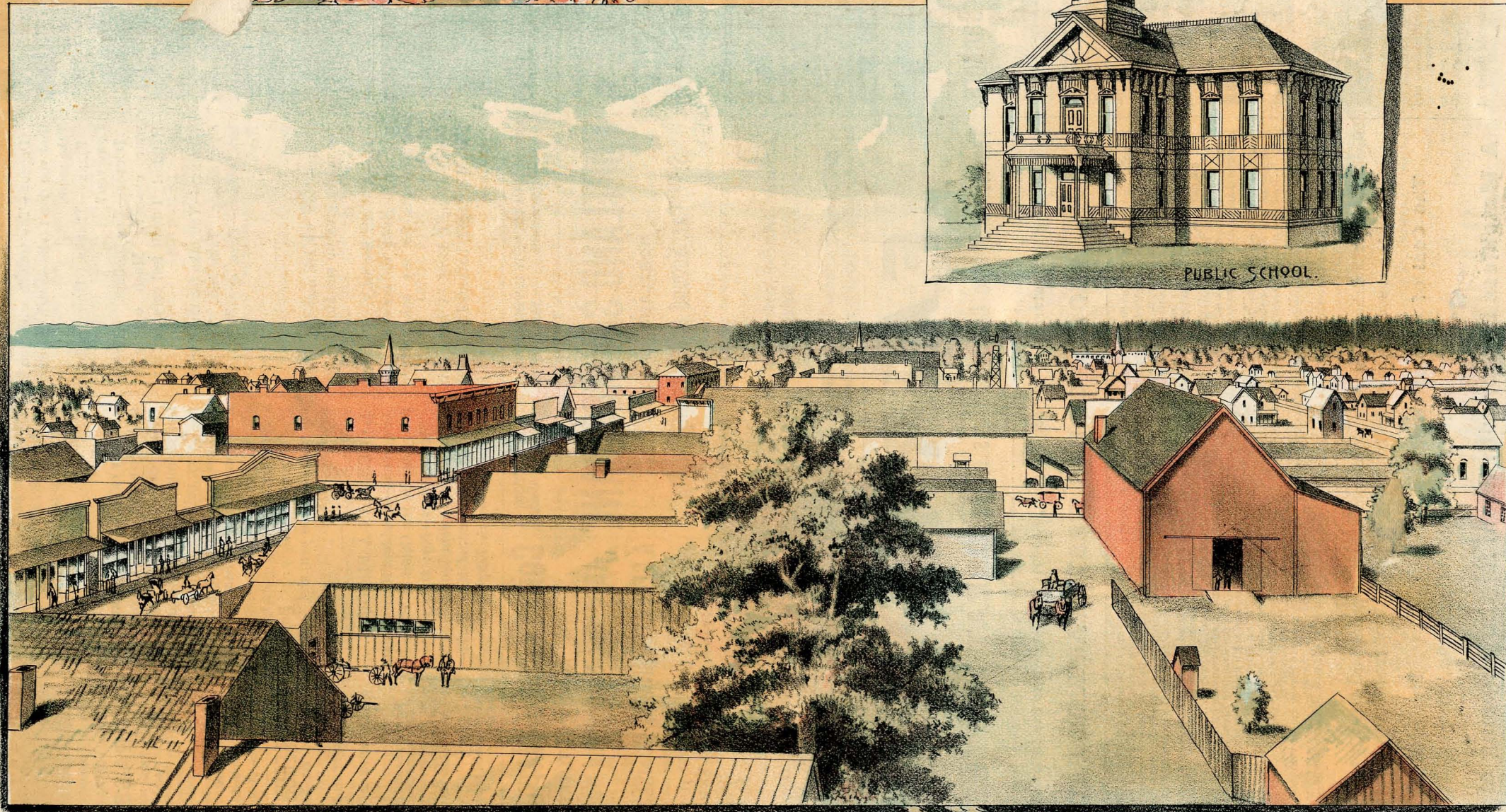
Fairhaven Steel and Iron Company's Furnaces	\$2,000,000
Complete Sewerage System	300,000
Electric Street Railway	250,000
Additional Improvements by the Great Northern Railway	500,000
Brick and stone business blocks under way and projected	350,000
Coal Bunkers, with daily capacity of 2,000 tons	100,000
Another Public School Building	50,000
Improvements to Coal and Iron Mines	200,000
Two more Churches	25,000
Sisters of Peace Hospital	50,000
Five Miles more of Street Improvements	200,000
University of Fairhaven	150,000
Fairhaven Foundry and Machine Shops	50,000

Recollect that Fairhaven always does more than it promises. That it has directly tributary all the resources to make it the one great city of the Puget Sound country

The Coal of Pennsylvania, **The Iron of Michigan,**
The Timber of Wisconsin, and

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

West Shore



LEBANON, OREGON—See Page 215.