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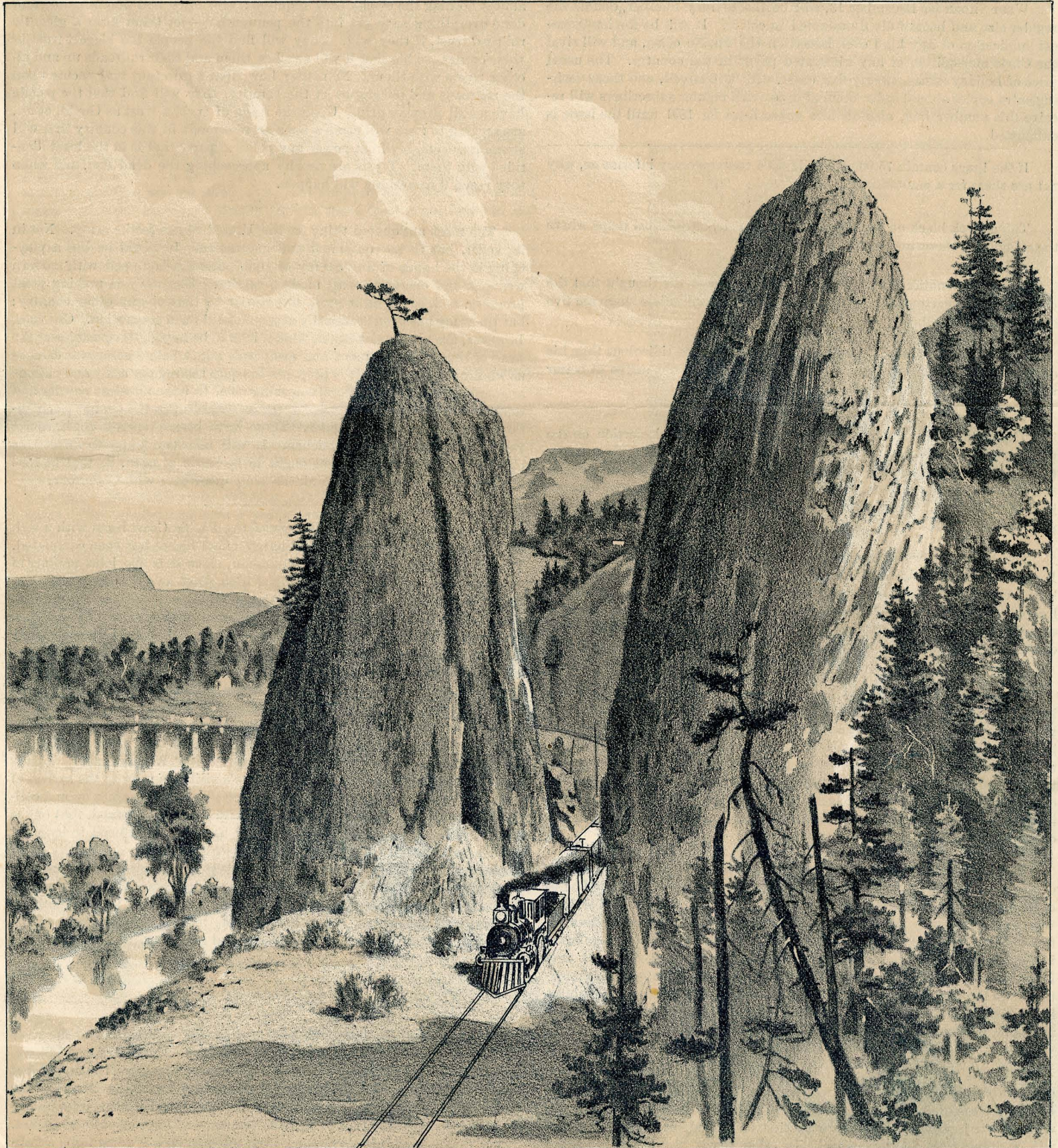
NUMBER 234

West Shore

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COLUMBIA RIVER SCENERY—PILLARS OF HERCULES.

West Shore

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

WEST SHORE for December 13, will be the holiday number, double the regular size and beautifully illuminated in colors. It will be the handsomest publication of any kind ever issued on the Pacific coast, and will rival the Christmas edition of any illustrated paper in the country. The usual price of holiday issues, twenty-five cents, will be charged, and those desiring extra copies should order them at once. All regular subscribers will receive this number free, also all new subscribers for 1891 until the issue is exhausted.

If the lungs contain 75,000,000 cells, as a contemporary informs us, why not use them for a penitentiary?

Things look black on the Pacific coast—that is, on political maps where the republican states are printed black.

Some of our national agricultural statistics suggest the thought that the clerks in the department think spades of little account unless there are five of them in one hand.

Porter's financial statistics are even worse and more ridiculous than his census tables. Half a dozen good Yankee guessers could arrive at better results than his whole bureau of 2,000 clerks.

The republican party will never win another national election on the platform of a rigid high tariff or political hostility to the south. Some more popular and noble principles must be adopted in 1892 if the party desire success at the polls. There are the vital questions of immigration, naturalization, trusts, etc., that call for immediate attention and are worthy of any party's best efforts.

The breach between Gladstone as the leader of the liberal party, and Parnell as the leader of the Irish nationalists, is the severest blow the Irish home rule cause has ever received. The hot headed, obstinate and thoughtless adherents of Parnell insist upon retaining him as a leader, notwithstanding that he has lost that personal respect that a successful leader must command. It will prove a costly error.

The report of the grand jury upon the Portland Woman's Refuge Home, is doubtless too severe upon that institution. No individuals could have purer motives than those of the ladies who have founded and sustain this institution, and while it is probable that serious mistakes have been made, it is unquestionable that the finding of the jury is too severe. It is productive of good, no doubt, for an institution to receive a general overhauling occasionally from some such body as the grand jury, since it puts all other institutions on their metal, but it is a little hard upon the particular one in question.

Those newspaper mathematicians who endeavor to figure out the crop of wheat in Whitman county by multiplying the number of improved acres of land shown by the assessment roll by thirty, the average yield per acre, would arrive at more reliable results if they would take into consideration the fact that probably one-half of the land in wheat this year does not figure in the assessment at all. Homesteaded and pre-empted government land is not taxed until title has been received. It is a fact, amateur mathematicians to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Palouse country, embracing Whitman and a portion of Spokane county in Washington, and Latah in Idaho, produced this year nearly 12,000,000 bushels of wheat.

It seems that, according to the attorney general, it is proper to guess the number of votes a candidate will receive, the number of beans in a jar or which piece of church fair cake has a ring in it, while it is wrong to guess whether the jack of clubs will turn up first or second, or a certain number will be drawn from a lottery wheel. In other words, the law is construed

to be an effort to treat highly developed forms of a disease and ignore it in its incipient stages. The malignant cancer is to be cut out, but the cause of the disease is to be overlooked. There is no question that these milder and more "respectable" forms of hazard instill into the young the spirit of gambling that makes them later votaries of the vice in its grosser forms. When the idea of obtaining by chance something valuable for practically nothing once takes possession of the mind it grows like a spreading fungus that can never be destroyed. What we need is a Professor Koch to discover something with which to inoculate the human mind and exterminate the deadly bacillus of gambling before it has become too strong.

Let Jay Gould, Standard Oil Rockefeller, sly old Russell Sage and others who have mounted to the throne of the railroad king over the ruin of thousands of their fellowmen; who have wrecked railroads that they might control them; who have precipitated financial panics that they might buy for almost nothing the stocks they required; who have lied and schemed and done everything save get into the penitentiary—let them form a gigantic railroad trust, if they will. They will find the people the biggest trust in this country, so big that it will swallow them and their railroads up and all other trusts with them. No matter how tight a grip they may secure upon the railroads and telegraphs of the country, they will find that the people have a still stronger grip. Upon the heels of such a trust as Gould, et al., are seeking to form will come a popular sentiment in this country that will sweep irredeemably from power any political party that is in the least identified with them. Trusts are rapidly approaching the dead line, and when they reach it something will happen.

The most antiquated thing in the United States is the army. Not in its spirit, but in its equipment and instruction. It would be but a plaything in the hands of any enemy of equal strength equipped with modern weapons and operating with modern tactics. The navy is making great progress, and, so far as it goes, is superior to that of any other country; but the army has been practically at a standstill for a generation. Changes, however, are in contemplation, which, it is to be hoped, the grannies at the head of the war department and army will adopt before some war catches us wholly unprepared. It is proposed to equip the regular army and national guard with a thirty-calibre magazine rifle, to use smokeless powder and to adopt an entirely new system of tactics based upon the change in conditions made by modern weapons. These have been prepared but have not yet been approved and published. It will take two years to effect this change, and a commencement ought to be made at once, so that in 1893 our foreign visitors will not think the army came over with Columbus.

Subscribers to Bancroft's History of the Pacific Coast learn with a sigh of relief that this long-drawn-out literary effort has at last been completed. Though revealing its patch work character, since it is the joint product of many brains, and though not taking a high place as a literary production, it is, and doubtless will always be, the standard authority on the subject. But if we sigh with relief upon the completion of this valuable work, how we would shout for joy if the crack-brained and thoroughly irresponsible Joaquin Miller would cease to write his utterly nonsensical letters about himself and his connection with the creation, discovery and christening of the Pacific coast. His latest contribution to our nomenclature, is to assert that "Walla Walla" is a corruption of the French "*Voila, Voila*," although he offers no proof except the slight similarity of sound. When Lewis & Clarke visited the Walla Walla Indians in the spring of 1806, they found them bearing that name, and in their report spelled it "Wollawollah." This is a pure Indian word, and Lewis and Clarke's visit was prior to the arrival of the Canadian French voyageurs who bestowed so many names upon localities in this region. This fact is so plain and so easily learned, that one is surprised that even Joaquin Miller would have the hardihood to ignore it for something of his own invention. Everything he writes is equally unreliable, and those papers who copy his letters with the idea that they are printing interesting and valuable historical reminiscence, are simply aiding the perpetration of literary fraud. The history of pioneer times is both interesting and instructive, but it should come from some one more reliable and with a better record than this long-haired romancer.

THE GHOST DANCE.

About a year ago the Indians of the Rocky mountains and the great plains to the east of them, comprising chiefly the great tribes of Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes, began to hear rumors of a great Indian prophet who was preaching a new religion. Inquiry developed the fact that this prophet lived further west, and a few intelligent and curious ones undertook a pilgrimage westward to find the prophet and learn about his religion. At last they succeeded in reaching him, the preacher proving to be a Pah-

Ute known as John Johnson, living near Walker lake, in southwestern Nevada. Pah-Ute John is known by the whites in that vicinity as a very intelligent and peaceable Indian, though uneducated. The Pah-Utes are not now nearly so numerous as they were during pioneer times, when they were very troublesome to the immigrants. They range throughout the state of Nevada and a little across the line into adjoining states. Bands of them are gathered upon several reservations, but for the most part they live in the various valleys, a few families together, and do much work on the ranches and stock ranges. They are fine looking Indians, some of them being of quite a light shade of skin. Of this kind is the prophet or Messiah.

One of the Indian pilgrims, a Cheyenne, named Porcupine, thus relates the teachings of the Messiah:

"I heard that Christ had been crucified, and I saw a scar on this man's wrist and on his face. Next evening we assembled again. He sung, then trembled violently, and then lay down apparently dead, while we danced all night. Next morning he sat down among us and talked with us, saying: 'I am the man who made everything you see around you. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends, and have seen my own dead father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people, but the people were afraid of me and treated me badly. This is what they did to me (showing his scars). I found my children were bad. So I went back to heaven and left them. I told them that in so many hundred years I would come back to see them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out and the people were getting bad and that I was to renew everything as it used to be and make it better. The Christ said that all dead were to be resurrected; that they were all to come back to earth, and that was too small now. He would do away with heaven and make earth itself enough to contain all. He spoke to us about fighting, and said that was bad and that we must keep from it; that the earth was to be all good hereafter; that we must be friends with one another. He told us not to quarrel or strike or fight or shoot one another; that the whites and Indians were to be all one people. He said that if any man disobeyed what he ordered his tribe would be wiped from the face of the earth. We must believe everything he said, and he would know our thoughts and actions, no matter in what part of the world we might be.'"

Porcupine was very much impressed with the man and his teachings, and returned home to spread the new gospel of peace among his people. Here is an example of how that which is intended for good purposes can be distorted into evil. Disaffected chiefs among the tribes mentioned saw in this new religion an opportunity to create new hostility towards the whites. They constituted themselves forerunners—sort of John-the-Baptists—of the Messiah, and began to preach that he would soon come and help them to drive out the whites and regain possession of their old hunting grounds, over which the buffalo and antelope would again roam in countless thousands. The prophet's religion is really one of peace, but these preachers made it one of war; and as the Indians had no opportunity to see or hear the Messiah himself, they gave in their adherence to the perverted doctrine preached to them.

Rumors of what was going on, and of trouble brewing came from Wyoming, Dakota and Indian Territory at intervals during the summer and fall, but suddenly the matter approached a crisis a week ago, when Indians began to leave their reservations and gather in armed bands at various places in daily anticipation of the appearance of the Messiah himself. The chief center of trouble is the Pine Ridge agency, whither a large body of troops has been sent to preserve order; but there is uneasiness among the tribes over so large an extent of country between the Rocky mountains and the Missouri river, that grave apprehensions of the most serious trouble are felt. Even before this paper reaches its readers, the torch of war may have been kindled.

The ghost, or spirit dance, which is being carried on almost night and day is very correctly shown in the engraving on the last page. Selecting a large tree, the dancers lay at its base the offerings they desire to make to the Messiah and the spirits of the departed Indians, who are expected to return to earth to help drive away the whites and then remain here. Then, forming line, they dance about the tree to the music of tom-toms, singing a weird chant continually. This they keep up until completely exhausted, falling to the ground one at a time as their strength gives out, until the last one is down. After a few hours' rest the dance is resumed. Many of them become so wrought upon by their fervid enthusiasm that they fall in a cataleptic fit, and remain in a trance for a long time, generally claiming, upon being restored, to have seen the Messiah. In this they follow closely the camp meeting practices of the "Shouting Methodists" a generation ago.

The idea that the dead Indians are going to be resurrected to help drive out the whites, is by no means a new one. In the war with Tecumseh this was used to cement the tribes of the lake region, and even as late as 1878, the doctrine was preached by Smohalla during the Bannack war. Undoubtedly this idea and the whole Messiah theory, grows out of the ideas gained from Christian missionaries. They are told that the white man believes in a Messiah who had power to raise men from the dead and

do other wonderful things; why, then, should not the Indian, the favorite of the Great Spirit, also have a Messiah and a bodily resurrection? This is the way even the most intelligent Indians look at it, and it is easy to see that this idea has taken such a deep hold upon them that it will not be easily eradicated.

THE MEADOW LARK.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

Calleth the meadow lark,
In the early morning to me;
So loud and so sweet—O, hark!
How joyously, liquidly clear,
Over the meadows I hear:

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

And I think of my lover across the seas—
The seas that smile while they hold us apart—
And I know it is his voice that softly breathes
In the voice of the lark:

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"



"Sad heart! Sad heart! Sad heart!"

Calleth the meadow lark,
In the early morning to me;
So sad and so low—O, hark!
How mournfully, tenderly clear,
Over the meadows I hear:

"Sad heart! Sad heart! Sad heart!"

And I think of my lover beneath the seas,
That moan while they hold us forever apart;
And I know it is his voice that sadly grieves
In the voice of the lark:

"Sad heart! Sad heart!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.

THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

Without a doubt, the principal event of the year 1891 in California, will be the formal opening of the institution of learning which Leland Stanford has erected and given to the public of the Pacific coast as a fitting memorial of a deeply loved son.

In order to secure every advantage possible for this institution, Mr. Stanford has made a careful study of all the famous universities in the world; he has invited some of the ablest men of the time, including President Harrison, to assist him in the dedication of his work; he has engaged the most learned and brilliant men he could find to fill the chairs; he has secured the enactment of a law for the protection of all endowments that may, in the future, be made to educational institutions on the Pacific coast; he has deeded to the trustees of the new university 83,200 acres of productive land, the income from which is to be applied to the support of the work; and last but not least, he has made all his plans to meet the needs of the whole people, and not to cater to the demands of a select few.

The curriculum includes a department of agriculture; one of mechanical and industrial arts; one of the fine arts, embracing painting, sculpture and music; one in the usual English and classical branches, modern languages, normal training, the sciences, kindergartening; in fact as much and more than is taught in any other university in the world.

Among its trustees may be found such men as Judge Sawyer, James McM. Shafter, Charles Goodall, Alfred Tubbs, Judge Spencer, Henry Vrooman, Charles F. Crocker, Timothy Hopkins, H. L. Dodge, Irving M. Scott, and many others.

The architecture of the buildings, while extremely simple, is most artistic and beautiful. The university itself is built in the style of the old missions of California, around the four sides of a hollow square. The rough hewn, creamy stone, the dull-red, tiled roofs, the graceful, arched entrance and exits, the long, shaded corridors, the extensive, fragrant gardens, and the surrounding landscape with its palms in the foreground, and, in winter and spring, with its snow-clad mountains in the dim distance towards the south, where the great Lick observatory crowns even the snows—all this combines to produce a unique and never to be forgotten picture.

The dormitory is the largest building on the grounds, and some idea of the amount of work on it may be formed from the cut of it that accompanies this article. It shows the incompleted building as it appeared on the first of September.

There many who are narrow enough to condemn the achievement of this grand plan, on the ground that it is a huge bribe to win the support of the masses in some political campaign. To those who are truly interested in the growth of this coast, this wise provision for the solid education and training of the coming generations, cannot seem other than the most sublime monument that one pair of hands and one active human brain can erect as an everlasting tribute to the dawning of a new era in our western civilization.

Oregon and Washington have already far outstripped us in the matter of fine public improvements. We are proud of our two northern neighbors, and watch with delight their growth; but we are very glad to feel that we shall soon be able to offer them the benefits to be derived from this great university, as a partial return for all the advantages we have been enjoying these last few years, from the generous bounty of the prosperity of both Washington and Oregon. There are a number of good colleges on the Pacific coast, but undoubtedly this will always remain the leading institution of learning.

E. T. Y. PARKHURST.

THE SACRED ALTARS OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

The man who tramps through the mountains of the Cœur d'Alenes, in Idaho, will find many points of interest of a traditional nature to reward him for the hardships of a journey in the sequestered spots of the gulch and mountain side. Perhaps one of the most interesting objects of a supposed prehistoric race is the Sacred Altars, about fifteen miles southeast of the little town of Mullan, in an unfrequented spot beyond the lofty peaks of the St. Joe range of mountains. It is a day's journey, of many hardships, to this place of interest and, as you wend your way over the old mining trail and through the labyrinth of foliage and down timber, you wonder how the aborigines or the clans of prehistoric man ever sought this place to build these monuments to the gods of their people. It is a wild, weird

spot; the sparkling waters of a tributary to the St. Joe river making nature's music at the base of the mountain and St. Stephen's peak, the highest point of the Cœur d'Alene mountains, lifts its snow-capped head high above the "round top" of past worship and sacrifice. The morning sun kisses the chapel of the past through a pass in the Bitter Root range and leaves its last beams dancing on these pyramids to unknown gods.

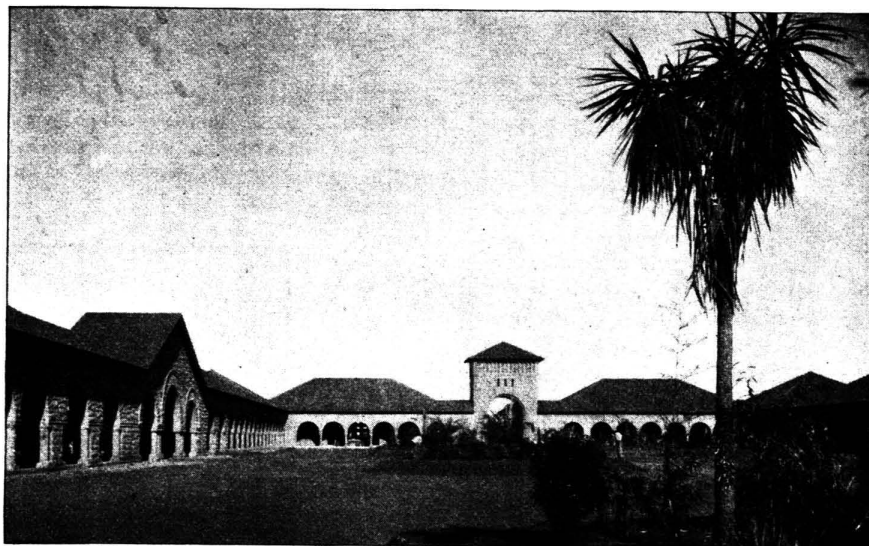
Of these sacred altars there are six in number, builded of basaltic rock taken from some place beyond a hundred miles from this point, as there is no rock of this character in the vicinity, and of a peculiar masonry unknown and unrecorded in the history of the craft. They are seven feet in

height and a careful measurement of the entire six shows the remarkable fact that there is not a hair's difference in the structure of them all. They are of the same height, and width, of solid masonry, with the exception of a deflection, or sort of sink, on the square top of each. On the front of each, facing the rising sun, are crude hieroglyphics and a chiseled crescent. The hieroglyphics are of the picture language, instead of the written language of a race, and point to a moon worship rather than devotions to the sun. Within the distance of an arrow's flight of these altars is a square amphitheatre, which seems to have been hewn in the solid rock and worn almost as smooth as polished marble. Numerous narrow trails lead from this amphitheatre to the mountains, but outside of the immediate surroundings, there is no sign of man in the glens, canyons and mountains of this vicinity. The writer has spent hours at these strange marks of a past race, trying to

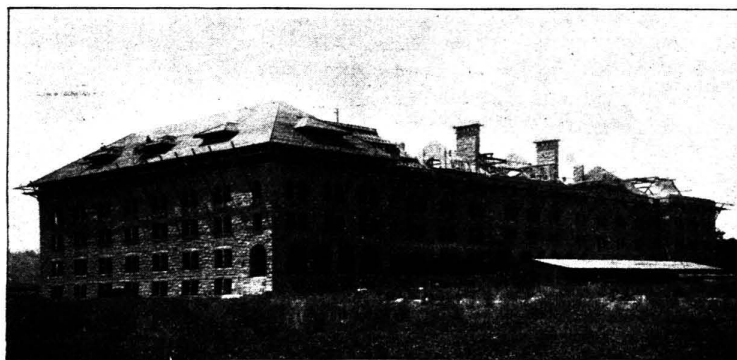
fathom the mystery and endeavoring to gain some key to the secrets of the sacred inscriptions, but has sought in vain for anything pertaining to them, outside of the simple marks of the past as seen on first reaching the ground of the sacred altars. What they are, or by what people erected, is mere speculation and will, perhaps, forever remain one of the mysteries unfathomed and unsolved. It is a certain fact that no white men ever placed the trowel of civilization to the rocks of which these structures were builded. They are not of the Indian race for the architecture of these monuments shows the master hand of the artisan and

leaves the beholder to believe that some time in the dim past a race of people existed here who communed with the gods of high art and enjoyed a civilization equal, if not superior, to our own.

WILLIAM HERDMAN FRAZER.



LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY—THE UNIVERSITY.



LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY—THE DORMITORY.

Considerable has been written recently about the eruption of Mount Bogaslov, Alaska, but the most recent news from that region is to the effect that the immense coal measures of the district have been changed by the forces of nature into a good quality of coke, and a company has been formed at Ounalaska to develop the find.



BEHIND THE BARS.

A prisoner lay within his dungeon small,
 And kept his eyes strained on one ray of light
 That sifted in. Through dreary day and night.
 He pressed his burning head against the wall,
 That he might hear God's merry rain drops fall;
 And ever, when the star-eyes faint and white
 Peeped in, he thrilled with exquisite delight—
 Until, remembering, darkness crept o'er all.

So I, condemned to touch thy lips no more,
 Turn yearning eyes to thy soul's high, pure light;
 Barred out from heav'n, with spirit faint and sore,
 I lean my ear to catch thy tones aright;
 And when thy glance meets mine, one moment I
 Feel hope leap forth—remembering, feel it die.

The lightest lip often hides the saddest heart; the weakest shoulder often bears the heaviest burden; and the gayest feet find the cruellest thorns.

Why should not Oregon and Washington each have her "state" flower, as well as other states? California is trying to decide between the snow-white poppy of Southern California, the butterfly-lily of the Sierras, and the flame-hued poppy of the valleys. Let us, too, have our own "state" flowers.

The vote for the *Critic's* twenty immortelles, those "twenty American women deemed the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood," places at the head of the list Harriet Beecher Stowe; at the foot, Blanche Willis Howard. And far too near the foot to please many comes the name of her whose tender poems none can read without loving the writer—Louise Chandler Moulton.

There are few people, indeed, who are capable of criticising the work of a writer kindly, sensibly, and with reason; but the world is full to overflowing of unkind, cruel and malicious ones who are always eager to childishly attack the writer himself (or perhaps herself). Generous criticism, unmixed with personal prejudice of any kind, is helpful and encouraging, and welcome to any writer not over-burdened with conceit; but a malicious and personal assault upon the writer himself (or herself) works no good, benefits no one, and many and many a time lays one more bitterness upon a life which already holds enough of sadness and unshed tears to satisfy its bitterest enemy, did he but know.

"God bless you" should never be used lightly, but always with depth of feeling and reverence. A striking and amusing illustration of the abuse of the words was afforded the other day on a railway train. A little girl traveling alone for the first time displayed great nervousness and uneasiness until the train stopped at the first station and a woman with whom she was acquainted entered the car. The child rushed to meet her, and exclaimed breathlessly: "How far are you going?" "To S—," was the reply. She drew a long breath of relief. "Oh, I am so glad," she said; "God bless you!" and then, evidently realizing that she had not yet fully expressed her gratitude, she added, emphatically: "And God bless God himself; because I know He just put you on this train because I was so lonesome and so scared."

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams is saying some very severe things about women in one of the leading reviews. His articles are more eloquent than reasonable, however; and in any other, or almost any other, magazine would not even be noticed. He declares that, while others may believe that woman supplies the restraining, softening influence at work in human society, he is convinced that woman, so far from being the refiner of manners, is disgracefully inconsiderate, superlatively selfish, and exasperatingly insolent. Mr. Adams has doubtless been unfortunate in making acquaintance with the class of women he describes with so much bitterness of spirit and severity of language. There are men who believe there is no such thing as virtue, simply because they have chosen to waste their lives in company with those who are not virtuous; there are men so narrow minded that they believe there is no such thing as a faithful woman, simply because they have known only faithless ones. But such men are rare. And between you and me, I believe Mr. Adams to be in his remarkable opinions as rare a

specimen of his sex as the women he so caustically describes and whom he met — where?

"You are ugly," said the blue-jay to the canary, poising on a limb outside and pluming her beautiful feathers; "you are only a common yellow color, and your body is ill-shaped."

"And you are caged," said the gay robin, turning her saucy head to one side with a superior air; "who would be shut up forever behind gilded wires?—not I"—and she flaunted away.

"You are passionless," said the love bird, cruel in her own happiness—even as women sometimes are—"you have no mate; you do not know how to love!"

"You are ungrateful," said her mistress; "I feed you and you do not sing!"

Then the poor canary fell to grieving silently, day by day. Ugly and passionless and ungrateful—and not even free! Was not that sad? Then one day they brought her a mate, and he abode with her. Yearning for love, she fancied for awhile that this was it; but one sweet morn a lark called to her from across the green meadows to come out, come out! for the skies were blue, and the waters were cool, and the very winds were perfumed of flowers, and here was love, love! And she longed to go. Her little heart panted for freedom, after all these years, and she beat her poor bosom against the cruel wires until it was bruised and bleeding. O, to be free, free! But all in vain the desire, so she sunk down, prone, suffering, crushed. Then, all in a moment, something leaped up within her little beating breast—something strong and sweet and passionate; and out of that swelling uncertain throat flowed such a lyrical gush of melody that the whole world stood still to listen. So, song was born in the canary's soul, and so it found its way to expression and cheered many a lonely heart, and comforted many a sorrowful one. And the mad world praised her, and those who had sneered at her were silent of envy. But she only said: "I am ugly, and I am passionless, and I am ungrateful—and I am not even free! Is it not sad?" And with the song still flowing from her lips, and with the hushed world still listening, she poured out her little heart to death.

The wives of the most prominent artists in Paris have given evidence of the small quantity of brains they possess—and of the quality of that possessed—by holding a meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved that hereafter no artist should have any nude model save his own wife. They claim that a large proportion of infelicitous marriages among artists are brought about by adventuresses taking advantage of such situations. The resolution, accompanied by its reasons, is so very droll that one must at first only see the ridiculous and smile a little. But in a moment deep thought comes up. Can it be possible that there are virtuous wives in the world who could stoop to do such a thing? I can understand a wife's heart breaking because she sees her husband's love—his real, true love, which she has not been able to hold—going out unconsciously to some other good woman, but I cannot understand her putting out one finger to prevent it, or giving him one look of pleading recall. And the wife, then, who could be jealous of, or make even the faintest effort to win her husband's fancy from a woman who would pose, nude, in an artist's studio, lowers herself in the first moment to that woman's animal level. If women would learn that marriage is desirable *only* with men who are worthy a pure woman's trust and full confidence, and that marriage under any other conditions is the vilest—I do not use the word thoughtlessly—wrong on earth, there would be fewer marriages, fewer divorces, fewer hysterical, unhappy women weeping to the whole world of their "wrongs"—and there would be more men who deserved trust. I may add right here that it would be an exceedingly wise idea, too, if each woman would so equip herself for the battle of life while she is yet young, that she may be able to feel independent of any man who may illuse her. Another wise idea would be that she never *imagine*—italics please—herself wronged; and still another, that she cast her mind's eye inward frequently and look frankly at her own shortcomings. Men and women, we are every one of us human; your sin is not my sin, perhaps, and mine is not yours, but the sin itself, like the poor, is always with us. And now I am going to make an assertion that may cast a little bomb of consternation into some camps at least. It is my firm belief that there is one thing which causes more marriages to turn out infelicitously than does immorality, and causes more husbands to go astray from wife and children and home than do all the bittersweet fascinations of forbidden pleasures—and that one thing is the wife who makes herself and her husband not only miserable, but ridiculous also, by (it is a coarse, ugly word, but none other will do) *nagging!* There. Now that I have said it I am a little bit scared, and I shall stop right here and give you time to think it over before you decide whether you ever knew or heard of a woman who did such a thing. Besides, I have wandered away from my text, which is: An errant fancy is not worth holding, or trying to hold. Be true to yourself, and in that way, alone, command truth. My sisters—would ye have a faith that must be held with bonds of steel—or with garlands of love?



WHY BACHELORS GROW OLD.

At eleven—how you loved me,
How you hugged me with delight,
And you never hesitated
Begging of me pennies bright—
And you kept it up till sixteen—
Though your kisses lapsed to few;
And at last you ceased to hug me
As you fondly used to do.
Then they put you in long dresses,
And your hugs and kisses dear
Were denied me—you were aged—
I was aged, too, I fear.
How I slyly watched your blushes
As they used to come and go;
You were growing to a woman,
I was growing old and slow.
But it seems the heart pulsating
In my bosom turned to youth;
Then it throbbled away its sadness
When I found I'd learned the truth.
He was younger, he was fairer,
And I think, moreover, bold,
And he won what fates denied me,
Just because I was too old.

H. S. KELLER.

A GENUINE REFORM.

"A property qualification for voters is contemplated in Mississippi."
"Yes; the shot-tower trust has made buckshot too expensive."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

JACK—And did Miss Beauty seem to warm to you?
TOM—Oh, yes, indeed! She froze to me at once.

NEEDED DILUTING.

STEP FATHER—I wish that boy of yours had been born twins.
LOVING MOTHER (with a flutter of pleasure)—Why?
STEP FATHER—Then he'd only have half as much cussedness in him.

SHE TOOK A WALK.

MISTRESS—Jane, how is this? Didn't I tell you to sweep the front walk as far as the corner?
JANE—Indade, mum, yez didn't; yez tould me to swape the front poorch an' walk to the corner, an' I did it, mum, though for me loife I couldn't see why yez wanted me to walk to the corner.

ANOTHER BRIDGE DISASTER.

KATRINA (suspiciously)—How vas dis, Hans, I find dot fiddle on de floor dis morning mit de pridge proke. Vat dime you coom hime last night, Hans?

HANS (looking injured)—Katrina, dot pridge disaster vas a solemn ting; I shtood on dot pridge at midnight.

A tough little kid and his bro.
Went out for a scrap with each o.
At the end of round 1,
Which neither 1 1,
They were both of them whacked by their mo.
CHAS. A. SLOANE.

"Well, good bye," said the warden of the penitentiary, "I hope we may not have to meet again."

"Yer ain't goin' to quit the bizness, is yer?"

VICTORY AT LAST.

"There is a town in Switzerland under water," remarked Mrs. Bunting, as she looked up from the newspaper.

"Ah! Prohibitionists have at last got a foothold, then," commented Bunting.

WILLAMETTE WATER IS THICKER.

MCCORKLE—After all, blood is thicker than water.

MRS. MCCORKLE (severely)—Charles, that convinces me that you never drank water while you were in Portland two weeks on business.

"How did you feel after the firemen had played on you for two hours?" asked the fire fiend.

"I felt put out," replied the conflagration.

QUILLINGS.

Imagination goes such a great way that it sometimes gets lost.

Don't snub the man who talks to you about the weather. It is a great deal better than talking about your neighbors.

Truth lieth in wells, but the wells are so deep that few of us succeed in getting hold of much of it.

The turkey who has been gobbling all summer has now been gobbled.

If the vote of dead turkeys could be taken, it would be decided that full crops are not a sign of continued prosperity.

Of all the clubs men affect, the most harmless, notwithstanding its savage title, is the Indian club. It can be kept at home and does not call a husband out nights.

The average club athlete is the young man who rides in the street cars when he is going a few blocks to the gymnasium to exercise.

SHE TURNED HER HEAD.

She turned her head as I passed by;
And though I strove to catch her eye,
And wore my most entrancing smile,
With which fair maids I'd fain beguile,
My ardent glance gained no reply.

Full well I knew no summer sky
Had bluer hue than in that eye,
Averted from my gaze, the while
She turned her head.



Though disappointment rankled, I,
When she had passed, looked back, just why
I cannot tell—O, woman's wile!
'Twas then I caught both eye and smile—
She turned her head.

H. L. W.

DOBBINS—Tell you what, Hobbins, that was a fine poem of yours in the *High Flyer*.

HOBBINS (gratified)—Think so?

DOBBINS—Yes, sir-ee! Tell you what, there was more truth than poetry in that.

HE HAD.

MRS. JINKS—Some men don't have horse sense anyway.

MRS. MINKS—Well, my husband evidently has, for he can say neigh.



A STARTLING DIAGNOSIS.

"Mornin', mum; is the docthor in?"

"I'm the doctor. What do you want?"

"Sure an' if yez wor the docthor ye'd know what wuz the matther wid me widout the askin'."

"Yes, I can tell. You are afflicted with chronic impecuniosity and peripateticism, resulting from congenital lassitude, aggravated by persistent alcoholization."

"Great hivens! An' how long do yez give me to live?"

ALBANY, OREGON.

Prominent among the interior cities of Oregon is Albany, seat of justice of Linn county, one of the largest and most prosperous counties in the great Willamette valley. On the center pages are given a number of engravings of buildings and scenes in Albany that convey an excellent idea of the city and its characteristics. The business streets of Albany are well built up with two and three-story brick blocks, some of them very handsome structures, and all of them occupied by stores carrying large stocks of goods. In fact First street presents a decidedly metropolitan appearance. Three large brick blocks have been erected the present year, also a handsome church, several elegant residences and a large number of other houses and business structures. The city has voted to bond itself for \$100,000 for the purpose of paying for a system of sewerage costing \$60,000, the work upon which is nearly completed, and for building a wagon and foot bridge across the Willamette at the mouth of the Calipooia, near the west end of the city. The bridge will be a steel structure costing about \$100,000. There is already a good bridge across the river, built by the Oregon Pacific railroad.

A line of street cars runs through the chief business streets to the Southern Pacific depot, and there is a project on foot for the construction of an electric motor line through the city and by a circular route reaching all the leading additions. The Oregon Pacific owns a great deal of property in the city, along the river and in the suburbs, and such a line would greatly increase its value. It has a round-house there, and has selected this place for the location of machine shops. This railroad connects Albany with the ocean at Yaquina bay and has been constructed eastward into the Cascade mountains, heading for Boise City, Idaho. Being where it first touches the Willamette river from either direction, Albany is its most important point and chief shipping station. Steamers on the river run in connection with the railroad. The main line of the Southern Pacific from Portland to San Francisco runs through Albany, and a branch line runs eastward to Lebanon, tapping a fertile agricultural section further to the east. The Union Pacific has a line of boats on the river, running to Portland, so that Albany has three transportation companies competing for business, rendering this the most extensive shipping point in the upper Willamette valley. Immense quantities of grain and considerable flour are shipped. Three large ware-houses, belonging to the Union Pacific, Oregon Pacific and Farmers' association supply storage room for a large amount of wheat. Four flouring mills consume a portion of the crop and ship much flour. The country for miles around Albany, on both sides of the river, is very level, and is one vast field of wheat, yielding an average of thirty bushels of the finest quality of white winter wheat to the acre. An idea of the luxuriant growth of wheat can be gained from the engraving, where is shown a man six feet tall standing in a grain field, the wheat reaching far above his head, topped with large and plump heads. This is an exact copy of a photograph. Fields of this sort yield from thirty to forty bushels per acre in tracts as high as 400 acres.

Not only is this a great grain producing region, but it is becoming a fruit growing section of importance. It is only a short while since there was a market for Oregon fruit in quantity, and though many thousands of trees have been set out the past three or four years, the new orchards have not yet reached a good bearing condition. Nevertheless, the older orchards supply a large quantity of superior fruit and in a few years the product will be enormous. It is destined to become one of the leading industries of the county. Albany is the shipping point. A small fruit canning and packing establishment already existing there, but the opening for a large industry of this nature is good.

Albany is also an important lumber depot, no less than ten lumber yards doing business there. There is a saw mill in the city, but the bulk of the lumber comes from mills further east toward the mountains. The amount of valuable timber in the tributary region is enormous, and this will always be the headquarters of large lumbering interests. In the city are a chair factory, furniture factory and a branch of the Sugar Pine Sash and Door factory of Grant's Pass. The Calipooia and Santiam rivers and the Oregon Pacific supply connection with the timber region to the eastward, and if the proposed Southern Pacific branch from Lebanon to the Santiam mines be built, it will tap great bodies of the finest timber.

There are other important industries that contribute to the city's prosperity. An artificial ice factory supplies not only Albany but all the towns in the upper end of the valley. A large woolen mill was put in operation this year, employing about 200 hands and using the superior quality of wool produced in that region. A wire mattress factory, two foundries, a brewery and several other industries are also located there. A company supplies electric lights for the streets and for private use. Three good banks, two of them national, are a good index of the commercial stability of the city, as are twelve churches, a fine public school, a Catholic seminary and a Presbyterian college of its moral and intellectual status. Several of the church edifices are large and handsome structures. The imposing court house, shown in the engraving, cost \$75,000.

Near Albany is found the finest building stone yet discovered on the

Pacific coast. This stone has been known and used for twenty years, but it has never been pushed upon the market and has not had an opportunity to make its merits known elsewhere. Portland builders are shipping stone from as far as Arizona, much inferior in quality to this and at greater expense. The quarry of fine sandstone belonging to G. L. Blackman and James Abraham, lies one and one-half miles up the river, and near both the river and railroad. Stone from this quarry has stood the test of time for twenty years in buildings in Albany. It is now being used in the Centenary M. E. Church, of East Portland, where it attracted so much attention that Mr. Abraham, a capitalist of that city, purchased a half interest in the quarry. A switch will be put in from the railroad and the quarry worked more extensively in future. Frank Wood, an expert carver in stone and marble, who has made a personal examination of all the chief quarries in the United States, owns a quarry of gray sandstone a little more than a mile from town, that he deems to be superior to any yet known. Experts who have examined it speak very highly of its quality. It splits very evenly in all directions and stands the severest tests of freezing and heating. It will carve as sharply as marble and can be turned perfectly on a lathe. It was of this stone Mr. Wood made the beautiful Oregon memorial stone for the Washington monument. The merits of this stone are becoming known, and it will no doubt soon be in great demand for the elegant structures of Portland and other coast cities. The importance of these large ledges of sandstone to the cities of the northwest can not be overestimated.

On the middle fork of the Santiam river, about sixty miles from Albany, and reached by road twenty miles from the Oregon Pacific, is a mining district that promises to equal the most famous in the country. Surface indications show exceedingly rich leads, and development work is proving both the permanence of the ore bodies and their increased richness the greater depth is reached. Both free gold and galena ores are found. The Albany Mining & Milling Co. has a five-stamp mill on its claim, which was operated for a time on a trial run of ore, showing an average of \$50 to the ton, an exceedingly valuable free gold ore, since it is mined and milled at such a low figure as to leave a handsome profit. Five more stamps will be added to the mill in the spring, at which time three Portland companies, one Salem company, and possibly others, will also erect mills on their properties. The ledges lie in a splendid position for economical working, being on the side of a hill, so that they can be tapped both by shaft and tunnel, the ore easily removed and the mine kept drained. All the indications point to the Santiam as the greatest free gold district known. There are, also, excellent galena ledges, upon which development work is showing good results. Preparations are also being made for extensive hydraulic mining by a company owning twenty-five claims of gravel, or placer, ground. The Southern Pacific will construct a branch from Lebanon to the Santiam mines just as soon as they have been sufficiently developed to warrant it, as preliminary arrangements have been made. There are also good mining districts on Blue river and Mackenzie river, where development work is revealing excellent ledges. Albany is situated so as to profit more by these mining developments than any other city in the valley.

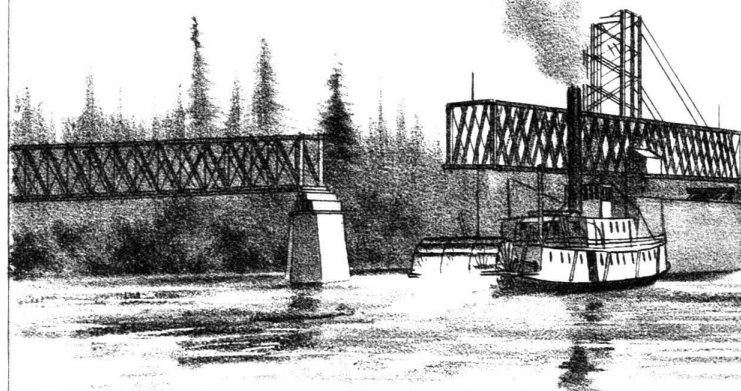
On the south bank of the Columbia, about twenty miles from Portland, rise two high, conical masses of basaltic rock, between which runs the track of the Union Pacific railroad. These are variously known as the "Pillars of Hercules," "Twin Rocks," "The Needles," and the "Gateway to the Columbia." An excellent engraving of them is given on the front page. They attract much attention from travelers, both by rail and steamer. This is but one of the many curious shapes the basaltic rocks of the Columbia have assumed, where they have been subjected for ages to the erosion of the river and the action of the elements. Nearly opposite is the famous Cape Horn, huge cliffs of basalt rising abruptly from the river, castellated by the action of cascades that pour over their rough sides during the winter and spring when the streams above are full.

Another solution of the twenty-one puzzle, one that is even more of a gymnastic nature than the one in Roman notation given in WEST SHORE Nov. 15, has been sent in. The nines are inverted and called sixes. Three of them make eighteen and three ones added make twenty-one. The puzzle can not be solved. Calling a nine a six is not using the figure nine at all, hence the above solution is far from a correct one, and not nearly so good as the solution in Roman characters, where the actual numerals in the puzzle are used. If this is the solution given by the originator of the puzzle, then it must be admitted that even he can not solve his own puzzle—and he certainly can not in any legitimate way.

The appointment of a receiver for the Oregon Improvement Co., was a surprise to all but a few intimately acquainted with its affairs. Too many irons in the fire and the sacrifice of the company's interests to the outside speculations of its managers were the causes of its downfall.

West Shore

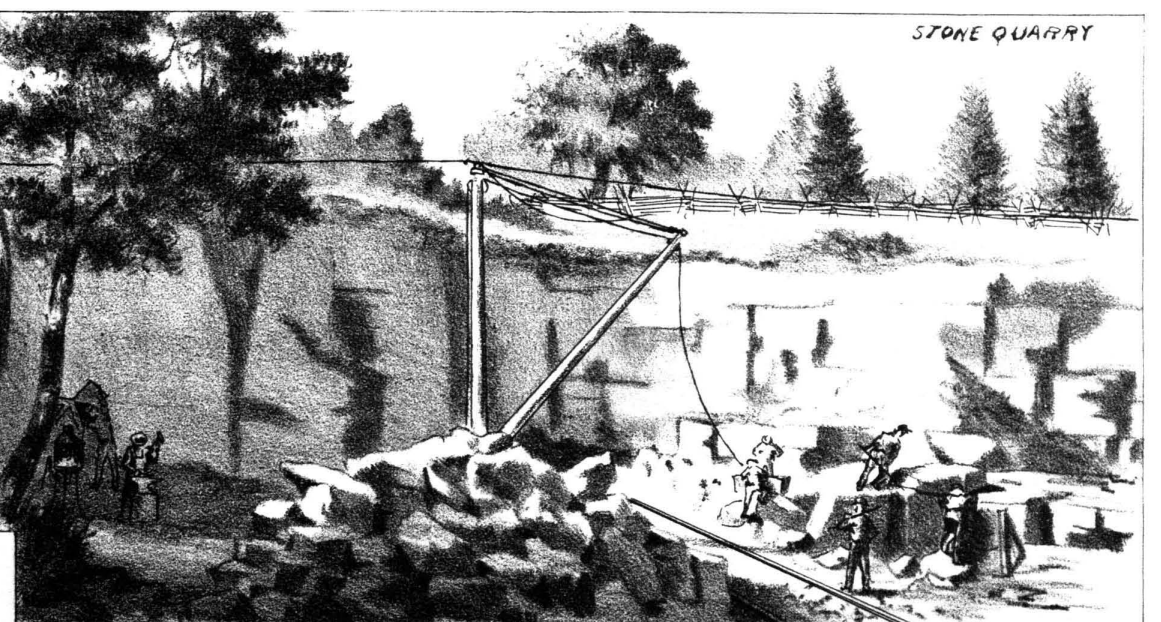
O.P. RAILWAY BRIDGE



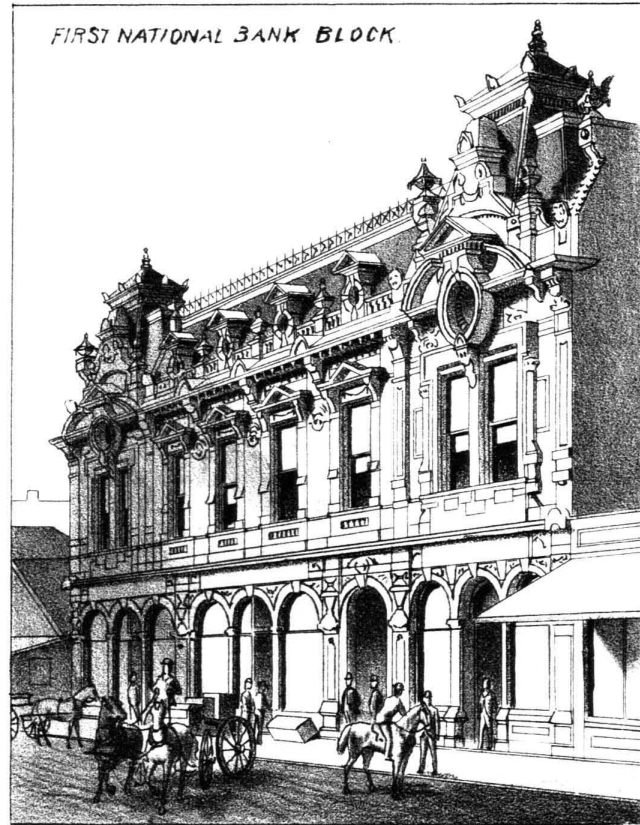
A WHEAT FIELD NEAR ALBANY



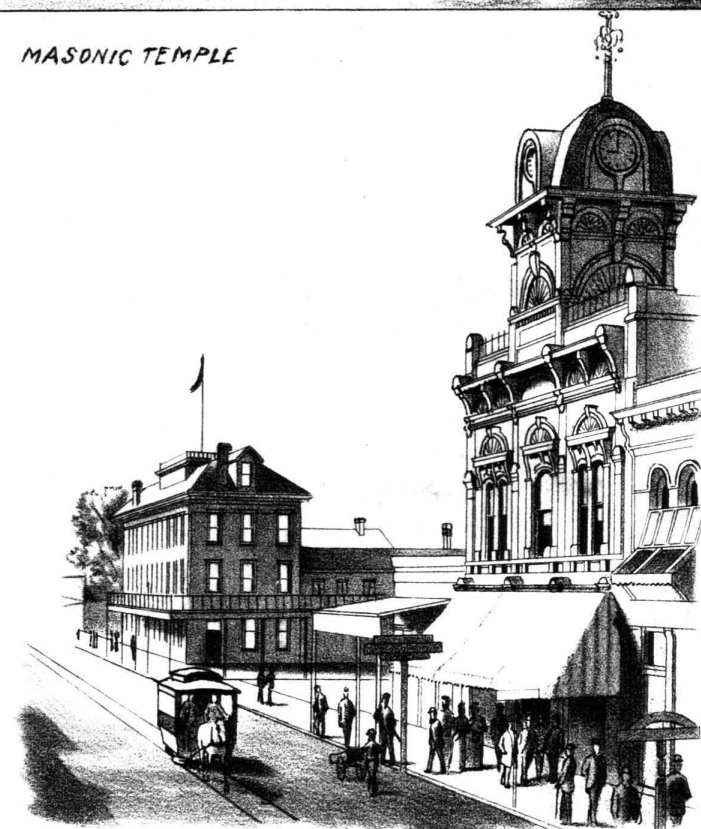
STONE QUARRY



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK



MASONIC TEMPLE



COURT HOUSE



PUBLIC SCHOOL



BALTIMORE BLOCK



ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE





THE FAR WEST

The legislature which convened in Oregon two years ago passed several bills appropriating funds for the building of roads through different portions of the state, chiefly through the mountainous regions, connecting some of the outlying sections with points in the valley, enabling settlers in those parts to reach railroad lines communicating with the principal market centers. In some quarters this action was deemed ill-advised, and was denounced roundly by large numbers of people as being an unwarranted raid upon the public treasury for the benefit of certain favored sections or influential private citizens. These complaints were made chiefly by parties not directly interested or benefited by the construction of the roads, and was another outcropping of the now recognized Oregon affliction known as mossbackism. While the mortgage tax, usury and assessment laws are more or less to blame for the slow progress Oregon is making as compared with her younger sister on the north, this spirit of opposition manifested by one section against any public improvements being made in another, is, perhaps, doing more than all the other influences combined to retard the growth of the commonwealth. It does not make its appearance as would any ordinary movement of opposition, but seem to be possessed of a subtle presence that is felt rather than seen. It attacks the wary politician in the shape of fear; he feels within himself that all active measures possible to advance the interests of the state should be enlisted to that end, but the question of how it will affect his chances of election, or of retaining control of the management of his party in his precinct, looms up before him and weighs down all else that might be said in favor of a given proposition. Then one a little bolder, perhaps, than he, openly opposing any measure involving the outlay of a portion of the state's revenue, springs up as a champion of retrogression, and in his success may be read the deep-seated feeling possessed by a very large number, possibly a majority, of the residents of the state, of decided opposition to any public benefactions being bestowed upon any particular section in which they have no direct or special interest. They are blind to the fact that private interests are proportionately promoted by the general welfare, and can see it only in the light of a special benefit to a neighbor. It may be some roads have been built at public expense, over which not one per cent. of the population of the state will ever pass, but the fact that the roads exist and may be passed over, should occasion require, is a feature not considered. Making it possible for farmers to reach a market for their products from outlying districts is what is required to fill up the thousands of waste places in different parts of the state, and which can be made to produce their quota to the general prosperity. In Washington this matter of building roads has been taken up by the commissioners of the several counties, and in many instances roads are being constructed at the expense of the county alone. In one sense this may be proper. It certainly is proper for the county in which the improvements are being made to bear its proportion of the expense, but inasmuch as the whole state is benefited as the general prosperity is promoted, it is not just or right that the county should be made to bear the burden alone. All public highways in the state should be constructed and owned by the state for, and in the interest of, the general public, and should be maintained in good repair with funds from the public treasury. It is to be hoped that at the session of the legislature soon to convene, fear of the wrath of the mossback will not be permitted by any member of either branch of that body to interfere with any movement looking toward the betterment of the condition of the state in general, even though the means are to be applied "locally," as may be urged by the obstructionist. Let the interests of the few be swallowed up in the welfare of all, and the next decade will find Oregon occupying the position in which she rightfully belongs with reference to the other states of the Pacific northwest.

Major Joseph R. Muffly, representing a syndicate of eastern capitalists, has perfected a deal by which he has secured control of the Bedford group of galena mines, on Ramshorn creek, in this county. The major is to be congratulated upon his acquisition of this promising prospect. We know of no mining proposition in the state that offers more flattering inducements for the profitable employment of capital, than this one. The vein of the Bedford proper is of immense width, ranging from forty to sixty feet, and extending for fully five miles in length, which, for this entire width and length, is filled with mineral, mostly of high-grade galena, running as high as sixty per cent., and carrying from twenty-five to thirty ounces of silver to the ton, and from five to ten dollars of gold. Of course, it is not all of this quality, but a very large percentage of it is, and the remainder of a grade that

will pay handsomely to concentrate, or to smelt on the premises without concentration. We have not learned what the plans of the syndicate are for the working of this vast property, nor do we know that they have been fully decided upon; but development work will be begun soon and vigorously prosecuted. A force of men is at present employed in repairing the roads leading up to the mines, preparatory to taking in needed machinery and other supplies, and in burning coal, chopping wood, and doing other work preliminary to systematic and active operations on the mines. There is no doubt in our mind that this will prove one of the most extensive and successful mining enterprises in the state.—*Madisonian, Virginia City, Mon.*

From the first of January to the middle of November the growth of Cœur d'Alene City, Idaho, has been quite rapid, and includes two churches, twenty-one business buildings and forty-six residences. Many more residences and business buildings are under construction at the present time, two of which are being put up with brick and stone. Numerous other buildings are contemplated and will probably be commenced this winter. With all this there is not one vacant building in the city. Many families are desirous of obtaining houses, but are compelled at present to take up quarters at the different hotels or crowd into houses with friends. There seems to be no stagnation in building, but as fast as a house is started a tenant is there to speak for it. Thousands of people are flocking into that country from different parts of the east. The mines have all turned out well the past season, and farmers are finding a ready market for all they can produce, so that the many small, fertile valleys are now furnishing homes for an industrious, thrifty class of people. The ceded portion of the Cœur d'Alene reservation will be thrown open to settlement in the spring, should no unforeseen circumstance prevent, when Cœur d'Alene City will far surpass the splendid showing she has made this year.

Emma Abbott's repertoire for next week at the Marquam is hardly short of a marvel. It is not only made up of great operas, but four have never been heard here, and another only once. These are "Ernani," "Anne Boleyn," "Bal Masque" and "Romeo and Juliet," and the fifth is "Rose of Castile," which Miss Abbott produced here two years ago. The engagement is one that can not fail to interest every one, not only those who are devoted to music in its various branches, but to the general public, as a means of enjoying profitably an evening and also for seeing what is being done in opera development by Miss Abbott and her management. The advance sale begins Thursday morning.

Portland parties have organized the Baker County Stone company for the purpose of quarrying and dressing building stone for market. The company owns a large ledge of rock near Baker City, which it claimed is of superior quality, and work will begin immediately in preparing it for market. It is the hope of the managers that a good business may be secured in Portland and the cities on the sound.

By the completion of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad to Sedro, through passenger service has been established between Seattle and Anacortes. The first through passenger train from Portland for Anacortes left over the Northern Pacific line on last Tuesday evening. A telegraph line has been completed from Seattle to Sedro.

The town of Granite, Montana, is to be connected with Philipsburg by means of an electric railway. Granite is where the famous Granite Mountain mine is located, and Philipsburg is at present its nearest railway point, a branch of the Northern Pacific connecting the latter place with the town of Drummond.

An electric light plant is now in transit for use at Kamloops, B. C. The entire town is to be illuminated, both arc and incandescent lamps being used.

Canadian capitalists are at Vancouver, B. C., discussing the feasibility of connecting that city with Australia by means of a submarine cable.

The Baisley-Elkhorn mine, in Baker county, Oregon, will have another twenty-stamp mill erected in the spring.

Pullman, Washington, has eight flowing artesian wells, the last and deepest being but 130 feet deep.

A \$25,000 school house is to be erected at Fidalgo City, Washington.

A shingle mill with a capacity of 120,000 shingles per day is being erected in Montesano, Washington.

A company has been formed at Kelso, Washington, for the purpose of developing some of the coal ledges near that place.

A movement is on foot to establish a wire nail factory in Seattle or some other sound city. The proposed factory will cost \$40,000, and have a capacity of 160 kegs per day.

There is a project on foot to construct an irrigating ditch near Grant's Pass, Oregon, at a cost of \$100,000, that will render fertile 25,000 acres of land now barren and unproductive.

The two largest breweries in Seattle are now reported as being bonded by the ubiquitous English syndicate. Over \$75,000,000 have been invested in brewing plants in America by this corporation.

Another steamer will be placed on Flathead lake, Montana, in the spring, making four in all. The rapid settlement of that region has overtaxed the freight and passenger capacity of the boats on the lake.

Parties have made a proposition to citizens of Farmington, Washington, to supply the town with electric lights. They ask that 150 lights be subscribed for, and a lively canvass is being made for that purpose.

An abundance of fine timber and a splendid water power, are the inducements the town of Cottage Grove, Oregon, is holding out to some enterprising individual or firm to start a sash and door factory at that place.

The British Columbia Tanning company has added a complete outfit of boot and shoe manufacturing machinery to the establishment and is now turning out a grade of goods which has struck a popular vein with home merchants. If proper support is given to such concerns by residents, Nainaimo will gain largely in wealth as a result.

An extensive ledge of granite rock has been discovered near Wilkeson, Washington, on land belonging to the Northern Pacific. The company has had samples of it polished and tested in Tacoma, with most satisfactory results. Three grades, fine, medium and coarse are found. It is the intention of the company to construct a spur from its main track and then lease the property to responsible parties for working. Granite is a scarce article in this region, and a large ledge so accessible as this is very valuable.

A company of New York and Chicago capitalists is constructing a mammoth irrigating ditch in the Gallatin valley, Montana. It starts about three miles south of Salesville, on the west side of the West Gallatin river, and runs northward some thirty miles and flows into Camp creek. The ditch is to be sixteen feet wide at the bottom and four feet deep. The company has purchased 30,000 acres of Northern Pacific railroad land, which will be supplied from the canal, and the surveys have been made in such a way that an immense amount of government land can be served with water also. Work is being pushed rapidly, and it is the expectation of the promoters of the enterprise to be able to supply the settlers with water for next season's crop.

For a number of years it has been known that there were good coal prospects north of Eagle Rock, but they were so far away from the railroad that nothing could be done with them. Within the past four weeks, however, several parties have been making further investigations and one good seven-foot vein has been discovered. Many other places have been found where the croppings indicate that there is plenty of it. These locations are from forty to sixty miles from Eagle Rock, and of course until a railroad is built are of but little value. They are however, within a few miles of the National Park branch railroad, which there is hardly a doubt will be built before the end of another year, if not by the Union Pacific it will be done by a corporation formed for that purpose. Samples of coal have been sent to Butte for testing and have been found all right. With the immense water power and coal so convenient there is nothing that will prevent the location of smelting works, where the expense of fuel is one of the chief items.—*Times, Eagle Rock, Idaho.*

Grangeville, during the present year, has made a wonderful growth, but not in advance of the demands of the surrounding country. There are quite a numerous population on Camas prairie now, and it is filling up very rapidly. They are pushing back into the timbered regions and taking up every foot of land. Many have squatted on unsurveyed land and are waiting for it to be surveyed. These people find Grangeville a central and easily accessible point at all seasons, and with this steady flow of people into the country it is necessary that the town should improve. The growth of the town is simply a response to the growing demands of the surrounding country. Next year the town will make a still larger growth, and in a very few years it will have a population of two thousand. And why not? Situated in the heart of the best agricultural and stock raising region in Idaho, with vast mountain regions on the north, east and south, burdened with timber and seamed with veins of the precious minerals, why should not a good and lively town grow up and prosper amid such resources? The mines now being developed are only a fraction of those which are awaiting facilities for working. With rich and extensive mining regions and dense forests in sight, and a productive country all around it, and only waiting for a railroad to enormously increase its products, and a thrifty and energetic population surrounding it, surely Grangeville has a rosy future before it.—*Free Press, Grangeville, Idaho.*

It is reported by the *Ketchum Keystone* that within the last ninety days 50,000 acres of land have been taken up in the vicinity of Idaho Falls, Idaho, under the desert act. Special Agent Tynor, of the land department, suspecting that the land was being taken up for speculative purposes, investigated, and found that the entries were being made by eastern parties who had been induced to file, or to claim, by a Denver syndicate. It is alleged that parties of eastern people were taken to Idaho Falls on special excursions and thence by wagons across the Snake river to some high point where the view is unobstructed for twenty miles, and the parties then went to the land office to make affidavit that they had visited each tract upon which entry was made. The law requires that each person shall visit the tract entered upon and swear that the land is not taken up for speculative purposes. It seems that those provisions have been ignored and the special agent thinks he can have all such entries canceled. Bona fide settlers are complaining, as the land will be tied up and held back from settlement three years. The records of the land office in Idaho show that on one day over twenty entries were made by Chicago parties. Large parties were also brought from Portland, Denver and Salt Lake. If this is kept up all the desert land will be tied up in a short time. The matter will be brought before the department at Washington and if the entries are canceled, eastern parties who have been taken into the scheme will be out the expense of their trip and the fees paid the company inducing them to go.

What are the sources and causes of the unexampled development that is taking place in the State of Washington. While the natural resources of the state are very great, yet natural resources alone, wrought upon by the ordinary methods of immigration and unaided labor, would not produce a phenomenon so remarkable. The secret lies mainly in the introduction of capital into the state. The rapid introduction of capital is due to the fact that capital in Washington is allowed unrestricted movement and freedom of action. Oregon has never had an object lesson equal to this. Washington invites investments; the fact has become known, and she gets them. Money is pouring into the state from all quarters. It seeks every opportunity; it enters into every avenue; it creates cities, builds mills, opens mines, makes farms, irrigates lands and establishes industries of different kinds. It is planted wherever men see a prospect that may in time produce dividends or yield profits. Not so in Oregon. What is the reason? Simply this: The laws of Washington favor investment of capital, while the laws of Oregon practically forbid it. Investments are free in Washington; in Oregon they are hampered, trammled, restricted by our tax laws and by the practices that have grown up under them. There is no usury law in Washington, and money may be lent on mortgage in Washington without subjecting the lender or borrower to tax. Capital, therefore, finding a free field, is pouring into Washington, filling the state with industries and effecting a transformation whose rapidity and extent has seldom been witnessed in the growth of our states. On the Pacific slope there never has been anything to compare with it. What has been done in Washington during the last few years has been mainly the work of capital introduced from abroad. This capital has been introduced because the people have invited it, have not hindered its free movement by usury or mortgage tax laws, and have been wisely content with taxation of the property it has created, instead of taxing the credits and loans on which the industrial development of the country is founded. Had she not extended to capital this invitation and opportunity, Washington would not have witnessed for twenty-five years to come the development she has now in so short a time achieved.—*Northwestern Financier.*

The citizens of Olympia, Washington, are informed by "a company having ample capital," that they stand ready to establish a large sash and door factory there if "sufficient inducement" in the shape of land or money is offered.

Lane county, Oregon, reports a gross assessment of \$6,882,352; indebtedness \$1,397,030; exemptions \$553,324; net taxable property, \$4,929,898. Last year the figures were, \$6,609,577, \$1,292,192, \$515,062, and \$4,802,323, respectively, showing practically the same proportions throughout.

The thriving city of Hoquiam, on Gray's harbor, Washington, has purchased a fine large engine and other apparatus for the protection of its buildings from destruction by fire. Such precautions are prime requisites in places which are being built up with frame structures, and Hoquiam has set a worthy example for many older and more pretentious cities in the northwest.

The capital stock of the Northwest Industrial Exposition at Spokane Falls, is \$50,000; the building and equipments cost \$108,000; the receipts from the exposition were \$25,000, leaving a deficiency of \$58,000 to be paid by the enterprising citizens managing the affair, or carried over as indebtedness to be wiped out by future exhibitions. The city council is considering the proposition of purchasing the property for \$75,000 and leasing it to the company for \$6,000 a year.

Considerable difficulty is being experienced by parties engaged in mining for opals in the recently discovered fields near Moscow, Idaho, by water filling the shafts almost as fast as it can be removed. Blasting the rock also destroys the crystals. In Hungary and other places where opals are mined the rock is sawed into blocks and taken to the surface of the ground and carefully broken. The same means will probably be employed at Moscow. The parties most deeply interested in the business are confident that large returns will be made by the mines when properly operated.

In advocating the establishment at Boise City of a state mining and geological bureau, the *Ketchum Keystone* says: Such an institution would aid materially in making known to visitors the great mineral resources of the state, not by collecting and exhibiting rich samples of our various ores, which would be a part of its business, but the publication of its annual reports upon the condition of our mines and mining industry, which would be authoritative, and, therefore, sought after and read by men having means to invest in mines. Besides, it would serve as a preservatory of petrifactions, fossils, curios, stones and minerals of general and particular interest, all of which would be helpful in discovering facts and diffusing a knowledge of local geological and mineralogical peculiarities, which could but serve to stimulate prospecting on the one hand, and investment on the other hand of much needed capital in mines already discovered, and their development into sources of vast revenue to our people and state. That our mines are rich beyond possibility of computation will not be disputed; that the state and people should employ every agency in their power to compass their early development ought not to be disputed.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

SHE COULDN'T.

NEW HOUSEMAID—"There's a leddy down-stairs wants ter see yer, Mrs. Gazzam."

MRS. GAZZAM—"Show her up."

NEW HOUSEMAID—"Faith, an' I don't know anythin' agin her, mum; I niver laid eyes on her before."—*Judge.*

PROFESSOR—Who was Sidonius?

STUDENT—There were several of that name.

PROFESSOR—I mean the writer of history and of elegies.

STUDENT—Oh, that was Sidonius Apollinaris. His second name was conferred upon him because he was a poet of the first water.—*Puck.*

DASHAWAY—Suppose you should come around to my house some day, walk up to my room, and find my lifeless corpse in bed. What would you do?

CLEVERTON—I would institute an immediate search for that five dollars you owe me.—*Life.*

JACK HUSTLE—Will you marry me?

RITA RUSTLE—This is so sudden—give me time.

JACK HUSTLE—You can't afford to waste any more time. You must be twenty-six now. Say yes, Rita.—*Puck.*

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SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

"Lay off your coat," said the first politician at a Democratic convention to the second. "You won't feel it when you go out." "That's what I'm afraid of," he replied. "I attended the last Democratic convention."—*Lawrence American.*



PORTLAND & WIL. VALLEY Ry.

TIME TABLE—AUG., '90.

PORTLAND.

ARRIVE		DEPART	
† 6 38 a.m.	† 1 45 p.m.	† 7 25 a.m.	† 8 40 p.m.
† 8 40 "	† 3 15 "	† 9 20 "	† 5 20 "
† 10 40 "	† 4 50 "	† 11 00 "	† 6 20 "
† 11 45 "	† 6 07 "	† 12 30 p.m.	† 8 35 "
	† 7 45 "	† 2 00 "	

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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 80 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

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Oregon.....	Saturday	Nov. 1
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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San Francisco to Portland,
 Leaving Spear Street Wharf, San Francis-
 co, at 10 a. m., as follows:

State.....	Tuesday	Nov. 4
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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A LONG TIME HENCE.
 Mr. WICKWIRE—I wonder if a
 woman will ever occupy the presi-
 dential chair.
 Mrs. WICKWIRE—Not in our time,
 Henry. It is as much as she can do
 nowadays to get a seat in a street
 car.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

There's a time for every thing.
 Taking off your boots after you get
 in bed indicates a high old time.—
Binghamton Leader.

A precocious little rascal was no-
 ticed on Jefferson avenue the other
 day making his best endeavor to
 ring a door bell just beyond his
 reach. A well-known minister hap-
 pened along, and, with the impulse
 of a good Samaritan, wanted to help
 the boy.

"Like to ring that bell sonny?"
 "Yes, sir; but I can't reach it."

The divine stepped to the veranda
 and gave the bell a vigorous pull as
 he patted the interesting juvenile on
 the head.

"Now, run like the devil!"
 shouted the kid as he shot down the
 street at top speed. All the man
 could do was to laugh at this deplora-
 ble bit of worldliness and make
 explanation when the call was
 answered.—*Detroit News.*

FIRST OLD MAID (excitedly)—
 "There's a man under the bed!"

SECOND OLD MAID (calmly)—"Lock
 the doors."—*Epoch.*

EAST AND SOUTH
 VIA
Southern Pacific Route.

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LEAVE ARRIVE
 Portland...8:00 a. m. | Roseburg...8:00 p. m.
 Roseburg...9:00 a. m. | Portland...4:00 p. m.

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 Portland...5:00 p. m. | Albany...9:00 p. m.
 Albany...5:00 a. m. | Portland...9:00 a. m.

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 Corvallis...12:55 p. m. | Portland...5:30 p. m.

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

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THE NONPAREIL OF GIRLS.
 "I want a week, or maybe more,
 For I'm about to wed
 My sweetheart," the compositor
 With many blushes said.
 "Get married!" said the editor;
 "Why, this is something new;
 I never heard of it before;
 Pray is she well to do?"
 "Her father owns a lead mine, sir;
 In beauty she's a belle—
 In fact I get a 'take' in her
 Of leaded nonpareil."
 —*Cape Cod Item.*

AMATEUR DETECTIVES.
 STRANGER (in Jersey village)—
 "All the evidence points to that
 brutal nigger as the murderer of that
 poor woman. I have just come
 from the afflicted family, and her
 husband is almost crazy."
 JERSEY AMATEUR DETECTIVE—
 "Husband? Has she got a hus-
 band? Hah! Where was he at
 the time of the murder?"—*Good*
News.

LADY GUEST—I leave this house
 in an hour.

CLERK—Is there anything wrong,
 madam?

LADY GUEST—Wrong! Well, I
 should say so. Why, the next room
 and mine are connected by a door
 and you have actually stopped up
 the keyhole.—*New York Sun.*

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C.
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AN ENERGETIC AND GROWING CITY.

In the year 1843, two men stood upon the banks of the Willamette river, fourteen miles from its junction with the great Columbia, and 115 miles from the Pacific ocean. They saw here a level plateau at the head of navigation for ocean going vessels. Arising above the horizon in plain view, were Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams, and Mt. Rainier in the distance, lighting up the skies with their grand snow covered peaks glistening in the sunlight. The scene inspired them to locate a city. One was from Portland, Maine, and the other from Boston, Mass. The one said name the new city Portland, the other Boston. They decided to flip a copper for the name. Portland won, and has continued to win ever since, and is winning to-day.

Here is a city of 70,000 population, the new census giving it about 47,000, to which should be added East Portland, Albina, Mt. Tabor and other suburbs, all a part of Portland, making about 70,000. It is a great city. It has a great people, many of them possessing great wealth. It commands a great commerce, draining the fertile valleys of the great Columbia and its many tributaries, the products of which are more than the railways and other transportation lines can handle. Her port is lined with ships loading wheat, yet her warehouses are overflowing for lack of more transportation. The city has great prospects. Who can predict what her population will be in ten years more. With such a location, such a people, such wealth, such extensive business, such fertile plains and valleys, such mines of iron, silver and gold, such emigration pouring in on every train, all centering together to build one city, destroys our precedents and we can not predict.

Mr. T. F. Osborn, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, informed me that the actual record of the wholesale trade of the city for the year 1889, was \$119,000,000, although published \$115,000,000. In the year 1886, it was only a little over \$50,000,000, showing the rapid growth of the country. I also learned from him that there are twenty-three business houses employing a capital of \$1,000,000 or over, and twenty-seven more that employ over half a million each.

As illustrating the enterprise of the business men, I will state that Hunt proposed to build his railroad from Eastern Oregon to Portland, on condition that they would furnish him \$2,000,000 and take his bonds for it. A subscription was taken up, the whole sum was raised, and the road is building. We hear those people occasionally called "moss backs," but if this kind of energy and liberality is moss-backism, give us more of it. The Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific and the Northern Pacific railways have united to build a grand union depot to cost a million dollars, which will be a great improvement.

The Great Northern will soon be built into Portland, thus concentrating here four great transcontinental lines. I met Mr. Hill, president of the great road at The Portland, and he publicly announced that his road was coming as fast as men and money could bring it.—*Northwestern Financier, Denver, Colorado.*

Marcus Daly, manager of the great Anaconda mines and smelters, and owner of the Mulherren coal mines, has shipped 150 tons of coal from the mines to Anaconda to be tested practically in the smelters. If it proves of the right quality the mines will be developed and worked on a large scale.

Two large industries are on the tapis for Spokane Falls. One of them is a huge smelter, and the other is a flouring mill with a capacity of 100 tons per day. Both projects are well advanced.

A new saw mill with a capacity of 35,000 feet of lumber per day has been built in Mt. Vernon, Washington. A national bank is being organized there with a capital stock of \$50,000.

Ezra Meeker, the "hop king" of Puyallup valley, estimates the Washington hop crop at 38,000 bales, and the Oregon crop at 20,000 bales.

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 GOVERNING 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. Instead of italics the latest edition of Webster uses this mark || to designate foreign words. All words so marked are excluded.

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.

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

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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, Frankfort and Hong Kong.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF PORTLAND.

Designated Depository and Financial Agent of the United States.

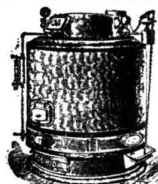
President, - HENRY FAILING.
Vice President, H. W. CORBETT.
Cashier, - G. E. WITHERINGTON.
Assist. Cashier, H. J. CORBETT.

Letters of Credit issued available in Europe and the Eastern states.

Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principal points in the northwest.

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

Collections made on favorable terms at all accessible points.



A. G. Kinslow
STEAM AND
HOT WATER
HEATING ENGINEER.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

AGENT FOR FLORIDA

Steam and Hot Water Heater

Estimates furnished for heating private and public buildings with steam or hot water.

190 Fourth St., PORTLAND, OR.

THE OREGON NATIONAL BANK
OF PORTLAND.

CAPITAL PAID IN, \$200,000.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on San Francisco, New York, Chicago and the principal points in the northwest. Drafts drawn on China, Japan and Europe. Makes collections on favorable terms.

President, - VAN B. DELASHMUTT.
Vice President, GEO. B. MARKLE.
Cashier, - D. F. SHERMAN.

CONSOLING.

IRISH DOCTOR—Begorra, and I've knocked the fever out of him. That is one good thing!

WIFE OF PATIENT—Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?

DOCTOR—Small chance of that, mum; but ye'll have the satisfaction of knowin' that he died cured.—*Jester.*

MRS. QUIZINE—"Gretchen, I am told Hans has given you a beautiful engagement ring. Where is it?"

GRETCHEN—"Oh, Hans veer it himselluf. He was afraid I lose him mit anoder feller."—*Jeweler's Weekly*



SEATTLE affords the richest field for profitable investment. Can safely invest your money in realty or securities so as to yield large returns.

Write for "Astounding Facts."

GERMAN-AMERICAN INVESTMENT AND GUARANTY CO.,
219 Commercial St.,
Seattle, Wash.

Capital \$100,000.

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.

S. W. Cor. Second and Washington Sts.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

President, - D. P. THOMPSON.
Vice President, - FRANK DEKUM.
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	600,000 feet.....
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.....	800,000
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 Indebtedness 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 Railways.....	250,000
Additional Improvements by the Great Northern Railway, 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



SIoux INDIANS PERFORMING THE GHOST, OR MESSIAH, DANCE—See Page 242.