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West Shore

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INDIAN FISH TRAP ON QUINALT RIVER, WASHINGTON.

West Shore

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

There will be no recount in Oregon.

Organize an Oregon Exhibit Association.

America's effort to test the McKinley bill by the apple crop is entitled to the leather medal.

The census superintendent has not produced much that is worth anything, but he would make a splendid ex-Porter.

For the next two weeks the colored cartoons on the last page will be compelled to give place to illustrations of the two great expositions now in progress at Portland and Spokane Falls.

The *Adele*, one of the two vessels now poaching in Behring sea, and which the government has dispatched the *Bertha* to capture, is the same vessel whose piratical voyage last fall was described and illustrated in WEST SHORE of June 7, last.

If civilization has cried out against Siberian exile of Russians for political offense, it must raise a stronger voice of protest against the same inhuman treatment of Jews for no offense whatever except being the victims of an ignoble, barbaric, inherited race prejudice.

If those romantic people who dote on the silver moon and envy the heavens the possession of that luminary will only have a little patience they can have their desire gratified, for under present conditions we will soon have silver enough in this country to make a moon of our own.

Whitecaps in Alabama expressed their virtuous indignation and deep seated morality, by taking a woman suspected of looseness of habits from her house at midnight and dispatching her with buckshot. The kingdom of heaven is coming at a rapid rate in that enlightened community, and will doubtless catch the benighted residents of other localities unawares.

If the American people can be convinced that the money will not be diverted from purely charitable to political uses, the response they will make to the appeal for aid for famishing Ireland will be such an outpouring of gifts as the world has never seen. Let entirely trustworthy channels for the flowing of their charity be provided, and it will become a mighty stream.

Oregonians have a kindly feeling for Jessie Benton Fremont; not because she was the wife of the Pathfinder, but because she is the daughter of Old Tom Benton, who did more to make Oregon free American soil than any man living or dead. They want a chance to help in the movement on foot to make his gifted daughter's remaining days free from care.

Life is not altogether dull and spiritless in the camp of a railroad engineering party, for it must be great amusement to stuff inquisitive newsgathers. That is the place where half the wild and senseless railroad rumors originate. A dispatch from some out-of-the-way point, saying that an engineering party is working there and that the chief says it is an advance party of the W. X. Y. Z. road, should be taken with a whole sack of salt.

The time is at hand when papers, magazines and reviews will be filled with long disquisitions upon the great changes in social and other conditions

revealed by the late—also lamented—census. After puzzling their brains to invent new theories to account for some of the wonderful revelations of Porter's work, the statisticians, philosophers and social scientists will discharge broadside after broadside at us, and then wonder why we are not annihilated. They will soon learn that their failure is due to the utterly valueless and inaccurate census upon which their speculations are based.

No one questions the motives that have induced the charitable founders, supporters, and managers of the Baby Home in East Portland to undertake and perform their arduous, and often thankless, task; yet it is true that no such institution should be a law unto itself and free from supervision by some constituted authority representing the people. It ought to be incorporated as a state institution and placed under state supervision. This does not necessarily imply that the state shall in any way contribute to its support. The members of the legislature from Multnomah county should take this matter in hand.

It is rather surprising to see a great daily paper condemning the duel as a means of avenging one's dishonor and upholding murder in its stead. Honor cuts no figure in such a case. It is nothing but private vengeance executed in a brutal, cowardly way. We look for such things among the savages, but not where the light of nineteenth century civilization gleams. No man's life belongs to another, and no fancied, or real, injury to one's honor can justify the taking of it, even in a duel, certainly not by cowardly murder. The press owes a higher duty to society than to preach the doctrine of murder for the gratification of revenge for any cause whatever.

If Oregon's display at the Centennial is to be pointed at as an evidence of the qualification of Mr. Wilkins, then, indeed, has his incapacity been demonstrated. That Mr. Klippel is a man of ability and desires to do well for the state, WEST SHORE has no doubt; but his opportunities, shut up as he has been in Southern Oregon for years, to become familiar with the ideas and methods of the great business world without, have been too limited to qualify him for the position. This whole matter should be put in the hands of business men who have had their ideas expanded by contact with the world, and who have not only the training necessary to enable them to comprehend what must be done, but the experience that fits them for the task of accomplishing it.

The director general of the World's Columbian Exposition has begun his duties well and sensibly by addressing a courteous letter to the press of the country asking for its hearty and unreserved support. Certain local papers in Chicago violently opposed Mr. Davis before his appointment and have soundly berated both him and the directors since, simply, as it appears from their own statements, because he has been a successful political manipulator in the interest of a party not their own. In opposing him for this reason they are themselves dragging politics into the question, the very thing they affect to deplore. The facts are that George R. Davis is a pushing, enterprising man, with large ideas and possessing great organizing and executive ability, and the papers opposing him in Chicago will do more good, both to the fair and their city, by stopping their snarling at the director general and setting a good example to the outside press by doing all in their power to assist him in accomplishing the most arduous task an American has yet undertaken.

If "Clara Belle" has actually associated with some of the women she writes so intimately about, or has witnessed or participated in some of the scenes she depicts for the delectation of her presumed lady readers, she must be hanging upon the ragged edge of the demi-monde. Some of her letters are the vilest slanders upon the ladies of New York, since they credit them with the conduct of such people as no lady would stoop to recognize as associates. It is such stuff as this, in which the writer wanders as near the border of the absolutely indecent as possible, in order to make her letters "interesting," calling largely upon her imagination for her facts, that is chiefly responsible for the growing belief that society ladies are less pure and modest than they should be. Such letters, published in the Sunday and weekly papers, going unreservedly into families, bearing the appearance of truth, and written in "chatty" and meretriciously suggestive language, do more harm than all the "indecent" books ever published. Doubtless many ladies are led to read them by reason of other things that attract their attention, but it is equally doubtless that their regular readers are those who are nearly as far from the pale of society and the charmed circle of true womanhood as the creatures whose actions she describes, and those of the opposite sex who are always upon the lookout for something "shady" to read. Truly, woman's greatest enemy is woman.

Nothing is more typical of the condition Oregon has been in the past few years than Bunyan's Slough of Despond, from which the struggling Christian was pulled by the strong hand of Helpful. The young and vigorous Enterprise is now pulling struggling Oregon from the Slough of Moss-

backism and setting her on the broad highway that leads to Prosperity. Let every man, woman and child help the good work along. Oregon has been in the mire long enough, and much of it still clings to her clothing in the form of the usury law, mortgage tax law, short-sighted ideas of economy and the control of public enterprises by men who have no comprehension of what they are undertaking. This must be removed, and Oregon, with spotless robes and buoyant footsteps, will speed to the goal.

It is painfully interesting to hear the comments of men, who, with pitiful self deception, deem themselves enterprising, upon the nature of the display Oregon should make at Chicago. At the Industrial Exposition in Portland the Oregon Board of Immigration has arranged a very creditable display of agricultural products for an exhibition of that kind. It is one of the most attractive and valuable features of the fair, but the remark of a gentleman prominent in placing it there that "this is what we ought to have at the World's Fair" is simply ridiculous. It may be a prominent feature of a fair on the scale of this one, but the entire exhibition of which it is but a part would itself be lost in Chicago. It would be but a side show. It seems almost impossible to arouse such men to the faintest comprehension of the magnitude of the fair, for which a site of 1,000 acres has been selected.

Oregon might as well not be represented there at all as to spend even \$50,000 dollars upon a display to which no one but the judges and committees would pay the least attention. She might secure the first prize for wheat, prunes, cherries, timber and grass, and yet, so far as the general public is concerned, be unnoticed, while some other state that might not get the first premium for anything would attract the multitude and receive the resultant benefit. The ability of Oregon to show unsurpassed products of many kinds is undoubted; but the problem to be solved is how to induce the people to single them out from the inconceivable mass of the world's products and attractions that will be gathered there, and pay them a visit. This is the kernel to be extracted. Oregon must do something to make her display a special center of attraction. It must be novel, interesting and so different from others that it can be advertised as such and a special desire to see it be created in the minds of the countless thousands who will throng the grounds of Washington and Jackson parks. What shall it be? WEST SHORE calls for ideas.

It is the duty of the Oregon Board of Commerce to call an Oregon World's Fair Convention immediately, so that a proper organization may be effected and proper arrangements made to secure the necessary legislation by the legislature in January next. This matter is too important to be delayed or trifled with. The legislature will not meet again for two years, and what is not done now can never be done. Delay is not only dangerous, but shows the board recreant to its trust. The attention of the president of the board is earnestly called to this matter. Shall we organize an exhibit association now and be prepared to go before the legislature with a tangible, practical organization, or shall we let the matter go by default, and nothing be accomplished? The press of the state is aroused upon this subject, and it demands immediate and vigorous action by the persons occupying the positions that will render their action effective. Let us have an exhibit association formed at once.

INDIAN FISH TRAP.

The chief item of food of all Indians living along the streams of the Pacific coast is the salmon that swarm into the rivers in countless thousands. These are caught in numerous ways and dried for winter use. One of the most effective methods is that used by the natives living along the Quinalt river, a beautiful stream flowing into the Pacific from the Olympic mountains, in Washington. This device is an improvement upon their more crude appliances made possibly by their acquisition of the knowledge and inventions of the white man, and consists of a wier built across the stream to prevent the salmon from ascending, and a trap for catching a portion of the immense numbers thus collected below the obstruction. The weir is made by driving posts about six inches square into the bed of the river across the stream at intervals of about six feet, and bracing them solidly from below and then setting in cross pieces about three inches square at the top and bottom, thus forming supports for the wicker work, which consists of frames about 2x6 feet in size, made of willow poles about two inches in diameter, upon which is woven a net work of willow branches, with meshes of sufficient size to let the water through without interruption and the same time small enough to detain the salmon below.

The river at this point is from two to four feet deep and the weir is from six to eight feet high. The net work is built in sections so when there are no fish running or no fisherman at work they can be easily taken up and stored away, or in case of a break be more readily replaced. The weir is simply to delay the fish and of course renders the stream just below it alive

with them, which is novel and exciting scene of itself. The fish are taken by means of a trap built just below the weir by driving four piles in the shape of a square, fourteen feet apart. The piles are cut off about fourteen feet above the water and capped in and thoroughly braced on the sides above the water. At the top of each pile a pulley is fastened with a line running through it, which is attached to a corresponding corner of a drop net. The drop net is lowered to the bottom of the stream and when full of fish is brought to the surface by means of the ropes and pulleys above described, the whole thing being worked from below by Indians in canoes, and of a truth, the "emptying" of the net is a very thrilling piece of sport.

The weir and trap belong to the Indians in common, each family having its turn of fishing. It is fair to say, however, that the weir is only kept in place when someone is fishing, and the hindrance of the fish ascending to their spawning grounds is not material.

LONG AGO.

Oh, that I again could feel
Fragrant breezes round me steal;
Oh, that I again could be
Down there by the peaceful sea;
Down there where I used to go
In the summers, long ago.
You are gone—my boyhood's mate.
You, who met me at the gate,
Nevermore will say "Come Joe,
Follow me and I will show
Sweetest roses fresh and gay,
Purple pansies, new mown hay,
Lovely apples blushing red,
Big pears larger than your head."
Nevermore will we go through
Fields of clover where the dew
Fell like tiny globes of light
From the blooms of pink and white;
Nevermore at golden noon
Listen to the wild bird's tune
Thrill the very heart of June.

Ah, how happy were we two!
What a merry maiden you,
Romping under azure skies,
With flushed cheeks and laughing eyes;
And I thought your flowing hair,
Had within its silken snare,
Caught the fringes of the pall
That the night throws over all.
I remember how you ran,
With a "Beat me if you can,"
Out to where the ebbing tide
Left the beach so cool and wide;
How you gathered brown sea weeds,
Pearly shells and floating reeds,
And with chubby little hand
Wrote my name upon the sand;
How we watched o'er waters blue
Far off sails fade from our view,
While you cried in glee "I know
They are melting flakes of snow."

Then when happy day was done,
And the slowly sinking sun
Lifted broad, bright bars of gold
From beneath the maples old,
And the pale stars faintly gleamed—
Silver dots to us they seemed—
You would sometimes almost cry
As I said, "Well, Floss, good bye."

You are dead and I am gray;
Coldly pipes the wind to-day,
As I sit and wonder still
If the orchard on the hill
Looks the same, and if the lawn
Is the one we played upon,
And if on your distant grave,
Flowers grow and grasses wave,
And the robins chirp to you
Just the way they used to do.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

NATIONAL GUARD CONVENTION.

A session of the Oregon National Guard Association is being held in the armory of the First Regiment in this city, for the purpose of considering the question of necessary legislation at the coming session of the legislature, and other questions affecting the increased efficiency and higher standing of the



COLONEL CHARLES F. BEEBE, FIRST REGT. O. N. G.

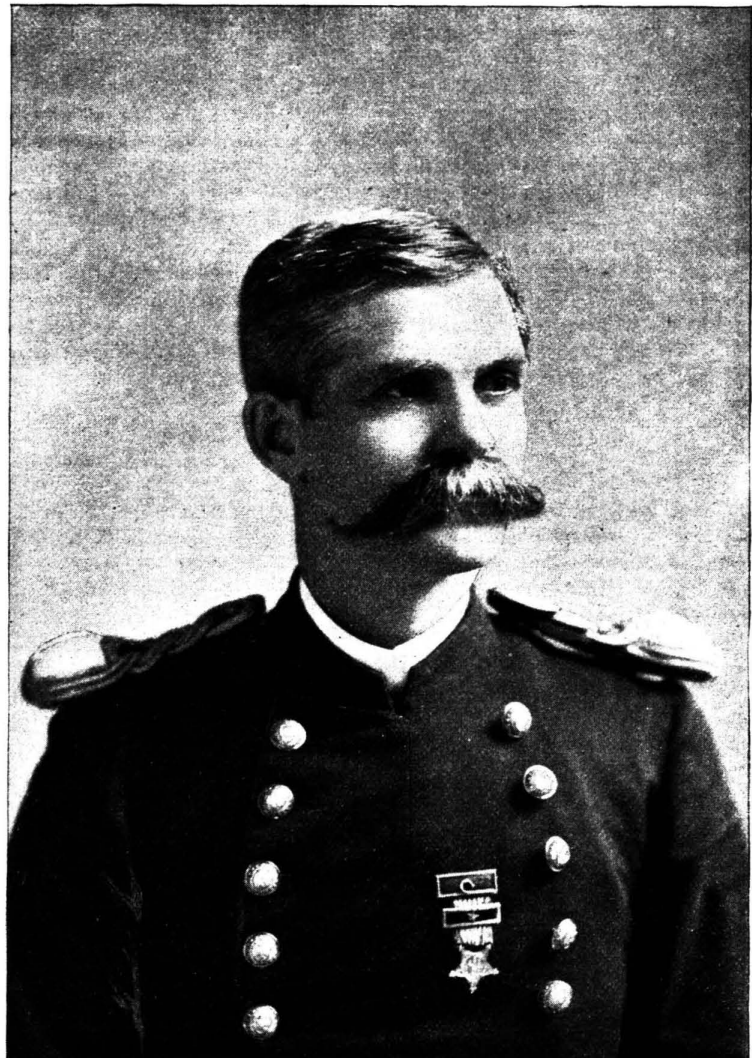
national guard of the state as a serviceable and reliable military arm of the government. Such an object is certainly a worthy one, and deserves the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the people. The time has gone by when the militia can be charged with "playing soldier." Service in the national guard means plenty of hard work, the expenditure of some money, the giving of considerable time, and the reaching of a fairly effective standard of military excellence on the part of even the privates, while on the part of the officers it means all this increased from two-fold to ten-fold, in accordance with the position occupied. Under the most discouraging conditions, as compared with the guard of other states, the service in Oregon has been brought to a state of efficiency much higher than in some states, and fully as high as it will ever be possible to raise it unless many of the insurmountable obstacles now in the way are removed. This high state has been reached through the unselfish labors of men who have given freely of both time and money to accomplish it, and it can not always be expected to remain there under the same conditions, for unsupported energy must flag and a thankless task must sometime become irksome.

Nearly every state in the union makes provision for the proper equipment of its national guard and for placing it in camp of instruction at least one week annually. California and even the new states of Washington and Montana do this, but Oregon has as yet failed to attempt it. A sudden call for service would find the Oregon national guard unquipped, and therefore, practically unserviceable anywhere save in the towns where the various companies belong, and not even there for night duty. There is not an overcoat in the service that is not the private property of the wearer, not a blanket, not a tin cup or any other utensil, not a tent, and it may be said nothing whatever that would enable the regiments to go into camp or respond to a call for duty that would take them into the field. To be sure, under the stress of sudden emergency, when the public welfare was at stake, patriotic citizens might, and probably would, come to the rescue and contribute the

necessary equipment and supplies to render the urgently-needed services of the guard available; but should the state rely upon such a supposition, and invite the inevitable delay and loss of the advantages of prompt action at a crisis suddenly precipitated?

The result of the convention will, undoubtedly, be the framing of a bill to be presented to the legislature appropriating a sum sufficient to provide camp equipage, pay the expenses of two annual encampments, equip the men with overcoats, and pay the expenses of the first six months of the military organization left unprovided for when the national guard was organized in 1887. The military law passed that year went into effect on the first of July, while the appropriation for the support of the guard under its provisions did not become available until January, 1888. This permitted the expenses of maintenance to accumulate for six months, and the military board is, consequently, just six months short in its funds. This shortage should be provided for. To it can be charged, to a considerable extent, the failure of the board to provide overcoats and other necessaries, and to institute many needed measures for the improvement of the guard.

One at all familiar with the life and requisites of a soldier does not need to be told of the necessity for giving him practical instruction in the camp and field. Theory never can usurp the place of practice. A soldier not trained in the life of the camp, the duties of the sentinel and the practical experience of drill in the field, has all this to learn when called upon for active service, and is, therefore, not as efficient, serviceable and reliable as one who is, nor can he be considered as competent to answer satisfactorily a sudden call to duty. Camp instruction and discipline, combined with rifle practice, are far more important than a high state of perfection in company drill, which the uninformed individual is prone to consider the sign of a serviceable and trained soldier. The efficient soldier is the one who knows what to do and how to do it when active service is demanded, not the one who can stand up in the armory and drill the best in the manual of arms, though, under proper conditions the two will generally be found united in one person. In like manner the company that can go into camp and take the field in a self-reliant and effective way, is far superior to the one that can only boast of the ability to execute the school of the company in a faultless manner before a host of admiring friends. Again it may be said that under proper conditions, these two companies will often be found combined in one; for the same spirit that actuates the individual and the com-



LIEUTENANT COLONEL O. SUMMERS, FIRST REGT. O. N. G.

pany to aspire to and secure superiority in drill, will follow them into the field and render them proficient in the practical duties of a soldier.

The Oregon National Guard Association was organized in 1888, and consists of all the commissioned officers of the state then in the service or commissioned since that time, making a membership of about 150, the number increasing every year, as ex-officers retain their membership. Coming from every section of the state, and in their personality representing every form of business and industry, their united action must have great weight in the movement to secure better recognition of the guard by the authorities and a higher appreciation of its merits by the people generally. They will lay their ideas personally before the senators and representatives of their various districts, and a favorable consideration by them will be thus more readily obtained.

During the session of the convention a shooting tournament is being held at the Riverside range of the First Regiment. Gov. Sylvester Pennoyer has presented an elegant gold badge to the national guard, to be shot for annually, the winner to possess it the ensuing year. This competition is open to any member of the guard in the state. In addition to these teams of five each from various companies are competing for a special prize, and regimental teams of eight are settling the question of which regiment has the best marksmen. All the proficiency in sharpshooting the men have reached has been at their own expense, as the state has provided neither a range nor ammunition for practice. Some of the companies in each regiment have provided temporary ranges for themselves, and the First Regiment is having built for it by the county a splendid indoor range on the armory block, which will enable it to practice rifle shooting during the winter season. The range at Riverside has been put in first class condition, and has been presented to the regiment for shooting purposes by the proprietor, Mr. H. C. Leonard. Another year will find the national guard in far better condition, so far as marksmanship is concerned, one of the most essential qualifications of a serviceable soldier, and if the legislature will take a proper view of the matter, it can also have camp instruction, and come nearer reaching that high standard of efficiency it is struggling so hard to attain.

YE CAMPAIGNE POETE.

It is sweetly refreshing to note how the saintly souls of Rocky mountain editors rise above the animosities and sordid details of politics, even in the middle of a heated campaign. There is no soggy gloom, no dogged bitterness distilled in the political alembics of Idaho and Montana. The picturesque opprobrium that makes the campaign luminous is at times softened with a touch of tenderness that suffuses the whole political machine and gives it a halo of pathos. Witness the following paraphrase by an Idaho bard:

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a crack to keep the winds away;
The Mormon test oath, worked in Idaho,
May stop a vote and lay a party low.

Imperial Jumbo, dead and stuffed for show,
May yet suffice to make a circus go;
But free trade speeches and Democratic blow
Will not suffice to carry Idaho.

In the light of last week's developments, in which this prophecy was fulfilled with marvelous accuracy, these stanzas should be pickled for posterity to ruminant on.

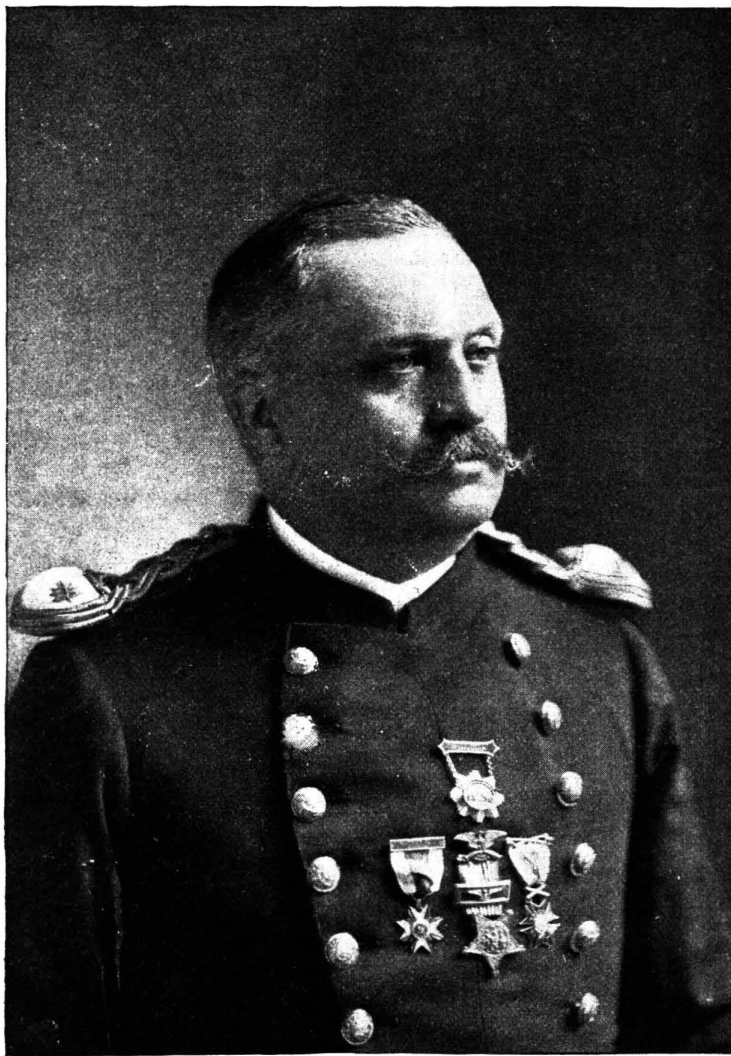
There is also a touchful strain strung through the following lines that sheds a genial glow throughout the abyss that has hitherto yawned between the opposing congressional candidates in the cowboy commonwealth:

Mother, may I go out to weep?
Yes, my darling darter!
Weep you may for Dixon, dear,
But whoop her up for Carter.

The poetry business is looking up. If the muse continues cavorting about the mountain fastnesses in this guileless fashion her cultured worshippers in the moss-covered literary circles will be dreadfully shocked, but the newer and more vigorous western style will back her to the very end—and there is, surely, nothing else to be desired. In anticipation of the inevitable where two or more bodies seek to occupy the same space we commend to the thoughtful consideration of the political obituarists of Montana that weepful little poem that starts out in this wise:

You have left us gentle Willie,
But our loss is heaven's gain.

This poetry is not of the wildly insurrectionary sort that makes emperors quake in their capitol and rends popular government into smithereens. It conforms to church tenets and is not too strong for infant commonwealths to take with impunity.



MAJOR B. B. TUTTLE, FIRST REGT. O. N. G.

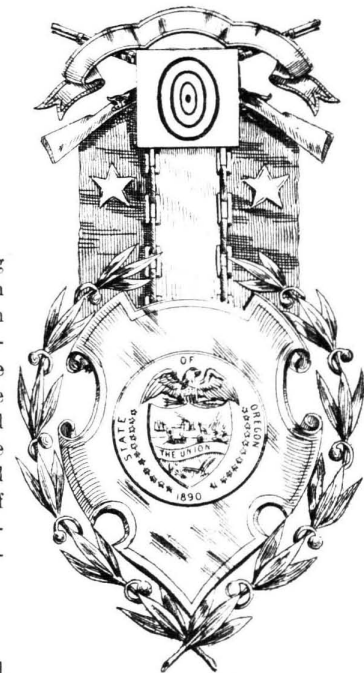
It is by no means improbable that the proposed Hunt railroad down the Columbia, for which Portland gentlemen subscribed \$2,000,000 of bonds, will be built and operated as a part of the Great Northern system, and give that gigantic railroad a terminal route to Portland independent of the sound. It would be a splendid thing for both Portland and the Great Northern.

The *Wolcott* has sailed for Alaska. Now that the poachers have driven the seals away or slaughtered them, and have themselves departed, the government has lashed itself into a fury and sends this formidable vessel of war to scatter some of the fury over the cold and vacant expanse of Behring sea. It ought to be provided with a tin whistle and a bean shooter.

The folly of high protection against foreign goods and no protection against the makers of them is already becoming apparent in the reports that working men from Europe are preparing to come to America in great numbers. American workmen should demand for themselves at least a measure of the protection their votes have secured for their employers.

"The Still Alarm" is a thrilling play, but that is not the kind of an alarm on the World's Fair question the WEST SHORE has sent out. It believes in an alarm loud enough to rouse the people of Oregon to action on the subject. It has taken its decided stand upon the World's Fair question because it realizes nothing can be accomplished without the complete breaking up of the present conditions, and that it requires a charge of dynamite to accomplish that result.

McKinley could not be elected pound master in England.



"THE GOVERNOR'S BADGE," O. N. G.



THE MAD HOUSE.

Cold, dark and gaunt, it looms against the sky.
 Its chimneys looking like thin arms outflung
 To violet depths wherein gold moons have swung.
 The night-winds scream about its shrill and high.
 Bare fields stretch, ploughed and black, on every side;
 No sound except a night-hawk's lonely cry.
 An old man, heavy-laden, stumbles by,
 His body bent—no living thing beside.
 Dull waters slide along this western wall,
 Noiseless; wild eyes peer at them in their dreams.
 A slow cloud bares the moon—and now it seems
 I hear a lost soul's frightened, pleading call.
 And while I stand beneath the pale, sweet stars,
 Three fearful shrieks are outward borne to me;
 And in the calm moon's peaceful light I see
 Horrible, grinning faces through the bars.

If we had lived with Eve, we would probably have considered entire nudity as proper and desirable as some people now consider semi-nudity.

The violet does not care whether it is plucked by beggar or by king, so long as the hand that plucked it is gentle and the bosom it is placed within pure.

I would rather stoop to the coarse manners of some of God's lowliest laborers for hire, than to lower myself to the loose morals of some of His bluest-blooded princes.

There is only one thing more insufferable than the aggressively conceited man, and that is the good naturedly reminiscent one; you may snub the one cheerfully, but how can you have the heart to hurt the other's feelings?

"O, dear! I want somebody to pity me," writes a disheartened friend; "my nice garden, into which I have put so many weary hours of toil and care, was totally destroyed last night by a neighbor's cow." Of course I sympathize with her, and I have told her so; but I told her also—on the principle that misery loves company—that, looking backward (with apologies to Mr. Bellamy) I could see, scattered all along my twisting and turning pathway through life, the waste places of gardens that I have made for some neighbor's cow to desolate and destroy. Is it not so with all of us? Our gardens, perhaps, are not always composed of such homely, wholesome things as lettuce, radishes, pease and squashes, but the neighbor's cow is always somewhere around, and sooner or later puts her nose between our palings, and peers at us with inquisitive eyes, and finally plants her hoof in the center of our most cherished bed of blossoms. And now that I come to think of it, I wonder if *my* cow ever goes around poking her nose into other people's gardens.

If your lines have fallen into some quiet, unpretentious place, do not complain that it is dull and commonplace, and that "there is nothing to live for here," as I have heard so many do. Why, dear heart, there is no place on God's earth so bleak and barren, so quiet and lonely, so wind-swept and rain-beaten but that there is a great deal to live for right there, and when you have grown a little older you will see it with clear eyes; and you will, perhaps, look back to the country village and wish—O, how you will wish!—that you had been happy and content in that simple life. You will know, then, that it is nobler to live well a humdrum life, than to wear out body and mind and soul in a fever of gaiety and frivolity and to stretch out your empty hands always to something you can not seize. Better to sing babies to sleep in the soft twilights that fold down over a cottage home, than to loll in velvet carriages and laugh at the brainless nonsense that men of the world whisper into your jeweled ears. And better—far better—to dwell forever away from the lights, and the roar, and the temptations, and the sins of the city, with a clean heart and a pure soul, than to let the city's passionate unrest creep into your pulses and set them to beating in a mad chase after—death.

All trades have their tricks, it is said, and I find that there are a good many little tricks to the trade of authorship. For example, have you noticed how impossible it is lately for any writer, old or new—but especially

the latter—to say "there was a time?" It is invariably "time was." "Time was when these mountains were green with trees," et cetera. I might be persuaded that it is caused by a love of brevity, were it not that, on the very next page, we are confronted by "what time," used in place of that dear, old word "while." It is "what time the tempests on their heel-wings lag," instead of "while the tempests"—and so on. It is rather effective at first, but by and by, one grows pale at sight of it. It is like a black velvet bonnet trimmed with a spray of gold and red autumn leaves: the first one you see is ravishingly lovely, the second looks familiar, the third old, and the fourth haggard and unbearable. Now, if while reading a book or a magazine article, I stumble unexpectedly upon "time was" or "what time," I fold the covers of that book or magazine firmly together, and I say very softly and politely, but with the grimmest kind of determination: "No, thank you; I don't want any more of *you!*" You do not have to put on a flimsy silk and a paste diamond to prove to the world that you are a true woman; nor do you have to employ high-sounding and effective phrases to induce people to read what you write, if you have something to write which is worth reading.

"He is highly educated, a polished gentleman, and a charming conversationalist," they told me; so I felt rather in awe of him when he was presented to me. For fifteen minutes everything went on swimmingly—which I do hope is not slang. There was no need for me to say a word; I had only to lean back in my chair and look interested, surprised, amused, or consolatory, as his "charming conversation" required, and he did all the rest. He was "an eastern man," and he was quite sure that what he didn't know was not worth a thought, and our beautiful west was a "howling wilderness" to him. In his "highly educated and polished" way, he pitied all who dwelt in this heathen land. At the end of twenty minutes I trembled on the brink of an awful yawn, but recollecting in the nick of time how intensely interested I was, I conquered the temptation valiantly, though it cost me some tears and a dilation of the nostrils which I sincerely hope he did not observe. He seemed to recognize at a glance that I needed information and he gave it to me—O, right manfully and freely. There was no denying that he talked beautifully; but by and by, it did occur to me that I should love to hear the sound of my own voice once in a while. When, finally, at the end of an hour, he went away, beaming, I was convinced not only that he was a "charming conversationalist," but also that he was an unbearable egotist and a plain, common bore. And since that dreary day I have fought shy of "conversationalists," and cling to the good, old-fashioned "talker."

It is said that when a woman tips a waiter, she does it before she has been served, while a man always waits until after the service. This proves how deep and subtle is woman's wisdom. Waiters and Pullman car porters are specially attentive to men because their imaginative minds always see a possible tip in the near future, while they are usually unattentive to women unaccompanied by an escort. Therefore, if a woman wishes to secure extra service and attention, she should give the attendant to understand beforehand in a quiet, dignified way that she means to pay him. At the same time, there is something repulsive to a refined woman in the very thought of slipping fifty cents into the black palm of a burly negro, merely to persuade him not to be indecently rude to her when she is traveling alone. It would be more sensible and modest, I think, for each woman who is not treated politely and attentively by employes who are paid by a company for such service to quietly put in a complaint at headquarters. If each woman would do this, it would soon become safer and pleasanter for women to travel alone. No company wishes to get such a reputation for careless attention to women that they will hesitate to travel alone over their lines. About a year ago a gentleman tried to engage a stateroom for his wife on a Puget sound boat, but could only secure one berth, as the purser informed him that he must put two ladies in each room. When the gentleman's wife entered the stateroom late at night, she found the lower berth occupied by a woman of bad repute. She immediately returned to the cabin, and sending for the purser, requested him to remove the woman from the room. He became very indignant, and tried to crush her with his lordliness and high-mightiness, sneeringly informing her that her husband had understood that another "lady" was to occupy the room with her. Then she looked him, quietly and modestly and unflinchingly, straight in the eye, and said she, very low but sternly: "Did my husband give you permission to insult me? Either you remove the woman from my room, or I sit here in this cabin all night, and when we reach our destination, report your conduct at headquarters. We will see if the company wishes it known that a woman can not travel on its boats without receiving insult." In twenty minutes she had full possession of her stateroom, and was treated with the most obsequious politeness for the remainder of the trip—and without giving anybody any "tips" too. And when, a month later, she returned on the same boat, the purser came to her courteously and asked her to designate which of the ladies in the cabin she preferred to share her stateroom. And she smilingly "designated."

DON'T BLAME HIM.

"Oh, dear! dear!"
 "What's the matter?"
 "Why, just as I looked at that man a gnat
 flew in my eye, and I had to wink."
 "Well?"
 "Well, he winked, too."

ECONOMICAL.

"I think we'll make our own soap here-
 after," remarked Mrs. Snodgrass.
 "Where will you get your lye?" asked her
 husband.
 "From you!" and Snodgrass, who had just
 been explaining his late return the night before,
 glued his eyes to the morning paper.

"Your generosity deserves a prompt re-
 turn," wrote the editor on the back of a man-
 uscript and addressed an envelope to the donor.

AT THE PENITENTIARY.

WARDEN—Well, what would you like to
 work at while you are here?
 NEW ARRIVAL—At my own trade, if you
 please, sir.
 WARDEN—What is that?
 NEW ARRIVAL—I'm an Arctic explorer,
 sir.

AMY—Mr. Dolley seems to be in a grave
 study.
 MABEL—Yes; he's buried in thought.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

'T was bright autumnal weather;
 The golden sun had set;
 Mabel and I together
 Were lingering even yet.

The dews from heaven distilling
 Dropped down with noiseless flight;
 But still we seemed unwilling
 To say the last good-night.

We told each other stories
 That we had known of yore—
 The elfin monarch's glories,
 The faries' magic store;

Aladdin's genii's labors,
 And Bluebeard's murdered wives,
 And Jack, whose trusty saber
 Cut short the giants' lives.

And ever love grew stronger,
 With Mabel at my side;
 Till at the last no longer
 Could I my fond heart hide.

I spoke; and when I ended,
 My cheeks with passion pale,
 She softly murmured "Splendid!
 A splendid fairy tale!"

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

IT BROKE HIS HEART.

DOLLIVER—Very sad suicide, that, in
 Rome; Count Barberini, young, accom-
 plished—

POMPANO—Do you mean the man who
 married the Bumblethorpe heiress?

DOLLIVER—Yes.

POMPANO—What was the cause?

DOLLIVER—Don't know exactly, but it is
 rumored that she absolutely refused to let
 him thrash her.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Great yellow posters stare from fences round,
 That tell of wonders at the county fair.
 Then comes the day. Both maid and matron bear
 Green tidies, quilts, lamp mats and brodered gownd,
 And place them where they never can be found.
 The farmer brings his biggest squashes there,
 Which, with potato, cabbage, apple, pear,
 Would even Mother Ceres much astound.
 Within the pens the ram with horn that curls,
 Fat hog and cow compete to draw a crowd.
 Gaunt youths with broad brim hats and high heel boots
 Chew ginger bread and gum with giggling girls;
 While from the track vociferations loud
 Are mingled with the band's discordant toots.

H. L. W.

SHE SMILED TOO HEARTILY.

JACK—And did Miss Sweetfigures smile upon your
 suit?

JIM—Smile! She did more—she laughed at it!



INCREASED THE EDITION.

IRATE VISITOR—See here, I sent for a copy of your last week's issue,
 and you sent me a photograph of a baby.
 EDITOR—Well, that's it; he was born last week.

IDEAS ARE DEAR.

She looked at him,
 With gaze that might
 Well charm the heart
 Of an anchorite,
 And softly said,
 With smile so sweet,
 A saint would draw
 To her tiny feet,
 "I've
 an
 Idea"

A rush of love
 Too strong to hold
 Came o'er his heart
 And made him bold.
 He seized her hand
 And slowly said
 While coyly drooped
 Her gold-crowned head.
 "You've
 two
 eyes,
 dear." W.

JUST A YOUNG ONE.

"They had a big tornado in Kansas while
 I was there," remarked an eastern visitor to
 a Dakota native.

"Did it drive wheat straws through inch
 boards?"

"Not that I heard of."

"Then it wasn't much of a tornado."

"Who is that talking so loudly?"

"Why, that's Bobbett, the celebrated
 pugilist."

"I never heard of his fighting anyone."

"Oh, he doesn't fight; but he has issued
 more newspaper challenges than any man
 in the world."

Lumbermen and mariners keep a log book.

The pig-pen is mightier than the quill.

Never mind—Matter.

Scraps of history—Battles.

"Say, I've got a fine scheme,
 where you can double your
 money in a month!"

"You ought to take it to the
 watchmakers."

"What for?"

"Why, they handle all kinds
 of snide movements."

Two attenuated specimens of
 the genus dude were strolling
 down Washington street the
 other day in the wake of an ex-
 ceedingly tall and amply pro-
 portioned dame, when one of
 them ventured the remark to
 his companion—"She's tall,
 Fred, isn't she?"

The insulted amazon quickly
 turned about, and transfixing
 the startled youths with her
 flashing eyes, said, in a deep
 and terrible voice—

"Stall-fed, eh? If you were
 stall-fed for a couple of weeks
 maybe your clothes wouldn't
 flop around like Mother Hub-
 bard wrappers on a pair of
 broomsticks."

NO PROSPECT OF IT.

"No," said the man, "I can't give nuthin'.
 Charity begins to hum, you know."

"It will be a long time before your charity is
 lively enough to hum," replied the collector.

HER NOTIONS OF GRAMMAR.

MISS DE HUB—And those dear little squirrels
 that sported under the hedge last summer, where
 are they now?

MISS RUSTIC—Oh, they're holed up for the win-
 ter.

MISS DE HUB—Ugh! My dear, your notions of
 grammar make me shiver; I presume you mean
 held up.

A BRUTE.

HE (looking dreamily into his cup)—What's
 this?—A miracle?

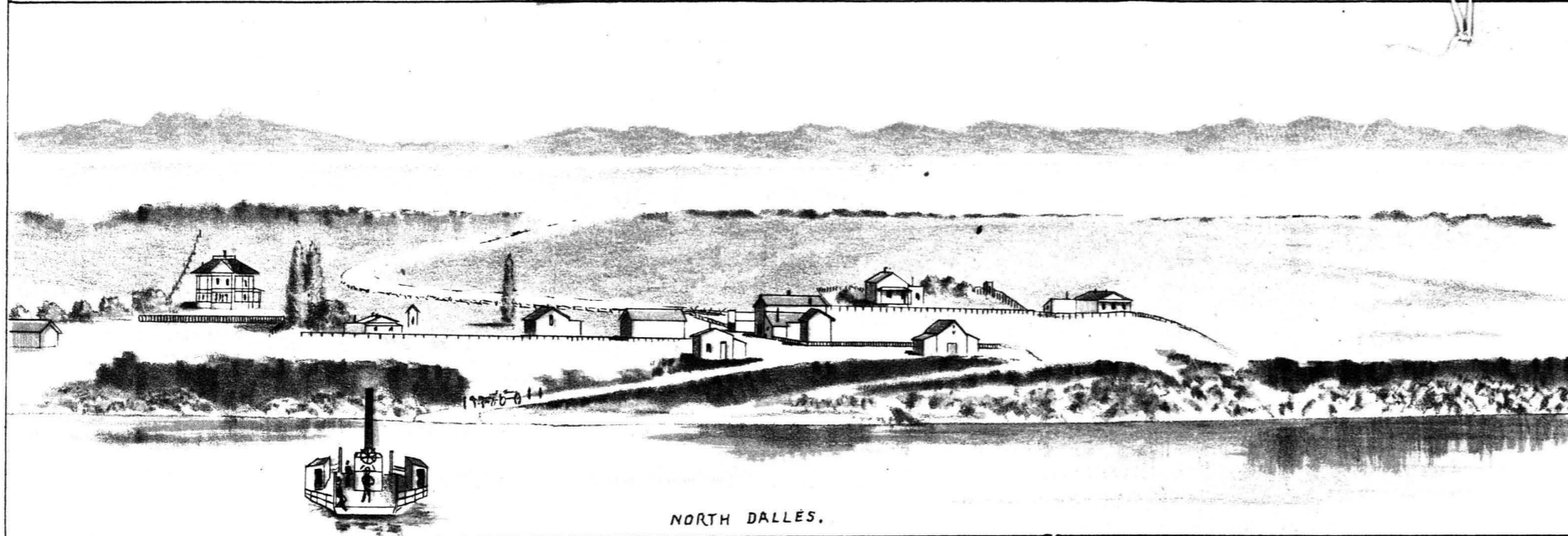
SHE (indignantly)—Why, no; that's coffee, and
 good coffee, too!

HE—Well, isn't that a miracle?

West Shore



GRAND DALLES AND TERMINAL BAY.



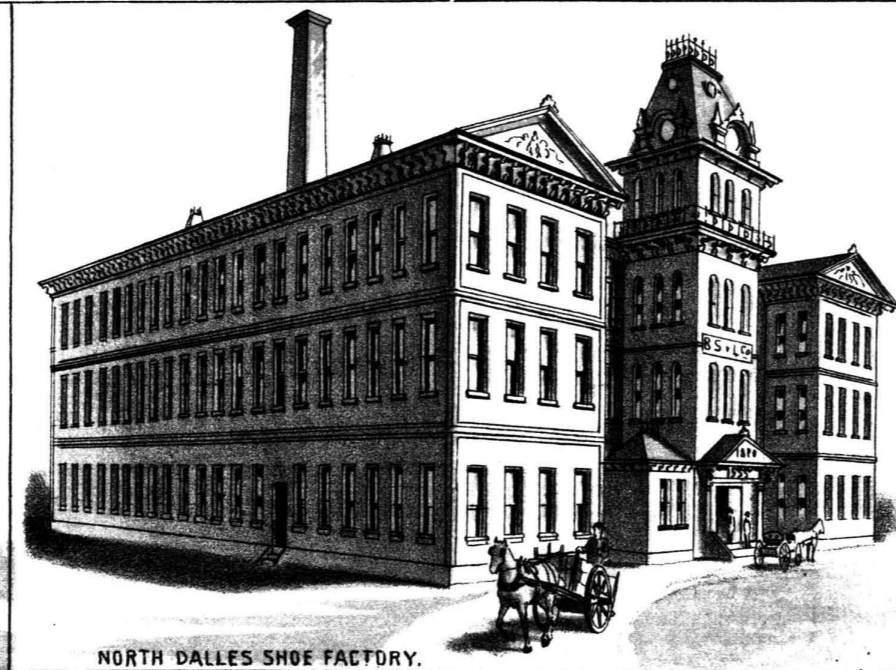
NORTH DALLES.



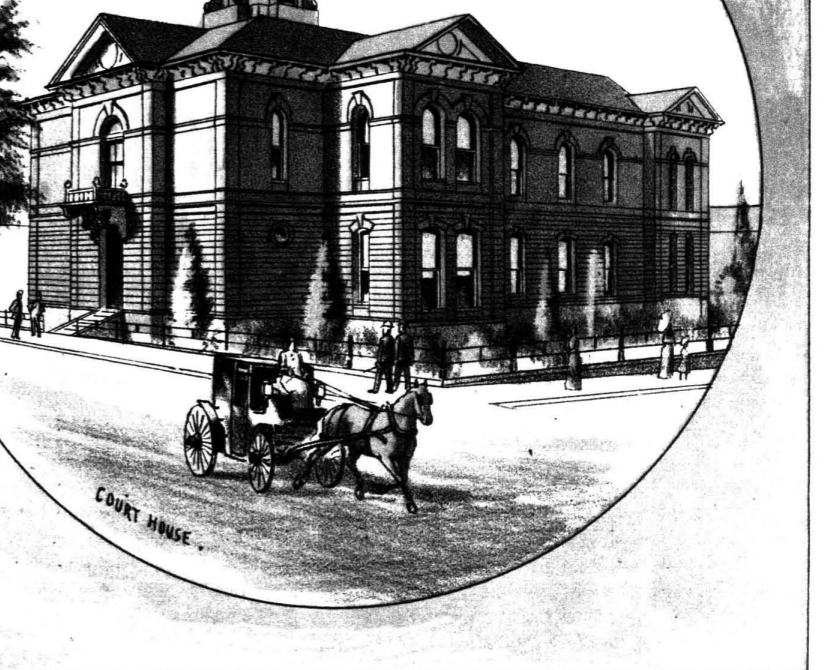
OPERA HOUSE.



WASCO INDEPENDENT ACADEMY.



NORTH DALLES SHOE FACTORY.



COURT HOUSE.

THE DALLES AND VICINITY.

The Dalles, Vancouver and Astoria are the three historic towns on the Columbia river. They are the oldest towns in the northwest and about them cluster most of the important events in the early history of this country. The Dalles is the farthest up the river of the three. It is located at the foot of the greatest obstruction in the channel of the Columbia, from which the city takes its name. The Canadian voyageurs and other westward bound pilgrims of the early day experienced more or less serious inconvenience in being obliged to make a portage around the dalles of the river, and the aborigines of that locality were always troublesome. Their thievish propensities were abnormally developed. With the exception of the comparatively small obstruction at the cascades the river was free from the dalles to the sea, and where The Dalles was built seemed an advantageous point to establish a settlement. In 1838 the Methodists located a mission there, and the Catholics two years later did the same, both of which have been maintained to the present time. During the Indian war of 1855-58, The Dalles was the base of military operations, and a military post was established on the lightly timbered slope back of where the town is located. After about a decade the post was abandoned, but during its continuance it served an important purpose. When the interior country became sufficiently settled to render commercial channels necessary The Dalles became an important point on the river and as the volume of business increased the town at the lower end of the portage grew and at length became a live commercial city. The building of the Oregon Railway & Navigation line up the Columbia gave the town an additional prominence and pushed it ahead in a business way. The railway shops were located there as the most convenient point on the division. The wide stretch of fertile country to the southward became attractive to settlers and the vast quantities of produce from that section sought shipment by way of The Dalles. Thus it became a market of the first importance.

The Dalles is the seat of justice of Wasco which is one of the largest counties in Oregon and has a great variety of physical features and productions. The county lies east of the crest of the Cascade mountains, including within its limits that famous old peak Mount Hood, and its northern border is washed by the Columbia river. At The Dalles the river is 1,500 feet wide and of an average depth at low water of eighty-five feet. In the eastern part of the county the rise back from the river is quite gradual but in the west it is abrupt where the stream cuts its way through the heart of the rugged mountain range.

The mountainous section is covered with valuable timber. It would seem to be a difficult problem to get the timber out of so rugged a country but it is solved very easily. Saw mills are put in operation in the mountain fastnesses and the lumber is "flumed" out to the city at very small expense.

The Dalles claims the distinction of being the largest primary wool market in the United States. The annual shipments from that section aggregate about 5,000,000 pounds. Wool is marketed at The Dalles from interior points 200 miles distant, and that is the greatest wool raising section of the state. Since the first of this year about 125,000 sheep pelts have been shipped from the city and a large number of hides would also have been marketed but for the extremely low price which made it hardly worth the while to bother with them. The live stock shipments this season will aggregate about 300 cars. About 200,000 bushels of grain are sent away and a flour mill with a capacity of 100 barrels daily is kept running on the local product. Probably a quarter of the grain supply comes from Klickitat county, Washington, on the opposite side of the river, and a good deal of other farm produce from the other side finds a market in The Dalles. A steam ferry plies on the river, rendering communication across the stream easy.

A short time ago The Dalles issued bonds to the amount of \$100,000 for funds to improve its water works plant. The credit of the city was so good that the bonds brought \$101,100. The work of improving the water service is now in progress. The city has macadamized streets, a good sewerage system and electric lights. A franchise has been granted for an electric street railway. The Dalles has excellent educational advantages. In addition to four public schools buildings, in which fourteen teachers are employed, there is the Wasco Independent Academy and a Catholic boarding school for girls. The city has half a dozen churches. There are two weekly

newspapers, three hotels and three banking houses, two of the latter being national. The business buildings are of brick and stone and of modern styles of architecture. One of the finest theaters in Eastern Oregon is located in The Dalles. The value of building improvements made during the past year in the city exceeds \$250,000. All the public buildings are creditable structures.

Just across the river from the city of The Dalles is the town of North Dalles. It is on a gentle slope rising to a shelf at a moderate elevation above the river, affording as fine a location for a town as could be found anywhere. There have been a few houses on that side of the river for a number of years but the movement lately indicates the establishment of a flourishing city on the north side of the river. The road affording an outlet to the greater portion of Klickitat county, Washington, reaches the Columbia at that point. The location is so favorable that a large shoe manufacturing concern is about to erect a factory at North Dalles that will employ 500 hands and will turn out 125 cases of boots and shoes daily when completed. Construction has already been begun and a portion of the plant is under contract to be in operation in February. This one factory will be sufficient to give employment to the inhabitants of a good sized town. The land has been platted though it is not yet on the market. Some idea of the factory may be obtained from the engraving on another page of this paper. A steam ferry plies between North Dalles and The Dalles rendering communication at all times convenient, and the advantages in favor of the former place as a pleasant residence locality are likely to make that attractive for those who do business on the Oregon side of the river. The property all around the town plat is valuable, which contributes not a little to the desirableness of the platted portion itself. Its growth must be rapid and by the time the shoe factory is completed it will have 1,000 inhabitants.

Immediately below the dalles of the river there is a considerable enlargement of the stream and what is known as Terminal bay indents the Washington shore. It has an area of several acres of deep water and seems calculated by nature for accommodating the river commerce that must make the portage around the obstruction in the channel of the stream. The boat railway, which the government proposes to construct between the navigable portions of the Columbia at that point, will commence at Terminal bay and run up the river some nine miles to the open water above Celilo falls. A bill appropriating \$2,800,000 for that enterprise passed the United States senate at the last session of congress, but as usual with appropriations of that character it did not become a law in the congress in which the measure was

formulated. No other feasible scheme for circumventing that obstruction so navigation has been proposed, however, and the plan will surely be adopted and carried into operation before long. This one enterprise will be sufficient to sustain a city on Terminal bay. A town has been platted there and called Grand Dalles. The Farmers & Merchants' railway, designed primarily to afford better portage facilities than are now enjoyed, and also intended to reach a tract of productive country that has not had adequate transportation, starts from Grand Dalles. The iron on this road is now being laid and trains will be running early next year. This company also contemplates running a line of steamers to Portland. The Hunt road is being located along the river on its way to Portland, and will pass through the newly-platted town. The river is so narrow at the dalles that it can be easily bridged there, and railways contemplating crossing the stream are anxious to get control of that point for a bridge, and congress has granted the right to erect such a structure there. It is likely that The Dalles, Klickitat & Goldendale road will soon construct a line through Klickitat county to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Kennewick. This line is definitely located and will have terminal facilities and shops at Grand Dalles. The Great Northern has also asked for terminal grounds there. The town promises to be the greatest railroad center in Eastern Oregon. The location is most admirable for a city, and the transportation lines aiming for that point insure its commercial prominence. The townsite is level, it has picturesque surroundings, and is so located that it will command a large volume of the business of the inland empire.

The engravings presented on another page of this paper give a good idea of the river, looking southwest from Grand Dalles, and shows some of the improvements that have been made about both the old town and the new sites. The buildings compare favorably with any in the state.



THE VOGT BLOCK, THE DALLES, OREGON.



THE FAR WEST

IDAHO'S RESOURCES AND PROGRESS.

Up to the time Idaho applied for admission into the sisterhood of states, it was popularly believed to be a barren waste of sage brush table lands and mountain heights, whose only feature of usefulness would be a permanent sporting ground for jack rabbits and cayotes. This belief was fostered principally by those entirely unacquainted with the territory, except as it appeared on the maps of their old school geographies. No special occasion had ever before offered for presenting Idaho's claim to public attention, and as a consequence her growth and development had been comparatively slow and unnoticed by the country generally. Those who had settled there and were thoroughly acquainted with the resources and had unbounded faith in her future, eagerly seized the opportunity of presenting an array of statistics and pressing her claims to being one of the best portions of the United States for the conduct of any kind of enterprise. Her leading resource, of course, is the mineral wealth of her mountains. The fame of her gold mines has traversed the entire globe, and her copper mines, while not developed to the extent of some of the older states, bid fair to exceed in value any yet discovered. The large majority of early arrivals in the state were imbued with the popular idea that mining was the only industry that could be made profitable there, and except to a limited extent this was correct, circumstances being as they then were. To all appearances the rocky hills and wide stretches of table land were a barren desert, and the only farming and gardening carried on for a number of years was confined to the lowlands bordering the streams, and the narrow valleys leading up to the tops of the mountains where the melting snows supplied water for the irrigation of crops. The greater part of the soil of Idaho is of volcanic ash and lava, and the streams flowing through the state have cut deep channels, and as a rule run far below the level of the country. The few fields of grain and garden patches grown, however, demonstrated the fact that water was all that was required to make the soil productive, but the heavy expense of constructing irrigating canals or establishing pumping stations along the water courses, served to retard the agricultural growth of the state. To enlist the interest of capitalists in such enterprises was a herculean undertaking, but the indomitable energy and pluck of the pioneers of Idaho finally triumphed, and have resulted in the state being threaded in all directions by huge canals, bearing water to hundreds of thousands of acres of land which now yield golden harvests of grain and teem with orchards of luscious fruit, where but a few years ago the only vegetation to be seen was the russet sage brush and greasewood. The agricultural possibilities of the state are now second only to the mineral, and as the fertility of the soil and bountiful water supply become better known, it may be but a few years until the revenue derived from tilling the soil will exceed that of any other calling. The valleys through which flow the rivers are sheltered from the cold blasts of winter, and being supplied with an abundant flow of water from the melting snow and ice in the mountains are especially adapted to producing the very finest fruits. The yields of some of the orchards in the valleys of the Snake and Boise rivers are almost incredible, and accounts of them, to one unacquainted with the facts, read almost like fairy tales. Cattle and sheep also thrive there, the sides of the hills too rugged for agricultural purposes furnishing a splendid range for them during the summer months. Immense crops of hay and alfalfa are raised for their maintenance in winter, and stock raising has been found to be very profitable. High up in the mountains are found immense forests of the finest timber in the world, which as yet have scarcely been touched. The lumbering industry is in its infancy, and promises with the growth of the other resources to assume gigantic proportions. The power afforded by the streams is used for operating mills in the valleys, while the water in its descent from the mountains is also utilized for floating logs from the camps above.

The enumeration of resources of this new candidate for public favor might be continued almost indefinitely, as its possibilities are practically unlimited. It offers an attractive field for investments for the capitalist, and the laborer is afforded an opportunity to win for himself a competency by a few years of well-directed toil. The citizens are progressive, honest and open-hearted, and gladly welcome accessions to their number from the over crowded sections of the east and elsewhere.

MINING IN ALASKA.

Prospectors have been busy in the interior of Alaska during the year just closing, and already the annual glowing reports of the fabulous wealth

stored away in that frigid region are being scattered broadcast. One thing noticeable is that it is still stored there and the prospectors fail to bring it away with them. That the interior streams of Alaska have immense deposits of the precious metal is not to be denied, but the means necessary for obtaining and marketing it are not at the command of the average party attracted by the statements made by prospectors who have worked over the country. Nothing, practically, has been done in the way of development. There are no railroads or steamboat lines in operation, and the only means of communication between the coast cities and the interior is by pack trains, rafts and the primitive Indian canoe, and even were the entire mountains solid masses of rich ore, the ordinary miner would be none the better off. The climate of the interior portion of Alaska is extremely cold, and the working season during the summer is very short, so that but a fraction of the year can be employed in prosecuting actual work. Supplies have to be carried over the pack trails, and owing to the rugged nature of the country, and the fact that snow lies on the ground late in spring and appears early in the fall, nearly the entire season is consumed in getting a sufficient store accumulated to last during the long, severe winter, particularly if the miner penetrate far into the interior. Then, too, mining can not be carried on without water, and as the streams freeze early in the season, this necessary article is soon a scarcity. Parties who have had experience in mining on the Yukon have repeatedly given warning to prospectors and small parties of miners with limited means, and the exact state of affairs as detailed by them has been published time and again, and yet, the romantic tinge given such a trip by a recital of the adventures encountered seems to outweigh the cool judgment of men of intelligence. Until railroads are built which will permit of supplies and appliances required for successfully operating mines being taken in, and reduce the time and expense of reaching the mines, no marked progress can be made in the mineral development of the interior. Occasional finds are made of rich placer claims, where a man has succeeded in securing a quantity of nuggets and dust in a short time, and it is the reports of these that excite the average miner until his imagination pictures Alaska to him as one vast pocket of gold only awaiting someone to carry it away. Men of small means can not prosecute work successfully, and many, after demonstrating this to their own satisfaction, and enduring almost untold hardships, gradually change from earnest prospectors to eager pocket hunters, and finally drift back to the coast cities with nothing to show for their season's work, and frequently without the means for paying passage back to their homes. WEST SHORE has twice before published experiences of deluded miners who have been tempted to undertake, single-handed, work requiring unlimited capital, but the warning is soon forgotten, and each year witnesses the return of a fresh band of enthusiasts who were guided by their cupidity rather than their sober judgment.

A dam is being built across the Bruneau river, in the northern part of Owyhee county, Idaho, for the purpose of raising the water of that stream to a height that will admit of its being taken out by means of canals and distributed over the surrounding country for irrigation purposes. The dam will be thirty-four feet high and 175 feet long. The foundation will be built in the most substantial manner, and bedded in cement. Eighteen feet from the top of the dam will be placed two thirty-six inch iron pipes, so that in case of there being a sudden rise in the river, the waste water can be discharged through them. Iron gates will be placed on the ends of the pipes that can be easily raised or lowered at pleasure. A roll-way 100 feet wide will be placed on top of the dam, built of iron, so arranged that an immense amount of water can be discharged over it, without tearing away any of the stone work below. To prevent any surprise by the sudden rising of the river, a gate will be made in the flume built from the dam, so that a large volume of water can be carried through it and emptied into the river below should the water pipes and roll-way fail to carry away the water fast enough. This enterprise was commenced some four years since, but a sudden rise in the river caused by heavy rains last spring carried away the dam, and in rebuilding, the company is putting in a structure which it is thought will withstand any pressure that may be brought to bear upon it, and which will also give increased service for irrigation.

An effort is being made at Weston, Oregon, to organize a company for the manufacture of pottery ware of different kinds. A large deposit of clay has been discovered near the town, and several tests of samples have proved it to be of excellent quality. Market could be found for the output of such an establishment throughout Eastern Oregon and Washington, and Weston would derive a great deal of benefit from it.

The Old Fellows of Roseburg are contemplating the erection of a fine brick building in that city. It will contain store rooms, a lodge room and an opera hall. The lodge owns one of the finest business corners in the city, and such a building would doubtless prove to be a paying investment besides being an ornament to the town.

HOW MINING PAYS.

As an evidence of how mining pays, as an investment, we give below a carefully prepared table, a glance at which will be found interesting. The table is made up from the listed dividend-paying mines of the states or territories quoted, and does not include many mines which pay enormous profits on the money invested, such, for instance, as the Anaconda group of mines, in Montana, which are believed to pay even greater profits than the celebrated Granite Mountain. The list covers a wide expanse of territory and includes fifty-two mines, all noted dividend payers, and has been compiled from January 1, 1890, up to September, 1890, a period of eight months. Montana, as usual, will be found at the head of the column:

Montana, eleven mines.....	\$2,836,566
Michigan, eight mines.....	2,580,000
Utah, five mines.....	1,245,000
Colorado, eleven mines.....	534,000
Nevada, three mines.....	347,000
California, seven mines.....	310,000
South Dakota, two mines.....	140,000
New Mexico, one mine.....	100,000
Mexico, two mines.....	98,700
Idaho, one mine.....	60,000
Ontario, one mine.....	37,500
Arizona, one mine.....	30,000
Total.....	\$8,363,766

The current value of the Calumet and Hecla mine, of Michigan, is reported as \$30,900,000; the Granite Mountain, of Montana, a mine which pays \$200,000 in dividends every month as regular as clock work, \$18,000,000. The Alice is rated at \$1,080,000; Boston and Montana \$7,375,000; Elkhorn, \$1,600,000; Empire, \$225,000; Hope, \$400,000; Drum Lummon, \$6,358,000 and the Moulton at \$200,000. The Jay Gould, Hecla, Iron Mountain, Parrot and several other famous Montana mines are not quoted.—*Montana Mining Review*.

The assessor of Crook county, Or., returns property valued at \$1,208,860 as subject to taxation, which, as compared with 1889, shows a decrease of \$101,412. This falling off is due to the losses on live stock sustained during the long and severe winter of last year. In 1889 there were 222,137 sheep assessed, while this year only 142,618 were returned, showing a decrease of 79,519. The number of horses has diminished 2,125, and cattle 6,849. Taken with the consequent decrease in value of other kinds of property as a result of the losses sustained by the stockraisers, the total reaches \$255,483; and when the difference between the whole amount returned for 1889 and 1890 is considered, it is readily seen that the country has made substantial gains, aside from the calamity which befell its leading industry. The county has at present 95,342 acres of deeded land, valued at \$319,045. The Oregon Pacific railroad is building eastward through the Cascade mountains from the Pacific coast, on its way to a connection with a transcontinental line. This road will traverse the entire length of Crook county from east to west, and will afford shipping facilities to the producers and stock raisers of that section which will place them in direct connection with the markets of the world, and will result in a rapid increase in both wealth and population. Another railroad is projected to penetrate that section, the Southern Pacific railway company having signified its intention of building such a road, the branch leaving the main line somewhere in California and running northeastward through the central part of the state, crossing Crook county from south to north. This line will be of incalculable benefit to Crook county, as it will give it connection with all the transcontinental lines now in operation in the state.

The railroads now in course of construction in the state of Montana are the Missoula & Cœur d'Alene cut off, the western extension of the Great Northern, The Great Falls & Alberta, a portion of the Cooke City & Rocky Fork branch of the Northern Pacific and a number of smaller branches of the three trunk lines in the state. Four thousand men are now employed on the Missoula cut off. The road is being constructed by the Northern Pacific and it is expected to have it completed to the state line by November 1st. When this road is finished the main line of the Northern Pacific will be via Post Falls, Cœur d'Alene City and the Cœur d'Alene mining region instead of making the detour around Lake Pend d'Oreille. About twenty-five miles of the extension of the Great Northern railway have been completed west of Fort Assinaboine, and the contractors are increasing their force of men, so as to complete the 108 miles to the summit of the mountains before being compelled to quit work for the winter. On the Great Falls & Alberta only a few miles of track remains to be laid to complete the line from Great Falls to Lethbridge, Alberta. This road is being built by the Alberta Coal company to secure a market. The Northern Pacific is pushing the work on the branch to Cooke City, but the refusal of congress to grant right of way across a portion of Yellowstone park will delay its completion.

One of the most encouraging features of the mining outlook is the fact that so many of the smaller and individual operators are at work around in the hills. Original locators and miners who have long held promising prospects, merely representing from year to year, are now getting out and marketing little lots of ore all over the country and realizing encouragingly. Many of the older and bigger producing mines are being worked by lessees on small scales at considerable profit. This is certainly favorable to the region and indicates that it is by no means played out. Such operations will encourage the companies and investors who have, through depreciation in values of silver and lead for some years past, experienced discouragement and depression, while the attention of other investors and capitalists will be drawn to the promising situation.—*Keystone, Ketchum, Idaho*.

For over a quarter of a century has the soil of Grand Ronde valley been cultivated, and during all that time has never failed to yield a passable crop of grain, hay, and vegetables, and all except two or three seasons, the yield has been phenomenally large. The crop just gathered is one to rejoice the heart of the farmer and make the whole community glad. When we consider the repeated failure of crops in whole states, the terrible disasters in nearly all sections of the country from floods, cyclones, hurricanes, hail and thunder storms, earthquakes and epidemic diseases, from all of which we are entirely exempt, we can not but feel a glow of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Author of all good things, for the many blessings we enjoy, as compared with almost any other locality.—*Summerville Annotator*.

The Oregon City cannery is manufacturing 100 barrels of cider per day now, as apples are plentiful and being delivered at the works. After the juice is pressed out it is filtered by a process which removes the active agent in fermentation, which renders it possible to keep it sweet for an indefinite time. The pomace is leached and the product converted into vinegar. An evaporator is also in operation day and night and disposes of four and one-half tons of prunes at a time. Appliances for the manufacture of jelly have been added, and a large quantity of that delicacy will be put upon the market soon. For the next season's work more room will be needed and the company will erect more buildings.

The famous emotional actress, Clara Morris, will begin a week's engagement at the Marquam Grand on Monday evening next, presenting an unusually interesting repertoire. Miss Morris is in robust health this season and her work is marked by an enthusiasm and ripeness of that superb power which has always been hers. The repertoire will include "The New Magdalen," "Camille," "Renee de Moray," "Miss Multon" and Sardou's "Odette." The company will be composed of the very best material, especially chosen for their fitness in the several roles for which they are cast.

A new town has been laid out sixteen miles above Mehema, where the Oregon Pacific crosses the north fork of the Santiam. The townsite embraces fifteen acres, and is on the land of Clarence Brown. It is now the eastern terminus of the Oregon Pacific, and contains a saw mill and about fifteen houses, among them a schoolhouse in course of construction. A postoffice will at once be petitioned for. The new town is in Marion county, and Niagara is the name chosen for it.

"In order to encourage a laudible enterprise," the *Milton Eagle* is offering, until the first of November, to give one year's subscription free to each young couple who will "decide to relinquish the pleasures of single blessedness and agree to live together for the balance of their natural lives." Great inducement, certainly.

The track laying on the Fairhaven & Northern has been completed from Fairhaven northward to Ferndale and a train was put on the road this week. A considerable stretch of the line from New Westminster south is also laid and the whole road will be under operation by the end of the year.

The Great Northern company has three surveying parties at work in the Cascade mountains north of the Northern Pacific and south of Skagit pass. The road will be in operation between Seattle and Fairhaven early next year and incidentally it will tap some rich coal and iron mines.

The council of Eugene City has granted a franchise to a company to construct a street railway in that place, to be operated by horses, electricity or cable, and has limited the time of construction of the two miles of track to five years, under penalty of forfeiture of the rights given.

ACRE TRACTS, also lots near Willamette Falls Free Bridge. Former Land Office, Oregon City.

RAND & DOW,
Architects,
SPOKANE FALLS, WASH.

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WATER WIZARD (manipulating the divining rod)—Now, sir, here it is, jest as I tho't. The p'int of the rod drapped right thar. Dig right down straight, an' if ther' is a vein thar, why, yer shore to hit it. Two Dol-lars.

OLD HAYSEED—Bully! Now here; feel in the pa'm o' my han' here, an' ef thar's two dollars thar you git it. —Harper's Bazar.

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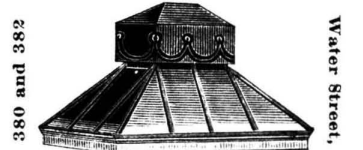
A BAD BREAK.

KIPLEY—Have a pleasant time at her house last night?

SPOONER—Yes; made a bad break, though.

KIPLEY—Say something you didn't intend to?

SPOONER—No; I broke the front gate getting away from the dog.—Munsey's Weekly.



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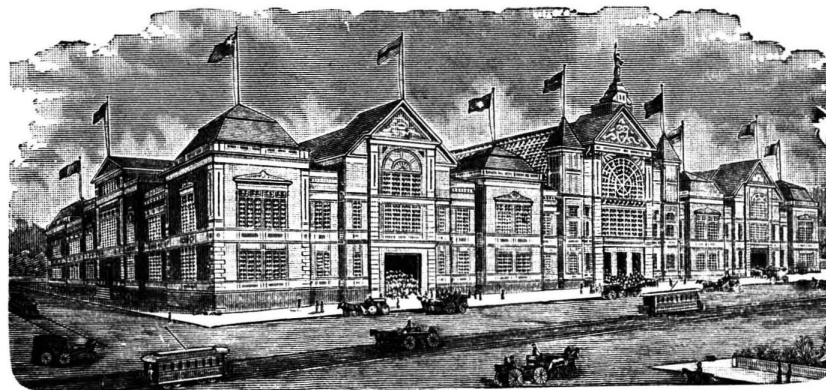
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State.....	Thursday	" 16
Oregon.....	Monday	" 20
Columbia.....	Friday	" 24
State.....	Tuesday	" 28
Oregon.....	Saturday	Nov. 1

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Columbia.....	Tuesday	" 7
State.....	Saturday	" 11
Oregon.....	Wednesday	" 15
Columbia.....	Sunday	" 19
State.....	Thursday	" 23
Oregon.....	Monday	" 27
Columbia.....	Friday	" 31

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MR. CRIMSON LAKE—You don't mean it. When was that?

MR. VAN DYKE BROWN—That was when I raised my mustache. No one saw it.—*Texas Cartoon.*

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San Fran...9:00 p. m.	Portland...9:35 a. m.

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

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It takes away the sting of regret that he is no longer young when a man sees his wife washing her son behind the ears.—*Atchison Globe.*

JONES—Where is Brown, Miss Smith?

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS SMITH—Oh, he has gone home, I believe.

JONES—Indeed! Why was that?
 THE B. MISS S.—Oh, because I wouldn't walk with him. So ridiculous! I couldn't walk with a man covered with tar.

JONES—Of course not. How did he get into that mess.

THE B. MISS S.—Climbing some pailings to pick me a flower I fancied.—*Jester.*

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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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Said Captain Flat to Sharp, the mate,
"Please tell me what's the weather's state."
"It's raining cats and dogs quite fast—
A bark and yawl have just gone past."
Light.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—Well, darling, how is breakfast this morning; better than yesterday?

MR. YOUNGBRIDE—Oh, yes; very good; capital! Muskmelons seem rather soft, though.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—Oh, dear! I can't understand that. I told the cook to boil them three minutes.—
America.

MISTRESS—Mary, what are you doing with that clock?

MARY (with the servants' bedroom clock under her arm)—Plaze, mum, Oim takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out av order, mum. Ivery morning at foive o'clock it goes all to paces, an' makes such a racket Oi can't slape.—
New York Weekly.

The time is fast approaching when the visitor to the sanctum will step in smiling and confident, and just as he is about to say—

"Here is a little thing I have just dashed off," he will be paralyzed by a voice exclaiming in tones of thunder—

"Go back and shut the door!"—
Boston Courier.

"Please, sir, give me aid. My wife and children are starving."

"Who are you?"

"I am a knight of labor ordered out on a strike by our leaders."

"Well, I'm a walking delegate, on my way to Lenox to join my family, who are spending the summer there. I have no time to stop, but here's ten cents for you."—
Norristown Herald.

A paper recently started in Idaho has for its motto: Grasp all in sight and hustle for more.—
Good News.

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.

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

FAIRHAVEN'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

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

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

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

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

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



WEEK OCTOBER 13,
THE FAMOUS

CLARA MORRIS

IN A

Repertoire of Great Plays

NEXT ATTRACTION, THE CRYSTAL SLIPPER.

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.

West Shore



WITH APOLOGIES TO "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."