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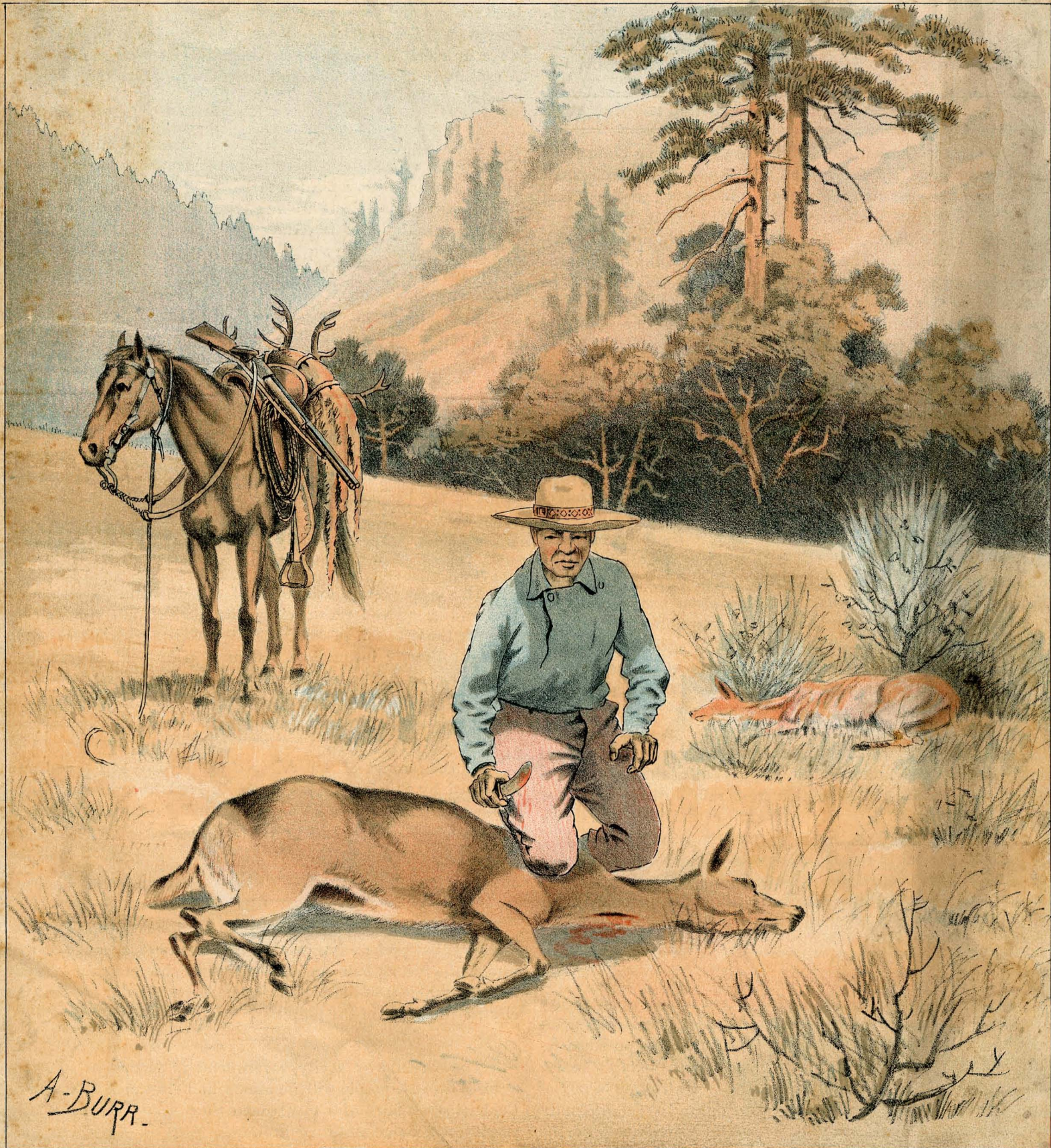
# West Shore

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THE DEER SKINNER.



# West Shore

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

WEST SHORE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHER,

L. SAMUEL, General Manager,

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

The organization of the "West Shore Publishing Company" has been completed by the election of the following directors, all well known business men of Portland: L. Samuel, president and manager; J. Frank Watson, vice president; E. A. King, secretary; H. C. Wortman, treasurer; Chas. E. Ladd, Herbert Bradley and T. F. Osborn. The aim of WEST SHORE will be to present to its readers an art and literary journal that will not only be creditable to the region in which it is published, but will aid materially in building up and developing its resources. This work its increased facilities will enable it to perform still better than in the past.

FROM every portion of the great Mississippi valley come reports of a failure of crops. Wheat, corn and potatoes, those three great staples, are not one-half an average, except in a few favored and not extended localities. Fruit, also, and hops fare no better. In marked contrast with this is the condition of agriculture in the Pacific northwest. Reports from every section are to the effect that the harvest has been a bountiful one, and that this, in connection with the higher prices prevailing, causes a feeling of easiness in business circles. Yet this was not unexpected. During the forty years that agriculture has been carried on in this region there has never been a crop failure that was at all general in its nature. The conditions of agriculture are almost perfect: A rich and responsive soil; copious rains in winter to saturate the ground, with frequent showers during the most important portion of the growing season; absence of hot, dry winds or of a burning sun to scorch vegetation after the rains have ceased; cool summer nights, permitting crops to mature slowly and perfectly, and, finally, what is one of the best features of all, an almost certain exemption from rain during the harvest season, permitting a leisurely and sure gathering of the crops. In the light of these facts it is no wonder that people are pouring into the Pacific northwest by thousands. The wonder is rather that they do not abandon their eastern homes by the hundreds of thousands and literally overflow this land of promise in a perfect avalanche of eager humanity.

The question of taxing credits will again be argued by the legislature next winter. Legislation based solely upon theory can not be too quickly modified or repealed when trial has demonstrated that the theory does not accord with the practical results. The taxing of credits has not added to the taxable wealth of the state, has not relieved the owners of real estate of any of the burden of taxation, nor done any of the things originally claimed for it. On the contrary it has, in connection with the

usury law, kept out of Oregon millions of dollars that otherwise would have been invested in the state, and thousands of people who would have located here as manufacturers or workmen. If Oregon is to make half the material progress her abundant resources entitle her to, this law must be repealed.

A call has been made by the chamber of commerce for a convention of the various commercial organizations of Oregon to be held in Portland, September 27, for the purpose of organizing a state board of trade. This move is a good one, and such a body will have great influence upon the general welfare of the state. As an illustration, it is undoubtedly true that had Oregon possessed a state board of trade a recount of the state could have been secured and the injury inflicted upon it by the inaccurate census have been avoided. This, however, is but one of many ways in which a body could advance the interests of the state. A multitude of permanent and transient questions will call for constant action.

A national reform party has been organized in St. Louis. Though not so comprehensive in name as the universal reform club of Oregon, it does not fall far short of it in declared principles. Many of its objects are most worthy and have the endorsement of a majority of the American people, but when they are but one patch on a crazy quilt platform they amount to nothing. Let a party be formed that will have for its war cry protection to American labor, free American schools and restriction of immigration and naturalization, and it will have something to call out the enthusiasm of the people.

Land Commissioner Goff has made proper haste to issue a circular countermanding his recent one to land offices withdrawing from settlement lands in the arid belt. Congress has repealed the act of 1888, upon which it was based, except so far as securing reservoir sites and water supplies is concerned, and now the lands of the Pacific northwest are again open to the genuine and industrious settler. It is a matter of no small satisfaction to WEST SHORE that it materially aided in achieving this result.

The most absurd exhibition of mossbackism yet given in Portland emanates from the city council, which is seriously considering the question of imposing a special tax upon real estate dealers. Utterly inequitable and unconstitutional in principle, it shows such a lack of comprehension of the forces that are causing the growth of the city that it is astonishing even in a mossback.

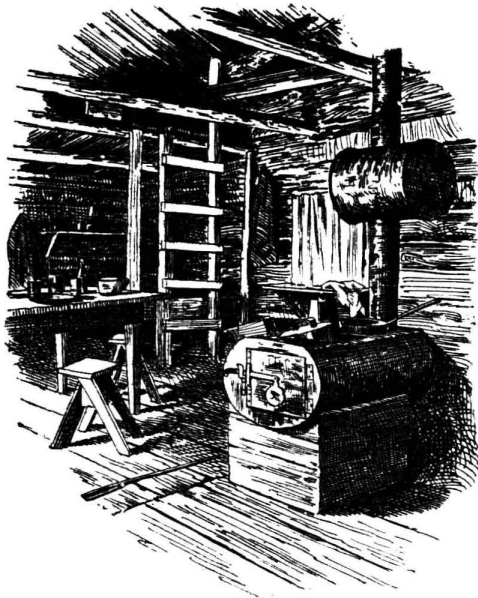
By the recount of Supervisor C. E. Meech, supervised and approved by Special Census Agent Leland, the municipal district commonly understood as comprising Portland is shown to contain 69,000 people. An intelligent recount of Oregon would give the state not less than 50,000 greater population than the botch work of the census bureau now credits it with.

The sudden death of a gentleman who was educated for the ministry, but preferred to employ his talents as a base ball umpire, while it may have extinguished a bright and shining light in the firmament of the national game, certainly did not dim the electric effulgence of the pulpit.

The reason why a city government is corrupt or mismanaged, is because people will nominate and elect men to attend to the business affairs of a city whom they would not personally employ to manage a sausage mill.

## IN A MINING CAMP.

I have succeeded in taking the photograph of a prospector's cabin. Come in and sit down on one of the three legged stools. The sheet iron stove is hot, the beans and coffee are bubbling a-top and the bread in the drum oven is probably burnt. The tin cups and plates are set on a home made table. On the window ledge are bits of rock, and on the little table a *Police Gazette*, a *Century*, a candle end, a broken comb and a dishrag. In the bunk, among the tumbled blankets, will probably be found a stray pin and a needle or two. Overhead in the provision loft the chipmunks are freely abusing the miner's hospitality. Underfoot are old gum boots, steel, a towel, a kitten and another dishrag. On the log walls hang the fragments of a hat, a prize fight on pink paper, a rifle, a scrap of looking glass, sundry pans and a shirt. Here comes the man, dressed in two heavy shirts on account of the blazing heat, a pair of ragged overalls, a red cotton handkerchief round his neck and his hair down over his eyes—a figure with



INTERIOR OF A PROSPECTOR'S CABIN.

some of the savage dignity of these hills. He is bronzed, with eyes bright with sunlight, muscular and full of radiant health. He swears hard and his grammar is infamous. If you be ever so big a chief he treats you exactly as an equal, and yet will he abase himself humbly before "edification." He has himself an education beyond that of books—varied experience, the thoughtfulness of lonely years and strong views matured in argument around the camp fire. Inform him and he will believe you; argue with him and he will worst you; exaggerate and he will lie to you with a cheerfulness, candor and good faith that you will find very impressive. Wild as his stories are he is eager to show credentials—bullet wounds, knife wounds and fractures all over his sturdy body; and everyone says he is the champion liar and the whitest man in the camp. In his own business he is oracular, possessing the following tenets, unless someone else possessing them evokes his violent opposition:

"An expert is no good.

"A small capitalist is generally a 'tin-horn'—bring him to me and I'll sell him a wild cat.

"The trader has little ways about him—charges too much for steel and powder, and for beans, the miner's ammunition; finds it easier to freight in whisky than grub, and shares the prospector's blood with the mosquitoes.

"There are some men in camp who never make a discovery themselves, but sit round the bar room stove and talk mining. They're the kind that stake off the 'extensions' and sit up till midnight to jump another man's claim. They do more harm to the country than a real estate agent.

"A prospector's a fool, anyway. He lets himself out as a mule and packs his blankets and grub up the mountains; he works like a bull team opening up his claim, and then sells out to a capitalist and puts up a general drunk for the crowd until he's dead broke. Then all the boys say he's a fool. If this here transmigration of souls is the correct doctrine, I guess I'll be an aristocrat next trip or run a gymnasium for young ladies.

"You want to buy a mine? Well, I've the best—"

When little prospectors are born into the world their mothers should easily know them. They cut their teeth, not by fits and starts, but all the time; they rob orchards before they can talk and they habitually get drowned, poisoned, horse-kicked, dog-bitten, boy-pounded, lost, stolen and strayed. If they are silent, mothers sit in strained, aching suspense, and

their presence is readily dispensed with when they are not. Never will such a boy stand behind the counter, sit at a desk, or plow. In an age in which it is the faith of old-time believers to make money, he will not worship our god, but will probably run away at the mature age of eleven. The frontier is conquered for civilization, and they who do the work are these outlawed lads, facing, shoulder to shoulder, privation and hardship, without the society of women, or the lost home love, or any guide in life. They are among the noblest men of our generation. They do not believe in religion, and are very religious. To them religion means bible and the faults of Christians. But can it be said of the average Christian that no man comes to him in want and goes away empty handed? That he will share up all the money he has with a comrade who has been on a drunk and is in need? That he makes of the stranger a friend, and will serve a friend to the death?

You took him for a laboring man when he came into the cabin and asked you at first sight to have dinner with him. He told me once that there have been times when, carrying a load up the mountains, he had lost his footing on a cliff and from sheer weariness never cared whether he lived or died. He is working, not for a day's wages, for there is no risk in that, but on a claim which may prove worthless and leave him in debt, and may prove valuable and make him a wealthy man.

Believe me that no sermons could ever teach the lessons that I have learned about sterling manhood in the prospector's cabin.

H. R. A. POCKOCK.

## NEW BUILDINGS IN PORTLAND.

Building in Portland is progressing at a rapid rate. Business blocks and residences are under construction in every quarter of the city. There is scarcely a block where the work of improvement is not going on. WEST SHORE has given illustrations of many of the finer structures, such as the city hall, chamber of commerce, union depot, Marquam block, Thompson-Burrell block, Washington block, Hotel Portland and others, and in the center of this issue it presents engravings of two others.

St. Helen's Hall is being built on the plateau in the western portion of the city, just east of the city park. A more healthful and charming site for an educational institution could not be found anywhere. When the site of the old building was sold to the city for the city hall, this new location was selected and work at once begun on the elegant building shown in the engraving. The structure, now nearly completed, is built of stone and brick, in the form of an H, with a frontage of 140 feet and a depth of 100 feet on the wings. Besides ample school rooms, reception rooms, library, studio, dining room, kitchen, etc., it contains dormitories and bed rooms for 200 pupils and teachers. When completed it will be one of the best and most beautiful institutions for the education of young ladies in America.

The Hibernian block is being erected on the southwest corner of Sixth and Washington, fronting on the latter street, and will be a handsome structure of brick and stone, four stories in height and 100 x 50 feet in size. It will be one of the handsomest and most substantial buildings in the city. The cost of the structure will be \$40,000. The large hall in the upper story will be occupied by the Hibernians, and the remainder of the building will be rented for stores and offices.

## THE DEER SKINNER.

On the first page is given an engraving of a man who is in bad odor with the people of the Pacific coast. He is the man—multiplied many times in Oregon, Washington and California—who is rapidly exterminating the best game of the mountains—the beautiful deer. He is not a sportsman, who spends a week or two in the mountains hunting, but a man who makes it a business to hunt deer for the value of their hides. Old and young, male and female fall equally before his deadly rifle, and the breeding season is no more sacred to this ruthless destroyer than any other. A few years ago the mountains were full of deer, and the huntsman could find them within a few miles of any settlement, but chiefly through the operations of these men who slaughter them for their hides they are rapidly disappearing, and if a check be not put to it they will become but a memory, as has the buffalo. Efforts have been made to put a stop to this work of destruction. Strong penal laws have been passed by the three states named, but the difficulty of enforcing them is very great. The Oregon Alpine Club has been very energetic in this work and has, doubtless, diminished the number of deer skimmers very materially. By arrangement with the railroad and express companies it has now become almost impossible to ship deer skins to market, and this is the severest blow yet struck, for as long as a market could be found unscrupulous merchants would deal in the contraband article. It was only a few weeks ago that a prominent merchant in an Oregon city endeavored to ship a bundle of skins under the name of some other article and lost the entire shipment, as well as the respect of his townsmen.

## MY OL' DAD.



How I wisht thet m' ol' daddy  
 Cud come back hyer jest t'night!  
 See me togged up, peert 'n' sassy,  
 Cheeks s' red 'n' eyes s' bright;  
 Dancin' hyer afore th' footlights,  
 Queen of uh vari'ty show;  
 Wudn't he be mighty tickled?  
 Lawsy! Bet! I tell yuh so!

Ust ter wear er pink sun bunnit,  
 W'en I was er little gell,  
 Runnin' out t' dad 't noontime,  
 Toatin' water from th' well.  
 How 'is ol' blue eyes 'ud sparkul,  
 W'en h'ed ketch me this-a-way,  
 'N' cry "Ho! m' pink sun bunnit!  
 Want t' ride up awn th' hay?"

Then he'd boost me awn th' wag'n,  
 With 'n "Oopee daisy, pet!"  
 'N' I'd cuddle in th' tim'thy,  
 Ther' t' worry, fume 'n' fret;  
 'N' m' dad 'ud whoop th' horses,  
 Moppin' off 'is wrinkled brow,  
 With 'is queer old yaller hankcher—  
 I kin almos' see 'm now!



Then I'd fuss 'n' scream 'n' giggle,  
 Holdin' awn t' 'is coat tail;  
 "Now, yuh dad! Yuh hol' them horses!"  
 I'd cry out, all scart 'n' pale;  
 Then he'd holler, laughin, "Whoa, ther'!"  
 Whoa! Yuh Dock! 'n' yuh, ol' Bill!  
 Don' yuh know yur little missus  
 Is afeard she'll git er spill?"

Lawsy! Lawsy! M' ol' daddy  
 Hez been dead nigh fifteen year,  
 'N' I've hed sech hard times, tell yuh;  
 Long time sence I shed er tear.  
 B't I wisht 'e cud come back hyer,  
 See me dressed up, spick 'n' span,  
 Flow'rs 'n' feathers wher' the bunnit  
 Ust ter keep off' all th' tan.

Mebbe, though, 'e wudn't know me,  
 'N' 't 'most 'ud break m' heart,  
 Ef 'e shud look disapprovin',  
 After all these years uhpert!  
 'Fraid this glare 'ud hurt 'is ol' eyes,  
 'N' this music din 'is ears;  
 'Fraid I cudn't see 'is wrinkles  
 'Cause m' eyes 's full o' tears.

"Wait till yuh grow up, m' petty!"  
 Dad, 'e often ust ter say;  
 "'N' yuh'll marry some rich laddie  
 As'll dress yuh peert 'n' gay."  
 Poor, ol' dad!—I've got th' dressin',  
 Sat'ns, silks 'n' jewels—yet—  
 What's thet? "Look er little brighter?"—  
 Don' I wisht I cud ferget!

ELLA HIGGINSON.





## DRAWING THE LINE.

CUSTOMER—You will at least give me credit for my good intentions.  
TAILOR—O, yes; but no more credit for clothes.

## THE ONLY KIND OF BEAU SHE HAS.

"I do love archery so well!" exclaimed Miss Elder, enthusiastically.  
"Yes," replied Miss Amy; "it gives you a chance to have a bow."

## SAD, INDEED.

"What makes you look so glum, old man?"  
"My wife went to Europe—"  
"Well, that leaves you to have a good old time, doesn't it?"  
"She left her mother to keep house for me."

## STRAUSS AND KATRINA.

I am vandering to-nighd by der saw mill,  
Und der owls, als dey roost in der drees,  
Und der bats, und der frogks, und der moonlighd  
Make me titsmal, als ligevise der preeze.

For der owls hoot der same als dey used to,  
Und der man in der moon, he vas nigh,  
Und he loogk schust der same als of oldten  
Ven he vatch me mit cynical eye;

Ven he schmiled in der days of my poyhood,  
Als he loogked on Katrina und me,  
Als ve sat in der shade of der saw mill  
Vile he peeped drough der plack cloudts to see.

Und der frogks got der same kind of "ricket,"  
Und der owls hoot der same als of yore,  
Ven I told my Katrina I loffed her  
Und, loffing, vould loff efermore.

Berhaps, for dey see dot she leafs me  
Ven a rich man vould press, too, his suidt;  
Berhaps, for dey see she vould marry,  
Und dot vas for vy dot dey hoot.

I am vandering to-nighd by der saw mill,  
Und der bats, als dey dart drough der trees,  
Und der frogks, und der owls, und der moonlighd  
Make me titsmal, als ligevise der preeze.

ADAIR WELCKER.

## PERHAPS HE DID.

MR. SNIVELY—How do I like being blackballed? What do you mean?  
I haven't been blackballed.  
MRS. SNIVELY—Haven't you? Why, I heard a negro bawling after you  
just before you came in. He wanted to be paid for that whitewashing, didn't he?

## A SURE SIGN.

"That man must be a preacher."  
"Judging from what? His coat?"  
"No; his extremely ill-behaved-children."

## IT WOULD BE A LOSS OF TIME.

SCRIBBLER—I've just published another novel, Johnson. You ought to lose no time reading it.  
JOHNSON—Thanks for the hint, old man. I'll be careful not to read it.

## THE REPORT WAS ERRONEOUS.

MRS. BUNTING—Your husband is quite a linguist, I hear, Mrs. Fangle.  
MRS. FANGLE—Well, no; he doesn't know one note from another, in fact. He can speak three or four languages, though.

## MY QUEEN.

When I was young and love's delight  
Stirred my poetic fancy,  
My muse ne'er wearied to recite  
The charms of peerless Nancy.

Sweet thoughts of her my mind would throng;  
My waked imagination  
Made her the theme of all my song,  
My fount of inspiration.

My mistress' heavenly eyes I hymned,  
Her rosy cheek, her high brow;  
And, like the lover Shakespere limned,  
Penned sonnets to her eyebrow.

I wrote of her at morn's first blink,  
And by the midnight taper;  
I wasted pints and quarts of ink,  
And quires and reams of paper.

The years have passed, and she's my own—  
O, happy consummation!  
And to my muse, less limber grown,  
She still gives stimulation.



Not as of old—my eager hand  
No longer leaps to praise her;  
She issues her supreme command,  
My pen perforce obeys her.

"Tom, here's your theme"—thus falls the lash—  
"Please write a poem on it;  
I positively must have cash  
To buy another bonnet!"

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

HE—Don't you think Miss Dash is quite chic?  
SHE—She may be chic, but she's no chicken.

## BELONGED TO THE CHOIR.

"Is your friend Simco a baseballist, too?" asked an enthusiast.  
"No," was the reply; "he bawls in tenor."

## CULTURE BY THE OUNCE.

MISS WOULDDBE (to druggist)—Give me 'n ounce o' musk.  
MISS WOULDDBE ALLSO—O, Gosh! Helen, don't buy musk! I saw 'n a paper that it ain't cultured t' use musk.  
MISS WOULDDBE (crushingly)—Lord! I've saw just as cultured people as us use musk.

## HIS EXPEDIENT.

WHITELY (to small boy)—Here, sonny, if you'll collect me a lot of insects, I'll give you a quarter.

SMALL BOY—Insects! What do yer want 'em fer?

WHITELY—I want to put them on my wife's plants. She won't let me smoke in the house except to kill insects on the plants.

## HE PROTESTED.

SUNWAY—I hope cremation will never become the recognized mode of burial.

TANGLE—Why not?

SUNWAY—Because I find it hard enough to earn a living without having to urn the dead also.

## I KEPT MY NAME.

She liked my name,  
With rosy blush she did insist.  
She liked my name,  
Though hitherto unknown to fame;  
But I preferred it should be missed  
From off her church subscription list,  
So kept my name.

H. L. W.



## IT IS ALL IN THE HABIT.

MR. PACIFIC (of Oregon)—It doesn't seem natural for a woman to marry more than once.  
MRS. LAKESIDE (of Chicago)—O, it depends. Habit is second nature, you know.





FACT AND FANCY  
FOR WOMEN  
BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

LOVE.

Sweet as the golden honeysuckle's heart,  
Tremulous as a babe's lips curled apart;  
Fair as a sunrise, or a rose ablaze,  
Or blushes that across a pure cheek flame;  
Strong as the sea, warm as a furnace glow;  
Pure as a white flow'r nourished in the snow—  
Its soul is heav'n, and Love—true Love—its name.

It was at a picnic. It was a good many years ago, I am happy to say, when I was bubbling over with youth and spirits, and fancied that the only possible reason God had put me upon this earth was that I should make others laugh and have a good time generally. I had, in fact, grown quite arrogant upon this subject, and, if people didn't laugh just when I thought they should, I said something so outrageously funny that they had to laugh. You see, like some of us older ones, I was bound to keep my reputation. I was the center of an admiring group of a dozen; yes, it certainly was an admiring group, and yet, so far, I had failed to make them as hilarious as usual, and I was growing desperate. There was no use talking; I must say something—and say it soon, too. My opportunity came.

"Mrs. DeLang," began a young woman, "suggested a while ago—"

"Mrs. DeLang!" interrupted I, as a happy thought struck me. "O, is that the woman with the freckles all over her nose?"

I said it with all the unconscious innocence of a lamb, and, ill-bred, ill-natured and utterly odious as the remark was, I fully expected that they would die of laughter. But, no! I saw instantly that it had fallen flat. A gasp and a shiver passed over all those faces; then some turned ashen, and some scarlet, and every eye sought the ground. In some consternation I turned me about, and please try to imagine my conflicting emotions upon discovering that I was "cheek by jowl" with Mrs. DeLang. We eyed each other silently. The first thing that I became conscious of in that truly awful moment was that the freckles upon the lady's nose seemed to have suddenly grown larger; they were like drops of blood on the floor when you have murdered somebody—I couldn't remove my eyes from them. To make my feelings more lacerated, I realized that staring straight at her nose in that fashion was adding insult to injury. Then I discovered that she was looking meditatively at my nose, and I recalled that its shape was not lovely and that, indeed, it was not altogether guiltless of freckles itself. Next I became aware that the first consternation among my companions had given place to violent and poorly concealed mirth. I never saw so many fans, kerchiefs, parasols and hat-brims called into play before or since, and, catching a side glimpse of them, I waxed exceeding wroth. It was detestably ill-bred of them, I thought, to turn tail in that way and leave me to get out of my "scrape"—yes, I thought "scrape" and I meant "scrape"—the best way I could. I gave them one look of mingled rage and reproach, which almost sent some of them into convulsions. All this while I was aware that Mrs. DeLang was taking stock of my attractions, and each freckle on my own nose multiplied itself into a dozen. Her look made me think of the time a dear friend rubbed ammonia on the back of my bodice to coax out a grease spot—I couldn't get away from it. Wherever I went the ammonia followed—and so it was with her look; it was like a half-good and half-bad man's conscience! Finally it occurred to me that I ought to say something; so I called up a sickly smile, and I said—

"Nice day, Mrs. DeLang!"—and I made three gasps at her name before I could pronounce it.

"A fine day," replied the lady, with the sweetest smile I ever saw on human face; "O, a lovely day, and one which I shall always remember. I have the deepest admiration for refined, considerate and well-bred people; therefore, I can never forget the day that brought me the exquisite pleasure of meeting you," and she put the pronoun in "small caps," too.

So, now, if any woman, young or old, thinks it wise to be funny at the expense of some one's feelings, I wish her God speed and as severe a snubbing as I received.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward) found a hornet's nest which she thought needed investigation; so, womanlike, she investigated. Then she put her pen into that hornet's nest—perhaps a trifle farther than was absolutely necessary or than she at first intended—and, lo! with a fizz, and a whir, and a flutter, out came the hornets—little and big, venomous and gentle, crazy and reasonable, vicious and kind—and they have been out ever since. I have noticed that the big, the venomous, the crazy and the vicious species are in the vast majority, which is to be regretted. I am sorry—to come down to sense—that a noble, true woman like Mrs. Ward

should be called "simple," "ignorant," and "provincial." I think our world would be improved by growing more women like her. She may have been unnecessarily harsh and strong of language, but, perhaps, if she had not put her pen in so far the hornets would not have come out. Whether Mrs. Ward stands firm against their attack, or whether they devour her bodily, the warfare will not be entirely in vain—it must do some good. If there had not been some truth on the tip of Mrs. Ward's pen, the hornets would have paid no attention to the thrust; hornets are usually peaceable until you make them mad, and it is the truth that stings, and hurts, and makes us downright mad. Do not tell us that women have always worn indecent gowns; we know that. But even Eve was persuaded that nudity was not proper or desirable in all times and all places. And while—as I have said before—I think the nude feminine form, white, pure, sacred, the most beautiful thing on earth, I do not believe that women should expose that beauty to the eyes of men who have not one pure or reverent thought—and we all know that there are many such men in all grades of society. To roll the collar or gown slightly away from a soft, lovely throat gives a vision of modest, womanly beauty more ravishing, and in far better taste, than to wear what is known as a low-cut gown. However, I suspect that it was not so much Mrs. Ward's remonstrance as the bitter, vehement language in which that remonstrance was couched which so incensed the hornets. Still, the sting of truth did its share, also. As for the wine drinking, whether the young man who declared that he often danced with young women who were "too far gone" to talk, told the truth or only wished to make a sensation, there is this much about it: No woman should drink so much as one glass of wine when in company with men, whether at dinner, ball, or elsewhere, unless she is so addicted to its use that she knows she will not feel its effects. This is awfully old-fashioned, but it is a safe rule to follow. I have seen the purest women, after drinking one glass of wine, lean back in their chairs in languor and lassitude, with a feverish flush in their cheeks and a hazy shifting of their eyes; and I have noticed a *silliness* in their laugh that made one turn away in shamed pity of it.

I shudder when I ponder upon the final judgment of the man who, when he hears that a fellow man has gone astray, shrugs his shoulders and sneers, "Fool!" Who, when he hears that another has encountered a terrible temptation, resisted until nature herself gave out, exhausted, and then, at the very last, has yielded to it and plunged headlong into forbidden pleasures, again hisses, "Fool!" Who, when he hears that another is the victim of some terrible passion, burning, unconquerable, stronger than death itself, and before which, one day, he sinks like a beast on the plain, he cries out only, "Fool!" I pity the heart that never aches and the eyes that never grow wet at the tale of another's downfall or ruin, while I think there is something brutal and inhuman about one who can sneer at a long, terrible struggle between the body and the soul. And I have more respect for the man who, having sinned, flees and gives up everything, letting all know his dishonor, than I have for the man who sins and wears a mask through which the eyes of the world can not pierce. Yet this same world calls the latter an "upright man" and the former a "fool." Some of you "upright" ones—be careful how you sneer at the "fool."

Miss Mattie Shaw lately graduated in pharmacy at Lansing, Michigan, at the head of a class of 104 students, of which only four were women. Out of 3,000 pharmacists who have passed their examination in that state, only twenty have had over ninety per cent., as she did. I am specially interested in young women who are making a study of pharmacy. I know that they may make a success of it if they firmly make up their minds to do so, and I should think the proprietor of any drug store would, at least, be willing to give them a fair trial, because if the average masculine drug clerk isn't a failure then there is no such thing as a failure on earth. The truth is, the competent and reliable and desirable drug clerks in the west are as scarce as blue roses. Let us give the women a chance at the prescriptions.

"O, those delicious thimbleberries!" exclaimed a lady at a picnic out in the deep woods the other day. "How I wish I had some!" A gentleman of the party immediately scrambled after them, through briars and over logs, bringing several berries back in triumph. But the lady was wearing very light and delicate gloves, and no sooner did he see her doubtful glance at her hands than he stooped and plucked a smooth, satiny leaf, into whose crinkled heart he poured the berries, and handed them—vividly scarlet against the pale green of the leaf—to her. Now, I call that a delicate and charming attention. He was not a dude, but a good, sensible business man. It was a trifling episode, if you will, but, between you and me, there is not one man in a hundred who would have thought of it.

Some people do not talk much because they are wise; others because they desire to appear wise.



# WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

By Emily A. Kellogg.

"Don't fail to see the pond lilies at Lincoln park," was the injunction given a visitor to Chicago. "They are something rare and famous." And so they are. They have been the greatest attraction at that very beautiful park for the past two summers. Their formation, their fertilization and the regulation of their temperature was a great cost in both a scientific and financial way, even before the roots were brought from afar with which to stock them. Four continents have contributed of their floral treasures, and these exotics have required the most careful attention and study of their habits lest their constitutions should be undermined.

Although strangers to their present home, and to each other, individually, they have a strong bond of union—a family bond. With the exception of two or three cousins (and quite near cousins) they are all members of the *Nymphaea* family. When you are scientific and dignified you will call them by this, their botanical name, for they are such regal ladies as to deserve the most courtly address. The family name comes first. These botanic names, too, all mean something, and their common names are generally a translation into our common tongue of the more learned title. Now, our names mean something, or did originally. But few of us retain the characteristics for which our names were given to our ancestors. Not many of the Taylor family know how to handle a goose, while thousands upon thousands of the Smiths would be quite chagrined (and foolishly so) if required to make a living with hammer and forge. But these botanic families hold fast to their family traits and deserve their names.

The *Nymphaea* family is so named because of its queenly beauty and its watery home, for a nymph is goddess over the pure and running water.

Here at Lincoln park two African beauties grow side by side. The *Nymphaea Zanzibarensis*, or purple lily, tells you, by its name, of its old home, if you remember your geography lessons; while its sister, the *Nymphaea Dentata*, though much like our common pond lily, gains its name from its white, tooth-shaped petals. Among the most brilliant of the group are the rose colored lilies. These are the *Nymphaea Devoniensis* and the *Nelumbium Nuciferum*, or crimson lotus of Japan. You will see, by the way, that this last named lily is not quite "one of the family," but is one of the cousins, and a very noted one. In ancient times it flourished in Egypt and was then regarded with great reverence. The botanists of these older days were not so scientific in their classifications as the great Swede, Linnæus, and called this flower a lotus, just as they did the *Nymphaea* lotus, which is also a sacred lily. The *Nelumbium* has a curious, spiral growth in the stalks of both leaf and flower. They are removed by the Hindoos and burned as wicks in their sacred lamps. The lotus of the Nile has been for centuries the favorite flower of Egypt, and is often to be seen in statuary and other works of art. But it blooms in Lincoln park as modestly as though it were unknown to ancient art. A gay lily is the yellow one from Florida, quite unlike the little, yellow buds we find in our northern waters. Two of our own native white lilies are also growing in the pond, but too modestly refrained from blooming in the presence of the foreign beauties the day I saw them. The *Nymphaea Pygmaea* tells you by her name that she is a dwarf. She comes from China, and has a thrifty growth and blossoms freely. Her little, white blossoms are numerous and beautiful. But the queen of all, as you may know by her name, is the *Victoria Regia*. The *Nymphaea* are proud, indeed, to call this regal flower cousin. The noble blossom, in its best estate, measures twelve inches across. The ones I saw were not so large, but very beautiful. They are of a rich cream color, and on the second day turn rose color. But the great, round, green leaves are the greatest wonder. They measure from four to five feet across, and are of marvelous structure, being smooth on the upper side and turning up around the edge like a jelly cake pan. They will bear up a considerable weight; a child has been floated safely upon one of them. But to understand its strength of structure you must have one of these great leaves turned over. Then you will see the great veins running out from the stem, like a fan, and the smaller veins crossing and re-crossing the greater ones. This is nature's plan for graceful strength, and served as a model, we are told, to the man who conceived the plan of the first Crystal Palace.

Have you ever played "progressive observation?" It is somewhat in the line of the game of senses previously suggested in WEST SHORE. The leader of the game must spend some time and thought in preparation. On a round table he arranges all sorts of things, as a ball, a knife, a pocket-book, a pen-wiper, a spoon, a glove, etc. He should have a great variety of small things. When the table is ready the leader covers it. Each observer

is furnished with pencil and paper. The leader then removes the cover and gives all three minutes to observe the articles on the table. At the bell tap the cover goes on again, and for three minutes each is busy making a written list of everything he has noted. The leader now taps the bell and calls upon one of the party to read his list, while the others check off on their lists what he reads. The next one then reads from his paper the names of objects omitted by the first one. All continue in this way until every list has been read and checked. Prizes may be given in this game, the first being for the longest list, the second for the largest number of objects not mentioned by any other observer, and the booby prize, of course, for the shortest list. In using prizes it is important that they be inexpensive. Even if some are able to purchase costly gifts, it is a bad example to set. It is very easy to let the matter degenerate into a purse rivalry. This is foolish and pernicious among adults and doubly so among the young, who, above all, should ignore in their social circles the question of poverty and riches. To award costly prizes might also stimulate that desire for unearned gains, which is the bane of the gambler's life, and is to be resolutely shunned. Let the girls make the prizes, and thus exercise their taste and ingenuity for the general delight. You may possibly think best to purchase the booby prize. A jumping-jack presented to a stalwart youth, or a pewter tea set to a blooming girl of sixteen makes great gaiety; yet your own sense of humor may improve on anything there is in the shops. In "progressive observation" great skill may be exercised in arranging the table, and the leader should be one of the most mature of the party. It is quite improving to compare notes as to what guided each in observing the objects. One will classify naturally by material, mentally grouping the wooden articles and the woolen ones, etc. Another's eye will group the articles as they lie together on the table. Those who are ambitious of improvement will be glad to try the game over again. In this case let the leader re-arrange the articles before allowing the new trial. Old and young will join together in this game with great enjoyment and marked improvement in the power of observation—one of the most valuable of our faculties, and one which is of great practical use in the greatest of games which men call *Life*.

## TALKS AT HOME.

IV—THE COURTEOUS RESPONSE—Emiline and Gussie were chatting over their sewing last night, when Emiline casually remarked: "I saw Mr. Barnes yesterday and he said he had a note from you a while ago."

"And why," asked Gussie, with a flash of her eye, "did he not answer my note?"

"Why," said Emiline, trying to recall the conversation, "I don't know. He seemed to think it did not need any answer."

"Well, I wish people would show common politeness about answering notes. I wrote to him more than three weeks ago, on business of our committee, and asked him to either answer or let me see him at once. Here he waits all this time and then mentions to a third party that he had a note from me. I like that," and Gussie gave a scornful toss to her head.

Few young people, or old people, for that matter, are particular to respond promptly to notes, letters and invitations. Like our Mr. Barnes, they "seem to think" no answer is required. I say "seem to think," for it is largely lack of thought. They do not thoughtfully consider the matter or they would act more wisely and more courteously. If Miss Gussie had met Mr. Barnes and had asked him the same question, the answer would have been most kindly and promptly given, or he would have accused himself of great rudeness.

A prompt response is even more urgent a duty in the case of receiving an invitation. It is only justice to the friend who gives you an invitation that you let her know at once whether or not it is accepted by you. I once invited a large company of friends to attend an evening entertainment and spend the night at my home. I lived in the country and at such a distance from supplies as to render such an invitation an almost heroic act of hospitality. My invited guests had abundant opportunities of understanding the difficulties of my situation, and I had asked for a response, yet only one of the five families included in the invitation had the grace to reply. Do you think I felt very amiable as I prepared lodgings and table for these good people and awaited in suspense their possible arrival?

Every boy and girl should understand the obligation to write to the host or hostess upon arriving home from a visit. A short note is all that is necessary, merely a pleasant, friendly, grateful word, telling of safe arrival and acknowledging the kindness which made the visit a pleasant one. I remember a social sin of omission of which I was guilty. I had made Lydia a visit and upon my return home neglected, through girlish carelessness, to write the little note. I realized my discourtesy when it was so late that I was ashamed to write. I do not know whether Lydia has forgiven me, for I never had the moral courage to ask her; but I have not forgiven myself and have never been able to recall that visit with satisfaction, and all because I was guilty of neglect. Neglect is the one unpardonable sin against friendship. You may sin grievously through hasty temper or foolish, impulsive actions, but cold neglect can never hope for forgiveness.



West Shore



HENRY J. HEFTY, ARCHITECT.

ST. HELEN'S HALL, PORTLAND, OREGON.

(IN PROCESS OF ERECTION)



West Shore



WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS ARCHTS

HIBERNIAN BLOCK, PORTLAND, OREGON.  
(IN PROCESS OF ERECTION)





## THE FAR WEST

### THE SPOKANE FALLS EXPOSITION.

The Northwest Industrial Exposition at Spokane Falls is doing for the city and tributary country what could scarcely be accomplished in any other way. The arrangements are in skilled hands, and, though the doors of the exposition have not yet been opened, the enterprise has attracted wide attention and in a perfectly legitimate way. The work on the building is being pushed, and it has reached a stage that insures its being ready for the exhibits in season for the opening of the exposition the first of next month. The construction work was begun only last June. Many deemed it impossible that the structure could be completed by the date named. However, in every department the work of preparation was begun, and the whole is drawing together in the most exact order toward the opening. When the building was arranged for, Manager Robinson prepared and sent broadcast through the country instructions for the preparation of exhibits. Thus early in the season farmers were aware of the competition open to them and were advised how to obtain best results for that purpose. A widespread interest was awakened and a considerable degree of co-operation secured. Special attention has been given to the arrangements for a mineral exhibit, that department being placed under the direct supervision of one of the best mining experts in the country. The agricultural and mineral displays are likely to be the best ever seen in this country. In other departments the same painstaking efforts have been made, but it is hardly probable that so young a region can make as great a display of manufactured articles as some of the older sections of the nation. The art department will be the finest ever exhibited in the west. Manager Robinson's personal acquaintance with art patrons in the east enables him to obtain for this exposition works not usually seen outside the great centers. The Northwest Industrial Exposition will be a liberal education to its patrons.

In referring to the Greenhorn mountain mining district, in Baker county, Oregon, the *Bedrock Democrat* says: "That the Greenhorn mountain mining district is becoming prominently known through its wonderfully rich deposits of silver is plainly apparent, as evidenced by the interest manifested of late by mining men, brought about by the character of the ores found there and exhibited in this city, and the reports made by returning miners and experts sent out to examine into the mineral resources of that section. Their reports in substance vary but little and all tend to the one uncontrovertible statement that Greenhorn mining district is one of the richest silver bearing camps in the northwest, and while there is not what might be called extensive development work on any of the claims, owing to their recent discovery, there is enough ore in sight and of such richness as to justify shipment by rail to Denver or Salt Lake for reduction. It is drawing it mildly to say there are at least six mines in the district that show veins fourteen inches in width, the ore of which will yield from 150 to 500 ounces to the ton, and one mine there with a six-inch vein that will yield 500 ounces. It is certainly the camp of the northwest and the people of Baker City ought to grasp the situation at once and secure control of the trade of the district. To do this a road must be built, and that as early as possible. If the road was now open there are five or six mines tributary to it that could ship from eighty to 100 tons yet this fall."

Probably one of the most practicable schemes for reclaiming any very considerable tract of desert land in the state of Montana is that of the Eureka Reservoir, Canal and Irrigation company now operating about five miles northwest of the town of Choteau. The company was incorporated only two weeks ago, but begins operations immediately. Preliminary surveys had been made early in the season which demonstrated the practicability of storing, at a nominal cost, the immense quantity of surplus water of the Teton river which annually goes to swell the floods of the Mississippi. A lake bed one and one-fourth miles long by one-half mile wide, and forty feet deep and but one and three-fourths miles from the river was found, in which this immense body of water will be stored, and conveyed thence by a series of easily constructed canals to any point on one of the finest tracts of bench land in the state. There can not be too many enterprises of this kind started in Montana. Whenever carried out they have proven successful and the means of building up the state. The Gallatin and Dearborn and Sun river canals are good examples. Some of the choicest lands in Montana are to be found in Choteau county and this canal will convey water to a section of table land that can not be surpassed for farming if water can be placed upon it.

The hop raisers of the northwest are in clover this year. The crop is not the best ever grown, but the price is certainly out of proportion to the slight falling off in production. When prices range from twelve to twenty cents per pound, as is usual, the hop industry is profitable, the entire cost of production being less than eight cents. But this season the market opened at eighteen cents, and the price rapidly ran up to thirty-three when the failure of the eastern crop became known. There is a marked shortage of the hop crop in the Willamette valley, Oregon, but in the Yakima country and Puyallup valley, Washington, the yield is not greatly less than ordinary. There are fears that the hop louse will cause more or less trouble with the industry in the west, as it has in the east, as the insect has made its appearance here.

A new disease has made its appearance among the cattle of Crook county, Oregon. When first affected the animals' eyes become inflamed and discharge water freely, and afterwards a scum accumulates, which, in some instances, renders them totally blind. The first notice taken of it was in a band of Shorthorns imported from Kentucky by Mr. S. J. Newsom. The disease is contagious, as evidenced by the fact that cattle on ranches where Mr. Newsom pastured his band while driving from The Dalles to Prineville have since become affected. It is a matter of considerable moment to the stockmen of Eastern Oregon, and they are anxious for any information as to what the malady is and what remedies to apply for its eradication.

The gap in the railway line from Fairhaven, Washington, to New Westminster, British Columbia, is now considerably less than forty miles. The grading is nearly completed for the whole distance and the track laying is progressing at the rate of about a mile and a half a day. The Great Northern influence is greatly stimulating the work of connection with the Canadian Pacific, and it is expected that trains will be running across the boundary to the Canadian railway within a month. A number of Great Northern cars have been sent to Fairhaven by boat to be put on the road when it is ready.

A new steam propeller will be launched from the tide flats near the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber company's mill, Tacoma, next week. The total cost of the boat is \$40,000. She has compound engines and will make ten miles per hour with 800 tons of freight. She will be the largest craft of her kind on Puget sound. It is intended that the new boat will do a general transportation business on the Sound during the winter, and in the spring will enter the Alaska trade.

The population of the new states as given out by the census bureau is, in round numbers, as follows: South Dakota, 378,000; Washington, 350,000; North Dakota, 181,000; Montana, 128,000; Idaho, 79,000; and Wyoming, 60,000. Oregon has a population of 318,000 according to the faulty enumeration now being corrected, and California 1,342,000. Nevada has the distinction of being the only state in the union that has retrograded in the past decade, the population now being 46,000, or 16,000 less than in 1880.

The contract for the erection of two residences and a boarding house for the Washington state reform school, at Chehalis, has been awarded by the board of trustees of that institution to Christopher Kuppler, of Seattle, for the sum of \$14,358. The buildings are to be completed in 100 days from the time of signing the contract.

The Shoshone, Idaho, *Journal* calls attention to the fact that there is a sufficient amount of grain produced in the valley of the Little Wood river to supply a first class flouring mill, and urges upon the citizens of that section the necessity of erecting such a plant and utilizing their own productions at home.

The recent fire that destroyed the town of Wallace, in the Cœur d'Alene mining country, in Northern Idaho, burned the plant of the *Free Press*. Instead of being disheartened by the disaster, the publisher gets a better plant and begins the publication of a neat little daily. It deserves to prosper.

A company, capitalized at \$500,000, has been organized in Fairhaven, Washington, to work the graphite and asbestos found in that country. The mines will be developed and the product either marketed in a crude state or manufactured by the company.

The Bank of Puyallup has been organized at Puyallup, Washington, with a capital stock of \$100,000. The new concern is the result of a consolidation of the Farmers' bank and the bank of Stewart & Masterson.



Some talk has been indulged in recently relative to the feasibility of building a road to the crater of Mount Tacoma as an attraction to tourists. A party recently returned from a jaunt over the trail now used in making the trip and report an exhilarating experience. The ascent is at present difficult, owing to the lack of proper facilities and the failure thus far to provide a wagon road to the snow line. The trail is very narrow, over mountains and through canyons to Camp of the Clouds, through Paradise valley, where flowers bloom perennially, thirty-two varieties of which were counted by the party. Grassy terraces slope off on every side, and five varieties of grass, all excellent food for horses and cattle, were found. The Succotash valley, twenty-five miles long, and the Nesqually river valley are both rich and fertile, second only in beauty to Paradise valley. The whole region is rich in cedar, hemlock, spruce, and fir and the trees are of immense height, being from 100 to 125 feet from the ground to the first limbs, and thick as the timber can stand. There are, besides, thousands of acres of wonderfully fertile lands waiting for settlement. The streams and lakes are full of trout, and game of all kinds swarms the hills and valleys. The members of the party urge that immediate steps be taken to build a wagon road from Tacoma direct to Camp of the Clouds, as it would make Tacoma the starting point of settlers and tourists and stimulate travel and traffic beyond the power of the imagination. It is estimated that \$1,000 expended on the precipice below the summit would make the journey comparatively safe, so that eastern tourists would turn aside on their way to Alaska to make the ascent, and Mount Tacoma would thus become one of the celebrated sights of the world, and the trip one among the most delightful experiences of a lifetime.

Ninety-eight canoe loads of Southern Alaska Indians arrived at Seattle last week on their way to the White river hop yards. These Indians are not, as generally supposed, an uneducated, savage crowd of people, but are far above the average siwash in point of intellect and civilization. Many of them have been educated in the eastern Indian schools, while a great many others have lived for years in Metlakatla, the model Indian community of the world. Metlakatla is situated a short distance south of the southern point of Alaska, and is a place where the Indians of that neighborhood have congregated under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Duncan, a Church-of-England clergyman, and have erected woolen mills, factories, sawmills, a very handsome church and a number of fine dwelling houses. They have been well educated and are a highly intelligent and well informed class of people. A number of them come down to the Puget sound hop yards every year to earn a little extra money, and they consider the trip a sort of an excursion. They receive \$1.00 for picking 100 pounds of hops, and an industrious worker can earn \$3.00 to \$4.00 a day, and experts as much as \$5.00. The money they earn in this manner is about all the coin they get during the year, as they confine themselves to trading exclusively in their dealings with each other. A great many Neah Bay Indians come to the sound hop yards every year, and, although a higher class of people than the sound Indians, are far inferior to those from Alaska.

The Green River & Northern railroad is a branch, about eighteen miles long, building northward from the Northern Pacific near where it crosses Green river, in Washington, to the coal and iron fields in the mountains east of Seattle. Twelve miles of the grade have been completed and three and one-half miles of track laid. A bridge having a ninety-foot span is to be built across Cedar river, and during its construction a temporary trestle will be used for crossing the stream to carry rails and supplies for pushing the work of track laying. Another bridge is to be built over Raging river and two over Williams creek, which stream the line crosses four times. There is a great scarcity of men for prosecuting the work, as the contractors on other lines building in the state are active in securing the services of all who can be induced to engage in that kind of work.

The location of the works of the Oregon Paint Company, whose mines are situated on the Santiam river, has not yet been decided on. Lebanon has made an offer to the company of a block of ground within the limits of the town, and Scio has also offered six lots in the center of that place, together with water power and \$300 in cash, and an offer of the Oregonian Railway Company to build a switch to the works. A representative of the company is at present looking into the matter, and doubtless a permanent location will soon be selected. The energy displayed by both places named is evidence of their enterprise and shows them to be alive to the necessity of locating as many manufacturing establishments in their midst as possible—an example which might worthily be emulated by many larger and more pretentious communities.

A number of Pendleton parties recently went on a prospecting trip to the Butter creek region, located on the stream of that name, a small tributary of Umatilla river, in Umatilla county. They report finding an inex-

haustible supply of the finest timber and building stone. Coal was also found in abundance, and a project is on foot to build a railroad to that section for the purpose of developing these valuable resources. The finds are only distant about twenty-five miles from Pendleton, and should the project be carried to completion would prove of incalculable benefit to that thriving city. Heppner business men are also desirous of obtaining this road for their city and promise to secure the right of way for the company as an inducement to build from there instead of Pendleton.

The Commercial Electric Light & Power Company, composed of New York and Tacoma capitalists, was incorporated at Tacoma last week. The capital stock is placed at \$250,000. A large plant for supplying both light and power will be erected in Tacoma, which place is named as its principal place of business, though by its articles of incorporation it is empowered to transact business elsewhere. In addition to the business above mentioned, it is authorized to build and operate, to purchase, lease, or consolidate with companies owning or operating, steamboats, warehouses, wharves, docks, canals, locks, flumes, telegraph lines, steamships, street railways, etc. The duration of the corporation is fixed at fifty years.

A movement is on foot by some Newfoundland fishermen to establish a large fishing industry on the coast of British Columbia. They are at present engaged in prospecting, and, if the inducements are found sufficient to warrant, they will establish several operating stations at different points to supply the eastern as well as the local markets. In the east the fish supply is gradually diminishing, and it is thought the time is not far distant when the markets of that portion of the country will have to draw upon the immense resources of this coast. If the railway companies would take this into consideration and furnish quick facilities for transportation, as well as more reasonable rates, this industry, now in its infancy, could be raised into a paying and important business.

Shipments of ore ranging in quantity from fifty to 150 tons are daily received at the Tacoma smelting and refining works. Some 3,000 tons are already on hand, and but for a lack of lime rock for fluxing purposes the works would have been put in operation some time since. This difficulty is being provided for, and it will not be long before work will begin in earnest. About fifty tons per day will be worked at first, though the capacity of the plant is twice that amount. The wharfs and buildings in front of the works are being pushed to an early completion.

A new building to cost \$125,000 is to be erected in Tacoma by the Young Men's Christian Association of that city for the accommodation of its members. Special features of the structure will be a gymnasium provided with all modern appliances, running track, etc., a monster swimming pool, hot cold and shower baths with all the conveniences necessary thereto. As a means of hastening subscriptions to the building fund the executive board will give a life membership to every young man who subscribes and pays in \$100 to the fund.

The citizens of Ilwaco, Washington, are preparing for the erection of a commodious school building to accommodate the rapid increase in their school population. Since the seaside resorts along the coast to the north of the Columbia river have become so popular and are visited by so many thousands of people every year, Ilwaco, as the terminal point of the Ilwaco Railway & Navigation Company's line, has taken rapid strides forward and is becoming a very important point.

A deposit of fire clay has been discovered in King county, Washington, on the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad, which is said to be the equal in quality of any of England's production. A company with a capital of \$10,000 is being incorporated for the purpose of developing the find, and as soon as possible will begin the manufacture of brick for furnaces and ornamental purposes.

Permission has been granted Mr. Charles Butler by the city council of Port Townsend, Washington, to erect a butchering and cold storage establishment in that place. The killing of animals will be accomplished entirely by machinery, and all offal will be utilized on the premises in such a manner as to prevent any offensive odors. The works will represent an investment of \$20,000.

The total value of personal property of the Crow Indian reservation, in Southern Montana, as returned by the assessor for purposes of taxation, amounts to \$1,250,000.



The permanent survey and the setting of grade stakes on the Coos Bay & Roseburg railway, in Southern Oregon, is completed from Roseburg to Utter City, and the work is being pushed right ahead. Grading is about to begin. It is expected to have the road completed to Coquille City this fall.

The contract for building the new city hall, to be erected on Ninth street, between C and Railroad streets, Tacoma, was awarded last week to Mr. John T. Long for the sum of \$157,800. Mr. Long also has the contract for building Pierce county's new court house.

Montana has, according to the report of the state board of equalization, 1,024 4 miles of railroads, valued at \$6,523,382. This valuation includes all real and personal property of the several companies operating in the state.

A movement is on foot by some of the public spirited citizens of Milton, Oregon, to organize a large mercantile company at that place for the purpose of doing a general merchandise business. The capital will be \$75,000.

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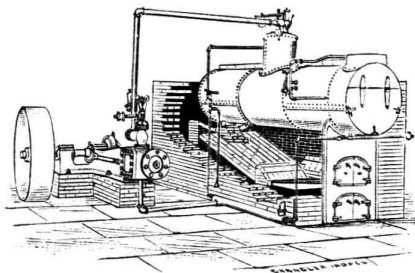
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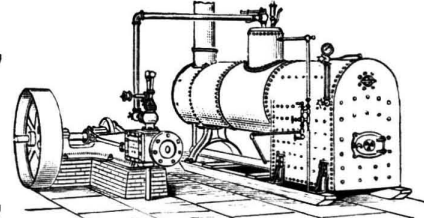
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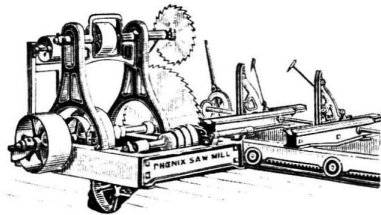
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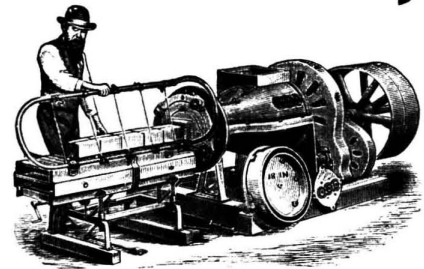
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Contestants are requested to send two prints of each subject, one to be submitted to the judges and the other for use by the engraver. Make no marks on the photographs themselves, but cut out the accompanying slip and write your name and address, names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

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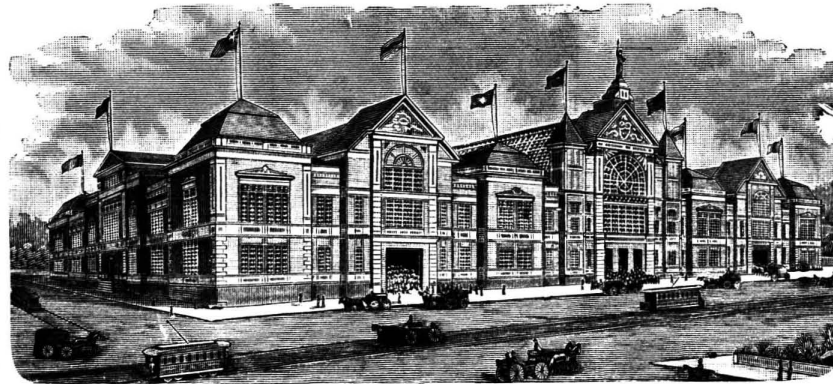
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**Roseburg Mail, Daily.**  

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland... 9:00 a. m.	Roseburg... 6:00 p. m.
Roseburg... 9:00 a. m.	Portland... 4:00 p. m.

**Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday)**  

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Portland... 5:00 p. m.	Albany... 9:00 p. m.
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Oregon.....	Sunday	" 14
Columbia.....	Thursday	" 18
State.....	Monday	" 22
Oregon.....	Friday	" 26
Columbia.....	Tuesday	" 30

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

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Samson was the first man to get a gate on him.—*Puck*.

BUNTING—You would not think a keyhole was in need of sympathy.

LARKIN—No, why?

BUNTING—Yet there is often a fellow feeling for it.—*Munsey's*.

SAD-EYED MAN—Sir, can you help a poor fellow wct has lost his only means of support?

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SAD-EYED MAN—Well—er—you see, my wife died this morning.—*Chatter*.

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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.

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Then why do you make me knock?"  
"Oh, that was yesterday, saints above,  
And last night I changed the lock."  
—*J. In Boyle O'Reilly.*

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MUSEE AND THEATRE  
THIRD AND YAMHILL.**

Summer Season. New Dramatic Company and Musee-Theater Dramatic Company. Week commencing Monday, Sept. 15, the great melodrama, in five acts, entitled  
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Strong caste of characters. The Musee—Songs Dances and Refined Specialties. Every Saturday Children's Day. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 1:30 p. m. Admission—Musee, 10c. Seats in Theatre, 10, 20 and 30 cts., according to location. Box Seats—Matinee 25c; Evening 40c. Seats reserved six days in advance without extra charge at box office and W. B. Allen's Music Store, 214 First street, telephone 600. Doors open daily 7 p. m. Musee performance begins at 7:30. Theatre begins at 8:30.

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Capital, \$150,000 | Dollar Savings Bank

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

OFFICE HOURS—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
G. B. Markle, Pres. J. L. Hartman, Treas.  
W. G. Dillingham, Secy.

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.

**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. WORTHINGTON.  
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, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Hong Kong.

Collections made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

**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.

**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.

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Send for our Investment Contract, yielding ten per cent. net. Mention *West Shore.*

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

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

\*Through Mail Oregonian R. R. points. Suburban Trains—Oswego; †Riverside. Saturday night leave 11 30 for Oswego. Ferries connect with all trains for Sellwood and Milwaukie.

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