

The West Shore,

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FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them, and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

PROFANITY.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old and middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea that it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely, and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished swearer.

DREAMING.

What wondrous consolation comes to us in those dream hours when the body lies resting. The quiet rooms at will, nor distance, space or time are separate as from our loved. The treasures watched away by death are ours again. Forms only dust to-day, are with us as in bygone years. The same tint of hair the same shade of eyes; the same rich coloring of lip, and expansion of brow; the same expression. The little peculiarities which endeared them to our hearts, make dreamer's dream reality.

How apt we are to exclaim, when waking "Oh, could I dream the same again!" Bereaved mother, you are comforted when your baby nestles in your arms again; the little fingers thrill you when wandering as of old. The wee face breaks into smiles at your caress! You would hold baby thus for ever. Alas! you must awake—awake to find an empty cradle, empty arms, and a longing heart.

There is more pleasure in dreams than in realities. The awakening embitters both. My sister, my brother, have you awakened from sunny dreams of youth? Are the hopes you cherished dead? Have friends forsaken you? Has disease dimmed you for his prey? Because that was so bright, and this so dark, will you allow your life to be a failure? If you cannot be what you would, will you not be what you can? Can you smile ashes? Will you live aright?

NOTICE TO WILLIAM HENRY KARE OR JAMES ANDERSON KARE.—A letter from your sister in Madison, Calloun Co., Iowa, is at this office for either of you. Call or write for it. Any one able to give information about either of the above parties, will oblige by addressing this office. Our exchanges will please copy.

OREGON GIANTS.—During a recent trip in the interior, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Cromwell, of the firm of Bridges & Cromwell, saw-mill owners in Beaver valley, who informed us that in their millyard stands a burnt tree, which is yet 200 feet in height, and although the bark is broken off in many places, it measures 31 feet in circumference. It is estimated that 50,000 feet of good sound lumber could be got out of it. There are large numbers of fir trees in Beaver valley 325 feet in height, and 31 feet in circumference. To prove the durability of Oregon Cedar, Mr. Cromwell mentioned that Hemlock and Cedar trees 75 and 80 years old, are frequently found growing with their roots crossed over fallen Cedar, clearly showing the length of time these "fallen monarchs" have lain on the ground, and are yet sound enough to be worked into flooring and shingles. The age of a tree is determined by the number of rings in the grain of the wood. Beaver valley is located in Columbia county, three miles and a-half from Haines.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS.—Messrs. E. A. J. Barrows' farm of seventy acres, located four miles north-west of Gervais, produced 2,865 bushels of wheat for the harvest of 1875.

THE ESCAPE OF DAVID.

Our illustration on page 5 is after a design by that eminent artist, Gustave Doré. David (a general under Saul, King of Israel), having achieved numerous victories over the Philistines, arouses a jealous hatred in the breast of his King who determines to have him killed, and for that purpose sends messengers to watch David's house and kill him in the morning. Michal, daughter of Saul and wife of David, overruling her father's plan and seeing her house surrounded, watches an opportunity and lets David down from the balcony during the night and he escapes to Ramah.

No. 4 of Vick's Floral Guide for 1875 is at hand. It is filled with valuable information for Fall and Winter treatment of bulbs and plants. This Guide is published quarterly for 25 cents per year and is sent free to all who purchase seeds or bulbs of Mr. Vick. We can recommend him as one of the most reliable seedsmen in the world, and we don't see how any one taking an interest in Floriculture can manage to get along without his publications. His address is James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. He has also now in press, "The Flower and Vegetable Garden," a beautiful and valuable book of over 150 pages with numerous engravings. Price in cloth, 50 cts. Paper, 35 cts.



THE COURT HOUSE AT SALEM, OREGON.—(See page 3.)

WHAT EVERY WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Every action and emotion depletes the physical system. Milk, the first food absorbed by man and animals, is the only natural mixture, containing all the elements of blood save the coloring. Water constitutes three-fourths of the body. To work well, either physically or mentally, we must be fed judiciously and thoroughly. The worker must eat mixed food. Food properly administered stimulates the system as wine does, only more naturally. The long night hours empty the stomach, deplete the system, and chill the body. On arising the physical condition is low, and should be restored. If we lose time at early morning in bringing the body up to its natural heat and strength, we cannot regain it during the day. A healthy man requires about one pound of nutriment per day to keep him in good condition. While a working man would need daily five pounds of solid mixed food, two and a half would be enough for persons who lounge and sleep much.

Life can be sustained two or three weeks on two ounces a day. A change of diet should follow a change of seasons—in winter, fats and sweets; in summer, fruits, fish and lighter meats. Milk and eggs, a blood food; steak, a flesh food; potatoes and wheat, which, being heating material, are fat; and coffee, a stimulant.

TRUTH KNOWLEDGE.—Well informed persons will rarely be deceived to have read the best books, they are not always detailing lists of authors for a master-roll of names may be learned from a catalogue as well as from the library. The honey sweet its exquisite taste to the fragrance of the sweetest flower; yet the skill of the little artificer appears in this, that the delicious stores are so admirably worked up, and there is such a due proportion observed in making them, that the perfection of the whole consists in its not tasting, individually, of the rose, the jasmine, the cinnamon or any of those sweets, of the very essence of which it is compounded. But true judgment will discover the infusion which true modesty will not display; and even common subjects, passing through a cultivated understanding, borrow a flavor of its richness.

FEAR AND LOVE OF PUBLICITY.

There are two great evils inevitably arising from the present state of things. The fear of publicity, and the love of publicity. As regards the former, how many timid and shamefaced persons fear to take the right course, fear to take the course that would lead to just results, because of the aversion they have to this demon of publicity? On the other hand, a still greater danger lurks in the love of publicity, which comes to be a besetting sin, sometimes even of the greatest minds, and which leads to falseness, restlessness and to a most dangerous desire always to stand well with that public which is sure, very soon, to be made acquainted with all that the lover of publicity may write, or speak, or intend. Publicity is also a great absorber of that time which might be much better spent. The desire for knowing everything about everybody—what he or she thinks, or says, or does, on any trivial occasion—such desire, indeed now occupies, a large part of the time of the civilized world, and must be a great hindrance to steady thought about a man's own concerns, and about those subjects which ought most deeply interest mankind. A stupid kind of gossip becomes the most pleasant and the most absorbing topic for the generality of men. I do not agree with a certain friend of mine, who has told us that "the folly of mankind is a constant quantity;" but I do admit that this fulsome publicity I have described is one of the facts which speaks most in favor of the view we have been taking. If every one wore his heart upon his sleeve, we would at least get rid of all falseness, and the world would know with whom and what it was dealing. If publicity could be perfect, there would be less to be said in its disparagement. But a studied publicity is very dangerous. When all people know that what they may say or do is likely to be made public, they will dress up their sayings or their doings to meet this appalling publicity. And that which they deem will not be pleasing to the public, though it may be the thing, above all others, that the public ought to hear, they will carefully suppress.

A man was standing on a street corner telling a crowd that he had been out and killed five hundred pigeons since sunrise. "You're a liar!" shouted a man in the edge of the crowd. The stranger looked at him long and earnestly, and then inquired: "Where did you get acquainted with me?"

There are times when all of a woman's self-possession and dignity are required. That is when she shows her first baby, a hair-lipped one, to an old beau, whom she has jilted for the sake of her present husband.

One of our printers received the following note from his girl: "May I get yanked out of bed at midnight every nite by a cuss like Theydore, Tilton an' curried upp a million pair of staves, iff ever I see to love you, Jim."

"Why, what drove you from home such a bitter night as this?" asked a woman of a poor little boy, shivering and crying at the corner of a street. "Cross words," he answered, with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Many have withstood the frowns of the world, but its smiles and caresses have often hugged them to death.

When there is only one worm it is well enough to be an early bird.



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF ALBANY, OREGON.