

The West Shore.

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JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

During the five years last past, the good citizens of this community have been frequently startled from their complacency by exhibitions of frightful depravity, and as often schemes for the proper punishment and reformation of juvenile offenders would be suggested and discussed, but nothing more has yet been accomplished. That "Hoodlumism" has during all these years prevailed and increased among a large class of our boys are facts of which ample and repeated evidences have been furnished to the public. In this great and growing evil, which does not necessarily embrace any defined crime but forms the initial steps to any and all violations of law, we may find the immediate cause of the larceny committed by four boys of tender years, of which they were recently convicted in the Circuit Court for this county, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of years. The establishment of a House of Correction or a Reform School may not be without effect upon children inclined to the evil we have mentioned, but infinitely better would it be to direct our efforts in a course where they might altogether dispense with the necessity of such, or kindred institutions. Statistics compiled from criminal records make the lamentable disclosure that ninety-eight per centum of adult criminals in the United States commenced their career of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years. It would follow that if a boy conducted himself with propriety and remained a stranger to crime until his sixteenth year, we may feel assured of his becoming a useful, law-abiding member of society, there being forty-nine chances in favor of his continuing in an honorable career while there is only one against it. Can parents ignore the startling importance of a fact, showing as it does, that during the period of life in which parental authority can and should be exercised, their children are either contracting the habits, manners and feelings of the modern "Hoodlum"—placing their feet upon the threshold of crime, or are laying such foundations for character as afford a guarantee of their future good conduct.

Parents have a fearful responsibility, in the proper discharge of which they perform a duty alike owing to themselves, their offspring, their country and their religion. They should acquire and retain absolute control of their children until they are sixteen years of age, a matter of no difficulty, very rare cases excepted, and if that control through want of judgment or neglect is unwisely or insufficiently exercised, the fault lies with the parents, who thereby indirectly contribute, and are the real source of ninety-eight per centum of crime in the United States. It is a sad reflection, we leave it to be taken up in wisdom by the fathers and mothers of our city and State, asking them to remember that from eight to sixteen the destinies of children are fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by the parents. It remains with them to determine whether those for whom they are morally responsible, and whom they hold so dear, shall go down the crooked path which leads to corruption, degradation and death, or travel upon the broad highway of virtue and become respected and honored citizens of our Commonwealth.

Tobacco can be successfully raised in Walla Walla county. Mr. Lowell, of Mill Creek, had some very fine samples of his own raising on exhibition at the late Walla Walla fair.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee shudders as they say: "People who are seeking a paradise on earth may now emigrate to Oregon. She has sent her only poet to the penitentiary."

LAYING THE GHOST.

—
BY A DETECTIVE.

On the H— road is situated a large mansion, once a private residence, but the original owner is now abroad, and he has leased his property to certain parties for a summer lodging house.

Some time ago the lessees took possession, and for many weeks have had their house partially filled by boarders; but there was one room in the house—the best—which they could not get anyone to remain in more than one night.

Three or four times it had been let to different parties, but in the morning—if they stayed in the room till morning—they would tell tales of the most horrible ghostly visitations.

The most singular part of the whole story was, that the supernatural visitors were only seen by bona fide boarders.

The proprietor slept in the room night after night, and was never disturbed.

He also hired persons to sleep in the

"Well, Mr. Gregg, I do not believe in ghosts either, and I will take the room."

That evening at the dinner table the new boarder who was to occupy the haunted room was an object of interest to his fellow-boarders, who nodded significantly to each other, as much as to say—

"That old chap won't eat his breakfast with as much *sang froid* as he, does his dinner after having spent a night in that room!"

But the man who was to be scared seemed perfectly indifferent to the anticipated fright, but occasionally, as opportunity offered, his calm blue eyes scanned critically the features of each of the boarders, and only spoke when addressed, when he replied courteously, and smiled confidently at allusion to the coming trial of his nerves.

At about eleven o'clock he signified to Mr. Gregg his readiness to retire.

At the door of his room he turned and asked his landlord one question in a low tone—

"Have you, sir, any suspicion of the

tion rewarded his careful survey, and at last he undressed, partially, after having first properly attended to his pistols, and placing a club beneath his pillow, with the muttered remark—

"If my suspicions are correct, this club will serve my purpose as well as anything; and if Mr. Ghost comes here, I reckon his ghostly cranium will feel sore to-morrow morning."

The large clock in the hall was just striking twelve.

For an hour he lay waiting and watching.

"His ghostship is late," murmured Clew and a quarter of an hour later, unable to combat the drowsy feeling which crept over him, he closed his eyes.

When suddenly, not being wholly unconscious, he became aware that a strange, weird light had flashed across the half-closed eyelids.

He rose up in bed, fully conscious; he had calculated upon encountering a ghost that bore, at least, a human semblance, but this mysterious light, flashing here and there, was something undreamed of in his matter-of-fact philosophy.

Hither and thither danced the mysterious light, until finally it rested in a steady glare upon the wall opposite his bed, where it began to assume shapes and forms.

A cold sweat broke out upon the surface of the detective's skin, as his eyes finally rested upon the form of a pale woman, with a ghastly cut across her throat from ear to ear.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the usually brave man, as he buried his head beneath the bed-clothes to shut out the horrid sight. "If this ain't a ghost, I'm dreaming, that's all."

Again he peeped forth, and the figure of a woman had been succeeded by that of a man with a villainous countenance, and in his hand he held a knife.

"I'll go for that figure, anyhow," exclaimed the officer, nerved with a sudden courage, "or my reputation is gone for ever!" and springing from the bed, he seized his club, stepped across the room, and struck a fearful blow at the terrible-looking figure.

But like a flash the latter vanished, and his club fell, with a resounding thump, against the wall.

"That ain't a fighting ghost, anyhow," muttered the officer, having now fully recovered his nerve; "and he ain't to be hit neither; I will wait until he comes again, and try another tack."

Returning to his bed, he waited, and was soon rewarded by seeing the mysterious light begin flashing about the room; and shortly after the first figure again to take shape upon the wall.

Now fully on the alert, and not at all frightened, the detective noticed that the light surrounding the figure widened as though it came from a certain focus; and following the now steady ray he discovered that it narrowed down to a fine point just at the ceiling over his bed.

Upon making this discovery he took his pistol in hand, and, with the remark, "That ghost comes from the next room!" on tip-toe he went to his own room door, noiselessly opened it, stole out, passed to the adjoining room door, peeped through the keyhole, and with a quiet chuckle realized that he had earned triumph, and solved mystery.

Taking the butt of his pistol he rapped at the door.

"Who's there?" came in startled tones.

"In Clew, detective!" was the reply. "If you don't immediately open I blow off your lock with my

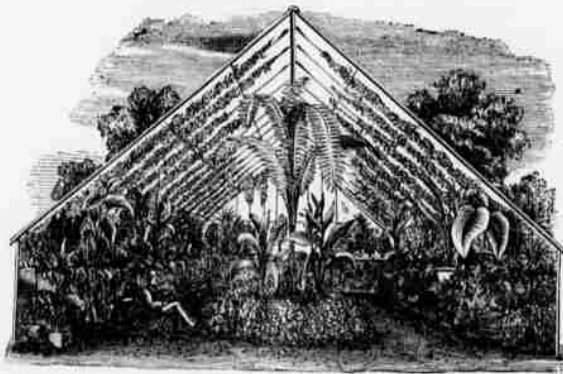
speedily opened, and the operators were soon have detective, whose he end, proved to be testant for the lease by courage, and

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A CONSERVATORY OR WINTER HOUSE.

room, and they also had not been disturbed; but the moment the room was let to a genuine paying boarder, they were driven forth by the ghost.

"I guess I can capture him," quietly remarked Detective Clew as he started forth to "pipe" a veritable ghost.

"Well, sir, there is one fact with which I wish to make you acquainted," said the proprietor of the haunted house to an elderly gentleman who had just made application for board; "there is a mystery in the house which has not yet been solved. The room for which you have applied is said to be visited nightly by a supernatural apparition."

"In other words, your house is haunted," said the intending boarder quietly.

"No, sir, I do not think the house is haunted, but there is something very mysterious about the affair. I myself do not believe in ghosts, and I think in a few days this will be explained in a natural manner. I have employed a detective, whom I hourly expect, and I think if he's smart, he will get at the bottom of the mystery."

cause of these strange appearances?"

"I have no definite suspicion."

"Was there any competition for the lease of these premises?"

"Ah, I see now," said Mr. Gregg. "You are the detective."

"My name is Clew, at your service."

"I am certainly glad to see an officer with such an excellent reputation as you have earned, Mr. Clew."

"Thank you; but you have not answered my question. Was there any competition for the lease of this house when you hired it?"

"Yes, sir, there was."

"Were any threats made by any of the disappointed parties?"

"I never heard any."

"That will do; good-night, sir."

And detective Clew entered the room and locked the door behind him.

The detective, after placing his lamp upon the mantle, proceeded to make a thorough examination of the apartment.

Nearly an hour was spent in this critical examination, but not a suspicious indica-



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.