

THE WEST SHORE, A Sixteen Page Monthly Illustrated Paper, published at PORTLAND, OREGON, by L. SAMUEL, 5 Washington St. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, (Including Postage to any part of the United States) One copy, one year, \$1.50 Single Number, 30 cents. Postage to foreign countries, 25 cents additional.

THE OLD AND THE NEW. The world stood still for a thousand years And crept for a thousand more, This wonderful world with wings for ears, Like the Messenger god of yore, And winged feet and winged wand, And a wing on its either hand, And more than Mercury was.

It huddled and riled a furnace's coal With iron and hammer and sledge, Great clouds of white from their nostrils roll, And it feeds its horses fire! They are blooded stock, the engines swift, Beneath their heads the distances drift Like snows from the Arctic Pole!

They rattle across meridian lines And draw the parallels plain, They marry together the poles and pines, A thousand miles in a day! The world has trained the wandering wire, A surge of a code for articulate fire, And taught the lightning to say: "Dear Mary, be mine!" "Carroll of wine!" "One ton of cheese?" "Martha dine!" "Joy! it's a boy!" "I'm coming to dine!" "Send soap!" "She's married to Fred!"

Behold them at the ends of the line, The John and his black-eyed loon, His head and here to the window shine, And she sings him "Bonny Doon," He sighs for the only thing amiss, He has a voice but then he can't sing! He sighs as well as he can, like a bird, For emblem that an East wind's laugh is a lover's kiss by telegraph!

The old world rocked the harvest to sleep, And cradled the drowsy wheat, The scythes that went with a rattling sweep As they moved their narrow street, And the new moon kills they used to tramp, Sickle and cradle and scythe and all, Are laid in the garret's rafters tall, With straws for pillows when they dared repeat.

He hid with the bonnets of English fare, And the duff's head of hair, The old foot-stove and the rug brought shair, And bell-covered hats of the ancient ware, The warning gun and the little wheel, The daisy ghost of a child's wheel, And the trundle bed so fair.

He hid by day beneath the frowny bed, A chicken under a hen, I love the wreck of the days long dead, The times of the lion-skin men; I love to think of the handsome fire, That opened its heart like a large door, And roared at table for tea.

The swift world raps with a tireless thing, And moves with a hundred knives, Of the golden year's legitimate king, And the strength of a starved liver! They rout the wheat and they wreck the green, Like whirlwinds come, like whirlwinds pass, They hurt the grain like creatures of wrath, And haul the harvest out of their path, A slash, a toss and a fling!

Torrents of grain and tempests of chaff! The threshing comes in its might, Crumpled the straw with a grave of a laugh, Choats like the thick of a fight, A thousand man power, it takes its rank With process that ousts the world in rank, With type-sized thoughts in splendid line That march along to music divine For day that never comes light!

A century after Christ was born, The brooks ran like the wind, And women ground crimson's oars, For the motors of mankind; Five hundred years on wheel for a mill, Ever hauled a dinner or pulled a fill, But women ground and they passed, 'Till broody men had all dimm!

Where they shingle shide with old yew straw And it rains between the showers, We went a slow according to law, Current like the statists of powers, "Here is a god," the savages said, They set it on end and painted it red, And crowned it with garlanded flowers. -Boscawen F. Taylor.

TAKE TIME TO BE HAPPY.

A lady writer for the Home Journal some pointed truths on the observance of which we believe many may find happiness. She says: It is the failing of many of the busy "Marthas" of the day that they do not take time enough to make themselves happy. In the hurry and rush of every-day duties, they are laborious and pains-taking for everybody's benefit except their own. Now this is a great error, and works a great mischief. They wear out too soon. They break down physically and mentally, and they become a bundle of infirmities, when it ought to be only in its noon-day prime.

Now happiness can be made to turn on very little hinges. The world is full of small pleasures which skillful gleaners can pick up if they'll but keep their eyes open to observe them. Of course our tastes vary, and what is pleasing to one might be a matter of utter indifference to another. You might care nothing for this tiny spray of "spring beauties" which lie on the paper as I write, but to me they are like an open page in the pleasant book of my childhood's history. I will take a moment's time to rejoice in them, to look at the delicate tracing of pink on their pearl-white petals, and to re-

WHAT'S IN THE RAG BAG.

The "finds" in the rag bag and the rubbish heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty, the maid, to keep a rag bag, and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuable find themselves in very old papers, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders or lizards, that are found by the paper makers in bundles of esparto; they are unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin prayer-book, bought as waste paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, tucked inside it. Half-over-eights and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper maker. The London rag-broker boys once found a bank check-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought; these unexpected articles were, to the honor of the brigade, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—the gentle sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

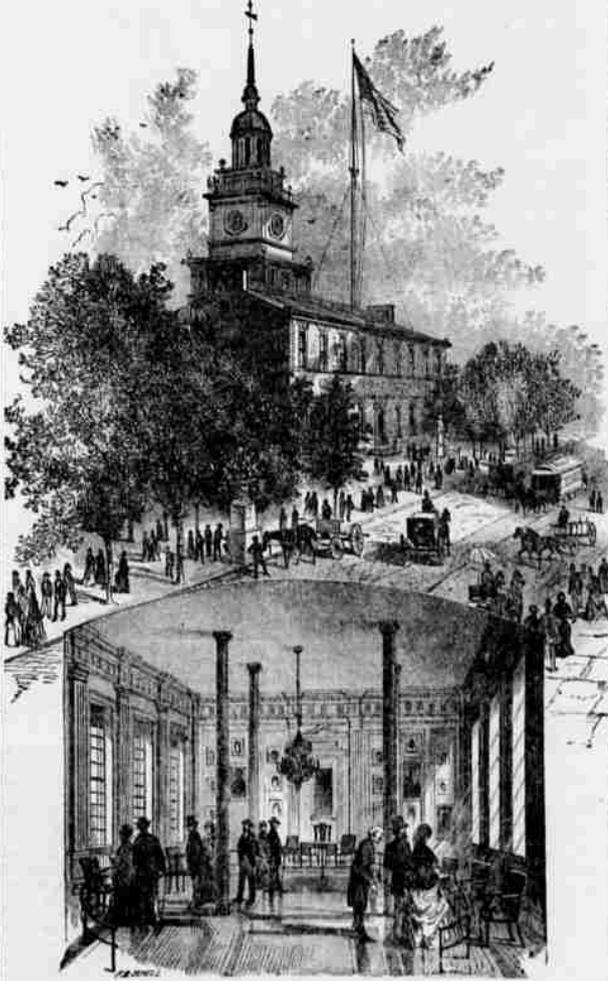
Independence hall is preserved with jealous care, so that coming generations may share with us the inspiration of entering its portals and recalling the old scenes. Interest centers on the building and its contents, and in connection with the engraving we give the following description from the pen of a recent visitor. The hall has a goodly number of historic relics, most worthy of note among which is the famous old Liberty bell, which rang out melodies for the sons and daughters of the new land a hundred years ago, but now shows the fingers of time in a huge fissure. Here is the old front door belonging to the Chew mansion, which was battered and splintered at the siege of Germantown. Dresses of "ye olden time" are abundant, showing that loving descendants of the men and women of those days have guarded them carefully. A piece of "Lady Washington's" dresses is a flowered cambric—quite like the gay chints so much in vogue for lounge coverings now. Here are portraits of all the signers of the Declaration, officers of the Continental army and members of the first Congress. The Georges are there, too. It is prejudicial, or do their faces look out from the chairs and tables used by Gen. Washington, have a charm about them from the thought that they have been part and parcel of his plain household—a thought which redoubles their excessive homeliness.

The original Declaration of Independence, with paper brown with age, ink faded and dim, has a mysterious awe about its immortal wording. Close by is the veritable inkstand into which those grand men dipped their quills, one after the other, as they traced those names which the tongue of history shall ever be proud to repeat. The inkstand is heavy and cumbersome, is made of solid silver, and bears the maker's name—Philip Syng, 1792. The first draft of the Constitution hangs in a frame, a conspicuous object of attention. There are several portraits of Washington, taken at different ages. William Penn is here, in company with his second wife—a wholesome, plain, sensible sort of a lady. The face of Francis Key, the author of the Star Spangled Banner, is sparkling and refined. Marquis de Lafayette, the noble Frenchman, is genteel, courteous and soldierly. In this hall, in a case, are numerous articles of the toilet—dresses, stomachers, towels, stockings, high-boled slippers, laces, over-dresses, ribbons, etc., all of great antiquity; also table articles, such as spoons, knives and forks, sugar bowls and similar things.

Here is the celebrated painting by Benjamin West, depicting Penn's treaty with the Indians. The subject is true to life. In the chain of the lofty woods, the Indians and whites have gathered to listen to their "pale brother," as he stands there, earnestly setting forth the conditions of the treaty. The old chiefs are gravely listening, while their eyes are turned calmly upon him, as he stands there, surrounded by his friends. The women of the tribe have drawn near to hear the "big talk," while the half-naked boys and girls, with their symmetrical limbs, are amusing themselves near. The figures are clear, bold and natural. Here, too, are many original letters of Benjamin Franklin, written in the troublous days of our country, when his heart was full of forebodings but his leaders went not right. How his great soul would be troubled could he have a chance to observe them now! With a long look at the many treasures this room contains, I cross the hall to a room filled with old portraits of the prominent men of those days; look at some old, stiff and uninviting chairs and settees, and ascend to the two halls above, in which the present city council hold their sessions. Both these rooms are fitted up in modern style, with rows of desks and a few easy chairs. It was, formerly one room, known as the banqueting hall, where, on all state occasions, the festivals were held. Here Washington delivered his farewell address to the Continental Congress, whose deliberations took place in this hall. There is a splendid painting representing him in the act of making this last speech, which hangs over the very spot where he stood. The city of Philadelphia paid \$20,000 for it, and they claim that it is the most accurate likeness of him in existence.

VALOR.—A few miles north of Tecumseh, Mich., there is a brick school-house, wherein reigns a muscular young schoolmistress. She induced the trustees to brighten the dingy walls with new paper, and warned the subjects of her little realm that they must not deface it. One young lady willfully and repeatedly ornamented the new wall paper with splashes of ink and marianite penmanship. The school was dismissed, the culprit detained, the door locked, and the female brandished. The pupil struck back, and a hand-to-hand conflict raged. A feather and sister of the young rebel ran home and summoned two indignant parents to the scene of war. The door was unlocked, the father breathed out threatenings and slaughter; the mother rolled up her sleeves, seized the arm of the schoolmistress, and was on the point of beating and biting her, when lo! a champion of the oppressed entered. It was a beautiful young gentleman who had driven up in a sleigh to invite the teacher to go with him to a concert in the village that evening. He separated the combatants, glared at the father, put the schoolmistress in the "cotter," and drove away over the hills and dales. After the concert he gave her a seven-shooter, and bade her defend herself in future like a man.

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.—It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor and repose. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

call the old delight I used to feel in every vein when the April woods were all carpeted with their blossoms. I shall be the happier all day for this small bouquet my little girl has brought me. And I believe, too, that people are better for being happier. It is so hard for unhappy people to be good or to make others good with whom they associate. The worry gets into the voice and the words, and they sound snappish and rasping, and we all know how that affects us. Did you never pass by a house and hear a mother scolding her child? Did it make you any happier or better? What do you suppose the effect was upon the child's nature? Another mistake, it is to keep the best rooms shut up in gloomy state for chance guests, while you conclude that any room is good enough for your every-day use, provided it is tolerably "handy." Don't do it. Nobody deserves the large, airy front chamber so much as you—nobody needs it so much. Make it cool and shady, and sweet with flowers all the summer time, and warm with a nice stove in the winter. We all of us need seclusion at times. It makes us better and happier to rest alone for a little breathing space, when one can take up a book or paper maybe, and have no curious eyes glancing in upon us. We can many of us "plan work" twice as well when "all by ourselves." Have your own room, the best you can afford, and as pleasant as you can make it. Let it be your kingdom, where your rule supreme, and take up your apples to pare there, if you like it better than the hot kitchen, and ask nobody's leave either. Take time to be happy and to make yourself comfortable.

bees; while the bargain was being ratified at a public house, the buyer began to rip up the garment, when out ruffled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank note. We rather think that in strictness of the law the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of banking their spare money about their persons; thus, an old waist-coat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank notes. But of all the finds, what shall we think of a baby? A paper manufacturer assures us that in a bag of rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found, pressed almost flat.—Chambers's Journal.

A MOTHER'S FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.—Recently a child was attacked on Gosse Teto by a large eagle. Upon hearing the screams of the child its mother ran into the yard, and when she discovered the eagle endeavoring to carry off her child she made a desperate attack upon the intruder. During the fight between the eagle and the mother the child crawled under the house, and finally the mother was forced to retire, as the eagle fought with unusual desperation. Several persons were attracted to the spot by the screams of both mother and child, and after firing several shots at the eagle he was finally killed. The eagle was very large.

A WALL STREET MAN wants to know what is the difference between the day-rate of gold and the nitrate of silver.