

The West Shore,

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The West Shore has the largest circulation of any publication in Oregon or Washington Territory.

OUR MIDSUMMER NUMBER.

We furnish our readers this month with a 32-page paper. We say nothing in its favor, leaving that for our patrons to do. It is published at a large outlay of money, many of the sketches appearing in it, owing to the wild nature of the country the scenes are located in, having cost large amounts of money to obtain. We are confident our patrons will appreciate our efforts to please them, and hope that they will, at the same time, remember, that they each have it in their power to induce one or two of their neighbors and friends to send for THE WEST SHORE. The more subscribers we have, the better paper we can afford to give you. Should our list increase sufficiently, we will open the third volume with many pleasing features not yet incorporated in THE WEST SHORE. The Midsummer number will be sold at fifty cents per copy, or furnished free with our mammoth number in January next, to all yearly subscribers, at \$1.50 per annum.

THE WEST SHORE.—MR. L. SAMUEL, publisher of Oregon's pioneer illustrated paper, spent a day or two in our village during the week. He is a pleasant gentleman, the very embodiment of enterprise and deserves much credit for conducting THE WEST SHORE on so liberal a basis. Every issue is filled with fresh original matter and illustrations by the best artists, calculated to interest us at home and advertise our Web-Foot land abroad. Mr. Samuel has been to no little expense in bringing THE WEST SHORE up to its present popularity, but a rapidly increasing subscription list shows that his money has been placed "where it will do the most good."—*Ashland Tidings.*

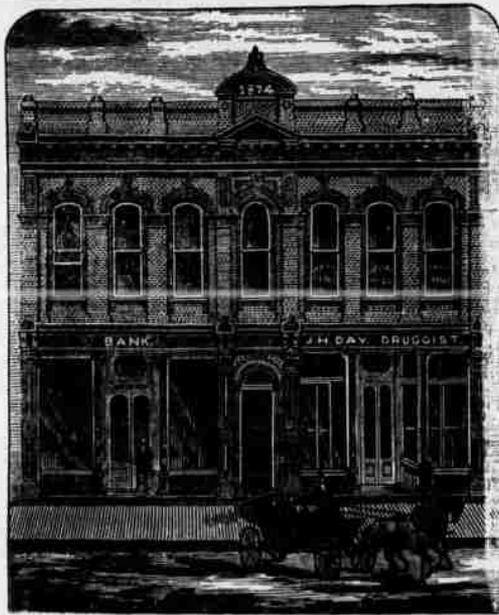
"The racket" between Judge Hilton and the Jews recalls the famous tilt between O'Connell and Disraeli. The Irishman tumbled the Jew with being a "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief on the cross." Disraeli's answer is not so well known; he conclusively replied that "one-half of Christendom worshipped a Jew, and the other half a Jewess."

A Brooklyn woman has three sons, triplets, aged 14, who are so much alike that the landlord of the hotel where they stop only charges her board for one boy.

Bashful Spooner (on his honeymoon): "Larry, my wife and I have both noticed that the townspeople stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we were newly married." Larry (the faithful factor): "Me tell 'em, sor? Is it loikely. Oid go agin my express orders? Why, whenever anybody thryed to pump me, sir, Oive towld 'em you was' married at all!"

A Chicago lady, whose colored coachman is a curious specimen of his race, lately observed to some friends that at times "the man was a perfect enigma," and all hands were not a little dumfounded to hear the lady's youthful son break out with the exclamation: "Why, of course he's a nig, ma—just see how black he is."

A creed is like a carriage, which may take us to the place where our friend is, but cannot put us into communion with him.



DR. J. H. DAY'S ESTABLISHMENT AT WALLA WALLA, W. T.

A WALLA WALLA BUSINESS HOUSE.

The handsome brick building, shown on this page, was erected by Dr. J. H. Day, physician, banker and assayer, in the city of Walla Walla, in the year 1874, at an expense of \$15,000. The doctor started business in 1863, and by strict attention to business and honest dealing he has been enabled to accumulate a handsome fortune. He is still active in business; does not, however, practice medicine any longer, his constantly growing trade requiring all his attention; he is a man of great taste, as may be seen by the most casual observer, on entering his elegantly fitted up establishment. In the upper story is his private office and study, whilst the front rooms are occupied by Dr. Blalock, physician, and Dr. Dorr, dentist.

As folly on the one side, though it should enjoy all it can desire, would, notwithstanding, never be content; so, on the other, wisdom ever acquiesces with the present, and is never dissatisfied with its immediate conditions.

People are now cautioned against a too free use of ice-water. Excess is said to kill. Well, what of it? Something must kill people. They can't live always. And it is well they can't, with several millions of dollars invested in French plate-glass hearsees in this country alone.

Little boy—"Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother." Servant—"Doctor's out. Where do you come from?" Little boy—"What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week!"

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it; the fruit of a good office is the office itself.



MOUNT COFFIN, COLUMBIA RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY CLYDE COOK.

MOUNT COFFIN, W. T.

BY JAMES B. LA DU.

Mount Coffin is situated in Cowlitz county, Washington Territory, on the immediate bank of the Columbia river, and about half way between Portland and Astoria. It is of basaltic formation, and the name it bears was given to it in 1841 by Lieut. Wilkes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition—afterwards Admiral Wilkes, of the U. S. Navy, (by whom it was visited,) on account of its having been an Indian burial place, and not, as many have supposed, from its resemblance to a coffin, as there is nothing in its shape at all calculated to suggest such an idea. The facts in regard to its name, and the visit of Wilkes, were obtained from the original settler of the donation claim, on which the mountain is situated, and at the time said claim was located many Indian relics could have been found on the mountain, pointing immediately to its having been an Indian burial place. Wilkes, I believe, places its altitude at 700 feet, which is thought to be too great, as it is estimated at from 350 to 400 feet by settlers in its immediate vicinity. From its summit, which is annually visited by many people, and which is easy of access, a fine view may be had of the delta formed by the Cowlitz and Columbia rivers, comprising some of the finest farming land in Washington Territory, and on a clear day can also be seen the snow-clad peaks of Rainier and St. Helens, of which last named mountain the poet sings—

"Across the mountains hoar and dim,
St. Helens gloms afar,

As though she were herself a sun,
Each glittering snowflake were a star."

Mount Coffin, standing solitary and lone, one of Nature's sentinels, scattered here and there along the lordly Columbia, almost invariably attracts the attention of the passing traveler, or pleasure-seeker, and is one of the most noted points in the natural scenery of the Lower Columbia.

"PERCHERON" HORSES.

Mr. W. C. Myer, of Ashland, Jackson county, has devoted all his energies to the task of improving draught horses in Oregon by the introduction of the celebrated stock of "La Perche." The Percherons are pre-eminently distinguished for great size and strength, perfect symmetry, kind and docile disposition and "that fine Oriental gray coat," as Du Huys calls it, which is one of their leading characteristics. Some persons have asserted that this should not be called a "blooded" stock, for that term should only be applied to horses of Arabian descent, but in this they display great want of knowledge, for the Percherons are true descendants of the best blood of Arabia. It was not the Moors of Morocco but their Arab conquerors who gave celebrity to the Barbs of the days of chivalry, those fleet, yet immensely powerful horses which alone could sustain the weight of their own and their rider's coat of mail. Just such horses as "The Pride of Perche" bore the mail-clad knights in battle and tournament, and to no other breed does the term "blooded" so properly belong. "Gen'l Fleury," "White Rose," and "White Prince," are also noble specimens of this type, and already several of their colts have become quite famous for size and beauty, proving that even with the most common breeds the introduction of Percheron stock causes an immense improvement, for blood will always tell. "The American Agriculturist" is loud in its praises of Percheron horses; "The Spirit of the Times" says, (quoting the language of Mr. Buck): "The finest for general purposes and the most stylish carriage horses he has ever seen are the produce of the second cross from the Norman or Percheron stock in France, and he thinks they cannot fail to produce the same results in this country." "The Live-Stock Journal" (Chicago) fully concurs in this, as does Dunton's "Spirit of the Turf," and others of the leading stock journals.

Mr. Myer has recently published a neat little work of thirty-four pages, illustrated with five splendid engravings, taken from life and photographs, of his Percherons, and this he will forward, free of expense, to all those interested in stock who may address him on the subject.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kelly, of Freedom, Pa., lately, was made notable by the presence of Mrs. Black, the golden bride's mother, a lady of certainly over two years, probably 110. The old lady is somewhat deaf and almost blind, but is still in possession of her reasoning faculties to a remarkable degree for one so aged.

The strawberry-shortcake festival held by our church societies might be rendered more interesting and attractive by announcing that the young man who finds the strawberry in his piecemeal cake will be entitled to a kiss from the prettiest girl in the room, or something of that sort.

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.

No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.