

THE WEST SHORE,

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DANGER IN DAMP HOUSES.

A writer in the English journal, *Public Health*, has the following points which should be borne in mind by all home makers: It is a common notion that the country is more healthy than the town, and we readily grant that, in the elements of pure air and quiet, the country has advantages; but it is not true to affirm that the country is the healthiest. As Dr. Harelet says, if an old resident rebuilds his house, he does so on the old site for the sake of association or more urgent motives. The site may be marshy, always saturated, or badly drained; yet it is considered preferable by the old occupant. Again, the city merchant who retires into the country selects a secluded spot, surrounded by trees; it may be badly drained but being in the country, it is considered above suspicion—on sanitary grounds, at all events. If a homestead is contemplated, the farm buildings will be placed close to the house, and the farm-yard so near the windows that the effluvia of the manure is constantly the evil to be borne, if not grumbled at. All that affects the substratum, the drainage of the soil and the position of the house, is too generally disregarded, in the idea of enjoying country air. The proximity of a farm house is even, by some people, imagined to be conducive to health, so singularly ignorant of sanitary laws are they. Most country cottages have pig-sties, and the floors of these are a prolific source of nuisance; but occupants are under the impression that the unpleasant and pungent smell that is engendered is not harmful. In fact, it is strange to find that a country air strongly and constantly diluted with noxious gases is believed by many to be healthier than a town air free from these nuisances. But land-drainage is, perhaps, even more a source of unsanitariness in country districts. In 1852 a sanitary report was published, in which certain propositions were laid down, showing that "excess of moisture, even on lands not evidently wet, is a cause of fogs and damps;" that "dampness serves as the medium of conveyance for any decomposing matter that may be evolved, and adds to the injurious effect of such matter in the air; in other words, the excess of moisture may be said to increase or aggravate success of impurities in the atmosphere;" that "the evaporation of the surplus moisture lowers temperature, produces chills, and creates or aggravates the sudden, injurious changes of temperature by which health is injured." Now these propositions have reference to conditions that exist more largely in rural than town districts. Malarial disease, tuberculous consumption, typhoid fever, and various other functional diseases, are well known to spring from a high level of ground-saturation. Wherever this condition of ground moisture has been reduced by artificial means, these types of disease have been found to diminish in their intensity; and it is chiefly by the mists generated by this constant dampness that we must account for the aggravation of the symptoms in those localities. It is a fact that the most fertile soils are those which give rise to zymotic diseases, while those of sand, chalk or gravel, and of a porous quality, are the healthiest.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which all ways characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—*Ladies' Repository.*

EATING ORANGES.—A vast number of oranges are eaten by the Spaniards, it being no uncommon thing for the children of a family to consume ten or a dozen oranges each before breakfast, gathering them from the orange groves, where they hang like the veritable golden fruit, which they are metaphorically supposed to be. Such wholesale consumption of what we look upon as a luxury appears to have no ill effect. The testimony of a late eminent physician attributes the use of fruit as most wholesome immediately upon waking in the morning; he in fact, prescribed such a regimen to a friend as the only invigorating and permanent cure for indigestion, facetiously remarking that he gave her a piece of advice which, if it were known to his dyspeptic patients, would cost him his practice, as they might prefer so simple a remedy to his professional visits.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE NEW YORK BABY SHOW.

The New York *World* has an interesting paragraph about the metropolitan baby show at which there were 400 twins, triplets and quadruplets. All mothers will be glad to read it as follows: The Baby Show opened in Midget's hall in Fifth avenue, at 9.30 Monday morning. It was a gathering to be remarked in several of its features, but most remarkable was its suggestion of wisdom. At the hour of its opening the babies were fresh, wide-awake, unweaned and absorbed. No laggard and posterior twin, clipped of his vitality, had fallen into a leaden and precocious sleep, and the noisiest boy had not yet opened his mouth or got his preposterous legs into the throes of irresponsible motion. The flush of the vigor of morning was on the faces of all, and the alert intellect peered out of every baby's eyes. Under the circumstances, with every infant deeply serious, alert and absorbed, there never was such a gross display of facial wisdom.

The babies were assorted and arranged in the large hall on the second floor, which was trimmed profusely with American flags. At the Fifth avenue end were the twins. On the side towards Fourteenth street were arrayed single babies and all babies with defects and remarkable histories, while babies of different merit sat on the side opposite and were strewn casually through the center of the hall. The whole number of babies entered is nearly 400, and all these will be out doubtless by to-morrow; but Monday the show opened with 200. There will be several sets of triplets, and arrangements have been made and will probably come to fruition with a phenomenal Brooklyn father for a quartet. The management requires the presence of babies and their mothers from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night, though weaned babies are dismissed or put to bed on the floor above and their places supplied with fresh and vital specimens. Nurses are supplied to assist and relieve the mothers; also intelligent and instructed women to explain and interpret to visitors. In the hall above a lunch is always spread for mothers and nurses, and there are cribs and baby-jumpers for the soothing and reinvigoration of specimens.

A number of prizes are to be given, the recipients to be determined by popular ballot. Every visitor will find attached to his ticket a

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN ABUSE THEIR HUSBANDS.

Dr. Theodore Christlieb, the German "evangelical" whose sweetness and light so took captive the rest of the evangelicals at the alliance meeting in New York some years ago, has found a serious blot upon our civilization in the great republic. Prof. Christlieb confided to a recent American visitor that he had great fears for the future of our nation because "the spirit of Christ" was not here. Pressed to explain his meaning, he did not cite any of those financial or social scandals that make us uneasy, but "seriously declared that on more than one occasion he had heard an American married woman say to her husband, 'Dear, will you bring me my shawl?' and the husband had brought it!" And further, that he had seen a man come home and find his wife sitting in the best chair in the parlor, and not only did she not rise to get his dressing-gown and slippers, but she did not rise at all, but let him find his own chair as well as other comforts. These were the things that this profound Professor found to evidence a danger in the United States. It is hard to over-estimate the value of this well-weighed criticism from so eminent a source, based as it is, on undeniable facts. The female woman in this country has unquestionably arrived at a degree of individualism which places her in many things on a level with man. She cannot be depended upon to get out of bed at 4 o'clock of a winter morning to make a fire and get breakfast, while her lord and master takes a beauty nap, with anything like the certainty that she once could. She won't eat the chicken's gizzard while there's any breast left,—no, nor afterward, either. She objects to fill her husband's pipe and "start" it with a few gentle puffs, as any Professor's spouse ought to. She opens her husband's letters on the same ground that he opens hers. A man has no right here to whip his wife, or to harness her to a plow, as the German farmers do. In fact, it's getting so in our country that a wife has almost as many rights as a husband, and the conviction is slowly gaining ground that marriage is a matter of mutual respect and attention. We owe Professor Christlieb

LETTERS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEAR LITTLE ONES!—I wonder if anyone has had some paper dolls to play with lately, just as I used to have when I was a little girl? I told you about them, and I will tell you of other playthings that you can make, because I want you to learn to amuse yourselves. I think it is so much nicer to see children playing peacefully together than to see them with discontent in every line of their faces, moaning and groaning, and wishing for something to do or something to play with.

If you succeed in getting some paper dolls, do not forget to have a box to put them in when you get through playing with them. If you leave them lying around loose, they will be likely to get swept up and put in the fire. If they escape that sad fate, they will be apt to get bent and soiled, and when you get your family together again, Susie may have a broken arm, or Josie a cracked head; Sam will limp along (when you help him) on one foot, and John will be minus a hand. Suppose we make them some furniture?

Sofas, chairs, beds, etc., can be made of cards or stiff paper. We will take a card that is one and a half inches wide, and as long, or longer (there is no matter about the length). Take the scissors and cut it twice at either end, a half-inch from the edge, and a half-inch from the other side, thus cutting a half-inch long. Now turn up one side for the back of the sofa, and turn the other side down for the lower part on which it stands, and erase them a little to make them stay in place. This leaves the middle for the dolls to sit upon. It also leaves the three slips at either end. Bend the slips of the upper part, or back, forward, for arms, those of the middle part, down, and those of the lower, backward over the center ones, where they can be tacked with a thread, and a stitch may also be taken in the arms to keep all in place.

Chairs can be made in the same way, only from smaller pieces of paper.

For bedsteads, larger pieces must be taken, the slips cut as far from the edge as you want the bed high. Turn the sides and ends down, lap and stitch the corners. Make some quilts of paper; they will be nice and warm.

I used to keep some of my paper children for months, but my little nephew, yonder, makes them by the dozen, then has a big battle, and kills them off, kings, queens and all. But he will leave his armies in the field (that is, on the table) if he hears his sister teasing, nor will he let her about when I was a "little girl," and thinks I am about to commence.

I tell them that I do not remember that I ever had any trouble about finding something to play. I used to have to walk over a mile to school, but what grand times I used to have with other little girls when we played "house keep" under the maple trees near the school house. Our houses were built by laying strips of board upon the ground, or propping them up between stones. In the corner of the kitchen we would have a cupboard, made by laying two stones upon the ground, putting a board or shingle upon them, laying a stone upon either end of that, and another board upon them, and so on until we had as many shelves as we thought we should need. Our dishes were broken cups, plates and saucers, which we carried from our homes.

At noon we ate our dinners there, and they tasted so much better when taken from those broken dishes. After dinner we would "go visiting," swing and play games until the bell rang. At recess we would run to our playground, but where were our houses? The innocent-looking cows, feeding near by, might have thrown some light on the subject if they could have "talked Yankee," but, though they never said a word, we knew that they had been eating the green carpet from our sitting-room, parlor and kitchen, and had knocked the walls all about with their feet. We did not like this at all, and always drove the cows away when we could.—*Jennie E. Jamison, in Pacific Rural Press.*

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

Less than a year ago, says the *Prairie Farmer*, a quiet wedding occurred at St. Stephen's church, New York, followed by a brilliant reception at a Fifth avenue mansion. The parties were Mr. Robert Stuart, son of Lieutenant Robert Stuart, U. S. N., and Evelina Terry Marks. There was wealth on both sides, and until within a month ago their life was happy as a story. About that time dipomania, inherited from his father, who died a drunkard, took possession of the young man. His position as Assistant Cashier of the Gallatin National Bank was lost, and of late he was constantly under the influence of liquor. His wife, unable to cope with the constant shocks afforded her high strung, sensitive nature, determined upon suicide. ABOUT SIX P. M., on Sunday, Mr. Stuart entered his apartment intoxicated. He opened the door of the bedroom, and seeing his wife lying dressed on the bed, he imagined she had laid down to take a nap. He laid down on the lounge in the parlor and slept till six o'clock the next morning, when, feeling cold, he determined on going to bed, believing that his wife had undressed. When he opened the bedroom door and saw that his wife still lay dressed on the bed, he vaguely apprehended that all was not right, and, stepping to the side of the bed, shook his wife's arm. This failed to arouse her, and, lifting her head, he found that she was insensible, pale, and breathing heavily. He endeavored to seat her on the side of the bed, but he was still under the influence of liquor, and her inert form slipped from his grasp and slid heavily to the floor. Dr. Hubbard, who was summoned, found the patient too far gone from narcotic poisoning to rally. Mrs. Stuart died about eight o'clock. Her last moments were impressively sad. None of her friends or family had been summoned, and her husband became hysterical, wrung his hands, cried bitterly, incoherently charged himself with having caused his wife's death, and heaped curses on his own head. Mrs. Stuart was only 23 years of age.



THE CORNELIA COOK TEA ROSE.

coupon with printed instructions as to what qualities are to be voted for, thus: "Handsomest mother," "prettiest baby," "finest triplets," "prettiest twins," "greatest novelty," and the four babies in order who are next prettiest. Each child and mother has a printed card with a number, which the visitor, having made his selections, ascertains and writes upon his coupon, depositing the same in a box afterwards. The handsomest mother is to have a prize of a gold watch and chain, and money prizes ranging from \$100 down, are to go to the elected babies. As for other qualities not mentioned on the coupon, they are to be decided by a selected committee.

NEW THERAPEUTIC USE OF EUCALYPTUS.

In his work, "Clinical Studies," Sir John Ross Cornack makes some remarks upon a therapeutical agent, the eucalyptus globulus. In simple uterine catarrh, Sir John Ross Cornack says that he does not know of any remedy equal in value to preparations of this plant. "In such cases," he continues, "I have several times, with most satisfactory results, simultaneously administered them by the stomach and in the form of injections. As Gubler has shown, the anti-putridal virtues of eucalyptus are most remarkable. With increasing experience of its power, I more and more employ in bronchial, vesical and uterine catarrh, in gonorrhoea and in gleet." An infusion (one-half oz. to two pints), or a tincture (one oz. to one pint of rectified spirits) of the leaves, or the essential oil given in capsules, are the preparations ordinarily employed. As a gargle or vaginal injection, and for external application, the infusion or the tincture diluted (one drachm to six or eight ounces of cold or tepid water) may be used. Besides these therapeutical uses of the eucalyptus, the author adds his very favorable experience of its remarkable power of destroying the fetid odor of morbid discharges without the substitution of another unpleasant smell. He speaks from an extensive trial of eucalyptus lotions in horrible offensive discharges in cases of oozing, cancer of the tongue and throat, cancer of the uterus, gangrene, and other affections attended by fetor.

Medical sounds have been transmitted by means of a telephone to Columbus, O. from Chicago, a circuit of 375 miles. The longest distance yet tried.

something for bringing this to our notice. He may have stopped us on the brink of a precipice, as it were.—*Springfield Republican.*

A POPULAR TEA ROSE.

Our engraving on this page shows the Cornelia Cook tea rose, which is now regarded as *par excellence* by the florists of New York city. It sells at about five times the price of the ordinary tea rose—or about \$50 per 100 cut buds—(not plants) during the holiday season. One grower at Madison, N. J., has no less than 5,000 square feet of green-houses devoted to the growing of this rose alone, for buds to be sold to the florists of New York and other large cities, who make them up into baskets, bouquets, etc. The flower is white, sometimes tinged with a shade of straw color, and of the richest tea fragrance. The engraving, which was taken from specimens from the green-houses of Peter Henderson, Jersey City, N. J., is not quite half of the natural size.

HORSE TRADING AN IMPROVEMENT TO MAYIMONY.

Never swap horses when you are crossing the stream that separates the high table-land of single blessedness from the low levels of married life. The wedding guests had gathered at a stately mansion in Rupert, Vt., and the bride had descended from her chamber to the parlor, when up rose the constable of Windham county, and arrested the bridegroom on a warrant charging him with trading horses under false pretense. The bridegroom's father had quarreled with a neighbor, and malice had prompted the prosecution. "There is no bad tool for a workman possessed of the devil," says the proverb, and the constable was a blunt but useful instrument. He had arrived in the town on the night before the wedding, but did not serve the warrant, preferring to wait until the guests had assembled, and he could drag the bridegroom from the altar in their presence. The bride's father and other friends offered to go before a judge and give \$100,000 bail, if necessary, and the bridegroom begged the constable to wait a few minutes until the ceremony could be performed; but the officer was inexorable and carried off his man. The guests went home, and the bride took off her wedding garments. On the next morning the bridegroom gave bail in \$200, and last Monday there was a private wedding.