

lish THE WEST SHORE without them, and with a very little trouble you can hunt up desirable home advertisements to fill the space usually taken up by these quacks. Once, let the press refuse their notices and these fellows would soon be forced into some legitimate calling. A rich concern, like the *Oregonian*, certainly has no need to publish these quack advertisements nor has a live and enterprising journal as the *Daily Bee* of this city, any right to pollute its columns with such trash. Come, gentlemen, out with every one of them.

THE POTLASH COUNTRY.

Twenty-five miles northeast of Lew-

iston, (Idaho) between the Clearwater river and Potlash creek, is a rich section of black loam table land, all ready for the plow, known as the Potlash country, with sufficient room to give good sized farms to 250 families, which, as yet, has not a single settler in it. The drawback there is that no roads lead into it, but at a small expense they could easily be constructed, and in high water steamboats can run right up to it. At present it is reached by an easy trail, and in ten years from to-day lands on the Potlash will sell for twenty dollars an acre. Now, then, who'll take it as a gift from Uncle Sam?

April showers and green leaves.

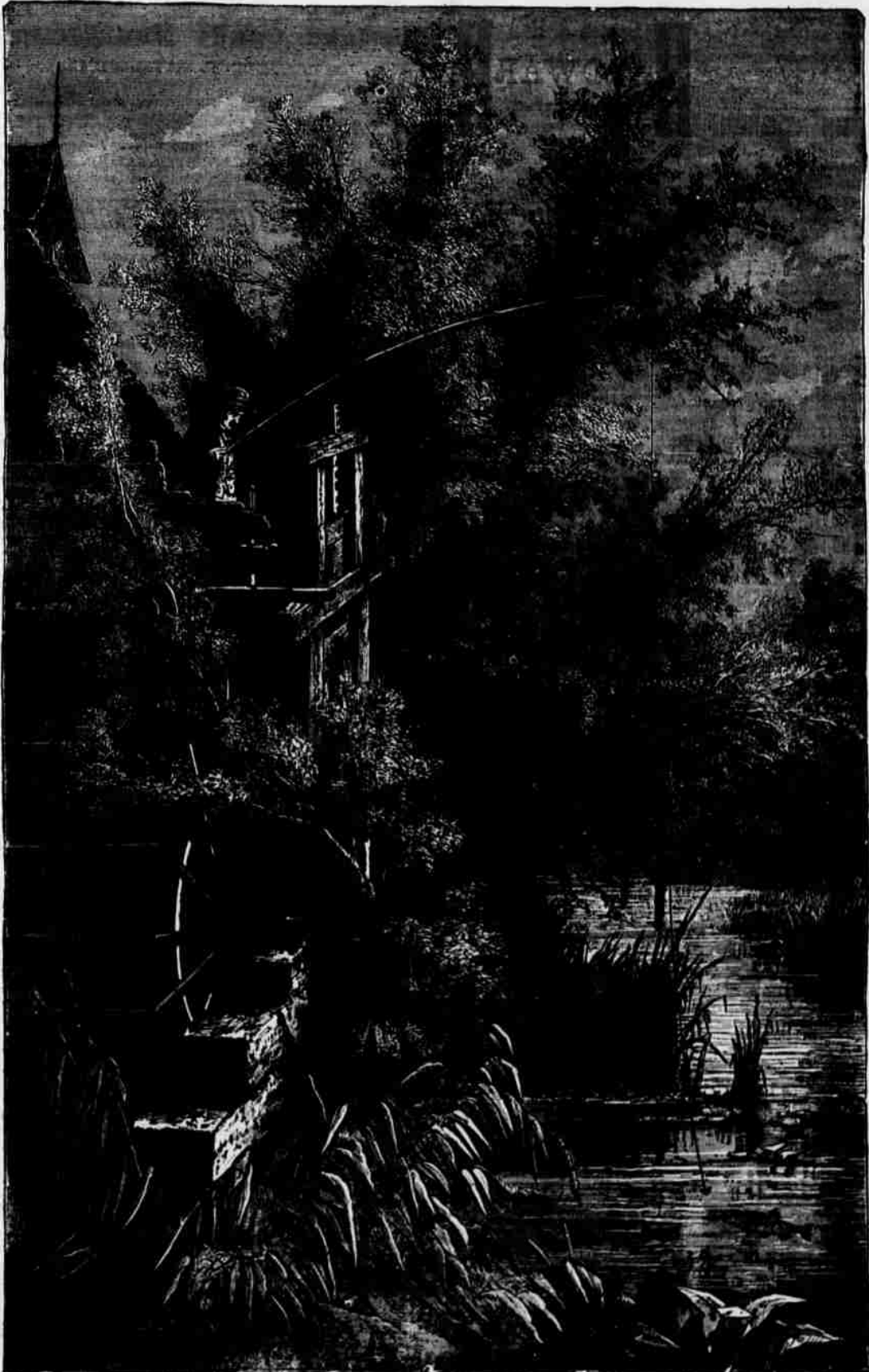
WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

THE WEST SHORE is frequently spoken of in very complimentary terms by the press of the Eastern States, as well as the Pacific Coast. We should have to occupy at least a full page of our valuable space every issue were we to reprint but one-half of the many nice things said about us. Here is the latest from a Chicago paper, *Sunset Chimes*:

THE WEST SHORE, the live paper of the Pacific slope, comes to hand with a beautiful new head, and sundry other improvements. It is amply illustrated and ably edited, and is invaluable for the immense amount of information it gives concerning the resources and business of the Western "jumping off place."

OREGON VS. CALIFORNIA.

Mr. George A. Young, of this city, who, in company with Mr. Hilton, own some 6,000 head of sheep about sixty miles above the Dalles, lately sold to a San Francisco firm 514 head of mutton sheep, averaging 80 lbs. nett weight each at \$5 a head, delivered in San Francisco. Just think of it—"the land of perpetual summers" coming to Oregon to buy their mutton; yes, and do not say it above a whisper—their beef, potatoes, oats, and hundreds of other products necessary to sustain life—as well. No, thank you; no perpetual summers in ours. Oregon, with its never failing crops and gentle showers, is the land to live and enjoy life in.



WAITING FOR A BITE