

THE NEW BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PORTLAND, OREGON.

The former building of this school was destroyed by fire on the 8th of November, 1877, and on the third day of September following, less than one year after its destruction, the school was re-opened in the present magnificent building, erected at an expense of \$25,000. To Bishop B. Wistar Morris belongs the credit of pushing this work to its rapid completion, and the school remains, as heretofore, under his immediate supervision, with Prof. J. W. Hill as Head Master.

The building is in the form of an L, and has a double frontage to the east and south, and from its upper windows it commands a view of the city of Portland, the valley of the Willamette, and the snow-clad m'ts of the Cascade range, of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The basement of the building, which is ten feet between floors, is occupied by the dining-hall, pantries, kitchen, fruit-closets, and large play-room. The dining-hall is a beautiful room, opening to the south, under the bay window, and will seat a hundred persons with comfort.

The first floor is occupied by the chapel, parlor, reception-room, head master's study, matron's room, and reading-room. The second floor is given to the school-room, bath-room, nursery, and apartments for the head master's family and the other teachers. The third floor is occupied by the dormitories, which will accommodate thirty pupils, each with a separate alcove. The halls, stairways, kitchen, and dining-room are all finished with high wainscoting of Oregon cedar, which gives them a rich and beautiful appearance. The whole interior is lined with narrow boards of alternate white and red cedar, with very beautiful effect.

Immediately in the rear of the main building are two large water tanks, in a high tower, which is connected with the main building by a bridge, or fire-escape, from the dormitory windows. Behind this again are the laundry and gymnasium. The two latter buildings

were not burned, and have been moved nearer the main building, thus leaving a large and open space for a playground.

CRATER LAKE.

About sixty miles east of Jacksonville, in Southern Oregon, and at an elevation of 7,500 feet above the sea level, is located one of the most remarkable natural wonders in the United States. It is an extinct volcano which has received the waters from the melted snows for ages and now forms Crater Lake. The banks, or walls rather, of this beautiful sheet of water circle it for a distance of twenty-five

inverted cone, evidently another volcano within the greater one, stands at no great distance from the western end of the lake.

Indian tradition states that through this opening the spirits of unseen beings arise to roam the pent up waters, and their great medicine men have here seen mysterious crafts with white sails glistening in the moonlight or caught the sheen of noiseless paddles as they lifted voiceless spray. At no distant day, the way to Crater Lake will be made easy—conveniently accessible at all events, to the pleasure-seeking tourist. At present the trip is made by way of O. & C. R. R to Roseburg, then by stage to Jacksonville, where entire outfits with guides can be procured at reasonable rates.

The months of July and August are the best to make the trip in, and such of readers as do not mind camping out and "roughing it" for a few days, will be amply repaid for all their expense and trouble by a visit to the lake during the coming summer.

"DEAREST," he murmured, ecstatically, as he enfolded her in his arms for the first time, "let me sample the nectar of your lips."

"Take a whole schooner of it," she faintly whispered, "it's all on tap."

WE are in receipt of THE WEST SHORE. It is devoted to Literature, Science and Art, is a first-class family paper, and to those who are interested in the West, and who are turning their thoughts to the Pacific Slope with an eye to a future home, we would recommend this journal. It is in all respects equal to the Eastern monthlies, and in many things breathes of the beautiful climate, the vigor and freshness of life, which the old States have nearly lost.—Logan (Ohio) Republican.

SAID he: "Matilda, you are my dearest duck." SAID she: "You are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.



BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Photo. by Jos. BUCHTEL.

miles, and rising, form a basin of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in depth. The lake has been sounded to the depth of 1,400 feet, but, as yet, no bottom has been found. The dense medium of the water reflects the summer blue of the sky in a darker blue, yet not dark, or inclining the least to green or gray, as most lakes do, but just a more than heavenly blue. Fancy a body of this shining azure without a ripple on it, lying in a basin of yellowish rocks, whose red and brown stains and peaks and shadows are all reflected like a painting in a mirror upon this blue transparency. It is impossible to give an idea of its wonderful beauty. It must be seen to be fully understood. A conical peak of basaltic rock, containing a hollow,