

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## POT-POURRI.

Our city dads recently offered twenty-five dollars for the best design for a city seal, and finally adopted one from a number offered. We have since received an impression of it, and can but say that as a comic caricature, it is a grand success. In the foreground stands a gigantic fishwoman grasping a three-pronged salmon spear in her right hand, whilst her left arm is of such immense size that four fir trees are necessary to support it. Her peculiar shape and figure would suggest that "crops never fail in Oregon." Her rear is supported by mountains, which is fortunate, indeed, for no actual being could stand in such a peculiar position for any great length of time unsupported. Her feet and the star on her head, are simply immense. The whole thing must be seen to be fully appreciated. But what, in the name of all that is ridiculous, has all this to do with the city of Portland.

C. H. Miller, alias Joaquin, formerly of Grant county, a man whom some of our readers may remember as having achieved some notoriety by wearing long hair and writing verses with bad meter, returned to Oregon and immediately proceeded to curse the editor of the *Oregonian*. Coming from a long-haired man, one would expect the curse to have almost immediate effect, but as yet the *Oregonian* editor is evidently losing no flesh.

Arthur Falie, in a recent open letter, endorses Chief of Police Besser as an honest, capable official. Well! well!

It is rumored that wedding notices are now written up by our local press at so much per line.

The O. S. N. Co., as well as the Puget Sound S. N. Co, have taken a step in the right direction by abolishing the dram shops on all of their boats.

The latest is a lottery swindle from Arizona. Send no money to those chaps; they do not fear their hereafter. They are fully acclimatized for it by a number of years residence in that bake-oven of a Territory.

Mabel Santley and troupe of female minstrels have a novel way of adver-

tising. They hire one or two papers in a town to caution people against their indecent performances (and they are not), and this is sure to fill every seat in the house. Clevah! Deucedly clevah!

Our railroad prospects are *fine*, in fact very *fine*. They have been so ever since we first came to Oregon, eight years ago. They are also like chills and fever, now hot and then again ice cold. If some company will lay down, say only about twenty rods of railroad, we'll feel much more grateful than for all the columns of windy resolutions and communications that were ever printed. A pile of twenty-dollar gold pieces in a broker's window is a fine sight, but affords us no real pleasure unless we can have the handling of it.

OUT OF PLACE—A horned musical performance in the neighborhood of the post-office on Sundays. Let the nuisance be abated. Toot, if you must, to get rid of your superabundance of wind, on every other day in the week, but do "give us a rest on Sunday."

The grounds surrounding the post office, which were at one time the handsomest in the city, have been sadly neglected of late. Dandelions and other weeds are fast crowding out what little grass is yet left. There is a man drawing a salary of \$75 per month for the care of these grounds, but his time is so much taken up with spying into the postmaster's business, and keeping the stone steps at the entrance of the U. S. Court warm, by persistently "setting," that the eradication of weeds is of necessity neglected. Speaking of the post office grounds reminds us of the nice times in store for us during the hot Summer months, when that beautiful (?) new walk turns into tar-mush, as it already does to a slight degree on warm days.

Phil Saunders, the faithful guardian of the Custom House, has been removed to make room for a Mr. Ryan. We haven't the pleasure of Mr. Ryan's acquaintance, but this much we do know, that he may possibly be as good a guardian as Mr. Saunders was, but he certainly can be no better, and why a

trustworthy and tried official should be removed to make room for a man to experiment with, is more than we can understand. As a German friend of ours remarks, "That wash always the way of them boliticks fellers."

We caution our readers against one C. B. Thompson, at Bridgewater, Conn., who offers to send a pair of pocket scales for fifty cents. He is a fraud, and anyone who may be verdant enough to send the sum asked for after reading this notice, deserves to lose it.

P. F. Gibson, Portland, Maine, offers for two three cent stamps to tell how to write without using either pen or ink. His information comes on a postal card and is rather short. It says: "Use a lead pencil, you infernal fool."

Yet another "beat" kindly offers to tell young ladies how to make an impression. He only charges a quarter, and applicants, in return for their cash, are told to "sit down in a pan of dough."

A short time ago we exposed that king of "beats," the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, and now comes our religious press with a lot of silly twaddle about another one of the retired missionary crew, one W. W. Sherar, of Rochester, New York, who offers to send free, a recipe for a sure cure for consumption. This fellow, if possible, is a greater liar than Inman, and his recipe a lot of silly stuff similar to the one furnished by Inman. He sends his recipe free, of course, but advises you to have him mix the stuff for you, for which he charges only \$3.00, as it is a sacred duty he is performing. All these scallawags have a sacred duty to perform. In conclusion, we will but add that these fellows who advertise to send recipes free, and pay unscrupulous religious and other papers thousands of dollars annually for advertising them, so as to enable them to perform these sacred duties, are all, without any exception, swindling sharps, living upon the money that they swindle out of the poor, sick, and we may add, *silly* people, who believe all they read.

Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.