

SPRING AND SUMMER SPORTS.



Moving—accompanied by Oregon mist.



Just in time—to see the excursion boat just rounding the bend.



Swinging 250-lb. mother-in-law. 98 in the shade.

POT-POURRI.

Were we asked what we consider a hard task, we should promptly reply: To draw a line for the average Portland publisher, where his dishonest greed for money will stop. The greatest fraud can have himself editorially lauded an honest, estimable citizen, by paying the required blood-money to these journalistic parasites. A most unscrupulous, ignorant quack doctor, whose drunken orgies have made him rather notorious and a favorite with his strips, found his patronage dropping off, the direct result of our repeated attacks on that class of vampires. The doctor (?) was about to emigrate to fresher fields and pastures new, and fortunately for him found here in Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, corrupt journals, who for the consideration of a few paltry dollars, willfully pollute their columns by editorially endorsing this fellow as "a distinguished and skillful physician and eminent lecturer." They also express regret at his leaving us, how much we'll miss him, and print a lot of stuff in his favor, which is not seconded by a single respectable resident of this city. These notices will, of course, be reprinted in the local journals wherever this quack may locate, and be the means of deceiving people as to his true character. If any one of the publishers of the journals that contained these notices has any conscience left, he will rue the day when he became party to a fraud, which may be the means of sending thousands of innocent people to untimely graves.

Quackery and ignorance go together. Before us lies a circular, in which the so-called Doctor professes to cure all diseases at a charge of from 50 cents up to \$5. Of course some show of education must be made, so this quack opens his remarks with, "Nihil desperandum," which he uses instead of "nil desperandum," which means "never despair." Again, he winds up his advertisement with "L'Envoy," which he uses instead of "L'Envoi." In his composition, also, this party shows ignorance. He writes that he "should of answered before" had he not been "so unfortunate as to loose all his circulars by fire." We need not speak further of this or any other quack; none of them should be allowed to tamper with human bodies, for most of them are not fit to doctor a sick mule.

The upper story of our magnificent Custom House, erected for us by a generous Government, at a cost of \$325,000, having been turned into a lodging house, it is now suggested that the basement be given to Ton Sing, for laundry purposes.

The yard, which, before that tar-mash was poured over the walks, and before dandelions and other weeds crowded out a growth of beautiful grass, was known as the lawn, will especially please Ton Sing to dry linen on.

Ton Sing ought to be given a chance. He pays road and other taxes, is quite an inoffensive citizen, doesn't afflict us with 4th of July and other orations, minds his own business and has no other help from the Government. He owns no real estate, and the Custom House basement would be just the cheese for him. Ever generous Uncle Sam, provider of free residences, including fire, gas, servants &c., for fat office holders, look down upon this poor heathen, who needs your assistance, and do let him have that basement.

The annexed charming piece of sarcasm, taken from *The Argonaut*, is a just rebuke to that class of sickly sentimentalists who "slobber over" every criminal and finally have the impudence to assure us, as in the case of one Cook, hung at the Dalles a few months ago, that having declared repentance, he thereby secured a through ticket for heaven, with a reserved front seat. In fact, under penalty of being by them looked upon as an atheist, we are expected to believe that the sprouting of the angel's wings takes place simultaneously with the tightening of the hangman's knot about the neck:

"Mr. Anderson, thy gentleman who rendered important service to Mr. Troy Dye in performing the Tullis murder, is reported by his "spiritual adviser" as having given evidence of "deep religious conviction" just before "dying a triumphant and Christian death" tangled in a rope. I venture with due and becoming deference to the Governor to submit that after a condemned murderer has repented, reformed, and become a good Christian, he might safely be turned loose. What is the use of hanging a pious and estimable citizen?"

D. C. Ireland, publisher of the *Astorian*, is usually a very clever gentleman, and has been rather successful since he made Astoria his home. Doing business at a seaport, his patronage comes in a great measure from pilots and seafaring men. Mr. Ireland knows which side his bread is buttered on. In defence of his friends, however, he frequently allows his enthusiasm to carry him too far, which he must certainly regret in calmer moments. Speaking of pilot Daig, of the "Great Republic," who has been accused of being drunk when the ship struck, and we believe he was not, Mr. Ireland says: "1. That the assertion is wholly and totally false; Mr. Daig never drinks

liquor of any kind; he is a sober, temperate man. 2. There is not a pilot employed on the Columbia river bar that does drink. 3. If anybody was to blame; if people persist in attaching responsibility upon some one for this loss, blame the Almighty! He did it." Come, now, this is putting it rather strong. As well might a man fill his cellar with decaying vegetables, leave his premises in a general filthy condition, expose himself and family to contagious diseases, and then blame the Almighty should sickness enter his home and carry off some of the pets of the house. Providence doesn't want us to be sick, nor does he sink ships for mere amusement. If Pilot Daig and Captain Carroll must wear spotless robes, attach the blame to the ship's waiters, purtymen or stewards, but don't let us hear any more blasphemy by blaming the Almighty.

SPLENDID FISHING GROUNDS.

Chambers' Lake, located on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, nineteen miles from Tacoma, is a splendid place to go for trout. During low water, in July and August, the lake has apparently no outlet, and recedes so that it is only about 150 feet square. This space is literally jammed with fine gamy brook trout, which can be landed about as fast as the sportsman may wish to. There are a large number of other desirable places along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, where fine trout can be taken. Directions for reaching them can be had from any of the train conductors.

A noisy fellow annoys a fellow.
Bred on the waters—Mosquitoes.
A man of pluck—The fowl stripper.
A poor relation—A story badly told.
To cure a felon—Hang the scoundrel.
A table of interest—The dinner table.
An ancient Scythian—Old father time.

A tailor who was asked if the close of the year made him melancholy, said yes, until they were settled for.

A country paper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on."

The man who was tossed over the back of an irate bull was reported as not dead, but only gone beef o'er.