

OUR HOME SCENERY.

On this and the opposite page are illustrations of scenery right at our very doors. Few of our residents really appreciate our home scenery, or, if they do, are so used to it that seldom if ever do they express any admiration. A captain of one of the ships now in port who has been over more than one-half of the world, assures us that never in all his travels has he been to a city as large as Portland where so much of the grand and picturesque in nature is to

lines of the numerous schools and other large buildings. Across the river as far as the eye can reach, up to the very top of Mount Tabor we view the many fine farms of our well-to-do agriculturists. The first fine day take your wife and children, a well filled lunch basket, walk or drive out on the White House road, spend the day under the grand old firs, listening to the music of the birds, and the murmuring of the gurgling brooks, and in the cool of the evening come back to town, and you will say with us, that Portland's sur-

THE ANGLING SEASON.

Now that spring has fairly opened and the geese are wending their slow flight to the frozen pole; now that the willow buds are yellow and the frogs have begun their vernal concerts in the meadows; now that the snipe are winging their zigzag flights with querulous bleatings and the pheasants are drumming in the gloomy tamarack thickets, we are reminded that the trouting season is at hand. We snatch down the old and trusty rod from its hooks over



VIEW ON THE WHITE HOUSE ROAD, NEAR PORTLAND—LOOKING EAST.

be seen, by simply stepping to the window of your residence.

Our views are taken from the highlands west of the White house road, and any one visiting the locality will admit that nature has been here lavish indeed in her gifts of the picturesque. River, hills, dense forests and snow-capped mountains greet the eye in all directions. Here and there may be seen the thrifty orchards and well kept gardens of our population; nearly four miles distant, we discern the steeples of Portland's many churches and the out-

roundings offer many inducements to spend pleasant days in innocent, health-giving amusements, if we but take advantage of nature's lavish gifts.

A house and lot will be deeded free to any enterprising merchant who will start a store at Lidiaville, in the Little Potlatch country, Idaho. This is a fine location, being in the midst of a magnificent farming country, 20 miles from Lewiston, 19 miles from Moscow, and 6 miles from Genesee. The town is newly located, has a postoffice, brickyard and blacksmith shop, but no store.

the mantle and, more from gratitude than thrift, declare it good for another season. A new ferule here, and perhaps a new lancewood or greenheart tip, and the trusty servant is once more in our grasp, good as new and better liked than ever.

We confess to a weakness for a day beside the brawling Clackamas or the foaming Parrott creek; for a hard tramp over fallen forest giants and through the swift fords where the speckled beauties feed; for a ten minutes tussle with a two-pounder that