

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## OUR WATERING PLACES.

As the warm season approaches, the dressmaker is in demand in most of our wealthier families and the sound of the sewing machine keeps time to the low humming voice of the average seamstress, of whom the minstrel poet wrote:

"She worked as she sang, and sang as she worked,  
Because her machine was a singer."

The silks and satins of last winter are laid aside, to give place to lawns and percales for the heated term. Of course, either the mountains or the sea invite those who are weary of life among bricks and mortar.

Iwaco was growing rapidly in favor with our people until the unfortunate affair which ended with the death of Miss Burbank, and is really as pretty a seaside resort as could be asked for. On the Oregon side of the gateway we find the Grimes House, always popular with those of our citizens who study comfort rather than display; and the Seaside House, more fashionable, and still flavored with a spice of the *nouveau riche* air of Ben Holliday's regime. And there is the beautiful city of Olympia, with its lovely woodland drives and boat rides on the placid bay; but there is not a good hotel in the town, which, with all its beauty, is quietly perishing for want of enterprise.

And as for mineral springs, Oregon is one of the most remarkable states in the Union. But her loveliest springs are too often inaccessible to the great highways of travel. The two finest drinking springs are those chalybeates of iron found on the road from Ashland to Linkville, Southern Oregon, and also in Grant county, on the road from Canyon city to Fort Harney. The best drinking spring about here is the Wilhoit spring, situated about twenty miles from Oregon city. Its waters are superior to either of those just mentioned for diuretic purposes, but inferior to them in cases of dyspepsia.

The bathing springs are more numerous, the most accessible being those in Yoncalla valley, at Snowden station. Then, there is the Belknap spring, on the head-waters of the McKenzie river, where the best trout fishing in Oregon is to be had. And when

the Grande Ronde branch of the O. R. & N. system is completed, the celebrated "Hot Lake," near Union, will be visited more extensively than any other in the state. And up the John Day river, under the shadows of Strawberry Butte, lies a healing fountain fully equal to Paso Robles, and far more beautifully surrounded. It barely pays its owners a living, but located a hundred nearer Portland, there would be a fortune in it.

Whenever there is a continuous line of railroad hence to Spokane falls, it is our belief that the pleasure traffic will be revolutionized; that new places of resort will be opened up, and that some of those now prominent will lapse into utter insignificance. But, as Father Ritchie used to say, "we will see what we shall see."

## OUR FAVORED LAND.

The telegrams that went out of this state in December and January, as to the severity of what will long be known hereafter as "the hard winter," set many people to thinking that Oregon and Washington Territory were not what newspapers and corresponding tourists had claimed for them: and old wisacres shook their heads as they repeated the wholesome adage that "to go further is to fare worse." And, indeed, with the raging floods of the upper Willamette valley, and the cold snap in Yakima and Wasco, which swept away millions of dollars' worth of cattle and sheep, the outlook was not encouraging for the old plodding fellows who had made up their mind to stand by the "Old Dominion of the Pacific" for a few years longer.

But spring opened at last, and such a spring for Oregon. Every orchard a bower of blossoms, while the grass spread its emerald carpet earlier than ever known before, bedizened with a sheen of daisies and buttercups that no art of the Gobelin weavers could hope to rival. Above our heads the bluest sky that ever charmed the artist's vision; around us the balmy atmosphere, bearing hygiene in the blessed breath of our eternal pines; beside us, the crystal brooks gurgling with nature's

laughter, as they bear seaward the snows of Hood, Adams and Jefferson; and last, not least, the fat soil beneath our feet, yearning to yield up its golden treasures of grain at the summons of the plow. Search in vain for Oregon's superior. Her merit has not yet met with deserved recognition.

Late in April and even in early May it was our turn to read telegrams of havoc and devastation by ice and flood. Just see what the upper Missouri and its tributaries have been doing. Our losses in January and February are not as dimes to the dollars that have been daily wrecked in the valley of the Missouri, and, worse than that, comes the loss of life and the cry of misery from ruined homes. All these sadden the heart for the time being, but the reflection that our winter is gone and the new year is upon us full of life and hope, is, indeed, a pleasing one. The slanting shadows of our vast mountains fold down the curtains of twilight upon a happy and prosperous people,\* and Venus trims her evening lamp to look down upon a picture so fair as to realize a restoration of the world's old Arcadian dream.

Let us thank the bounteous Giver of all for the fair lines of peace and comfort that encircle our hopes; and if our lot be not as prosperous as some of our neighbors, let us see if ourselves are not a little too blame. And while the idle and the vicious guzzle bad whisky in fetid groceries and complain of "hard times in Oregon," the earnest thinkers and industrious workers in our midst are quietly getting rich.

PROSPEROUS.—In spite of the dull season, small crops and smaller prices, scarcity of coin, and dull times generally, of which we have heard so much, Weston seems in a very prosperous condition. Substantial improvements are being constantly made, merchants are daily receiving large supplies of goods, mechanics are all busy, new business enterprises are increasing and all feel sanguine as to our future.—

Leader.

The best thing is corsets—a woman.  
The candle wick is up to snuff.