

Blocks are two hundred feet square, lots fifty by one hundred feet, avenues eighty feet wide and cross streets fifty feet. Lots sell on easy terms at from \$150.00 to \$250.00. The location is high and healthful and affords a most commanding prospect of river, valley and mountain. Railroad addition, containing seven blocks, lies near the Portland addition, and is very desirable property. As residence lots in the town proper are worth from \$400.00 to \$1,000.00, and as these additions lie so near and are so much preferable for residence purposes, the prices now quoted for them are extremely low, and will not be maintained very long.

Vancouver is but seven miles distant from Portland by the line of the Portland & Vancouver rail-

way and the Columbia river ferry. Trains run every hour, passengers making the entire trip for twenty-five cents, including the two ferries. This road is one of the improvements of the past year, and is owned by Portland business men. It will be one of the chief factors in the growth of Vancouver. By water the distance is about eighteen miles, three lines of steamers running regularly between the two points, one twice daily, one three times a week and one twice a week. Possessing all the advantages of a beautiful and healthful site, a tributary country of rich and rapidly developing resources, good and increasing facilities for reaching market, and an enterprising people determined to improve these advantages to the utmost, the future of the city is bright with promise.

BEYOND.

I came to the city in darkness,
 'Mid starlight, before the dawn,
 And weary and worn with travel,
 Woke late on a brilliant morn.
 Then I gazed on a vision of beauty,
 A more lovely can scarce be seen,
 For I saw Mount Hood in its splendor,
 And Willamette rolled broad between.
 The river, with ferry and steamer
 And sunshine, was all aglow,
 And the mountain towered beyond it,
 With its crest of eternal snow.
 Oh! mountain, so grand and stately,
 Oh! river, with curve and reach,
 Oh! town, with thy wealth and pleasures,
 Have ye all no lesson to teach?
 Yes, this world's the city; the river
 Is death, to be crossed between
 The heights of eternal beauty,
 That border the land unseen.
 Though rich and noble our city,
 And sweeping and broad the stream,
 Have they aught in beauty or grandeur
 To compare with that snow-clad dream?
 "Sic itur ad astra" our motto,
 Toiling hard up the hill to fame,
 Not resting or waiting, but rising,
 In life and in death the same.
 And in future, when thinking of Portland
 And the vision of beauty it brought,
 In the city, the river and mountain,
 I'll remember the lesson it taught.

CHARLES RUSSELL GURNEY.