

NORTHWEST SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

ON the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first of June the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest held its sixth annual tournament in Portland, the attendance of representatives of the various clubs in the organization numbering fifty gunners. The association is composed of regularly-organized shooting clubs in Oregon, Washington and Montana. The officers for the past year, under whose management the tournament was held, were W. A. DuBray, of Walla Walla, president; E. E. Ellis, of Tacoma, first vice-president; James West, of Seattle, second vice-president; H. T. Hudson, of Portland, secretary and treasurer. The contests were held at Riverside, just south of the city, where the shaded grand stand offered excellent opportunity for spectators, a large tent being used as headquarters for the participants. The shooting was very good, and there were many ties, which, in the cases of cash prizes, were generally settled by a division of the money. In the contest for the individual championship of the northwest, with thirty-nine entries, D. Cooper, of Sehome, and A. J. Fisk, of Helena, tied on twenty birds straight, Mr. Cooper winning on the shoot-off by making another clean score of twenty to Mr. Fisk's eighteen. The championship banner was won by the Tacoma team, composed of E. S. Barlow, E. E. Ellis and W. A. Eberly, with a total score of fifty-four in a possible sixty. For the *Globe* trophy, D. Cooper tied with H. H. Lewis, of Seattle, on twenty-five straight, and won in the shoot-off by a second clean score of twenty to seventeen by Lewis. The Selby medal for the best average during the tournament was won by W. A. Eberley, of Tacoma, by a score of seventy-four out of a possible eighty-one, on live and artificial birds.

The officers for the ensuing year are T. A. Brigham, of Tacoma, president; H. H. Lewis, of Seattle, first vice president; H. A. Herrick, of Spokane Falls, second vice president; Fred McBroom, of Spokane Falls, secretary and treasurer. The next tournament will be held at Spokane Falls at a date yet to be determined.

It is certainly to be hoped that an improvement of our postal facilities will result from Mr. Clarkson's visit to the coast, but one would naturally expect more were not Mr. Clarkson so soon to retire from the department. It is the in-going, not the out-going, officials who need education on this subject.

Portland's celebration, July third, fourth and fifth, will be on the most extended scale of any city on the Pacific coast, and will no doubt attract thousands of people from the entire northwest.

EASTANAULLEE.

As smoke upon the air, life drifts,
Borne by contending winds, and ends in naught,
A trifle on the bosom of the day,
Brief in its varying forms and then forgot.
Poor fools are we that seek rewards beyond
The power of earth to give them; or, obtained,
The pleasure will not overcome the wound
Had in the getting; for the joys, though gained,
Are woes' reflection. Then we'll live for love—
The softer light that leaves a hidden sun above.

No pleasure could be if there were no pain,
And they who laugh have felt an equal woe;
And those who joys o'er other men would gain
Must heavier weights of sorrow undergo;
Therefore, there's not a joy that men can gain
But must be balanced afterwards by sorrow.
Unless past woes unbalanced still remain
Joys must be evened up when comes the morrow.
Fate has its ledger and our natures' lot
Has there its measure fixed, which measure changes not.

Some mourn in satins; others laugh in rags.
If rich, and loved, that love is given for gold,
Or such is our suspicion; so it lags
And falls from us and in the end is cold.
But woman's love is rich when we are poor,
Since love increases with the sacrifice,
A love whose strength is added more and more,
As greater are our losses and our sighs.
And so this life's about the same to all,
The rest that's sought a bubble broken in its fall.

And what were life? What death but life to me
Without thy love? What else were my reward
When wealth and fame are sought to gain from thee
A smile—thy love? Had I these things preferred—
Owned I the stars, were they not barren, all,
Without thy presence? But a desert they—
An icy region where no warmth would fall
Without thy love—a frigid, starry way.
Thy love is all, and when I sink and die
Let my name perish; end with death my destiny.

Another name shall serve as well as mine
When I am dead to be in mouths unborn,
But living it is sweet to hear in thine,
And it is sweeter than to note the morn,
To view the blush that mounts upon thy cheek
When others speak it; sweeter far than praise
To know thy love. No wealth care I to seek
When wealth and fame and all are in thy gaze—
The look of love that comes into thy eyes
Is more than name or fame, than immortality.

If thou art pleased what were another's praise,
I have it not, nor for it do I care;
Let others buy it, or spend all their days
To have a stone above what is not there,
That fools may dream of them as they were not
And wonder why they were not honored living,
Though others then are living of whose lot
They do not ask, or care, or scorn their striving.
All this I would forego but for a gleam—
A glance of love—for that is real, this a dream.

ADAIR WELCKER.