

Bonds to the amount of \$3,000,000 have been negotiated in England for the construction of the Astoria & South Coast railroad. It was feared when Huntington declined to purchase the road unless his exorbitant demands were complied with that much delay in providing means for its construction would be experienced; but such has not proved the case, and now a large force of men will be put on the work. Fifty miles will be completed this year, and the tunnel through the mountains and the remainder of the line next year. By the end of 1891 Astoria will have railroad connection with the Willamette valley and thus with the entire railroad system of the country. It is more than probable that a line will be run to Portland more direct than by the way of Hillsboro. Astoria has worked hard and contributed much money to the success of this enterprise and will reap a rich reward.

When the Washington legislature passed a very stringent law against prize fighting, WEST SHORE complimented the people of that young state for the firm stand taken in opposition to that popular, but brutal, sport. If, however, no effort be made to punish the participants in the fight held in Seattle a few days ago, WEST SHORE must regretfully recall its compliments. Laws that are passed as sounding brass and do not afterwards make even the noise of a grasshopper's wing, are not what a young and vigorous state should put on its statute books. Such an exhibition as that at Seattle is clearly illegal and criminal, and the decent people of the northwest would like to see the Queen City assert her authority and vindicate her honor in the matter.

Next September will witness the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California to the union, the only member of the sisterhood, save the original thirteen, that never passed through the territorial stage. California became a portion of the United States in 1848, was populated by the gold excitement in 1849, and the following year was made a state without a territorial government having been created by congress. Great preparations are being made to celebrate this fortieth anniversary.

The New York papers poke fun at Chicago's anxiety about her census standing, and the Chicago papers are irresistibly funny about the eagerness of the far western cities to show up in good shape in Porter's list. Where, oh where, is our victim? This is but one of the unpleasant features of life on the western verge of the continent. Our eyes are turned toward China. Mayhap they will have a census there some day and we, too, will have a chance to work off these ante-deluvian jokes on the pigtailed.

Queen Victoria has ordered that a band discourse music Sunday afternoons on Windsor terrace, and the Sabbatarian cranks have become black in the face at the very thought of the holy Sabbath being desecrated by music. It used to be as bad as that in America, and we still have a few cranks who should be ascetics and hermits, and probably would be if they did not like the comforts and luxuries of the world too well; but we are growing in broadness and true charity faster than the mother country.

It is somewhat warm nowadays, and thoughtless people complain, just as equally unthinking persons find fault with the rain in the winter season; but if they will simply read the record of eastern weather in the daily dispatches they will see what reason they have to be thankful that they are living west of the Rocky mountains.

England has for nearly twenty years been giving away to her more energetic German neighbor her opportunities to secure possession of a large share of equatorial Africa, and now that she is called upon to make the gift binding by a formal deed of transfer, she tears her hair and gnashes her teeth.

OUR FLAG.

Is there ever a heart that does not thrill
At sight of the stripes and stars?
Or ever a heart that forgets what it cost—
The lives, the wounds and the scars?

The lives and the wounds of noble men,
And the scars in the women's hearts,
Who knelt in tears, while they sent their own
To bear their allotted parts.

Wherever a blue sky bends above,
Or a soul is left to pray,
The stars and the stripes swell in the breeze,
On this, our national day.

There was never a flag so clean and true,
There was never a flag so free;
Washed pure by the blood of loyal hearts,
It is emblem of liberty.

So, here in the west, where our calm sea sleeps,
And the sun sinks down like gold,
Let us cheer our flag with swelling breast,
As the wind shakes fold on fold.

And let us kneel, when the day has passed,
And the great, vast night comes on,
And thank our God for that awful night
That saved our flag till the dawn.

ELLA HIGGINSON.