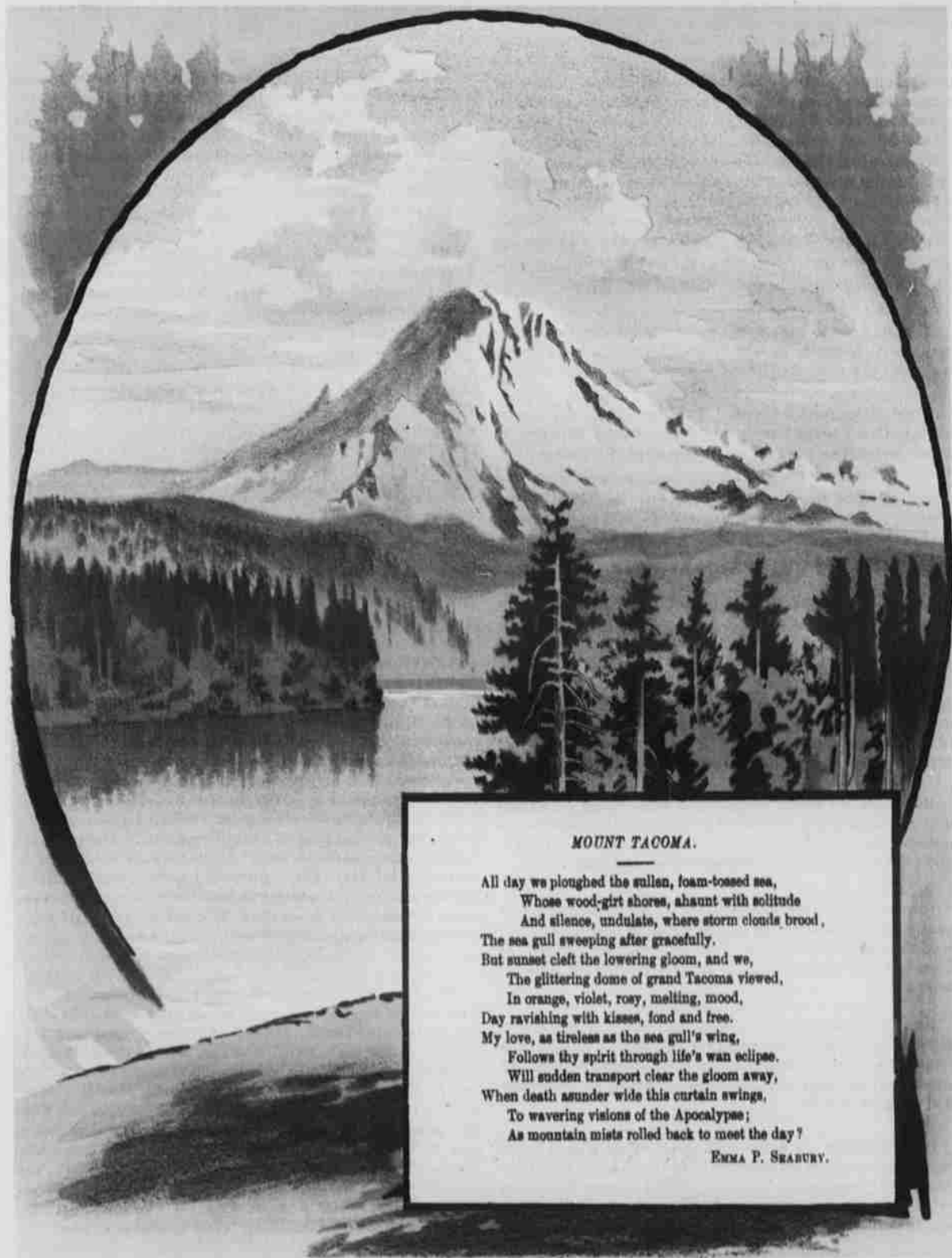


# West Shore

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## MOUNT TACOMA.

All day we ploughed the sullen, foam-tossed sea,  
Whose wood-girt shores, abaunt with solitude  
And silence, undulate, where storm clouds brood,  
The sea gull sweeping after gracefully.  
But sunset cleft the lowering gloom, and we,  
The glittering dome of grand Tacoma viewed,  
In orange, violet, rosy, melting, mood,  
Day ravishing with kisses, fond and free.  
My love, as tireless as the sea gull's wing,  
Follows thy spirit through life's wan eclipse.  
Will sudden transport clear the gloom away,  
When death asunder wide this curtain swings,  
To wavering visions of the Apocalypse;  
As mountain mists rolled back to meet the day?

EMMA P. SBRURY.