

HER VALENTINE.

Here's a pretty valentine,
 Lovely little miss,
 Left upon your queenly shrine,
 Sealed with a kiss;
 Cupid brought it there, I ween,
 Such a sly sylph he,
 May be it would not be seen
 Were it not for me.

Isn't it a dainty thing,
 All in white and blue?
 What a rogue he was to bring
 Such a gift to you!
 And those sweet forget-me-nots,
 Fairest ever seen,
 Woven into wee love knots—
 What can Cupid mean?

What, capricious little maid,
 Tears of sweet surprise!
 Cupid lingers, I'm afraid,
 In those hazel eyes;
 For each tender, loving glance
 Warns me of his art,
 As I feel his poisoned lance
 Piercing my poor heart.

There, my wily, young coquette,
 Charming and petite,
 You have scarcely told me yet
 That you think it sweet;
 If you like it not, I see—
 Do not, dear, decline—
 That you'll have to take—just me;
 I'll be your valentine!

JEAN LARUE BURNETT.



PUZZLEWITS

This department will appear weekly, and the answers will be given monthly, in the issue published the nearest to the twentieth of the month. All answers to puzzles published the previous month must reach this office not later than the tenth of the month in order to compete for prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded monthly:

FOR PUZZLES—For the best puzzle of any kind, two dollars in cash. For second best, subscription to *WEST SHORE* for six months. For the third best, subscription to *WEST SHORE* for three months. Winners will be announced in the last issue of each month.

FOR SOLUTIONS—For the first complete set of answers received, two dollars in cash. For the second, subscription to *WEST SHORE* for six months. For the third, subscription to *WEST SHORE* for three months. Answers must reach this office by the tenth of the month following the publication of the puzzles. In case of no complete list being received the nearest complete will be awarded the prizes.

GRAND PRIZES—For the greatest number of puzzles accepted and published during the year 1891, an elegant life size portrait, either crayon or water color as the winner may select, executed at the photographic establishment of B. C. Towne, corner of First and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon. For the greatest number of correct answers received during the year 1891, one of Towne's portraits as described above. The second greatest in each of these classes will receive a subscription to *WEST SHORE* for one year; the third greatest, for six months; the fourth greatest, for three months.

No. 11.

AN ARROW.



FEATHERY PART.

Upper rhomboid, across—1. A measure. 2. A tube. 3. To support.
 4. One. Down—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A young seal. 4. A color (modern). 5. A weight. 6. A confused mass of type. 7. A letter.

Lower rhomboid, across—1. The least whole number. 2. A blemish.
 3. A young shellfish. 4. Beverages. Down—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3.

A place in Belgium. 4. A poisonous tree. 5. An adverb. 6. A pronoun.
 7. A letter.

THE BARS.

Upper rhomboid, across—1. A journey. 2. At liberty. 3. An infamous Roman emperor. 4. To drop. Down—1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A vase. 4. A chain of rock. 5. An epoch. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. A letter.

Lower rhomboid, across—1. A season. 2. A pit. 3. A young woman.
 4. A dwelling place. Down—1. A letter. 2. To advance. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. Combustion. 5. The whole. 6. An exclamation. 7. A letter.

SHAFT.

An old proverb or saying.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

FAIRPLAY.

No. 12.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A plant.
 2. To give forth a play of colors.
 3. An order of mammals.
 4. Nine times repeated.
 Primals—A wind instrument of music.
 Finals—A metal.
 Connected—Chloride of lead.
Schoon, Washington.

V. A. N. GUARD.

No. 13.

TRANSPOSITION.

A beautiful whole I embody, I ween;
 By no living man have I ever been seen,
 Yet painted and praised by all men am I;
 My truest solution you'll find when you die.

Curtail me, I then of your strength make a test,
 Or I precede the sigh from a true lover's breast.
 Now behead me, I leak very badly, and still
 In leaking, my mission I truly fulfill.

Behead me again, and by this operation
 You resolve me into a devout salutation;
 Reverse me now, and I am one you well know,
 A lovely creation of Harriet B. Stowe.

East Portland, Oregon.

C. B. M.

No. 14.

CRYPTOGRAM.

Wuc rlg pgampf jcrvgt dpnk vjs aptger mpc ggrfop dedtqg qp chvet
 klghdcpgrnw.

The sentence is the key to the cryptogram.

QUILL.