



[CONTINUED.]

The division superintendent had been better than his word, for it was only four o'clock when the train came hissing in, and in ten minutes, in long ghostly procession, Rolfe's men were leading their chargers, curvetting and prancing in the keen air, down the winding road to the valley, the quartermaster's wagons following with chest and box and bale and bundles of tentage and camp equipment. In fifteen minutes more the word went up to send down the next troop, and the train pulled forward four car lengths, so as to bring the next lot of horse cars opposite the platform and chutes, while Thorpe's handsome sorrels were led wandering from the dimly lighted gangway; and so, by a few minutes after five, even the officers' chargers and the spare horses of the first battalion were all aboard, and somewhere across the stream, just as the major acknowledged the report, "All aboard and secure, sir," in Hazlett's soldierly tones, a sprightly chancery, whose ears had at last caught those muffled sounds of hoof and voice over under the garrison bluffs, concluded it time to challenge, and woke the echoes with shrill cock-a-doodle-doo, whereat there came a loud chuckle of delight from Hazlett's men.

"Very good, sir. Now get aboard all your baggage as quick as you can."

"All aboard now, sir."

"Then march up to quarters for coffee and breakfast—the others are at their now—and form under arms right afterward."

Precious little sleep has there been this night—no time among the men, no inclination among the women. Wives and daughters who had devoutly thanked heaven that only the first battalion was to go were soon undeceived and found that but ten hours' respite was to be theirs. All the night long the note of preparation could be heard in barracks and in quarters. The colonel, with his adjutant and quartermaster, hardly left the office at all. Berrien bustled from barracks to his home, from there to stables. At two o'clock, finding all his own campaigning kit in perfect readiness, and Winifred and her mother still huddling over the parlor fire, he noted the pallor in his daughter's face, the deep trouble in her pathetic eyes, and, taking her in his arms, he kissed her fondly again and again.

"Go to your room now, little daughter," he said huskily; "go, dear, and try to sleep. I will not leave without coming to say bye-bye, just as I always did." She shivered and hid her face and clung to his neck, saying no word, shedding no tear. Gently he unclasped her hands. "Yes, my child, do as I bid you now; I want to speak with mother awhile." And then reluctantly she turned, but the one brief look into his eyes was so full of wordless sorrow that he was for an instant unmanned. "My little girl! my little Winnie! don't look at your old daddy that way!" he almost sobbed, as again he threw his arm around her, leading her to the stairs. "We won't be gone long. We're all coming back, dear; and we'll have a lovely Christmas, and you shall have the jolliest kind of a party, pet. But be a brave little woman now. It—it'll all come right." She turned with quick convulsive sob and threw herself upon his breast, again twining her soft arms about his neck, her beautiful dark hair streaming in rippling, shimmering masses down over the creamy white wrapper. The burst of tears would have been a blessed relief, but it never came. A quick, soldierly tread was heard on the plank walk without, and then springing up the steps. Even before the rat-tat-tat at the door she had torn herself from his arms and sped like a startled fawn up the carpeted stair.

"It is Mr. Brewster," said Mrs. Berrien, in low tone, quickly. Berrien threw open the door. "Anything for a pretext to come here again," he muttered angrily to himself, as he confronted the unwelcome intruder. It was Brewster.

"Major Berrien, the colonel's compliments, and he desires you to know that the train will be here at four instead of five." And Brewster's eyes glanced but an instant into those of his superior, and then went wandering longingly over his shoulder.

"I had already heard it, sir. You have everything ready?"

"I beg pardon, then, for disturbing you, major. I have just left the colonel, and he thought you might not have heard. Yes, sir, everything will be ready, though the railroads are not yet cooked."

"Then be ready to get your horses aboard the moment F has finished loading. Anything else, Mr. Brewster?" Poor fellow, there was something else—something that filled heart and soul and dominated every thought. Gazing wistfully up the stairs, his sad eyes had caught one glimpse of the lovely, fleeting form, one glimpse of the lovely pallid face all framed in dark, falling tresses, as, clinging to the balustrade, Winifred turned, unable to resist the longing to hear what he might have to say.

"Nothing—nothing more, I believe, sir." And, mechanically raising his hand in salute, poor Curly turned away, the door promptly closing behind him.

Berrien came back into the parlor clinching his fists, speechless indignation in his face. Mrs. Berrien saw the unmistakable signs; and, though in her

heart she felt full of sympathy for Brewster, she knew it best to say nothing now.

"If I thought 't as you said," he hoarsely spoke at last, "if I thought that fellow had been trifling with Winnie while all the time carrying on this—'Faugh! it makes me feel as though I could throttle him!' And Berrien strode up and down the cozy room, beating one brawny fist into the palm of the other hand.

"But, Richard dear, why do you think there has been anything serious between him and this—this woman? I think she deliberately assumed that manner at the hour tonight. I think she called him 'Carroll' solely for Winifred's benefit and mine. I saw how astonished and annoyed he was."

But Berrien held up a warning hand. "She came down the stairs weeping and he striving to soothe her. She was sobbing aloud when he put her in the carriage. Rolfe and I both saw and heard. Don't tell me there wasn't anything between them. Very possibly he does want to make up to Winifred now, but damn him! he shan't. I won't have her degraded by any such offer, if I have to send her and you to Europe to get her away from him. It is no imagination. Bess, I tell you I know. Why, only this morning she sent him a new picture of herself; and as for calling him Carroll for our benefit, that's what she calls him in her letters, and I can prove it."

"How, Dick?"

"Rolfe saw it—saw it this very morning."

"Captain Rolfe! Why, how came he to see her letter to him?"

"Well, it was lying open on his desk. He could not help seeing."

"Why, Dick, I cannot understand Captain Rolfe's looking at or reading other people's letters, and—"

"It was an accident, I tell you."

"Ah, but it was no accident his telling of it, Dick. Nothing on earth should have induced him to refer to it, if, as he claims, he saw it by accident. I did not suppose Rolfe would do such a thing."

"Well, he couldn't help himself. I dragged it out of him, I suppose."

Another step, another rap at the door and, casting one glance aloft, Berrien, to his dismay, again caught sight of Winifred's pale face peering over the balustrade. The child could not, would not rest.

"What's wanted?" he curtly asked as he threw open the door.

"It is Sergeant Ellis, sir," said a deep voice. "I have come to beg the major to intercede for me. My troop goes with the major's battalion and I begged to be relieved and allowed to go, but the quartermaster says I must stay until some sergeant can be found who is competent to take charge—some one in the infantry battalion. That may require two or three days, sir, and I am fearful that once the command gets away there will be no obtaining orders to follow it. Besides, sir, there is my horse."

"You belong to the Black Troop?"

"Yes, sir, and I think that if the major would but speak to Major Kenyon at once he could name a sergeant who would take my place here at the fire-house. Almost any man can do it, sir, only there is no time to be lost. Major Kenyon is at the doctor's now."

"Dr. Holden's?"

"Yes, sir, and Captain Rolfe has just joined him there."

"Have you spoken to Lieutenant Brewster? He commands your troop as you know, now that the captain's away."

"I have, sir, but it was at the office, and the quartermaster spoke up at once, so that Lieutenant Brewster could do nothing."

Berrien turned back into the parlor. "Bess, dear, I must run over to Holden's a moment. Will you not go up to Winifred? She is not lying down at all."

Followed by the sergeant, Berrien entered Holden's gate and gave a whack at the open hall door as he passed in. Rolfe's voice was the first thing he heard. It was tremulous with excitement.

"If Colonel Farquhar will but give me authority to search one room in this post I will guarantee that I can find that picture and name the thief!" He broke off short at sight of Berrien. Holden rose, hospitably arguing the major to join them in a cup of coffee, but Berrien proceeded at once to business.

"Major Kenyon, a sergeant of my battalion is in charge of the fire apparatus here, but is most anxious to go with us. He says it will be allowed if you can name one of your men—a noncommissioned officer—to take his place at once. You will do me a very great favor if you will."

"Certainly I can," answered Kenyon stoutly. "Is your man there? Call him in. Sergeant Griggs, of B company will be just the man, and I know his company commander will make no objection."

"Come in here, sergeant," called Berrien, and cap in hand the dark-eyed, dark haired trooper, on whose lip the mustache was again beginning to bristle, stood silently before them.

"Are you well enough to go, my man?" spoke up Holden on the instant.

"You look very pale, if not ill."

"I am perfectly well, doctor, and I am eager to go. I suppose I'm a little cold and excited."

"Then give my compliments to the quartermaster at once and say Sergeant Griggs, of the infantry, will take your duty," said Kenyon quietly.

his muttered, "Thank you, sir, faced about and hurried from the room. "Was that man in the hall when I was talking and you came in?" asked Rolfe, in his quick, decided way.

"I don't know," answered Berrien surprised. "I think he followed me up the steps and was standing at the door."

"Why do you ask, Rolfe?" queried Holden, closely studying his face.

"Because, if he was, the search I spoke of would now be useless."

CHAPTER VII.

Daylight at last, but the sun is hidden in banks of dripping mist. Daylight, wan and chill and comfortless, and the bleak lamps still smoke and flicker about the parade. Daylight, yet without one spark of gladness. Even the birds huddle in the shelter of the autumn foliage, now so crisp and brown, and not so much as a chirp is heard. All around the big quadrangle night lamps are still aglow within the shaded windows, telling of sleepless vigil, of pallid cheeks, and tear dimmed eyes. Only in the barracks of the men or the lively dens of the bachelor subalterns do the windows blaze, uncurtained, undimmed. There no silently weeping wives, no clinging, sobbing little ones, crying "because mamma cries," yet little dreaming for what cause, no thought of "What will come to these should I never return?" daunt the spirit of the soldier. There all voices are ringing with eagerness, even exultation, as the men brace on their woven cartridge belts and toss over their brawny shoulders carbine slings and the straps of canteen and haversack, and then come streaming forth upon the galleries muffled to the chin in the blue cavalry overcoats.

Out on the parade the trumpeters are gathered under the moist folds of the flag, awaiting the signal to sound "assembly," and now the band comes marching in through the morning mist, and the adjutant strides forth from the office door. Merrily, briskly the stirring peal bursts from the bells of the brass trumpets. Promptly the blue overcoats leap into ranks. Sharply they face to the left, and the stern voices of the sergeants can be heard calling the rolls—the "here," "here," of the men responding in animation and hilarity sometimes so marked as to call forth a frown of rebuke. The troop commanders and their subalterns have hastened to their company grounds. The major has just come forth from his dimly lighted hall and is joined by the colonel at the gate, and now, slowly, these two are pacing out to the parade. On many of the verandas dim feminine forms, mantled in heavy shawl or cloak, have gathered in the gloom. Some can be seen fitting ghostlike through the mist, seeking comfort and sympathy in the society of a near neighbor equally bereaved. Brewster turns one longing glance at the porch of the major's quarters, but no one is there.

Again, quick and spirited, as though defying the elements, the trumpets peal the adjutant's call; the band bursts into the martial rhythm of lively quickstep, and then the dripping, moisture laden morning air rings with the words of command, as, in full ranks, the four troops come swinging out upon the turf and all the roadway around the parade fills up with other light blue overcoats, those of troop-

their fate if I am taken? God alone can hear. God alone can know the humility, the piteous pleading in the muttered prayer that floats to him on high. "Oh, guard and protect them, and if it be thy will in thy good time restore the father to his helpless little ones." Ah, it is one thing to go forth to fight for an imperiled country, for an insulted flag, to stake life and fortune and hope to guard the beloved ones at the fireside, and to feel that one is battling for them, for their honor, peace and future prosperity.

But it is a thing far different to be torn from loving arms and the smiles and sunshine in the little faces, the prattling and kisses of baby lips, to face year after year a savage foe, knowing full well that, defeated, only death can be the soldier's fortune; that, victorious, the only reward will be permission to slink back to the station whence one came. It is the conquered Indian who rides in triumph to the nation's capital and learns how great and good a thing it is to take the warpath every other year. It is all well enough for the young officers, the young troopers, to laugh and cheer. It is the husband and father among the seniors, the old campaigner in the rank and file—men who have been through many and many a bloody fight within some twenty years of national peace and prosperity—men who have seen dozens, hundreds of their cherished comrades slaughtered in battle with the Sioux—it is they who see the other side of the picture, and ask: "To what purpose? To what end?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Appropriate.

Mrs. Classifit—We are invited to Mr. and Mrs. Bangs's silver wedding. What shall we give them?

Mr. Classifit—I'll make 'em a speech. Speech is silver, you know.—Good News.

One best plan of supplying charcoal to the poultry is to burn corn, not black but nicely browned; give them all that they will eat up clean.



ers and footmen, who wish with all their hearts it was their turn to go—that they, too, belonged to the First battalion. In a moment the line is formed; the carbines snap into the bared left hands as arms are presented; Berrien leaves the colonel's side and takes post in front of the center, touches his cap in acknowledgment of the salute and whips out his own battle worn blade. No speech making here. "Right forward, boys right!" rings the order, and then, arms at right shoulder, band and trumpets leading, Berrien's men, with quick, elastic step, with swing and life and jauntiness in every stride, march square away across the parade, heading for the road in front of Farquhar's quarters, lively peal. With one simultaneous crash the carbines are brought to the carry, and Berrien lowers his saber in salute to the gray haired colonel, whose eyes fill and who bares for the moment his handsome head as he notes the spirited bearing of the men.

And now the head of column has reached the road and turns to the left, and now the trumpets cease and the full band bursts into martial song and all along the row women are waving handkerchiefs wet with tears, even though many are sobbing as though their hearts would break, and little children are perched on the gallery railings, shouting in shrill treble their goodby to papa, who turns one brief glance, perhaps the very last on earth, and a big lump rises in many a husky throat and stern eyes are dimmed with unwonted tears, and God alone knows the secret thoughts that go surging through the soldier brain, the never ceasing whisper of that still, small voice. "What—what will be

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of the person and estate of Robert Seneca, a minor, will, under and by virtue of an order of the county court of Marion county, Oregon, made and entered of record on the 24th day of September, 1892, sell at public auction at the east door of the county court house in the city of Oregon, on Saturdays, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, to the highest bidder, for United States gold coin, to be paid at the time of sale, the following described real property and premises belonging to said minor, to-wit: the south half of the south east quarter of section three (3), in T. 38, R. 1 E. of the Willamette meridian, including part of the donation land claim of Robert H. Seneca and wife, containing 20 acres of land, more or less, situate in Clackamas county, state of Oregon, and 2 1/2 acres of land, more or less, situate in Marion county, Oregon, of the person and estate of Robert Seneca, a minor.

Dated this September 8, 1892. [9-16-14]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, August 28, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on October 14, 1892, viz: Charles N. Rhoades.

Pre. D. S. No. 327, for the S. E. 1/4 of Sec. 26, T. 4 N. 2 E. of the S. 2 E. of the Willamette meridian, to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Peter Gabriel, C. Watney, of Corvallis, Oregon, and John Small and David Hatch of Portland, Oregon.

8-26-930 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTOR.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the honorable County Court of Clackamas county, Oregon, duly appointed executor of the estate of Andrew H. Troge, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to me personally within six months from the date of this notice.

HENRY TROGE, Executor of the Estate of Andrew H. Troge.

August 18th, 1892. 8-12-9-9

H. E. CROSS, Attorney for Estate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

In the matter of the estate of John Sellwood, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the above entitled court, been appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same verified under oath, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at 30 East Third Street, Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated September 7, 1892.

Administrator of the estate of John Sellwood, deceased. 9-9-10-7

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, August 28, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on October 14, 1892, viz: Charles Knicker.

Homestead entry No. 628, for the S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 24, T. 38, R. 1 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Smith, George Cunningham, Branch Tucker and Joseph H. Bondarrel, all of Springfield, P. O., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 8-26-930

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, August 28, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on October 14, 1892, viz: Benjamin Wade.

Homestead entry No. 628, for the S. 1/2 of Sec. 24, T. 38, R. 1 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles Knicker, James Milnes, James Miller and Samuel Coleman, all of Willard P. O., Oregon. [8-26-930] J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Mary Lark, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the above named estate, to the creditors and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present the same with the proper vouchers, at six months from the date of this notice to the undersigned at the office of S. Hoel in Main street, Oregon City, Clackamas county, state of Oregon. ALVIN JONES, Executor of the last will and testament of said Mary Lark, deceased.

Dated this 14th day of Sept. 1892. [9-16-14]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, August 28, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on October 14, 1892, viz: Hermanna Arnold.

Widow of Rudolph T. Arnold, deceased, homestead No. 922, for the S. E. 1/4 of Sec. 26, T. 4 S. R. 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land under Sec. 2201, R. 5, viz: Peter Gabriel and C. Watney, of Corvallis, Oregon, and John Small and David Hatch of Portland, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 8-26-930

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, Sept. 18, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on November 4, 1892, viz: Ira Cooper.

Homestead entry No. 678, for the S. E. 1/4 of Sec. 4, T. 3 S. R. 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Win P. Roberts and S. E. New of Sandy post office, Oregon; James W. Douglas and Charles Cass, of Eagle Creek post office.

9-25-19-28 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS.

Notice is hereby given, that sealed bids will be received by Clackamas county at the office of the county clerk of said county up to October 6, 1892, at one o'clock P. M. for the construction of a bridge and trestle across Rock creek on the Byland road; said bridge and trestle to be about 260 feet long, the main span to be about 40 feet long; about 125 feet of the trestle to be on the left bank and the rest on the right bank; said bridge and trestle to be built on a level of about eight feet from the top of left bank.

Diagram, plans and specifications to be furnished by bidder. A deposit of five per cent, of amount of bid required. The county reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Geo. F. HORTON, County Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, Sept. 10, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on November 4, 1892, viz: John Meyer.

Homestead entry 704, for the W. 1/2 of N. E. 1/4 of the S. 2 E. of Sec. 2, T. 28, R. 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Bentler, S. D. Coleman, Rudolf Gussies and Ed. Goffler, all of Sandy post office, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 9-23-10-28

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

I hereby give notice that I have filed in the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, my accounts and vouchers for final settlement as executor of the estate of Andrew H. Troge, deceased, and the court has appointed Monday, November 7th 1892 as the day for examination and settlement of the same.

Dated Sept. 10, 1892.

ANNIE KING, Adm'r. 9-23-10-21

W. C. JOHNSON Atty.

Sunday Services.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. O. W. Lucas, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. GILMAN PARKER, Pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock Sunday at 12:15. Evening service 6:30. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Monthly Convention meeting every Wednesday evening preceding the first Sunday in the month. A cordial invitation to all.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CATHOLIC—Rev. A. HILDEBRAND, Pastor. On Sunday mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Every second and fourth Sunday German sermon after the 8 o'clock mass. At all other masses English sermons. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Vespers, apologetical subjects and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. EDW. GIBBS, Pastor. Morning service at 11:30 Sunday School at 12:15. Evening service at 7:30. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30. Prayer Meeting Tuesday evening at 8:30. Strangers cordially invited.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. G. W. HANCOCK, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:30. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Seats free.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH—GERMAN—Aug. Ernst, Pastor. Free services every other Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 A. M. John Hartberger, Sup't. Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—Rev. P. H. WILLIAMS, pastor. Services first and third Sunday mornings and the preceding Saturday evening in each month at Oregon City, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. and the first Sunday afternoon of each month at Falls View.

Society Directory.

OREGON CITY BOARD OF TRADE.

Meets at Court House on second Monday in each month. Officers: President, F. E. DONALDSON. HARRY E. CROSS, Secretary.

CASBY BOARD OF TRADE.

Meets at Knights Hall, Casby, on first and third Friday of each month. Visitors welcome. S. J. GARRISON, Sec. W. W. KROH, Pres.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, NO. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Hold its regular communications on first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. T. J. APPERSON, W. M. T. F. ALYAN, Secretary.

OREGON LODGE, NO. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By Order of W. A. Middleton, N. G. Thos. Ryan, Secretary.

FALLS ESCAMPMENT, NO. 4, I. O. O. F.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month, at Odd Fellows Hall. Members and visiting patriots, cordially invited to attend. A. R. JACOBSON, Sec'y. J. J. GIBBIE, Chief Patriarch.

OSWEGO LODGE, NO. 38, I. O. O. F.

Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, Oswego, every Saturday evening. W. W. FROESCHER, N. G. J. F. BIRLEY, Sec'y.

MEADE POST, NO. 2, G. A. R., DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.

Meets first Monday of each month, at K. of P. Hall, Oregon City. Visiting comrades made welcome. GILMAN PARKER, Commander.

GEN. CROOK POST, NO. 22, G. A. R., DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.

Meets in school house at Sandy on first Saturday in each month at 4 o'clock P. M. All comrades made welcome. JAMES W. WILSON, K. of G. K. BARSTADER, Adj't. Commander.

PIG IRON LODGE NO. 123, A. O. U. W.

Meets every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows Hall, Oswego. Visiting brethren always welcome. R. STRAYERS, Recorder. J. U. CAMPBELL, W. M.

MULALA LODGE, NO. 114, A. O. U. W.

Meets second and fourth Saturday in each month, at Adams Hall. Visiting members made welcome. N. M. MOONEY, Sec.

TUALATIN GRANGE, NO. 111, F. O. H.

Meets last Saturday of each month at their hall in Willamette. R. H. HENRY, Master. Miss HETA SHARP, Sec'y.

WARNER GRANGE, NO. 117, F. O. H.

Meets fourth Saturday of each month at their hall in New Era. Miss Maggie Brown, Sec'y.

HUTTE CREEK GRANGE, NO. 82, F. O. H.

Meets at their hall in Marquam, second Saturday in each month at 10 A. M. Visiting members always welcome. J. E. JACK, Master. J. R. WHITE, Secretary.

MOGALLA GRANGE, NO. 46, F. O. H.

Meets at their hall at Wright's bridge on the second Saturday of each month at 10 A. M. Fellow members made welcome. R. W. DENNELL, Sec.

GAVEL LODGE, NO. 36, A. O. U. W.

Meets second and third Saturday evenings at Knights Hall, Casby. Visiting brethren made welcome. W. R. GRIBBLE, O. L. BARLOW, Recorder. Masterworkman.

CLACKAMAS LODGE, NO. 57, A. O. U. W.

Meets first and third Monday in each month, at Straight's Hall. Visiting brethren welcome. H. S. GROSS, Master. L. D. JOSE, W. M.

FALLS CITY LODGE OF A. O. U. W.

Meets every second and fourth Friday evening of each month in Odd Fellows' building. All sejourning brethren cordially invited to attend. F. T. BARLOW, W. M. G. R. CALIFF, Recorder.

ACHILLES LODGE, NO. 38, K. O. P.

Meets every Friday night at the K. of P. hall. Visiting Knights invited. J. A. C. HERMAN, U. C. J. E. RHODES, K. of R. and S.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH, NO. 847, C. K. of A.

Meets every Tuesday evening at their hall corner Main and Tenth Streets, Oregon City. MATT JOSTIN, Sec'y. T. W. SULLIVAN, Pres.

NEW ERA W. C. T. U.

Meets first Saturday in each month at their hall in New Era. Friends of the cause are invited to be present. Mrs. GARRY JOHNSON, Mrs. EASTMAN, President.

CANBY LODGE, NO. 564, I. O. G. T.

Meets first and third Saturday evening at Knights Hall Casby. Visiting members always made welcome. H. C. GILMORE, W. C. T. MILLARD LEE, Sec.

MEADE RELIEF CORPS, NO. 18, DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.

Mrs. M. M. Charman, President. Mrs. F. L. Cochran, Treasurer. Mrs. J. R. Harding, Secretary. Meets on first and third Fridays of each month at K. of P. Hall. Members of corps from abroad, cordially welcomed.

COLUMBIA HOOK AND LADDER CO.

Meets first Friday of each month at Columbia engine house. CHAS. ATHEY, Pres. C. B. FELLOW, Sec'y. CHAS. FITZGER, Treas.

FOUNTAIN HOSE CO., No. 1.

Regular meeting, second Wednesday in each month at engine house, east side Main street, between Seventh and Eighth. I. ACKERMAN, Sec'y. LANCE GARDNER, Pres. CHAS. BAXTON, Foreman.

CATARACT HOSE CO., No. 2.

Meets second Tuesday of each month at Catact Engine House. W. H. HOWELL, Pres. G. H. BERTON, Sec'y. J. W. O'CONNELL, Treas.

RONS OF VETERANS.

E. D. BAKER CAMP, No. 18, meets every first and third Thursday evening of each month. C. A. HERMAN, J. J. apt. WARD B. LAWTON, J. J. Lieut. C. F. BUCKLER, 2d Lieut.

F COMPANY, FIRST REGIMENT, O. N. G.

Army, Third and Main. Regular drill night, Monday. Regular business meetings, first Monday of each month.

OFFICERS.

F. W. DANONG, Captain. J. B. HARRIS, First Lieutenant. L. L. PICKENS, Second Lieutenant.