

# Washington Independent.

VOL. II.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1875.

NO. 42.

## THE INDEPENDENT.

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OFFICE.—In Hillsboro in the old Court-House building on the Public Square.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN VITE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. HILLSBORO. . . . . OREG. N.

Special attention given to DEFORMITIES, also CHRONIC ULCERS. OFFICE.—Main street Hillsboro, Oregon.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. HILLSBORO. . . . . OREGON.

OFFICE.—at the Drug Store. RESIDENCE.—Three Blocks South of Drug Store. n1y1

WILSON BOWLBY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, FOREST GROVE. . . . . OREGON.

OFFICE.—At his Residence, West of Johnson's Planing Mills. n4y1y

W. H. SAYLOR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, FOREST GROVE. . . . . OREGON.

OFFICE.—At the Drug Store. RESIDENCE.—Corner Second Block south of the Drug Store. n22ly

GEO. H. DUBHAM, H. Y. THOMPSON, District Attorneys. Durham & Thompson, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

No. 109 First Street, PORTLAND. . . . . OREGON.

C. A. BALL, RALEIGH STOTT, BALL & STOTT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

No. 6 Dekum's Block, PORTLAND, OREGON. n3y1y

THOMAS H. TONGUE, Attorney-at-Law, Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

JOHN CAYLOR, R. KILLIN, Catlin & Killin, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Dekum's Building, First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

JAMES WITCOMBE, VETERINARY SURGEON, HILLSBORO. . . . . OREGON.

Will be at the Oregon Livery stables, Corner of Morrison and First Streets, Portland, every Friday.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Notice.

U. S. Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, December 15th 1874.

To John Pool and his assigns, and to whom it may concern.

A petition having been filed in the General Land Office on the part of the heirs at law of Jane Pool, deceased, late wife of said John Pool, alleging that a wrong apportionment has been made of the donation land claim of said parties, as recited in certificate No. 3228, of this office, being claim No. 60, and parts of sections 7 and 18 in Town 1, North Range 2 West, in Washington County, Oregon; and asking for a re-apportionment of said claim, and that the South half thereof be allotted to the said John Pool and the North half to the heirs at law of his late wife, the said Jane Pool, deceased, and the said petition having been referred to this Office hearing: You are hereby notified that the case is set for hearing at this Office on the 24th day of February, 1875 at 10 o'clock a. m. when all parties interested will be afforded opportunity to make such showing as they may desire.

OWEN WADE, Register.

HENRY WARREN, Receiver.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, administrator of the estate of Ransom P. Baker, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present the same with the proper vouchers, at my farm two miles northwest of Gaston in Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment of the same. ISAAC CHRISMAN, Administrator. Gaston, Dec. 14th 1874. n3y-w4

## Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County my final settlement account as administrator of the estate of T. G. Naylon, deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that Thursday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1875, has been appointed by said court for the final hearing and settlement of said estate. JOHN E. GLEASON, Administrator. n37-w4

## Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account as Administrator of the estate of George W. Davis, deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that Thursday January 7th, 1875, has been appointed by said court for the final settlement of said estate. JOSEPH DAVIS, Administrator. n37-w4

## Hurrah Hurrah!

Mrs. Farmer, Granger, and all the rest of the living

## REJOICE REJOICE

Over the good news which in fact every body is anxious to hear. Why of course, the new store, Kelllogg's place and see the cheap goods that are sold there. It is enough to make any body smile. The Goods were carefully selected and of great variety. Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Furs and all kinds of produce.

KAHN & FRIEDENRICH

THOS. D. HUMPHREYS.

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LEGAL papers drawn and collections made. Business entrusted to his care attended to promptly. OFFICE.—New Court House. 13y

Montezuma Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening, at Masonic Hall, in Hillsboro. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order N. G. 35-4t.

## FOREST GROVE LODGE, No. 136, I. O. G. T.

MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATURDAY evening, at 6 o'clock. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

## PACIFIC BOOT &amp; SHOE HOUSE.

GEO. A. FRASE, PROPRIETOR

The Largest Stock on the Coast, S. W. Corner of First and Morrison streets

PORTLAND OREGON. n42ly

## Carpenter &amp; Cabinet Shop.

Smith, Kane & Co.

Particular attention given to house-building and framing.

OREST GROVE OREGON.

## Wm McGREADY

FOREST GROVE OREGON.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN all kinds of

HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS & LASH

Repairs promptly attended to. n132

## TO MRS E. MARSH.

Why do the beautiful fade away  
And the loved ones of earth depart;  
To leave a shadow dark and gray,  
On our weary and breaking hearts?  
Do they the brighter angels make  
That in earth life they were so fair;  
Can they the sweeter music wake  
From the bright harps they finger there;  
Or is it that on earth they wear  
The impress of that radiant sphere,  
That marks them as belonging there  
And only lent to cheer us here?  
Then cease our mourning hearts to grieve,  
That our fairest ones are taken.  
A Saviour's diadem to weave  
In the land where they shall waken.

A. A. C.

## THE LOVER'S LEAP.

"The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood on the north shore of Cornwall, looking up at a picturesque headland a considerable number of feet above the sea's level, and hanging threateningly over its foamy surface, now there was a full tide. "A name," I added, "decidedly original and—"

"True," emphatically interrupted the tall, handsome Cornish woman by my side, with whom I had been conversing, and who had been my informant respecting the name of the projection which I had just sketched.

"True?" I repeated, perceiving she was quite serious. "Then, do you remember the origin of the title?"

"Perfectly. I was a child at the time; but it made such a commotion, and was so often repeated, that it would almost have impressed a baby's memory. If you like, I'll tell you. It's become a legend here; we relate it to most travelers who care to listen."

Declaring nothing would please me better, I put down my sketch-book, and the Cornish woman and I, seated on a boulder, the sea lapping the beach a little distance off, she began as follows:

"About thirty years ago, there lived in the village yonder, where you are staying, two brothers; they were twins, yet as unlike as the sea is in calm and storm. It is supposed that children so born, entertain a strong affection for each other. In that case, William and Richard Redruth were an exception. They were so utterly dissimilar in character, that it would have been impossible to have been otherwise."

"Richard was a handsome, open, generous-hearted, honest young fellow, possessed of that energy and steady application at work which is the foundation of success. William was dark haired, heavy browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a quick temper, and fierce, vindictive nature. Though also a fisher, he earned little; for he never settled steadily to it, but would start off in his boat round the coast, and never be heard of for days. When he returned, it was with an empty craft, and a livid, feverish face, as one who had met and braved perils."

"Different in everything else, unfortunately the brothers had one strong liking in common—this was their love for Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter, the beauty of the village, and oh! so gentle, kindly a disposition, that even William Redruth was an altered man in her presence. He, as well as Richard—with others that that matter, but they do not count—strove to win Margaret Semper's favor. At last she made her selection, and it was not difficult to guess it. Richard Redruth was not only the handsomest and most prosperous fisher in the village, but just the one to obtain the love of such a girl as Margaret. It was to him she gave her heart and hand."

"When the fact of their engagement became known, William Redruth and his boat abruptly disappeared. Days passed; nothing was heard of him, though one old fisherman declared that, happening to go to the beach late, for something he had left in his boat, he there saw the figure of a man very like William, creeping along the darkness of

the rocks. He had called to him, when the shadow had instantly vanished."

"The fisher so stoutly affirmed this, enlarging upon the gliding, shadowy appearance, that many believed William Redruth had put an end to his life, and that his spirit was haunting the place."

"Opinions on the point were divided, when a few mornings later, the people in the village were astonished to see Richard Redruth, who had gone fishing early, returning quickly and unexpectedly to land. Upon his running his boat on shore, he explained that he had got some distance out to sea, when he discovered it was making water rapidly. He endeavored to find where the leak was sprung, but in vain, and with the greatest difficulty, kept it under while he tacked and made for the village. On examining the boat with the fishers, it was found in a most unlikely place, while it was perfectly inaccessible to any one inside the boat."

"How had it come?" "Richard Redruth looked very grave, but said nothing. The village, however, formed its own opinion, for there were some who remembered to have heard William Redruth exclaim, 'If ever Margaret Semper should choose my brother, before their wedding day, one or other shall be beneath the sod.'"

"The flaw was mended, a fortnight passed by, and nothing was seen of William Redruth, either his shadow or his ghost, to whichever the Cornish mind tended. He was beginning, indeed, to be forgotten, owing to another excitement—Margaret and Richard's approaching wedding, the day of which had been fixed."

"As I have said, Richard Redruth was one of the most well-to-do fishers in the place; yet each day he worked harder and more untiringly for he desired to be rich now for Margaret, and no wealth he thought too great for her. Daily his boat was seen to quit the shore, and return with its shining freight, as the silver it was to bring the fearless fisher."

"Even on the eve of his marriage, he made no difference."

"This is my last trip, Margaret," he said, as she stood by him on the beach. To-morrow you will be my own little wife! It will be a large freight I shall bring to-night."

"Fondly they embraced, never dreaming how next they should meet, though, when he had gone, and the day stole onward, a vague dread came over Margaret—a dread for him. The holy joy of the coming morning so filled her heart, she feared anything occurring that should now part her and Richard."

"Noon passed, evening drew on, and with it dark, threatening clouds, presaging storm—for hours piled in the west—began as the sun set to sweep up like a funeral pall over the heavens, while the leaden sea beneath moaned as one in trouble."

"Eagerly, with anxious heart, Margaret scanned the broad expanse in search of Richard's boat. In vain; the white specks which so frequently deceived her were but the crests of the as yet small though angry waves. 'Why did he go to-day?' she sighed—'why, on this, the eve of our marriage? The hour has long passed that he named for his return. Then she remembered the circumstance of that mysterious leak, and her anxiety grew in intensity."

"At last, throwing a shawl around her, she stole down unperceived to the shore. It seemed to bring her nearer her lover, as already the darkening evening was shutting the sea from sight at the cottage."

"Apparently, the beach was deserted by all save herself, and with restless spirit she walked along the edge of the waters, her gaze fixed seaward, her ears keenly sensitive to the gradually rising wind, and other sound that declared a tempest at hand."

"Ignorant of the shadow which

had been dodging her steps for some while, and was yet noiselessly following, she climbed the rock."

"Darker, darker, grew the evening. The billows broke with a louder sound; the wind wildly tossed her loosened hair and shawl. Where was Richard?"

"Anxiously she gazed out on the storm crest, endeavoring to pierce the gloom. She pressed her hand over her eyes, then turning, prepared to look again, when, with a cry of startled alarm, she sprang back; for, standing by her side, his dark features more threatening even than the night, was William Redruth."

"You fear me, Margaret, and with good cause," he said coolly. 'It is long I have been waiting such an opportunity.' Each step you have taken I have followed, until you reached this rock. 'Margaret Semper,' he added, turning toward her, 'if you ever leave it alive, it must be after you have sworn to become my wife!'

"Trembling in every limb, but by an effort assuming a calm, undaunted bearing, the young girl answered, 'Are you mad, William Redruth? To-morrow is my wedding-day and Richard's. Do you imagine even the fear of death could make me false to him?'

"Then here you perish! you never shall be his—never!"

"This is folly, William, and unlike you. What harm have you ever received at my hands that you treat me thus?"

"The greatest—your rejection of me for him."

"A woman who can no more control her heart than can a man," she answered. 'I loved Richard; I would, if you would let me, love you—as a brother.'

"Brother! he interrupted, fiercely; 'brother! yes; I will accept that affection, Margaret Semper, but not from you as Richard Redruth's wife; never—never!'

"The wild energy of his manner augmented her alarm, and passing him, she strove to quit the rock; but catching her wrist, he held her with a grasp of iron."

"No!" he said; 'I have sworn it!'

"She shrieked aloud."

"Your cries are useless," he remarked; 'the winds and these waves are my allies. Scream as you may, you cannot be heard!'

"Kneeling at his feet, yet in his clasp, she prayed, implored, and entreated. William Redruth had but one answer—'Be mine, and you are safe; if not, you die!'

"Oh, William, William!" she wept, 'once you said you loved me—can you, then, treat me thus?'

"It is because I love you—because I will never see you his!" he rejoined, hoarsely. 'Look, Margaret, and reflect speedily, for the base of this rock is already surrounded!'

"Looking around, she saw with horror, his words were true: the waves, with their dancing, mocking crests, were on each side of her."

"Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked.

"For the last time, I ask you, Margaret, will you renounce Richard, and be mine?"

"No!" she answered, dropping exhausted, despairing at his feet. 'Rather the cruel death with which you threaten me.'

"It is no vain threat, Margaret; the death shall indeed be yours. A few moments, and you will see."

"There was a pause of some seconds; then, before the wretched girl, half insensible from terror, divined his intent, seizing both her hands, he lashed the wrists securely together. Afterwards, releasing her, he said, 'Farewell, Margaret; I failed with Richard, but I cannot miss now. He must wait long for his bride to-morrow.'

"William—William Redruth!" she cried; 'do not leave me!'

"But already he had sprung into the waters, and she was left on the rock alone."

"It was a fearful time that fol-

lowed, almost beyond description—certainly, enough to banish reason. Margaret shrieked and prayed. The uproar of the elements sent her words back upon herself, appearing to mock her agony. These frantic moments were interspersed by brief intervals of calm, wherein the past swept before her like a panorama."

"All the while the moments slipped by, and the waves rose higher and higher; at last, one dashed over the rock, and did not retreat. It left her feet in water; the rock was beginning to be covered."

"Wildly, despairingly, she lunged out her arms, and prayed for succor—for mercy. Then, kneeling, helplessly wept."

"It was hard to die thus; made harder by the knowledge that the morrow was to have been made their wedding-day."

"For the waves began to break over her, threatening to hurl her from the rock. Madly she strove to cling to it, but her hands, so tired, rendered her almost powerless. In a few moments all must be over."

"That idea gave her back strength, and, with a last effort, she shrieked aloud in her agony, till the rocks rang with her voice."

"Richard, Richard, aid me! Am I to die thus, never again to see you? Richard, Richard!"

"What was that?"

"She sprang to her feet, every pulse beating with hope, with joy. It was a voice in reply; it was Richard's voice, uttering her name."

"Once more it sounded. It came from above; raising her face, she beheld, on the headland, the tall, strong figure of her lover, outlined against the dark, leaden sky."

"Her heart rank. Before he could get round to the shore for his boat, all would be over."

"Oh, Richard! dear Richard!" she called; 'be comforted. Seeing you, I can die happy! Farewell—farewell!'

"The figure had gone. Like an arrow it had darted from the top of the headland, and plunged into the sea beneath. Margaret uttered a scream of alarm, then hoped—recollecting Richard Redruth was one of the best swimmers in Cornwall. Love now would make him strong."

"With difficulty, keeping her position, each second covered by the waves, she waited. The beating of her heart was as the second-hand on the dial of eternity."

"Ah! what was that which struck against her so heavily? It was a body—that of William Redruth."

"With a scream of remorse, Margaret Semper fainted."

"Struggling through the surf, Richard sprang to her relief, guided by the last cry. His arms were already about her, as consciousness departed, and with difficulty he bore her safely to the shore."

"The wedding did not take place the next day, for Margaret Semper was prostrated by a severe nervous fever. But it did take place a few weeks later, and was one of the happiest and gayest in all Cornwall, despite the evil plots of William Redruth, as to whose fate there was no longer any mystery. In springing from the rock, his head must have struck violently against some hidden boulder; for the next morning, when the tide went down, he was found drowned, with a wound on his temple, at the very foot of the Lover's Leap."

"Was Methuselah Drowned in the Flood?—In the fifth chapter and twenty-fifth verse of Genesis we find: 'Methuselah lived one hundred and eighty-seven years and begat Lamech.' In the twenty-eighth verse of the same chapter occurs the following: 'Lamech lived one hundred and eighty-two years and begat Noah.' Now, it appears in the seventh chapter of Genesis that in the 'six hundredth year of Noah's life the fountains of the great deep were broken up,' etc. Methuselah, it will be remembered, lived 969 years. We therefore ask, did this old man die a natural death, or was he drowned in the flood? Add the above figures and see."