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FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT,

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

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

O. F. meets every Thursday evening,

at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall,

215 Main street. Members of the

Order are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE,

No. 2, I. O. F., meets on the

Second and Fourth Tuesdays,

evenings of each month, at 7 o'clock,

in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1,

I. O. F., holds its regular

communications on the First and Third

Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock

from the 20th of September to the

20th of March to the 20th of September.

Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4,

I. O. F., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall

on the First and Third Tuesdays of

each month. Patriarchs in good stand-

ing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS,

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

On Fourth Street, at foot of Cliff Stairway

CHAS. KNIGHT,

CANBY, OREGON.

Physician and Druggist.

Prescriptions carefully filled at short

notice.

PAUL BOYCE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours day and night; always ready

when duty calls.

DR. JOHN WELCH,

DENTIST.

Highest cash price paid for County orders.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

Special attention given to cases in the U. S.

Land Office at Oregon City.

L. T. BARIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

Nov. 1, 1875-76.

W. H. HIGHFIELD,

Established since '49.

One door North of Pope's Hall.

MAIN ST., OREGON CITY, OREGON.

An assortment of watches, Jewelry,

The Three Horsemen.

By EMILE LILIAN WRITING.

Three horsemen halted the inn before,

Three horsemen entered the oaken door,

And loudly called for the welcome cheer

That was wont to greet the traveler here.

"Good woman," they cried as the hostess

came,

A buxom, rosy, portly old dame—

"Good woman, how is your wine and beer?

And how is your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,

But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell,

Each wrapped in thoughts he could never

tell;

And silently one by one they crept

To the darkened room where the maiden

slept.

The golden hair was rippling low

Over a forehead pure as snow,

And the little hands were idly pressed,

Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay

On thee, sweet child," and one turned away.

"I would have loved thee," the second said,

"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to

wed."

"I loved thee ever, I love thee now,"

The last one cried as he kissed her brow.

"In the heaven to come our souls shall wed.

I have loved thee living, I love thee dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door,

Three horsemen passed to never more.

—From the German of 'Lland.

The Lover's Leap.

"The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood

on the north shore of Cornwall, looking

up at a picture-headland a considerable

number of feet above the sea's level,

and hanging threateningly over its foamy

surface. "A name," I added, "decidedly

original and—

"True," interrupted the tall, handsome

Corish woman at my side, with whom I

had been conversing, and who had been

my informant respecting the name of the

projection which I have sketched.

"True?" I repeated, perceiving she was

quite serious. "Then, do you remember

the origin of the name?"

"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 it to 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 Corish woman and I seated on a

boulder, the sea lapping the beach a little

way off, and a few fellows, who were

"About thirty years ago, there lived in

the village yonder, where you are staying,

two brothers; they were twins, yet as un-

like as the sea is calm and storm.

It is supposed that the children so born enter-

tained a strong affection for each other. In

that case, William and Richard Redruth

were an exception. They were so utterly

disimilar in character, that it would be

impossible to be otherwise.

"Richard was a handsome, open, gen-

erous-hearted, honest, young fellow, pos-

sessed of that energy and steady applica-

tion at work which is the foundation of

success. William was dark-haired, heavy-

browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a

very quick temper, and a fierce, vindictive

nature. Though also a fisher, he earned

but 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 creel, and a hollow face, as if

of one who had met and braved perils

of which he had no recollection.

"Different in everything else, unfortu-

nately, the brothers had one strong lik-

ing in common—this was their love of

Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter,

the beauty of the village, and of so gentle

temper, that she was the object of the

kindly disposition, that even William

Redruth was an altered man in her pres-

ence. He, as well as Richard—with oth-

ers for that matter, but they do not count

—trove to win Margaret Semper's favor.

At last she made her selection, and it was

not difficult to guess it. Richard Red-

ruth was not only the most prosperous

and handsomest 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 a happy marriage was the

result.

"When the fact of their engagement

became known, William Redruth and his

brother suddenly disappeared. Days passed,

nothing was heard of him, though an old

fisherman declared that, happening to go

to the beach late, for searching he had

left in his boat, he saw there the figure

of a man very like William, creeping

along in the darkness of the rocks. He

had called to him, when the shadow in-

stantly vanished. The fisher so stoutly

affirmed this, enlarging upon the glistening,

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 surprised to see Rich-

ard 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 he

kept it under while he tackled and made

up the beach late, for searching he had

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