

# Oregon City Enterprise



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SOCIETY NOTICES.

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

Meets every Thursday Evening, at

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

Main Street. Members of the Order

are invited to attend. By order of

N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2,

I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and

Fourth Tuesday Evenings of each month,

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

Members of the Degree are invited to

attend. By order of

W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4,

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

the First and Third Tuesday of each month,

at 7 o'clock. Brothers in good standing

are invited to attend. By order of

W. M.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1,

I. O. O. F., holds its regular com-

munications on the First and Third Satur-

days of each month, at 7 o'clock, on the

29th of September, at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Members of the Degree are invited to

attend. By order of

W. M.

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Office in Oregon City, OREGON.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

Special attention given to cases in the United

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Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

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Established since '49.

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for patronage. Cash Paid for County Orders.

JOHN M. BACON,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND MISCELLANEOUS

PICTURE FRAMES, MOUNTINGS AND MISCEL-

## MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Ab! the mystic, mystic, tender music—

Music of the spheres!

How it gently, gently, sweetly trembles—

Trembles in my ears!

Throbbing, crying, sobbing sadly—

Like the voice of heaven—

Of a sky-bell 'mong the stars!

Through the archway of the moonbeam.

In the shadows of the skies.

Now it ripples, ripples, ripples.

And its murmurs fall and rise.

Like the notes of heaven's choir.

Leaping in terrestrial play.

And it flows and flows and flows.

Through the heaven's far away.

THE EVENING TIME.

Together we walked in the evening time.

Above us the sky spread golden and clear.

And he bent his head and looked in my eyes.

As if he held me of all most dear.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still.

The lights flitted brown through the purple shade.

The nightingales sang where the thorn stood high.

As I walked with him in the evening time.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat.

Narrow that path and rough the way.

We walked in the evening time.

Close to his arm and closer I pressed.

The corn-dust path was Eden to me.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died.

My hand in his enfolded lay.

We walked in the evening time.

Close to his arm and closer I pressed.

For narrower, narrower, wound the way.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said.

But he was near, and the birds sang true.

But together we walked through the fields of life.

Close as we walked through the fields of life.

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reading of the will delayed until her

grief had been softened by time, then

the old lawyer, who transacted the busi-

ness for Mistress Warren, was asked

to bring a few witnesses and read the

will.

One of the people he brought was the

banker Durham, and when the party

had been seated long enough to grow

quiet, the will was produced, and with

ing his spectacles, Mr. Perkins, the old

lawyer, read the usual preamble, and

then came to the bequests.

"I give to my granddaughter, the

daughter of my son, the Warren home-

stead, the orchard that lies around it

and which is inclosed in the high pal-

ing fence and all that is in the house

or on the ground adjacent; but the same

to be at her disposal and hers alone.

"The remainder of the Warren farm

and the stock and the implements be-

longed to my wife, to give to my grand-

son, Hobart Ward and Paul Green, Ma-

gine, the only children of my daugh-

ters Sarah and Margery, to be equally

divided between them."

This was all the will said, and as it

was known that the Warrens had bequeath-

ed all the land they could, and had always

paid for it, it was not thought there was

any more to dispose of.

"Rather hard on Maggie," said the

banker as he walked away from the old

house. Well, Haring is bound by no

promises, and therefore he is all

right."

And Haring was all right. Of course the

news of his Mistress Warren had disposed

of her property was soon known and

many were the condolences sent to

Maggie from souls that had tested her

kindness, and these seem to be with her

and comfort her.

Paul Green called to see her that evening.

He was free now, and his knowl-

edge made him the recipient of good

words, so that he had no fear for the

future. He spoke bravely and hope-

fully to her, and his manner showed

plainly that she was the same to him

now as she had always been. He said

that the next day Haring Durham came

and stayed a little while, but he appear-

ed ill at ease, and talked as though he

was performing a necessary, but dis-

agreeable duty.

Many people had thought that now

he would immediately marry Maggie,

and take her home, but Haring never

called again. Maggie had too much

true womanliness to regret his absence.

His last call, with its mournful and em-

barassed air, had left a thing but a

pleasant memory, and she was glad to

see the hopeful and smiling face of Paul

Green when he answered a rap on the

door the next Sunday evening.

He was frequent caller after this,

and when three months had elapsed

from the burial of her grandmother, as-

ked what she intended to do.

"I have hardly made a decision, but

I will keep the old place just as it

was. Dear, old, grand old place! I

say she treated me wrong, but she did

not. John says the fruit and poultry I

can raise here will bring me in nearly

five hundred dollars a year clear of ex-

pense, and that is plenty to support

me."

"Yes, that is quite a fortune, and

Maggie, I am going to ask you to share

it with me."

"What?" said she, wonderingly, look-

ing at him.

He smiled and went on. "Why, I wish

to share your income. To put it more

plainly, I love you, Maggie, and have

loved you a long time, but was not sit-

uated so that I could tell you this.

Now, however, I am; and I have learned

that a good man's income is large

enough to afford me a wife, so I ask you

to be this, for I have ever held you dear-

est and best."

Maggie's eyes grew moist as she lis-

tened. She was a wise woman, and

with thrilling with a strength of love that

made them eloquent. For a little time

she sat silent, then she took his hand

and said:

"I can only give you the answer you

wish for I love you, and always shall

love you."

It had been a very quiet love-making,

for they were people of strong feeling,

but now that they belonged to each other,

and that they had found each other, and

a holy ecstasy filled them and made

them eloquent.

Maggie's cousins had come on to take

possession of their property. They

each had above the Warren farm, though

but she