

Oregon City Enterprise

Friday, Dec. 25.—Christmas day.  
Friday, Jan. 1.—New Year's Day.  
Monday, Jan. 4.—Convening of adjourned term of circuit court for Clackamas county.  
Monday, Jan. 4.—Probate court for January term convenes.  
Wednesday, Jan. 6.—County court for January term convenes.  
Wednesday, Jan. 6.—Regular meeting for January of Oregon City council—annual reports made and new officers sworn in.  
Monday, Jan. 11.—Convening of the Oregon legislature at Salem.  
Monday, Jan. 11.—Annual meeting of the Oregon City board of trade—election of officers, etc.  
Tuesday, Jan. 12.—Annual meeting Oregon State Horticultural Society in Portland for a two day's session.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1896.

GETTING A HUSBAND.

"What an idea! You'll never get any one to do it, Lil."

"Oh, yes, I shall! I know just the girl."

"Who? Do tell me."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"You."

"Me!" I fairly screamed.

"Yes, you. Now, listen, Bertha. You're just the girl for Duncan. I've always thought so, and I know you both well. Duncan is—"

"Oh, my dear girl, just as if I didn't know everything that Duncan is and isn't and was and will be! And just as though any girl would take that sort of thing on trust and not judge for herself before she went all the way out to India to marry a man!"

"Bertha, darling, don't get excited. Please do think this matter over seriously and try and see its advantages. Here, I will give you his letter to read and leave you for a little. Do try and like the idea."

I read the letter and can't say I was much impressed, but as it explains the position of affairs here it is:

DEAR OLD LIL—I am writing to ask a favor of you, but first you must promise you won't think me perfectly mad, as I solemnly assure you I am in earnest. We have always been pals, haven't we? And I think you know exactly what sort of fellow I am. Do you remember you used to say that the reason so many people are unhappy married is because the man always persists in choosing the girl he falls in love with without considering whether she has the qualities necessary to make him a good wife? I remember you once said, "Men would be far happier if they would let their sisters choose their wives for them." Well, I want to get married, and I have resolved to give your wise maxims a trial. Perhaps I may be rather a cold sort of fellow; but, anyway, I have never wanted to marry any of the girls from among your English girl friends and place the case clearly before her. Tell her all you know of me as regards character, disposition, etc.; also that I am 25 years of age, well off, tall and, I believe, possibly good looking. I should like her to be presentable in appearance. The rest I leave to you. We might exchange photos, only mine would be no good, as they are all old ones, and I know you have no decent ones at home. I need hardly add that, though it is a dangerous experiment, I will do all in my power to make it turn out a success, and whoever trusts herself to me shall never have cause to regret it, if I can help it. Let me know as soon as you can, and, believe me, your affectionate brother,  
DUNCAN EASTWOOD.

After all, it is rather a good idea, I think—original, if nothing else. But somehow I wouldn't like to take the risk. On the other hand, I've no home, now that dad's gone, and only a poor little £40 a year to live on. Lil's awfully good and kind, but I can't stay here forever. Her husband must think me a nuisance as it is. I shall have to go out as a governess, and here's a chance of marrying a man who is rich, handsome, kind hearted and of whom every one speaks well. I don't care for any one else. Shall I chance it?

Well, I did, after all. I had no one in the world to advise me but Lil and her husband, and they both thought it a desirable match. They said we were made for each other, but I believe in their innermost heart of hearts they think Duncan a bit too good for me. My photo was sent out, and my future husband deigned to say that, "If I was anything like my photo, he loved me already." I think it was rather sneaky of him not sending one of his, but he has been minutely described to me and is going to wear a white gardenia in his button-hole when he meets me at Calcutta. He has a good post in the Indian civil service and lives in Calcutta in the cold weather and Simla in the hot; so I shall have a good time. Lil rigged me out and packed me off, and as for me—well, I think I shall like him, and I mean to try anyway.

We have passed Port Said, and very soon we shall reach Aden. Every one on board is kind to me.

I shall never forget arriving at Aden, a horrid looking place, with low white houses against a dreary background of rocks, and no trees or flowers to be seen.

An interesting man came on board at Aden. He is tall and broad, with a kind face and dark eyes, and such lovely beard and mustache. I think I rather like him. That horrid Duncan is clean shaven. I oughtn't to be thinking about men. Oh, dear, I wonder if I have done right!

I heard this new man ask the captain, in whose charge I am, whether he might be introduced to a girl on board.

"Which one?" asked the captain.

"I think she is in your charge," said the man; "a tall, slight girl, with lovely gray eyes."

He must have meant me. I should like to be introduced, and yet in some ways I would rather not. If I fell in love, how awkward it would be!

"Miss Carr—Mr. Rogers." The captain stood before me with the man who came on board at Aden.

I got red and hardly dared to raise my "lovely gray eyes" to the handsome face above me.

"Miss Carr, I know a friend of yours

in Calcutta, Duncan Eastwood."

I got redder. How much did he know? How could I tell him I was going to marry a man I had never seen?

"Oh, yes," I stammered. "I am going to stay for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Osborne, in Calcutta. Do you know her?"

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "Rather a long way to go for a visit of a few days, isn't it?"

There was an awkward pause. I simply couldn't tell him the truth.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "I have other plans after that."

He seemed amused at my confusion. I'm sure I looked a perfect fool, and I was thankful that just then another man came up and asked me to join in a cricket match they were getting up.

I have been so happy all these days, but tonight I am the most miserable girl in the world. We shall get to Calcutta tomorrow, and I shall be seized on by that odious man with the white gardenia. I shall never love him. I love some one else, and some one else loves me. A few hours ago Mr. Rogers asked me to marry him, and I told him all my story.

I was leaning over the side of the boat watching the glorious effects of the moon on the dark waters, when he came up behind me. I had a white dress on. I looked up at him as he stood near, and he was looking down at me with a look I had never seen before in any man's eyes. Such a world of love was there, and all for me. It was worth living all my 19 years just simply to see that look.

I don't know why I did it, but I couldn't keep back a great sob, and at that he took me in his arms and kissed me passionately over and over again, as though he had lost all control over himself.

I tore myself away and told him as calmly as I could all about myself.

"I ought to have told you before," I cried over and over. "But, oh, don't you understand how hard it was? I thought you would think me such a dreadful girl to marry a man I had never seen."

"I don't, dear," he said very gravely. "I think it is a good idea, and you will find all will go well."

"You are heartless," I cried despairingly. "You don't care a bit. You are not one bit unhappy."

"My Bertha, it is everything to me to know you love me. I don't think I shall ever be unhappy again."

"You are cruel, heartless, wicked," I cried. "I won't listen any more," and before he could stop me I ran away, and here I am crying my eyes out, wishing we had all been wrecked in the bay.

He called me back. "Bertha, dearest, let me explain." But I wouldn't listen.

A strange thing has happened to me. I went on deck this morning and found everything in a bustle and nearly every one had gone on shore. I waited behind purposely. The captain came up and asked me whether I could see my friends anywhere about.

"No," I answered miserably.

He said he was sorry to see me looking so pale. "The gentleman who is to meet me is tall and clean shaven and will wear a white gardenia," I began.

"Here we are then," interrupted the captain, and I felt rather than saw that some one was approaching. My knees were trembling. I thought I should fall. I couldn't raise my eyes until suddenly a deep voice that I knew—ah, yes, and loved, too—spoke:

"Miss Carr, I think?"

Startled, I looked up. The captain had been called away, and I stood face to face with—Mr. Rogers.

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"It means, my darling, that I am Duncan Eastwood. Will you forgive me for the deception?"

I couldn't speak, and he went on: "I was impatient to see the dear little girl who had trusted her future to me, so as I had been ill and was ordered a holiday I came to Aden to meet you. Then it struck me I would like to see what sort of a little girl you were before you knew who I was. Lil was right; you were made for me, dear heart. Then I found you loved me. Last night I nearly betrayed myself, but I wanted to see your face when you met me this morning. By the bye, I haven't seen it yet. My sister is waiting for you. I have been on shore and got rid of my beard, etc. Look at me, darling, and see how you like the change."

I looked up, and he took my hands in his.

"Are you still afraid of the risk, my Bertha?"

"There will be no risk," I murmured. "My life will be all sunshine."

"And if not," he broke in gently, "our love will help us through the shadows."

The experiment turned out a perfect success, and Lil is more than ever convinced that a man should let his sister choose his wife for him.—St. Paul's.

**Best and Cheapest Insurance.**  
Save money on your insurance by calling on E. E. Martin, who represents the only Mutual doing business in Oregon City. You cannot afford to keep on throwing your money into policies and pay from 3 to 5 years' premiums in advance and then have the company fail. The Oregon Fire Relief association will stand the closest investigation.  
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**Dissolution Notice.**  
Notice is hereby given that the firm of Petzold & Gale, doing business as butchers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Richard Petzold. All accounts due the late firm must be settled by January 1, 1897.  
RICHARD PETZOLD,  
CHAS. GALE.  
Oregon City, Dec. 3, 1896.

**Eureka Hotel.**  
Has the reputation of setting the best table in Oregon City. The cooking is done under personal supervision of Mrs. Gibbons, and the victuals are equal to the best had in a private family. Rooms and beds clean and comfortable. Give the Eureka a trial. Meals and beds 25 cents each. Special rates to regular boarders.

**Cow Taken up.**  
Taken up at my place on the Clackamas river, two miles from Logan post-office, a cow with brass buttons on her horns. Color red, shading to roan with white belly; age about 8 years. Owner by proving property and paying charges can take the animal.  
Logan, Dec. 3, '96. JOHN SCHUTTEL.

**Books Cheap.**  
Everything required in the school room, books, slates, tablets, sponges, ink, pens, pencils, etc. at Daniel Williams, corner Seventh and Center streets. Full stock of nuts, candies, notions etc., fresh and of good quality. Sold at reasonable prices.

**Cures Croup.**  
"My three children are all subject to croup; I telegraphed to San Francisco, got a half a dozen bottles of S. B. Cough Cure. It is a perfect remedy. God bless you for it. Yours, etc., J. H. Chozien, Grants Pass, Or." For sale by C. G. Huntley, druggist.

**Estray.**  
From Oregon City on December 11, one sorrel horse, blaze face, shod on front feet, 12 years old, weighs about 1000 pounds. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of said described animal will please notify J. B. Taylor, Ely.

**Indigestion Cured.**  
Depressing times depress the mind; the digestion is disturbed. Two or three doses of the S. B. Headache and Liver Cure will restore your health to a normal condition. 50 cents per bottle. For sale by C. G. Huntley, druggist.

**Undertaker and Embalmer.**  
R. L. Holman undertaker and embalmer. Graduate of Embalming college. Full stock of caskets and coffins at prices to suit. Undertaking parlor in Wineland block opposite courthouse. tf

**Houses Made Bright.**  
Morrow, the painter, has removed his shop to Seventh street, near the depot where orders can be left for painting, paper-hanging and calcining. Prices to suit the times and all work honestly and efficiently done. tf

**New Undertaking Room.**  
Conny Coroner, W. N. Godfrey has opened an undertaking room on Main street near Tenth street, where he will keep in stock a full line of coffins, caskets and burial robes. His prices will be found reasonable. tf

**Sewing Machine For \$20.**  
High grade sewing machines, that will do as good work as any that are on the market, will be sold for the next four weeks for from \$14 to \$20 by H. O. Cheney, at Cheney's art gallery.

**Store your Produce.**  
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**Wall Paper.**  
Best stock of wall paper in Oregon City latest designs and prices to suit the times at R. L. Holman's in Wineland block opposite courthouse. tf.

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1 Chicken and garden farm, 2 acres in Clackamas; frame house, spring water, valuable fishing privilege—\$5 per month.  
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4 Elegant dwelling—7 rooms, double parlors, two bay windows, pure mountain water pumped from the Clackamas, bath room. Rent or sale on the installment plan.  
5 Little cottage at Elyville, good well water, half acre garden.  
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II

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