

Over the Water
Story of a Wedding on
St. Patrick's Day

There is a small island called Tory, on the coast of Ireland, about which hangs many a picturesque legend. The islanders are all fishermen. In older times Tory was a lonely place and a hard place to get to and from. No priest lived there. The islanders were all good Catholics, and not to have a priest handy to baptize them, marry them and to advise them subjected them to constant trials.

The only sacred thing they had was the "sun's grave." Long ago during a storm the body of a nun was washed up on the island. That was the first time the people there saw a nun's habit. The leather girdle and beads made them think that there was something sacred about the body. They prayed to be instructed what to do with it, and a voice told them that it was the body of a holy nun and they must bury it where they had found it.

Many years ago there lived on Tory island a young fisherman named Fergus Tyrone and a labor lass named Ellen O'Connor. They were a simple couple, growing up in a small cottage and loving each other with that fervor which is to be found in those who live lives close to nature. They were of the same age, having both been born on St. Patrick's day. Fergus, though but twenty years of age at the time the incident I am about to narrate took place, was a hardy young fellow and, however stormy the weather, never feared to go out to fish in his boat when any other craft was on the water. But Ellen did not fear for him, because she would never let him go without first taking a handful of earth and, after praying the holy sun to protect him, depositing it in the stern of his boat.

This simple couple wished to be married on their twentieth birthday, which was St. Patrick's day, of course, and Fergus had induced a priest from the mainland to agree to come over on that day and marry them. Fergus was to row over in his boat early in the morning of the wedding day, take the priest to the island and bring him back after the ceremony had been performed.

Several days before St. Patrick's day the lovers began to watch the sky for indications of what the weather would be. They feared it might be stormy and the priest would not come over, and if they could not be married on that St. Patrick's day Ellen, whose heart was set on celebrating their birthday, their wedding day and St. Patrick's day together, was resolved that they must wait till the next anniversary which would be a year.

So as the days grew less before the appointed wedding day they watched every weather sign in the heavens and prayed constantly for smooth waters that there might be no trouble in bringing the priest over to marry them. But, whether, as Fergus believed, he had omitted some penance that he should have done or, as Ellen believed, she had not prayed often enough, on the evening of the 20th of March a dark cloud appeared in the west and a wild wind began to rise.

In the morning, though the water was quite rough, Fergus could be seen to go over and see if the father would come with him. No, while he went for the oars, Ellen brought some earth from the "sun's grave," dropped it in the boat with a prayer, and Fergus, exclaiming, started for the mainland. He found the good father resolved not to go with him. He might be obliged to remain a long while on the island, and what would his work do in the meanwhile without him?

A Sealed Paper

It Was to Be Given to a Dying Man's Widow
By Evan C. Hunter
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WE AGREED TO COMPLY

A quaint old place, taking one's fancy back to the middle ages. The Kursaal for casino was but a stone's throw from his hotel; from the window of his room he had a view of the lake and the Bernese Alps beyond. Altogether it was a charming spot. Unfortunately, however, he was in such poor health that he took but little pleasure in anything. He looked eagerly for my coming.

A night journey brought me to Thun and the same hotel as my friend. I was shown at once to his room and found him in bed. I was troubled at having left him so long alone, but when I began to reproach myself to him he stopped me to tell me that although he would have been glad to have me with him he had all the attention he required. Then he let me into a secret that both surprised and pained me.

I need to preface what he told me by saying that travelers in Europe are constantly meeting American girls there who go from place to place relying entirely on themselves. Sometimes two or three will travel together; sometimes they will attach themselves to parties they happen to meet on their travels. For Americans abroad quickly become acquainted and often become bosom friends.

Carey had met a party that had been joined by an American girl, a Miss Edith Hubbell. He had traveled with them, and they had been very kind to him. Miss Hubbell had nursed him, and unfortunately an attachment had sprung up between them. I say unfortunately, for I did not believe Carey would ever recover his health. This party, including Miss Hubbell, were at the same hotel with him at Thun. While I was sitting beside him, he rang for a maid and told her to ask Miss Hubbell if she would come to him. When the young lady entered I naturally looked at her somewhat intently, which brought a slight blush to her face. I have, or think I have, a faculty of reading character in faces, and I judged that Miss Hubbell was one of those kindly disposed persons who would sacrifice herself for one who needed her good offices. As to how much love had to do with her attention to Carey, I could not judge of that without seeing more of her. She said at once that she was glad of my arrival since Bernard had been looking forward to my coming eagerly, and I being there, she would feel more free in her visits to him.

Carey was not well enough to leave his room and, fearful that both I and his fiancée would devote too much time to him, urged us to take walks and trips together. We would stroll along the banks of the lake sometimes to Oberhofen, sometimes farther, and when we went too far to care to walk back would return on one of the pleasure boats constantly plying on the lake. Then at Carey's suggestion we took trips to Interlaken and thence up into the mountains. These outings were a great relief to me from attendance upon an invalid, and I noticed that Miss Hubbell, who on my arrival was pale and thin, began to take on a rosy hue.

come to him. I found a great change in him. "Dick," he said to me, "I'm going to die." I tried to reassure him. "No," he persisted, "I'm going to die and I wish to speak to you about Edith. I must take steps to secure her my property, which is about \$10,000. I don't know anything of the law covering cases where the parties are Americans in a foreign land, do you?" "No."

"How shall I manage it?" I thought a few moments, then told him that the safest way I could suggest was marriage. He took to the idea so quickly it was evident to me that marriage was what he wished me to suggest. He asked me to go at once to the girl, break the news to her that he had given up all hope and suggest to her the plan by which she should inherit his property. I did not see how I could refuse anything to my dying friend and promised him I would do so.

Miss Hubbell was much shocked at hearing the news. Death coming between two betrothed or married persons when young is best described as a shock. It is not the prolonged suffering of later years. I deliberately hinted that it would be a comfort to Bernard if he could be united to her before his death, saying nothing about the inheritance. She acquiesced at once, and I had the satisfaction of telling him that she knew nothing of the marriage giving her a fortune.

There was a marriage, and as soon as it was over Bernard signified that he wished to see me alone. His young wife went sorrowfully away, and as soon as the door was closed behind her he asked me to reach under his pillow and take out what I would find there. I found a sealed letter addressed to his wife.

"Keep it," he said, "for six months without mentioning it to her, then give it to her." I made the promise and at his request left him, since he said that after the excitement he had passed through he must rest. Bernard died that night. I suggested to his widow that she remain abroad, where she might the sooner recover from her grief, and I took the body of my friend to America. Before leaving I told her that the marriage was partly a plan to insure her inheritance of Bernard's property. She was overwhelmed with the kindly act of the man who had loved her so well.

My first visit to Europe, and since it had been very short and circumvented, after having remained at home a few months I concluded to return there. I had interested myself in the settlement of his estate, and since it was necessary either that his widow should return to sign certain papers, that she might be put in possession of her inheritance, or that she should sign them abroad, I arranged with the attorneys in the case to take them to her. In deed, if she signed them abroad it was necessary that some one should instruct her in the matter.

My stay at Thun had been during the autumn, and now February had come. Mrs. Carey was at Naples, where Americans gather in great numbers during the early months of the year. So I took a steamer for that port via the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean. On reaching Naples I learned that my quest was at Sorrento, on the southern part of the bay, and in a couple of hours I was at her hotel. It was built on the edge of the cliff overlooking the beautiful waters and in the center of an orange grove.

There are stories the principal part of which is left out. So it is with this one. But it is time for me to admit that my return abroad was rather to see Mrs. Carey than to see Europe. The bay of Naples is beautiful, but my eyes did not view it with the same pleasure as that with which I looked upon the face and figure of Edith Carey. There was so much about us that was beautiful that we enjoyed it, she acting as my pilot, before settling down to dry legal documents. She knew that I had the papers pertaining to her inheritance with me, but she did not speak of them, and when I did she asked if tomorrow would not do so well. I assured her that it would, and she informed me that, not being with a party, she had no one to go about with her and longed to see some of the attractive sights near at hand. So we went to Paestum and Amalfi and Capri—indeed, any place that we could reach and return the same day. We were both young and had largely recovered from our melancholy experience at Thun.

"Why," I remarked to her one day while sitting on the steps of the ruined temple of Jupiter in the forum at Pompeii, "should we be long moved by the death of a single person when the many who were formerly hurrying about in the open space before us all passed away eighteen centuries ago?" It was nearly seven months from the day of Carey's death that I sat down beside his widow with the inheritance papers I had brought with me. She signed them as I directed without reading them or asking a question. When the work was finished we went out and sat on a marble balcony overlooking the bay. The moon was at the full, and its light in Italy is very bright.

WIFE HILL
THE JOINT
THE TAKING OF THE BIRD
LIFE AND THE ECONOMIC
VALUE OF BIRDS

Wm. L. Finley, president of the Oregon Audubon society and author of "American Birds," was present in the Oregon City school Wednesday. He gave four talks in the morning to the pupils in the different grammar grades and in the afternoon he gave an address to the pupils of the high school. His talks were on birds, bird life and the economic value of birds. He told how the different birds are of value to the orchardist, gardener and farmer because of the great number of harmful insects that they destroy. He also explained to the young people how children can and should protect the birds and cultivate friendships among them. This can be done by putting out food where they may get it during winter and stormy weather, and by building bird houses for their occupancy.

Mr. Finley explained the nature of birds, the characteristics of birds that the young people here will have most to do with. Among those who will occupy bird houses he enumerated white breasted swallows, blue birds, house wren and chickadee.

REAL ESTATE
The following transfers of real estate were filed yesterday in the office of County Recorder J. E. Williams:
Eva and MERRIE E. Stewart to F. W. Miller, 16 acres, section 17, township 3 south, range 3 east, \$400.

A. E. and Annie Mathews and T. I. and Ida H. McLaughlin to J. O. Russell, lots 7 to 11 and 27 to 40 inclusive, block 89, Minthorn Addition to Portland, \$14.

MOUNTAIN VIEW
The Mt. View Improvement Club will meet in regular session Friday evening. Hon. W. S. U'Ren is to be present and talk on "Single Tax."

MISS TAFT SETS A FASHION.
"Helen Pink" Now Rage For Gowns and Decorations.
Pink is once more the rage for evening gowns and lustrous decorations in Washington, and it is all because of Miss Helen Taft's preference for that popular shade in other days, but now it is "Helen pink," and now it is the "Helen pink" of the year pink was used in the decorations of the ball rooms, the table decorations and the favors.

E. W. Ingher has begun to build his new house on 1st Avenue. John bought a new set of... that means work... and daughter, Portland last week... I two boys are ex... Vancouver, B. C., in... Mr. J. O. Allison is still confined to his bed and he is very much cheered... a walk in and see... The Mt. View church is to have a new coat of paint as soon as the frost is a thing of the past. The work is being fixed now.

MATTY HAS AMBITION TO BECOME ACTOR.
Christy Mathews, the great pitcher of the New York Nation, has an ambition to be an actor. Says he: "If my arm ever goes back on me—and arms last just about so long, you know—it wouldn't take much coaxing to get me to try to be a regular actor. There's something fascinating about stage work, and it's a whole lot easier way to make money than by getting out in a boiling sun and trying to fan batters. I have all the time I can fulfill for the next five years offered me in vaudeville, and down in Haiti more one man wants to put me in for a season in stock as leading man. Of course I prefer baseball just at present. If they ever begin talking bush leagues to me, though, I'll jump to the footlights in all probability."

CRACK BOWLERS TO MEET.
Champions of West and East Will Meet For National Title in Buffalo.
Bowling enthusiasts throughout the country are deeply interested in the coming series of games between Smith and Gebhardt of Buffalo and Gilbert and Franz of Cleveland for the two man championship of the United States.

JIMMY SMITH, ONE OF COUNTRY'S BEST TENNIS ARTISTS.
States. Although no definite date has been set for the contests, it is more than likely that the games will be rolled during the National Bowling association tournament to be held in Buffalo, Feb. 25 to March 15.

COMING SPORT EVENTS
Columbus, O., was awarded the grand American handicap, the prize trap shooting event of the United States. It will be held in June.
The national tourney of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs will be held in the Washington park lagoon in Milwaukee this summer.

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