

**ROMANCE AND RATS**

By M. QUAD

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John Henderson, widower of forty and farmer, went over to the next farm on the east right after breakfast one morning and said to the Widow Glenn, aged thirty-five:

"Mrs. Glenn, I broke my hoe last night, and if your hired man isn't going to use yours today I'd like to borrow it."

"You can have it and welcome," was the reply.

"How's the sick cow?"

"Much better."

"Find that lost hog yet?"

"No."

"See here, widow, I've been thinking that you and me had better get married."

The widow was on the back steps and was about to shake the tablecloth. She looked at the man for half a minute and then shook and folded the cloth, and with it on her arm she replied:

"Oh, you have, eh? Well, I hadn't thought a word about it."

"But I'm asking you to think now."

"John Henderson, you don't know beans! Did you ever hear of a woman being asked to marry at this hour in the morning?"

"You was looking so mighty purty that the words slipped out," explained John. "Just let it go till next time."

One day two or three weeks later the widow started in to make soft soap. There was a fire outdoors with a big kettle over it, and she had on an old dress and her hair had fallen down and her face was smoked and smudged. She was stirring up the contents of the kettle with a broom handle when John Henderson arrived. He had a packet in his hand, and as he laid it down he said:

"That's horseradish, sunflower seeds and dried radishes' liver grated up and mixed together. They say it's a sure thing to keep rheumatism away. Making soft soap, eh?"

"Yes."

"I was noticing yesterday that the tater bugs was a-getting quite plenty."

"I guess they are."

"Widow Glenn, mebbe you remember what I was speaking to you about the other day?"

"There you go again!" she exclaimed as she rose from the old chair in which she was seated. "Maybe I remember! Good lands, but do you think a woman forgets a proposal of marriage in two weeks?"

"But this is a busy time o' year, you know."

"And you come here and find me in my old duds and making soft soap, and you talk about horseradish and tater bugs and then bring in matrimony! Don't you know that a woman wants a little romance at a time like that?"

"But how's she going to get it?"

"Not by talking about tater bugs, you may be sure."

Farmer Henderson had something to occupy his mind for the next few days. He was puzzling over romance.

The soft soap had been made and stored down cellar, when the Widow Glenn put on her white dress one day and strolled in the meadow to gather daisies. She did look real sweet, and she knew it, and she knew that Farmer Henderson would say so if he was there. Like the wind, she blew where she listed. That's the reason she blew on to a bumblebee's nest, and the first thing she knew she was being stung in three or four places. She made for the house, but got a dozen stings before she reached it and fell down twice climbing over the fence. Half an hour after the hired girl had got her to bed and was applying poultices Farmer Henderson showed up. He had heard of the catastrophe and had come to express his sympathy, also to ask the widow if she had thought things over and come to a decision. The message was taken to her and her reply returned. That reply was:

"Tell John Henderson not to come here again until he gets over being a fool."

The Widow Glenn had an old barn on her place. It had not been in use for several years, and at length she decided to have it torn down. She was a woman who bossed things, and one day she went out to inspect the old structure and see what use the boards and beams could be turned to. She was looking about on the inside when she heard squeals and found a score of rats surrounding her. She could have gained the door, but in her sudden fright she made for the ladder leading up where the hay used to be stored. In a minute she was safe from the rodents, but she was also a prisoner. Fifty big and hungry rats frisked and squealed for her to come down and be eaten alive. There were cries for help, but they were unheard for a long half hour. Then Farmer Henderson came sauntering along and looked into the barn.

"Oh, John, the rats—the rats!" called the woman.

"Yes, I see," he replied. "Widow, I have called to say that if you must have romance in this thing we can't never be married. I can't manage the romance."

"But you can, John; you can! It's right here!"

"Where?"

"The rats! They drove me up here. They are ready to eat me. You club them away and rescue me and—"

"And that's romance, eh? By thunder, I'll do it! Whoop, ye villains! Take that, and that, and that!"

And in a few weeks more he also took the widow.

**Chinese Birthdays.**

A Chinese child is considered a year old at its birth, and its age is reckoned not from its birthdays, but from its New Year's days. If it is fortunate enough to be born on Feb. 1, the day before the Chinese New Year's day, it is said to be two years old when it is two days old. It is one year old when born, and another year is added on its first New Year's day.

**Fama.**

Some wake and find themselves famous, but many more find themselves famous and wake.—Puck.

# HERE IT IS

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### GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

(NOT CHIPS)

**HERE IS THE PLAN:** To the contestant in each district sending in the largest number of Subscriptions, new or old between now and 6 P. M. August 14 will be awarded one of these **GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS** purchased from and now on display at **Burmeister and Andresen Oregon City Jewelers**. Subscriptions for the Daily Enterprise will be counted as double those for the weekly. The winners will be announced and Prizes awarded Sept. 2 the closing night of the contest. Should the winners of the Capital Prizes; the \$400 Kimball Pianos be the ones who send in the most subscriptions under this offer they will be awarded to the next highest in each district. This will give each candidate an equal chance to win a prize, and surely these beautiful rings are worth making an extra effort to win. Under this offer each yearly subscription to the Daily Enterprise will count 2,000 votes and each yearly subscription to the Weekly Enterprise 1,000 votes. Now you who are at the bottom of the list get in and work if you can't win one of the Capital Prizes your chances are as good as the next to win one of these **GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS**.

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VALUE  
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WHICH?

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TWO SOLID GOLD WATCHES (Ladies size)



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The above prizes will be awarded Saturday night, September 2nd. If the name of your favorite candidate is not entered in the race, send it in to-day.

For further particulars address the **Morning Enterprise** OREGON CITY OREGON