

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

No. 24.

## The Weekly Enterprise.

**By D. C. IRELAND,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.  
OFFICE—South east corner of Fifth and Main streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.  
**Terms of Subscription.**  
One copy, one year in advance, \$3.00  
If delayed, 4.00  
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Transient advertisements, per square (12 lines or less) first insertion, \$2.50  
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In the vicinity of the place of T. J. Hunsaker.  
Will be sold cheap for cash.  
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Main street, Oregon City.

### MEMORIAL.

TO MRS. JENNIE THOMPSON,  
BY HER BROTHER.

"When true hearts lie withered, and fond  
ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world  
alone?"  
The recollection of sixteen beautiful  
years, of eight months illness, of unsur-  
passed Christian fortitude and resignation,  
of the joy expressed, and the tranquil  
peace, when taking leave to embark with  
the boatman pale—contribute to shed a  
halo of light around her memory.  
Seemingly almost to witness the reception  
of her spirit in the better Land, led up by  
the all saving hand—the parting soul's re-  
liance. We can but exclaim! "Repine  
not, oh stricken hearts, our loss is her in-  
finite gain;" while inward whisperings  
fain would say:  
"Tis a consumation devoutly to be wished,  
To die—to sleep."

But in shallow human reason  
We often question Providence,  
And when comes the darkest season,  
Display unkind irreverence;  
Wouldst thou detain the soul he calleth,  
Wrench the victim from his hand,  
Recall the happy soul that falleth  
Heir to that celestial land.

Hush, my heart! be all submission!  
To the blessed Saviour kneel!  
"He hath given, he hath taken;  
I am all our sorrows here!"  
Loved one, thou art gone before us,  
And on earth we meet no more  
Yeta heavenly joy comes o'er us,  
When we name thy virtues o'er.

Companion, sister, daughter, rest thee!  
Thou hast fought a valiant fight;  
To our friends thou wast vesta,  
With thy lamp of love and light,  
And could we even hope the future,  
As the past has been, will be,  
What rapture then our hearts would  
nurture.

Till we pass from earth, to thee,  
In union with unfeigned affection,  
Child of anxious guardian care,  
Thy innocence hath found protection  
From the world's defiling snare;  
Sharing in our earthly sorrows,  
Partner of our earliest joys—  
Ere earth's cares have made their furrows,  
Thou hast made forever free.

But in his own name he marked thee;  
"The dead's alive—the lost is found,"  
Wait a moment—now he calleth;  
See the angels hovering round!  
"Husband, parents, sisters, brothers,  
Meet me on the shining strand!"  
She said "adieu;" We could not follow;  
But sang as she neared the promised  
land.

"Strew the flowers around her bower,  
She hath need of flowers now,  
Fold the hands upon her breast  
Gently lay her to her rest,  
Smooth the waves of dark brown hair,  
O'er the brow so pure, so fair;  
Close the eyes so soft and meek,  
Lay thy lashes on her cheek.

"Take one last, and fond embrace,  
Lay her in her resting place,  
Lay her in the quiet grave,  
Let the willows o'er her wave,  
So on earth her work hath done,  
She a crown in heaven hath won."

### WHEN ONE BELOVED.

When one beloved beneath the green turf  
sleeps,  
We love to linger where  
The bright, fresh grass above the hillock  
sweeps,  
And gaze in sadness there,  
On that small mound that covers all that  
late.

Was moving in our midst,  
Active with life; that at our festivities  
sat,  
And love and bliss us didst.

Strange chords are struck, then and the  
morning heart,  
Like to Eolian's sound,  
Makes mournful music to itself—while  
start  
By tears, and dew the ground  
Her image comes in fullness to the mind;  
We long to see again  
The form that lately rested earth consigned,  
But let it there remain,  
Untouched, unguazed on; for a change had  
passed  
Upon that once loved face.  
Then let the last look be indeed the last;  
Nor the changed features trace.

That body now belongs to death,—death,  
As with the seed that dies,  
Appoints corruption loathsome work  
to do,  
That that same flesh may rise,  
On that great morn when all the graves  
shall open,  
A body purified  
From all that's mortal,—and go up with  
them,  
To meet the Lord, who died.

The past immortal—let us ever mind,  
Is on that silent shore,  
Where pains, nor griefs, nor cares can en-  
trance find,  
For ever ever more,  
Then let it lie in undisturbed repose—  
That body in its bed,  
Alike unconscious of our bosom's throes,  
And of the tears we shed.

### Mothers will know their Children

Our children are cared for. He  
that was grieved when little children  
were kept from Him, took them up  
in His arms, laid His hands upon  
them and blessed them—is He any  
less a lover of children in heaven than  
He was upon earth?  
But, shall we know them? Why  
not? Where is there an intimation  
in Scripture to this effect? It is not  
positively affirmed; but it is implied  
that men, dropping at death all that  
is of the flesh, will rise into the com-  
munion of heaven, carrying the same  
affection, sentiments, will and intelli-  
gence that they had on earth. Oth-  
erwise, of what use are discipline, ed-  
ucation, earthly experience! It is  
the saint made perfect, not made up  
of a new pattern, that he shall meet  
in glory.

Let no mother be driven from the  
hope of meeting her children in heav-  
en! Let mothers comfort themselves  
in believing that the loves of earth  
will go on in heaven, and that what  
ever was pure, noble and true on  
earth will go on with them forever.  
Among all other griefs, let not this  
unnecessary one arise, that you have  
lost your children forever! He  
who keeps you for them will  
keep them for you. They will be  
more beautiful, sweeter, more glori-  
ous in preciousness. They will be  
enough the same to make you glad  
for all the growths, additions and re-  
fnements of their charms.

### Inauguration of Washington.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The first Congress under the pres-  
ent Constitution, met in the City  
of New York on the Fourth of March,  
1789. That, at least, was the day  
appointed for its meeting; but when  
the hour had arrived, it was found  
that, out of twenty-six Senators, only  
eight were present, and of a number  
of House of Representatives but  
fourteen members were in their seats.  
Both Houses adjourned from day to  
day, and it was not until the sixth  
of April that a quorum of both Houses  
was present.

The first business in order after  
the organization, was the counting of  
votes for President and Vice Pres-  
ident, and thus to ascertain whom it  
was who the people had elected to  
set the new government in motion.  
The Constitution then required that  
the person who had received the  
highest number of electoral votes  
should be the President and the per-  
son who received the next highest  
number should be the Vice President.  
For the first office there was nothing  
that resembled competition. Not on-  
ly was every electoral vote cast for  
General Washington, but, so far as  
is known, he was the choice of every  
individual voter in every State of the  
Union.

When we look over the list of those  
who received votes for the Vice Pres-  
idency, we cannot but be struck with  
the transitory nature of political fame.  
Who has ever heard of an American  
politician by the name of John Mil-  
ton? Yet John Milton was a man of  
sufficient prominence in the United  
States, in 1789, to receive two elector-  
al votes for the Vice Presidency.

One Edward Telfair received a vote.  
Who was Telfair? These two persons  
are so completely forgotten that their  
names are not even mentioned in the  
Biographical Dictionaries. Among  
the other persons, nearly forgotten,  
who received votes for this office, we  
find Benjamin Lincoln, James Arm-  
strong, Robert H. Harrison, Samuel  
Huntington, and John Rutledge. The  
candidate elected was John Adams,  
who received thirty four votes, and  
John Hancock four votes, and the  
rest were scattered among the un-  
known names just mentioned.

When the result of the election  
was proclaimed, a member of the Sen-  
ate was appointed to go to Mount  
Vernon and notify General Washing-  
ton of his election. The long delay  
which had occurred while a quorum  
of Congress was assembling was re-  
garded by the General, as he himself  
remarked, in the light of a "reproach."  
He wrote to his old companion in  
arms, General Knox:

"My movements to the chair of Gov-  
ernment will be accompanied by feel-  
ings not unlike those of the culprit  
who is going to the place of his exe-  
cution, so unwilling am I, in the  
evening of a life nearly consumed in  
public cares, to quit a peaceful abode  
for an ocean of difficulties, without  
that competency of political skill,  
abilities and inclination which are  
necessary to manage the helm. I am  
sensible that I am embarking the  
voice of the people, and a good  
name of my own, on this voyage;  
but what returns will be made for  
them, Heaven alone can foretell. In  
tegrity and firmness are all I can  
promise. These, be the voyage long  
or short, shall never forsake me,  
although I may be deserted by all men;  
of the consolations which are to be  
derived from these, under any cir-  
cumstances, the world cannot deprive  
me.

All the letters of Washington writ-  
ten at this period show the unwill-  
ingness with which he left his beloved  
retirement to resume the control of  
public affairs. It was more than un-  
willingness; it was aversion and dread.  
He distrusted his own abilities, nor  
was he satisfied with every part of  
the new Constitution. Two days,  
however, after the messenger reach-  
ed him with the official news of his  
election, he began his journey to the  
seat of government.

That journey was a triumphal progress.  
He had scarcely gone beyond  
the boundaries of his own estate when  
he was met by a company of horse-  
men from Alexandria, who escorted  
him to that ancient town, where a  
public banquet had been provided  
for him. Most of the faces surround-  
ing the table on this occasion were  
those of old friends and neighbors, and  
Washington was deeply moved by  
this affectionate tribute. As he pro-  
ceeded northward, people came out  
into the highways to see him pass, and  
there was no town or village upon the  
route but appointed its deputation  
to welcome and escort him. Bal-  
timore, both on his arrival and de-  
parture, sent forth a numerous caval-

### cade, and gave him a salute of ar- tillery. Chester detained him at a public breakfast, and he passed through Philadelphia under triumphal arches and hailed by the cheers of the people. Trenton—where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution—gave him a celebration which made an inefface- able impression upon his mind. The mothers of the city here gathered at the bridge over the Delaware, and as he passed under a triumphal arch erected upon the bridge, thirteen young girls, clad in white dresses, and adorned with garlands, scattered flowers in his path, singing as they did, an ode in his honor.

At Elizabethtown, where a commit-  
tee of both Houses of Congress, and  
the Mayor and Corporation of New  
York, were in waiting to receive him,  
he was conducted on board of a  
magnificent barge constructed for the  
purpose. Thirteen New York pilots  
in white uniform, manned and rowed  
this vessel. A fleet of other boats  
and barges, decorated with stream-  
ers and ribbons, followed the stately  
craft that bore the President-elect;  
and as the beautiful procession was  
gliding through the narrow strait  
between New Jersey and Staten Is-  
land, other boats, gay with flags and  
streamers, fell into line; until, emerg-  
ing into the harbor, the whole fleet  
swept up to the city, while bands of  
music and patriotic songs were  
heard on every side. Every ship in  
the city was dressed as on festive  
occasions and saluted the General's  
barge as it passed.

As the President-elect drew near  
the landing-place, there was a ring-  
ing of bells, a roar of artillery, and  
a shouting from the assembled multi-  
tude, such as had never before been  
heard in America. The Governor  
of the State received him upon the  
wharf, and there too was General  
Knox and other soldiers of the Revolu-  
tion. A carriage stood ready to  
convey him to the residence prepared  
for him, and a carpet had been spread  
from the carriage door to the boat.  
As he intimated a preference to walk,  
a procession was formed, which in-  
creased as the procession of boats had  
done upon the water. Every house  
by which he passed was decorated  
with flags and banners, and bore some  
emblem or sentence containing a com-  
pliment to himself. To the ladies  
who filled the windows, who waved  
their handkerchiefs and who shed  
flowers and tears before him, he took  
off his hat and bowed politely.

This ovation, as we can perceive  
in Washington's diary, was rather  
saddening than cheering to him. He  
wrote in his diary that evening:  
"The display of boats which attend-  
ed and joined us on this occasion, some  
with vocal and some with instru-  
mental music on board; the decora-  
tion of the ships, the roar of cannon  
and the loud acclamations of the peo-  
ple which rent the skies as I passed  
along the wharves, filling my mind  
with sensations as painful (consider-  
ing the reverse of this scene which  
may be the case after all my labors  
to do good) as they are pleasing."

There was still some delay. The  
question arose in Congress by what  
title the President should be address-  
ed. Some proposed "His Excellen-  
cy;" others, "His Highness;" others,  
"His Serene Highness." One party  
wished him to be addressed as "His  
Highness, the President of the United  
States of America and Protector of  
their Liberties." It was wisely con-  
cluded, however, after many days'  
debate, that he should have no title  
except the simple name of his office,  
"President of the United States."

It was on the thirtieth of April  
that the ceremony of the inaugura-  
tion at length took place. At nine  
o'clock in the morning religious ser-  
vices were performed in all the  
churches of the city. At twelve  
o'clock, the military companies of  
New York halted before the door  
of Washington's residence, and half  
an hour after, the procession moved  
in the following order: First, the  
troops; next, the committees of both  
Houses of Congress in carriages; next,  
the President-elect in a grand state  
coach; next, his aide-de-camp and  
his secretary in one of the General's  
own carriages; and the procession  
was closed by the carriages of the  
foreign ministers and a train of citi-  
zens. When the head of procession  
had reached the Hall, it halted, the  
troops were drawn up on each side  
of the pavement and between them  
General Washington and his attendants  
waited to the building and ascended  
to the Senate chamber, where the  
Vice President advanced to meet him  
and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence  
for a minute or two, when the Vice  
President rose and informed General  
Washington that all things were now  
ready for him to take the oath the  
Constitution required; and, so say-  
ing, he conducted the President-  
elect to a balcony, in full view of the  
people assembled in the street and  
covering the roofs of the houses. In  
the centre of this balcony, there was  
a table, covered with crimson vel-  
vet, in the middle of which, upon a  
cushion of the same material, lay a  
richly bound Bible. The eyes of a  
great multitude were fixed upon the  
balcony at the moment when Wash-  
ington came into view, accompanied

### THE DESTROYED LETTER.

"How beautiful Kate Waller looks  
to-night!"  
They were sitting together at  
chess, Alice Key and her handsome  
cousin, Guy Montfort, while beyond  
the curtained bay window which shel-  
tered their retreat, the parlors of the  
noble mansion were all in a glow of  
light and jewels.

Alice was a pretty little creature,  
with fair hair, and a pink and white  
complexion, as perfect and expres-  
sionless as a wax doll, while Guy was  
dark and strikingly handsome. Even  
as he spoke, Alice's hand quivered a  
little, and her sleeky upset half-do-  
zen chessmen.

"There they go!" laughed Guy.  
"Never mind, Alice; you had very  
nearly conquered me, and we'll consid-  
er it a victory on your part. I don't  
like chess just now. See, Miss Wal-  
ler is passing again."

"Yes," said Alice, who resented  
the least admiration of any other lady  
on her cousin's part, "she's a very  
stylish looking girl, only I don't fancy  
her gipsy sort of beauty, and—"  
She stopped short, for Guy's eyes  
were fixed on her with an earnestness  
very unusual.

"Alice," said he, gravely, "I wish  
to speak to you on a subject of the  
very last importance to me, a sub-  
ject that lies very near my heart."  
Alice's cheek grew red and white  
alternately, while her pulses paused  
within. Could it be possible that the  
love she had long secretly entertain-  
ed towards her cousin was at last to  
be rewarded? Did he really love her?

"I may trust you, my little  
cousin?"  
"Of course, Guy," she answered,  
timidly lifting her eyes to his dark,  
earnest glance.

"Well, then, I'm in love!"  
The scarlet tide suddenly suffused  
her neck, cheeks and brow, while her  
eyelashes drooped low with delicious  
shyness.

"Now don't blush so, Alice; I'm  
not the first man that ever fell in  
love, nor am I likely to be the last.  
I haven't courage to wait my doom  
from Kate's own lips, yet I must  
know before I sail for America,  
whether life is to be a rose garden or  
a dreary desert. Will you be my  
messenger, Alice? Will you take  
this note to Kate Waller and bring  
me her reply?"

A statue could not have been  
whiter and colder than Alice Key, as  
she listened to the concluding sen-  
tences that fell like ice upon her heart.  
She could have plunged a dagger  
cheerfully into the heart of the wo-  
man who had won Guy's love. Ang-  
er, mortification, and the keenest an-  
guish strove together for mastery in  
her heart, yet there was no outward  
symptom save the death-like pallor  
of her cheek, and the quiver of her  
lip.

"Will you, Alice?" persisted Guy.  
She nodded silently.  
"That's my darling little cousin!  
Give her the note to-night—you wo-  
men know how to manage such  
things—and if she will be mine, ask  
her to send a line—one line will be  
sufficient. But if not—"  
He stopped and bit his lip as if the bare  
contemplation of such a possibility  
were agony. "If not, I shall under-  
stand her silence to mean no. Here  
is the note, *ma chere*. To think that  
a man's whole destiny should hang  
on a bit of paper like that!"

As he placed the folded note in  
her hand, it felt like ice.  
"Alice, you are not well!"  
"Perfectly," she answered, in a  
constrained voice. But I am a little  
tired. I will go up to my room, and  
see Miss Waller when she leaves the  
parlor."

When she was alone in her own  
apartment she tore the paper into tiny  
bits, with slow deliberation, and  
burned them one by one in the flick-  
ering gaslight.  
"There!" she said, biting her lip  
until the blood started. "She shall  
never know that he was mad enough  
to prefer her dark eyes and jet black  
hair to my blonde beauty!"

That same evening, Kate Waller,  
unbraiding the masses of dark hair  
that had gleamed with pearls and  
opals, raised her dreamy Spanish  
eyes to the glass before her—yes  
that were dim with unshed tears.  
"He does not care for me," she  
murmured, "yet the world calls me  
beautiful. Ah! what care I for the  
world's admiration, as long as the  
only one for whose praise I sigh  
turns coldly from me? I suppose he  
will marry that bright haired little

### consin of his, and they will be happy; while I—"

She stopped abruptly, and hid her  
sweet, flushed face in her hands.  
"Well, Alice," eagerly asked Guy  
Montfort, as he met his cousin on the  
stairs next morning.  
"Well?"  
"Was there no answer?"  
"None."

The color faded from Guy's cheek,  
leaving a dull, deadly paleness be-  
hind; he clasped his hand involuntari-  
ly over his heart.  
"So be it," he murmured, in a  
strangely changed voice. "And  
now, ho! for America—this country  
no longer holds a charm for me."

Alice lost her cousin; yet she had  
the malicious satisfaction of knowing  
that Catherine Waller had lost some-  
thing nearer and dearer still.  
Three years after, Mr. Tierney's  
elegant drawing-rooms were brilli-  
antly lighted one night, as Guy Montfort  
paid his respects, with easy courtesy,  
to his pretty, silly, little hostess.

"I am so glad you came to-night,"  
Mr. Montfort. Your cousin, Miss  
Key, is to be here."  
"Indeed! I haven't seen Alice  
since my return; and—"  
Guy Montfort's tongue seemed  
smitten with sudden palsy at that  
instant; he had caught sight of a tall,  
slender figure in black at the end  
of the room, with two or three children  
clinging to her.

"Who is that lady, Mrs. Tierney?  
That one sitting beyond the piano?  
Surely not—?"  
"That! Oh, that is Miss Waller,  
our governess. I believe you *did*  
know her once, before her father  
failed. Quite a nice creature—and  
the children are so fond of her."

Guy Montfort walked straight  
across the room; there was magnetic  
influence in the pale cheek and down-  
cast eye of the fragile-looking gov-  
erness.

"Miss Waller, have you forgotten  
an old friend?"  
"Kate's cheek was dyed a deep,  
vivid, crimson, as she held out her  
timid hand.

"I do not forget the few friends I  
have left, Mr. Montfort."  
"I'm glad to see you, Miss Wal-  
ler," he resumed; "more so than I  
ever thought I could be again."  
"Why?" she asked, raising her  
frank eyes to his face. She colored.  
"Because, since you rejected  
me—"

"Rejected you, Mr. Montfort?"  
"Well, declined to answer my  
note, then—it amounts to the same  
thing."  
"Your note! I have never received  
a note from you!"

"Did not my cousin give you a  
note from me the evening before I  
sailed for America?"  
"Certainly not."  
"Then, Kate, you did not know  
how dearly I loved you?"  
"I never dreamed it, Mr. Mont-  
fort."

"Some treachery has been prac-  
tised on us both," he muttered; "a  
treachery that had nearly cost me a  
life's happiness. Tell me, Kate, is  
it too late for me to plead my cause?  
For I love you more than ever  
dearest."

The dark Spanish eyes filled with  
tears; the cheek grew crimson, and  
then paled again.  
"Speak, dearest—tell me that I  
may hope!"  
"Guy," she murmured, "I have  
loved you ever since you went away;  
I love you still."

And when Miss Alice Key enter-  
ed, looking in her pale blue silk  
dress and pearls, like morning itself,  
she was very much surprised to see  
the perfect understanding which  
seemed to be established between her  
cousin Guy and Mrs. Tierney's pale  
governess.

"Guy" she whispered, at the first  
opportunity she found of exchanging  
a word with him, "you surely are  
not going to throw yourself away on  
that girl?"  
"My dear Alice," said Guy, serenely,  
"we have picked up the thread of  
a story just where it was dropped,  
when you neglected to deliver my  
note two years ago. Be easy, Alice;  
your manoeuvring is all discovered,  
and further remark on your part is  
unnecessary, unless you wish your  
conduct exposed to the world."

Alice covered before his stern  
glance, and when, two or three weeks  
subsequently, she received the wed-  
ding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Montfort,  
she contented herself with saying:  
"Guy was always odd; but after  
all, Kate is a very sweet girl!"  
"Poor Alice! It was rather hard  
for her to sink into old maidhood,  
while Kate Waller was a happy wife;  
but there seemed to be no help for it.