

# OREGON SPECTATOR.

W. H. COOK, EDITOR.

VOL. 6

THE OREGON SPECTATOR.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,  
DEVOTED TO THE INTELLIGENT, USEFUL, MORAL, LITERARY AND  
SOCIAL INTERESTS OF THE STATE OF OREGON.

PRINTED EXCLUSIVELY IN ADVANCE  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE STATE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING  
FOR ADVERTISING, &c., see page 2.  
For every experienced advertiser, the  
Oregon and Business Guide, of 14 pages  
in 8vo, is a valuable aid.  
The number of meetings must be distinctly  
marked on the calendar, otherwise they will be  
missed or lost, and charged accordingly.

SWEET SIXTEEN

THE FIRST FLIRTY.

BY ONE A WOMAN.

Mama have you any objection to my  
meeting the attention of that young  
gentleman who danced with me at old  
evening's assembly? Required Edith Gray, as  
she looked out of the window at the House  
House, whether for the first time in her life  
she had danced.

"Nonsense, my dear; I know nothing  
about the person you speak of."

"Why no, don't you remember Mr. Bo  
yle's McElroy, the gentleman with the  
brown hair and brown face, in  
those heavy whiskers that were  
so remarkable at the opening of his mouth,  
and the hair curled gracefully over his up  
per lip, and disclosed a set of the most  
beautiful teeth I ever beheld? There was  
something in those teeth something  
charming."

"I don't remember," said Mrs. B.,  
child of the names of the gentlemen about  
the house, but don't we arrive  
here and there, you never can make me  
sure of those whose characters you  
are asking about? What then, of this  
McElroy, what did you call him?"

"He isn't Mr. McElroy, number  
one, a splendid young man, and now I  
tell you what I do know about him. The  
very first day I came here, just before  
she went away, he asked me to retire  
to the room of Madame de Berneau,  
and in asking the room of the United  
States."

"Well, in a very familiar manner  
he said to me, 'Madame Edith, you  
will call me so; I shall wish to mean  
you my memory while I am here. I am  
one of young ladies. I had a sister once  
who strongly resembled you—that need  
not be because her decease.' And  
he wiped his eyes and looked so affectionately  
towards me, I began to love him at  
once."

"Why Edith, you should not indulge  
such strong expressions. Remember  
you are very young and have but little  
of world."

"You must be anxious, dear,  
about keeping attention from strangers  
to a young girl who has been duped by  
such a young man."

"I know all about that, Edith," re  
plied the ailing sweet-sister, "but these  
deceitful French girls are not of the  
type of Mr. McElroy. He is altogether  
such a modest young man, and now I  
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These thoughts being passed in a more  
leisurely course, called by indifference and  
indifference to the major or minor bay, he  
had noted the pleasure or more lively  
part of his history all passed with Mrs.  
B. B. and she remained so far as to add  
that "during their absence they could do  
nothing to interfere with his mother, they  
would most sincerely perform it." And  
Edith was so sorry that she had done  
over her mother to become grieved  
to Mr. McElroy.

They rode and they walked with the  
French gentleman, and were invited to their  
residence, of taking tea, and then  
how to her mother's memory,

so earnestly entreated to

see with it this evening.

It was not enough. He made Edith  
say that she had never been so happy

as when she had come to him.

What did she care for that day young  
man, Mr. Lester, from New York, or for  
Mr. Fry, the rich bachelor, who had power  
and Mr. B. to attend his wife and daughter?

She had no objection to

the French gentleman, and was invited to their

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