THE ENTERPRISE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SEPT. 19, 1873.

In and out of Love.

"How did I know that she was a widow?"

"Don't you give me credit for any common sense or discrimination at all?"

"How do you know that a rose is red?"

"How do you know lobster salad from sardines?"

"I knew she was a widow from the moment I took the corner seat in the car, opposite to her little black bonnet with its fluttering breath of crape veil, and the Astrakan muff that held her two tiny, black-gloved hands."

"How I envied that muff."

"Don't tell me of your Venuuses, your Madonnas, and your Mary Queen of Scots—they couldn't have held a candle to the delicious little widow."

"I never did believe in grand beauties!"

"A woman has no business overawing and impressing you against your will."

"And she was one of your dimpled daisy-faced creatures, with soft brown eyes, long-lashed and limped, and a red mouth, which looked as if it was just made to be kissed."

"And then there was a tangle of golden spirals of hair hanging over her forehead, and braids upon braids pinned under her bonnet, until a hair-dresser would have gone frantic at the sight."

"Just as I was taking an inventory of these things, in that sort of unobservant way that I flatter myself belongs to a man of the world, she dropped her muff, and, of course, it rolled under the car seat."

"Wasn't I down on my knees at once after it? I rather think so."

"Thank you, sir," said the delicious little widow.

"Not at all," I replied. "Can I do anything more for you?"

"No, thank you—unless you could tell what time we get into glendale."

"Glendale," I cried. "Why I am going to Glendale."

Of course we were friends at once, and the daisy-faced enchantress made room for me beside her, lest," as she said, "some horrid, disagreeable, creature should crowd in and bore her to death," and I stepped right out of the musty, ill-ventilated world of the railway carriage into an atmosphere of Eden.

When a bachelor of forty falls in love at first sight—oh, *what* a fall is there my countrymen. No half-measures, *I* tell you.

Before we had been speeding through the wintry landscape an hour, I had built up several blocks of *chateaux d' Espagne*, in my mind.

I saw my bachelor rooms brightened by her presence.

I fancied myself walking to church with her hand on my arm.

I heard her dulcet voice saying, "My dear Thomas, what would you like for supper, to-night?" I beheld myself a respectable member of society—the head of the family.

What would Bob Carter say now—I meant *then?*

Bob, who was always rallying me on my state of hopeless old bachelorhood, who supposed, forsooth because he happened to be a trifle younger and better looking than myself, that I had no chance whatever.

I'd show Bob!

"What did we talk about?"

The weather, of course, the scenery, the prospects—all the available topics, one after another; and the more we talked, the deeper grew my admiration.

She was sensible and so original, and so everything else that she ought to be!

I discovered that she preferred a town life to the seclusion of a country residence—so did I. Who would Stagnate when he could feel the world's pulses as they throbbed.

She loved the opera—so did I. She thought this woman's suffrage movement all ridiculous—with a bewitching little lisp on the last syllable—I agreed with her.

She thought a woman's true sphere was home; my feelings surged up too strongly for utterance, and I merely bowed my assent

Here was a delicious unanimity of soul—a mute concord of sympathy.

What would Bob Carter say when he saw this beautiful little robin lured into my cage. How I would lord it over him. How I would invite him to "happen in any time."

How I would—figuratively, of course—hold up Mrs. Thomas Smith over his envying eyes. I uttered an audible chuckle as I thought of these things, which I had some difficulty in changing into a cough.

"You've got a cold," said the widow, sympathetically. "Do please have one of my troches; they are so soothing to the throat."

I took the troche, but I didn't swallow it. I would as soon have eaten a priceless pearl. I put it in my left-hand vest pocket, as near my heart as practicable.

Her first gift!

"A bachelor like me is used to such things," I said in an off-hand manner.

"A bachelor!" echoed my traveling companion. "Bless me, then you are not married?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"It is never too late to mend," hazarded the widow roguishly.

"That is my sole consolation." I answered, gallantly.

"There is nothing like married life," sighed the widow, with a momentary eclipse of the limped, brown orbs, beneath the whitest of drooping lids. "But what's the use of my talking about it to you? You can't understand."

"You can imagine," I replied modestly.

"You must find a wife as soon as possible," said the widow, looking intently at the hem of her pocket handkerchief. "You're only living half a life now. Ah, you can not think how much happier you would be with some gentle, being at your side—some congenial soul to mirror your own."

Instinctively I laid my hand on my heart.

"Do not fancy that I shall lose an instant in the search," I said. "I have already pictured to myself the pleasures of a newer existence."

"Have you?" The brown eyes shot an arch, challenging sparkle toward me. Tell me all about her."

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Of course I do."

I congratulated myself mentally on the fine progress I was making, considering the small practice in love-making that I had had. Bob Carter himself, with all his ready tongue and good looking face, could not have carried on a flirtation more neatly.

"Is she fair or dark?" questioned the widow, with the prettiest of interest.

"Neither—about your complexion."

"Oh!" laughed my interlocutor, with a charming pink suffusion over her dimples. "Is she young?"

"Yes, about your age."

"Pretty?"

"More than pretty—beautiful."

Thy widow arched her perfectly pencilled eyebrows. "What a devoted husband you will make! and when are you to be married?"

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Carter, Mrs. Alvern's brother?" asked the widow presently.

"Yes," I answered, with a little grimace. "A self-conceited, disagreeable puppy.

"Do you think so?" asked the widow' doubtfully.

"Of course, as does everybody else. So will you, when you meet him."

"Shall I?"

"A man who thinks because he's got a handsome face and a smooth tongue, that nobody else has any business in creation."

"Dear, Dear!" twittered my companion; "that's very bad, indeed."

"Of course he will pay a good deal of attention to you, if you are to be his sister's guest," I pursued; "but it won't do to encourage him."

"No?"

"By no means. He's a professional flirt."

"Is it possible?" lisped the widow.

And I mentally shook hands with myself for having thus deftly put a spoke in Bob's wheel.

First impressions are everything, and I certainly had been beforehand with the pretty widow. Neither had I any compunctions of conscience, for hadn't Bob been playing practical jokes of all styles and complexions on me, ever since we had entered the bar side by side?

"Stupid Tom" had been his pet name for me always; but this wasn't so very "stupid" a game, after all.

While I was thus metaphorically hugging myself, the conductor bawled out "Glendale," and I sprang up to assist my lovely companion out of the car, cheerfully burdening myself with bags, baskets parasols and bulky wraps.

As we stepped from the platform, I nearly tumbled into the arms of—Bob Carter.

"Hullo, Tom!" was his inelegant greeting. "You don't grow any lighter as you grow older."

I was about to retort bitterly, when a sudden change came over his face, as he beheld the pretty widow behind me.

"Gertie!" he exclaimed, clasping both her hands in his.

"Yes, Robert," she answered with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. "That gentleman has got my parcels; he has been very kind to me."

"Oh, has he, though? well, we won't trouble him any further. I am much obliged to you, Tom, and we'll send you cards to the wedding."

"To what wedding?" I gasped.

"Didn't you tell him, Gertie? Why, to *our* wedding, the tenth of next month, to be sure. *Au revoir!* Tom, be careful of yourself for my sake."

And that was the last I ever saw of my daisy faced widow. For if you think I was mean-spirited enough to go to that wedding, you are mistaken in my character.

QUITE ENOUGH MARRIED.—An incident of crossing the plains in the early days was told by a clever lady at the breakfast table one morning in Frisco. A Dutchman and his wife had traveled West and arrived at Salt Lake, where they halted for a few weeks. The Mormons got around the old Dutchman and coaxed him to join their ranks. After retiring one night in their canvas covered wagon, the good Dutchman broke the matter to his better-half, hinting to her that the Mormons told him he had better "stay, settle among dem, and take some more vives." "How many vives you tinks you vants? asked Kathrina. The Dutchman thought "fife more would make a half-dozen already," whereupon the old lady got down her bodice, and slipping from it what the Dutchman called the "prestboard, vich vas made from Visconsin hickory was very tough," and she laid the hickory fierce and fast on the old man, who shufled out of the wagon and fell into a ditch. The old man got up, said his "stomach it was very cold." His wife cried out, "How many vives you tinks you vants now, ould fool?" But the Dutchman felt and expressed that one was enough.

TOO GREAT A HURRY.—Bridegrooms in prospective should not be in a hurry to assert their authority. A young Scotchman having wooed a pretty buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a justice of the peace for the purpose of having the nuptials celebrated. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate came to that clause which imposes the necessity of subjecting the lydy to the rule of her husband.

"Say no more about that, Sir," interrupted the half married claimant; "if this hand remains upon this body I'll make her obey me."

"Are we married yet?" eagerly ejaculated the exasperated maiden to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman.

"No," responded the wondering justice.

"Ah, very well; we will finish the rest some other time" she continued, and in a moment more she vanished, leaving the astonished swain to console himself for the escape of the bird he thought he had so securely caught and caged.

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