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*********************************** **HUMOR AND** ROMANCE. By W. F. BRYAN.

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"William Thomas Osbon" was the "Willie" he had been "Bill" to all the lark. boys and "Will" to all the girls. Only

the occasional appearance of a letter addressed in full reminded him that his name was both sonorous and impressive.

Osbon & Son, yet he was still the same light hearted, apparently care free Bill Osbon that he had been in his boyhood and his college days. Therein lay the source of his great trouble

From the time she first could toddle about until he had left for college Betty Durand had been his almost constant companion. About the same time she had gone to a finishing school, and when they had returned Osbon found that there had arisen a great barrier between them.

Betty had developed ideals, and her boyish sweetheart-boyish still-did not measure up to her romantic standards. She still liked Osbon except when he spoke of love, but Osbon was too genuinely light hearted to play the lovesick swain, and when he spoke of love with a smile upon his lips Betty was wont to frown.

"It's utterly absurd to ask me to marry you," she had declared. "I like you awfully well, Will, but I must respect and look up to the man I marry."

"I see," was the light hearted response. "You want to be miserable though married."

Betty frowned again at this exhibition of levity at so important a moment and assured herself that she was right in her refusal to marry Osbon.

Augustus Esterbrooke seemed to answer to Betty's description of an ideal. He was tall, dark, mysterious and handsome in a saturnine way. No one ever dreamed of addressing him as "Gus," and he moved majestically in a little world of his own, where the cares and worries of everyday existence were not permitted to intrude. Esterbrooke had inherited wealth and estates, wherefore he despised the little things of prosaic everyday life.

It was characteristic of Osbon that he smiled as he saw the majestic Es terbrooke escorting Betty down the dock at the end of which lay the little intolerable, at last engaged some of

Inst. As the keel grated along the rocky ridge all was confusion, but in the midst of the confusion Osbon's voice rang out clear. "No danger!" he shouted. "You can

and we'll get our names in the papers! There's a desert island within wading distance, and if we have to we'll all turn Robinson Crusoes.'

The joke was inane enough, but it served its point. The confusion died way the name was written in the big down, and when it was found that the family Bible, but since he had grad- boat was not sinking every one deciduated from curls and short skirts and ed to accept the happening as a huge

One of the boats put off with men to wire that the steamer was safe, and Esterbrooke suggested to Betty that they go with the boat. "We can get a rig somewhere and drive into the nearest town," he explained, "and get the Like Peter Pan, Osbon never had night express home. We are a good grown up. He had arrived at the dig- four miles from shore, and the rest of nity of a mustache, and since his fa- the party cannot be taken off until the ther's retirement he had more than Champion comes along in the morning. doubled the capacity and capital of There is no steamer at this end of the lake"

Betty shook her head.

declared, and with no very good grace Esterbrooke led the way back to the upper deck. "We might as well have some sup-

his man, and presently they were Twelfth street. lunching off the remnants of the hamper's contents,

The evening fell, and Betty insisted back as they entered the saloon. Here was a babel of sound. Bables and children cried through hunger and fear, and tired mothers sought ineffectually to secure quiet.

Through the confusion Osbon passed with the assurance that two rowboats had been sent out to forage and that food would presently arrive. His goo! humor had not failed him, and wherever he passed he left a trail of smiles behind.

At the sight of the mass of ruga sorne by Esterbrooke's man Osbon's e brightened, and after seeing that Cetty was made comfortable the rest vere commandeered for the women and children. Esterbrooke ventured a protest, but for once Osbon forgot to smile.

"Your order got us into this hole," he said fiercely. "If I hear another word from you I'll throw you overboard."

He looked as though he longed to do t, and Esterbrooke subsided with a suddenness that was surprising.

The return of the boats with such stores as they could obtain helped to lessen the discomfort. Osbon deal! out the supplies with a careful hand and a cheery word, and presently the women and children sought rest on the saloon floor. The men gathered on the lower deck and smoked and slept is their fancy dictated.

Esterbrooke, finding the situation



steamer chartered for the Sunday school excursion down the lake.

Osbon was keenly conscious that he wanted Betty to be his companion, as she had always been in those early years when they had eaten a mixture of cake and sandwiches and deviled eggs out of the same shoe box and had been supremely content.

It was all different now. Esterbrooke's man solemnly bore an English lunch hamper and rugs and wraps enough for a score.

Betty smiled in friendly fashion upon Osbon, who was darting from crowd to crowd, exchanging a jest here, giving a word of greeting there and doing his best to inspire the holiday spirit.

He paused for a moment to exchange a word with Betty; then Esterbrooke led her off to the upper deck, where they could make themselves comfortable in the shade of the pilothouse. Passengers were not allowed on the upper deck, but Esterbrooke held a block of stock in the transportation company owning the fleet of three steamers plying the lake, and he was a privileged person.

The pair were not again visible to the rest of the picnickers until the grove was reached; then the servant spread the rugs, made coffee by the aid of an alcohol stove and served the lunch.

Esterbrooke and Betty wandered away to escape the crowd, and they did not reappear until the boat was ready to leave. Esterbrooke hated crowds, and he had come merely because Betty insisted. He argued to himself that there would be time enough after marriage to bend her to his ways.

When they reached the upper deck he directed the captain to take the back channel on the way home.

"It's a beastly bore to repeat the scenery," he offered in explanation. "The back channel will be a little different."

"The lake is at a pretty low stage," objected the captain. some pretty nasty rocks in the channel, Mr. Esterbrooke."

"Of course if you are afraid"- he began and smiled softly to himself as the captain brought his teeth together with a snap and stepped inside the the discharge of one of the oldest men hated him.

Presently the steamer entered the back channel, and Osbon came hurrythe chairman of the excursion commit- stand them." tee it was his province to interfere.

The captain referred him to Esterbrooke, and the later smiled as he reminded him that the charter did not specify any particular route. Osboc. beaten, still smiled as he descended the gangway, but half an hour later

the crew to put him ashore. Who the morning sun began to paint the east and Betty came out of the cabin for a breath of fresh air she found Osbon leaning against a pillar and cearching the horizon for the smolle that should signal the advent of the resculng steamer.

"You have been up all night?" she esked, with quick sympathy. Osbon nodded.

"I never did like to sleep in a coal in." he explained. "This was har

oal too." "How did Mr. Esterbrooke stand it?"

the asked. "He went ashore," explained Oshon He felt assured that you would be ooked after."

"With you on board," assented Betly tenderly. "You were a host in yourself, dear. I-I guess I love you even if you are not romantic."

"Good humor is better than romance ometimes," he said softly as he took er in his arms. "But I never thought hat it would win you for me, dear." Betty looked into the heavy lidded yes, now glowing with affection, and aw the man behind the boyishness. "I'm glad it did," she simply said

And to that Osbon added "Amen."

Quaint Old Colonial Document. New Amsterdam had been in British hands four years when this quaint and curious customs order, the oldest in existence, was penned:

"Instructions for Mr. Cornelius Van tuyven, Collector of the Customes in e City of New York by Order of Colo. aell Francis Lovelace, Governour, May 24, 1668.

"You or y'r clerk are to be dayly at e Custome House from nine in ye torning untill twelve at noone. There to receive ye Customes both in and out. is the Merchants shall come & enter. e merchant is to make foure Bills and signe them with his hand, writing his name to them, & ye same time, when ou have signed ye Warrant, or one of ye Bills, you are to demand ye Cus-"There are tome, either in kinde at 10 P Cent inwards or double ye vallue of its first Cost in Holland, in Beaver. And likewise outwards for Peltry you are to receive 10% P Cent according to ye vallue in Beaver, for Tobacco one half penny Pr. pound Ster'g; which is noe pilothouse. Esterbrooke had caused more than all Englishmen doe pay. * * * You to tell ye Merchant you are in the employ of the line for less than not to give credit. * * * If they doe this, and the employees feared and not like your propositions, you are not to pass their Bills. *-* *

"And Lastly pray lett ye Books ke kept all in English and all Factoryes ing up to remonstrate at the risk. He and Papers, that when I have occasion was familiar with the lake, and as to satisfy myself I may better under-

Yet Both Laughed.

Tel-Why is that man laughing? Ned-Because he bought a horse cheap, "And what's the other chuckling over?

"He sold the horse."

at office of the Water Commission, City Hall, Astoria Oregon, Plans and specifications may be seen, and blank forms of proposals obtained at said office. Certified check in the sum of not less than 10 per cent of the amount bid on each contract must accompany bids. Right to reject any and all bids is reserved. City Water Commission, by G. W. Lounsberry Clerk. 9-15-10

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