

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not? We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber.

The Yankee Pass.

It was at a period soon after the close of the Revolutionary war that Aaron Whitney, a Yankee peddler, passed through the Mohawk valley on his way to Albany.

So they took Aaron before the justice. He was sitting on a log, with a tree near his house, with a glass of schnapps beside him and a long clay pipe in his mouth.

"I'm going to Albany and from there down east. I have sold my wares and want to get home."

"H'm," said the Dutchman, "you stay here till tomorrow. I don't want you to bring the wrath of the Lord down on us."

The peddler threw off his pack, making a virtue of necessity. At least that was the appearance of it. Really he was quite willing to remain over the night.

And she did. He had been long desirous of pouring out her dissatisfaction at the life she led to some person who she had confidence in, and she felt sure that she could confide in the Yankee.

The next morning when he woke up and called Katrina, as usual, there was no response. The old man roused his neighbors, who hunted high and low for the damsel, but she was not to be found.

Two days passed, and Katrina did not reappear. Then one morning there came a letter to Aaron from Donk.

"Yah," he said reflectively, "it's 'The Yankee Pass'!"

Montrous' Invention.

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH. Copyright, 1907, by George Ethelbert Walsh.

MONTRIOUS was more ready in appearance than usual as he blithely dropped into the chair. The day was hot, and the stuffy little restaurant made his head ache.

"When he looked up to give his order the new waitress smiled and in reply to his question said: 'Patsy, gone, and I've taken her place. I hope I'll suit you.'"

"No, not this year," he blurted out. "I can't—not until my patent comes out."

"You see, I'm poor and must make this patent go. It's a great one, but they don't see it that way, or want to buy it outright for a mere song."

"What do you think, Tess? I've got a raise. The great Consolidated Tin Can company offered me \$1,000 today for the patent!"

"You don't ask me what it is I have to tell you?" he added in interest. "Have you lost all interest in the patent? If so, then my good fortune will not interest you."

"No, I don't tell me." "I've made a new contract with the Consolidated Tin Can company," he announced abruptly. "Instead of paying me \$2,000 for the patent they will use it in all their factories and pay me royalties. And the best of it is that they'll give me \$10,000 for the proposition."

"It does seem like a good deal," he said slowly. "It would give—give you now, for instance, a nice long vacation, and you need it."

"You need a rest—a change." "Do it! And you, what about your own? You're all played out, Tess, and you must take a vacation."

wandered back to the table from which he had picked the document. There were other papers, loosened from the rubber band—a memorandum, a loose sheet of some printed matter, an unopened letter, and a card. The letter and card attracted his gaze. He drew upon them for an instant and then started as though touched by a live wire.

"Tess," he murmured abstractedly, picking up the card and letter, "can you explain how you got that paper and the unopened letter?"

"You're not Tess Barrington," he went on, returning the card and letter. "It's a little game of deceit you've been playing. Miss Morley! And old John Morley is the president of the Consolidated Tin Can company! It is quite a coincidence!"

"No, I didn't mean that," he apologized. "I must have been the contractor on the patent in that way."

"It's what has happened between us that makes this impossible, Tess," he replied, smiling as he emphasized the old name which had grown so dear to him. "I knew Tess Barrington. I do not know Tess Morley."

"I must go," he murmured gently. "I have a train to catch. I'll be back in a few days. I'll be back in a few days. I'll be back in a few days."

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chance that held the drops of his joy. He might play pool at McClokey's with his rollicking friends until Aurora named the electric bulbs if he chose.

John Perkins was not accustomed to analyzing his emotions, but as he sat in his haty berth 10 by 12 parlor he hit natterly upon the keynote of his discomfort. He knew now that Katy was gone.

It was a note from his wife. His feeling for her, lulled into unconsciousness by the dull round of domesticity, had been sharply stirred by the loss of her presence. Has it not been dined into us by the daily sermon and the table that we never prize the music till the sweet voiced bird has flown or in other no less fond and true utterances?

John Perkins, "the way I've been treated and bawling with the boys instead of staying home with her. The poor girl here all alone, with nothing to amuse her and me acting that way! John Perkins, you're the worst kind of a shine. I'm going to make it up for the little girl. I'll take her out and let her see some amusement. And I'll cut out the McClokey gang right from this minute!"

Yes, there was the city roaring outside for John Perkins to come dance in the train of Momus. And at McClokey's the boys were knocking the heels into the pockets against the hour for the weekly game. But no pinprick way nor eelicking cue could soothe the remorseful soul of Perkins, the berth. The thing that was his, lightly held and half scorned, had been taken from him, and he wanted it.

Adam, whom the cherubim bounced from the orchard, could Perkins, the remorseful, trace his descent. Near the right hand of John Perkins stood a chair. On the back of it stood Katy's blue shirt waist. It still retained something of her contour. Midway of the sleeves were fine individual wrinkles made by the movements of her arms in working for his comfort and pleasure. A delicate but impelling odor of bluebell came from it. John took it and looked long and soberly at the unresponsive greenle. Katy had never been unresponsive. Tears—yes, tears—came into John Perkins' eyes. When she came back things would be different. He would make up for all his neglect. What was life without her?

"The door opened. Katy walked in, carrying a little hand satchel. John stared at her stupidly. 'My, I'm glad to get back!' said Katy. 'I'm awfully sick to amount to anything. Sam was at the depot and said she just had a little apple and got all right soon after they telegraphed. So I took the next train back. I'm just dying for a cup of coffee.'"

"Nature's lavish hand endowed North Beach with every attraction as a place of rest, rejuvenation and recreation. North Beach is a stretch of beautiful wooded droppings gently into the 'Pacific' and skirted by 20 miles of smooth, sandy beach—delightful for bathing."

By a TICKET OVER The O. R. & N. Taking The Steamer "T. J. Potter" down the river from Portland.

From Mono is \$9.75. "Ostling in Oregon" contains the story of "North Beach," including hotels, rates, etc. Ask F. CHAMBERS, Local Agent, Moro, Ore.

THE PENDULUM

By O. HENRY. Copyright, 1908, by the S. S. McClure Co. E. J. HENRY, First Street—let 'em out, please," yelled the shepherd in blue.

A flock of citizens sheep scrambled about. Ding-ding! The cattle cars of the Manhattan elevated rattled away, and John Perkins drifted down the stairway of the station with the released flock.

John walked slowly toward his destination, because in the lexicon of his daily life there was no such word as "perhaps." There are no surprises awaiting a man who has been married two years and lives in a flat. As he walked John Perkins prophesied to himself with gloomy and downward-cynicism the foregone conclusions of the monotonous day.

Katy would meet him at the door with a kiss flavored with cold cream and buttered Scotch. He would remove his hat and coat, and the dumpy cynicism of the foregone conclusions of the monotonous day.

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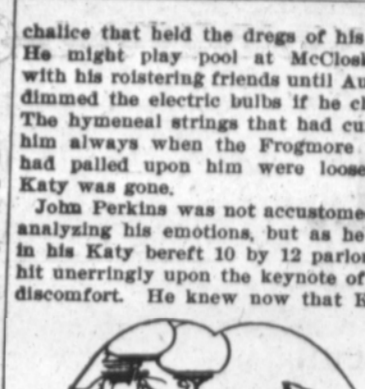
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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION The Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the Drive Business in Moro, Oregon, is hereby dissolved as of this date.

W. E. Dull, Plaintiff, vs. Allos A. Dull, Defendant. In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 4th day of September, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on and after the 4th day of September, 1908, shall be entered by the court as a matter of course.

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LOW RATES EAST

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ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via coast. Passes Biggs 7:30 p.m. 9:45 a.m. PORTLAND-BIGGS (all local) will leave Portland for Biggs 12:00 a.m. 12:15 p.m. Arrives at Biggs 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Columbia and Willamette River. For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Haswell, Ash street dock. Leaves 8:00 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10:00 p.m. Arrives 6:00 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Leaves 7:00 a.m. daily except Sunday. Arrives 5:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave train No. 4, 5:40 a.m., or upon arrival points No. 4, 4 p.m. daily except Friday. Arrive Riparia 4 p.m. daily except Friday.

For full information call on or address Wm. McMurray, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4:15 p.m., returns 10:35 a.m., daily.

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7:30 a.m., arrives 5:50 p.m. daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4:50 p.m., arrives 9:25 a.m. daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10:45 p.m., arrives 1:50 p.m. daily except Sunday.

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The Independence Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airline, connecting with S. P. Co.'s trains at Dallas and Independence.

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C. W. STINGER, Wm. McMurray, City Ticket Agent. Gen-Pass. Agt.