

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than on one year 12 1/2 cents per month. A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

The Chenoworth Baronetcy It Was Lost and Was Recovered

By F. A. MITCHEL

When James Chenoworth, having lost both father and mother, decided to sell the homestead and go abroad for a while he sat himself down to examine a large number of papers that had been accumulating for many years. In fact, there were documents among them that dated back more than two centuries. There was a tradition in the family that the first Chenoworth in America had been a soldier of King Charles under Prince Rupert and, when the Protector Cromwell prevailed, had come to America to make a new home for himself.

The family documents were kept in what was called a hair trunk, from being covered with the skin of some animal from which the hair had not been removed. James Chenoworth spent many hours over the contents of the trunk, reading the papers. In time he took up a paper which he unfolded. It was a fragment of yellow paper, the ink was faded and almost illegible. James put it in his pocket, intending to try to decipher it later, for words in it which he could easily read seemed to refer to his ancestors. What he ultimately made out was this: "At the beginning of the parliamentary wars James Chenoworth, son and heir of Sir Ralph Chenoworth, out to fight for the king. His Arthur, two years his junior, joined the parliamentary forces. The brothers were enough at the end of the war having been lost, went to America. His home and when the Chenoworth James, worth Chenoworth resolved that during his travels he would visit England and hunt up his ancestral record. Placing the fragment in his portmanteau, he made his preparations and in due time went abroad. At a hotel in Switzerland, where he found a mixture of English and Americans, he fell in with an English family named Smithson.

The main attraction in this family was Miss Gladys Smithson, a girl about twenty years old. Both she and Chenoworth were fond of winter sports, and they were where they could enjoy them to perfection. Miss Smithson was the only child of her parents, and Chenoworth learned that through her mother she was an heiress. Since he possessed an income of barely \$2,000 a year, he repressed any desire he felt to make love to the young lady.

This was fortunate, for Miss Smithson's mother, who had an interest in her daughter's adding to rather than dividing her prospective fortune, not suspecting that there was any special interest between the two young persons, made no objection to their being together, and when they separated she invited Chenoworth when he came to England to call upon them at their home in that country.

Perhaps neither Chenoworth nor Miss Smithson realized the delicate bond that had been slowly forming between them till the moment of separation came. Gladys gave him her hand at parting, and he held it just a trifle longer than at an adieu between mere friends. Miss Smithson looked into her face, then released her hand and turned away.

He met many young women on his travels, but none of them caused him to banish from a spot very near to his heart the image of Miss Smithson. He had planned a trip to Russia, but, bearing in his memory the image of his companion in Switzerland, he shrank from a visit to that cold country and resolved to forego the trip and give himself more time in England.

When Chenoworth arrived in London he sent his card to the Smithsons at their ancestral home in the country of Kent, with the result that he received an invitation to visit them for a week end. As he was driven into the place between two imposing gateway pillars and up to the manor house, through an avenue arched with trees that had been hundreds of years growing, his heart sank within him, for he realized that an American with a beggarly two thousand a year could never aspire to the hand of the girl who would inherit such a splendid home.

When Chenoworth was making this visit, one afternoon while Gladys was engaged, he was entertained by her mother. He mentioned the fact that his ancestors had come from England and his discovery of the fragment among his family papers. The lady was doing some kind of knitting while he was talking to her, on which she kept her eyes, but Chenoworth noticed that as he passed from one point to another she was becoming deeply interested. Finally she asked abruptly to see the fragment to which he had referred. Taking it from his portmanteau, he handed it to her.

For some time her eyes were bent upon it, while the American's were bent upon her. Evidently there was something in this bit of yellow paper, torn in half, that moved her profoundly. She handed it back to him with out remark, but he noticed a slight tremor of her hand as she did so. Presently, evidently nerving herself to something, she asked: "Mr. Chenoworth, do you intend to look up your ancestry while in England?" She awaited his reply with suppressed emotion.

The next day Mrs. Smithson announced that she must go to London to do some shopping. She charged her daughter to take good care of the guest during her absence, which was entirely unnecessary, for it was evident that Miss Gladys was as much enamored of Chenoworth as he was with her. The lovers were in a seventh heaven during the mother's absence, which lasted several days.

Chenoworth was puzzled. Why did Mrs. Smithson leave him with her daughter during this interval? Why had she changed in her treatment of him? There was no explanation. On her return the mystery deepened. She would not hear of Chenoworth's departure, saying that she was planning some social functions at which she desired his presence.

Chenoworth was beside himself. His attentions to Gladys were very noticeable, and her mother was encouraging them. She had no information concerning his standing in America nor as to his income, which, it was evident from his careful expenditures, was not large. Why, then, was she giving him every opportunity to win her daughter when that daughter might make a very advantageous match?

Chenoworth was anxious to hunt up the records of his ancestry, and he realized that to do this he must go to London. Gladys had told him that he had better go to an office of heraldry. But whenever he proposed to depart Mrs. Smithson objected, and he deferred his going.

And so it was that Chenoworth kept putting off his departure until one evening, while out on the terrace with Gladys, under the moonlight, he told her that he loved her, but he knew that owing to his limited means a marriage with her was impossible.

Then they conferred together upon what Mrs. Smithson meant by encouraging this match, but as neither of them knew they simply wondered. It was finally agreed between them that Chenoworth should learn what was in store for them by asking Gladys's hand.

An Escape

By ELINOR MARSH

A young Russian named Ivan Ivanovitch, living at Kars, not many miles north of the boundary line between Russia and Turkey, found employment across the border and while there fell in love with a young Turkish girl. Her father refused her to him unless he would renounce the Christian religion and become a Mohammedan. Ivan was averse to doing so, but it is easy for one who is in love to find a salve for his conscience, and he finally consented. He professed adhesion to the prophet, and the two were married. This is a simple matter with the Turks, for the bride is conducted to the groom's house and left there with him. There is no such ceremony as among Christians.

Of course the young husband's conversion was a form, but he was obliged to go to prayers in the mosque like any Mohammedan, and otherwise conform to that religion. After awhile he grew tired of this and, taking his wife with him, went back to the other side of the border.

Now, it was not long after the Ivanovitch family made this move that the Grand Duke Nicholas marched by, impressing men into his army as he advanced, taking Ivan among the number. When the latter found that they were marching on Erzerum he was much concerned, for it was near that city that he had married his wife, and if he should be captured and recognized fighting in a Christian army against the followers of Mohammed he would suffer a dreadful fate as could be visited on a renegade.

Ivanovitch was on the flank of his army and ten miles to the northwest of Erzerum. There he was captured by the Turks and carried with them in their retreat before the Russians toward Trebizond.

Just before the Russian advance into Turkey, Mrs. Ivanovitch went on a visit to her people and was there during the surrender of Erzerum by the Turks. One day while looking at some Russian prisoners who were being marched by, she saw her husband among them.

VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

Royal Secrets That Are Stored Away In Buckingham Palace.

"We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria," says a writer. It is stored away in a strong room built into the walls of Buckingham palace, and the queen shared her confidence with no one.

So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and closed the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted secretary, but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters that he handled.

Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe, and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among these letters.

But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have a thing when we want it.—Pittsburgh Press.

SKETCHING MARK TWAIN.

Cartoonist Ward Found the Humorist an Impatient Subject.

Many of the difficulties experienced by the cartoonist are related by Leslie Ward in his volume, "Forty Years of Spy." He writes as follows with reference to America's great humorist: "Mark Twain was another subject who came under the category of the 'walkers.' I had a good deal of difficulty in getting hold of him, but when I eventually caught him at his hotel I found him decidedly impatient.

"Now you mustn't think I'm going to sit or stand for you," he told me. "For once I'm up I keep on the go." "The whole time I watched him he paced the room like a caged animal, smoking a very large calashah pipe and telling amusing stories. The great humorist wore a white dinner suit and told me in the course of conversation that he had a dress suit made all in white that he wore at dinner parties. He had just taken his honorary degree at Oxford, and he wanted to put his gown on, but I preferred to 'do' him in the more characteristic and widely known garb. He struck me as being a very sensitive man, whose nervous pacings during my interview were the result of a highly strung temperament. The only pacifying influence seemed to be his enormous pipe, which he never ceased to smoke."

A TERROR OF THE SEAS.

This Fish Resembles a Torpedo and Is Just as Dangerous.

His shape resembles a torpedo, and his attack too. Fishermen and bathers in seas where he is found regard him as almost as deadly as the torpedo and far more common in peaceful waters. Fishermen and bath alike are enemy to him, and he will attack with a ferocity surpassing even the shark. He's called the barracuda.

His body is long and round, and his head pointed. His wide mouth bristles with large, sharp teeth. There are more than a dozen varieties scattered over the oceans, all of them fierce and hungry. Sometimes they grow to a length of six to eight feet. These giants are the ones dreaded by the fishermen. Even when they have him fast on the end of a hook and line he's a veritable load of dynamite and will attack and bite and snap at the hands that are hauling him in.

Fishermen have to guard against poisoned fish in the barracuda. Sometimes the big fish eats a poisonous kind of fish, which in turn poisons its own flesh. The barracuda's bite is regarded as poisonous in itself, and the wounds caused by the giant fish's teeth become inflamed and infected.—Philadelphia North American.

Notice of Administration.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County. In the matter of the Estate of Saidee A. White, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Saidee A. White, deceased, by order of the above entitled court, and that all persons having claims against said deceased, or her estate, are hereby required to present the same duly verified, with the proper vouchers, in the manner provided by law, to said administrator, at his office in Moro, in said county and state within six months from the date of this notice.

Notice of Executrix.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, executrix for the estate of John Johnson, deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to me at the law offices of Bright & Bryant in the city of Moro, Ore., verified as by law required, within six months from the date of first publication of this notice. Dated and first published at Moro, Ore., July 7, 1916. GERRARDINE JOHNSON, Executrix of the estate of John Johnson, deceased. Bright & Bryant Attorneys for Estate.

DOING BUSINESS?

If You Want To Trade Your Property Write to E. A. BRASHEN 501 - 2 Northwest Building Portland, Oregon.

Real Estate Bargains

Land Located in Sherman Co.

No. 1. 1280 acres; 900 under cultivation; 320 acres in crop. First class 12 room house, hot and cold water, good well and wind mill, lots of water both at house and pasture. Good fences, most all hog tight, railroad flag station on place; one mile haul to warehouse; 3 miles to school and store; 7 1/2 miles to county seat. Price, with crop, \$30 per acre, will take some trade.

No. 2. 800 acres, all tillable except about 25 acres: 400 acres in crop. Close to town. Lots of water. Fair buildings. Will take \$9000 in trade, balance crop payments, 6 per cent interest.

No. 3. 640 acres west of Grass Valley, good buildings, lots of water, close to school. Price, \$25 per acre, part cash with balance on term.

No. 4. 960 acre ranch, fair buildings, close to town, running water the year round, about 600 acres in crop. Price, with crop, \$30 per acre.

No. 5. 400 acres, 350 tillable. Close to school and church. Good well of water. Price \$25 per acre, either cash or good security for first payment of \$3500; balance, time to suit.

WRITE OR CALL ON
ALEX HUNTER
MORO, OREGON

THE FIRST COURSE

consisting of soup whets your appetite and gets you on edge in anticipation of what's to follow. We have such a variety of good things to eat that we often congratulate ourselves on our good fortune. But we never raise prices.

Large airy rooms with or without baths.

HOTEL ALBERT
THE DALLES, OREGON

Special Summer Rates

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Fifth and Washington Sts.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Room with privilege of bath, single, 75c up; double \$1.00 up
Room with private bath, single \$1.50 up; double \$2.00 up
Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot; see our doors. Transfer at 5th and Gilliam streets from North Bank Depot.

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN
Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF
MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

MORO BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tub.

Everything First Class and up to date.

Agent for Model Steam Laundry of The Dalles
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office
CHAS. MCKINNEY, Proprietor.
Moro, --- Oregon.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

IN REAL ESTATE

Anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific

We are in actual touch with 10,000 live and reliable Real Estate Agents all over Canada and the United States. If you are thinking of moving better call and we will give you a card of introduction to a good, reliable real estate man wherever you are thinking of going so you will not be at the mercy of some one who cares for nothing but your money.

ALEX HUNTER, Moro, Oregon

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

BY AUTO
AND VISIT THE DALLES
STORE YOUR CAR

In the concrete, recently completed, fully equipped, roomy garage of Walther-Williams Company. Competent workman always ready to help you in any way they can at least expense to you. For any service rendered the charge will always be reasonable.

WALTHER-WILLIAMS GARAGE
THE DALLES, OREGON.

Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For Prince Albert is right there — at the first place you see that sells tobacco! The happy red and white wrapper is a nickel and the tidy red tin for a dime; then there's the hand-some pound and half-pound tins with humidor and the pound crystal-glass tins with humidor and the pound tins with humidor and the pound tins with humidor and the pound tins with humidor.



TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLE SOME TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES AND PIPES.

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.
DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tidy red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

Angry.
"She trumped his ace."
"Did he say anything?"
"He couldn't have said more if he had been married to her."—Detroit Free Press.

Wine and the Bush.
In olden times ivy bushes used to be hung over the doors of taverns as signboards because the plant was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine.

It is not the insurrection of ignorance that is dangerous, but the revolt of intelligence.—Lewell.

Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

— its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;

— it can't bite your tongue;

— it can't parch your throat;

— you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For Prince Albert is right there — at the first place you see that sells tobacco! The happy red and white wrapper is a nickel and the tidy red tin for a dime; then there's the hand-some pound and half-pound tins with humidor and the pound crystal-glass tins with humidor and the pound tins with humidor and the pound tins with humidor.

TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLE SOME TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES AND PIPES.

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.
DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tidy red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

Angry.
"She trumped his ace."
"Did he say anything?"
"He couldn't have said more if he had been married to her."—Detroit Free Press.

Wine and the Bush.
In olden times ivy bushes used to be hung over the doors of taverns as signboards because the plant was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine.

It is not the insurrection of ignorance that is dangerous, but the revolt of intelligence.—Lewell.