

TWO WENT DOWN

COAL SHIPS THAT COLLIDED
FEW MILES OFF ATLANTIC
COAST.

Ten Sailors Perished and Balance
Two Crews After Three Days
in Icy Storm Reach Port
—Princess' Elopement
With Professor—
Other News.

Boston, Dec. 22.—Almost crazed from their sufferings, frost-bitten and helpless 19 men in a boat were picked up by the schooner Manhasset yesterday, 45 miles off Highland Light. Then for the first time it was learned that the schooner Frank A. Palmer, and Louise R. Cray had been in collision, and that they had been sunk off Thacher's Island, on Wednesday evening. The survivors were landed here today. Of the 21 men who made up the two crews, six were carried down when the vessel sank, four died during the terrible three days' drift in Massachusetts Bay, and another became insane and jumped overboard.

Two schooners both heavily loaded with coal, doubled Cape Cod in company, and ran into a strong northwester on Wednesday night. Both captains put their vessel over toward the Cape Ann shore. When off Thacher's Island they split tacks and finally both came about at the same time, and unknown to themselves headed toward each other, the Cray holding north on the port tack and the Palmer south on the starboard tack, and therefore having the right of way.

The Cray crushed into the bow of the Palmer. The cut was deep and it was seen instantly that there was no hope of either vessel. Most of the small boats were smashed, and some of the men were killed by the collision, but others of both crews launched the long boat of the Palmer, into which clambered the captains of both vessels and 13 others. There was not a moment for storing food and water in the boat, and the rowers had propelled it only a short distance from the schooner when the Palmer went down. Three minutes later the Cray disappeared.

Without food or water, drenched to the skin, spray freezing to their garments because of the bitter cold, the 15 survivors underwent suffering indescribable. Four men of the Cray on Friday lay down in the bow and died. Eleven remained up till Saturday night, and Prantz Banta went insane under the delusion that his mother beckoned to him, and he walked into the sea. The others were powerless to retain him.

Shortly after this the two captains decided that the bodies of the four men should be consigned to the deep and bending over them, Captain Potter of the Cray, repeated as much of the burial service as he could remember. Then the strongest of the survivors put the bodies overboard.

In three days and a half the men were afloat they drifted steadily off shore, until at 8 o'clock Sunday morning it was 45 miles off Highland Light. There the lookout on the fishing schooner Manhasset caught a glimpse of the boat, and within half an hour the 10 men were in the cabin on the schooner. Captain Malone at once crowded on all sail and brought the survivors to Boston.

Dresden, Saxony, Dec. 23.—King George and Crown Prince Frederick know where Crown Princess Louise has sought refuge, but they have decided to accept the estrangement of the Princess and her husband as irreparable. They have made the Cabinet privy to the circumstances of the Princess' flight as they see them, and a decree of divorce is talked as necessary sequence to the princess' resolution to leave the court forever.

This determination the Princess announced to her husband early in November, after one of their frequent scenes, she also confided her intention to separate herself from the court and all its "wretchedness" to two or three of her intimate friends, and discussed with them the "impossibility of her longer enduring the artificial etiquette of the court and the forced companionship of a man who was loathsome to her. The Princess wrote to her mother at the end of November that it was her purpose to leave the Crown Prince and give up the prospect of the Queenship, which, instead of being attractive the Princess frequently said was detestable to her. She formally told members of her entourage that she was going to visit her parents at Salzburg. The letter of the Princess to her mother brought the Archduchess immedi-

ately to Dresden. She implored her daughter to reconsider her determination and to make the best of an unpleasant situation for the sake of her children, and see as little of the Crown Prince as was permissible.

The Princess replied, according to one of her confidants, that she would see "nothing of that beast"; that the tutelage of her children was largely taken out of her hands and that she could not bear to see them spoiled by "the hypocrites of the court. What she complained of in the Prince was his intemperance, his infidelities, and, as her partisans affirm, his cruelty of disposition. They affirm that he had for years a liaison with an actress named Bastok, and it is reported that at a review of troops at Grimma, a couple of years ago the Prince fell from his horse intoxicated, in front of his regiment. However true these incidents may be, the court and all Dresden knew that a chasm separated the affections of the Crown Prince from the Princess.

Geneva, Dec. 23.—The Crown Princess of Saxony is here under the name of the Fraulein Von Obep. Her brother, Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, and Professor Giron are at the same hotel. The Archduke has assumed the name of De Buriano. The party is living quietly and proposes to spend Christmas here.

Berlin, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Dresden to the Lokal Anzeiger confirms previous advices from Geneva to the effect that the Crown Princess of Saxony is in Geneva with Professor Giron. He is described as 24 years of age and a striking personality, with large bright eyes." The court of the fugitive Princess has been dissolved.

San Juan, P. R., Dec. 23.—Admiral Dewey arrived on board the Mayflower at 9:30 this morning. Thousands of people thronged the wharf. The city and public and private buildings were decorated with flags and the forts fired a salute. The admiral was escorted by artillery, infantry and mounted police to the palace, where a reception was held.

The palace was thronged with officers who attended the big private reception tonight, given by Governor Huot in honor of the debut of his oldest daughter, Elizabeth.

Executor's Sale of Real Property

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the provisions of the will of John Wiles, deceased, directing the undersigned executor of said will to sell at private sale the real estate hereinafter described, said will having been executed by said John Wiles on the 23rd day of April 1900, and filed and admitted to probate in the County Court of Benton County in the State of Oregon, on the 9th day of September, 1902, and recorded on pages 32-33 and 54 of Book D of records of wills of said county, we the said executors will proceed to sell at private sale on and after

MONDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY A. D. 1903.

for cash in hand at time of said sale the real property belonging to said estate, described as follows, to-wit: Notification No. 4148 surveyed and designated as Lots three, four, five and six, the north half of the south west quarter and the south west quarter of the southwest quarter of section six in township ten south, of range four west, and lots one, two and three and the north quarter of the southeast quarter of section one, in township ten south of range five west in the district of lands subject to sale at Oregon City, Oregon, containing 325.73 acres of land in Polk County, Oregon, said land being incorrectly described in the will of said deceased as follows to-wit: Beginning 23.00 chains S. and 2.25 chains E. from the quarter section corner on the S. side of S. 36 in T. 9 S. E. 5 W., Williamette Meridian, thence E. 50.00 chains, thence S. 40.00 chains, thence W. 30.00 chains, N. 40.00 chains to the place of beginning containing three hundred and twenty acres of land; said executors will also proceed to sell at private sale the following real estate described in said will as follows to-wit: That certain piece of land which is situated on the east side of the county road leading from Corvallis, to Monmouth, in a northerly direction through the George W. Dewesse land claim, and west of the land now owned by Robert Horton and B. E. Gibson, and south of Soap Creek lying in Benton and Polk Counties in the State of Oregon, said land being more particularly and accurately described as follows to-wit: Beginning at the south west corner of claim sixty four chains running East one hundred and three rods, thence North one hundred and forty rods; thence West one hundred and three rods; thence South one hundred and forty rods to the place of beginning, being in Section six Township ten South Range four West Williamette Meridian, and being a part of Notification No. 174 and containing 36 acres in Polk County State of Oregon; also the following described real estate, beginning at the south east corner of the G. W. Dewesse Donation land claim and the S. W. Corner of C. Culp claim said point of beginning being in Benton County, Oregon, running thence West ninety chains, thence north fiftyone chains, thence East twenty four chains, thence south fifty chains to the place of beginning containing 130.75 100 acres of land situated in Benton and Polk Counties in the State of Oregon, said sales of said lands to take place at the office of Walter T. Wiles, said executor, in Corvallis, Oregon, and at the farm of Edward F. Wiles, executor, in Benton County, Oregon, and will be made subject to the confirmation thereof by said County Court of Benton County Oregon, Dated this twenty seventh day of December A. D. 1902.

WALTER T. WILES,
Executor,
EDWARD F. WILES,
Executor,

Administrator's Sale of Real Property.

In the matter of the estate of T. P. Waggoner, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order of sale made by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Benton County, on the 5th day of December, 1902, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned as administrator of the said estate of T. P. Waggoner, deceased, will from and after the 6th day of January, 1903, proceed to sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of the following described real property to-wit:
The donation land claim of Jesse Hawley situated in Sections 19 and 30 in Township 11 south, Range 5 W. being claim No. 21, notification No. 2201, containing 321.70 acres in Benton County, State of Oregon.
Sales to be made for the purpose of paying claims against said estate and charges and expenses of administration.
Dated this December 6, 1902.
M. M. WALTZ,
Administrator of the estate of T. P. Waggoner deceased.

TWO HOURS ago Otis Macmanara had received the disappointment of his life—a woman's "no!" He had been tramping the streets of Louisville ever since, smoking a number of cigars and wondering what he should do with the rest of his life.

Common sense kept whispering that Grace Langdon was not the only woman in the world, and that he, Macmanara, was young, handsome, and wealthy, but his heart was beating to another tune, and he knew it would keep to that same tune until life was put away.

As the gas and electric lights began their rivalry, common sense gained the supremacy so far as to cause the young man to buy a book and tell himself he would go home and try to read it. He had just come out of a book store and was turning the storm collar of his coat up against the driving snow, when a voice very low and very clear, and also very close said: "It is warm in my home."

"Did you speak to me?" Macmanara asked of a gray shadow leaning against a lamp-post.

"I said it is warm in my home."

Macmanara laughed. "There is nothing so very novel in that fact, my good fellow; there are millions of homes to-night as warm as the tropics, in spite of the weather outside—my own, for instance, to which I am going now."

"Argo you going?" It was not the question only; the voice held a soft, enchanting cadence that fascinated Macmanara.

"Well, yes, I am sure I shall start for home as soon as my car turns the corner."

"And I am as equally certain you will go with me."

"Since you are so sure of it will you tell me the name of your would-be host?"

Macmanara listened somewhat eagerly for the answer which came without hesitation.

"I am the Devil."

"This is interesting. I have had numerous indirect invitations to visit you, Mr. Devil, and a number of my friends have predicted that my final resting would be with you, but I never expected you to step up in the flesh and invite me, and the fact is, I never in all my life felt so much like going to you as I do to-night."

At that moment a carriage stopped outside the curbing, and the coachman came down to examine the harness.

The carriage door opened and one of the occupants asked the cause of the delay. Macmanara caught sight of the face that had caused both his joy and his sorrow. When the carriage moved, a delicate lace handkerchief gleamed white beneath the gas light. Only an instant it lay there—the next it was reposing in Macmanara's coat pocket.

The name daintily written in one corner of the handkerchief was "Gracie."

"Good night, Mr. Devil—I really must be going. If you will take my advice you will go back to that very warm home of yours and stay there until spring, for, as one who knows his world, I can tell you the weather here is going to be very much worse before long."

The gray shadow stepped out into the full glare of the flickering light, revealing a handsome young man dressed in a stylish suit of gray.

"I am disappointed," and Macmanara whistled. "Why, you are a young man and I thought the Devil was as old as the world. A young man with a blond mustache and no horns! If you want to masquerade as the Devil—why don't you make up for the part?"

The self-confessed Devil doffed his hat. "Peel," he said.

In striking contrast to a fair, almost womanish complexion and a blond mustache, his hair was black as night. Macmanara's hands glided slowly over the bowed head in search of the horns. They were there, and a thrill crept down Macmanara's spine as he touched them.

He had jested with the man, believing him to be a crank, but now, for some reason, he did not understand. He was startled.

"You are convinced, and will go with me?" Always soft and low, yet very clear, the Devil's voice was a melody.

Macmanara looked up. A pair of clear blue eyes, behind which there seemed to burn a flame—eyes unlike any he had ever seen before, looked straight into his own. The Devil had possession of his man in a moment, but even with his sense enthralled Macmanara shuddered as he asked: "I must die first?"

"No," the Devil answered, emphatically. "I want you to go with me and see and feel the beauty, comfort and happiness in my home and then come back to the world in the flesh and tell how basely I have been maligned."

While the Devil was speaking they were moving straight toward the river, and when they reached it he unlocked a skiff and invited his guest to step in. As the boat went scudding down the river Macmanara wondered where the Devil had learned his stroke. The Falls City quickly faded from view—a mere speck in the distance. Macmanara had taken many a row on the Ohio, both as boy and man, but never any like this. An hour ago he was the most miserable man on earth, now he was perfectly happy; there was nothing left for him to wish for.

The boat was drifting now, and at a place where the rocks shelved over the bank it stopped suddenly. The Devil whistled, waited a moment, then whistled three times in rapid succession. It seemed to Macmanara that the whole side of the cliff opened to them and gave forth a light so dazzling in its brightness that he had to close his eyes. The Devil picked him up and carried him into a richly furnished room and pushed him down on a couch piled with cushions. There were ribbons, laces, satins and silks, in chairs, on tables, everywhere in elegant profusion and confusion, but what impressed Macmanara most and

what he could hardly take his eyes from was a table in the center of the room on which was piled, as generously as pebbles on the beach, every known gem. Diamonds, rubies, opals and pearls threw a shade over their smaller sisters and tried hard to out-shine each other in their fascinating glow and glitter.

"My angels are out to-night on other missions, but I shall do my best to entertain you, and shall be more sorry than I can say if I fail," and the Devil bowed courteously to his guest.

While he was speaking he placed a diamond scarf-pin and opal ring on the table. They immediately began to sparkle a challenge to their neighbors. What a familiar look they had to Macmanara! The Devil drew a chair close to the couch, picked up a guitar, and the last thing Macmanara remembered was hearing a rich tenor voice singing a popular melody.

The next morning when Macmanara awoke he was in his own room. The fire in the grate was burning cheerily, and through the open door he could see his valet preparing his bath. Outside the sun was shining brightly, taking away the snow as fast as it had fallen the night before.

"What a dream!" Macmanara thought, as he sprang out of bed. His clothes were hanging on the back of a chair, and there were tiny rivulets where they had dripped the melted snow. He went through his pockets and his face fell. Yesterday he had drawn \$2,000 from the bank, vowing in his heart to go as far from Louisville as the money would take him. This morning there was not a dollar in his pocket—not even the little pearl-handled knife he had carried for years.

When he went down to breakfast his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, looked beyond him after saying good morning, evidently expecting to greet some one else.

"How mistaken one can be, Otis," she said. "I expected you to bring company down to breakfast this morning, for when I heard you come home last night I was sure some one was with you."

"Maybe there was, and maybe there wasn't. What would you say, aunt, if I were to tell you I don't know?"

"If you were anyone else but Otis Macmanara I would say you were drunk, but as you are Otis I shall say you are poking fun at your old aunt."

When the papers were brought in Macmanara glanced over the headlines of the Courier-Journal, as was his custom, and the following fastened his eyes:

"AT THE MORGUE."

Found drowned in the river at two o'clock this morning, the body of a young man of medium size, fair complexion and a blond mustache. A lace handkerchief marked "Gracie" was all that was found in the dead man's pockets.

"That's the Devil!" and with the exclamation Macmanara rushed for his hat and overcoat, leaving his startled aunt to think he had gone insane.

"Yes," the morgue keeper replied to Macmanara's eager questions, "the poor fellow was brought here at an early hour this morning. This handkerchief was the only thing about him that may lead to his identity, and that has only one chance in a thousand. If his sweetheart reads the morning papers—and of course the handkerchief is his sweetheart's—she will be here in a short while, and, if she doesn't read them, he may go to his grave unnamed."

Macmanara examined the features of the dead man closely. It was his Devil of the night before, minus the black hair, in place of which there was a closely-cropped blond head. As Macmanara was leaving the morgue he almost ran over Grace Langdon, who caught his arm and cried out:

"Oh, Otis, it is really you, and you are not drowned, with my handkerchief in your pocket? I was going to the opera," the little lady explained, "and something got wrong with the horses as we were leaving Chestnut street, and the coachman stopped to see what it was. My escort opened the carriage door for the same purpose, when I saw you and dropped my handkerchief to see if you would pick it up, and the way you pounced upon it kept me happy for the rest of the evening. I lost my opal ring, too, but I don't care, for it was always bringing me bad luck."

Macmanara thought of the ring as he had last seen it flash by the side of his scarf-pin on a table with thousands of other jewels, but he did not tell his wife-to-be of his adventure with the Devil. He asked instead:

"Gracie, why is it a woman will tell a man no, make him feel all the misery of hades, when in her heart she means yes?"

"I don't know, Otis, unless it is to make him understand how much he cares and give him the pleasure of proposing over again," she answered, happily.

HAS NEW TRIAL.

Raddatz Submarine Craft Makes Successful Voyage Under Lake Michigan.

The Raddatz submarine boat has been given another trial in the bay at Milwaukee, Wis., and made a successful trip. This boat, the invention of an Oshkosh man, has been considerably improved since it was first described in the newspapers. It is now operated by storage batteries instead of chemical electricity. The trip was made while the lake was rough, but it did not affect the boat in the least. Clarence J. Allen and Mr. Raddatz were on board and Benjamin T. Leuzardier and a party of interested friends were in a boat on the surface watching carefully the movements of the submarine craft. A run was made from the Yacht club house into the bay a distance of several miles, and this was covered at the rate of four miles an hour.

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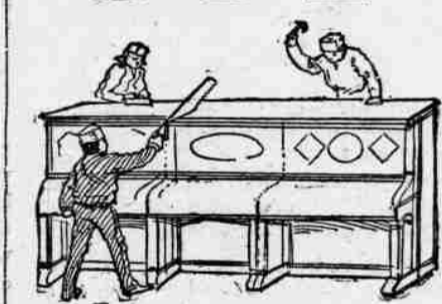
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