The Santiam News.

VOL. IX. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 3, 1905. NO. 19.

The Santiam News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON

By T. L. DUGGER

TERMS

Per annum, at the end of the year.....$1.50
Per annum, in advance.....1.25

Advertising rates made known on application. Transient advertisements must be paid for when the order is given for their insertion.

Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Oregon, as second class mail matter.

PROFESSIONAL

H. BRYANT & SON — C. C. Bryant
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Goodwin Block — ALBANY OREGON

L. H. MONTANYE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Notary Public and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents
Office, 222 West 2d Street — ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office over First National Bank.
ALBANY — OREGON

WILBUR N. FINTLER, D. M. D.
DENTIST
Scio Oregon

S. C. BROWNE, M. D.
Graduate Eclectic Medical College
Cincinnati, Ohio
SCIO — OREGON

A. G. PRILL M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Scio, Oregon
Telephone Exchange No. 11.

R. SHELTON
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
Justice of the Peace — Notary Public
Scio Oregon

R. W. HAGEY
Watchmaker and Jeweler
All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry promptly repaired.
SCIO OREGON

CORNER SALOON
J. A. TUCKER
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes
Give Us a Call
SCIO — OREGON

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING AT THE NEWS OFFICE AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE. GET PRICES

SCIO LIVERY & FEED STABLES

Irvine & Myer, Props.

Hack connects with all trains at West Scio and morning train at Munkers.

Our rigs are first-class and our horses good drivers. Prices reasonable.

Frank Skipton — Fred Tomlinson
THE SKIPTON STABLES
Good Turnouts, Prompt and Courteous Attention
REASONABLE RATES
Corner Second and Ellsworth Streets
Albany — Oregon

—ALBANY—
LUNCH - COUNTER
McKillop & Churchill, Props.
ALBANY OREGON
The best 20c meal in the valley
Open all night.

Go To The
Keystone Shaving Parlors
Only First-Class Shop In The City
Shaving.....15 cents
Hair Cutting.....25 "
Shampooing.....25 "
Baths.....25 "
GEORGE DAVIE — PROPRIETOR

J. J. Barnes & Son,
General Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers
We buy our stock in large quantities and keep a full line of carriage and wagon material. All kinds of work in our line done on short notice.
Horseshoeing a Specialty
SCIO, OREGON

THE
Scio State Bank
Scio - - - - Oregon
OFFICERS
President.....T. J. Mckenzie
Cashier.....W. A. Ewing
Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities.

EAST AND SOUTH
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Co.
SHASTA ROUTE.
Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10.43 a. m. Leave Albany at 2.45 p. m.
Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.
" Albany 12.10 p. m., 11.30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12.33 a. m., 11.30 a. m.
" Sacramento 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a. m.
" San Francisco 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a.
Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.
Connecting at San Francisco with several lines for Honolulu, Japan, China Philippines, Central and South America.
See Mrs. M. E. Woodmansee, agent at West Scio station, or address
W. E. COMAN, G. P. A., Portland, Ore

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XXI.

"Quick, David, quick!" cried the old man, eagerly. "Let us get to work. Oh, you waste half the morning; let us get on. At this rate," he sighed, "we shall take months before I get back the property."

"There will be no trade this morning, uncle," David replied, standing in the doorway. It was a week after I had told him the truth. He had been turning it over in his mind in the interval.

"Why not? David, if you were nearly seventy you would be anxious to get on; you would not shilly-shally over a single bit of paper. Let us get on, David. Oh, you've got all the power now, and I am in your hands. I won't grumble, David. No, take your own time, my boy; take your own time."

The poor old man was strangely altered in four or five weeks, that he should thus humble himself before his nephew. But David had all the power so long as he had any of those coupons left.

"You little thought when I came here that I was going to give you so much trouble, did you, Uncle Daniel? You thought you had the whip hand over me always, didn't you? But you see, first the fall from your pony, then the loss of your papers, then the stroke, then my coming home and finding those papers—all part of the judgment!—and now there's more to follow."

"What more? Oh, David, what more?" the helpless old man only groaned.

"To-day, uncle, I have come to talk about my aunt's will. Will Nethercote told me. You did not. You thought that as soon as our little business was finished I should go away and never come back any more. You thought you would keep the money, did you? Not so, uncle; not so!"

"I thought you would never find it out, David," Mr. Leighan confessed, with somewhat surprising candor. "I soon found that you knew nothing about it, and that you never go about and talk; and I was pretty certain that you would never find out. Well, now you know, what difference does it make? You are no nearer the money."

"We shall see. My aunt might just as well have left it to me as to you. To be sure, I never thought she had half so much. She began with a thousand. She must have pinched and saved. She left it to Mary, on the condition of her marrying with your consent; and, if not, the money was to go to me. And if I was dead, the will said nothing. So you thought you could stick to the money. Uncle, you're a foxy one! You ought to be in the States, and thirty years younger. There you would find yourself at home, with plenty of opportunity. Well, I am wiser now than I was. And see now, uncle, I don't mean to go away until this question is settled. What are you going to do?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Keep it to yourself, then. I will tell you what you thought you were going to do: I've worked it all out. First, if you let George and Mary get married before the law lets you take Sidcote you will lose Sidcote." He began, in his slow way, to tick off his points upon his fingers. "That's the first thing. After you have got Sidcote, you will be still loath to let the money go, and you will keep Mary waiting on. You think that I shall soon go. Then you will keep the money as long as you live. But suppose they were to marry without your consent, all the money comes to me—comes to me. That sticks, doesn't it? You can let them marry now—and you will lose Sidcote; you can let them marry after you have got Sidcote; and you will have to pay up; if you keep on refusing your consent, you can keep the money as long as you like—unless they marry without. Then you've got to give it to me. You've had a taste of me already."

He waited a little. His uncle said nothing, but watched him from under his long, white eyebrows—not contemptuously, as on the first interview after his return, but with the respect due to the strength of the situation.

"Very well, then; you would rather give that money to Mary than to me. But you would like to get Sidcote; you hate the thought of giving it to me, you intended to keep it yourself. Yet there is no way out of it if you want Sidcote. Perhaps you think you would give it to Mary, after you have got Sidcote. But suppose she marries before? Then you would be obliged to give it all to me."

"Go on, David; perhaps you are going to propose something."

"I have been thinking things over, uncle. You are getting old, you may die any day; then Mary would be free. It is true that she might marry to-morrow, in which case I should be entitled to everything. But I don't think she would be such a fool. If I were Mary, I should wait. You are seventy now, and you've lost the use of your legs. You can't last very long. I should wait, if I were Mary. Yes; it might be a year or two; it couldn't be longer."

His uncle heard without any emotion this argument in favor of his approaching demise—country people use plainness of speech about such matters—but he felt himself very far from dying, as masterful men always do up to the very end.

"Well, David, supposing that what you say is common sense, what next? If Mary marries at once she is a fool, and then I have you to reckon with. There is a good bit outstanding on the old account, and I don't suppose there would be much coming to you when compound interest and all comes to be reckoned up."

"As for your outstanding accounts, we shall see when the time comes. And as for compound interest, it will be for you to pay that on my aunt's six thousand pounds."

"The interest went for the keep of Mary."

"I haven't heard that there's a word about that in the will. You've had her services as housekeeper for five years, and you've pocketed the interest. Way, I take it that you made 5 per cent. That's three hundred a year. There will be a beautiful day of reckoning, uncle. The sale of your coupons is nothing to it."

"You were going to make a proposal, David?"

"Buy me off, old man."

"Always buy—always buy?"

"To be sure. You've got to buy your own property back because I've come home. You've got to buy me out on the chance of the money coming to me. Please yourself. What do you say to buying me out at a thousand?"

"O thousand pounds?"

"Yes, Uncle Daniel, a thousand pounds. And a very moderate figure, too. Consider, if they were to get married, you'll make five thousand by the bargain, not to speak of the interest. If they don't you'll have the satisfaction of giving your nephew a few thousand pounds back out of the property you've robbed him of."

"A thousand pounds! I'll think it over."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mary went to plead with David for her uncle. He was in the deserted farmyard of Berry, with its tumble-down buildings. He leaned against the gate, thinking always of the fields he had lost, and the way in which they had been taken from him. Of course his first thought was to get out of her way.

"Don't run away, David," she said; "I came to talk with you."

"Well, come through the gate then, Mary. Will you talk in the cottage, or will you talk here?"

"Let us stay outside—here in the shade, David. When will you cease to worry your uncle?"

"Did he tell you that I worry him? Has he been complaining?"

"No. He even denies that you have any share in the new trouble that seems to have fallen upon him. But I know that it is caused by you. After every one of your morning visits he is miserable. Every day he grows more nervous and more irritable. He sheds tears when he is alone. I am quite sure that you are the cause of his trouble."

"Well, Mary, perhaps you are right. I may be the cause of it. Perhaps I may be the cause of a good deal more trouble than I have done."

"Oh! David, think—he is an old man; he is afflicted with paralysis; you are hastening his end. What good will it do to you if you worry him into his grave? Will that restore the past? Will that make you what you used to be?"

"Nay, that it will not do. But when I see him at my mercy, crying for pity, I think of the day when I came to ask him to lend me a poor fifty pounds, with which to try my luck in Canada, and he laughed me in the face."

"Well, then, David, does it do you any good to remember that day? Let the past be dead, David, and live for the future."

"You don't know what you are saying, Mary. What should you know about it? You are only a girl"—he spoke roughly and rudely, but not unkindly—"what do you know? Let the past be dead. Why, all the world is crying because the past won't die. I only wish the past would die." Here, it seems to me, David hit upon a profound truth; for very nearly all the world—not quite—it would be, unhappily, far better if the past would die. "If the past should die, Mary, I should forget that I was once a substantial man, who sat respected at the market ordinary, rode my own horse, and farmed my own land. I should forget that I had to go away from my native place and take ship with the lowest emigrants. I should forget—Mary," he whispered, "I can trust you—I have told no one else—I should forget that I had been in prison—yes, in prison——"

"David!" She shrank from him, but recovered, and laid her hand softly upon his.

"Yes; in prison. And now I am no longer fit to sit and talk with George and you. But I am fit to talk with my uncle, because, bad as I am, he is worse."

"But if he is, David, forgive him."

"I will worry him," said David, "as long as I can. I will never spare him. I've got another—— But never mind. Oh! when you are gone, Mary, he shall have a life that he little dreams of now!"

"David! It is terrible. Can nothing move you?"

"Nothing, Mary; not even you. And mind you, don't try to put yourself between him and me, because he won't stand it. It isn't me that won't stand it, because I don't greatly care who knows; but it's him. He likes me to come; he watches for me and waits for me, though he knows that when I am gone he will turn and wriggle in his chair, and cry and curse. Yet he wants me back. Say no more about it, Mary."

It was indeed useless to try further persuasions. Mary was silent. Her cousin, worked up by his wrath, stood before her with purple cheeks and flaming eyes.

"I must go away soon," she said. "I cannot let George go out into the world without any one. And then I must leave him—alone."

"Yes; but he will have me," said David, grimly.

"Well, I have said what I came to say, David, and I have done no good. If you would only forget."

"I cannot forget. Stay, Mary; one thing I must say. Remember afterward that I said it in time. Then, perhaps, you'll think that if it hadn't been for him I might have been a different man."

"What is it, David?"

"It is this." His face softened the moment he ceased to think upon his wrongs. It was but the wreck of a face which had once been handsome and full of hope; but it was better and healthier to look upon than the face black with revenge. "Will tells me that you are going to marry George without your uncle's consent?"

"Yes."

"You know that he must then give me the whole of my aunt's money?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Mary. I am fooling him. Never mind how. But you shall not be wronged. You shall have all your fortune. Marry George without any fear. Remember—you shall not be wronged! I am as bad as you like, but I will not rob you, Mary; I will not rob you!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was heard in the office of the paper which had secured my services that there was to be held a special meeting, on an evening early in October, of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to hear a paper read by a German traveler recently arrived in Europe, after a lengthened stay in the South Sea Islands.

At the hour of eight the chairman entered with his captive traveler. The latter, certainly one of the tallest and finest men I have ever beheld, took his place in front of his maps, and began, after the usual introduction, to read his paper.

After this paper was read, the usual irrepressible persons got up and began to discuss. At this point I retired to add a few things to my article and hand it in. I then repaired to the Savage Club, which at 11 o'clock begins to be a cheerful place. Here I found, in fact, an animated circle, and among them my friend of the R. G. S., the Baron Sergius von Holstein, who had been brought by one of the members.

It is always interesting to meet with men who have been on desert islands, or lived among cannibals. It is enough for some people only to gaze upon such a man. For our part, at the Savage, we found the baron not only an interesting person, but also a singularly amusing companion, and brimful of anecdotes and stories of all kinds.

We talked till late. At about three in the morning, when we had gone half round the world with him, he told us a very singular and surprising story.

He had not been the only European on a certain island all the time, he said. For six months or so he had a companion in the shape of a poor fellow—an Englishman—who had been washed ashore upon a piece of timber. The natives were going to spear this human jetsam, when he interfered and saved him, and continued to protect him until he was able to get him off the island in a vessel which came a blackbirding. "This fellow," said the baron, "was the most intolerable creature in existence. Earlier in his existence he had committed a murder, and during the whole of his stay on the island he was suffering agonies of remorse; all day long he wept and groaned, and was afraid to leave me for fear of being speared. At night he would not sleep at a distance of more than a foot or so from me for fear. And he was always visited every night by the ghost of the respectable uncle whom he had slain."

"Did you see the ghost?"

"No, nor did I hear its voice. Yet it spent the best part of the night in abusing the poor man, and he, in answering it with prayers and protestations. As for revenge, I suppose no other murdered man ever took so much out of his murderer. Well, it was tedious. At length my Englishman declared that he desired nothing so much as to get away from the island, and give himself up to justice. If he could only make his way to Australia and then get a passage to England, he would give himself up and confess the whole truth."

"A lively companion."

"Yes. But to look at him you would think him a dull, heavy fellow, who seemed to have no spirit for such a desperate deed. Well, I got him away at length, and was left happy at last and alone. Before he went, however, I wrote down, at his request, a statement of the murder, a confession, in fact, which he and I witnessed. I warned him that I should make any use of it that I thought fit. As yet I have done nothing with it; and as I dare say he is dead by this time, I do not see why I should not tear it up. Here it is, however, written in my old note book."

(To be continued.)

This Dog Surely Reasoned.

"I see," said the St. Louis man, "that the question of whether animals think or not is now being much discussed in the papers."

"And which side do you take?" was asked.

"I know they think. When I was a boy I went after harvest apples once and the farmer's dog drove me up a tree and kept me there for five hours."

"But that doesn't prove that he had thoughts?"

"Hold on. The farmer was away from home and didn't return until sundown, and then he took me down out of the tree and gave me the walloping of my life. In the first place, the dog knew that his master was gone; in the second, he knew that he wouldn't be back until sundown; thirdly, he know that if he came back and found me I'd get a hiding; lastly, if it wasn't all reasoned out, why didn't he leave me at the end of four hours to bite a tramp who was stealing turnips farther down the road? I still have one more reason."

"And that is?"

"That three months later, when I met that dog on the steps of the meeting house of a Sunday, he bolted for home like a streak of greased lightning. Would he have done that if he hadn't thought I had a brickbat under my jacket?"

A Gay Deceiver.

"George," said the bride of a week, didn't you promise me that you would give up smoking the day I married you?"

"That's what I did," replied George.

"And now," she continued, "I find you puffing a cigar, just as though I were not in existence. What explanation have you to offer?"

"Well, I kept my promise all right," answered the husband. "I didn't smoke a single cigar on our wedding day."

Wireless Messages.

They were flat dwellers.

"Why," asked the alleged boss of the domestic ranch, "do you always sit by the window in the air shaft when sewing? You can't half see there."

"True," replied his better half, "but I can hear beautifully."

MANY NOW DESERT.

Army is Little Considered in Time of Peace by Americans.

Washington, Oct. 31.—Major General F. C. Ainsworth, the military secretary, in his annual report, devotes much attention to desertions from the army. "Those who know how the cutteen came to be abolished," he says, "are not hopeful of its restoration; there is no likelihood of any such increase in the soldiers' pay as will offset the greater inducement offered in civil pursuits; the comforts and even luxuries that are furnished to enlisted men in our service are even now criticised by some as being not only extravagant but injurious in their effect on men whose real business is to fight and march, encumbered with few comforts and no luxuries; and the discipline and instruction to which the soldier is now subjected are not likely to be relaxed in future.

"Our people have little real interest in the army in time of peace, and from the earliest day of the republic have been accustomed to look upon it as a more or less unnecessary institution. Enlistments in the army in time of peace is not uncommonly regarded as evidence of worthlessness on the part of the recruit.

"It is safe to predict that desertions from the army will continue to be excessive until there shall have been a radical change of public sentiment toward the army and until the deserter shall come to be regarded as the criminal that he is, to be ostracized and hunted down as relentlessly as any other transgressor of the laws."

BURST MAIN CAUSES DEATH.

Many Families Made Homeless and Much Property Destroyed.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—Three lives were lost, property valued at $150,000 was destroyed, scores of families were made homeless and freight traffic on the Nickel Plate railroad was delayed for several hours as the result of the breaking of a water main at Eighteenth and Clark streets today.

The fatalities resulted indirectly from the bursting of the water pipe, which flooded the immediate neighborhood for several blocks, damaging a number of business houses. Two of the persons who lost their lives were overcome by gas in the Illinois tunnel at Eighteenth street and Armour avenue, while attempting to ascertain if the flood had damaged the property of the company. The other death was the result of a shock to an invalid, who awoke and found her room flooded with water.

So great was the force of the water that all the business houses and homes on Clark street from Sixteenth to Twentieth street, and those on La Salle street were flooded. The tracks of the Lake and Michigan Southern railway, between Seventh and Eighteenth streets were undermined, and the foundation caved in. Several freight cars were overturned and their contents damaged.

BIG RANCH CUT UP.

Chehalis County Will Have Additions to Population

Aberdeen, Wash., Oct. 31.—The sale of the "Blockhouse" Smith ranch, near Oakville, in this county, for $25,000, calls attention once more to the activity in farm lands in this vicinity. It is an indication that lumber is not to be altogether the ruling passion. The sale of this ranch follows in the wake of several others which have been recorded in the past month or six weeks quite as important.

The Smith ranch comprises over 800 acres and was settled upon as far back as 1854 by the man from whom it takes its name. Smith is a quaint character and prides himself on the nickname of "Blockhouse." This cognomen was the result of his having built a blockhouse on his ranch for protection against Indians.

It is understood the ranch is to be cut up into small farms and disposed of to first comers. In connection with the sale of big ranches, it is important to note that logged-off lands are showing a steady sale in various parts of the county for colonization purposes. It is also interesting to the people of this section to know that an Eastern farmer has purchased a large tract of land near this city for the raising of Angora goats.

Great Fraud is Laid Bare.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—The report of the board of investigating engineers appointed last July by Mayor Weaver to examine the filteration system of the city and the Northeast and Southern boulevards, now under construction, which report was submitted to the mayor yesterday, was made public today. The report shows that up to date the city has lost through excessive costs, collusive bids, illegal advertising and in other ways the sum of $6,330,000. A number of city officials are held responsible.

National Production of Lead.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The Geological survey's report on the lead and zinc industries of the United States for the year 1904 shows a gross production of lead of 307,000 short tons, valued at $26,402,000. The increase in production was marked in Southern Missouri, Southeastern Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. The principal increase was in Kansas. The lead output of the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho as given as 108,854 short tons.

Japanese Leaving Manchuria.

Tokio, Oct. 31.—The evacuation of Manchuria by the Japanese is being actively carried on, and troops are arriving daily at various ports. General Kuroki is expected here by the middle of November.

DEMANDS GRANTED

Russians Free to Speak, Think, Write and Meet.

COUNT WITTE IS FIRST PREMIER

Manifesto Shows Complete Abdication of Autocratic Power—Emperor Bows to Inevitable.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 31.—"I am sure the American people, who understand what freedom is, and the American press, which voices the wishes of the people, will rejoice with the friendly Russian nation at this moment, when the Russian people have received from his imperial majesty the promises and the guarantees of freedom, and will join in the hope that the Russian people will wisely aid in the realization of those liberties by co-operating with the government for their peaceful introduction. Only thus will it be possible to secure the full benefits of the freedom conferred upon the people."

Count Witte, Russia's first premier, last night sent the above message to the American people through the Associated Press. He had just arrived at his residence on Kammeniovrov Prospect from Peterhof, where in the Alexander palace the emperor two hours before had given his final approval to a manifesto and to a program which will forever end the rule of absolutism exercised by him and his ancestors for 300 years.

A simple perusal of the manifesto shows how complete is the emperor's abdication of his autocratic power. The very style of the document is clear and direct and devoid of verbose, vague and bombastic phraseology which heretofore has characterized his majesty's manifestos. It not only betrays the real authorship, but shows that the emperor has at last irrevocably bowed to the inevitable. He does not even conceal the fact that the discontent and agitation of his subjects has driven him to take the step and practically yields everything — civil liberty, the inviolability of person and liberty of conscience, speech and assembly. He not only converts the farcical imperial duma, with only consultative power, into an absolute legislative assembly, without the assent of which no measure shall become law, and before which all governmental authorities must answer, but promises eventually universal suffrage.

HANDICAP TO OVERCOME.

Hard Fight Required to Secure Appropriation for Columbia.

Washington, Oct. 31.—In view of the attitude assumed by Secretary Taft and the fact that there will be no river and harbor bill this winter, it seems absolutely certain that no appropriation can be secured for the mouth of the Columbia river at the coming session if Oregon has but one representative in congress, and, even if the other three places should be filled by new men, the chance of securing the much needed appropriation would still be remote.

Army engineers who recognize the importance of pushing work on the Columbia river bar, and who have every confidence that the project now under way will provide a channel deep enough to meet all the immediate demands of Portland's commerce, are anxious that an appropriation shall be made this winter. They want at least $1,250,000; unless they get it, they admit that work will have to be suspended without securing a 40-foot depth, and, furthermore, discontinuance of work while the jetty remains unfinished means retrogression and waste, which will ultimately increase the cost of the project beyond the original estimate. These engineers are fully cognizant of the need of early completion of the jetty, they realize the necessity of a deep channel across the bar to accommodate rapidly growing commerce.

Express Company Robbed.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 31.—The contents of a $25,000 express package sent from Hamilton, Mont., to New York are missing, and detectives are trying to discover what became of the money. The money was shipped by Charles F. Kelley to N. W. Harris & Co. for investment. Instead of receiving the securities he had purchased, Kelley was dumbfounded to receive a letter stating that the contents of the package, upon receipt by the New York firm, consisted of newspaper clippings. The seals, however, were intact.

Rights of Bank Stockholders.

Washington, Oct. 31.—In deciding the case of J. W. Guthrie vs. H. L. Harkness, the Supreme court of the United States today held that a stockholder in a National bank is entitled to inspect the books of the bank. The case arose in connection with the Commercial National bank of Ogden, Utah of which Harkness owned one-fifth of the stock. He was denied the right of inspection. The Supreme court of the state decided in favor of his contention.

German Fleet to the Rescue.

Berlin, Oct. 31.—The German cruiser Luebeck and ten torpedo boats put to sea today from Kiel for an unknown destination, giving rise to a rumor that they are bound for St. Petersburg to bring the Russian empress and her children to be the guests of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. No official confirmation of the report is obtainable.