TOTALLY WRECKED ON NEHALEM BEACH

Emily Reed Breaks up and Goes to Pieces in the Breakers.

SEVEN LIVES LOST.

Terrible Experience at Sea by Four of the Crew--One Dies from Exposure.

The American wooden ship Emily Reed, 103 days out from Newcastle, N. S. W., with a cargo of coal for Portland, went ashore half a mile South of the Nehalem River, on the Nehalem beach, at 1:30 o'clock Friday morning. The vessel immediately broke in two and six members of the crew drowned. Captain Kessel, his wife, Second Mate Charles Thompson and three members of the crew, viz., Barney Sullivan, H. Franchez and Herman Bartell, seamen, were saved by remaining on the stern part of the vessel until daylight, when they managed to reach shore. One life boat was successfully launched, into which the mate and two seamen and the cook succeeded in getting away from the doomed ship, which was being swept by the breakers and rapidly going to pieces. The life boat, with its human freight, was carried to sea, without water and provisions, and for three days the men endured terrible sufferings from exposure and the want of water and food, but were fortunate in being picked up at Neah Bay, the cook having died previous to that time.

After getting ashore from the wreck at day break, it was a long time before the men succeeded in finding anyone, but after wandering up and down the beach, they succeeded in finding Mat Moroney's place, and from there they went to Ed. Hadley's, where they obtained food and clothing, and later in the day were taken to Bay City.

The ship has broken up and will be a total loss, as will also the cargo of 2110 tons of coal. The vessel was consigned to the Pacific Coast Company at Portland. Owing to the long passage of the ship, 25 per cent reinsurance had been offered on her.

Heavy Weather Prevailed.

During the previous days heavy weather had been prevailing off the Oregon and California coast. The chronometers of the Emily Reed were off and the master worked her too close into shore before he discovered his error. Captain Kessel was endeavoring to make Tillamook rock. He was correct in his latitide, but too far to the eastward. When he discovered his position it was too late to wear ship and she struck on Nehalem beach.

The Reed struck at 1:30 o'clock in the morning, bow on the beach. There was a heavy sea running and a strong flood tide. When she hit the beach, her back broke and the forward end took a list to port. An effort was made to launch a life-boat. It was put over the side with three men in it. As soon as it hit the water it swamped and the occupants drowned before the eyes of those left on board. Another life boat was launched from the fore part of the ship, which was taken to sea.

Strikes at High Tide.

The Captain stuck to the poop and forced his wife to remain below. The second mate and three men in his watch were stationed on the main deck. When the forward portion of the ship listed they succeeded in making their way aft. By clinging to that portion of the ship until daylight they made their way ashore. It was then dead low water. It was fortunate that the vessel struck on the top of high tide, or none of the officers or crew would have ever reached the shore to tell the tale of horror and suspense. So severe and sudden was the shock to the vessel, the bow was stove in and the ship's back was broken and her hull ripped from stem to sterm as breaker after breaker struck her, bringdown the masts, spars, sails and rigging with a crash, and the sides of the vessel breaking away, left the stern part of the deck entact, which drifted ashore a mile from where the vessel went ashore. It was the holding together of this part of the vessel which saved the lives of the captain and wife and four of the crew. The Nehalem beach is strewn with wreckage, the masts and timbers of the vessel being mashed and broken up like so much kindling and cord wood.

Tale of Hard Luck.

Captain Kessel, who was with Mr. J. O. Bozorth at Bay City, said Friday evening in speaking of the wreck:

"My chronometers went wrong and I missed my latitude. I had endeavored to make Tillamook Rock and was correct in latitude but too far to eastward, I had hard luck all the way from Newcastle and that same did not desert me When six days out from the Australian port I was spoken. That was in 72 S. 179 west. Since that time I have seen no one. For weeks I bucked head winds and heavy weather. One storm after another was encountered. This morning I was called shortly after the hour of 12 and discovered that we were too close in. I endeavored to haul out but was too close in. The heavy breakers and the flood tide carried me well up on the beach. It was exactly 1:30 when we struck. The forward part of the ship went down. The second mate, three seamen, and my wife and myself, who were aft, succeeded in staying by the ship until low tide at daylight."

Life Boat Picked Up.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Feb. 17.—First Mate Dubie, Seaman Arthur Jantuke and Seaman Eauld Abelstsdt and the dead body of the cook, of the wrecked wooden ship Emily Reed, came ashore last night near Neah Bay, on the Straits, a short distance from Tatooch lighthouse.

This unexpected survival of three of the men who have been counted among the lost since Friday morning reduces the Emily Reed death roll to eight. The cook was alive until yesterday, when he died from exposure and lack of food.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 17.—A special to the Post-Intelligencer from Neah Bay says:

At about 11 o'clock last night the crew of the little six-ton sloop Tekla, laying at anchor here, were startled by a feeble hail from a steel life boat drawing up slowly in the light breeze. In the boat were the forms of four men, three living and one dead, survivors of the American ship Emily Reed, wrecked off the mouth of the Nehalem River, on the coast of Oregon, 200 miles from Neah Bay. The men in the boat were: First Mate Fred Dubei, Seaman Ewald Abildstedt, Seaman Arthur Jahunke, Ship's cook, name unknown.

The dead man was the ship's cook. The three living survivors were in a pitiful condition. Their tongues were swollen from thirst so that at first they could scarcely articulate. All three men were in terrible condition from hunger and thirst, for they had had no food since last Thursday night nor any water since they left the wreck of the Reed at 1:30 Friday morning.

Story of First Mate.

"Almost the instant the Reed struck the beach she began to break up. In a twinkling one of the lifeboats was smashed by a big wave and the decks were so deep in the boiling water that there was no chance to get aft, where Captain Kessel and his wife, with some of the other members of the crew, were stationed. We jumped into the remaining lifeboat and cut the lashings. Before we had completed the job a big sea broke over the wreck and carried us clear of the decks.

"A strong current swept us toward the stern of the wreck, where we could see Captain Kessel and the rest of the ship's company clinging to the roof of the after house. We yelled to them to throw us a line as we went under the stern, and someone threw one, but it fell short of our boat. My arm had been broken when the wrecking galley dropped on to us and there was only one good oar, as the other had been broken and the spare oars washed away. We did our best to get back to the wreck, but the sea and the undertow carried us away.

Cook Gives up in Dispair.

"We tried to head for Tillamook Light but we had no compass to steer by. When morning broke I found we were standing far out to sea. I thought it best to keep the boat well out, hoping to fall into the path of steamships. With this hope I set the course northward along the coast.

"The second night out we saw lights, but it was too dark to venture in. There was neither food nor water and we suffered terribly from thirst during Saturday. Toward evening the cook declared he could stand it no longer and took a drink of salt water. He soon became delirous.

"At about 2 o'clock Sunday morning we saw a big steamer. She stopped near us and we all hoped we would be saved. But the vessel got under way again and left us. The cook gave up the fight then, he lay down in the water and in a few minutes he was dead.

"About 7 o'clock Sunday morning we made out Tatooch Island. We were all too tired to manage the boat very well, but along toward Sunday afternoon I got her headed back toward Neath Bay.

"Sunday seemed the worst day we were out. We kept seeing all sorts of vessels passing back and forth, but none of them would answer our hails. We were generally too far off to be made out plainly, I guess."

Terrible Experience at Sea.

SEATTLE, Feb. 17.—As if from the grasp of death three men of the ship Emily Reed, which went ashore near Nehalem, Oregon, last Friday morning pulled ashore at Neah bay this morning in the ship's small boat. The little life saving craft was the same that was supposed to have been swamped when she was swung out from the stranded vessel. The mate's name is Dubie and the other men Arthur Jamuhuke and E. Adelsteldt, In the boat was the corpse of the ship's cook, name unknown and so exhausted were the surviving members of the boat's crew that they had not strength enough to lift the body over the rail and cast it into the sea.

When the Tatoosh lighthouse was sighted the three men of the Emily Reed gathered what little strength they had left and feebly guided their boat to the harbor. Good weather prevailed or this task would have been impossible.

The lighthouse keeper at Tatoosh and H. G. Rand of the government weather bureau at Neah are caring for the sailors. They were so weak that they could scarcely talk on reaching shore and had to be carried by willing hands to the light station where they were given every attention.

The men will probably be sent to Seattle this evening by steamer, where they can receive proper medical attention.

When the back of the Reed broke, the small boat had been swung out from its resting place on the top of the forward house. Dubie and five men, including the cook felt the forward part of the ship going to pieces and crowded into the frail craft. The captain, his wife and other members of the crew who had made their way aft could not see what became of the boat, for when Dubie, the cook and two sailors out of those who succeeded in sticking to her reached it they pulled with the strength of desperation out of reach of the breakers. Darkness prevented a view of the stranded vessel.

To avoid Tillamook Head and the dangerous reefs thereabouts the boat was headed out to sea. There was no sail in the craft and only by use of the oars was she kept away from the shore, the current setting strong toward the beach. Once clear of danger the boat was headed northward and by noon found itself in the grasp of a strong northerly gale, with the wind aft and a fairly smooth sea.

A Strong Current.

From Tillamook Head to Neah bay is about 200 miles. The boat must have drifted at a fraction over two miles an hour to have reached Cape Flattery in the 78 hours she was at sea. The exhausted sailors worked at the oars in relays and the tide and wind was luckily in their favor. Saturday night a stiff breeze sprung up and it was necessary to work to point of dropping to keep the boat clear of water. Added to this was the suffering from exposure. The wind was biting and only by constantly keeping in action were the survivors able to withstand the piercing gale.

Sunday morning, according to Scube, the wind pulled up briskly from the southwest. The mate was steering and the boat drifting with the wind and tide. The survivors were huddled together to keep warm and no sound came from the cook, who lay still in the bottom of the boat with a tarpaulin thrown over him. He must have died during the night. Rain fell, drenching the men but furnished fresh water. Dubie was stiff with cold and realizing that something would have to be done to keep life in the two surviving sailors he urged them to stir about and do a little bailing; he himself painfully managed to keep in action sufficiently to stir his blood to circulation.

Flattery Sighted.

Flattery was sighted early this morning. Dubie knew that if the boat could get around Tatoosh in safety she might make the bay, as he had traveled frequently into Puget sound and knew his bearings well. The oars were again resorted to and the boat headed toward the shore. On approaching the beach the survivors were sighted by some men on the shore who lent them a willing hand to make a landing.

Headed for the Beach.

Below Tillamook a short distance the American bark Emily Reed was sighted at 2 o'clock yesterday morning by the steamer Washington, which reached Portland from San Francisco this morning. Though only about five miles off shore, she was standing in toward the breakers, making something like six knots an hour, as near as could be judged.

Her identity was not then known, but after having read an account of the wreck the officers of the Washington say they are positive in their own minds that the stranger was the Emily Reed. She was a full rigged ship, and answers her description in every way. The Washington was within a quarter of a mile of her and hugging the coast pretty well to escape as much as possible a strong northwest wind.

"I know she was not more than five miles from the shore, and she was headed straight for it," said first officer Avery. "There did not appear to be anything wrong with her, but we thought it rather strange that she was proceeding in that direction, and remarked upon it among ourselves. It was raining and the weather was thick. She had no signals flying. It is possible that she did not see us, although we were close. We were a little too far away, however, to speak her."

Robert Jones, cook on the Washington served in a similar capacity on the Emily Reed less than a year ago. His last trip on her was from Puget Sound to San Pedro.

"During that voyage," said Jones this morning, "the members of the crew were kept busy at the pumps to keep the old ship afloat. She was leaking like a seive. In the galley I was standing in water which reached to my knees during the greater part of the trip. There seemed to be something wrong with her all the time. The truth of the matter is that she was about worn out on account of her age. Whenever she reached a port she had to be repaired."

The Emily Reed was well known at Portland, where she was a frequent visitor. She was a sister ship of the Isaac Reed, which has also taken a number of cargoes from the Willamette river to California ports. The wrecked craft belonged to Hind, Rolph & Co., of San Francisco. She was 215 feet long, 40.6 feet beam and 24.1 feet, depth of hold, being of 1,406 net register tons. She was built at Waldsbory, Me., in 1880, and was one of the few old American wooden ships in service out of Pacific Coast ports.

It was November 3 that the Emily Reed cleared from Newcastle N. S. W., for Portland, with a cargo of 2100 tons of coal, consigned to the Pacific Coast Company. As the cargo belongs to the owners of the ship until delivered, it is scarcely likely that the captain will be obliged to make a business trip to Portland in connection with the matter. So far the local agent of the Pacific Coast Company has received no word from him.

The ship was about two months overdue.

In God We Trust.

[TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

What one man holds sacred, another uses for a by word, or slang.

The president's argument seems rather a poor one for taking the time honored inscription off our coin, for a dollar is a blessing to the man who trusts in God, while the one who does not, derives little or no benefit by the use of dollars.

What do we trust in God for?

When God created man he gave him two commands, one to increase and multiply and replenish the earth, and the other to have dominion.

When Christ redeemed us he brought us back where Adam was before fall. The popular effort to save people is all bosh. We are saved. What God wants is to fulfill our natural obligations.

The man who trusts in God differs from another in that his generations are perpetuated, and increased in number he virtually inhabits the earth. The other rarely ever generates beyond the third or fourth generation and he has less children each successive generation until he is wiped off the face of the earth forever.

It is a wrong idea, and one that I was brought up under, and that is we should seek dominion first, before assuming the responsibility of parentage. This argument is always advanced by those who do not trust in God. How often do we hear it said that a man ought not to bring a lot of children into this world to starve.

The man who does not trust in God always excuses himself through one pretext or another without realizing that someone is going to raise children to inhabit the earth and to take our places. We are asleep to the fact that immigrants from the slums of Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea are flocking to our shores to inhabit this the grandest and best land of the earth, besides we raise thousands of mulatoes illegitimates.

In God we trust! We have not only taken this inscription off our coin, we have taken it down from our homes. As a result the homes that a century ago had from 9 to 16 children, now are either cursed with one or two children, or else is as barren as a bachelor's den. Then, with the rudest implements and poor transportation, and everything undeveloped they had plenty, such as it was. Now with our factories, mines, commerce, agriculture in an advanced stage the home becomes a burden, it wants no matter how few children. Not only is barrenness a mark of the Godless home, but it is broken up at the slightest provocation before the courts.

Our coin and our homes do not stand alone the loss of this inscription. Our public schools have taken down the motto and become a Godless institution. The consequences are our girls evade the home life and our boys hope to make a living by their wits. No practical knowlege, purely imaginary. There is hardly a boy that has been raised in our public schools in this county that is studying or applying himself to become a mechanic, nor is there one lesson to a girl in practical home keeping publicly.

It is the work of the Independent church to pursuade men to trust in God, and to subscribe to his sovereignty, instead of trying to inculcate some religion on creed. But for the men who trusted in God we would never have had a government of our own, but remained subject to some other nation.

The government needs a church to suade men to trust in God. Just as a church needs a government to maintain order.

Abraham of old trusted in God and from one as good as dead sprang the mightiest nation even though they never entered the promised land.

Posterity is first, dominion next to the man who exemplifies this motto, "In God We Trust." J. C. GOVE.

Many Sleepless Nights, Owing to a Persistent Cough. Relief Fund at Last.

"For several winters past my wife has been troubled with a most persistent and disagreeable cough, which invariably extended over a period of several weeks and caused her many sleepless nights," writes Will J Hayner, editor of the Burley, Colo., Bulletin. "Various remedies were tried each year, with no beneficial results. In November last the cough again put in an appearance and my wife, acting on the suggestion of a friend, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The result was indeed marvelous. After three doses the cough entirely disappeared and has not manifested itself since. This remedy is for sale by all Druggists.

The Tillamook Lumbering Co. having a large amount of Fur Logs on hand, made arrangements with Frank Long to saw the same, the Company is now in a position to sell and take orders for Lumber. Leave orders at the Company's office.
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*28	*34	*24	*22	26	*30		*27	*29	*21	*23	25	
		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.		Lv. Ar.			p.m.	p.m.		
		6.00	8.00	3.10		....PORTLAND....			12.15	10.00		
		7.20	9.20	4.15		....GOBLE....			10.55	8.40		
		7.35	9.35	4.27		....RANIER....			10.40	8.25		
		8.05	10.05	4.49		....QUINCY....			10.05	7.50		
		8.13	10.15	4.54		....CLATSKANIE....			9.52	7.40		
		8.52	10.51	5.23		....CLIFTON....			9.15	7.04		
		9.40	11.45	6.02		Ar. ASTORIA Lv.			8.20	6.10		
a.m.	p.m.				a.m.		p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	
8.15	5.50	9.50	11.45	6.05	11.30	Lv. ASTORIA Ar.	4.00	8.15	8.05	5.50	11.00	
8.55	6.40	10.05	12.05	6.20	12.35	...WARRENTON...	3.35	7.55	7.45	5.35	10.40	
9.18	7.11	10.25	12.31	6.43	1.10	....GEARHART....	2.39	6.57	7.18	5.08	9.48	
9.25	7.20	10.30	12.40	6.50	1.30	..... SEASIDE	2.30	6.50	7.10	5.00	9.40	
9.30	7.25	10.35	12.45	6.55	1.35	Ar. HOLIDAY Lv.	2.25	6.45	7.05	4.55	9.35	

PT. STEVENS BRANCH.

*40	*38	*46	*36	*44	*42		*39	*41	*33	*43	*35	*37
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.		p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
10.16	8.36	6.11	7.28	3.11	12.06	Lv WarrentonAr	12.35	3.35	7.54	6.40	8.55	10.39
10.23	8.43	6.20	7.38	3.23	12.15	Ar. HammondLv	12.25	3.29	7.45	6.33	8.48	10.30
10.26	8.46	6.25	7.41	3.26	12.20	Ar Ft. StevensLv	12.21	3.26	7.42	6.30	8.46	10.27

Trains marked * run daily.

Trains Nos. 25, 27 and 29 from Clatsop Beach, and trains Nos. 28, 30 and 34 from Astoria, run via Ft. Stevens.

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