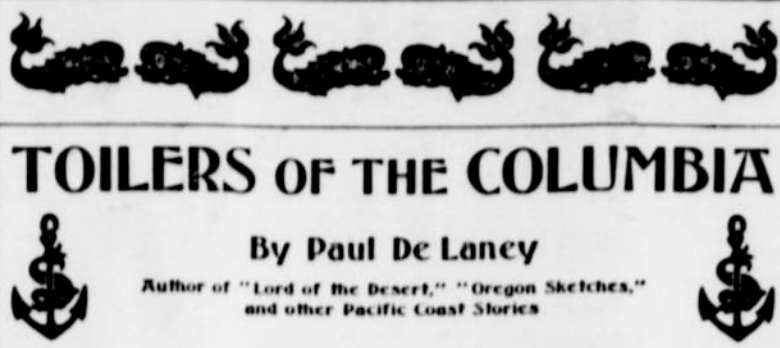


KLAMATH REPUBLICAN.

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CHAPTER I.

The Storm.

"Down she went!"
"All aboard were lost."
"She made a gallant fight."
"See! She comes to the surface again!"

The foregoing exclamations came from a group of fishermen who stood upon the shore of Baker's bay and watched a ship battling with the waves on the Columbia bar.

The rain fell in long, slanting, twisting sheets. It appeared as if the heavens were a vast water fall, and tossed by all of the gods of fury. The wind howled and moaned like a powerful monster, making the earth and everything upon it tremble while it pursued its way as steady as a tide from the deep.

Deep bended their bows to the ground and withered and quivered to the end of their timber roots. Houses rocked and swayed like a weather vane upon their foundations. The more timid of the men and the women and children, though accustomed to storms, crouched and trembled with awe, expressions upon their faces as they listened to the deafening din which was sweeping the earth.

The waters at the broad mouth of the Columbia river arose like wild steeds as they met the storm-driven waves of the Pacific and battled with them for supremacy. The combatant elements formed like a mountain range along the bar, showing, with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope view, peaks, gulches and canyons as the waters rose and clinched and then fell and divided for another attack.

Nature gave her picture additional grandeur by the coloring. The approach of night through such a storm, while there was still enough shadowed light to cast a lurid haze over the scene, the mingling of the blood-red waters of the river with the green and white of ocean streaked the whole with a hue emblematic of contest and death.

The tides from the deep seemed to be angered by the battle above their heads and rose higher and higher, with a power that made the rock-bound shores shake, to crush out the wild contest between river and waves. The spray dashed up even to the timber belt above the beach, creating a fog on the windows of the high-perched light-house that made the newly lighted lamp appear dim, and the whole mountain range along the coast to the north quivered to its foundation while staying the mighty rush of the waters from the ocean.

A group of fishermen stood at a point on the shores of the bay. They were drenched to the skin, but they did not mind this. They were more intent upon watching an object battling for its life on the bar of the river. It was these who had made the exclamations given at the introduction of this chapter.

It was the severest storm for many years. They had been partially drenched, practically thrown ashore in their crude fishing boats by the receding waters from the conflict between ocean and river. While anxious eyes watched them from the windows of the fishing village in the rear, which was wrapped in the land storm, they looked more anxiously out to sea. Having been handled so mercilessly by the waters which had spent their fury and were retreating from the battle at the bar, they trembled at the fate of an object which they discovered in the center of the raging conflict.

It tossed and leaped and rose and fell like a wounded and bewildered animal pierced by a bullet from some hunter's rifle. Now on a peak, which shot up like a rocket from the depths below; now on the brink of a deep canyon, formed in the twinkling of an eye; now on a narrow ledge pending over a deep abyss, and then in the depths of a gulch, whose watery walls were crashing down upon it—then it disappeared from view!

"Down she went!" said one fisherman.

"All aboard were lost," said another.

"She made a gallant fight," remarked a third.

"See! She comes to the surface again!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken.

The ship had instantly appeared again. But it writhed in the roaring surf like a stricken serpent. It had been a fine rigged sailing vessel, but now it was a mere hull with part of a deck and a few stumps of masts left. It had been the pride of a country and, like a brave soldier wounded and disarmed, it was fighting the enemy even in its dying gasps.

It lunged this way and that. One moment it reared on its side; another it stood on its beam; then it reared up like an animal in desperation, and with the agility of a cat regained its position on a wild wave and rode it with a gallantry that charmed the fishermen. Then lost for a moment it appeared again as if it had been discharged from one of Neptune's greatest guns stationed on a moro of the deep.

"Bravo!" shouted a fisherman.

"She deserves to live," said another.

"Not look!" shrieked a third.

The shattered vessel had crossed the bar and was heading straight for Sand Island. Caught on the receding waters she was dragged mercilessly toward her doom.

The storm grew stronger in its fury. As if angry at the prolonged life of the dismantled ship, it gathered over the spot where it was making its last feeble fight to live. The sheets of rain grew thicker, the steady wind grew stronger, the waves dashed together behind her and reared high up into the air. Then they broke apart and those receding sent the vessel on more rapidly. The spray from the ocean and the sheets of rain from the heavens formed a veil which obscured all for a brief time.

The fishermen stood like statues for a few moments. Night was closing in. But for one brief instant there was a glimmer from the departing day and the men ashore saw the stranded vessel standing with nose in the sand while the victorious waves were pounding her at a rate that must soon break her to pieces.

But to render aid to those aboard the sinking ship was impossible. No earthly craft could live in such a storm. Slowly and sadly the toilers of the Columbia wended their way to their homes in the village where they told the story of the wreck.

CHAPTER II.

Age and Infancy Drift Ashore.

With the closing in of darkness the storm abated. As if rebuked by the deep shades of night it skulked away like a subdued trespasser. Only its rumbling, disappearing footsteps could be heard in the distance.

But for the booming of old ocean's mad waves, who seemed to feel that she had conquered all within her grasp and was reaching out her arms for the sky and rocks to catch all above and about her, a stillness would have prevailed such as only exists in a calm after a great storm.

The fishermen began to emerge from their homes. The news of the terrible fate of the ship and her crew had spread about the village. While there was none of those hardy fellows who would dare the white-capped waves, yet they could not sleep while succor might be rendered in some manner. Beacon lights were kindled upon the hills along the shore and above the safe landing places so that if any craft should have survived the storm it might steer for the place where landing did not mean certain death, though the best was hazardous.

"More wood!" they shouted, as the fires began to die down and in every direction spectre-like forms were seen moving about like shadows among the big trees that lined the hills near the shore.

Others lined up near the water's edge with ropes in hand, and strained their eyes and ears for a glimpse or a sound that would direct them to a place where humanity's most charitable act could be bestowed.

But it was a night of work and vigilance without reward. No object was seen, not a sound heard save that of the receding waters as they returned to the deep from which they came.

The sun shot above the horizon the following morning with a flash. The sky was as clear as a crystal. The waters were as smooth on the bay as a lawn. Only out on the bar did an occasional whitecap show its head.

The beach was soon lined with men, women and children. The smoldering fires on the hillside sent swirling streams of white smoke straight toward the heavens. The great trees above the beach had straggled their boughs and no evidence remained of the battle with the storm save the broken limbs and the high piles of driftwood that littered the shore.

On the approach of a newcomer a first glance was cast out over the bay. It was followed by a cloud of disappointment on his or her face. Sand Island had claimed many victims and another disaster was to be added to her record.

Buried deep into her sands was the hull of another vessel. Only a few stumps of masts remained above the wreck. Strain their eyes as they would under the shadow of their lands or through their strongest glasses, not a living thing could be discovered on or about the remains of the vessel which had made such a gallant fight the previous day.

Suddenly a boat shot out from the shore to the east. An involuntary hiss escaped through the lips of the other fishermen. It was old Seadog and his boys. They had slept through the night while others kept the beacon fires burning. They were not now on a mission of charity bent. They had gone for plunder before.

But old Seadog had other motives in view. His keen eyes had pierced deeper into the storm the previous day. He had also been reading the marine news, besides letters and newspapers from a foreign land. He thought he recognized the vessel's country, by the vessel itself and had a motive for being first aboard should his surmise be true.

On they dashed, propelled by the skilled oarsmen, growing less and less until like young jackals they lifted their boat on the sands and climbed over into the hull of the stranded vessel.

The people began to break away in small groups. They were silent but old Seadog and his boys were condemned in the minds of many. Still they did not know the real motive that prompted the land pirates.

The men scattered up and down the

beach that they might find whether any evidence of the vessel or her crew had drifted ashore. This had always been their custom and small boats and dead bodies had often been found even so soon after great catastrophes.

In a few hours the searchers began to return to the village empty-handed. As they came each reported in turn that nothing had been found. It had been a severe storm, however, and everything had probably been dashed to pieces against the rocks about Cape Disappointment, and the bodies of the crew, they thought had been sent to the bottom of the sea or were washed to the remnants of the vessel where all must be dead.

The forward party which followed the beach toward the ocean, and had proceeded about a mile was startled by a noise while climbing among the driftwood in a little cove.

"A wharf rat!" exclaimed one.

"Not a wharf rat," said another, "it's the voice of a human being, as sure as you live!" shouted a third, who was nearer the sound than the others.

"On then," replied the man who had first spoken.

The members of the party all rushed to the place from which the sound emanated.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the man who had proclaimed it a human voice, when he reached the place.

"Well, I told you that it was a small human being, and it is," replied the man who had pronounced the cry as coming from a wharf rat.

"It's mate is old enough for you," remarked one of the fishermen.

"Yes, but he is of little use now, he is dead," was the reply.

"Not much, see, he opens his eyes!" shouted one of them joyfully.

A sad picture, yet one that gave pleasure to the fishermen, presented itself. A short, stout old man, with gray hair and whiskers, lay lashed to a broken spar of a ship. He was probably three score and ten. The spar lay upon his right leg and he could not move. Had this not been the case he could never have released himself from the timber, for he was numb and dazed, more dead than living and the chords had drawn deep into his body. But in the aged man's clasp, like that of the dead, he held close to his heart a crying infant.

CHAPTER III.

Old Seadog's Jealousy.

Long before the old man and the child were found, other fishermen had launched their boats and had pulled out on the bay.

Some went to the fishtraps and others made straight across to the wreck. But old Seadog had prepared to go aboard the stranded vessel and to hold it against the all comers until he should carry out his plans. Firearms had been secreted in his small boat before leaving shore and these were transferred to the wreck.

One of the boys was left on guard while the old man leading the others went on a searching tour of the ship. They soon found that the vessel possessed but little that was of value for it had discharged its cargo at San Francisco, and laid claim to the Columbia for a return consignment.

But it was not worth of the kind that the world considers valuable that old Seadog was looking for, it was that which would remove all cloud from the title to his own wealth.

It was while thus engaged in ransacking the unfortunate vessel that the advance guard of the fishermen arrived in their small boats. Old Seadog was always first appealed to by his sons before action was taken and the one on guard called to his father and informed him of the approach of their neighbors.

The old man rushed upon deck and seeing a gun, he presented it and said: "Upon your lives, come no closer, men! Stop where you are and return to your boats or I will shoot!"

"What right have you to the craft?" asked the holder of the party.

"The right of salvage men, the right of salvage! We were first to board her after she went aground," replied the old man.

"Well, we will report you to the law," shouted one of the fishermen as they left the place, some returning to the village and others pulling for their traps further up the bay.

(To be continued.)

Dug into a Wolf's Den.

An Oklahoman named Lawson had an unpleasant experience while visiting his brother-in-law, Milo Blodgett, who lives near Adobe Walls in the Texas panhandle. Lawson went wolf-hunting. Next day his horse was found saddled, but without a bridle. Blodgett summoned about thirty neighbors and began searching for Lawson, who was located after nearly a day's hunt. His feet were sticking from the top of a wolf den and about three feet of dirt rested on his body. Lawson was so fastened that he could not extricate himself.

He had dug down in the wolf den about five feet on a slant in a manner something like the entrance to a dug-out, then lay down in his trench to reach in after some coyote pups. He caught one and threw it out and it is supposed that this frightened his horse, which was tied to a bunch of bare grass near the hole. The horse, making a lunge, caused the banks to cave, the dirt falling on the prostrate body of the man, covering his body and head.

The dirt caught him with his arms stretched out in front so he could not use them to much advantage, but he managed to work his hands and shove the dirt down the hole until his head was uncovered and he could get air from the top. He lay in this position from 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon till 10 o'clock Sunday morning.—Kansas City Star.

Laplanders have been known to skate a distance of 150 miles in one day.

WEEK'S DOINGS

News Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS

General Review of Important Happenings Presented in a Brief and Condensed Form.

The Japanese have begun a general advance on Mukden.

The condition of Postmaster General Payne is very serious.

Mobile, Alabama, is having the warmest weather in its history for the time of year.

The Japanese have adopted tactics intended to prevent the return of the main Russian force to Mukden.

The Russian squadron at Port Arthur has made another attempt to escape, but was driven back. Another rally is expected.

Kuropatkin now realizes that he cannot go on to Harbin and the problem of wintering his troops is a serious one. The hope of the Russians is to defeat the Japanese at Mukden.

Souvenir Lewis and Clark dollars have been sent to President Roosevelt and member of congress who were instrumental in securing the appropriation to the Portland exposition.

A mail car from Paris to Havre, containing about 100 pouches of American mail, was broken into and 91 pouches opened and rifled of such valuables as they may have contained. There is no record of their contents or of the valuables abstracted.

W. J. Bryan is a grandfather.

Disease is claiming many Japanese soldiers.

The battleship Connecticut has been successfully launched.

The Russian cruiser Orel broke a cylinder on her trial trip and will be delayed six months.

The main Russian army has retreated from Mukden, leaving only a small force to guard the rear.

The Japanese army has captured Da Pass. Practically no resistance was offered by the Russians.

A Puget sound tug just in from Alaska, reports having sighted a Russian gunboat at Unimak pass.

A dispatch from Constantinople says that the village of Ramana, Armenia, was the scene of a massacre of Armenians by Kurds. Details are lacking.

Hope advanced two and three cents throughout the Willamette valley and at North Yakima. Independence growers have received as high as 30 cents.

Heavy rains have caused serious damage to railroads in Western Texas, New Mexico and Northern Mexico. Several washouts are reported on the Santa Fe in New Mexico and on all roads trains are delayed.

Two more of the Billings, Mont., jail breakers have been captured.

Unofficial estimates by Japanese officers place the number of their sick and wounded soldiers at 45,000.

A Massachusetts justice fined an attaché of the British embassy and later found he had exceeded his authority. He has apologized.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act to provide for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land States by act of August 4, 1892, the following persons have this day filed their claims in this office for the purchase of:

George Mechen, of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, sworn statement, No. 2886, for the purchase of the s.w. 1/4, Section 15, Township 21 S., Range 10 E., East W. M.

John B. Sinnott, of Boulder Creek, County of Santa Clara, State of California, sworn statement, No. 2887, for the purchase of the s.w. 1/4, Section 15, Township 21 S., Range 10 E., East W. M.

Mark H. Chase, of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, sworn statement, No. 2888, for the purchase of the e.w. 1/4, s.w. 1/4, s.w. 1/4, Section 9, and s.w. 1/4, Section 10, Township 21 S., Range 10 E., East W. M.

That they will offer proof to show that the land is valuable for agricultural purposes and to establish their claims to said land before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 5th day of October, 1904.

The names of witnesses: Mark H. Chase, San Jose, California; T. H. Shannon, and Wm. Carmichael, Klamath Falls, Oregon; John B. Sinnott, Boulder Creek, California; George Mechen, San Jose, California.

Any and all persons claiming adverse to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of October, 1904.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

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EDWARD C. REAM, of Klamath Falls, County of Klamath, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 2889, for the purchase of the s.w. 1/4, s.w. 1/4, s.w. 1/4, Section 9, and s.w. 1/4, Section 10, Township 21 S., Range 10 E., East W. M.

That they will offer proof to show that the land is valuable for agricultural purposes and to establish their claims to said land before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 5th day of October, 1904.

The names of witnesses: E. M. Colson, R. C. Short, Martin Robert, and T. H. Shannon, all of Klamath Falls, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adverse to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of October, 1904.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

HIS LIFE ENDS.

United States Senator Hoar Passes From Earth.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 1.—George Frisbie Hoar, senior United States senator from Massachusetts, died at his home in this city at 1:35 o'clock yesterday morning. The end followed a period of unconsciousness that had lasted since early Tuesday, and came so gently that only the attending physicians were aware of the exact moment of his ending.

The attending physicians despaired of the senator's life six weeks ago, but such was the vitality exhibited by their distinguished patient that even they were surprised, and the public was at times led to cherish faith in an ultimate recovery.

On Sunday last, however, all hope was abandoned after a last unsuccessful attempt to administer medicine and nourishment. Brief lucid intervals were followed by longer durations of unconsciousness until Tuesday morning, when the venerable statesman sank into a state of coma, from which all efforts to rouse him proved futile. During the last hours there was not a movement of the body, and only a scarcely perceptible pulse evidenced the final struggle.

He was present at the bedside when death came the senator's son, Rockwood Hoar, his daughter, Mary Hoar, and Dr. Warren R. Gilman, who for weeks has been in almost constant attendance upon the senator.

PAYNE VERY ILL.

Heart Disease Develops in Marked Form in Postmaster.

Washington, Oct. 1.—Postmaster General Henry C. Payne is seriously ill at his apartments at the Hotel Arlington here. Marked symptoms of heart trouble have developed, and his condition became so serious during the day as to cause grave concern.

Mr. Payne returned recently from a trip to the West and appeared much improved, though his health has been poor for a long time. He went to the White House to attend the meeting of the cabinet last Tuesday and that night was very restless. He was at his desk at the postoffice department during the forenoon yesterday, although feeling very badly, and did not return to the department after luncheon, remaining in his room. He became very ill last night, and has been confined to his bed ever since.

Dr. Magruder, who was his physician during his severe illness of some months ago, has been attending him, and Dr. Rixey, the surgeon general of the navy, also has been called. During the evening President and Mrs. Roosevelt called at the hotel and made inquiries regarding the postmaster general's condition. Dr. Magruder on leaving Mr. Payne's room last tonight gave out a statement which admitted the serious nature of Mr. Payne's condition, but said the patient was resting easier than.

STUDENTS GO ON STRIKE.

Chicago School Children Wrongly Believe Negrass Is to Teach.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—Fifty boy pickets stationed about the McCallister public school here prevented pupils from entering today. None of the pickets were more than 15 years old.

Outside the picket cordon, a crowd of 700 boys and girls hooted and yelled at the teachers looking from windows. Every infant striker wore a badge to show that he or she belonged to a "union." Some of the badges were merely scraps of paper with the word "union" scrawled across it. Others were union buttons which their fathers had worn. Many of the strikers carried clubs. They threatened violence against any child daring to enter the school yard.

The picketing was the result of a "strike" which was caused by a mistaken belief of the children that an assistant kindergarten teacher was colored. After a detail of six policemen had been sent to the school to preserve order, the "strike" was "settled." A committee appointed by the youthful strikers learned that the rumor of a colored teacher having been employed in 1908. It is understood that 80 per cent of the strikers went back to their classes. Truant officers began a search for the absentees.

Would Try to Reach Arctic.

Christiana, Norway, Oct. 1.—The Duke of Orleans has asked permission of the government to have the Arctic steamer Fram, in which Dr. Nansen made his voyage to the Arctic regions, for the purpose of an arctic expedition in 1908. It is understood that the admiralty will require that the Captain Otto Sverdrup, the former commander of the Fram, shall command the vessel, if the government agrees to the proposition of the duke. The plan of the expedition has been submitted for the approval of the authorities.

Russia Orders Warships.

Paris, Oct. 1.—A dispatch from Toulon states that the Russian government has just ordered from the Compagnie des Forges et Chantiers de la Mediterranee 10 torpedo boat destroyers of the latest pattern, the construction of which is to be begun at once. Four will be built in the dockyards at Havre, four in the Norman dockyards and three at Lascaye. They will take 15 months to build. Russia has also ordered four cruisers of the Bayan type.

WILLS CITY \$250,000.

Boston, Oct. 1.—Public bequests aggregating over \$1,000,000, the largest being a gift of \$250,000 to the city of New Bedford, are contained in the will of the late Mrs. Sarah Potter, of Boston, which was filed for probate this afternoon.

LOSS IS HEAVY

Flood Works Ruin in Colorado and New Mexico.

ALL RAILROAD ARE TIED UP

Thirty Blocks in Trinidad at Under Two to Four Feet of Water—Loss Will Be Very Heavy.

Trinidad, Colo., Oct. 3.—A terrific flood struck the city of Trinidad and the whole valley along the Las Animas river, today, devastating a wide section and causing a money loss which at present cannot be estimated, but which may reach several hundred thousands of dollars.

Every bridge in the city of Trinidad is out, the Santa Fe station is demolished, all of the railroad are tied up, and the telephone and telegraph services completely suspended. More than 30 city blocks in the residence and business sections were two to four feet under water along the river.

So far as known at noon no lives were lost, but there were many narrow escapes.

The flood was caused by the heavy rain which has been falling for two days. At 8 o'clock last night the storm assumed cloudburst proportions, and at 2 o'clock this morning the Las Animas river went over its banks.

At 3:30 it was impossible to get within a block of the river bed at any point, and Commercial street was flooded for three blocks in the heart of the business district. Meantime the electric light and gas plants had been flooded, and the city was in complete darkness.

Hundreds of citizens thronged the streets on the edge of the submerged district carrying lanterns and doing their best to provide those driven from their homes with shelter.

Warning of the flood was given when the river left its banks by revolver shots and the ringing of the fire alarm, followed by the blowing of all the locomotive and shop whistles in town. Citizens upon roofs made of sections of sidewalks paddled through the streets, rescuing families who were in danger.

The new Racca hotel, a two story structure just reaching completion at a cost of \$20,000 on the river bank, was destroyed. The water then ate its way through 50 feet of the ground to the Santa Fe depot, which was carried away.

The city is divided by the Las Animas river, which is spanned by six wagon bridges. All of the bridges were washed out and many residents were unable to reach their homes or to communicate with their families, the telephone system being wrecked.

TO SETTLE WATER SUIT.

Effort Is Being Made to Annex Part of Kansas to Colorado.

Pueblo, Colo., Oct. 3.—An effort at a solution of the Kansas-Colo. water suit is in progress, and if the efforts of those most interested in the case are successful a strip of the western portion of Kansas, about 150 miles wide, will be annexed to the state of Colorado, and the litigation now before the supreme court at Washington will be thrown out.

Politicians in both Kansas and Colorado are working for the passage of a bill through the legislatures of both states whereby the western portion of Kansas can be taken into Colorado. This, it is thought by those who have given the irrigation question much study, will solve the difficulty, and both states will be benefited to a great extent. L. P. Worden, of Syracuse, Kas., C. C. Kennison, of Garden City, Kas., a candidate for representative from that county are in Pueblo in the interest of the plan.

"It would settle the water question in Western Kansas forever and the suit now in the courts would be dropped as there would no longer be any reason for continuing it," said Mr. Worden today.

Both Mr. Worden and Mr. Kennison appeared before the government commission when it was in session here, and are thoroughly familiar with the situation. They say they are supported by practically every resident of Western Kansas.

Inventor Dies a Charity Patient.

New York, Oct. 3.—Once wealthy and with a host of friends among prominent and wealthy men in the country, Charles Y. Yeaton, the inventor, is dead at the home of incurables, a charity patient. Paralysis, from which he had suffered two years, caused his death. Yeaton invented a number of machines, among which was a type-setting machine, the first ever offered for sale. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with President Andrew Johnson, who offered him a diplomatic post at St. Petersburg.

Aldermen Indicted for Grafting.

Buffalo, Oct. 3.—As the result of District Attorney Coatsworth's investigation of charges of alleged "grafting" on the part of city officials, three present aldermen and four former aldermen have been indicted. They are John Thomas Harp, Henry Moest and Orrin F. Pierce, Aldermen, and Edward C. Beiser, Louis G. Roedel, Henry G. Schneider and John G. Busch, former aldermen. All the indicted men were arraigned today and pleaded not guilty.

British Steamer Stopped.

Chefoo Oct. 3.—The British steamer Yik Sang, trading in China seas, arrived today and reports she was stopped by a Japanese torpedo boat destroyer outside of the harbor of Chefoo. After her papers had been examined, the Yik Sang was allowed to proceed.

BLOCKADE TIGHTENING.

Absence of News From Port Arthur Alarms the Slavs.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 29.—The entire absence of news from Port Arthur, it is feared, indicates a closer blockade there. Hitherto, dispatches from General Stoessel have