

## NEWS IS BAD

### Officials in Washington Disturbed by Kempff's Reports.

### JAPAN WILL FURNISH ALL TROOPS

Required for the Operations Between the Coast and Peking—The Powers Accept Mikado's Offer.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Bad news this morning from Admiral Kempff, confirming the worst stories which have emanated from China relative to the conditions at Peking, and the feeling of disquiet was noticeable among the administration officials and diplomats. The German embassy showed particular anxiety for the information respecting the sad end of Baron von Ketteler.

It was said, this afternoon, at the State Department, that the only news was that there seemed to be an unanimous agreement on the part of the powers to welcome, with the utmost cordiality, Japan's offer to furnish reinforcements for the forces now operating along the Pei Ho river, in the effort to reach Peking, as Japan alone of the powers is prepared to throw into China whatever number of troops may be needed. The news to that effect has come to the State Department from all directions, and particularly from England, Russia and France.

As far as the State Department is concerned, it had practically accorded Japan a free hand in the matter of the number of troops to be employed in China, upon the voluntary and courteous statement of the purpose of the employment of these forces.

### AMERICANS WOUNDED.

Washington, July 2.—The Navy Department tonight received the following cablegram from Admiral Kempff: "The casualties to date are: Corporal James F. Lannigan, Privates J. K. Miller, W. H. Morris, E. M. Provencal, John Hunter, W. H. Nichols, Boat-swain's mate T. Thomas, Gunner's Mate B. Benson, Apprentice H. A. Broman, Landsman H. S. Eversen, seriously wounded; Cadet Taussig, swain's mate T. Thomas, Gunner's Thomas and thirty-four others slightly wounded. The ship's crews of all nations are re-embarking. The soldiers and marines remain ashore. Captain McCalla is on duty."

Captain McCalla was reported as wounded in a previous cablegram, so the latest news indicates that he was not badly hurt.

### VON KETTELER KILLED.

Washington, July 2.—The Navy Department has received the following from Admiral Kempff, without date: "Chee Foo—Secretary of the Navy, Washington: Rumor from Peking reports legations are besieged; provisions nearly exhausted; situation desperate. German minister going to Tsung Li Yamen murdered by Chinese soldiers. American, Italian, Dutch legations burned. Twenty thousand Chinese soldiers inside, 20,000 outside Peking; 2000 reported bound for Tien Tsin; still fighting at Tien Tsin. Communication with Tien Tsin by rail and river insecure."

The word "Duty" in Admiral Kempff's dispatch is taken to mean "Dutch," in reference to that legation.

### A GERMAN REPORT.

London, July 2.—The allies are not advancing for the relief of Peking. This announcement to the House of Commons by William St. John Broderick, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was received with exclamations of astonishment and dismay. Sir Thomas Ashmead Bartlett inquired for any information that had been received from the legations at Peking, or as to the composition and command of the relieving force and of the present position. Broderick read the dispatches received today, and said the total allied forces available is now about 13,000 as the troops have been rapidly advancing, adding: "We do not yet know what arrangements have been made locally regarding the command of the expedition, but it has not been thought possible to attempt a further advance. The consuls have been in communication with the viceroys in the Yang Tse region, and they are quite well aware that support will be given them by Her Majesty's Government. In preserving order. It is obviously impossible that the representatives of the powers at Peking should be consulted, as no communications are passing between them."

"The situation is desperate. Hasten." These words from a message of Von Bergen, a member of the German legation at Peking, countersigned by Sir Robert Hart, inspector general of customs, and dated nine days ago, are the theme of all private comment. They are preparing for news of a frightful tragedy. Nine days ago the defending foreigners were running low and their food was nearly exhausted, while around them was a horde of Kan-su braves and repeating rifles. Peking was in the hands of revolutionaries.

While nothing but sinister news comes from Northern China, Southern China is seemingly breaking away from the empire. All provinces south

of the Yellow river, whose viceroys and governors maintain friendly relations with the powers through the consuls, have been informally constituted into a confederacy with Nankin as the capital.

### GERMANY AROUSED.

Berlin, July 2.—From well authenticated sources a representative of the Associated Press is able to state that today, after a detailed statement by Count von Buelow, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, regarding the Chinese situation, Emperor William made up his mind to insist upon full satisfaction for the death of Baron von Ketteler, for which purpose he resolved to send altogether armed forces, approximately as large as those of the other powers who are chiefly interested in restoring order in China. A considerable portion of the German fleet will be sent also. Orders were issued tonight to prepare five new battleships for sailing.

### BAD NEWS CONFIRMED.

Tien Tsin, June 29, via Shanghai, July 3.—A courier from Sir Robert Hart, inspector general of customs at Peking, has just arrived. He left Peking Monday, June 25th, and reports the situation desperate. On June 18th he reports Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was killed. All the legations except the British, German and Italian have been destroyed. The diplomats and missionaries are in the British legation under rifle fire. Cannon command the legations, but they are not being used.

Captain McCalla, commander of the Newark, estimates that 50,000 soldiers will be required to relieve the ministers in Peking.

## THE GOLD SEEKERS

### INTERESTING LETTERS FROM FRED LOCKLEY JR. WRITTEN AT SEA.

### Experiences of Some of the Salem Treasure Hunters on Their Way to the Cape Nome Mines.

### UNIMAK PASS, Alaska, June 4.

Editor Statesman: As I write we are forging ahead steadily toward Dutch Harbor, where we expect to arrive before tomorrow morning. For the first time since leaving Astoria we saw land today. In the early morning someone announced land on the horizon; we hurried up the hatchway and saw in the dim distance, rising from the face of the waters, two snow-crowned peaks. We traveled toward them all day till the afternoon mists hid them from view. At one time five peaks were in sight. Mile after mile we gained on the land till at about 5 in the afternoon we entered the narrow channel of Unimak Pass. It is very narrow, not being more than half a mile wide, the tide rushing through strongly. On both sides the mountains came down abruptly to the water's edge. They are bare, ragged, misshapen masses, their tops and sides covered with snow. The islands and the surrounding waters seem to be the home of myriads of waterfowl. Gulls, sea parrots, sea pigeons, sea swallows and ducks are to be seen by the thousand. The ducks are so tame that they scarcely fly at the approach of the steamer, often diving when the prow of the vessel is almost upon them and coming up on one side or to the rear of the vessel.

All of the Salemites are in fine fettle now, having recovered from their sickness. We have some high rollers on board the Nome City. As I write in the dining-room of the first cabin, a game of cards is going on at the same table to my right, and at the other end of this same table a raffle for a watch is being conducted, two tables further down a game of chuck-a-luck is being carried on, while a noisy group that reminds one of a hive of bees swarming, indicate that a crap game is in progress, opposite which a poker game is being played. The banker of the crap game, a business man of Astoria, lost \$90 last night, while one inexperienced player lost a few dollars on a poker game and stayed with the game to recover his losses, till he quit a loser to the extent of \$150. He had 20 cents left with which to commence winning at Nome. The boat winks at the gambling, as it sells lots of liquor for them. It is a new experience to us to see the way the business of the boat is conducted. The stewards and crew for the most part intend to quit at Nome, so they are perfectly indifferent about losing their jobs. They are trying to make as much as possible before quitting their jobs. By paying one of the stewards or waiters, steerage passengers can smuggle themselves into the first cabin table, and by daily tips to the waiters can live on the fat of the land. I heard one waiter tell another:

"See that cheap guy with the long whiskers? He thinks we are here for our health. Give him cold grub till he comes up with a tip."

All hands seem willing to sell their stores and knock down the safe. The Nome City is a clean and safe, low boat. She carries an abundance of the best kind of supplies. They are unfortunate in their employes (or some of them) as the service is rather poor. Their agent in Portland was not well informed as to the con-

ditions, or misrepresented them—that is, concerning the second class.

Tuesday morning, June 5.—At 5:30 we cast anchor in Dutch Harbor. I have never seen a more picturesque harbor. It is ideal. It is shaped some like a mule's shoe, land-locked, mountain-begirt. The mountains slope down steeply on all sides into the harbor, protecting it fully from heavy storms. Before we came in sight of the harbor there was great anxiety among the passengers to know whether any boats would be in the harbor, or whether they had all cleared for Nome. As we rounded the point a forest of masts and smokestacks came into view. Then a cheer broke loose, for we knew we would not be the last to get in. We found the St. Paul, Luella, Kauler, San Pedro, Aberdeen, Homer, Zealandia, Charles Nelson, Rosalie, Geo. W. Elder, Ohio, Roanoke, Oregon, San Blas, Ellihu Thompson, the revenue cutter Rush and the gunboat Wheeling, besides sailing vessels, sealers and smaller craft. Several have come in today (June 6th) and the Oregon and several others cleared for the north today. Ben Taylor and myself got out our "jigging" tackle, and before I had my line to the bottom I felt a jerk and pulled up a good-sized skelpin. A moment or two later I felt a pull as though I had roped a yearling. I was fishing in about twenty fathoms of water. It seemed a long time before my 120 feet of line was pulled in. I found at the end of it a fine halibut weighing about 18 or 20 pounds. My next fish was a cod, then a sole. Ben caught soles and flounders. The Behring Sea had sixty pounds less fish when we quit.

We sent them down to the commissary department and we thought we would get some fresh fish. I guess our mouths will continue to water, as we heard that they were used at the officers mess, and we didn't get a taste. The Steamer Senator, one of the Nome fleet, while on the way to the Cape, encountered a large field of ice, and was anchored to this ice field for a day or two before putting back for this point. She came into this harbor this morning. One of our passengers brought two dorries along as freight. We anchored

up quantities of sponge, sea-urchins, pretty shells, and picked a pretty white flower that resembles a strawberry blossom; also violets and several other wild flowers. I never saw such rich soil. The hillsides and the mountains are covered with snow. Someone has set fire to the dried grass and it is burning on several of the mountains up to the snow line. Opposite to where we had our clambake was what had once been a good-sized peat, but its tip had been blown off, leaving an ugly, gaping crater. The lava has flowed in some queer forms, in one place forming an almost perfect arch of mason work, the stones seeming to be regularly laid with some lighter colored rock squeezed into the cracks, that gives it the appearance of plaster, between the rocks.

On one of the islands the postoffice is called Edakta. On the other island is called Unalaska. A native boy ferried me over to the old Russian settlement and mission. He charged 10 cents. I asked him how much he could make a month. He said, "not very much, maybe so twenty, thirty dolla month. Yesterday make forty dollars, one day—damn good, damn glad, hope lots more boats come."

Unalaska is a very interesting place to visit. One can see all complexions and countenances—Pure Russian, Aleutian, Russian and Indian mixed, etc. I visited the native houses. The Government has built them small, but neat cabins; back of these are many native families living in earth huts. In front of the entrance is the long, light and graceful skin boat, or the beautifully made frame of one. Beyond the native houses rises the Greek church. Near the church is the Russian mission school, established by Rev. J. Veniawinoff. I greatly regret not bringing my camera. The Greek church is such a picturesque structure I would like to take its picture. The former bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands is buried in the churchyard here. He was called Nestor, though his correct title was Baron Nicholas Vass. He was a lieutenant in the Imperial Russian Navy. He died in St. Michaels in 1882. We see the Nome boats and other craft plugging over "the sea's green garden bed,

which tempests till and sea winds tain and plow," and it is a very pretty sight. We expect to be delayed here a week, coaling and waiting for reports of the condition of the ice to the northward.

FRED LOCKLEY JR.

The following letter from Mr. Lockley, the first one written to the Statesman by that gentleman after he left Astoria, has been delayed somewhere, and was received in the same mail with the one published above:

On the Pacific, between Astoria and Cape Nome, June 1.—Editor, Statesman: Your readers will doubtless be more or less interested in these letters when I arrive at Cape Nome and describe the conditions there; however, a letter written aboard the Nome City may prove of interest. We arrived at Astoria at 4 a. m., Sunday morning. Many of the passengers, among them myself, spent a few hours in looking over that historic spot. I heard music as I pressed open the swinging doors of "The Richmond." A score of scantily clad women and twice that number of men were dancing and drinking. The revel had been going on all night, so that they were in all stages of intoxication. Astoria is a tough town. I am told by those who have lived there. After reading Washington Irving's "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville," I would have very much enjoyed staying over a day or two and looking up the sites of the original settlement and reviewing the historic associations of a place so intimately connected with the early history of Oregon and the Northwest coast.

At 9:30 we bade our sister ship the Geo. W. Elder, goodbye and started seaward. Dozens of little fishing boats were skurrying in before the freshening breeze. Soon we were at the seven-mile-wide mouth of the lordly Columbia, passing between Forts Canby and Stevens. The Nome City began to bow gracefully as she struck the rough water on the bar. Soon her bowing became pitching and one by one paid tribute to Neptune. One of the first to get seasick was Ben Taylor. We had eaten a fairly good breakfast, so I counselled Ben to stay with it, telling him that breakfast was a needless expense. If he had only eaten it to throw it up. His only reply was: "Oh, tell with breakfast; what do I care for the expense now." He soon had company and plenty of it. The fish must have thought we were giving them a surprise party, and bringing along our own provisions. Men lay on the deck rolling with every pitch and heave of the vessel. Few escaped it. I was among the last to succumb. I went down to the hold for a stool for Ben to sit on, and men on all sides of me were heaving and groaning, and the sights I saw and the odors I smelled were too much. My breakfast made fastest progress on the return trip than it did going down. Many of the passengers have not yet

left their bunks, and this is the sixth day out. Thos. Holman, B. C. Ward, Frank Kaiser and Ben Taylor were about the sickest. They are all on deck now arguing as to which was the sickest, each claiming the honor. Reeves, Bashor, Jesse George, myself and several other Salemites were affected very little. When they were feeling their worst I heard one man say: "And to think I mortgaged my ranch for this." Ben was saying in a woe-begone voice: "Why didn't I take Tillie's advice and stay at home. Why in thunder can't the blamed old tub sink and put us out of our misery?" Oscar very much incensed him by telling him he wasn't very sick. The second-class passengers are a rather disgruntled lot. We bought second-class tickets, and when we got on board, our checks read "steerage." We are piled in the hold like sardines. There are 204 of us, and the table only seats thirty-six. This necessitates setting six tables. The table is between the bunks, which are in pairs three decks high. With the odor of burnt grease, onions and sick men, and the indescribably "close" smell of an insufficiently aired bedroom, one's appetite has to be pretty vigorous to eat. The food is good and abundant, but poorly prepared and wretchedly served. The steerage steward is incompetent and very abusive. However, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow makes one stand considerably, even if it does turn out that the rainbow was a mirage, as it doubtless will for 90 per cent of those who go up there to mine.

There are men on board who have come thousands of miles to go on this steamer to Nome. Two came from Maine, one from Texas, and the Middle West is well represented. It is a liberal education in geography to talk to some of the passengers. They have been all over the world and can talk at first hand of many interesting lands.

There are many old Alaskans returning on this steamer. Al Bety, a Columbia river pilot, is going up to take a boat on the Yukon. Captain J. D. Tackaberry is on board with his two sons. Captain Tackaberry has been running on the Yukon and Stikkeen rivers in Alaska for the past fourteen years. In 1866 he was on the Willamette river run. The fare was \$11 from Oregon City to Salem, and \$20 from Portland to Eugene. He was captain of the Echo for three years, also of the Reliance, Fanny Patton, Oregon, etc. In 1876 he took the stern wheeler "The Beaver," built by the Willamette Lock Co., to the Stikkeen river. I learned much interesting river news of the early days of Salem's history from him.

I spend almost all of my time on deck looking out over the restless, heaving bosom of "Old Ocean." If there is anything that will give a man a sense of his own insignificance, it is to look as far as the eye can reach and see nothing but the deep blue ocean with its restless swell. If there is any poetry in a man, it tosses on the surface of his thoughts, as the foam is tossed up on the crest of the swell as it breaks into spray. Such lines as these come and go like the gleam of the sun on the face of the waters:

Cunningham's  
"A wet shore and a flowing sea,  
And hills that follow fast,  
And bends the white and rattling sail  
And bends the gallant mast."  
Or Byron's  
"Thou glorious mirror  
Where the Almighty's form  
Glosses itself in tempests."

If anyone is thinking of coming to Alaska second class, my advice is "Don't." Our boat is rather slow. She makes about ten knots an hour. Just now we have the spunker and the fore and main staysails set, which pushes us along a little faster. The Elder showed us her heels the first day out. One stowaway has turned up and was put to work in the boiler room as a stoker.

The ship's bell, as well as the dumb dinner bell of hunger, announce that it is time to close for this time.

FRED LOCKLEY JR.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by DR. S. C. STONE, Druggist.

Foreigners—How are your senators elected?  
American—None of them will tell.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### MANY VICTIMS.

New York, July 2.—Sixty-seven bodies of victims of the Hoboken fire have been recovered. Each hour that passes witnesses additional recoveries of bodies, scarred, maimed and burned beyond all semblance of humanity, and half has not yet been told, as all the bodies brought to the surface today were caught on grappling hooks.

### A BIG STORM.

Chicago, July 2.—A thunder storm, that suddenly burst upon Chicago tonight, tore down the tents at the Khorassan carnival, corner Loomis and Congress streets, caused a panic among 3000 persons and did much other damage to property. Five deaths and numerous prostrations resulting from the intense heat preceding the storm. The thermometer registered 91 at 4 o'clock.

## ARE ON TIME

### Bryan's Followers Gather for the Kansas City Convention.

### SILVER SHOUTERS ON THE GROUND

### Nebraska Delegates Demand that 16 to 1 Be Embodied in Platform—Threats of a Rebellion Heard.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 2.—The throeb and thrill of the great National assemblage is beginning to take possession of this Queen City of the Southwest. Throughout the day there has been the steady tramp, tramp of incoming thousands, by every train. Among the day's arrivals are many of the interesting figures of the party, including Oldham, of Nebraska, who will make the speech placing Bryan in nomination; Hill, of New York, Perry Belmont, of New York; Teller, of Colorado; Senator Money, of Mississippi; Senators Allen, Helfield and Harris, here to aid the cause of Towne, Arthur Sewall, the Maine ship-builder, who ran with Bryan four years ago; Senator Pettigrew, Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, with two hands and an abundance of enthusiasm.

Aside from the formal proceedings, the day has brought many developments and some surprises in the general situation. The dominating influence of Bryan over the convention has been made manifest, causing some concern and just a little rebellion in some quarters. It is not by any authoritative or formal words or actions by him that this influence is exerted, but in ways none the less effective. It's importance, however, has not been so much in disclosing how strong a hand Bryan holds on the convention's course, as in showing that there is little likelihood of a modification or dilution of the silver plank. The arrival of the Nebraska delegation, fresh from the conferences with the leader, was mainly instrumental in showing Bryan's attitude. They were hardly off the cars before they met in caucus and formally put forward a declaration of principles. This expressed an unalterable opposition to any surrender of the principle of bimetallism, and a demand for the financial plank making a specific pledge for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, independently of what any other National may do.

The resolution was accepted as little short of a notice to the other delegations as to the sentiment of the men very near to Bryan. Some of them had just left him, and Judge Tibbets, head of the delegates-at-large, dined with Bryan and Governor Hill at Lincoln last night.

"The platform must be straight-out for 16 to 1. There is no question as to that," said Judge Tibbets.

### NO TEMPORIZING.

Kansas City, Mo., July 2.—Judge A. S. Tibbets, of Lincoln, chairman of the Nebraska delegation, said that it had been accepted as positive that Bryan would not be a candidate unless the platform contained the specific declaration in favor of silver at 16 to 1. The return of Senator Hill from Lincoln without any tangible result which he was willing to disclose, made it plain that his conference with Bryan at Lincoln had come to naught, and it served also to emphasize the general feeling that Bryan would not tolerate any temporizing on the platform.

### WHO WILL WIN?

Kansas City, Mo., July 2.—The vice-presidential situation has not cleared up in the air today, and tonight apparently is in as much doubt as when the delegates to the National Democratic Convention were elected. There was a shifting of the scene today when Benjamin Shively, of Indiana, was taken out of the race by his own emphatic statement. As the contest stands, after Shively's retirement, the two leading candidates seem to be Charles A. Towne and William Sulzer, with some man from New York like Judge Van Wyck or Elliott Danforth as a possibility under certain circumstances. The fact is that the Vice-Presidential situation is interwoven with the platform. If there is a simple reaffirmation of the Chicago platform some New York man may be selected for Vice-President in the hope that he will assist in carrying that state. If there is a specific declaration for 16 to 1, then Towne may be made Bryan's running mate.

### A Thousand Tongues.

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard St., Philadelphia, Pa. when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but the way of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at DR. STONE'S Drug Stores; every bottle warranted.



STEAMER SENATOR, ANCHORED TO THE ICE.