

THAT KANSAS MURDER CASE

Trial of a Woman That Has Interested the World

Two Females Fight With Razors Till One Dies - Jessie Morrison a Hopeful Prisoner.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 11.—A special to the Star from Elorado, Kan., says:

When Jessie Morrison awoke in her cell this morning it was with a realization that her fate at the hands of the jury would soon be known. Her hope of acquittal which had begun to arise with the close of court on Friday last, had become almost an assurance. The closing arguments were not finished until 10 o'clock last night. At that time Judge Shinn sent the jury to a hotel for the night, with instructions not to begin consideration of their verdict until 8:30 o'clock this morning. At that hour the jury was led into a small room in the courthouse set aside for it and its struggles began. In the hallway outside the men could be heard talking loudly, apparently all at the same time. It is the opinion of the lawyers on both sides that no matter what the verdict may be it will not be reached for a day or two. When the jury was sent out to liberate the prisoner and her family retired to her cell.

Miss Morrison this morning received 40 letters of sympathy. A New York physician extended an invitation from himself and his wife to her to make her home with them when she should have been acquitted.

The case has been one of the most interesting in the annals of Kansas crimes. The principals were Jessie Morrison, daughter of M. H. Morrison, formerly probate judge, Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle and Olin Castle, the latter's husband. All came of prominent families, who had lived in the county for the past quarter of a century. Miss Morrison and Castle were clerks in a "racket" store, and before he married Clara Wiley, Castle paid attentions to the prisoner. It was shown in the trial that much jealousy existed between the two women, and it was fanned to a glow by Castle, who apparently gloried in their discomfiture.

Miss Wiley and Castle were married in June last. On June 23 the women fought with a razor in Mrs. Castle's house, and the latter died of her wounds 18 days later. In a deathbed statement Mrs. Castle charged Miss Morrison with entering her house on pretense of showing her a letter, of talking in a threatening manner and then slashing her with a razor, which the defense tried to show she had abstracted from a showcase in the racket store. Miss Morrison's plea was self-defense, and on the stand she declared that Mrs. Castle had called her into the house, attacked her and made it necessary for the defendant to cut her to save her own life.

Miss Morrison was last July indicted for murder in the first degree, and has since been refused bail. It took five days to secure a jury, over 400 men having been subpoenaed. Each side presented about 40 witnesses and eight lawyers were retained.

The taking of testimony consumed 11 days' time and the arguments were begun Saturday morning. The defendant fainted in her cell on Wednesday after a fit of sobbing, and cried much in the court room. It was feared that she would break down before her testimony could be heard, but on the day the prisoner took the stand she displayed remarkable nerve and coolness.

She recited the details of the terrible death struggle without hesitation, and underwent the rigid cross-examination of the state's attorneys without show of fear.

Since then she has grown brighter and stronger as her hopes of acquittal rise. Former Judge Morrison has been at his daughter's side constantly during the trial, which has daily attracted great crowds.

Sunday, attended by her relatives, Miss Morrison spent the time in her cell singing and praying, while Olin Castle joined a party of hunters. Castle was not in the court room during the closing arguments.

Jessie Morrison is 29 years old. Mrs. Castle was 28 and Castle 26.

Candidates in Jackpot.

Wanover, B. C., Dec. 12.—During a recent election in the district of the Cariboo for a seat in the Canadian House of Commons, it was a matter of great surprise when the returns were in to find that two somewhat remote places had gone solidly for

Gallagher, the government candidate. Wardner, in East Kootenay, and the 150-Mile were the two peculiar localities, and it is positively asserted that the result at the 150-Mile was brought about in this way:

The electors of that unconventional locality decided to vote as a unit for one of the three candidates—Gallagher, the Liberal nominee; McKane, the Conservative, and Foley, the labor candidate. The combined vote was a jackpot to be played for. The adherents of the three candidates selected each its own most expert poker player and the game was started with 20 chips in front of each player. The gaunter representing Gallagher was the most expert or the most lucky, and he won, so Gallagher received 45 solid votes from that polling division, every elector living up to the agreement.

At Wardner the only voters were two government appointees, the deputy returning officer and his poll clerk, and as they could not vote against Gallagher without detection, they naturally voted for the government which employed them.

"All the Jolly Fun to Ye."

There is always a mixture of the horrible and the delightful in a London crowd. The "horrible" includes the water squirts, which are known by the name of "all the jolly fun." In a previous letter I have spoken of these squirts being brought into requisition during the election by rude boys and girls who show their disapproval of certain quiet men who, on being interrogated, have declared their intention of voting in opposition to the views of the rude boys and girls. In a large crowd there are always hundreds of these squirts which are always referred to as "all the jolly fun."

"Oh, missus! All the jolly fun to ye!" cries a street boogian at a handsomely dressed woman in a carnival crowd, and into her face is squirted the water. This sort of "fun" is, of course, never resorted to by any but the lower Londoners, but lower Londoners make up a large part of a London crowd. It is useless to protest against it, and so far it has appeared useless to agitate the subject in parliament. Many times, so I am told, staid parliamentarians have given their attention to this subject and have brought up the proposition to abolish "all the jolly fun" by punishing any persons seen carrying one, but in spite of agitation against it "all the jolly fun" remains a horrible feature and fixture in a London crowd.

Another of the carnival horrors has been the "tickler," but it is an insignificant discomfort compared with "all the jolly fun." "Ticklers, ticklers, two a penny, Who'd be without a tickler when ticklers are so cheap?" This is the selling cry of the vendor of peacock feathers, otherwise "ticklers." They sell like hot cakes in the London crowd, nearly every member of which seems to become possessed of a passion to tickle his or her neighbor on the ear or in the neck with a peacock's feather. The buying and manipulation of the "tickler" are not confined to the lower Londoners. College boys out for a lack and clubmen, having disguised themselves, are especially adept at wielding the peacock feather.—London Letter.

Burning of Farms.

London, Dec. 12.—Forty one proclamations of Lord Roberts have been published. They have been mostly summarized previously in the newspapers. The last one, dated November 18, says: "As there appears to be some misunderstanding as regards the burning of farms, the commander-in-chief wishes the following to be the lines upon which general officers commanding are to act:

"No farm is to be burned, except for an act of treachery, or when our troops have been fired on from the premises, or as punishment for the breaking of the telegraph or railway, or when used as a basis of operations for raids, and then only with the direct consent of the general officer commanding. The mere fact that a burger is absent on command is on no account to be used as a reason for burning houses. All cattle, wagons and foodstuffs are to be removed from all farms. If that is impossible they are to be destroyed, whether the owner is present or not."

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel. Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

That Little Straight Jacket Jim

BY BELLE DOBNER.
Turn out of your bunk, there, partner;
Can't you see it's getting late?
And this New Year's morning
And we're going to celebrate!

The assessment work is all finished,
And the claim is ours for a year;
She's going to pan out in the spring, Bill;
She'll do it, as sure as you're here!

There ain't no town in these mountains—
If there was we'd paint her red—
But we'll cook an extra pot of beans,
And make some sour dough bread.

And there's plenty of beans and tobacco,
And bacon, and whisky for two,
So I'll just tune up the fiddle,
And leave the cooking to you.

And for fear at this jollification
The attendance is going to be slim,
We'll write out an invitation card
To that "Little Straight Jacket Jim."

He's a little high-toned for us, Bill,
Yet I couldn't blame him well enough,
And I somehow think that heart of his
Is made of the genuine stink.

For I saw the tears come into his eyes
At news of your brother Richard's death;
Then all of a sudden his lips got white,
And he went to gasping for breath.

I wonder what he's doing up here?
For this ain't no kind of a place
For a fellow of his education
And delicate, well-bred face.

I'm willing to bet some woman's hand
Mixed up this dose for Jim;
And it seems to have knocked him sideways,
But he's built all-treedy slim.

We'll just step in and surprise him
With our little dance and song,
The door wide open? Blamed if it ain't;
Why, Bill, there's something wrong.

For here on the bed beside him
Is a six-shooter full of lead;
An 's-ck-on heart failure came along
With this bullet hole in his head.

Put up the blankets gently
And close the sad eyes of blue—
Foot little chap, I am sorry
That we ever made sport of you.

Why, he's holding your brother's picture;
And it looks as natural as life;
And written upon it in pencil
"I used to be Richard's wife."

An Oriental Married.

Denver, Dec. 12.—Panay G. Vouro Vourazy, son and heir of Beo Vourazy, one of the hereditary chieftains of the Island of Crete, one of the best versed men of the day in the languages of the Orient, who has a record as a soldier under many flags and as an officer of the United States secret service, was married in Denver by Magistrate Rice to Mrs. Effie Cook, daughter of Fred Smith, and granddaughter of the late Col. McMartin of the British guards. They became engaged a week ago, having met last summer in Salt Lake. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Crete.

Youraky has held positions as instructor in classics at Harvard, University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg and at Tulane University, New Orleans. At one time he served on the detective force in San Francisco and assisted in the arrest of Theodore Durant. Later he went into the United States secret service and was engaged in breaking up gangs of counterfeiters.

Farewell to Roberts.

Cape Town, Dec. 12.—At the reception in honor of Lord Roberts yesterday when the British commander rose to respond after the presentation to him of the sword and sash, he present rose to their feet, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. The demonstration continued for some minutes. At its conclusion Lord Roberts made an eloquent address. After expressing deep thanks for the honors accorded him, he said the war in South Africa had a peculiar interest for him, inasmuch as it enabled him to bring to what he had hoped was a successful conclusion the work entrusted to him 20 years ago—that of dispelling by force of arms if necessary the aspirations of the Boers to render themselves independent of British control.

Referring to his abortive visit to the Cape in 1881, he said:

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. The guiding hand of the Omnipotent will bring good out of what to our finite understanding was the most unfortunate war of 1881, for that war could not have consolidated the whole British empire as firmly as this had done because it was fought by regulars alone; whereas the present war was fought by the militia, yeomanry and volunteers, the admirable and workmanlike colonial contingents all fighting as brothers in arms under the dear old flag of the queen.

In this respect Lord Roberts said he held the unique position of the first field marshal having the honor to command such an imperial outburst. He was convinced, he declared, that this spontaneous outburst of patriotism was not ephemeral. England had only to give the signal and her sons would again flock to her banner from the ends of the world. Never had a mother more reason to be proud of her sons than had England today; God had brought them out of what in the dark days of December had appeared to them the valley of the shadow of death; and they could not remember the days of tribulation with deep gratitude for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Lord Roberts then paid a deeply moving tribute of gratitude to all who had worked with him. He added that his interest in South Africa would not cease

on leaving its shores, but that he should watch its settlement with the utmost eagerness. Dwelling upon the necessity of co-operation between the Dutch and English, he said it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing but what stress of war had compelled to hinder the friendly fusion of the two races in the republics. They must try to forgive and forget all that tends to bitterness of feeling, leaving the idea that nothing remained to be atoned for on either side. "God has given into our hands," said the field-marshal, "a great heritage, for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be negligent of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and must remember there are other duties than national glorifications."

He declared that he could not better conclude his speech than by quoting the first verse of Kipling's recessional: "God of our fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Tragedy of Civil War.

New York, Dec. 12.—The body of Confederate Brig. Gen. Herman Bins has been found in Blackswamp, four miles from Morristown, N. J. He was known as the hermit of Wanong mountain. For 35 years Bins had lived a solitary life on the side of Successunna mountain. He had little to do with any one and his retreat was far removed from the nearest house. His cabin was found in ashes by those who went to it after the body had been identified. Bins made his appearance on the mountain in 1865. When he first came he wore a gray uniform and on it were the stars of a brigadier general. Ten years after Bins settled on the mountain his life story came out

through no fault of his. William Becker, a veteran of the Union army, who had occasion to visit Atlanta in 1875, commenced an investigation and found from the Confederate reports that Herman Bins had enlisted as a minor officer soon after Sumter was fired upon. He rose rapidly and at the close of the war had the rank of brigadier.

At the outbreak of the war Bins was a well-to-do planter in middle Georgia. While he was in the army his two children died. When Sherman marched to the sea, cutting a gap through Georgia and leaving desolation behind, Bins' home was one of the places of which nothing remained but ashes. Mrs. Bins had fled before the arrival of Sherman and joined the refugees. Exposure and hardships brought her to death.

When he returned to his plantation he found the ashes of his home, the graves of his children and near them the grave of his wife, whom faithful slaves had carried to the plantation and buried. Gen. Bins at once left and until Mr. Becker informed them his friends did not know what had become of him.

No one knows how the old man came to his death.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner, Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

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Meat, per can	.60

BUTTER

Coldbrook, 1900, 2 1/2 pound can	1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1 1/2 pound can	1.00
Pickled Roll, 1900, per roll	1.00

MILK AND CREAM

Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
St. Charles Cream, " "	1.50

Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can 50

Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for 1.00

FRUITS

Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extras, per can	.50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	.50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	.22 1/2
Macaroni, per pound	.25

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