

### A DEMOCRAT'S ADMISSIONS

#### An Oldtime Kentuckian Talks Confidentially to Eli Perkins.

#### Cleveland Started His Party Down Hill by His Hawaiian Annexation Policy.

The other day, says the Louisville Commercial, Eli Perkins was introduced to Judge Scott, an old dyed-in-wool Kentucky Democrat. The judge is well known in the Blue Grass region and the grand old Kentuckian has always been looked up to as a high priest of "befo' the wah Democracy."

Perkins was introduced by an old Democrat, and Judge Scott supposed that Eli was a Democrat, too, and he became confidential with him at once. "How are we Democrats getting along, Judge?" asked Eli, in a confidential tone.

The judge looked at Eli a moment to see if he really wanted information about the party, and slowly remarked: "Well, sir, we are getting on very well financially, but politically we are running behind. Yes, I'm afraid we are running behind."

"What causes this?" asked Eli. "Well, sir," said the judge, sadly, "I am afraid our party has not been altogether right. We have erred in some things."

"Where have we erred, judge?"

"Well, sir, I have to admit it, but our Grover Cleveland policy hurt us Kentuckians. I wouldn't say it to a black Republican, but we Democrats all admit it among ourselves. You see," said the judge, "we used to get cents for wool, and a big price for hemp and tobacco before Grover came in, but that Wilson bill hurt us. It knocked wool down to 12 cents. Free hemp put in to help the cotton fellows, rotted our hemp and it rotted in the ground. Then we lowered the tariff on tobacco and our tobacco went down on us. We didn't complain, but we Democrats did a good deal of thinking. Cattle and hogs got lower and lower, and when Grover went out we were pretty poor—yes, dog-gone hard up."

"Are they still bad—the times?" asked Eli.

"No, honestly the times are good. Wool and hemp and tobacco have doubled in price and are still going up. Cattle and hogs are high and our grass farmers are getting rich."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"Why, these good times have knocked our dear old Democratic party. Our Democratic farmers say they will never vote for free trade or low tariff again."

"Well, what can we Democrats do?" asked Eli.

"I hate to admit it," said the judge, sadly, "but if we Democrats want to win in Kentucky again we've got to keep the tariff right where it is. That old Wilson bill and Bryan's free silver will be a scarecrow to every farmer in Kentucky and Tennessee. We've tried low tariff and we know—I'm ashamed to say so, but we know it hurt us! No, sir, the people are prosperous, but our Democratic party is doing poorly. I wouldn't say it to a black Republican, but that is the way we Democrats talk among ourselves."

As the judge got off the train at Lexington he remarked: "Yes, and there was another mistake we Democrats made. Grover Cleveland wanted to sink the republic of Hawaii and put a nigger on the throne. We Democrats didn't complain, but it made us sick, for, between you and me, we Democrats ain't puttin' niggers on thrones. McKinley's white governor over a republic suits old Kentucky and the South."

#### Murderer's Confession.

Lawrence, Pa., Oct. 9.—The confession of a murderer in the west promises to clear up the mystery of a horrible murder committed in this county 27 years ago. The confession, which is that of one I. W. Keller, who was recently executed in Oklahoma, is to the effect that he had murdered seven persons, among them being a man at Maustale, this county.

The news has produced the greatest excitement in the quiet hamlet, for the avowed reason that a murder was committed there which has never been satisfactorily cleared up, and that such a man as I. W. Keller actually lived in the vicinity at the time.

The murder near Maustale was well known as "the mystery of the mine." In 1873 the body of Bernard West Dossel was discovered in an abandoned mine. The evidences of murder were plain, robbery being the object. West Dossel, who had been a lieutenant in the Prussian army, was studying for the priesthood.

#### Thought He Was a Spy.

A letter has been received from John Anderson, a well known citizen of Victoria, who is at the present time in South Africa. Mr. Anderson is residing at Mafeking, and it seems he had been in the habit of going around and chatting to the soldiers in camp. One day a sentry placed his hand upon Mr. Anderson's shoulder and told him to follow him on pain of death. He did so, and was taken to one of the officials of the camp and asked regarding his business. Not having many friends in the place he was unable to prove his identity, and was put in prison with what he describes as "60 or 70 of the

lowest and dirtiest type of Boer to be found. On the following morning, however, he was able to communicate with some people who knew him and was released.

The letter also contains the information that a very violent storm had taken place in Mafeking lately, which had done more damage to the city than the Boer shells. As an instance of the force of the storm, Mr. Anderson states that the roof of the house in which he was residing was lifted off and carried some distance.—Victoria Times.

#### A Horrible Tale.

Victoria, Oct. 15.—Two Belgian journalists, Collin and Tygat, who have reached Nagasaki from Vladivostok and points in the north, give details of the awful Russian massacres. They say that on the receipt of the news of the fighting about Pekin and Tientsin, the Chinese population of Blagovestch, who numbered at that time about 2000 souls, began to leave the place. To stop the exodus, M. Batarevitch, the Russian chief of police, proceeded to Aigun and informed the Chinese commander there that there was no need for them to leave the town. A proclamation was issued to this effect and was the means of staying the exodus, but about a thousand Chinese managed to escape into Chinese territory.

On the 14th of July the Chinese suddenly opened fire on Blagovestchensk, and this was continued intermittently for 18 days. On July 17 M. Batarevitch received a message from Gen. Gripsky, who was said to have been in the neighborhood of Aigun at the time. The message was in Russian, but the literal English translation was "Do Chinese Amur." The chief of police failing to understand the message wired for an explanation, and received as answer the curt reply, "Obey orders." The Chinese were then collected from their houses and escorted by the Cossack guards seven versts from the city.

After being robbed they were driven into the river and to expedite their drowning, the journalists who were witnesses say, many of the unfortunate victims were tied together by their queues. The same scenes were enacted the following day, and out of the large Chinese population, computed at nearly 5000, only 50 or 60 managed to elude their captors by hiding in the cellars of houses, where they remained for days without food. The victims' houses were afterwards looted by the Cossacks. Mr. Collin says that no secrecy is maintained about the horrible affair and when he left it was common talk along the Amur.

Mr. Collin also states that Blagovestchensk was not the only town in which the Chinese were made the victims of Russian brutality. All the Chinese towns along the Amur have been destroyed and the inhabitants put to the sword. Aigun, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, has been razed to the ground. The greater portion of the Chinese effected their escape before the bombardment commenced, but those who remained behind were ruthlessly slaughtered. At Mocho, a Chinese village containing 2000 persons, between Pacrovka and Blagovestchensk, no one was spared, though the Chinese guard, numbering 300 troops with two antiquated cannon, threw down their arms and asked for quarter. Mr. Collin has photographs of some of the incidents of the massacres.

#### A Jackass That Prospected.

"Mining is the most fascinating business under the sun," said Joseph H. Keep, of Spokane, Wash., at the Hotel Imperial recently. "Once the fever of it gets into a man's bones, he never lets go until advancing years, death, or, in some few cases, the actual making of a strike, puts an end to his labors as a prospector. The stories of some of the finds and the fortunes made thereby are really wonderful. For instance, take that of 'Harry' Baire and 'Dutch' Jake, who are running a variety house in Spokane today. Together they grub-staked N. S. Kellogg and 'Phil' O'Rourke to a miner's outfit, and a man named Peck staked them to a jackass. The tales differ as to how the discovery was actually made. The jackass, in any event, got lost, and one story is to the effect that when found he was pawing the earth and had uncovered the mines. The other—and more probable story is that in hunting for the jackass they came across the outcrop of these mines that are today the greatest lead mines in the world, or, rather, lead mine, since they have been consolidated. Kellogg, however, allowed the time for filing the record of the location to lapse, and then he and O'Rourke located a new, calling one the Bunker Hill and the other the O'Sullivan mine. They tried to freeze out Peck, who had grub-staked them to the jackass, and Peck brought suit, claiming that he was entitled to an interest in the mines. Peck won his suit, and the decision handed down by the court in his favor is famous throughout the west. It reads something as follows: Inasmuch as the jackass, 'Phil' O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg discovered the Bunker Hill and O'Sullivan mines, we find that the plaintiff is entitled to the proportion belonging to the jackass. The defendants compromised with Peck for \$80,000, and later sold the mines for \$700,000, and today they are worth millions."

"To his honor it is held in memory in the west that Kellogg immediately returned the jackass from further work, and he lived to a good and fat old age, grazing on the finest meadow lands of Oregon, at a monthly expense of \$20 to Kellogg."—New York Tribune.

C. H. Lindemann, the jeweler, Dominion bldg.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Kodak films at Goetzman's.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

### POLICE COURT NEWS.

In the police court yesterday afternoon Geo. Nichols, on the charge of theft from the cabin of Chas. Temple, was held over to the territorial court.

This morning G. G. McClurg was up on the charge of neglecting to clean his premises. As the property in question is rented by him to other parties, and he was not aware of the condition in which they are, he was dismissed with a warning to be more careful in future.

#### Eldorado Whist Club.

The members of the Eldorado Whist Club met Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Worden, on 26, where the usual good time was enjoyed. The first prize was won by Mrs. Del La Pole, while the consolation was awarded to Mrs. Chas. Dunn. At midnight a supper was served such, it is said, as only an Eldorado lady knows how to prepare. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Del La Pole, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Arndt, Miss Arndt, Miss Perkins, Messrs. Jack Cameron, Frank Belcher and Henry McGinly.

#### Few Are Destitute.

It is encouraging to know that, while many of the good ladies of Dawson are taking steps to provide homes and employment for unemployed and homeless women who may have come here as the result of hearing stories of high wages and plenty of work, and who have since found themselves unable to secure engagements, there are very few who have thus far applied to the Ladies' Relief Association for assistance in any way. In fact, not over two cases in which aid has been sought have come within the actual observation of the association which, by the way, has completed its organization and is now prepared to lend aid in any and all deserving cases.

#### Father Hadn't Time.

Johnny—I wanted to go fishin' today, but me father made me come to Sunday school instead.

Teacher—Ah, that's a father to be proud of. Did he explain why you shouldn't fish today?

"Yes'm; he said he hadn't time to dig bait for two."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Then She Got It.

He—What do you think is the most appropriate name for a girl?

She—That all depends upon the girl. Your name would suit me all right.—Chicago News.

#### Fear of Parental Fury.

"You remind me of an hour glass."

"Help you pass away the time?"

"No; the later it gets the less sand you seem to have."—Buffalo News.

#### Announcement of an Old Sourdough.

Chris Sonnikson, the oldest freighter on the Yukon, who has freighted two years at Fortymile and two years at Circle City, and the last four years in Dawson City, and now a partner in the firm of Sonnikson & Henry, announces to his friends and customers that he has yet one sour dough story untold, which he has actually withheld for 16 long years for fear someone would not believe it, but now that he has telephone No. 68 in his office, which enables him to ring up the police on the first sign of any serious trouble, or if he should be called down too heavy, and as his office has just been fitted up in fine shape and is cozy and warm, with seven chairs, where listeners may rest in comfort and case while listening to the wonderful tale, Chris cordially invites the public to a seat as he is liable to let loose very soon.

Sonnikson & Henry are engaged in freighting, buying and selling wood and hay; they pride themselves in being the pioneer freighters of the north, and particularly of having proven that farming is possible on the Yukon, of which their farm on Stewart river will bear witness. The firm claims to be able to haul, drag or pack anything from a nugget to a windmill, but positively limit their space of operation in the district between Whitehorse and Cape Nome. Their office is in Boyle's wharf on First avenue. Try them for luck.

### BOXING CONTEST

...AT...

#### Club Gymnasium

Friday Night, Nov. 16th

C. SINCLAIR vs.

BILLY COULTER

TEN ROUNDS, FOR A DECISION

Kid Brooks vs. Kid Lamb

8 ROUNDS, FOR A DECISION

JACK DEVINE vs. FRED THORNER

WRESTLING—FOR A SIDE BET

Also other bouts and acrobatic work.

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SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager J. H. ROGERS, Agent

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