

A DEMOCRAT'S ADMISSIONS

Oldtime Kentuckian Talks Confidentially to Eli Perkins.

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

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

The other day, says the Louisville Commercial, Eli Perkins was introduced to Judge Scott, an old dyed-in-the-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 "bello" 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 Grover Cleveland policy hurt us Kentuckians. I wouldn't say it to a black Republican, but we Democrats 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, but that Wilson bill hurt us. It knocked wool down to 12 cents. Free hemp, put in to help the cotton fellows, ruined 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?"

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

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"Why, these good times have knocked out 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?"

"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 make the republic of Hawaii and put a finger on the throne. We Democrats didn't complain, but it made us sick, too, between you and me, we Democrats puttin' niggers on thrones. McKinley's white governor over a republic built old Kentucky and the South."

Murderer's Confession.

Banville, 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 J. W. Keller, who was recently executed in Oklahoma, is to the effect that he had murdered seven persons, among them being a man at Mausdale, this county.

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

The murder near Mausdale 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 Russian 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 in Mafeking, and it seems he had been in the habit of going around and talking 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 Peking and Tientsin, the Chinese population of Blagovestchik, 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 Blagovestchik, 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 Blagovestchik 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 Blagovestchik, 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 anew, 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 retired 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.

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.

POLICE ARE UP AGAINST IT

And Demand a New Ordinance to Help Them Out.

No Arrangement Has Been Made for Sale or Disposition of Impounded Stock.

The recently passed ordinance regarding the impounding of stray animals has resulted in placing the police department in rather a peculiar position, inasmuch as it finds itself the custodian of four animals, namely, one mule and three horses, of which it has no means of disposing.

This state of affairs exists by reason of no arrangement having been effected with anyone to act as pound keeper, and the police department, not being a pound keeper has not authority to advertise the animals during the prescribed 12 days, and consequently no legal right to sell them either at public or private sale, or for dog feed as set forth in the ordinance.

The position of pound keeper has been offered to all the livery, feed and sales stables and each in turn have solemnly shaken their heads and passed it up, being afraid that they could not dispose of the stock for enough to pay the feed bill.

And so it happens that the police have a mule and three horses in the stable which have been fed for the past ten days and what to do with them they do not know. They can neither be turned out, killed or sold.

Truly the ways of the law are many and peculiar.

Who Is the Old Man?

One of the strongest traits of character of James R. Keene, the Wall street multi-millionaire operator, is his loyalty to his friends. He is said never to forget one when trouble comes. Among his early associates after he came to New York from the West is an elderly man, now broken in health and fortune. Years ago, side by side, they fought the strenuous fight. After one victory came a defeat. The other could not rally, and all that he had was lost—all except Mr. Keene's remembrance. It is said that he receives at regular intervals an income sufficient to relieve his necessities from a "forgotten investment" made with the California broker years ago. Another instance of his staunchness happened not long since. A well-known man "on the street" who had been intimately connected with Mr. Keene and his associates, lost all of his accumulations in an outside venture. He was more than 60 years old, but self-reliant and hopeful. "I think I can endure the Klondike," he said bravely to Mr. Keene. "There is no use hanging around the old scenes."

"Come in and see me tomorrow," replied the millionaire.

That evening Mr. Keene mentioned the sturdy resolve to a group of old friends, and the next day he turned over to the man who was down a sum of money sufficient to defray expenses in the Klondike for two years. "If he strikes luck," said Mr. Keene to his friends, "we'll all be glad and our money will come back. If he fails, we won't regret the money. That show of the right spirit is worth it twice over."

It is two years since then and the latest news from Alaska is that the old prospector has located claims worth something like a quarter of a million dollars and intends paying New York and his friends a visit.—The Saturday Evening Post.

Too Much "Bazoo."

Probably there is no place on earth where there is as little regard for the truth concerning bets and wagers as right in the city of Dawson, where there is an overbearing desire to have the reputation of being a highroller. No matter what takes place we at once hear that some well-known character, "Bill So and So," or "Tom Such and Such," won all the way from \$500 to \$10,000, where in reality, neither Bill nor Tom had had a cent at stake.

Only yesterday an alleged respectable paper devoted its first news column on its first page, the most prominent in it, to a pipe dream regarding a \$42,000 loss at back jack, a story which all the tin-horns in town repudiate as the effervescent only of a diseased mind—"bazoo," pure and simple.

Occasionally there are heavy losses and winnings here both in games and as the result of wagers, but nine in every ten cases reported are overdrawn. To say that "Jim" won or lost a large sum of money when everybody who knows "Jim" knows that at no time in the past six months has he had more

than the price of a meal ticket on hand at any one time, is incompatible with the deductions from good reasoning and good sense. However, some men, a Stagnant Water Willie, enjoy the reputation of being high rollers, when, in reality they are half the time guessing where their next dish of beans will come from. The average Dawson gambler's long suit is "bazoo."

Would Hang Himself.

The troubles of Mrs. Mansen, alias a dozen or more other names, nearly culminated in her death last Sunday morning in the prison where she is serving a three years' sentence for the theft of gold dust and nuggets recently from St. Mary's hospital.

Mrs. Mansen impresses those having her in charge as being what would be termed in the apt slang phraseology of the day as a "false alarm." It is known that she did time in Seattle for the theft of diamonds, and that she is a morphine fiend and being what is termed an old timer, but little weight is given to the various statements she is habitually making regarding her unfit physical condition to perform the light labor given her.

She constantly complains of headache and cries and raises a continual fuss. For these reasons but little attention was paid to her last Sunday morning when she tried, or at least attempted, to convey the impression that she had tried to commit suicide by hanging herself to her cell door with a piece of one of her blankets.

Staff Sergeant Cruel was on duty at the time, and hearing a slight rustling accompanied by a gurgling sound coming from behind the curtain of the cell, he raised it and found the prisoner hanging by the neck from a strip of blanket tied to the top of the door. He immediately cut the improvised rope and sent for the matron and Dr. Hurdman, under whose united efforts the prisoner quickly recovered from any effects she may have suffered, although the authorities are of the opinion that it was only a bluff after all.

Engineers Meeting.

A special meeting of the members of the Yukon Engineers' International Association will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m., in their new meeting place, the hall on Third avenue between First and Harper streets. As there is important business to come before the meeting it is desired that all members be present.

Prosperous Fred Giesman.

Fred Giesman, the big young man with the late Crawford peach-face, is reported to be the most prosperous as well as the most popular business man of Grand Forks, where he has conducted a meat market for the past year. Lately he has completed and occupied a new stand which is pronounced by those who have seen it to be as fine and commodious as any in the Klondike. A short time ago, Mr. Giesman killed for his winter trade too head of Missouri corn-fed cattle which meat he is now retailing to the people of the Forks at Dawson prices. Giesman's market is also headquarters for all kinds of fresh game which is brought to that town in great abundance. So great is Fred's popularity at the Forks that he is prominently spoken of as prospective mayor of the town.

"Doc" Richardson Mushing.

Dr. Richardson left yesterday afternoon for Stewart river to attend one of the C. D. Co.'s mail carriers who is dangerously ill at that point. The doctor has a swift dog team and is accompanied by Louis Cardinal, the crack dog musher of the Yukon.

New Alaska Liner.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company will have a new steamship on the Alaska run by next summer. The plans for the vessel have already been prepared and the contract is to be let at once. The new liner will be fashioned after the Queen, at present in service. She will be known as the Spokane.

The Spokane will have three decks and two tiers of staterooms. Her measurements will be 270 feet long, 40 feet beam and 19 feet 6 inches deep. She will have a cargo capacity of 1350 tons of freight and 162 saloon and 100 second-class passengers.

A unique innovation, and one that will be sure to be appreciated by Alaska tourists, will be an observation saloon. A half circle in the upper deck at the after end will be fitted entirely with heavy plate glass, so as to give an unobstructed view of the scenery. The speed of the Spokane is specified at 15 miles an hour.—Seattle Times.

Father Made'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.

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 see to have."—Buffalo News.

FIRST WINTER FATALITY.

Thomas Parker Frozen to Death on White River.

Was Preparing for Winter Work. Belonged to Prominent English Family.

The first fatality to be recorded from freezing during the present winter has just come to light. The victim of the Yukon Ice King is Thos. Parker, a native of Lancashire, England, and the scene of the accident is on White river near its junction with the Yukon.

Frank Salisbury, who accompanied the remains of the dead man down from White river to Stewart, and who subsequently came on to Dawson furnished the Nugget with the facts in the case.

"Parker," said Mr. Salisbury, "was preparing to locate for the winter at the mouth of White river, where he and his partner, a man named McPhee were constructing a cabin preparatory to putting in the winter at wood chopping."

On November 7 Parker went up to a cabin located some distance up the White river for the purpose of securing some tools to complete the construction of the cabin. On his return it appears that he fell into the river at a point several miles above the mouth.

"He succeeded in getting out, but before he could make camp he began to freeze, and finally at a point 1½ miles from the mouth became so exhausted that he could proceed no further."

"His failure to arrive at the cabin alarmed his partner at length, and the latter set out to see what had become of his missing comrade. He came upon the body at the point mentioned, frozen stiff and from all appearances it had been in that condition for some time."

"Help was immediately secured and the police were summoned. The body was taken to Stewart river, from which point the authorities in Dawson were notified by wire. It is understood that an inquest will be held shortly."

Inquiry has developed the fact that Parker came of a family of very good standing and that at one time he held the position of first officer on a Canadian liner.

From a Fish Eater.

Dawson, Y. T., Nov. 14.
Editor Daily Nugget:

In this evening's issue of the Nugget the Hon. P. C. Wade is reported to have made the rash assertion that "the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier makes no secret of the fact that the Hon. Clifford Sifton is his ablest minister."

Permit me to say to those who might be misled by this statement that Sir Wilfrid Laurier never gave expression to such sentiments. The writer would respectfully ask the learned crown prosecutor to point to a single public utterance of Sir Wilfrid's that would justify him in making this assertion.

To those who read the public press, it will be abundantly manifest that in the opinion of the Canadian manufacturers and business men, the Hon. W. S. Fielding is regarded as, not only the ablest and most successful financier, but also next to Laurier himself, the ablest man in Canadian public life.

I may here state for Mr. Wade's information, that at a campaign meeting recently held in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier publicly referred to Mr. Fielding as being "his ablest lieutenant."

In view of this fact I am strongly inclined to think that Mr. Wade, in making this assertion draws too freely on his imagination, and allows his judgment to be warped by prejudice.

Mr. Fielding is a Nova Scotian, and I am proud of the fact that I hail from the same province—a province that has furnished more brains to the Canadian parliament than all the rest of Canada combined.

Thanking you in advance for space, I beg to subscribe myself,

A GRIT FISHEATER.

Corduroy Sidewalks.

The First avenue sidewalk now resembles a corduroy road in some places, and a cobblestone street in others, owing to the fact that a portion of the snow has been trampled through the cracks while that in the center of the boards has become as solid as ice and extends in ridges the entire width of the sidewalk. If each property owner was instructed to have a spade used for a few minutes on his sidewalk, the city would, after the course of a short time, assume more the appearance of a well-kept city instead of that of a country town as it now has.