

O'BRIEN IN COURT

Today to Hear the Testimony of a Hitherto Unheard of Witness

WHOSE NAME IS WM. LEVI POWELL

But Is Not the Man Hunted for all Over the World.

THE PRISONER IS CHANGED

And No Longer Wears the Bold, Self Assertive Air He Wore When Last Seen in Court.

George O'Brien suspected of having murdered Clayton, Relfe and Olson near Minto a year ago next month, was in the police court again today to hear the testimony of Wm. Levi Powell, who, by reason of bearing the same surname, was yesterday supposed to be the witness about whom there has been so much talk. Mr. Powell testified that during last November his scow was frozen in on Lake LeBerge, and that having two teams with him, he began freighting the cargo down the river. Between the 16th and 18th of December he had visited the B. L. & K. cabin about seven miles above Minto, where it was his intention to cross the river. Here he had seen O'Brien and his companion, supposedly Powell the missing witness, or accomplice, and had been threatened by the former with a rifle if he persisted in crossing the river in the vicinity of the cabin, and had been told by him that he had no business there and to keep away.

Notwithstanding this, the witness, accompanied by a man named Federley, visited the place the next day, when they crossed the river and saw the missing Powell, who is described as being a larger and heavier man than O'Brien, full faced and smoother shaven. They had been told that he, Powell, was suffering from a fall on the ice, and that they were waiting there till he should be sufficiently recovered to proceed with the journey.

After this one of the men was seen from the opposite side of the river, standing on the ice for as long a period as two or three hours, and the other making trips of from 15 to 20 minutes duration from the cabin into the woods. Mr. Powell identified both the prisoner and his dog Bruce.

Prisoner George O'Brien appears somewhat changed since he was last seen in the court room, which was during the month of August last. He seems to have grown paler and thinner. His hair has been allowed to grow rather long and curls up slightly at the ends, his face has lost something of its color, and the canvas coat which he wears, even though it is gathered in a huge tuck at the back, still hangs loosely upon him and his white nervous hands barely reach through the sleeves. But beyond all this there is still a greater change in him which is more noticeable, yet harder to describe. This change is of the eyes, and the general bearing of the man. Last summer his bearing was marked by its easy indifference, even assurance, and the boldness of his eyes as they took in the people and surroundings during his hearing. These things are all gone from him now, his eyes, if not downcast do not seek the faces of men, and his form seems to have shrunk into itself, and the general air is one lacking of assertion.

During the time he was in court today, O'Brien busied himself wholly by writing rapidly in a note book, or holding whispered councils with Attorney Robertson, his counsel.

The case was remanded till December 5th next.

A City Without Soap.
Kate V. Johnson, of Madison, Ind., who has lived in Japan for 13 years, talks in an interesting way of the little people of that country, who live without chairs, bedsteads, knives, forks, spoons, or soap; of the women who paint their teeth black and shave their eyebrows to indicate loyalty to their

husbands; of the carpenters who make long beautiful shavings by drawing their planes towards them and who place the back door at the front of the house; and of their books in which the preface is placed at the end of the book and foot notes at the head of the page.

Miss Johnson first went to Akita, a city of 60,000 persons, and found it a city without soap. Naoye Saito, a young Japanese girl who came to live in her house, had never had a soap bath in her life. She kicked and screamed when her first bath was given her and said they were trying to kill her. A cake of Ivory soap was sent to Naoye Saito's father with instructions to use it on his person. He came back the next day and asked for another cake, saying he had used it all up.

Before Miss Johnson left Japan last summer she took Naoye Saito, who had been with her for 10 years, back to her native province and left her to earn her own living. While still in Tokio, a few days before sailing for America, Miss Johnson received a letter from Naoye in which she said: "I forgot one thing very necessary to our comfort in this place. Will you please go to the grocery store and buy me a dozen cakes of Ivory soap and send it to me at once?" She sent a money order to pay for it, and the soap was sent.—Ex.

APHORISMS.

Joy is the best of wine.—George Elliot.
They always talk who never think.—Prior.

The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.—Gay.
'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do.—Brown-ling.

Loveliness needs not the aid of foreign ornament, but is when unadorned adorned the most.—Thomson.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.—Charron.

A God speaks softly in our breast, softly yet distinctly shows us what to hold by and what to shun.—Goethe.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Virgil.

He who seldom speaks and with one calm, well timed word can strike dumb the loquacious is a genius and a hero.—Lavater.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.—Ellhu Burrill.

When the ancients said a work well begun was half done, they meant to impress the importance of always endeavoring to make a good beginning.—Polybius.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

No royal house in Europe except those of Germany and Italy originated in the country that it rules.

The intense dryness of the South African air is very destructive of leather. Hence the soldiers' boots soon wear out.

The capital stock of the Bank of France amounts to \$36,500,000, of the Bank of England \$72,765,000, of the Imperial Bank of Russia \$26,545,000.

A Benedictine priest at Maria Stein, Switzerland, was recently elected a deputy to the grand council of the canton of Solcure. It is the first time a monk became a member of that assembly.

Mexico in the last nine years has doubled its revenues, doubled its exports, doubled the number of its factories and multiplied by three its banking capital, and the continuance of this great prosperity is now as pronounced as ever during the decade.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Alex Siresman appeared on the complaint of a policeman charged with violating a health regulation, and was accompanied by a fellow countryman, who began making an objection but brought his address to so sudden a close that he did not cite any authorities, legal or otherwise. The cause of the sudden stop in what promised to be quite a flight of eloquence, was the stern command of the magistrate to sit down. He sat. Then the officer told his story and his honor looked over the code and said "Five dollars and costs." The fellow countryman, who appeared to represent the financial end of things produced \$5, but when told that the costs and fine amounted to \$10, he was unable to produce the other \$5. He gave audible evidence that he was desirous of negotiating a loan, but every one present seemed troubled with deafness or the marble heart, and while Alex was taken back to the guard room to await the arrival of financial assistance, his companion told the spectators that he was the unfortunate man's employer, and that Alex had worked for him till "he got nary sixteen hundred dollar coming."

Jacques Hess appeared in the police court this morning and laid complaint against one Joseph Houston for assault. According to Hess' story he had been compelled to garnishee the wages of the warlike Houston, who had thereupon sent him a decoy message concerning some Cleak creek property and when he had gone in response to the Hotel McDonald, the belligerent one had thereupon ambushed him and slugged him in the eye.

Harry Wilson

Last night a number of men were met who were well acquainted with Harry R. Wilson, the man whom the telegraphic reports say committed suicide at South Omaha on the 16th instant. George Butler was quite well acquainted with Wilson, having known him at Juneau, Wilson having lived there where, for a long time, he was employed in the Treadwell mines on Douglass island. Wilson came to the Yukon in '95 going on to Fortymile where he mined with varied success until the discovery of gold in the Klondike, when he came here, securing claim No. 14 below on Bear creek. From this claim he took out a large amount of money; later he sold his claim on Bear creek and bought an interest on Gold Hill which also proved very valuable, turning out a large amount of gold. It is said that at one time during the past season Wilson took out \$9000 in a period of 18 days. Although it is not known for a certainty, Butler and others who knew Wilson are of the opinion that he sold his holdings in this country before leaving for the outside in September.

The suicide is not the Wilson who married Sadie O'Hara; that being Frank Wilson who left here for Nome last spring. It was not learned whether or not the man who killed himself is the same as was infatuated with "Babe" Wallace and who is said to have been heart-broken at her not reciprocating his ardent affections. The dead man was about 36 or 38 years of age.

Morning Fire Alarm.

The fire bell rang this morning for a fire in the two-story frame building owned by Edward Vashon at the corner of Fourth avenue and First street south. The fire department responded but before its arrival the blaze had been extinguished with but slight damage.

This time the fire was not due to the chronic cause of a defective flue, but to the carelessness of some one who went out and left a candle burning near a bed. The bedding took fire and from it the wall paper.

STAGE GLINTS.

"Unleavened Bread" is to be dramatized. Sol Smith Russell's next season will only last 20 weeks.

In St. Petersburg many of the theaters do not open before midnight.

Frederick Ward will add a production of "Hamlet" to his repertory next season.

"By Order of the Company" is to be the English title of the play made from "To Have and to Hold."

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has failed at Wyndham's theater, London, in spite of all the efforts to create a boom for it.

Ada Rehan will begin her next American tour in Cleveland early in November. Two new modern plays will be added to her repertory.

A Providence theater advertises, "Toed lemonade given to the lady patrons and cigarettes to the gentlemen free of charge at every performance."

Mrs. Leslie Carter is not only contemplating the performance of Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," but she is to have a new play by the authors of "Zaza" and another by Sardou.

Miss Phoebe Davies, the actress who has played the leading role in "Way Down East" more than 1,025 times without missing a performance, has become one of the wealthy women of the stage.

E. S. Willard will open his next American tour in Boston in November. Mr. Willard's repertory will comprise "The Middleman," "The Rogues' Comedy," "David Garrick," "Tom Pinch," "The Professor's Love Story" and two new plays.

Taxation Without Representation.

The United States government does not, never has and never will live up to the full and complete sense of the phrases "no taxation without representation" and "no government without the consent of the governed." To live up to those phrases fully and literally would mean an entire revolution of government policies and would undoubtedly result in serious trouble. We have thousands of women property owners who are taxed without representation, who are governed without their consent, unless such consent be obtained by their liege lord before he proceeds to the making of the laws. Their only recourse is to petition and still they are not tyrannized over; and the laws are uniformly favorable to them. In fact it is doubted if they could be more favorably governed had they the right of franchise. They have always been

treated as the best friend of man and the laws have always been in their favor, but with the rights of franchise they would be on a more equal footing and would be compelled to enter the turmoil of politics and fight for whatever reform they desired. Then there are the Indians who have always been the virtual subjects of this government and "governed without their consent." A criminal who serves a term in the penitentiary is disfranchised and henceforth governed without his consent and taxed without representation, if he has anything to tax. And negroes in the south are governed without their consent and taxed without representation, and southern Democrats believe it is just and right that they should be.

If the Democrats were at all consistent they would take up the fight for these disfranchised classes at home instead of expending their energies in favor of distinct people who have not yet arrived at a state when it is known whether or not they will be governed without their consent and taxed without representation. It is not improbable that anyone of these classes, especially the first mentioned, are more fit for enfranchisement and more entitled to the full rights of citizenship than the classes for which they are making their great fight. Why don't they become consistent?—Ex.

Then He Felt Better.

In a certain skirmish a Colonel (general he came to call himself) got a slight scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lazier with every year, that the memory of his bravery might ever be near him.

One day late in his life as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past a young man, visiting the family for the first time, approached and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, general?"
"Yes, sir," after a pause and with inexpressible solemnity, "I am lame."

"Been riding, sir?"
"No!" with rebuked sternness. "I have not been riding."

"Ah, slipped on the ice, general?"
"No, sir!" with actual ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir?"

With painful slowness the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

"Go read the history of your country, you puppy!"—New York Press.

How Frozen Meat Deteriorates.
Meats frozen and kept in cold storage for long periods do not undergo organic changes in the ordinary sense—that is, they do not putrefy, soften or smell bad—but they certainly do deteriorate in some intangible way. After a certain time frozen meat loses some life principle essential to its nourishing quality. Such meat lacks flavor; it is not well digested or assimilated. Its savorful condition cannot be remedied or successfully disguised by the use of sauces and condiments.

Those who eat cold storage food for any length of time develop diarrheal disorders, lose in weight and would eventually starve to death unless a change of diet was made. The same reasoning applies to tinned fruits and vegetables. They should not be used after a certain period has elapsed. Especially should people be warned against using stale eggs and old milk and cream. Milk and cream are kept for days, rancid butter is washed and treated chemically, but all food, and especially cold storage food, is damaged by long keeping, and will not nourish the body properly. There is the greatest abundance of food, but it does not satisfy.—Sanitary Record.

Memory, Not Mystery.

"Memory can play the strangest of tricks," says a specialist, "and it is responsible for not a few superstitious fears in sensitive people.

"A lady once told me that she found herself at times in places where her surroundings seemed to have been known to her before, though she knew that she had never been there previously.

"Probably you will recognize this experience, which is common enough. How many people, when reading or listening to a conversation, become vaguely conscious that they have read the passage or heard the identical words in 'the dim, long past'?"

"It is not a haunting mystery, but just a way that memory has. Innumerable impressions of the most trivial things are stored in the brain and will come out when called upon. In the lady's case she had probably seen a picture of the scene at some time, and a view of the actual place produced memory's feeble effort to recall it."

Sit Down and Wait.

There is a notice on the door of a Second avenue cobbler's shop that is not encouraging to the man whose shoes need repairing. The notice reads: "Gone out! Will be back about March 1st."

Slorah Is Sick

James Slorah, condemned to hang next March for the murder of Pearl Mitchell, is still the subject of much talk about town, and last evening a rumor was abroad to the effect that he had neither eaten or drunk during the past four days, and as this fasting was due to his own volition, it was said he was trying to put an end to his life by means of starvation, and that he was in a fair way to accomplish his design.

A call upon Inspector Rutledge, commanding in the absence of Capt. Starries, at the barracks this morning, however, revealed the fact that this rumor was of the order which passes the understanding and can in no wise be accounted for.

Slorah is not eating heartily, nor has he since the trial, but he does eat and drink a little, and that he is not more voracious is thought by the doctor to be due to his change of living and the worry and nervous strain consequent upon his position during and since the close of the trial.

Free Library Entertainment.

The regular semi-monthly free library entertainment was no exception to the rule, but was fully up to the high standard which has made them the most popular occurrences of all the events in Dawson social life. The hall was packed to the doors and even standing room was at a premium, for those who are familiar with the class of entertainment given well know that the best talent in the city is found among the non-professionals and that it is always secured by the management of the free library entertainment. Commissioner Ogilvie presided as master of ceremonies in his usually happy and informal manner. The following program was presented, the majority of the participants being forced to respond to from one to three encores:

Piano forte solo, Mr. G. Griffith; song, "True Till Death," Mr. F. W. Clayton; recitation, (a) "Fuzzy Wuzzy," (b) "L'Envoi," Mrs. George Craig; song, "The Letter Edged in Black," Mrs. A. D. Williams; song, "The King is Coming," Mr. George Craig; recitation, selected, Mrs. J. W. Moore; story, selected, by the chairman; song, "The Blue and the Gray," Emile Craig; duet, selected, the Misses Larson; graphophone selection; song, "Hush Me, O Sorrow," Herbert E. W. Robertson; "God Save the Queen."

Voluntary contributions were accepted at the door as the audience filed out and a large amount was contributed, as those present were apparently imbued with the feeling that they had been highly entertained and the opportunity for contributing to the worthy cause was, therefore, appreciated.

A. C. Co. vs. Civil Service.

Tonight at 8 o'clock the third in the series of match hockey games will be played at the rink on Fourth avenue. The A. C. Co. and the Civil Service teams will meet and a good game is anticipated. Owing to the mildness of the weather it is expected that a good crowd will be in attendance.

The financial difficulties in which the rink management has been involved will result, it is understood, in the hockey league taking over the rink management. A proposition has been made to the creditors of the rink, with that end in view, and a decision will probably be reached today. In any event the match will be pulled off this evening and it promises to be an exciting contest.

Riley's Luck.

"That's the way Riley would play it," has come to be a common saying about the faro tables during the last few days, whenever any one wins a bet, and the reason for this is due to what is perhaps one of the most phenomenal three days' gambling record extant.

Last Friday evening Dave Allen, familiarly known as Riley, began with a \$2.50 bet at a black jack table. The sum in a few hours had increased to \$50 and Riley quit the black-jack table to try conclusions with a faro layout. His winnings that night ran into the thousands, and when he had finished Saturday night he was \$12,000 ahead of the games about town, as his luck was not confined to one table, but seemed to follow him all over town. From house to house went Riley, and everywhere he reaped a harvest of bills. Last night he was out again and is credited with having won \$2000 more, making a total of \$14,000 in three nights' play, starting with a capital of \$2.50.

This fortunate person pursuer of the goddess commonly fickle, intends leaving tomorrow, for San Francisco, home.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN

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