

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

"The only wealth in a cold, dead hand is that it has given away."

As soon as they began to talk of war in the East the Missouri mule gets into the game.

We would save lots of time if we would work in our repentance while we are deciding to backslide.

When labor troubles threaten and strikes are coming thick, call Dr. Arbitration and let him heal the sick.

The Spanish war crop of pension applications now foots up 34,210. There are still many years for it to grow.

Among other unnecessary things folks do, they always tell a man he is growing bald, when he knew it long before they noticed it.

Hardly had Richard Harding Davis disappeared in the fastness of the Balkans before Breathitt County, Kentucky, exploded.

A boy showed a companion how desperados shoot from the hip pocket. Preparations for the companion's funeral are under way.

It is estimated by experts that John W. Gates is worth only \$25,000,000. This will come as a complete surprise to the public. It was generally supposed that Gates was rich.

The Old Order of German Baptists has placed a ban on the telephone because it gives offense. Some member of the order must have overheard a busy man trying to get central.

Kentucky is priding itself on the death of a centenarian in his bed. We hazard nothing in saying that he did not live in either Clay or Breathitt County, where 40 is considered a green old age.

Andy Carnegie has denied that he is a member of the "smart set." Well, we don't know. Andy was smart enough to get \$500,000,000 worth of gold-plated steel bonds. That wasn't so slow.

A German professor has discovered an infallible cure for insomnia. It is to be hoped that the cure will make it unnecessary in the future for certain people to go to church for the purpose of getting a little sleep.

Ordinary get-rich-quick swindling is under the ban of the law, but the swindler who capitalizes wind and water as an "industrial" stock is regarded as an astute financier. Why make fish of one and flesh of the other?

One of the United States weather observers puts forth the theory that the weather of late has been causing many suicides, murders and other crimes. Why can't some accommodating judge be induced to issue an injunction against the climate?

There was a slight misunderstanding between Baptists and Methodists of a small Western town, and some one dynamited the Baptist church by moonlight. That will doubtless heal all discords and bring the brethren into loving unity again.

Gov. Bailey of Kansas wound up by marrying a widow who was one of the sweethearts of his boyhood. This shows once more how important it is when the girls throw us over to go ahead and become great. It is generally safe to conclude that a good many of them will be widows by the time we become Governors.

Judge McMillinney, of the St. Louis County Circuit Court, holds that "the husband is the head of the family" and that it is the wife's duty to live where he wants to live and to do as he wants her to do. The St. Louis Post Dispatch after reading this decision rules that the judge is an idealist. Yes, and a bachelor, we should say.

The Society for the Culture of Musical Therapeutics in New York is investigating the influence of music in various diseases. One enthusiastic member believes that the time will come when musical instead of medical prescriptions will be given—"The Old Daken Bucket" perhaps for delirium tremens patients, and "Jingle Bells" for sunstroke.

No man of fine taste can doubt that English letters are just now in a bad way, despite individual writers who maintain the high tradition. The small out cultivated circle of readers which made the audience of former writers is ceasing to exist. It was part of a nobleman's character to have a taste for and patronage of letters in the days of our ancestors; now the aristocracy is the last quarter to which one looks for literary cultivation.

Measured by the span of human lives, the world is not so very old. The widow of the man who wrote "America" in 1832 died recently and a woman whose father fought in the War of the Revolution died only a few weeks earlier. It would take only twenty-five lives to reach back to the great Caesar's time if each lasted say ninety years. Each person in that line could have seen his predecessor and his suc-

cessor. Thoreau found a man on Cape Cod in 1849 who heard the guns fired at the Battle of Bunker Hill and saw Washington in Boston.

The main object of small talk is to avoid those distressing pauses which occur when the attention of the life of the party is momentarily distracted from himself or herself, as the case may be. It is not designed to convey any meaning or really to entertain anybody, for if it did either of these things it would naturally degenerate into mere gossip and there is no telling what skeletons might be discovered when the closet doors yielded to the knocking. Even the most profound among us would shrink from having anything of this kind happen—for it might be our closet—so in our philosophy we bow to this accomplishment as a more or less necessary evil, while we sit by in the dignity of silence, which is variously interpreted as stupidity or wisdom, till it is time to go home, meantime ardently wishing that we had not come.

Women do not laugh so much as men. They are believed to be less richly endowed than men with a sense of humor, but true or not, that is not a full explanation. Many humorous, even witty, women hardly get beyond a smile. The giggle and the titter are not laughter at all, merely a kind of make-believe, suggestive of sawdust and shavings. It will be a pity if civilization banishes from the gentle sex that wholesome laugh which still doeth good like a medicine. More than one domestic crisis might be alleviated or averted by laughter. The housemother, who dropped a dish of potatoes on their way to the kettle, so that they landed in a deep pan of dough rising beside the stove, and who then sat down and laughed till she cried at the funny, helpless air of the half-buried potatoes, had a potent charm against discouragement. To laugh at the blunder of the green maid who, being told to turn the mattress every day, made the bed first and turned the mattress afterward, is to forget the annoyance of the moment in the sense of its absurdity. Laughter is a kind of magician, or, better still, a fairy. In fact, Mr. Barrie has a novel scientific explanation of the origin of fairies in his "The Little White Bird." He says: "When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies." Everybody knows that the fairies are the best "mothers' helpers" and houseworkers in the world, and that no well-regulated family can afford to be without them. Perhaps they were born of the laughter of grown-up folk as well as of that of babies. In that case, the scarcity of fairies nowadays may be traced to the infrequency of the laugh of the overserious woman.

It is a wonder which has become a commonplace that each of the millions of men and women in the world has an appearance so different from all the others as to be easily recognizable among the throng. The rare exception to the rule, as in the case of those twin brothers one of whom died recently in Boston, is regarded as little short of miraculous, although in reality the miracle is in the usual likeness, instead of in the occasional likeness. To be sure, all Chinese look alike to Americans, but it is equally true that all Americans look alike to Chinese. The fact doubtless is that the distinguishing variations are not the same for the two races. We look at two Asiatic faces, and seeing them alike where Caucasian faces are different, do not notice the unlikeness in other and unexpected details. The prevalent idea that various nations have a type of face is open to discussion. We speak of a typical Irish or Italian face, as if it would be recognizable under any circumstances. But do not dress, the fashion of wearing hair and beard, the attitudes due to occupation and the complexion due to climate play a very large part in the composite picture which we call a "type." Certain it is that although there may be a characteristic American voice or figure, there is no distinctive American face. This may be accounted for by our miscellaneous forbears, but it is quite likely to be explained by our widely varied lives and occupations, even among those belonging to the same social plane. The recognizable handwriting of each man and woman is another curious and wonderful fact. The forger becomes clever, not by accident, but by long and severe training; and even he is soon discovered. The subtle expression of personality which is the work of the brain dictating to the sensitive hand is as varied as the microscope shows hand and brain to be. In short, the amazing variations in personality go far to make credible the Christian faith that by an intelligence capacious enough to contain them all, the human units may be distinguished as easily as we, with our limited powers, may distinguish our friends.

**It's Natural Gait.**  
"Waiter!" called the impatient guest. "Yes, sir," said the obsequious servant.  
"Seems to me that soup I ordered is a mighty long time getting to me."  
"Yes, sir," said the waiter with much respect; "but (deferentially) you will pardon me, I trust, if I remind you that you ordered turtle soup."—Judge

**Equal Honors.**  
Fannie—My big sister is coming out this evening.  
Kate—Dat's not'ing. Me big brudder is comin' out to-night, too. He was up for six months.—New York Times.

As soon as an old man gets his rheumatism right, his stomach begins to act up.

## SHOT ON DOOR STEP

### Assassin Claims His Victim At Niobrara, Neb.

## BULLET ENTERS HEART

### Murderer Escapes, But A Suspect Arrested

## FIRED THREE SHOTS

### CRIME SUPPOSED TO BE DUE TO DOMESTIC TROUBLE AND DIVORCE—FATHER AND MOTHER ACCUSED OF KILLING BABY.

Niobrara, Neb., July 29.—William Merritt was shot and killed about 10 o'clock Monday night. He was sitting alone near the door step in his yard when a man approached, to whom he said, "Is that you?" and receiving no answer turned to go into the house, when the man fired three shots, two taking effect, one entering his heart. The family was in the house. The murderer made his escape through a cornfield nearby. "Suspicion" rests on Isaac McCoun, who is said to have threatened Merritt's life owing to Merritt's alleged intimacy with McCoun's former wife, from whom he was divorced at the last term of court. McCoun has been arrested being found in a boat on the Missouri river with a young son, where he led the life of a fisherman.

### The Wrong Passenger

Fremont, Neb., July 29.—Three unknown men attempted to hold up Joseph Schneider, a farmer living five miles east and north of Fremont yesterday morning.

The farmer was watering his hogs when the men came driving up in a rickety one-horse buggy. They asked leave to water their horse, which was granted. One of the men then told Schneider that he had done some work for the latter several years ago and that he had come to collect it. A month's pay he said was due.

A lengthy dispute ensued, Schneider having no recollection of ever having employed the man, and it soon became evident from the manner of the men that the statement of the spokesman was a mere subterfuge for an attempt at holdup. The fellow finally said: "I want that money, and I'm going to have it."

"Oh, are you?" replied Schneider, "Well, see." He stepped into his granary and took down a shotgun, put a couple of shells into it and stepped out again. One of the men swung his hand around to his hip pocket to draw a weapon, but the determined look in the farmer's eyes persuaded him not to.

"Now you fellows git," commanded Schneider. "Don't lose any time." The trio looked at him again and then climbed into their buggy. They drove away and their intended victim has not seen them since.

### Soldier Shoots Policeman

New York July 29.—In full view of hundreds of persons going to work, Patrolman Cornelius Mulvey was shot and probably fatally injured, on the corner of Avenue B and Seventh street yesterday while trying to prevent a soldier from shooting his sweetheart.

The soldier is Adolph Schloss, twenty-two years of age, of the Eleventh battery field artillery, stationed at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. After shooting the policeman the soldier turned the revolver on himself, but without serious damage.

Mulvey was shot in the center of the forehead, the bullet passing entirely through his skull and out at the back of his head. Schloss was arrested immediately. His sweetheart, Louise Freedma, eighteen years old, ran away screaming after the shooting and the police are looking for her.

Schloss has been in the army for two months and was on leave of absence. He declared that he had been away four days over his leave but said he had no intention of deserting. Policeman Mulvey had been several years on the force.

The girl was found later and told the detectives that her father wished her elder sisters to marry first and she had therefore broken her engagement with Schloss who shot at her after she had refused to renew the engagement.

### Expulsions From Finland

Berlin, July 29.—The National Zeitung yesterday printed the text of a letter received from Finland saying that the expulsions have been resumed and that the government has ordered the Rev. Mr. Magnus Rosendal, the well known writer, speaker and principal of the lyceum at Uleaborg, to leave the country after depriving him of his position. Mr. Rosendal who is a Pietistic clergyman, is going to the United States to work among the Finnish immigrants.

## JOIN IN A MUTINY

### THIRTEEN DESPERATE CONVICTS ESCAPE AT FOLSOM, CAL.

Folsom, Cal., July 28.—Thirteen desperate prisoners confined in the Folsom penitentiary made a successful break for liberty at the breakfast hour Monday morning.

The break occurred about 1 o'clock Monday morning. The convicts made immediately for the office of the captain of the guard, R. J. Murphy. There they seized Warden Wilkinson, his grandson, Harry Wilkinson; Captain Murphy and several other officers and guards. A desperate fight took place. The convicts were armed with knives and razors with these they assaulted Warden Wilkinson and his officers. The warden's clothing was slashed into shreds with a razor, but the blade did not touch the flesh. Turnkey Cochrane fought the convicts with a chair, raining blows upon them right and left. Finally he was felled by a knife thrust in the back. Guard Cotte was cut in the abdomen so that entrails protruded, while Palmers was severely cut in the head. The floor of the office was covered with blood.

When the armory post was reached officers there attempted to interfere, but were quickly overpowered. Then, after further fortifying themselves with rifles, knives, pistols, and ammunition, a dash for the country was made.

Convicts, each armed with rifles marched on either side of Warden Wilkinson, who was threatened with death if he made an attempt to escape, and the officers were told that if any of the pursuers took the life of one of their number they would retaliate, life for life. At Mormon bridge, about a mile from the penitentiary, the warden, his grandson and Captain Murphy were released and sent back. The others were marched along with the convicts.

Warden Wilkinson in his statement says:

"I went up to the prison as is my customary duty to see the convicts eat their breakfast. I stopped at the captain's office to wait for the prisoners to walk out from breakfast.

We were sitting in the office when the line made its appearance from the breakfast room and I started for the grounds. Suddenly seven or eight of their prisoners made a rush for the line with razors and knives drawn, and came directly for us. They were joined by others. I judge there were about fifteen.

"Blood began to flow. I saw that it was hopeless to put up a fight against such odds. One of the convicts came up behind my back, reached over with a razor and tried to cut open my abdomen. You can see how my belt is slit from end to end, and how my coat is hanging in shreds. The convicts got me and Murphy and five or six other officers whom they disarmed. They kept us and proceeded to the yard and out of it by the front gate toward the armory post. The Gatling guns in the station hilltops and along the prison walls would have been fired by the guards, but had they done so the officers, as well as the prisoners, would have been killed. The guards were unable either to rescue us or to prevent their escape. As we neared the armory a guard came out and they seized him. They took the keys away from him, entered the armory and equipped themselves with all manner of weapons. Then they started along the dusty road and crossed the prison ranch toward the Mormon Island bridge. After I had gone about a mile they let me go. They also released Captain of the guards Murphy and my grandson, Harry Wilkinson. The rest of the men they have taken along with them including General Overseer McDonough, Guard John Klensendorf, Guy Jetter, foreman of the rock quarry; Tony Brown, stage driver, and Guard L. E. S. Vertres and two or three others whose names I have not at hand.

Folsom penitentiary is the prison without walls. It is situated in a rocky amphitheatre close to the American river, about twenty miles from Sacramento. The prisoners are locked up at night in the cell house, but during the day they labor in the stone quarries under the supervision of armed guards. On the hills surrounding the prison grounds are watch towers, in which the guards, armed with Gatling guns and rifles, are stationed. Mounted guards are also stationed about the hills. Nearly fifteen hundred men are confined at Folsom and it has been the practice to send the most desperate prisoners there.

### Little Cash in the Vault

Sioux City, Ia., July 28.—A Pisgah special on the Journal says: No trace has yet been found of E. C. Hutchinson, a cashier of Hutchinson's private bank, and the assistant cashier, Harry Smith, who disappeared when the bank closed its doors on last Wednesday.

The accounts of the bank are now being checked up. The shortage so far discovered is placed at \$23,000. Only \$71 was found in the bank's vaults.

## MOB IS QUELLED

### The Troops Bring Temporary Quiet to Situation at Danville, Ill.

## FORM CORDON ABOUT JAIL

### No Further Attempt to Get the Negro Wilson.

## SHERIFF JUSTIFIES ACTION

### UNEASY FEELING PREVAILING IN CITY BUT SOLDIERS ABLE TO PREVENT ANY OUTBREAKS.

Danville, Ill., July 27.—Two killed and twenty-two wounded, the police station wrecked, the county jail with few of its windows left unshattered, the city in the hands of the state troops and a feeling of uneasiness and dread prevailing everywhere, is the situation left by the race riots of Saturday night and early this morning. After daylight appeared this morning, there were restless crowds in the streets. Hundreds of farmers poured into the city and each surrounding town continued to swell the crowd.

There were many miners seen on the streets. Great unrest and a threatening attitude was reported from Westville, five miles away. Early this morning Wilson, the negro assailant of Mrs. Burgess, was secretly taken from the court jail, but was returned shortly afterwards.

Four companies of the Seventh Illinois infantry arrived at 9:30 this morning from Springfield where the regiment is holding its annual encampment. Streets were soon cleared and the threatening attitude of the crowds disappeared.

Sheriff Whitlock said today, in giving his version of the shooting into the mob:

"After I saw from the jail that the mob was determined to attack I went to the veranda and attempted to talk to the madmen. As I stepped into view of the crowd two shots were fired, one bullet striking the wall back of me. I fired two shots into the air. Someone shouted that I was only bluffing and was shooting blank cartridges. I warned the mob I would resist an attack on the jail with powder and lead. There was another shot from the mob and it surged forward. I then fired a load from my shotgun into their legs. This drove them back, but they returned a moment later to the attack of the front of the door.

"I was alarmed for the safety of my wife and children. My wife took a gun and said she would stand by me. I got her and the children out of the way, and then as the leaders came with the rail to batter down the door, I shot down the rail to make them drop it. This accounts for so many being shot in the hands and arms. I fired eight or ten shots in all.

Sheriff Whitlock had four deputies and three constables with him in the jail guarding the prisoners. He says none fired into the mob but himself.

There are all sorts of rumors afloat tonight and a strained situation is noticeable. But the 200 soldiers here, it is believed, will prevent further outbreaks for the present at least. Half of these will be on duty all the time.

Leading citizens say the outbreak has been feared for a long time, as bitter feeling has existed for several years between the negroes and a certain class of white persons. A number of minor outbreaks has occurred during the past year.

The feeling against the soldiers is noticeable. The commissary department today had much trouble getting restaurants to serve meals. Many refused to feed the soldiers. There was one clash between the guard and a miner named Edward Liggett, who began abusing a guard. The soldier leveled his bayonet and Liggett was arrested and fined \$100. Four other companies of the regiment are under arms at Springfield awaiting orders. Crowds gathered during the day near the lines and cursed the soldiers. They were scattered by bayonets in several instances. Officers of the guard do not anticipate any attack however. The general belief is that the presence of the troops has suppressed the lawless element. The sheriff and military officers, have urged all citizens to remain off the streets.

### Tragedy in New York Hotel

New York July 27.—A well dressed man, accompanied by a fine looking, and handsomely gowned woman about twenty-three years of age registered at the Morton house this morning as "C. Weiss and wife, Syracuse, N. Y." Late in the afternoon the woman was heard shrieking, three shots followed instantly and when the room was entered she and the man were found dead. The man had, it is believed, done the shooting.

## Nebraska Notes

Lulu McCoy has been appointed substitute postoffice clerk at Nebraska City.

Chris Loyle one of the old settlers of Kearney county, died yesterday. Minden of dropsy.

Mrs. Henry Watt died Saturday at Guide Rock after a long illness and was buried yesterday.

The republican county convention has been called to meet at Minden Saturday, August 15.

At a special election yesterday at Ainsworth, \$10,000 bonds were voted for the new State Normal school.

Fred Shank had his arm badly smashed yesterday at Beatrice by letting an iron roller fall on it.

Fire in the railway eating house at Chadron today did damage to the extent of several hundred dollars.

Sunday at Humboldt the Rev. Dr. Schleh of Omaha preached to a congregation of Woodmen of the World.

Jesse Gilmore of Weeping Water has been released from the Plattsmouth jail on bonds to appear for trial.

Winter wheat is being harvested at Minden. The yield is not as great as last year, but the quality is better.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor for the Sixth district has just closed its eleventh annual session at Harvard.

Mrs. Matt Harberer of North Bend made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide yesterday by cutting her throat.

Yesterday at Cozad, Miss May Tubbs and Arthur Ferris were married by the Rev. J. A. Badcon. They will visit in the east.

The farmer's elevator at Minden is nearing completion. This will make five elevators in Minden, the farmer's being the largest.

C. L. Anderson, Valley Garlinger and B. C. Gentle were yesterday designated members of the Civil service board for the Norfolk postoffice.

Miss Mabel Firoved, a talented pianist of Beatrice, has signed a contract to travel with Mrs. Bessie Gearhart Morrison, the elocutionist.

Lightning striking the barn of Thomas Bryant at Schuyler killed one horse, three head of cattle and destroyed the entire structure.

Grain dealers of southwestern Nebraska met at Tablerock Tuesday night to consider rates and other business matters. A banquet closed the meeting.

The sheriff closed the store of Larson & Fraley, painters and decorators of Wahoo yesterday, to satisfy a claim of \$1,700 preferred by E. E. Bruce & Co of Omaha.

The supervisors of Valley county have let a contract to the Canton Bridge company for a new \$10,000 bridge to be constructed across the North Loup river at Ord.

A hail storm visited the vicinity of Tekamah and stones an inch and a half in diameter fell. Windows were broken and the crops of nearly a dozen farmers totally destroyed.

Miss Gertrude Kunzman of Plattsmouth, who tried to end her life by shooting herself Monday, will live. The bullet passed through her body and lodged in the wall.

Miss Fannie Atwater and Superintendent Staller of Crete, superintendent of the Gage county schools, were married yesterday at the home of the parents of the bride at Crete.

Winter wheat is nearly all harvested in York county. The yield will be good. The oat crop will be harvested at once and will be good. Corn is making rapid progress.

The five year old son of Reuben Pool of Gibbon yesterday had his teeth knocked out, his jaw bone broken into splinters and his upper lip almost severed from his face by being kicked in the mouth by a horse.

The Rev. Mr. Sherman of the Baptist church at Guide Rock, has resigned to accept a call to the Baptist church at Humboldt.