

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

No matter how swift you are bad luck can overtake you.

Among other things we would like to see invented is a witless collar.

A good deal of sympathy is wasted on the under dog. Half the time he starts the fight.

A man might as well make a fool of himself over a woman as let her make one of him in the long run.

The man who thinks stocks can't go any lower is generally able to demolish his theory by buying some.

European ministries are now serving notice that they are ready to resign without any dynamite hints.

When a man in patent leathers mows the lawn after dew fall it doesn't take long for the patent to expire.

From the way Eve bossed Adam around one would think his backbone had been utilized in constructing her.

The Missouri mule never goes out on a strike. When he strikes it is generally the other fellow that goes out.

The most touching thing in connection with the Belgrade coup d'etat is the way it shocked the Sultan of Turkey.

"This is not the fifteenth century," says the new king of Serbia. True. In some parts of the world it is only the tenth.

"It is only American that meet my wants," exclaims Emperor William. Evidently he is still operating his taffy kitchen.

Gas having been put into the Poe cottage at Fordham, the meter will in due time afford occasion for the raven to extend his remarks.

Some men hope to have rewards in heaven, merely for not doing wicked things, but the back seats are likely to be reserved for such virtue.

We hate to do it, but it seems necessary to call attention to the fact that all of King Alexander's troubles were due to the fact that he got married.

The possibilities of the Panama Canal are in the report on the Suez Canal, the transit receipt of which were \$20,744,004 last year.

In defending a divorce suit a Brooklyn man swore that his wife thought more of her pet dogs than of him, and the court promptly approved her taste and granted her alimony.

It may not add to King Peter's comfort when he reflects that the same element that so tragically separated King Alexander from the crown has placed it upon the head of the new monarch.

People should be taught to train up their girls to be domestics. In a few years cooks and housemaids will be ruling the land. We would not be surprised to see a cook occupying the President's chair at no far distant date, and her cabinet will doubtless be composed of housemaids and scullery maids.

The modesty of two great men is pictured by James Bryce in his "Studies in Contemporary Biography." Speaking of Dante, Mr. Gladstone once remarked to the author, "How strange it is to think that these great souls whose words are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals." A few days before, Mr. Bryce heard Mr. Darwin say, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Gladstone had given him, "And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves."

The Jewish race has never lacked heroes. One of the latest to come to public notice is a young woman whose goodness and courage helped to avert a serious fire panic in Philadelphia. She was present at a reception of a Jewish society, which was held in an upper story of a high building, and was playing the piano when fire was discovered. Wise heads among the guests spread the news quietly among a few leaders, who gave orders to leave the hall. Mrs. Stein, the piano player, changed the air she was playing to a lively march, and kept her post until the last of her associates was safely out. She made her own escape just before exit was cut off by flames.

Nearly seventeen thousand paintings and sculptures were submitted to the exhibition committee of the British Royal Academy this year. Fifteen thousand of them were rejected. From the days of Hippocrates the Greek to the days of Longfellow the American, men have told us that art is long and life is short, so it is no wonder that only a small percentage of painters and sculptors have succeeded in doing work good enough to get into the academy. Not every painter has the courage of William Morris, who devoted himself to designing wall papers and to printing artistic books when he discovered that he was not a great creative artist. But the example of Morris

has led many young men and women of taste to study industrial art who would otherwise have painted bad pictures.

The population of Jerusalem to-day is, I should suppose, double what it was twelve years ago, the increase being attributable entirely or almost entirely to the influx of Jews, by far the greater part of whom come from Russia. It is somewhat difficult to ascertain exactly what the population of the city or how large a part of it is Jewish. One of the best informed and most reliable of the Jewish citizens told me in conversation that there were probably fewer than 30,000 Jews and that the common estimate of 50,000 or 60,000 was exaggerated, but I found later that his own printed figures in an almanac which he published reckoned the Jews of Jerusalem at 50,000. The best informed outsiders claim that there are at least 11,000 Jewish families in the city, which would support the larger estimate. If this figure be correct then the Jews of Jerusalem are more than twice as numerous as all the other inhabitants—Moslems and Christians—combined.

Everybody likes to read about the boy who tries. George M. Posey, of Indianapolis, is that kind of a boy. Three years ago George was a lad of 18 years. He was almost without education, being barely able to read and write. His occupation was that of driver for a butcher, and he earned sufficient to support himself and his aged grandmother. He had a friend, the Rev. Burr's Jenkins, who saw in the boy a diamond in the rough. The preacher encouraged George to educate himself. The boy gave up his position as driver and started to attend school. Almost a man in size, he entered the classes with the smallest children. To earn a living he began selling newspapers. Then he organized a system of delivery by which he was able to employ a number of other boys. His business was rapidly placed on a paying basis. In the three years' time, George had mastered the studies necessary to enter college, including the Latin and Greek. Meantime the grandmother, whom he tenderly cared for, died. Now young Posey has sold his delivery routes for a good price and will enter Kentucky University, where his former preacher friend, Mr. Jenkins, is president. He will take a four years' classical course. Then he will go to Harvard Law School. He expects to earn his living while he gets his education. That boy will succeed. He has conquered success already. When asked how he had accomplished so much inside of three years, he said: "By pushing all the time." That's it. Have you noticed how, when there is a crowd to get through, if you will push, and keep pushing, the crowd will get out of your way and you will forge to the front of it? George Posey pushed his way through school. He will push his way through college and law school. He will push to the front as a lawyer. Verily, verily, young man—of such is the kingdom of success.

A recent story is the study of the character of a man who from youth has a conviction that he is born to some extraordinary experience. As he grows older the idea becomes more sharply defined. The experience is to be painful and tragic, and is to remove him from the plane of ordinary life. The idea takes possession of him and dominates his career. He undertakes nothing of importance, since it may be interrupted by catastrophe. He does not permit himself to love—he scarcely ventures on friendship—because he believes himself marked for disaster. One woman, to whom he confides his secret, shares his apprehension. At last, not long before her death, she perceives that the tragedy lurking for him is merely hesitancy, inaction, incapacity, brought about by the delusion and the fear which have been nurtured in his own imagination. To the victim himself the truth is revealed when it is too late for him to acquire any habit of life other than the tremulous and unachieving one. He discovers his own hideous lack of feeling and of will by the sight of the sorrow-marked face of a man who has sounded the depths of human pain, and found even those to be better than the shallows of apathy. The story has its lesson even for an age as active as ours: We are not free from the bane of reluctant fear lest feeling shall outrun mere pleasure. The girl who will not love a pet lest she should lose it, the man who will not permit himself any share in religious enthusiasm lest he should "lose his head," the woman who will undertake no social reform for fear she become too much involved in it for her own comfort—these are some of the cowards of our day. Along with their lack of courage, there often goes a subtle egotism, which they fancy sets them apart from "the common herd," but which is almost sure to meet its final defeat in the discovery that those powers, which were believed to be above the average were really below it, and that obscurity is the only catastrophe likely to fall upon so ignoble a nature.

The Peddler.
A rug peddler called several times at a Wichita (Kan.) house and found the people away from home. At last he wrote and pinned this note on the door: "Madam: Kindly remain at home tomorrow forenoon. I want to sell you a rug."—Kansas City Journal.

The only difference between a graduating dress and a wedding dress, so far as we can see, is that the latter is worn with more confidence.

When you are in the company of runners, a trot won't do.

FRIGHTENING A STRANGER.

Scheme of a North Carolinian Failed to Work as He Expected.

Between two towns in North Carolina I met a man driving an ox to cart and on the straw in the cart was a young man who appeared to have met with an accident. Of course, I inquired what happened and the father said in reply:

"Wall, stranger, that's my son Ben and I reckon I kin give it to ye straight. Me and Ben was up to Groversville this mornin' to git a pair o' butes. We went into a stob and asked fur butes and in that stob was a humble-lookin' critter who was eatin' crackers and cheese and askin the way to Pineville. He was a humble-lookin' critter, wasn't he, Ben?"

"He was, pop."

"It wasn't none of Ben's bizness about the critter," continued the old man, "but he was feelin' kinder colty and wanted to do sumthin' smart. He looks the man over and then he says: 'Pop, I'm goin' to skerr that kuss outer this town and half way up the mounting.'"

"As how?" sez I.

"By yellin' in his ear," sez he.

"Mebbe he'll skerr and mebbe he won't," sez I. "He looks powerful lonesome and down-hearted, but you can't allus tell how a critter will perform."

"That's what you said and I said wasn't it, Ben?"

"That's what we said," sighed Ben. "I didn't want you to yell, but you felt colty and wouldn't take my advice?"

"I jest wanted to skerr him, pop."

"Yes, yo' wanted to skerr him. Yo' got around behind him and drewed a long breath and let'er go. It was a mighty yell, Ben—the powerfulest yell I ever heard. I'm braggin' about that yell, Ben."

"Thankee, pop."

"But it didn't skerr nobody like you thought it would. The stranger jest riz up slow and drawed back his fist and let yo' hev it on the nose, and yo' didn't know nuthin' fur the next fifteen minits. When yo' cum to he said yo' could hev mo' if yo' wanted it. He said that, didn't he?"

"Yes, pop, he said that," whispered Ben.

"But he didn't want no mo'," continued the father as he turned to me. "He got all he wanted and some to spare, and so we put him in the car and are takin' him home fur the doctor to work at. Mebbe he'll die and mebbe he'll git well. If he dies I shan't blame that humble-lookin' critter 'tall. If he gets well he won't never do no more yellin' in anybody's ear, unless that's a handy hill to dodge behind."

"That's all—and the pureshun will move on."

TWO COLLEGE GRADUATES.

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to their desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself an his papers.

"What can you?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was his reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

The college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: "How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his willom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.—The Watchman.

Parson's Joke.

"De older er man gits," said the colored parson, "de harder it am ter pull de wool ober his eyes."

"How does yo' all account foh dat, parson?" asked Deacon Flatfoot.

"Ah accounts foh it on de groun' dat de older er man gits de less wool he have," answered the parson with a grin.

Strictly Business.

Busy Merchant—Well, sir, what do you want?

Timid Youth—Y-your daughter's hand.

Busy Merchant—Can't give it to you, sir. Either take her entire or leave her. We are not doing an installment business.

There are lots of women who are kept so busy with husbands and babies and housework, that it must be positive luxury to be sick in bed.

SARTO IS THE POPE

The Cardinals on the Seventh Ballot Make Happy Choice

NEW PONTIFF IS POPULAR

Conservatism Blended With Liberal Views

STRONG FROM THE OUTSET

TAKES THE TITLE OF PIUS X, AND RECOGNIZED AS REIGNING HEAD OF CATHOLIC WORLD—NOTABLE DAY FOR ROME

Rome, Aug. 5.—The conclave after being in session for four days, today elected Giuseppe Sarto, patriarch of Venice, as pope, to succeed Leo XIII, and he now reigns at the vatican and over the Catholic world as Pius X. Tonight all Rome is illuminated in his honor.

His election and the assumption of his holy office were marked by striking demonstration and impressive ceremonies at the vatican which only ended this evening. Tomorrow the new pope, clad in his full pontifical robes and with all the ritualistic ceremony, will receive members of the diplomatic corps, the cardinals and the bishops, who will then offer their official homage, this notwithstanding the fact that twice today the cardinals and many high officials of the vatican went through a similar ceremony.

The date upon which the coronation of Pius X. will occur has not been decided but the impression prevails that it will occur August 9.

Although the election was over at 11 o'clock this morning and was announced to the world forty-five minutes later by the appearance of the new pope at the window of St. Peter's, the conclave was not formally dissolved until 5:30 this afternoon.

The cardinals then returned to their various apartments in Rome, with the exception of Cardinals Rampolla and Oreglia who temporarily retain their official suites in the vatican and Cardinal Herrero Espinosa who is too ill to be moved for several days.

It was to the sick cardinal that the new pope paid his visit after being formally proclaimed pontiff.

The cardinals will remain in Rome for tomorrow's ceremonies and should the coronation be fixed for next Sunday they are not likely to return to their respective homes until after that ceremony. With the exception of the Spanish cardinal Herrero all the others are now in fairly good health.

The election of the patriarch of Venice this morning was unanimous. After Monday's ballot it was a foregone conclusion that he was the only candidate sufficiently acceptable to all to secure the necessary two-thirds which the laws of the church require. One of the cardinals said to the representative of the Associated Press tonight that he believed Pius X. would follow the broad lines of Leo's policy although not likely to accentuate it. This voices the general feeling here which is one of satisfaction.

The new pontiff is a man of simple origin and although not a very prominent candidate he has been frequently mentioned as one of the many cardinals who might be taken up as a compromise. In several respects he resembles his venerable predecessor notably in his reputation for culture and piety. Having been associated with no factions this fact alone won him much favor from foreign cardinals who were without an especial candidate. Pius X. was humorously described as "a country mouse who could not possibly find his way about Rome."

Venetians who know the new pope say he will soon be as much beloved as pontiff as he was yesterday as the beloved patriarch of the poor of the Adriatic.

In appearance Pius X. is a very handsome man. He has a fine erect figure despite his sixty-eight years his face greatly resembling that of the late Philip Brooks the eminent Boston divine.

Kills His Brother's Wife.

Danville Ill. Aug. 5.—Dode Carrington who has served two terms in the Indiana penitentiary shot and killed his brother's wife at Gape Creek near here tonight. A few years ago Carrington killed a man at Grand Crossing near Terra Haute and at South Bend while out on parole shot and seriously injured another. Carrington escaped on a freight train and the authorities are after him. The brother has been arrested.

A LABOR DAY PROCLAMATION

In accordance with time-honored custom and the provisions of the legislature of the state, Labor day will be observed as a legal holiday in Nebraska. Labor day is the only national legal holiday in the United States and in Nebraska. The first Monday in September is designated in the federal and state statutes as Labor day and Governor Mickey has issued the following proclamation in regard to it.

"There is no section of the country in which the wage-earner is more highly respected and in which his avocation receives greater consideration than here in Nebraska. This is true because our people are generally imbued with a good sense. It is again true because the great majority of the citizens of this state are laborers and wage-earners themselves and hence have a proper conception of the dignity of their calling. Labor is the most honored instrument of advancement. It has founded republics, built cities, encircled mountains, tunneled rivers, belted continents and has been the great active principle in the development of our superior civilization. The arts and sciences are also its debtors and the realm of literature owes more to persistent, relentless effort than it does to the temporary flashings of genius."

"But some ancient philosopher has said that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' What is true of Jack is also true of his progeny. In practical application of this idea the legislature of the state of Nebraska has wisely decreed that the first Monday in September shall be set apart as 'Labor Day' and that it shall be deemed a public holiday."

"By virtue of the authority vested in me by law, I, John H. Mickey, governor of the state of Nebraska, do hereby proclaim Monday, September 7, 1903, Labor day, and especially urge that all business be suspended on that date and that it be observed by general participation in rest and in appropriate observance thereof."

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state to be affixed."

"Done at Lincoln, this first day of August, A. D. 1903."

"JOHN H. MICKEY, Governor."

"G. W. MARSH, Secretary of State."

THE CONVICTS ARE FOUND

REPORTS OF THE SINGULARITY OF THE CASE IN CALIFORNIA

Placerville, Cal., Aug. 3.—Reports of an encounter between the officers and the convicts who escaped from Folsom prison are being received tonight, but owing to the remoteness of the scene of battle and the fact that night fell almost immediately following the receipt of the first news details are coming slowly. It is known, however, that the sheriff's posse, assisted by a force of the Placerville militia came upon some of the fugitives near the Grand Victory mine about dusk and shots were at once exchanged.

Dallas Bosquit, the son of sheriff Bosquit, is said to be among the slain and a message by telephone says his body was found along the roadside. Militiaman Dill was shot through the body and is not expected to recover. The greatest anxiety prevails here concerning the soldiers. It is known that six of them went into the brush after the convicts and he only trace of them was the wounded man Dill, who was unable to give any clue concerning his companions.

The convicts are believed to have taken refuge in the Grand Victory mine and there is talk of setting fire to it and driving out the criminals. Additional forces are being hurried to the mine tonight, and if a second battle is not fought tonight the pursuers will be in strong position tomorrow to give the convicts a fight.

Another account of the battle reached Frainard F. Smith, Chief clerk of Folsom prison. He was notified that three of the attacking party were killed and that it was presumed two of the convicts were badly wounded. Two of the killed are presumed to be young Bosquit, Dill and one of the sheriff's posse whose name has not been ascertained. The scene of the shooting was near Cool, a small place a few miles outside of Placerville.

A Transport For Manila.

San Francisco Aug. 3.—The United States army transport Sheridan sailed Saturday for Manila via Honolulu and Guam. Besides about one hundred saloon passengers, including Col. J. B. Kerr and five other officers of the general staff in the Philippines.

Put To Death At Sing Sing.

Ossinig N. Y. Aug. 3.—Antonio Truckowski, a Pole, was put to death today in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison. He declared on his way to the chair that he was innocent of the murder of John Shepotiski, a Brooklyn saloon keeper, March 8, and that he had been convicted.

Truckowski was sentenced June 22, and the time elapsing between pronouncing of sentence and his execution is said to have been the shortest on state record.

NEGROES MAIN BOY

Cruel Assault Committed on an Indiana Invalid While Hunting Squirrels

MUTILATE WITH A KNIFE

Attack Unprovoked and Vengeance Demanded

200 JOIN IN THE CHASE

ALARM GIVEN AND FARMERS ALL OVER NEIGHBORHOOD HUNTING THE CULPRITS.

Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 4.—George Hershner, an invalid, aged nineteen, while hunting squirrels on his father's farm near here at noon yesterday was approached by two prowling negroes. They grabbed the boy, searched his clothing for money and finding none tore his clothing from him. While one negro held him another mutilated him with a knife.

The boy succeeded in reaching home. He told his story and his father gave the alarm, mounted a horse and called for volunteers to wreak vengeance upon the flying negroes. Two hundred men and boys joined in the chase. Neighboring farms and towns were warned by telephone and the country was scoured. No trace of the negroes was found. The hunt proceeded till night-fall.

Sheriff Morigal with a detachment of deputies and police followed the mob to prevent a lynching if possible.

Another Fight with the Convicts.

Dutch Flat, Cal., Aug. 4.—Two of the Folsom convicts were surrounded here last evening and a fight ensued. It is supposed that one of the convicts was shot by Glen Wedgewood. Wedgewood was shot in the hand by the convicts.

Placerville, Cal., Aug. 4.—The convicts who escaped from Folsom prison are still at large. The five who engaged in a fatal fight with the pursuers at the Grand Victory mines Saturday have not been seen since and apparently have made a successful retreat. In their haste to get away from the militia they left a water can, several hats and some fire arms on the hillside where the fight occurred. The dead bodies of Festus Rutherford and W. O. Jones, the two militia men who were shot by the outlaws, were found this morning where they had fallen. Jones had served in the Philippines as a member of the First Tennessee and the Thirty-seventh volunteer United States infantry. Al Gill, the national guardsman who was shot through one lung is expected to recover.

Another victim of the convict chase was Philip Springer, a resident of this district. He is hard of hearing and failing to respond to an order to halt, was fatally shot by a picket early this morning.

A report received last evening stated that four convicts, not believed to be the same who ambushed the officers last night, were discovered near Lotus near the Webbercreek district. A number of shots were exchanged but so far as known without result.

PROSECUTIONS MUST GO ON

Washington, Aug. 4.—Postmaster General Payne resumed his official duties at the department today. He says he feels much improved from his trip. Mr. Payne said it could not be said, by any means, that the investigation was ended. He pointed out that the inspectors are working on the cases in various parts of the country and developments may occur at any time. Mr. Payne declared that every one against whom any evidence has been found will be treated according to the evidence.

A son of John T. Cupper, the mayor of Lockhaven, Pa. telephoned today that Cupper would come to this city to surrender in court Monday.

Council for August W. Machen today filed in the criminal court a demurrer to the former indictments of Machen. It is alleged that every count in the indictments is fatally defective in that it fails to show that Machen was an officer of the government at the time the offenses were committed. Machen withdrew a plea of not guilty.

The demurrer to the indictment for bribery against Diller B. and Samuel A. Groff in connection with Machen was also filed. Like Machen the Groff brothers withdrew their plea of not guilty, and say every count of the indictment is defective.

Met With Instant Death.

Fairbury, Nebr., Aug. 4.—During the heavy electric storm here last night the farm residence of F. L. Norman a short distance southwest of Daykin was struck by lightning and Pearl the sixteen year old daughter of Mr. Norman was instantly killed. The balance of the family were stunned but recovered in time to escape from the building which had caught fire and later burned to the ground.