

THE President of the United States was shot and seriously wounded by an anarchist, named Czolgosz, at Buffalo on last Friday. In another column is published an account of this dastardly deed. So serious are the wounds that at first it was feared the President would soon die, but now it is hoped that he will survive. The doctors took charge of him so quickly after the shooting and operated on him so promptly and skillfully, that it is thought he will recover from the murderous wound. Such certainly is the earnest prayer of many millions, who deeply sympathize with him in his struggle for life. He is receiving the most skillful treatment and the most careful nursing that modern science can devise, and with his robust constitution, his recovery seems probable. His invalid wife is bearing up nobly, although of course deeply distressed.

The shooting of President McKinley is of course deeply deplored by all good citizens not only of this country but of all civilized nations. It was such an unprovoked as well as dastardly act as to shock and alarm all persons, who have any regard for human life. Mr. McKinley was shot not because of any hatred to him personally, but merely because he was the Chief Magistrate of this Republic. The anarchist who shot him had no ill-will to him as a man but as the highest official of our land and the chief representative of organized government. It was the carrying into execution the fiendish designs and ideas of those diabolical anarchists who are opposed to all legalized government. And this sad and terrible event should be a warning and impress upon the American people the necessity of punishing as criminals all persons who utter anarchistic sentiments. For instance, every one of those anarchists should have been arrested, who participated in that meeting at Patterson, New Jersey, last July, held for the purpose of rejoicing over the anniversary of the assassination of King Humbert, of Italy. The Record at the time of this meeting denounced it and insisted that its participants should be treated as criminals. The anarchistic element in this country should be suppressed and anarchism nipped in the bud. While Americans proudly boast that this country is the "land of the free," it should be freedom regulated by just laws. While we welcome the oppressed of other nations we should not shelter nihilists and anarchists.

The sympathy of the civilized world was aroused as soon as the shooting of President McKinley was heard. In this country that sympathy was as sincere in the South as it was at the North. Democrats and ex-Confederate soldiers were as sincere in their sympathy as were Republicans and ex-Union soldiers. One of the first meetings to express sympathy was that held at Columbia, South Carolina, by the Wade Hampton Camp of United Confederate Veterans. Similar meetings have been held over the South, just as was the case in 1881 when President Garfield was assassinated.

We are glad that the shooting of the President was not done in a Southern city or by a Southern man. If it had been, there are persons enough to have tried to use it for stirring up sectional strife and prejudices. It would have been exceedingly unfortunate for the South if Mr. McKinley had been shot during his Southern tour last May, when he was welcomed with every mark of respect.

This makes the fourth attempt on the life of a President. In 1835 an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate President Andrew Jackson while on a steamboat on the Potomac river. President Lincoln was assassinated on the 14th of April, 1865, and President Garfield on the 2nd of July, 1881. These repeated attempts on our Presidents are not only a disgrace to our civilization, but are truly alarming and render that high office too dangerous—even more so than to be the Czar of Russia.

An address to the cotton planters of the State has been issued by a committee of the State Farmers' Alliance, calling on them to meet in their respective counties on Saturday, the 21st of this month, and appoint delegates to a State convention to be held at Raleigh on the following Wednesday.

The object of this State convention is to secure co-operation among the producers of cotton seed in obtaining a higher price. This we heartily commend and hope that the effort may be successful. We hope that the cotton farmers and ginners of Chatham county will meet here on the day designated (the 21st) and appoint delegates to represent them in the State meeting.

Already the buyers of cotton seed have been meeting and co-operating for the purpose of reducing the price, and the farmers should bestir themselves in co-operating to increase the price. One day last week the leading cotton seed buyers of Louisiana and Mississippi met at New Orleans, and fixed the price which they would pay, which is much lower than that paid last year. Now let the cotton seed sellers of every State meet and fix the price at which they will sell, and then see which side will control!

All friends of higher education will rejoice at the very auspicious opening of the University and all the denominational colleges in this State. Every one, so far heard from, has begun its fall term with a largely increased attendance, and the outlook is for still more.

Truly has the cause of education in North Carolina received an impetus that is being felt in all branches of learning and from the common schools to the University. The educational skies are brighter than ever before in the State's history, and a new era has dawned upon our people, which is chiefly due to the adoption of the suffrage amendment to our State constitution.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY, SEPT. 9, 1901.

The weather during the week was a vast improvement over that which prevailed during the past month. To heavy rains and deficient insolation succeeded clear days, cool nights, and abundant sunshine. The favorable conditions are shown by the beneficial effects on all classes of cultivated crops. The temperature averaged about two degrees daily above the normal, while the rainfall was deficient by about 0.15 inch for the same time.

Cotton improved somewhat, but it is feared that the evil effects of previous bad weather cannot be offset. The bolls are scattering and the fields are very weedy. Plants are red and shedding is still going on. Picking has begun to a limited extent. Corn is a fair crop on uplands. Young corn has improved and although the outlook is more promising, the good weather has been extremely favorable for the cutting and curing of tobacco. Almost the entire crop has been housed, the weed being bright but light. The weather has been most favorable for the raising of hay and fodder and the work has been rushed. Some fodder is stacked with the dew rot, but reports are generally favorable. Wheat thrashing is about over.

Raleigh News and Observer: A negro woman named Maggie Thompson, who was sent up for two years in a prison county for housebreaking, made her escape Monday afternoon from the penitentiary in rather an unusual manner. She went out with a squad of twenty women to work in the garden at the rear of the prison. There was one guard. During the afternoon the woman was missed, and it was found on investigation that she had concealed herself in a shrubbery and there left her convict dress, going off in men's clothes. It is thought she has stolen some of the guard's clothing, and had this guide on her the female attire.

Mercury Journal: Mr. M. E. Morris has a piece of land home which he thinks very much of. On one rare occasion, during the seven days' fight around Richmond, Mr. Boyte got a piece of beef, and after eating the meat whittled the bone into a thin, heart-shaped piece. This he keeps as a relic of hungry soldier days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rowell, of Anson county, are the parents of a boy that weighed only a pound and a half when one week old. The little fellow enjoys good health and is perfectly proportioned.

A DASTARDLY DEED!

President McKinley Shot—His Assassin Arrested—An Anarchist's Act, Etc.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while leading a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition a few minutes after 1 o'clock to-day. One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

The President, though well-guarded by United States Secret Service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Thousands of people crowded in, to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hands, and then fight their way out in the good-natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building. The President was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American Exposition, chatting with the President and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached. Upon the President's left stood Mr. Cortelyou, his private secretary.

Advancing with apparent carelessness, in the long line of citizens which wound about the Temple of Music, was a man about 20 years old, with his right hand wound up in a handkerchief. He was robed by a short Italian, who leaned backward against the barbed hand. Foster and Freeman, two secret service officers who constantly attended the President, noted this man, their attention being first attracted by the Italian whose dark, shaggy brows and black mustache caused the detectives to regard him with suspicion. The man with the bandaged hand and innocent face received no attention from the detectives beyond the mental observation that his right hand was apparently injured and that he would present his left hand to the President.

The Italian held the President's right hand so long that the officers stepped forward to break the clasp and make room for the man with bandaged hand who extended the left member towards the President's right. The President smiled and presented his right hand in a position to meet the left of the approaching man. Hardly a foot of space intervened between the bodies of the men. Before their hands met two pistol shots rang out and the President turned slightly to the left and reeled. The bandage on the hand of the tall young man had concealed a revolver. He had fired through the bandage without removing any portion of the handkerchief.

Into the arms of Secretary Cortelyou the President staggered, while the surrounding crowd seemed stupefied. The President raised his right hand to the bosom of his shirt and felt of his chest. When he took it away it was stained with blood. His secretary and John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, caught him, and others excitedly shrieked for aid.

The would-be murderer made no attempt to escape. He stood still for a couple of seconds, watching the effect of his shots before the officers awoke to a realization of the terrible event. Then they sprang upon him. The assassin was thrown heavily to the ground. Once more erect and in the firm grip of the officers, the assassin shouted: "I am an anarchist, and only did my duty." They led him away to a side room, where he was kept concealed from the crowd until a closed carriage arrived and he was taken to police headquarters. The Italian who shielded the assassin escaped.

THE ASSASSIN'S STATEMENT.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—The following is the statement or confession made by Paul Czolgosz, who shot the President:

"I was born in Detroit, nearly 20 years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here 12 years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I read books on socialism and met a great many Socialists. I was pretty well known as a Socialist in the West. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me resentful and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland and I and other anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire. Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated was what set me to thinking, so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me and when I left the theatre I had made up my mind that I would have to do some-

thing heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago paper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of snatching the President, but I had not formed a plan. I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak, a Pole, a sort of politician, who has led his people for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times, but not until Monday morning did the resolution to shoot the President take a hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in the Temple. I thought it was Emma Goldman's day. All these people were following that great ruler. I had up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-caliber revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the president's party arrived. I tried to get near him but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that great ruler could pass. I was close to the President when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination, because there was so many men in the body-guard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone forever. Well, he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the President, right under him near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought I had a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss and then the great crowd was always jostling, and I was afraid lest my aim fall. I waited until Wednesday and the President got into his carriage again and a lot of men were about him and formed a corral that I could not get through. I was tossed about by the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the President, who was to board his special train for that place, but the police allowed nobody but the President's party to pass where the train waited. During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid I could not draw it from my pocket. I would be seen and seized by the guards. I got to the Temple of Music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"When he came, the President—the ruler—and I got in line and waited and I trembled until I got right up to him and then I shot him twice through my white handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a fearful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised the way they treated me.

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked: "Did you really mean to kill the President?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive; what good could it do?"

"I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied, with not the slightest tremor.

"I deny that I have an accomplice at any time," Czolgosz told District Attorney Penney. "I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Patterson group, or with those anarchists who sent Bressi to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

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