

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHOT TWICE.

Dastardly Attempt to Assassinate the Chief Executive by an Anarchist at the Buffalo Exposition.

WHILE HOLDING A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

The Strategy Occurred in the Temple of Music Building—Nature of Wounds Serious but Probably Not Fatal—Best Medical Attendance Immediately at Hand—The Assassin Arrested and Rescued From Mob Violence.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—4:30 p. m.—This evening in the Temple of Music President McKinley was shot twice by a Polish Anarchist during the reception. The man had a handkerchief wrapped around his head in which a pistol was concealed. The first ball entered the President's chest and glanced; the second ball entered the abdomen and proved fatal.

The President was instantly conveyed to the hospital, where he is now resting and is unconscious. He called his secretary to his bedside and gave dictating instructions and his last wishes in case the wound should prove fatal. An immense throng ran after the assassin, who would have been lynched for the interference of police guards.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice by an assassin as he stood in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The shots were fired by Fred Nieman, of Detroit, who said afterward that he was an anarchist and had only done his duty. The attempted assassination took place in the presence of 3,000 people who had crowded into the Temple of Music and while ten thousand others stood outside the temple waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President.

The first bullet struck the terminus in the President's chest, deflected to the right and traveled beneath the skin to a point directly below the right nipple. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen. Only a superficial wound was caused by the first bullet, and within five minutes after the physicians reached the President it had been removed. The second bullet was not found. An operation was performed on the President at the Emergency Hospital on the exposition grounds at 6 o'clock by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter and Dr. Herman Mynter. The President's stomach was opened, but the bullet was not found. Drainage tubes were inserted, the incision was sewed up, and at 7:45 o'clock the President was removed to the home of John G. Milburn at Delaware avenue and Ferry street. The doctors stated after the operation that they were hopeful, and that while the wound caused by the second shot was serious, it was not necessarily fatal.

The man who did the shooting was seized immediately by the detectives. He offered no resistance, at first refusing to give any information about himself. Later he said his name was Fred Nieman, that he was 28 years of age and had come to Buffalo from Detroit a week ago. He was living at No. 1025 Broadway. He gave his occupation as a blacksmith and said he was born in Detroit.

The reception to the President this afternoon was one to which the general public had been invited. President McKinley, Dr. Milburn of the exposition had introduced the President to the great crowd in the temple, and men, women and children came forward for a personal greeting. Among those in line was Nieman, whose left hand was wrapped in a handkerchief. Enfolded in the handkerchief was a 32-calibre derringer. A little girl was led up by her father and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right, the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in pleasant adieu.

How the Dead Was Done. Next in line came the assassin. As the President turned to the right again, bringing his right hand about in the characteristic manner with which he extends it while receiving Nieman thrust out both his hands, brushed aside the President's extended hand and brought the revolver hidden in the handkerchief against the President's stomach. At the same instant he pulled the trigger. The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger. On receiving the first shot, President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. His movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Guay caught the President in his arms and President Milburn helped to support him.

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded Nieman was seized by S. R. Ireland, a United States secret service man, who stood opposite the President. Ireland hurled him to the floor, and as he fell a negro waiter named John Harper leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States army, detailed at the reception, sprang upon them and he was surrounded by a squad of police and secret service men. Detective Gallagher grabbed Nieman's right hand, tore away the handkerchief and seized the revolver. The artillerymen, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's

hand, rushed at him and handled him rather roughly.

Meanwhile, Ireland and the negro held the assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen and the blows of the policemen's clubs. Supported by Detective Guay and President Milburn, and surrounded by Secretary George Cortelyou and half a dozen exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was very white, but he made no outcry and sank back with one hand holding his abdomen. His eyes were open, and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up to President Milburn's face and gasped "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "my wife; be careful about her. Don't let her know."

Moved by a paroxysm, the President writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of the would-be assassin. Nieman lay on the floor, bloody and helpless, beneath the blows of the guard. The President raised his right hand, red with his own blood, and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in the chair, while the guards carried Nieman out of his sight.

An ambulance from the exposition hospital was summoned immediately, and the President, still conscious, sank upon the stretcher. Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the President was awaiting the arrival of surgeons who had been summoned from all sections of the city and by special train from Niagara Falls. The President continued conscious and conversed with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn on his way to the hospital. "I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the exposition." Three thoughts had found expression with the President—first, that the news should be kept from his wife; second, that the assassin should not be harmed; and third, regret that the tragedy might hurt the exposition.

The news that the President had been shot spread across the exposition grounds with almost incredible speed, and the crowd around the temple grew until it counted 50,000. This crowd followed the ambulance to the hospital and then divided itself in two parts—one anxious to learn the condition of the President and to catch up every rumor that came from the hospital, and the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him. Certain it is, if the officials had not used remarkable diligence in taking Nieman out of the way of the crowd he would have been mobbed and beaten to death.

Nieman had been carried into a side room at the northwest corner of the temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to lodging. They washed the blood from his face and asked him who he was and why he had tried to kill the President. He made no answer at first, but finally gave his name as that of Nieman. He is of medium height, smooth-shaven, brown-haired, and was dressed in the ordinary clothes of a mechanic. He offered no explanation for the deed, except that he was an anarchist and had done his duty. A detail of exposition guards was sent for, and a company of soldiers. A carriage was summoned.

Raps Knew No Bounds. South of the temple a space had been roped off. The crowd tore out the iron stanchions holding the ropes and carried the ropes to a flag-pole standing near by on the esplanade. "Lynch him!" cried a hundred voices, and a start was made for one of the entrances of the temple. Soldiers and police beat back the crowd. Guards and people were wrangling, shouting and fighting. In this confusion, Nieman, still bleeding, his clothes torn, and scarcely able to walk, was led out by Capt. James F. Valley, chief of the exposition detectives, Commandant Robinson and a squad of secret service men. Nieman was thrown into a carriage and three detectives jumped in on him. Captain Valley

at the first sign in that direction the country must steel itself for the blow. THE BULLET NOT YET FOUND. For the time being the bullet of the assassin, which is still in the body, is a secondary consideration. While it has not been absolutely located, they all agree that after passing through the abdominal cavity and perforating both walls of the stomach perhaps it lodged in the fleshy muscles of the back and if necessary required, it could be easily located with the X-ray and extracted. They agree that it is now of more importance that the President should recover from the shock of the first operation than that the bullet should be removed.

The President has been dozing drowsily throughout the major portion of the day. Two physicians and two trained nurses are constantly at his bedside. He has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the ether which was administered before the operation. He was under the influence of the powerful anesthetic over an hour. The result is that, although he is perfectly rational when conscious, he does much of the time. Absolute quiet and freedom from excitement the physicians regard as the great essential now and visitors are rigidly excluded.

BREAKING NEWS TO MRS. MCKINLEY. It is Most Gently Borne by Dr. Rixey. She Bears It Bravely. Buffalo, Sept. 6.—Immediately the President was cared for at the Exposition Grounds-Hospital, Dr. W. I. Buchanan started for the Milburn residence to forestall any information that might reach there by telephone or otherwise. Very luckily, he was the first to arrive with the information. The Niagara Falls trip had fired Mrs. McKinley, and on returning to the Milburn residence she took leave of her niece the Misses Barber, and the President's niece, Miss Duncan, as well as their hostess, Mrs. Milburn, and went to her room to rest.

Mr. Buchanan broke the news as gently as possible to the niece, and consulted with them and Mrs. Milburn as to the best course to pursue in breaking the news to Mrs. McKinley. It was finally decided that on her awakening, or shortly thereafter, Mr. Buchanan should break the news to her, if in the mean time, her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not arrived.

TAKES UP HER CROCHETING. Mrs. McKinley awoke from her sleep at about 5:30 o'clock. She was feeling splendidly, she said, and at once took up her crocheting, which, as is well known, is one of her favorite diversions. Immediately on Mr. Buchanan's arrival at the Milburn home he had telephonic communication there cut off, as he decided this the wisest course to pursue, lest Mrs. McKinley, hearing the continued ringing of the phone bell, might inquire what it meant.

While the light of day remained, Mrs. McKinley continued with her crocheting, keeping to her room. When it became dark, and the President had not arrived, she began to feel anxious concerning him. "I wonder why he does not come," she asked one of her nieces. There was no clock in Mrs. McKinley's room, and when it was 7 o'clock she had no idea it so late, and this is when she began to feel anxious concerning her husband, for he was to return to Mr. Milburn's house about 6 o'clock.

DR. RIXEY ARRIVES. About 7 o'clock, Dr. Rixey arrived at the Milburn residence. He had been driven hurriedly down Delaware avenue, in an open carriage. As he came up, Mr. Buchanan was out on the lawn conversing with a reporter. At 7:36, Dr. Rixey came out of the house, accompanied by Capt. Webb Hayes, a friend of President McKinley's. They entered a carriage and returned to the exposition hospital. After Dr. Rixey had gone, Director-General Buchanan said that the doctor had broken the news in a most gentle manner to Mrs. McKinley. He said she stood it bravely, though considerably affected.

If it was possible to bring him to her, she wanted it done. Dr. Rixey assured her that the President could be brought safely from the exposition grounds, and when he left the house it was to complete all arrangements for the removal of the President.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. FRANK J. CHEENEY, clerk, do hereby certify that F. J. CHEENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Hall's Catarrh Cure that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHEENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHEENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. See Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DEVELOPMENTS ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED—Crises Expected in 24 Hours. Buffalo, Sept. 7.—President McKinley's condition is extremely grave. The crises will probably come within 24 hours. While his physicians hold out hope and the developments of the day have been somewhat encouraging, in that none of the symptoms of peritonitis or blood poisoning which they so much dread, have appeared, medical experience with similar wounds causes much anxiety and the physicians shake their heads gloomily when they speak of the future. Although their distinguished patient's condition has been favorable throughout the day, they do not desire to buoy the country up with false hopes.

INFLAMMATION IS WHAT THEY FEAR AND

jumped in on him. Captain Valley

ASSASSIN CONFESSES.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—A special to The Daily News from Buffalo says the statement of Leon Czolgoz made to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner is as follows: THE PRISONER'S CONFESSION. "I was born in Detroit, nearly 29 years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here 42 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. After being in Cleveland for several years I went to Chicago, where I remained seven months, after which I went to Newburg, on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg Wire Mills.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S LECTURE STARTLED HIS DESIRE TO KILL. "During the last five years I have made me remorseful and envious, but Cleveland, Detroit and in other Western cities and I suppose I became a Socialist. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me remorseful 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 lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

PLANNED TO KILL THE PRESIDENT. "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 there with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the President, but I had not formed a plan. I went to live at 1,078 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 queried it had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town Tuesday. I heard it was President McKinley. All these people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-calibre revolver and loaded it.

TRIED TO SHOOT TUESDAY NIGHT. "On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the 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.

WANTED TO KILL HIM WHILE HE SPOKE. "I thought half 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 cordon 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.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S SPEECH BURNED HIM. "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. So I stayed at the grounds all day waiting. During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to 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.

THE ACT ACCOMPLISHED. "Then he came, the President—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and 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 frightful 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."

Czolgoz 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.

HAD NO ACCOMPLICE. "I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time," Czolgoz 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 Peterson group, or with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

VICE PRESIDENT'S DUTIES. Must Occupy Presidential Chair if President is Disabled. Vice President Roosevelt will hold himself in readiness to do whatever is necessary and to meet the obligations imposed upon the Vice President by the Constitution of the United States. These are contained in paragraph 6, section 1, Article 11, in the following words:

In case of the removal of the President from office, or his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, &c.

Under the terms of this article, as soon as Mr. Roosevelt is assured by proper authority, probably in this case by the senior member of the cabinet, Secretary Hay, who will doubtless be in Buffalo by this evening, he will undertake at once, in a provisional way, to discharge such duties as may devolve on him. Much will depend upon the report of the physicians upon the character of the President's injuries as to the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt will discharge the Presidential duties, if he undertakes them at all, and it is almost certain that in the absence of great emergency in public affairs, even if called to assume these obligations, the Vice President will confine himself to the exercise of his powers to the discharge of the most routine and indispensable functions.

For the present the thought of a fatal termination of the President's condition is referred to with awed apprehension, and there is a hopeful, even prayerful, anticipation that there may be no need for meeting those grave emergencies which would follow a fatal termination of the tragic event. Should the worst, however, it is realized that important changes in the public affairs of the country would soon be brought about. All this has been thought of here only in the vaguest manner, and confidence is almost universal, based on the President's magnificent constitution, his present excellent physical condition, and the tremendous strides in surgery that have been since Garfield's time, that there will be no occasion to resort to the constitutional provisions made to meet the demise of a President in office.—Washington Post.

STATE NEWS. There is a marked increase in valuation in real and personal property. The rate last year was 95 2-3 cents, 52 2-3 of which went to the county and 43 cents to the state. The state gets 43 cents this year as usual but the levy for county purposes is only 38 cents or a saving of 14 2-3 cents. The commissioners are confident that with the decreased levy a full amount of revenue will be derived.—Wilmington Dispatch.

Winston-Salem, Sept. 4.—At the meeting of the Winston aldermen last night the tax rate for next year was reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00 on the \$100 valuation and the poll tax from \$4.05 to \$3.00. The water rent was reduced to 20 cents per thousand gallons.

Last week John Henry Rose was put on trial at Wilson for waylaying and shooting from ambush Thomas Farmer on the 27th of July last, from the effects of which shooting Farmer died in a few minutes without speaking a word. Evidence of the prisoner's guilt was overwhelming, and the jury was forced to bring in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The unfortunate John Henry Rose was sentenced to be hanged Friday, the 11th of October.

Scotland Neck, Sept. 4.—Mr. Eugene Medford, a young man about 25 years old, shot himself in the right temple with a 32-calibre pistol this morning and died at 8 o'clock. He had been manager of the telephone exchange here for two years.

Norfolk's Ship-Building Plant. Norfolk, Sept. 5.—Within the next 30 days work will have commenced on the water front of Norfolk harbor upon the erection of a million-dollar ship-building plant, which will be owned jointly by the Trigg Company, of Richmond, a big ship-building firm of Philadelphia, and another plant of Bath, Me., which constructs sailing vessels.

Watermelon Malaise. Richmond, Va., Sept. 5.—The Virginia farmers falling to market their enormous watermelon crops at fair prices are making molasses from the juice. Ship loads to Baltimore and New York have been ordered returned. The experiment is likely to lead to a new and profitable industry.

THERE IS NO FAMILY medicine so favorably known as Pain-Killer. For over thirty years it has been used by millionaires in all parts of the world, not only to counteract the climate influences on their families, but for the cure of all diseases of the bowels and for wounds, burns, bruises, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25 and 50c.

How Few Persons Escape a toothache; how many suffer unnecessarily. By the use of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer the pain is almost instantly stopped and a complete cure effected. For a swollen jaw or face due to elevated teeth, Pain-Killer acts like magic. Do not suffer a moment but get a bottle. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25c and 50c.

SOME LESSONS FROM A JAIL.

In Chicago, as in several other cities, some good people arrange for occasional meetings in the county jail, at which a speaker discourses to the prisoners on their situation, and moralizes for their instruction. It is a pleasant event for the speaker, at any rate, since the audience cannot get away, and the platitudes which properly demands on such occasions require no thought, but may indeed be culled from any old copy book or volume of moral maxims.

The other day the committee having this function in charge made a mistake. They asked a man who actually thought to talk.

Now a man who actually thinks is rather a dangerous character anywhere, but if he goes into a jail, in the present state of society, and reflects on what he sees there and then speaks frankly what is in his mind he is apt to say things more pleasing to those inside the walls than to those who put them there.

So it was with this Chicago man a lawyer named Darrow, who has a bit of a reputation for plain speaking. He was not particularly complimentary to his audience, for he remarked that if he met some of them on the street he would be pretty apt to get his pocket picked or be held up, but, said he, "When I get outside pretty nearly everybody holds me up."

This rather startling description of the perils of daily life in Chicago to people unfortunate enough to be without the protection of a cell in jail he supported by saying that the gas company holds him up by charging a dollar for something worth twenty-five cents. If to escape this hell-gate he turns to burning oil Mr. Rockefeller holds him up, and then uses a certain portion of his money to build universities and support churches who are engaged in telling us how to be good." Nor are these spoiliations all. As the instructor in jail ethics truly said: "When I ride on the street cars I am held up—I pay five cents for a ride that is worth two and a half cents, or three cents, simply because a body of men have bribed the City Council and the Legislature so that all the rest of them have to pay tribute to them and cannot help it."

People outside of Chicago will sympathize with this view of the daily robberies to which the citizens are subjected. From Philadelphia, for example, there should come quite a chorus of approval for Mr. Darrow's teachings, and we of New York are not wholly without vacancies in our pockets that testify eloquently to his truths. But, like a good logician, he reasons from the particular to the general and shows how these spoiliations of the many by the few help to fill the jails—but not with big robbers.

"Long ago Mr. Buckle, who was a great philosopher and historian, collected facts, and he showed that the number of people who were arrested increased just as the price of food increased. Now when they put up the price of gas 10 cents a thousand I do not know who will get into jail, but I do know that a certain number of people will go. When the meat combine raises the price of beef I do not know who is going to jail, but I know that a large number of people are bound to go.

The speaker called attention to a very significant truth taught by the history of Australia. That country was for years the dumping ground for English criminals. These outcasts, finding there opportunities open to them which at home were denied, reformed in great numbers. As Mr. Darrow says, "they had the whole continent to run over, and so they could raise wheat themselves, sheep, and furnish their own meat, which is cheaper than stealing it; they had decent, respectable people where they had a chance to live."

In the second generation the descendants of these criminals were as good and respectable a class of people as there were on the face of the earth. * * * But finally the descendants of the British aristocracy who sent the people over to Australia found they were getting rich, and so they went over to get possession of the earth, as they always do, and they organized land syndicates over there and got control of the ores, and then they had just as many criminals as they had in England."

Mr. Darrow was being solemnly rebuked for saying these things in jail where his auditors might construe them as justification of their course in adopting the career of petty criminals. But really there doesn't seem to have been any other place where he could have talked that way with any prospect of getting his audience to listen to him. On the Lake Shore drive or Fifth avenue such hearers as he might have caught for a moment would have been as little likely to stand still as a man on whose biggest and most protuberant corn he trod with an unfeeling and vicious tread.

ROBBERS MAKE A RI N HAUL. HOLD UP AN EXPRESS TRAIN AND SECURE MUCH BOOTY. Official Report to Name Amount—Robbery Car-Daily Planned and Publicly Carried Out—None of the Passengers Molested by the Bandits—Locomotive Engine Run to Safety.

Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 4.—The cotton belt passenger train, south-bound, due to leave Texarkana at 9:25 o'clock last night, was delayed in its departure and did not get out until 11 o'clock. It reached the Texas and Pacific crossing, four miles south of Texarkana, about 11:25 p. m. As it stopped six men boarded the train. Two of these got on the engine and compelled engineer and fireman to go back and out the small and express cars from the train. When this had been done the six men then boarded the engine, left the fireman with the train and the engineer was instructed to pull out south. The train was run to Kyles, a small siding, where a stop was made.

While one man guarded the engine the others went back to the express car, forced the doors and blew open the safe. They took their time at the work, and when they had concluded, returned to the locomotive with two sacks heavy with booty. These they tossed on the engine, turning to the engineer, one of them said, "We will just shell you here. You are not the only engineer in this crowd, and I guess we can run the machine a few miles without your assistance. When you locate your wagon, figure the run in on your mileage, as we won't put in time for the run we make."

Putting out the headlight, the bandit engineer opened the throttle and pulled out. Engineer Henderson was left with the express and mail cars and the messenger and postal clerk. He made his way to a section-house near the scene, and procuring a handcar and some assistance in propelling it, started on a search for the locomotive.

At a point south of Rowan, within four miles of Redwater, they came upon the deserted engine upon the main track, throttle closed, lights out, and no one in sight. The engine was at the bottom of a grade and either had been derailed or been left at a point further north, and was allowed by its own weight to seek the level track. Engineer Henderson took possession, backed to the express and mail cars and coupled up.

The passengers were not molested. While Superintendent Russ, of the Pacific Express Company, admits that the robbers secured much money, he refused to make a statement. The work was done by men more experienced in railroading than in robbery. They knew the stops of the train and were prepared for the emergency thus presented. It was not necessary for them to flag the engineer, and when he stopped for the crossing they climbed aboard. They were armed, but did not make unnecessary display of their weapons. All were masked and each wore a coat. The country where the hold-up occurred is densely wooded, so that the robbers had an opportunity to double on their tracks through the timber and hide their route.

OFFICERS ABANDON THE PURSUIT. Texarkana, Ark., Sept. 4.—Tonight the railroad's posse returned here, having called the bloodhounds from the track. It has been discovered that the robbers secured one bag of gold which took the combined efforts of two men to carry from the express car to the engine. The through safe was dynamited. It is claimed enough was learned to place the guilt on parties believed to be Texarkana men, or at least one man, the remainder being boys. The arrest of the leader is looked for hourly. The amount of booty, it is now said, will reach nearly \$50,000.

The Cotton Belt has offered a reward of \$1,800 for the robbers and the express company 10 per cent. of all money recovered. All of the posses have been recalled to Texarkana and the search is now confined strictly to Texarkana.

Argument for Good Roads. From the Portland Oregonian. After careful inquiry it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his produce to market or to the most shipping station is twelve miles, and the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents per ton per mile, or \$3 per ton for a twelve-mile haul. An estimate places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 per year. On the estimate of \$3 per ton for twelve miles this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than \$900,000,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads this statement surely will.

How Few Persons Escape a toothache; how many suffer unnecessarily. By the use of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer the pain is almost instantly stopped and a complete cure effected. For a swollen jaw or face due to elevated teeth, Pain-Killer acts like magic. Do not suffer a moment but get a bottle. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25c and 50c.