

**PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHOT.**

**The Assassin Fired During a Reception at Buffalo.**

**WHILE SHAKING HANDS WITH PRESIDENT.**

**One Missile Struck Breast Bone and Did Not Penetrate; the Other Perforated Both Walls of the Stomach.**

Philadelphia Record 7th.

For the third time in the history of the United States the nation's Chief Executive has been laid low by the hand of an assassin. President William McKinley was yesterday shot twice and perhaps mortally wounded, as were Lincoln and Garfield before him.

The shooting was done in the beautiful Temple of Music of the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, N. Y., where the President was holding a public reception. He had just returned from a visit to Niagara Falls with Mrs. McKinley, but she was not present at the reception in the Temple of Music, preferring to remain in her room to rest.

The assassin was Leon Czolgosz, an avowed Anarchist, who says "I did it. I am an Anarchist, and was carrying out my principles. I have only done my duty." He is 28 years of age, of Polish descent, and says he has come from Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and other cities.

Amid thousands of others, professing to show their respect and loyalty for the President of the United States, Czolgosz approached the dais where Mr. McKinley stood, as if to shake hands when his turn came in the long line. He had a handkerchief in his hand, which, unknown to those who stood next to him, covered a revolver.

Czolgosz's turn came at a few minutes after 4 o'clock, when the public reception had lasted about 10 minutes, and when perhaps 250 men and women had preceded him in shaking the hand of the Chief Executive.

**UNCOVERED HIS PISTOL**

When Czolgosz was within three feet of the President and was apparently on the point of shaking hands, he suddenly uncovered the revolver and fired twice.

The President fell back into the arms of Secretary Cortelyou and President John G. Milburn, of the Pan-American Exposition, and asked: "Am I shot?"

The assassin was overpowered by Corporal Bertschey and some men of the United States Coast Artillery, who turned him over to the Secret Service officers. There were cries of "Lynch him!" and the man was thrown down and had his face gashed in the scuffle to overpower him. He was soon taken to police headquarters under guard.

The President was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where an operation was performed, and thence to the home of President John G. Milburn.

The physicians found that one bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breast-bone, glancing, and not penetrating. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple, and one and a half inches to the left of the median line.

The abdomen was opened and it was seen that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and was also stitched up.

The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage and no injury to the intestines was discovered.

President McKinley stood the operation well, with pulse at 130. The physicians said that the result could not then be foretold, but the President's condition at the time he came from under the influence of the anæsthetic was such as to justify hope of his recovery.

**MRS. MCKINLEY IS TOLD.**

Mrs. McKinley, who has been so long in ill health, was not told of the sad event until 9:10 o'clock, five hours after the shooting occurred, as its effect upon her was greatly feared. She received the news with the utmost courage and fortitude.

Vice-President Roosevelt, upon whom in the event of the President's inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office, may devolve executive authority, was at Burlington, Vt., when he received the news of the shooting

of the President. He left at once for Buffalo.

**SORROW FELT EVERYWHERE.**

In Philadelphia and other great cities of the United States and of Europe, and wherever the news of the attack upon the President was received, it created a profound impression and aroused universal sympathy for the wounded Chief Executive so ruthlessly stricken down in the height of his popularity and in the prime of his life. Crowds surrounded bulletin boards until all hours of the night to glean the latest tidings from the sick-bed of the President.

In New York great financiers met to protect the stock market against an attack by the bears to-day.

**LEANS TO LYNCH LAW.**

**Wild Words in The Pulpit of McKinley's Church.**

**Entire Congregation Were in Tears During the Morning Prayer Service.**

Washington, D. C., Sept. 8.—Today has been a day of prayer in the National Capital for the recovery of the nation's stricken chief. In all the churches during the morning services fervent prayers were made before bowed and saddened congregations.

Probably the most touching prayer service was made during the morning service at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, where the President and Mrs. McKinley have attended since they entered the White House. As the aged minister appealed to the Divine Being to spare our Chief Magistrate, "Amen's," mingled with sobs, were uttered in all parts of the edifice.

Immediately in front of the pastor was the vacant pew of the President, and many a sorrowful eye was turned upon it throughout the service.

Rev. Mr. Chapman, acting pastor, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Bristol, delivered the prayer, and the presiding elder, Dr. H. R. Naylor, followed with the sermon, in which he said:

"The occurrence at Buffalo indicates that no man is safe from the shafts of death, and, while I have ever been loyal to the law and have ever contended for its strict enforcement, I must say that the affair of 4 o'clock last Friday has almost converted me into an advocate of lynch law. Surely there was no occasion, no reason, for that dreadful deed, and, whether the work of a sane man or a lunatic, there can be no justification for it."

Dr. Chapman in his prayer beseeched the special blessing of the Almighty for the President and his affectionate and devoted companion. Dr. Chapman was visibly affected during the utterance of his petition.

Dr. Naylor before he began his sermon announced to the congregation that the latest bulletin showed the President's condition to be encouraging. This statement was greeted by the congregation with deafening cheers. Dr. Naylor then proposed that the following message be sent to the President:

"The Board of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, and the congregation assembled, extend to you and your devoted wife the deepest sympathy, and earnestly pray that God, in His great mercy, may comfort and sustain you and spare your valued and useful life to the Church and nation."

In the Catholic churches throughout the city a letter from Cardinal Gibbons, ordering that to-day be set apart for special prayer service for the recovery of the President, was read, and prayers were accordingly offered.

**To Lower Price of Cotton Seed.**

New Orleans, Sept. 5.—The leading cotton seed men of Louisiana and Mississippi, met here last night to fix the price they would pay the farmers for cotton seed this season. The meeting was strictly private, but it is known that most of the leading members of the National Oil Company, which controls the price of cotton seed and cotton seed products, were present. The price agreed on was 13 cents free on board river with the usual rebate of one cent per sack equal to a rate of 12 cents free on board rail. This is a much lower figure than the farmers received for their seed last year.

**To Cure a Cold in one Day**

**Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.** All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

**ASSASSIN'S CONFESSION.**

**Leon Frank Czolgosz Tells of His Terrible Crime.**

**GOT IDEA FROM EMMA GOLDMAN.**

**Declares That the Speech of the Woman Anarchist Fired Him to Kill the Head of the Nation.—Told Friends of His Purpose.**

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—In a cell at police headquarters to-night lies Leon Frank Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, utterly exhausted, as the result of his examination to-day at the hands of Superintendent of Police Bull and District Attorney Penney.

He has made and signed a full confession. He declares he had no accomplice, but admits that he had discussed his purpose with friends, whose names he refused to tell. The police are convinced that he will finally confess the whole plot.

**MAKES FULL CONFESSION.**

Czolgosz knows that he will be tried under the laws of New York, and that if the President shall live his sentence will be comparatively light—10 years in prison. Should the President die the murderer will perish in the electric chair. It was with this knowledge that the assassin to-day made the following confession to the police, transcribing and signing it himself:

"I was born in Detroit near 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.

"During the last five years I had had as friends Anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other Western cities, and I suppose I became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything, and this preyed upon me. It made me morose 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.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago newspaper 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 shooting 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 here 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 a day.

**RESOLVED TO KILL PRESIDENT.**

"Not until Tuesday 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 town on Tuesday. I heard it was President's day. All those people seemed bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-calibre revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the rear 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 were so many men in the bodyguard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, out 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 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 fail. 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.

**REMEMBERED EMMA GOLDMAN.**

"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 from that gate, 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.

"Then he came, the President—the ruler—a d 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."

**Stood Death Off.**

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c. at Hood Bros. drug store.

**Young Woman Asked to Leave.**

Harrisburg, Ill., Sept. 8.—Miss Ida Briggs, who was waited upon by a committee of citizens last night and requested to leave the city on the first outgoing train because she expressed her joy when she learned that President McKinley was shot, left on the 8:20 train this morning.

At the train she was greeted by a large crowd of hissing citizens. Miss Briggs' home is in Union City, Tenn. She was in tears. She says she had cried all night and had slept little. She says she realized that she did wrong in saying what she did.

Sid Darling, 1012 Howard St Port Huron, Mich., writes: "I have tried many pills and laxatives but DeWitt's Little Early Risers are far the best pills I have ever used." They never gripe. J. R. Ledbetter, Hare & Son, Hood Bros.

"We'll tour the summer resorts, of course, ma," said the young mosquito. "No, dear," replied her widowed mother; "we'll remain in town and avoid your poor father's fate. Summer resort guests are so much abused by the hotel men that they're always eager to take their spite out on us."—Ex.

Norris Silver, North Stratford, N. H.: "I purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure when suffering with a cough doctors told me was incurable. One bottle relieved me, the second and third almost cured. To-day I am a well man." Hare & Son, Hood Bros., J. R. Ledbetter.

What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.—Sprat.

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