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Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 37

## PRESIDENT MCKINLEY HAS BEEN SHOT.

### At the Buffalo Exposition Friday an Anarchist Fired Two Bullets into His Body—Life Hangs by a Thread.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition a few min-

utes after 4 o'clock today. One shot took effect in the left 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.

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spring toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States Secret Service men, who were on the lookout and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had befallen the President and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the President. As one man the trio hurried themselves upon the President's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp and strong arms pinned him down.

**VIOLENCE TO THE CRIMINAL ATTEMPTED.**

Then the multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realising sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling witnesses. A murmur arose, spread and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises. The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless as in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing, now with a single impulse surged forward

toward the stage of the horrid drama, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats, and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

**A SCENE OF WILD CONFUSION.**

For a moment confusion was terrible. The crowds surged forward regardless of consequences. Men shouted and fought, women screamed and children cried. Doors of those nearest the doors fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of excitement and panic which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the edifice.

**A DRAMATIC TRAGEDY.**

Inside on the slightly raised dais was enacted within those few feverish moments a tragedy, so dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really did transpire. Even the actors who were playing the principal roles came out of it with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts while their brains throbbled with a tumult of conflicting emotions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events that really transpired.

**PRESIDENT REMAINED CALM.**

But of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one head which remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness and one voice which retained its serene tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture. They were the mind and the hand and the eye and the voice of President McKinley. After the first shock of the assassin's shot, he retraced a step. Then as the detective leaped upon him, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands. In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waist was hurriedly opened, the President meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed. "But you are wounded," cried his secretary, "let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

**THE WOUND EXAMINED.**

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily removed and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its tell-tale stain over the white surface of the linen their worst fears were confirmed. A force of exposition guards were ordered by this time and an effort was made to clear the building. By this time the crush was terrific. Spectators crowded down the stairs from the galleries, the crowd on the floor surged forward toward the isthmus while despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission.

**PRESIDENT'S ASSAILANT TAKEN TO PRISON.**

The President's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building by the exposition guards, where he was held while the building was cleared and later he was turned over to Superintendent Bull, of the Buffalo police department, who took the prisoner to No. 13 police station and after wards to police headquarters. As soon as the crowd in the Temple of Music had been dispersed

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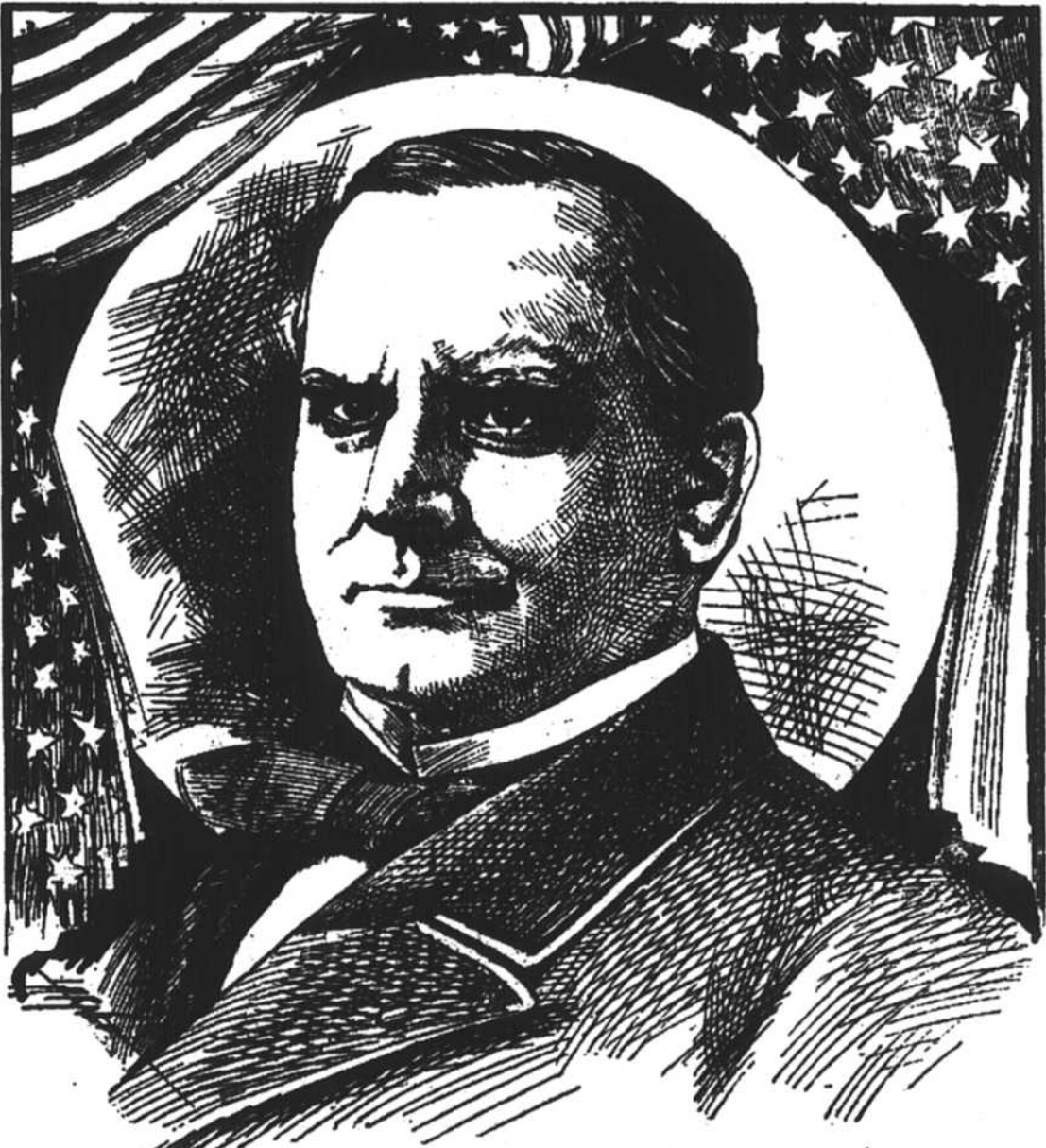
Insufficiently the President was removed in the anti-malaria ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned and within a brief period several of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

**MR. MCKINLEY'S INJURIES.**

The President retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound. The other took effect in the abdomen, about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel, and about an inch with it. Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the second bullet wound was probed. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed and after a hasty consultation, it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn.

He called his secretary to his bedside, and dictated instructions and his last wishes in case the wound should prove fatal.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)



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**THE ATTACK ON MR. MCKINLEY.**

It was a few moments after 4 p. m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great Temple of Music, on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell. Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes all eager to clasp his hand, amid these surroundings and with the ever recurring plaudits of an admiring army of sight-seers, ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin fell and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed. To-night a surging, swaying, eager multitude thronged the city's main thoroughfares clogging the streets in front of the principal newspaper offices, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning announcements as the nature of the message sinks or buoy their hopes.

**THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.**

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, sits a medium-sized man of common-place appearance with his gaze fixed on the floor, and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objections and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk. The daily orange revival in the Temple of Music witnessed the dastardly attempt.

**THE CRIME WELL PLANNED.**

Planned with the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which scarcely a Killiam is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch and should his designs fail and

lives, 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. Throngs 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.

**WITHIN TWO FEET OF HIS VICTIM.**

It was shortly after 4 p. m., when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the President. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of by-standers differ as to his hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dais, until he was within two feet of the President.

Mr. McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of myriad feet and vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

**SILENCE FOLLOWS THE SHOTS.**

There was an instant and almost complete silence. The President stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment on his face. Then he retraced a step while a paler began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, passed in surprise, while heads were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rear where a great tragedy was being enacted.

**THREE MEN ATTACK THE WOULD BE ASSASSIN.**

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and



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