

ASSASSIN'S BLOOD

Assailant of the President Narrowly Escapes Dismemberment at the Hands of the People.

He Is Kicked and Beaten and Finally Removed to a Police Station, Pursued by a Frenzied, Fighting Crowd.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The two shots had hardly been fired at President McKinley when Detectives Foster and Ireland were on top of the assassin. Ireland knocked the weapon from the man's hand, and with his companion and a dozen expedition policemen and artillerymen, was upon the wretch. He literally was crushed to the floor. The president was being led away by the artillerymen and guards cleared the building of those who had come to greet the executive. To do this it was necessary to draw their bayonets and use force. Foster reached under the crowd, and by almost superhuman strength pulled the intended murderer from under the crowd.

Forcing a youth to open the way, Foster clutched him by the throat with his left hand, saying, "You murderer!" and struck him a vicious blow with his fist squarely in the face. The blow was so powerful that the man was sent headlong through the guards and sprawling upon the floor. He hardly had touched the floor when he again was set up, this time by the guards and soldiers.

Kicked and Beaten. He was kicked repeatedly until Captain Damer rushed in and drew back the guards. Foster made another attempt to get at the assassin, but was held back, although he protested that he knew what he was doing. One who stood very near the detective declared that the would-be murderer cried:

"I am an anarchist. I did my duty." The murderer was not given time to say another word, and it is doubtful if he would have had power. He was as white as his victim, and was shaking from head to foot. He had not the power to beg to be saved from the lynchers. Weak with excitement, he was unable to stand on his feet and fell to the floor like a weak coward.

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"All right," he said, clearly, and spoke out towards the crowd, "I am a murderer, safe behind my wall until the prisoner was taken to the police station."

Colonel Byrne, send for another platoon of police. Would you not better get them from the second precinct? "Gentlemen, every account of this deed is making the task dangerous. The crowd is getting more and more worked up. It is getting bigger. It reaches away over the city. Give me a man to me, and I give you my word I will get him to Buffalo. Here are two officers who will go with him."

"The crowd is jumping him right into the carriage, commencing, and set right out of here," said Ireland.

Taken to Police Station. Captain Damer and Colonel Byrne quietly acquiesced in the movement. The police informed the military guards, who rode off a space sufficient to admit the carriage. The door leading into the carriage was closed, and the crowd was kept back by the bayonets were at charge. The carriage was up and a policeman swung open the door. The door leading into the carriage was closed, and the crowd was kept back by the bayonets were at charge. The carriage was up and a policeman swung open the door.

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From the moment the prisoner touched the carriage, he was covered in the rear, left hand corner, now and then raising his head to look out of the windows. When the carriage was being driven through the crowd, he could hear their imprecations as they struggled to take vengeance on him, convulsive shivers ran through his slender body, and his eyes rolled with terror. His lips parched and he wetted them constantly with his tongue.

Just south of Utica street the carriage met a wagon, containing Police Superintendent Bull, who was driving the carriage down to headquarters at the station, at the junction of Erie and Seneca streets. The carriage drew up sharply and the prisoner was taken into a room where a score of officers looked on with little interest. A moment later the bicyclists who followed told them that the president was shot and the man who had done it was the prisoner just taken into the station. Then their excitement grew to such an extent the police were forced to push back the crowd from the station house.

The prisoner's demeanor. In the room with the prisoner were Colonel Byrne, commander of the expedition police; Captain Valley, chief of the detective bureau; Detective Ziegler, Police Detectives Solomon, George, Sam Ireland and Foster, secret service men; Captain Damer and Major Robertson of the expedition police; John N. Scatcherd and a few others. Czolgosz was put down at the table in the room. He sat there, now and then putting his sleeve to his lip and other times looking at the floor, scrubbing his shoe soles together nervously. He would now and then breathe deeply in his agitation. He remained silent.

Outside the building, could be seen a great throng of people. From all quarters of the grounds they gathered toward one center. Now and then a woman's face, red with heat, could be seen peering over the heads of those in front and, raising

her hand, would wipe away the tears from her cheeks. On a lofty perch on one of the great staff flower jardiniere an old man with long, white hair, a broad brimmed velvet hat and a Grand Army badge on his lapel, was shaking his head in sorrow. Now and then some man's voice would call out: "Don't let him get away!" and there would be a chorus of answering shouts, "Kill him," "Hang him," "Take him up on the arch and burn him."

"Kill the ——" "All mail wagon, only the top of which was visible above the crowd, appeared coming from the direction of the government building. The angry crowd thought it was a conveyance coming to get the man.

"Guard the door," "Stop that wagon," yelled a big man, who is a Midway character and who has a better point of view. The wagon stopped, but a moment after proceeded, taking a circuitous route.

Police and Marines. Around the main doors was a squad of fifteen police and a detachment of United States marines. They had just arrived at that station and were in command of Captain Leonard. They formed in line, then came the order, in a loud, clear voice, "Load rifles."

Breeches clicked and the men held up their guns in plain view as they filled them with cartridges. The moral effect was obvious. Women started to weep, and the wave of vengeance seemed broken. Men and women who had been fighting began to cry. Lips of soldiers and policemen were twitching, but the heads on the broad shoulders were motionless.

The little room where the prisoner was contained a quantity of rope from the building, and the crowd got a wagon in here," said Colonel Byrne. "You will never get that wagon with me in forty feet away," said Ireland. "The crowd can stop an automobile better than they can horses."

Some distance away was the carriage in which the assassin was taken. It had come to the Temple of Music. "Get that carriage over there—or, here, never mind, I will," said Scatcherd, the police sergeant.

On the box of the carriage was a stockily built little Irishman. As he received word that his carriage was to take the assassin, he smiled, and pleasure and broke into a delighted grin.

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HOT ON THE TRAIL

Cleveland Police Tracing the Assassin's Career.

HIS ANARCHIST ASSOCIATES

A Suspect in the Sweetbox-Czolgosz Has Been Saloonist and Workman.

Cleveland, Sept. 7.—Information was received by the local police from Buffalo last night that perhaps the plot to kill the president was hatched in that city. Chief-Corner, Detectives Lohrer and Doran and the plain clothes men held a sweet-box session which lasted until an early hour this morning. At the close of the chief would make up the following statement:

"It is positive that Czolgosz is a Cleveland man, and I know him here and has a large circle of friends in the city. The would-be assassin had on him a letter of recommendation signed by a Cleveland man. The Buffalo police transmitted the letter to this office. Chief-Corner, Detectives Lohrer and Doran and the plain clothes men held a sweet-box session which lasted until an early hour this morning. At the close of the chief would make up the following statement:

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INDIGNANT ABROAD

Methodist Ecumenical Conference Takes Action.

GRIEF AND REGRET IN EUROPE

Universal Expressions of Sympathy, With Horror at the Anarchist's Deed.

London, Sept. 7.—The Ecumenical Methodist conference gave up the first hour of its session to-day to prayers for the opening service. Bishop Arnet, of Ohio, presiding. Rev. P. A. Hubbard, D. D., of Washington, offered a prayer for the president and his wife, and Bishop Arnet delivered an address in which he spoke of the sad death of the president as a statesman, Christian and gentleman.

The Rev. Dr. W. T. Davidson, of the Erie Wesleyan Methodist, president of the conference, moved: That this conference express its intense indignation at the dastardly attempt made upon the life of the president of the United States and its profound sympathy with the nation in its deep anxiety over the deed, and directs that a message of respectful sympathy be sent at once to Mr. McKinley.

This was amended to send one also to President McKinley. Dr. Frank M. Bristol of Washington, President McKinley's pastor, whose emotion made speech difficult, alluded to the close relations with Mr. and Mrs. McKinley.

Dr. Stewart of Manitoba, for the Canadians, and others also spoke. Mr. James M. Uley, of the Erie Wesleyan Methodist, for the recovery of the president, the resolution was adopted by a standing vote, many of those present weeping.

Enger for News. Passengers booked to sail for New York on the steamer St. Paul to-day, gathered at Waterloo station en route for the steamer were tremendously eager for further news of the president's condition, many deprecating the week of suspense with which their passage will be marked. The 1 o'clock bulletin was hailed with the greatest delight.

At Euston station, when the Lucania's train left, there was a scene similar to the one witnessed at Waterloo station. The passengers were tremendously eager for further news of the president's condition, many deprecating the week of suspense with which their passage will be marked. The 1 o'clock bulletin was hailed with the greatest delight.

The citizens of London have received with profound regret and great indignation intelligence of the dastardly attack upon the life of the distinguished statesman of the United States, and they desire to convey through your excellency their sincere sympathy with your country in this melancholy event, and trust that the same will be reciprocated by the United States.

The attempt upon the life of President McKinley is the sort of plot of conversation in London this morning. In the street the people are saying: "Isn't it awful?" "The reference is quite sufficient to the fact that it is unpardonable in the minds of all."

Bulletins are eagerly awaited and great relief is expressed at the satisfactory progress so far maintained. Down to the fact that the stock market is closed to-day the financial world is not taking any action. Members of several leading houses said that they do not regret the valuable life as President McKinley in monetary circles. The effect anticipated is that acceleration of shipments of gold to America which to the extent of several millions would be later this year.

Telegrams at Hand. The United States embassy has received many telegrams and telephone messages from distinguished persons inquiring for news and expressing anxiety and regret at the assassination.

Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador to the United States, accompanied by his daughter, was one of the earliest callers at the United States embassy this morning. He expressed the great sympathy and anxiety regarding President McKinley's condition. Other callers at the embassy included Judge Gary of Delaware, Professor John Harvard and practically all the leading Americans in London.

The telegrams of sympathy and inquiry read at the embassy from all parts of Great Britain include messages from the mayor of Liverpool, Birmingham and Portsmouth.

"England prays for McKinley," is printed in great type across the front page of the Evening Star, and all the journals express the hope of the English people that the president will recover.

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SUMMER COLDS BREED CATARRH



Hon. Frank J. Zeller, former Chief of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, No. 143, of Meadville, Pa., now Alderman Third ward, Troyville, Pa., writes:

"I suffered a number of times with severe colds and was laid up repeatedly. A friend told me he had taken Peruna and it kept him well. I have tried it and found that it not only cured me, but that taking Peruna occasionally, especially in bad weather, keeps me from catching cold. It seems to throw all sickness out of the system and I would not be without it."—F. J. Zeller.

Colds are considered one of the necessary evils of life. One is liable to catch cold both summer and winter. Very often summer colds prove fatal. They are always dangerous.

A cold is the beginning of catarrh. It may cause catarrh of any of the internal organs—the head, throat, lungs and stomach especially. A remedy that will cure the cold, and prevent the catarrh, is a sure effect of colds. Peruna is such a remedy. We have letters from all over the United States attesting to this fact. The poor sufferer who is afflicted with a cold, and a physical wreck, I was constantly spitting mucus, as the mucus would rise in my throat and mouth all the time.

"I got hold of one of Dr. S. B. Hartman's pamphlets and saw Peruna recommended. I had taken five bottles of Peruna, and I purchased some and began to take it, and from the very start commenced to improve. When I commenced to take Peruna I weighed 140 pounds. After taking five bottles I am as strong as ever and weigh 160, and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. I recommend Peruna to all suffering humanity."—S. C. Burgin.

"I am glad to have the pleasure of telling the world what Peruna has done for me. I was taken sick last April, and had not been the same since. I was in our country, and they did me but little good, if any. When I began with your medicine I could not lie down at night, my cough was so bad. My friends all

awful calamity is chargeable to the yellow newspapers whose flaming editorials and scurrilous goads the enemies of good government have been using.

"In the light of subsequent events, President McKinley's Buffalo speech seems almost inspired and it will command the admiration and respect of all our foreign competitors and make him more than ever the ideal president in the eyes of the American people."

Towne's Tribute to McKinley. New York, Sept. 7.—Former Congressman Charles A. Towne, in an interview, said:

"I am shocked by the news of the attempt upon the president's life and with all Americans, feel great grief. I know Mr. McKinley intimately, and appreciate his lovely character. The event commands a great sorrow for the nation. I should regret exceedingly to hear of the death of Mr. McKinley, from the fact that I do not feel that the country would be as well as under Colonel Roosevelt as under the president."

"A GREAT CALAMITY" Lieutenant General Miles Receives the News at Helena. Livingston, Mont., Sept. 7.—Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles arrived in Livingston last night, hurrying to Buffalo. He received the news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley at Helena.

"It is a great calamity," said General Miles. "It is coming to a fearful pass. The president cannot come and beg to extend to them his greetings without being shot down in cold blood. There could exist no possible reason for the assassination. Now, about the death of the president, I don't understand it. I am greatly pained at the news. The death of President McKinley at this time would mean more than can be realized by the nation and world at large."

NEW CHAMPION Jake Gaudaur Beaten for the World's Championship by Towns. Special to The Journal. Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 7.—George Towns, champion of England, won the world's championship sculling race at Beau Portage by six lengths. He led Gaudaur at the turning buoy by six seconds.

NEW PATENTS. Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.—The following patents were issued this week to Minnesota and Dakota inventors: Reported by Williamson & Merchant, patent attorneys, 529-85 Guaranty building, Minneapolis, Minn.: J. P. H. Adams, St. Paul, Minn., keyboard for musical instruments; J. P. H. Adams, St. Paul, Minn., musical notation; Andrew Trovaton, Sisseton, Minn., spring support for vehicles; Andrew Trovaton, Melinotah, Minn., bolster spring; Frank B. Grimshaw, Clark, S. D., oil can.

Perfect Mandolins for Sale At Metropolitan Music Co., 41-43 9th St. Further Reduction Minnetonka Line Service via "The Milwaukee." The C. M. & St. P. will run but one train each direction daily except Sunday between Minneapolis and Minnetonka (Hotel St. Louis) beginning Monday, Sept. 9th. This train will leave Minneapolis 7:45 a. m., arrive Minnetonka 8:30 a. m., and returning will leave Minnetonka 8:15 a. m., and arrive Minneapolis 8:15 p. m.