

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHOT.

Declared at First That He Was Not Hurt Much.

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 4 o'clock this afternoon. The shots were fired by Fred Nieman, alias Leon Czolgosz, 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 10,000 others stood outside the Temple waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President.

The first bullet struck the sternum 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 Myer. 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. Millburn, president of the Exposition, 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, and at first refused to give any information about himself. Later he said his name was Fred Nieman, that he was 28 years old, and had come to Buffalo from Detroit a week ago. He was living at No. 1,025 Broadway. He gave his occupation as blacksmith, and said he was born in Detroit.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

The reception to the President this afternoon was one to which the general public had been invited. President John G. Millburn, 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. Folded in a 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 a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came the assassin. As the President turned to the right again, bringing the right hand about in the characteristic attitude 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 up 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 had 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 Geary caught the President in his arms, and President Millburn helped to support him.

HURLED ASSASSIN TO FLOOR. 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 directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled the man to the floor, and, as he fell, a negro waiter named John Harper leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States Artillery, detailed at the receptions, sprang upon them, and Nieman was surrounded by a squad of Exposition police and Secret Service detectives. Detective

Gallagher grabbed Nieman's right hand, tore away the handkerchief, and seized the revolver. The artillery men, 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 Geary and President Millburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. 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, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open, and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up into President Millburn'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 he 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 guards.

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. Millburn 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. Millburn on his way to the hospital.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the Exposition."

Three thoughts have 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 passed across the Exposition grounds with almost incredible speed, and the crowd around the Temple grew until it counted fifty thousand people. This big crowd followed the ambulance respectfully to the hospital, and then divided itself into two parties, one anxious to learn the condition of the President and to catch up every rumor that came from the hospital, the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him. Certain it is that 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.

TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Nieman had been carried into a side room at the north-west corner of the Temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to his family. 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 the name of Nieman. He is of medium height, smooth shaven, brown-haired, and dressed in the ordinary clothes of a mechanic. He offered no explanation of 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. South of the Temple a space had been roped off. The crowd tore out the iron stanchion holding the ropes, and carried the ropes to the 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. Vallaly, 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 with him. Capt. Vallaly jumped on the driver's seat and lashed the horses into a gallop.

The crowd burst into a roar of rage. "Murderer! Assassin! Lynch him!" they yelled. Men sprang at the horses and clutched at the whirling wheels of the carriage. Nieman huddled back in the corner, concealed between two detectives. "The rope! The rope!" yelled the crowd, and they started forward all in one grand fight, the soldiers to save and the citizens to take a murderer's life.

Soldiers fought a way clear, and the heads of the horses, and pursued

by the infuriated thousands, the carriage whirled across the Esplanade, the horses at full gallop, across the Triumphal Causeway, and vanished through the Lincoln Parkway gate, galloping down Delaware avenue until police headquarters was reached.

Thousands left the Exposition grounds, and learning that the assassin had been taken to police headquarters, followed there, willing to do violent justice if the President had died.

As evening came on the numbers grew so that the multitudes blocked all the streets in the vicinity of police headquarters, ten thousand asking one another, "Is the President still alive?" All efforts of the police to disperse the crowds were vain and futile. The roar of conversation in this mass of people penetrated even to the cell where Nieman lay. Now and then the crowd would surge over to one of the newspaper bulletin boards, and cheer wildly when the statements were flashed out that hope was entertained.

PRESIDENT WILL LIVE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The news from President McKinley to-day is good news throughout. It is not merely negative good news like that of yesterday when there was good news because there was no bad news. It is possible good news—a story of distinct improvement in the patient's condition over yesterday. His temperature at this writing is over a degree lower than it was even this morning, when at one time it went up to 102.8, as compared with 102 yesterday. It is now 101. The pulse is slower and the respiration slower and easier. In a word it is a marked improvement, warranting strong hopes for a favorable issue.

And right here a word should be said about the bulletins the physicians are sending out from the sick room. For some reason past fathoming the report has been circulated that they were not truthful; that they were deliberately colored with optimism, that the President's condition was much worse than they indicated. All this is nonsense. The stories discrediting the bulletins do a grave injustice to the conscientious physicians who have the tremendous responsibility upon them, and they likewise are unjust to the Government officials who are supposed to have some control of what shall or shall not go out to the public from the sick room. The bulletins issued by the President's physicians are, so far as it is humanly possible, an accurate statement of his exact condition. Senator Hanna and Vice-President Roosevelt, who came out of the Millburn house together this afternoon, both spoke earnestly in disapproval of the reports casting suspicion on the bulletins. Senator Hanna, in particular, was vigorous in denouncing as false these rumors.

CONFESSION BY CZOLGOSZ.

I am an Anarchist. I do not believe in the American form of government. My faith in this government was destroyed by Emma Goldman, whom I heard deliver lectures in New York a few years ago, and with whom I have since been in correspondence. I believe that any man who accepts the Presidency is a foe to the common people. He represents only the class of the oppressors.

I did my duty. I am sorry that Mr. McKinley has suffered. I intended to kill him, and I regret that I did not succeed.

I hope that no one will mistake my position. I am not a common assassin. Personally, I had little to gain as a result of this act.

The shot that I fired was for the benefit of all mankind. I intended to kill the President of the United States. Against Mr. McKinley as a man I could have no feeling. I have been told that he is a good man. I did not wish to inflict suffering upon his family, but in accomplishing my purpose I could not consider them. I say again that I did not assassinate the man. I intended to kill the President, because I believed it would have a good effect upon this country and upon all mankind.

I will not say whether anyone had the knowledge of my plans. This much the authorities of this country must know:—I am not alone in this work. I am only one of the great body of Anarchists bound together under solemn oath to accomplish a work and to bring about the results that surely must come.

My plans were all carefully laid. I had failed on other occasions, but when I heard that President McKinley would have a public reception, I knew that fortune had thrown my opportunity in my way.

After studying the matter over I decided that I would attempt to kill the President while he was in Buffalo. Therefore I came to the Pan-American Exposition, and for the last three days I have planned carefully my attack upon him. With the 32-calibre revolver I had practised frequently in wrapping my handkerchief about my right hand so that the weapon was concealed in palm, while its protruding muzzle might be taken to be my thumb.

I am not sorry for what I have done. Why should I be? I have been simply an agent in the accomplishment of a work which I hope will succeed. Of course, I know that, as it is now constituted, the Government possesses the power to punish, and I know that the great majority are still too ignorant to appreciate that I have struck a blow for liberty.

I shall be denounced, and I will be punished, but I will take my punishment, no matter in what form it may come, like a man.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Hogs, & in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, September 10.—Wheat—The local market is without feature. Sales of old white and red to millers at 67½ to 68c low freights, while exporters quote at 66c middle. New white for export, 65c; No. 1 spring on Midland 68½c, Manitoba wheats quiet; No. 1 hard sold at 82½c to 83c and No. 2 at 80½ to 81c, grinding in transit. For Toronto and west 2c lower.

Oats—The market was quiet today at unchanged prices. New No. 2 white and mixed sold for export at 33c middle freight. Old quoted locally at 35 to 36c.

Peas—Trade quiet and prices firm. No. 2 sold at 68c north and west, and at 70c on Midland.

Barley—The market is firm, with sales of No. 2 at 47c, No. 3 extra at 46c and No. 3 at 45c, all middle freights.

Corn—The market is steady to-day, with sales of No. 2 Canadian yellow at 54c, and of mixed at 53c west. American is nominal at 59 to 60c, on track here.

Rye—The market is firmer with sales at 51c middle freights.

Buckwheat—Market dull, with prices purely nominal.

Flour—The market is quiet. Ninety per cent. patents sold for export in bbls. at \$2.90 middle freights. Choice straight rollers, in bbls., locally and for Lower Provinces, \$3.15 to \$3.30. Manitoba patents, \$4 in bags, and strong bakers' \$3.75.

Oatmeal—Market is unchanged; car lots at \$3.90 in bags, and \$4 in wood. Broken lots, Toronto, 30c per bbl. extra.

Milled—The market is quiet, with supply limited, as well as the demand. Cars of bran for shipment quoted at \$13.50 to \$14 west, and shorts at \$17 west. Ton lots sell here at \$15.50 and shorts at \$16.50.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs are quiet to-day at \$9 to \$9.40. Hog products in good demand, and firm, with small supplies. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, ton and case lots, 11½c; pork, mess, \$20 to \$20.50; do, short cut, \$21.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; rolls, 12c; backs, 15 to 15½c, and shoulders 11 to 11½c.

Lard—Demand good and prices firm. Guaranteed pure, in 50-lb tubs 11½c; pails, 11½c, and tierces, 11c.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is steady. Anything strictly fine meets with a ready sale for local trade; other grades are accumulating. We quote:—Strictly fresh dairies, 17c; seconds, 14 to 15c bakers' 12½ to 13½c.

Eggs—Market steady. We quote:—strictly new laid (nearly gathered), 13 to 14c; ordinary, fresh candled stock, 11½ to 12c; seconds, 7 to 8½c.

Cheese—Market is dull. We quote:—Finest 9½ to 9½c; seconds 9½c.

PRODUCE.

Potatoes—The market is unchanged with moderate receipts. Large lots of good stock are quoted at 60 to 65 cents per bush., and jobbing prices, 75 to 80c.

Dried Apples—The market continues dull, with no offering, and prices are purely nominal.

Hops—There is a quiet trade, with prices steady at 14 to 16c.

Honey—Market is steady at 9 to 9½c. Combs, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per doz.

Beans—The market is steady with few offerings. Ordinary stock, \$1.80 to \$1.90, and handpicked, \$2.10 to \$2.15.

Hay, Baled—The market is steady, with sales of ton lots delivered at \$10, and car lots at \$8.50 to \$9.

Straw—The market is quiet. Car lots, on track, \$5 to \$5.50 a ton.

Seeds—There is a little alsike coming in; No. 1 is quoted at \$6.75 to \$7.25 per bush, and No. 2 at \$6 to \$6.75. Red clover is quoted at \$5.25 to \$5.75 per bush.

THE STREET MARKET.

Receipts of grain were smaller to-day. Wheat—Steady, 400 bush of old red and white selling at 73c, and new at 64 to 68c, 100 bush of spring at 71c, and 300 bush of goose at 67½ to 68c. Barley—Firm, 600 bush selling at 49 to 53c. Oats—Also firm, 600 bush selling at 41c. for old, and at 37½ to 38½ for new. Rye sold at 52c for one load. Hay—Dull, two loads selling at \$10 to \$11 a ton. No straw. Dressed Hogs—\$9 to \$9.40.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Wheat, white.....	\$.073	\$.000
Wheat red.....	0.73 0.00
Wheat, new, red and white.....	0.64 0.68
Wheat, spring.....	0.71 0.00
Wheat, goose.....	0.67½ 0.68
Oats, old.....	0.41 0.00
Oats, new.....	0.37½ 0.38½
Barley.....	0.49 0.53
Peas.....	0.68 0.69
Rye.....	0.52 0.00
Hay, old per ton.....	13.00	13.50
Hay, new, per ton.....	10.00	11.00
Straw, per ton.....	9.00	10.00
Dressed hogs.....	9.00	9.40
Butter in lb. rolls.....	0.17	0.22
Butter, creamery.....	0.21	0.26
Chickens, per pair.....	0.50	0.75
Ducks, per pair.....	0.60	0.85
Turkeys, per lb.....	0.12	0.13
Eggs, new laid.....	0.16	0.17
Eggs, held, per doz.....	0.12	0.14
Apples, barrel.....	2.00	2.50
Potatoes, new, bushel.....	0.60	0.75
Potatoes, basket.....	0.15	0.20
Beef, forequarters.....	4.50	5.50

Beef, hindquarters.....	8.00	9.00
Beef, medium, carcass.....	6.50	7.25
Beef, choice.....	7.00	7.75
Lamb, yearling.....	6.50	7.00
Lamb, spring.....	7.50	8.50
Mutton.....	5.50	6.50
Veal, choice.....	7.50	8.25

Duluth, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 70½c; No. 1 Northern, 68½c; No. 2 Northern, 65½c; Sept., 68½c; Oct., 68½c; Dec., 69½c; May, 73c. Oats—35½ to 34½c. Corn—Nominal.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Flour—Firm, no demand. Wheat—Spring, little doing. No. 1 Northern, old, 76c; do., new, 71½c; winter, No 2, red, 74½c; No 1 white, 75½c. Corn—Firm; No 2 yellow, 60½c; No. 3 do., 59½c; No. 2 corn, 60½c; No. 3 do., 59c. Oats—Quiet and only steady; No. 2 white, 38c; No. 3 do., 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 36½c; No. 3 do, 36c. Barley—Western offered at 57 to 62c. Rye—Dull; No. 2, 56c. Canal freights—Steady.

Detroit, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Closed. No. 1 white, 71½c. cash; No. 2 red, 71½c. cash and Sept.; 72½, Oct.; 72c. Dec.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 10.—Wheat—Closed. 69½c cash; 69½c, Sept.; 72c. Dec.

Milwaukee, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Easier; close, No. 1 Northern, 69½ to 70c; No. 2 Northern, 68 to 68½c; Dec. 71½ to 71½c. Corn—Dec., 58½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 36½ to 37c.

Toledo, O., Sept. 10.—Wheat—No. 2, cash and Sept. 72½c; Dec., 73½c. Corn—No. 2 Sept., 56c; Dec., 56½c. Oats—Cash, 36c. Rye—No sales. Clover seed—Prime, \$5.70; Oct., \$5.65; Dec., \$5.67½.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 10.—To-day's receipts at the western cattle yards were 68 carloads of live stock, including 1,100 cattle, 1,800 sheep and lambs, 600 hogs, 50 calves and 20 milch cows.

Trade was fair and the market featureless.

Export cattle were quotably unchanged at from \$4.25 to \$5 per cwt.

Butcher cattle is worth from \$3.75 to \$4.25 per cwt. for good to choice, and selections sold up to \$4.50; medium and common stuff was dull.

Stockers, bulls and feeders are quotably unchanged.

Sheep and lambs are unchanged at the prices quoted below.

There was a demand to-day for good veal calves.

No change in milch cows.

There is no change in hogs.

The best price for "singers" is 7½c per lb, thick fat and light hogs are worth 6½c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt.....	\$4.60	\$5.00
Do., light.....	4.25	4.60
Butchers, choice.....	4.25	4.65
Butchers, ord. to good.....	3.50	4.00
Butchers, inferior.....	2.75	3.25
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt.....	3.40	3.60
Butchers' sheep, each.....	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each.....	2.50	3.25
Bucks, per cwt.....	2.50	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.....	30.00	45.00
Calves, each.....	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt.....	7.12½	7.25
Light hogs, per cwt.....	6.50	6.75
Heavy hogs, per cwt.....	6.50	6.75
Sows, per cwt.....	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt.....	0.00	2.00

BOERS SURPRISED.

Lotter's Commando Surrendered to the British.

A despatch from Cape Town says: The details of the fight in which Lotter's commando was captured by Col. Scobell have just been received here. It appears that Col. Scobell surprised Lotter, who had laagered in the centre of a basin surrounded by ridges. The Boers occupied two kraals and a shed, into which the Boer picket rushed all the wounded. The Cape Mounted Rifles and the Ninth Lancers surrounded the position completely.

The first British volleys, which were red at daylight, stampeded the Boers' horses. The burghers seeing their escape was impossible, took refuge in the shed, from which they returned the British fire. Then the British concentrated their fire from four points on their shed at distances of from 50 to 400 yards. Every corner of the Boer position was well searched for three-quarters of an hour, when a white flag was hoisted. Nevertheless the Boers continued firing, and a private of the Lancers, who galloped forward to receive the surrender, was shot twenty yards from the shed. The firing then ceased, as Commandant Lotter came from shelter and surrendered. The shed presented a terrible spectacle. The dead and wounded were lying in all positions.

Col. Scobell's disposition of his force was admirable and he outmanoeuvred Commandant Lotter completely.

Miss Isabella Thoburn, founder of the Lai Bagh School, and of the Lucknow Women's College, is dead at Lucknow.

Miss Margaret Crawford, daughter of a British India official, was killed in the Swiss Mountains, and her sister was found wandering in a half demented condition where she had died from the accident.