

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

"An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "you're a feelin' mighty blue because the girl you learned to love has made a fool of you..."

THE BREACH MENDER.

Bobbie Grant, road commissioner of Platte township—several years before he made the race for the Legislature, Nebraska—was out one July morning before sunrise putting half a dozen new planks in the flooring of Long Bridge...

"How now? By Billy—yes sir, sure's taxes, a woman. So! They see me now—that's right, whoa, but you're too late..."

"Why, hello, Bob! What the dickens—have you got to wait?"

"Oh, we're just taking a morning ride and want to get over before the sun comes up hot. Can't you lay 'em temporary and let us over?"

at the convention next month? Slavin, o' your township, was in Saturday, and he talked as rambunctious as ever. "Now I—"

"Christopher, Moses, Bob! I've got no time to talk politics this morning. Can't you see?"

"Dave, you're wastin' your own valuable time. Now just you let me manage this confab, and you and your lady'll be on the move in a minute, provided."

"Oh, hash your 'provided,' Bob, let us over."

"The lanky Populist raised his eyebrows and set another nail for driving. The girl turned in the direction they had come. The sun was lifting above the ridges, and through a gap where the road began its long winding descent to the river a third rider came into view. The girl uttered a little suppressed scream. "Father!" she gasped.

"For God's sake, Bob!" cried young Morton.

"Keep cool, my children, he's two mile away yet. Keep ca'm and trust to Bobbie Grant. Now, look here, you Dave, you're too darned good a fellow to be left kickin' against the counsels of the party. If you weren't such a bright pop'lar chap, you couldn't do us any harm, but as she stands, my boy, if I help you now, you've got to help me later, do you see?" Dave was desperate. "Well, anything, only hurry."

"There's no hurry. But what I was gettin' at was just this; you carry the votes o' three townships in your overalls' pocket over the repair gap. "Now I want you fellows to behave when you come down here to this convention. 'Taint for my good, you can see that—it's for the party's good."

"Well, choke that stump speech, Bob, I can hear the old man on the far end of the bridge. He'll be up with us in half a giffy. Hurry up and get that last board laid."

"Now, Dave, don't get excited, and remember, this old bridge—built by our old party, by the bye—is a clean mile long. And there's just one other little matter. I'll have to fine you two for breaking through the regulation about walking your horse over the bridge."

Dave protested. "I've got to do it, my boy. When Bobbie Grant is Road Commissioner the regulations have got to be enforced, do you see? But you can pay the fine—ten dollars—when you get back from the honeymoon—you'll need what you've got about you, Dave, for the preacher, I guess. Do you see?"

Young Morton groaned. "Fraid you've killed that part of it, Bob," said he sullenly. "The old man's got us now, for certain."

"Never you worry about the old man. This bridge ain't fixed yet. I'll let him wait exactly one hour by the sun, and if you two ain't hatched by that time, you don't deserve to be, that's all."

"Oh, you beautiful man!" cried the young woman, heaving down upon Bob's rough face. "And if you will just convince him that it's all right, and that Dave is just the man for me you'll be simply an angel."

Bobbie cast his eye deliberately along the bridge, and adjusted the last board. "Clippit now!" he commanded, stepping to one side.

The riders were past him before the words were out of his mouth, and the same instant a white prairie orchid, tossed from somewhere, lodged in the folds of his crossed arms. In Nebraska the wild orchid is the bride's flower in its season. He took up the blossom and placed the stem between his lips, beginning to whistle "Cotton Eyed Joe," and watched the runaways until they left the bridge at the townward end and disappeared around the bend behind a grove of cottonwoods. Then he heard hoof-beats behind him. Without looking in that direction, he stooped and began taking up the loose boards, at the same time changing his tune to "Hold the Fort For I am Coming." By George Beardsley, Daily Story Publishing Company.

Hall to the Oyster.

The dealers along the wharves are enthusiastic about the prospects for the new season of the oyster which has opened.

On September first, the Absecon, Cape May and Cape Shore beds are abundant, and the product of the Maurice River Cove appears. The latter is the Delaware Bay oyster, which is taken from this body of water, transplanted to the brackish water of Maurice River, and then laid out to fatten. The first arrivals, those which the dealer terms "samples," have given rise to the optimistic prophecies concerning the winter trade. They are in quality more superior to the oyster we have received for many years past. This good fortune is not confined to the Maurice River Cove; the oysters from all parts of Delaware Bay, including the Western Shore, boasting of the same exceptional quality.

For three months, September, October and November, the epicure feast on the Delaware Bay product. By a happy provision of nature, at the end of November, the core oysters begin to show a decline in quality, while the Chesapeake product is fast approaching its greatest perfection in readiness to supplant the Delaware oyster, the beds of which remain untouched after December first. The tributaries of the Chesapeake—the York, Rappahannock and James rivers, are utilized for the transplanting of the oysters of Chesapeake Bay. At the mouths of these rivers the oysters are laid on floats to fatten, and it is this variety that holds goods until spring when the summer oyster appears.

A dealer at the wharf who is familiar with the various kinds of oysters, says that he can tell, at a glance, from the shape and color of the shell, into which river they have been transplanted. A very fine variety of salt oyster, which comes about the same time as the Chesapeake Bay, is a product of Chincoteague Bay, Virginia, which accounts probably for the fact that numerous oyster dealers along the wharf claim this locality as their native place.

Full 90 Feet and Lives.

Summer Girl Tumbles Down a Gorge in the Catskills.

Miss Caroline Schroeder, of Brooklyn, who is summering at Laurel House, Catskill mountains, was precipitated 90 feet to the gorge of the Kaaterskill Falls, Wednesday afternoon, but was rescued almost unhurt. She fell among a dense growth of balsam and sustained only a few bruises.

The rains of the past few days have swollen the torrent which forms the famous Kaaterskill Falls. The water plunges over a precipice 280 feet in height, and on one side of the gorge is a shelf-rock jutting out 80 feet below the summit. Miss Schroeder ventured too near the edge of the gorge, lost her balance and fell.

Her unconscious body was raised by a rope to the top of the cliff. A physician summoned from the hotel said she had been badly bruised by the fall, but that she had suffered no serious injury.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SHOT

While Holding a Public Reception at the Exposition in Buffalo—Second Shot Went Through the Stomach and Lodged Back of It—Anarchist's Crime—Prisoner Gave Two Names—Said He Had Done His Duty—Hid Revolver in Handkerchief, Fired as the President Reached Out to Shake His Hand—Mrs. McKinley's Condition—The Assassin's Confession.

President McKinley, while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, was shot twice by Leon Czolgosz a Polish anarchist. The first bullet struck him on the upper breast bone, glancing and not penetrating and was removed within five minutes after the physicians reached the President. The second bullet penetrated the stomach and remains embedded in his back. The President was removed immediately to the Emergency hospital on the grounds and at 6 o'clock Drs. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter and Dr. John Herman Mynter opened up the abdomen and probed for the second bullet. It was not found, however, and it was deemed best to close up the incision and wait until the President showed some indications of recovery. He was under the influence of anaesthetic for over an hour and was shortly afterwards removed to the Milburn home on Delaware Avenue, where he and Mrs. McKinley were guests.

The attempted assassination created intense excitement and it is very likely that the would-be murderer would have been killed on the spot if President McKinley had not requested "Let no one hurt him."

After his speech of Thursday and his visit to the fire works at the exposition Tuesday night, the President and Mrs. McKinley went to President Milburn's home, at 9:30 o'clock where at Niagara Falls, going at once to Lewiston, where the party arrived at 9:50 o'clock.

There was a crowd of excursionists at the dock waiting to take the Toronto boat, but the President's coming had evidently not been noticed about, and he and his escort attracted no extraordinary attention.

At Lewiston the party boarded four special tourist cars of the Gorge Route, and were whirled up along the river bank to Niagara Falls without making a stop.

Alighting at Main and Second streets, twenty five carriages were waiting to take the President and party on a short tour of the city. Major Butler, of Niagara Falls; General S. M. Welch and Captains Pagan, and White, of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, acted as escort.

The President was driven to the steel arch bridge and then back to the International hotel, where Mrs. McKinley alighted to take a rest until the rest of the party returned for luncheon.

The party were then driven through Prospect Park, around to Goat Island, retrurning to the International hotel, where a cold luncheon was served. After luncheon the power house was visited. From there the party returned to the Pan-American Exposition grounds.

PARTY AT EXPOSITION GROUNDS. The exposition grounds were reached at 3 o'clock and the party went at once to the Temple of Music. Mrs. McKinley, feeling fatigued, went to the Milburn home where they were stopping.

The reception of the President was one to which the general public had been invited. President John G. 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.

This was the first distinctively public function at which the President appeared, except his address to 50,000 people on the Esplanade on Thursday. A large crowd awaited him. The people were banked in on the Esplanade around to the entrance of the Temple of Music. They made way for his carriage, and as it approached cheered.

The President walked into the main entrance holding the arm of President Milburn, of the Pan-American Exposition. The usual company of distinguished guests and diplomats followed.

The Temple of Music was empty as he entered and took his stand to the right of the main aisle under the east gallery of the auditorium. He stood facing the south with President Milburn and the company of distinguished men. The only member of the Cabinet at his side was Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, who had accompanied him to the Falls.

The crowd was admitted as soon as the President had taken his stand, and walked in regular line from the main door of the building. A half dozen detectives stood around the President narrowly watching the approach of the people.

For more than half an hour the line passed slowly, each one in it receiving a hearty handshake and a pleasant word as they passed.

The assassin in this line easily passed the strict scrutiny of the Secret Service men. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate he secretly hid his time.

Not a muscle or an eyelash quivered as step by step he neared the unconscious object of his blood-lust. One hand wrapped in a large white handkerchief he carried as if it were injured.

Underneath, deftly concealed, he held a short, self action 32 calibre revolver, his finger on the trigger.

As the murmured words, denoting the President's place grew louder, he straightened up, but still displayed no sign of nervousness.

Had he made one suspicious sign there were men in watching who would have detected it, and his place in the line would have been vacant.

The woman ahead of him grasped the President's hand. With expertness born of experience the motion that took her hand moved her along, and the murderer and his victim were face to face.

GREETED ASSASSIN WITH SMILE. With a smile the President's right hand was quickly extended, his lips parted to utter the conventional words of greeting. The hand of the other man was advanced, but before their fingers touched there came two quick reports that echoed through the great building.

The President staggered back, a shriek went up from the great crowd. "The President's shot!"

In an instant there was an uproar. Five ten, fifteen, twenty blue clad soldiers sprang forward.

The President fell into the arms of secret service inspector Ireland, who was just back of him, and President Milburn, Secretary Cortelyou and half a dozen exposition officials assisted him to a chair. His face was very white but he made no outcry and he was the coolest man in all the multitude.

In the hall women were fainting and screaming in hysterics, a thousand men were plunging forward, rage crazed shouting: "Lynch him, the assassin! Lynch him! Tear him to pieces!"

HIS FIRST THOUGHT FOR HIS WIFE. He looked up into 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 pain he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of his would-be murderer. Czolgosz lay on the floor, helpless beneath the blows of the guard. The President raised his right hand and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he said, and then sank back in the chair while the guards carried him, Czolgosz, away.

A farmer from Grand Valley, Pa., F. J. Haehn, who had come with his wife and daughter to see the President, took off his hat and fanned Mr. McKinley as he sat in the chair. When the President saw the surgeon and the stretcher which was brought immediately from the hospital on the ground, he arose and stoutly took a few steps, which brought him to the side of the stretcher. He paused a moment, leaning forward, and then laid down, as if it were his couch.

Surrounded by officials, surgeons and police, the President was taken at once to the Emergency hospital on the Fair grounds. He was entirely conscious and gave little indication of the pain he was suffering.

"How are you feeling, Mr. President?" said Mr. Milburn, with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, I am all right," was the cheerful answer. "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.

TWO BULLETS STRIKE HIM. After Czolgosz fired the shot, Big Jim Parker, a negro waiter, who stood behind him in the line, threw his arm around Czolgosz's neck and bore him to the floor. Parker is a man nearly six feet tall, and strong and plucky. Czolgosz tried to resist, but he was quickly overpowered, and he was given a good beating before he flopped down on the floor and gave up the fight.

He was taken to the ante-room and began to play the "insanity dodge" immediately. For half an hour he sat on a table with closed eyes and did not utter a word. Later he was escorted out of a building by a strong force of police, with 20,000 people shouting and yelling and striving to get near the carriage in which he rode with the officers. The carriage was halted by the angry crowd several times, but by strenuous work the police got him out of the grounds and down Delaware avenue to the city police headquarters.

AN OPERATION PERFORMED. At the hospital where the regular corps of surgeons had been re-enforced by Drs. Myrtle, Mann, Van Peyma, of Buffalo, and Dr. Lee, of St. Louis, a superficial diagnosis was at once made.

The course of the first bullet was quickly traced. It struck the breastbone and plowed into the breast with glancing force, inflicting a flesh wound only. It was at once removed.

The second bullet entered just below the neck, penetrating the walls of the abdomen, carrying away a portion of one intestine and lodging in the tissues back of the stomach.

The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the bullet was not found. The wound was closed, and after this preliminary search a hasty post-mortem was performed. The President should be removed to the home of President Milburn, where a further search might be made.

MRS. MCKINLEY INFORMED. Immediately the President was cared for at the exposition grounds, Director General W. I. Buchanan started for Milburn residence to furnish information that might reach there by telephone or otherwise. Very luckily he was first to arrive with the information. The Niagara Falls trip had fired Mrs. McKinley and on her return to the Milburn residence she took leave of her niece, the Misses Duncanson, and the President's niece, Miss Buchanan, and went to her room to rest.

Mr. Buchanan broke the news as gently as possible to the niece and counseled 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 meantime her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not arrived.

Mrs. McKinley awoke from her sleep at about 5:30 o'clock. She was feeling splendidly, she said, and at once took up her favorite diversions. Immediately on Mr. Buchanan's arrival at the Milburn home he had the telephonic communication cut off, as already there had been several calls, and he decided on this as the wisest course to pursue, lest Mrs. McKinley, hearing the continued ringing of the "phone bell" inquire what was meant.

While the light of day remained Mrs. McKinley continued with her crocheting, keeping to her room. When it became dusk 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.

At 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. After Dr. Rixey had gone Director General Buchanan said that the doctor had broken the news in a discreet 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 with safety from the exposition grounds, and when he left Mr. Milburn's it was to complete all arrangements for the removal of the President.

MOVED FROM FAIR GROUNDS. When the city of light was shrouded in darkness at the usual hour for the illumination the President was removed from the grounds. He was still under the influence of an anaesthetic, which had been administered to enable the surgeons of the Exposition hospital to find the bullet, which has penetrated the walls of his abdomen.

Colonel Michael of the government board, had just telegraphed to Secretary of War his home in New Hampshire, that Surgeon Rixey, the personal attendant of President McKinley, would issue in a few lines an official bulletin announcing the President's condition.

The President's condition, as gathered from the tone of Colonel Michael's statement, was that it was most serious. Information from the hospital confirmed it. Chances of the President's recovery were about even.

When it was decided to remove the President from the hospital a cot and bedding were hastily loaded into an automobile and sent, with doctors, nurses and attendants, to make ready in President Milburn's home a bed in which the President should lie.

Thousands of anxious visitors to the exposition stood in a wide semicircle before the hospital door and watched with drooping spirits these preparations, which betrayed too well the fact that the condition of the President required immediate removal.

The automobile gave place to the ambulance, and a little later the President was carried out on a stretcher. Then slowly, with bare heads, between a long line of hatless visitors, the ambulance surgeons bore their precious freight up the hall through the Esplanade, between the Pylons and over the Bridge of Triumph and out through the Lincoln Park gate and down the grand avenue which leads to the home of President Milburn.

It was a sad and silent crowd which gazed at the black side of the ambulance, still more blackened by the unwonted darkness, for not a lamp shone in the city of lights. Only the lamp in the ambulance marked the course of the surgeons and their precious burden. Behind the ambulance came two automobiles loaded with surgeons and nurses.

Platoons of police, well mounted, escorted the ambulance and the automobiles

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on his person when searched by the detectives.

He came to Buffalo from Cleveland last Saturday with his heart full of his purpose—to shoot the President. He had no other errand and found shelter in Polish saloon at 105 Broadway, in the Polish district.

He had been loitering about the routes marked out in the press for the President's tour during the last three days. He was seen at some of the buildings on Thursday by the guard on that day, but no was not well-known to the detectives could get near the President. He had his first opportunity Friday when the President appeared for the public reception in the Temple of Music.

BULLETINS OF THE PHYSICIANS. The following bulletin was issued by the physicians at 7 p. m. Friday evening.

"The President was shot about 4 o'clock, 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-half inches to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach.

"The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed in the same way. The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organs was discovered.

"The patient stood the operation well, pulse of good quality, rate of 130; condition at the conclusion of operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery."

(Signed) GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

The following bulletin was issued by the President's physicians at 10:30 p. m.

"The President is rallying and is resting comfortably; 105.0 p. m. Temperature, 100.4 degrees; respiration, 24. P. M. Rixey, B. E. Parke, H. E. Minter, Eugene Warburton. (Signed) GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary.

The President's physicians issued the following bulletin at 1 a. m.

The President is free from pain and resting well. Temperature 100.2, pulse 120; respiration 24.

WHERE THE PRESIDENT LIES. The Milburn home stands on Delaware avenue, close to Ferry street. It is an old-fashioned homestead, with wings that have been added during Mr. Milburn's twenty years of occupancy, and is surrounded by



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

out of the ground. They led it way down Lincoln Park way and through Chapin place into Delaware avenue and thence to President Milburn's home.

AS TO THE ASSASSIN. When the assassin was finally hauled from under the crowd of soldiers and citizens Corporal Bertschey had both hands clasped around his neck and was slowly choking him to death. His face was out, and blood was streaming from his nose and mouth. But he appeared cool and unruffled.

"Kill him!" shouted the crowd, surging forward. "Lynch him!" And there appeared a fair chance that this would be done.

But a few sharp words of command by Captain Wiser, commanding them brought the soldiers to their senses, and a squad of police and detectives appeared as if by magic and surrounded him.

His revolver, which had been wrested from his hand by a soldier, was turned over to Captain Wiser, who still has it. With drawn revolvers the police forced their way through the crowd to a closed carriage. The crowd pressed close, cursing, shouting and threatening. Some of them had knives in their hands, others had picked up stones and sticks. But they were held in check by the drawn revolvers.

On the way to the carriage a policeman asked him: "Why did you do this?"

"I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

"I'm an Anarchist," was the proud answer. "I have done my duty."

The carriage containing the prisoner shackled and held by the policemen and citizens was escorted by a perfect mob. Soldiers and policemen beat back the mob and fought a way through the surging mass of humanity for the carriage to escape. The horses were whipped to a run and the journey to the first police station was made as those in the street were catching the first breath of news from the Exposition grounds.

There he was quickly dragged before the sergeant and questioned.

Czolgosz is a young man, 28 years old, single and a blacksmith. He is of medium build and height, has light, golden, fluffy hair and large blue eyes. His face is sharp, and he looks like an intelligent man, although his head is somewhat irregular in shape.

He wore a light summer suit of striped blue and gray, the stripe being narrow, black shoes and a common madras shirt, white and pink. He looks like a man who had been in hard luck, and he had no mon-

a well cared-for garden. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of comfort and quiet.

Immediately after the shooting on the Exposition grounds, it was agreed that the President should be taken there, if the doctors would permit his removal. Mrs. McKinley was already a guest at the house. Dr. Rixey, her personal physician, went there to notify her that the President had been shot, and at the same time to make arrangements for the reception of the President. It was decided to place the President's bed in a room about 15 by 20 feet in the rear of the second floor of the house. This room was selected because it had two windows open to the west and two to the north, and is quieter than any other room in the house.

All furniture was cleared from it and all draperies. Immediately in front of the room to which it was decided to bring the President is a room which the physicians are using for consultation, and in front of that facing on Delaware avenue, is Mrs. McKinley's room. The main entrance is to the southeast. As the distinguished visitors arrive they are met in the hallway by Secretary Cortelyou or some of his staff, and led into the library, which opens to the right from the hallway. This library, with high walls covered with hangings in which great masses of roses predominate, has been transformed for the time into the executive office of the President. A big table and a desk in one corner, where a break in the endless line of book shelves permitted, has been taken possession of by Mr. Cortelyou. His stenographers work at a small table in the center of the big room and the click of the typewriter goes on unceasingly.

Beyond this library and still to the right is the red room. It is a sitting-room and opens on a porch facing Delaware avenue. Here the Cabinet met the physicians, personal friends of the President's and members of the Milburn household. No one goes upstairs, which is given over to the use of the sufferer and his nurses, women from the Emergency hospital staff.

The stable of the Milburn home has been taken charge of by the guards who are now on constant picket duty about the place. General Brooks, commander of the department of the east, came immediately from New York and under his direction the ropes which were stretched near the Milburn home to keep teams and pedestrians from near the place, were extended in every direction thus insuring perfect quiet and safety. Two tents were erected on a lawn on the opposite side of the Ave-

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