

Jackson, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

Jackson Miraculously Saved From a Lunatic's Bullet-Lincoln, the Beloved, a Victim of Fanatical Political Foes-Garfield Murdered by a Disappointed Office Hunter-The Stories of These Tragical Incidents In the Nation's History.

BULERS ASSASSINATED IN THE PAST CEN-TURY.

Emperor Paul, Russia, choked ... Bultan Selim, Turkey, stabbed 1808 President d'Istria, Greece, saber 1831 President Lincoln, United States, shot President Balta, Peru, shot...... President Moreno, Ecuador, shot..... 1872 President of Paraguay, shot. President Garfield, United States, shot...... 1877 Czar Alexander II., Russia, bomb..... President J. R. Barrios, Guatemala, shot.... 1881 Queen of Korea, poisoned. President Carnot, France, stabbed..... 1894 Empress of Austria, stabbed 1800 King Humbert, Italy, shot 1900

Prior to the assault upon Mr. McKinley at Buffalo three presidents of the United States had been attacked while in office with murderous intent. Of these three the first, Andrew Jackson, escaped unharmed, while the other two, Lincoln and Garfield, died from wounds inflicted by their assallants.

On the afternoon of Jan. 30, 1835, President Jackson was in the capitol at Washington in attendance upon the funeral of Hon. Warren R. Davis, deceased member of congress from South Carolina. As the president, with Secretary Woodbury of the treasury on his arm, was retiring from the rotunda to reach his carriage at the steps of the portico he was confronted by Richard Lawrence, who stepped from behind one of the columns and pointed a pistol at the president, who was less than ten feet away. The percussion cap ex-



he affair that some of Jackson's political opponents, including Clay, Calhoun and Poindexter, were in the frenzy of the moment suspected of having conspired to get rid of the president, but it was soon discovered that this suspicion was unwarranted and unjust, and that the crime was hatched and matured in the brain of a lunatic.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was shot while sitting in a box in Ford's theater in Washington on the night of Friday, April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor.

Washington was celebrating the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the termination of the war of the rebellion. The streets of the capital for days had



JOHN WILKES BOOTH. [At Ford's theater, Washington, April 14, 1865.] resounded with the music of bands. The inhabitants were hoarse with

cheering. At about 8 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started for the carriage. As soon as they were seated in the carriage the president gave orders to the coachman to drive around to the home of Senator Harris for Miss Harris. A few minutes later the presidential party of four persons-the president and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Mr. Rathbone of Albany, stepson of Senator Harris-arrived at the theater and entered the front and left hand upper private box. The play, "The American Cousin," was being presented by Laura Keene the famous actress. From the story of that great crime as told in the life of Lincoln by John Hay and John G. Nicolay the following is taken:

The president had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing and the audience rose, cheering tumultu The president bowed in acknowledgment

of this greeting, and the play went on. The moon rose that night at 10 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour Booth called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the president's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiseless-ly and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight parti

reward of \$50,000 was offered for his apprehension and \$25,000 for each of his accomplices.

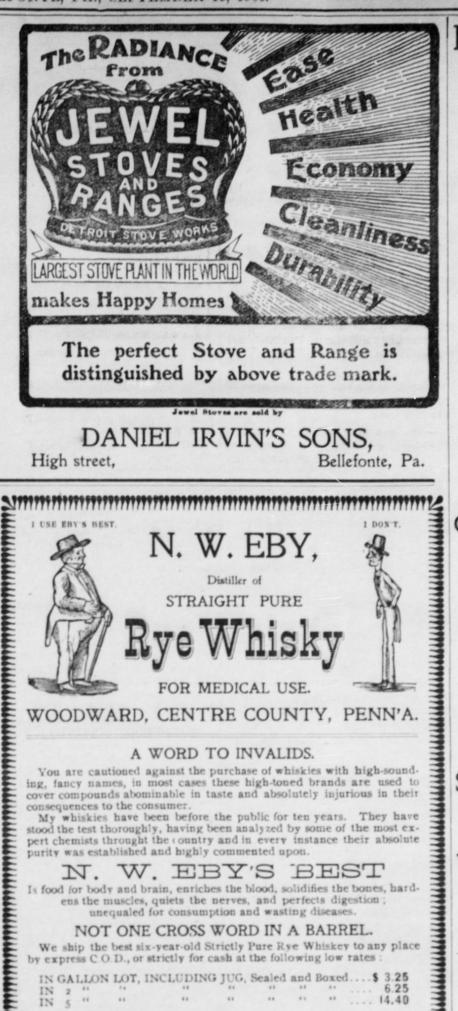
It was on Thursday, April 27, that the news came of the death of Booth while trying to escape from a burning barn near Port Royal, Va., where he and his accomplice, Herold, had been brought to bay by a party of troops under command of Lieutenant Edward Doughty. Booth was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett and lived two hours. Herold was arrested.

The conspirators who were responsible for the assassination were tried by court martial at Washington, and four -namely, Payne, Herold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt-were hanged. The stage carpenter at Ford's theater who turned out the lights to facilitate the escape of Booth, the man who held his horse at the stage entrance and Dr. Mudd, who set the limb which Booth broke in jumping from the box, were sent to prison for long terms.

At almost precisely the time the president was shot an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward, who was lying ill in his home. The would be assassin, one of those in the plot with Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, entered the secretary's house by a subterfuge, fought his way to the room of the invalid and stabbed him as he lay in his bed. He then escaped from the house. James A. Garfield, the twentieth president of the United States, was shot while in the Pennsylvania railroad station in Washington on the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881. He had just entered the station, accompanied by James G. Blaine, secretary of state in his cabinet, to take the train for Long Branch.

As they entered the street door of the station Charles Jules Guiteau stood waiting near the center of the women's reception room. The president and Mr. Blaine walked through the room, while the assassin circled about until he was behind them. He drew a revolver and fired. No one seemed to realize what had happened. The president half turned, with a bullet through his left shoulder. An instant later Guiteau fired again. This time the bullet struck Mr. Garfield in the back, over the left kid-He staggered forward, sank to nev. his knees and then pitched to the floor. Mr. Parks, the ticket agent, saw the shooting through the window of his office and as the second shot was fired ran out and grabbed Guiteau as he dodged to get into the street. He held him until a policeman ran up. In his





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ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

[At Washington, Jan. 30, 1835.]

ploded with such a noise that several witnesses supposed the pistol had fired. On the instant Lawrence dropped the pistol and transferred another from his left hand to his right. He pointed the second pistol at the president and pulled the trigger, but again the cap exploded without discharging the pistol just as Mr. Jackson, with upraised cane, made for his assailant. Lawrence, however, was knocked down and secured by others before the president could reach him.

That Mr. Jackson was uninjured by the attack upon him was little short of marvelous, and his escape was discussed at the time by many in a tone of superstitious awe. Tests were made with the pistols of Lawrence after his attempt, and they were found to be an elegant pair in most excellent order and loaded with powder and ball almost to the muzzle. The powder was of the highest quality, and the percussion caps found on his premises when tested proved to be of the very best of that time. In fact, the two pistols, with new caps taken from Lawrence's box, were fired at the first attempt in each case by the officers who tested them.

Richard Lawrence was a painter and had a shop in a thickly settled part of Washington. He was about thirty-five years of age and, though small in stature, was a handsome man. His father, an Englishman, had died some years before, but young Lawrence had a sister and other relatives living in Washington. At the trial it was shown that Lawrence was insane, that he had been unbalanced mentally for about two years. In justification of his act he claimed at his trial that President Jackson owed him money; in fact, that the president was his clerk and was withholding money that belonged to him. He also claimed to be king of England and America and made other wild assertions, some of which it was shown he had been making for a year or more before his attempt to kill the president.

Lawrence was adjudged insane and was sent to an asylum, where he remained an inmate for upward of thirty years, when he died.

Partisan feeling was running high at that time, and at first many, including the president himself, thought that Lawrence was the tool of others. So great was the excitement produced by

dever seemed to "himself, it was after ward thought, to be taking part in a play. Par-tison hate and the fumes of brandy had for weeks

ept his brain in a morbid state. He paused as if expecting applause.

Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the president's head and fired. Dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and ep wound

Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays.

He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly arose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fail had broken his leg. He turned to the audience, brandishing his drip

ping knife and shouting the state motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

The wounded president was borne to the house of Mr. Petersen, across the street from the theater, where everything within the powers of surgery and medicine was done to save his life.

It was at 7:22 Saturday morning. April 15, that President Lincoln breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling asleep, his features bearing the repose of perfect serenity. There was no indication of pain and only the gradual



ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD BY GUITEAU. [At Baltimore and Potomae depot, Washington,

July 2, 1881.] cessation of his respiration to show that the end had come. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, knelt at the bedside and offered fervent prayer. again voicing his grief a moment later in the adjoining parlor, where there were waiting Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert T. Lincoln and Mr. John Hay, the private secretary.

the president, made good his escape. A crazy.

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ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT M'EINLEY BY CZOLGOSZ. [At Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901.]

hand Guiteau wayed a letter, which he shouted was for General Sherman and explained everything.

The president himself was the first to realize his condition. In the station, after Dr. Townsend had made a hasty examination, he asked his opinion. The physician replied that he did not consider the wound serious.

"I thank you, doctor," said the president, "but I am a dead man."

All that day the president talked calmly and courteously to those about him. He was suffering great pain and was partially under the influence of oplates. In the evening the course of the ball was traced. It was found to have fractured the eleventh rib and penetrated the liver. It was seen then that the condition of the president was exceedingly serious. It was believed that he could not live beyond midnight. The next day Mr. Garfield was worse, and from that time, during the three months that life lasted, he improved and failed intermittently.

For a time his physicians were hopeful, and the bulletins for a period led the public to believe that the president would resume his duties, but when the torrid weather of midsummer came the patient failed perceptibly, and, although it was done at great hazard, he was removed on Sept. 6, 1881, by a special train to Elberon, N. J. The invigorating sea breezes seemed at first to have a beneficial effect, but on Sept. 15 unmistakable symptoms of blood poisoning were discovered, and on the 19th, after a few hours of unconsciousness, he died.

Charles J. Guiteau, who had fired the pistol at the railroad station, had been promptly seized and taken into custody. He had been a persistent but approved security. Farms for sale. ansuccessful applicant for an appointment to office, first as minister to Austria and then as consul general at Paris. He described himself as a lawyer, a politician and a theologian.

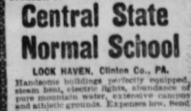
Guiteau was sentenced to be hanged after a sensational trial, in which his sanity was one of the main points involved. The leading insanity experts in the country testified. The sentence of the court was carried out, although John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of by many it was believed Guiteau was

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