THE FOREST REPUBLICAN.

Published every Wednesday by
J. E. WENK.
Office in Smearbaugh & Wenk Building,
ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, $1.00 A Year, Strictly in Advance.

No subscription received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited, but no notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Always give your name.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 23. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901. $1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one week...	$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..	3 00
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The regular meetings of the W. C. T. U. are held at the headquarters on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

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TIONESTA LODGE, No. 369, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Partridge building.

FOREST LODGE, No. 184, A. O. U. W., Meets every Friday evening in A.O.U.W. Hall, Tionesta.

CAPT. GEORGE STOW POST, No. 274 G. A. R. Meets 1st and 3d Monday evening in each month, in A. O. U. W. Hall, Tionesta.

CAPT. GEORGE STOW CORPS, No. 137, W. R. C., meets first and third Wednesday evening of each month, in A. O. U. W. hall, Tionesta, Pa.

TIONESTA TENT, No. 164, K. O. T. M., meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evening in each month in A. O. U. W. hall Tionesta, Pa.

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PRESIDENT WILL LIVE

Physicians' Reports Inspire Joyful Confidence.

Patient's Improvement Has Been Continuous and Rapid and While Danger of Complications Is Not Yet Passed There Are Absolutely No Unfavorable Symptoms—Statement of Physicians.

BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—"God's contribution to the American people will be the sparing of the president's life." As the evening shadows were falling last night John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American exposition, reverently uttered these words as he stood before the house in which the nation's patient was fighting so bravely with death. And all who have been at the Milburn residence reflect the view that the battle will be won and the prayers of the world will be answered.

Since Sunday night not an unfavorable symptom has appeared. Every hour has been a victory. Faith in the outcome grows stronger and stronger and hope mounts higher and higher until in the minds of some the danger of all future complications is brushed aside and hope has become conviction. Indeed, many of the president's friends seem possessed with a sort of superstitious confidence in the president's recovery which nothing but an absolute change for the worse can shake. And the basis for the confidence that is expressed is solid.

There has been nothing but improvement, gradual and slow, but steady improvement. Every bulletin, every private and public word of the physicians in attendance breathes encouragement. The reports the physicians have given out are facts as they exist, the scientific standpoint unmixed with sentiment. Still, that the president is by no means out of danger is the verdict of each of them. Not one of them will risk his professional reputation with a statement that the president will live. All they will say is that with every hour the danger of complications from peritonitis or blood poisoning decreases.

Dr. McBurney, the most eminent of the physicians in attendance, expresses the opinion that if the improvement continues it will be a week yet before the president can be pronounced out of danger and convalescent. And some of his colleagues, like Dr. Mann, place the limit of danger still further away. The fear of peritonitis, it can be said positively, has well-nigh completely disappeared. With the expiration of the 72 hour period at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon danger from that source was almost gone.

Dr. McBurney's Statement.

Dr. McBurney, the famous New York surgeon said to a reporter after the issue of the 3 o'clock bulletin that all the indications continued favorable.

"No bad symptoms have appeared" said he. "No one can say now that the president is out of danger and for a week still the possibility of complications may exist. At the end of that time if all goes well we may be able to say that he is convalescent.

"But I have known cases" put in Dr.

LEON CZOLGOSZ.

Mann who was with the noted surgeon, "to go well for ten days and then change for the worse."

"That is true, perhaps" said Dr. McBurney, somewhat deprecatingly "but it is entirely unusual. If the president continues to improve for a week," he continued, "we may safely say that he is convalescent. It will probably be three weeks before it will be safe to move him. We must wait until the outer wound is healed and strong. The inner wounds through the stomach proper will be strong before the exterior wound is. How long it will be before he will be able to sit up will depend upon the rapidity of his improvement and I may say to you further that his improvement, if it continues, promises to be rapid."

Dr. McBurney was asked to compare the Garfield case and its treatment with that of President McKinley. He smiled as he replied that to do so would be to give the whole history of the progress of surgery during the last twenty years. "Besides" said he, "the cases are utterly different. Garfield's wound was an extremely unfortunate one in every way. It was difficult to handle. It was impossible to get at the bullet, while the wound of President McKinley is in many respects a lucky one. No comparison is possible."

Turning to the correspondent Dr. McBurney said: "You can assure your clientele that all goes well. The president's condition could hardly be more satisfactory. Furthermore, you can impress and emphasize the fact that the bulletins issued state the truth."

Dr. Mann said the president was not out of danger. He said that some nourishment had been administered yesterday through the rectum and he had taken water in the stomach. It was found that cold water did not agree with him and instead water as hot as the president can bear it is now being administered. The president's bowels moved freely yesterday and this is considered an excellent symptom.

Need Not Worry About Bullet.

Dr. P. M. Rixey, one of the president's attendant physicians and also the private physician of the president and Mrs. McKinley, said last night regarding the distinguished patient:

"I am not a specialist in abdominal surgery, but from a general knowledge of gunshot wounds I can say that the only possibility of complication is by blood poisoning or peritonitis, and that I consider both now a very remote probability. Peritonitis might set in as a result of two apertures in the stomach but up to this time—a time beyond the usual standard record—not the slightest symptom is manifest. There is not the slightest evidence of blood poisoning.

"As to the bullet not yet extracted I do not believe we need worry about that. The presumption is that it is lodged somewhere in the muscles of the back. Pursuing natural courses it would now be encrusted and cut off from possible harm.

"There will be no attempt to extract the bullet at present. I see no reason why the president will not recover rapidly."

President Is Cheerful.

The president himself has been cheerful all day and has expressed confidence in his recovery. Yesterday he asked for a morning paper but this, of course, had to be denied him. It is with some difficulty that he can be restrained from talking. Colonel Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland is quoted as authority for the statement that he has spoken at intervals of several things he proposes to do in the future.

Yesterday morning he asked to be allowed to move his position and when permission was given, before he attendants could move him, he changed to the position he desired to assume without difficulty or pain. This speaks much for his general strength and spirits.

Mrs. McKinley saw him again yesterday for a brief visit and Secretary Cortelyou was admitted for the first time. No one else was allowed to see him, though he inquired several times who were below stairs. He was given nourishment yesterday in the form of eggs beaten in milk, administered through the rectum. The water which has been given heretofore cold did not appear to agree with him, and very hot water has been taken into the stomach through the mouth with splendid results.

If he continues to improve it will be gradually. If he should grow worse the change in that direction will also probably be slow. This is the opinion of Dr. Mann. There will be no crisis. If he arrives at convalescence Dr. Park expresses the opinion that it will be three weeks before it will be safe to move him. It is expected that the interior wounds will heal first. The sutures of the lacerated tissue were made so soon after the bullet passed that they are probably healing rapidly. With the exterior wound it is a slower process.

The extreme optimism of the vice president and the members of the cabinet would be difficult to overstate.

"I am absolutely confident everything will turn out all right," declared the vice president, and he said he based his confidence on information behind the public expressions of the physicians. So believed are Secretary Gage and Attorney General Knox at the steady improvement that they returned to Washington last night feeling strongly that their chief would recover but with the assurance of the physicians that if a change for the worse should come it would be gradual, and that they would have ample time to return. In the case of Secretary Gage there was also a public reason why he should be at his post.

New York financiers have appealed to him to relieve the situation in the money market by increasing deposits in national banks and he feels that he can hardly act at this distance from the scene if he finds that action desirable.

Hanna Will Remain to the End.

Senator Hanna will remain until the physicians give absolute assurance that Mr. McKinley will live. Comptroller Dawes and some of the other prominent men connected with the administration expect to depart today or Wednesday if the improvement continues.

Vice President Roosevelt has occupied a peculiarly delicate and trying position since the event which threatened the president's life but he has borne himself throughout this ordeal in such a manner as to win the admiration and respect of all. Not for a moment has he permitted the idea to be entertained that there was need for considering the constitutional disability of the president and the exercise of executive functions which this would impose on him. On the contrary Mr. Roosevelt has been one of the most positive in the conviction that the president would recover.

Twice during the day and again last evening the vice president called at the Milburn residence to inquire as to the president's condition. During the afternoon call he met several cabinet officers and Senator Hanna and spent a short time with him in informal discussion. On the streets Mr. Roosevelt has been a center of respectful attention, but he has met this with dignity and composure.

Emperor Nicholas gave happy expression to the worldwide solicitude over the president in a message which was given out during the day. It is addressed to the president and after expressing his happiness at the president's improvement adds that he joins with the universal world in wishing a speedy recovery.

Got Off Too Easy.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Second Assistant Postmaster General Shallenberger yesterday summarily cancelled the contract of a mail carrier for expressing satisfaction over the shooting of President McKinley. The name of the person who was thus dealt with is Charles F. Cortright and he had a contract for carrying the mail between Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., and Spafford, in Onondaga county.

Day of Prayer In Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 10.—All the municipal and state buildings are to be closed throughout the city and state from 11 to 12 noon today, pursuant to the proclamation of Governor Smith and the request of Mayor Hayes that the day be observed either in whole or in part as a day of prayer for the speedy recovery of President McKinley.

No Political Meetings In Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 10.—Chairman Daugherty of the Democratic state executive committee has addressed a letter to Chairman Dick of the Republican committee asking that all political meetings be declared off during the illness of President McKinley. The same arrangement obtained following the assassination of President Garfield

STORY OF THE CRIME

Details of the Dastardly Assault On the President.

Assassin Concealed Revolver In Bandaged Hand and Committed Cowardly Act While Giving Sign of Friendship. Crowd Tried to Lynch Him. McKinley's Superb Coolness.

It was a few minutes 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 evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of polyglot peoples, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes, all eager to clasp his hand—amidst these surroundings and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an admiring army of sightseers ringing in his ears the blow of the assassin fell and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, ad-

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PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

miration to agony, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

Last night a surging, swaying, eager multitude thronged the city's main thoroughfares, choking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn each succeeding announcement as the nature of the message sang or buoyed their hopes.

Was Fully Exposed.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service dectectives, 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 at the various entrances, to gaze upon their well-beloved executive, perchance to clasp his hand, 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.

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. His right hand was bandaged in a white handkerchief, as if the hand was sore. He was patient in line and presented no appearance out of the ordinary. He stepped briskly up to the president when it came his turn, grasped the extended hand in his left hand and pressed the bandaged hand against the president's body. There were two quick, slightly muffled reports and a wisp of smoke rose from the bandaged hand. The bandage was merely the covering of a revolver, with which the dastardly crime was committed.

For a moment there was silence—the silence that follows the discharge of a bombshell. The president stood stock-still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment on his face. Then he retreated a step while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in the silence of surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rostrum where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Assassin Quickly Captured.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and sprang 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 here 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 hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp and strong arms pinioned his arms.

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 in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing now with a single impulse surged forward toward the stage of the horrified 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.

The assailant was quickly seized by secret service men and policemen. He was knocked down and kicked about the head and body several times, but was finally rushed to a carriage, while officers with drawn revolvers rode with him.

The carriage was driven at a gallop to the gates. Several attempts were made to upset it, but it got safely outside and the prisoner was landed at police headquarters. He refused to say anything further than that his name was Fred Nieman. He said that he came from Detroit.

On the slightly raised dais was enacted within those few feverish moments a tragedy so dramatic in character, so thrilling in 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 throbbed with a tumult of conflicting emotions which left behind only a chaotic jumble of impressions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

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 hand which remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness and one voice which retained its even 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 shots, he retreated a step, then, as the detective leaped upon his assailant he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands.

Everyone Was Excited.

The president was carried first one way, and then a step in the other. The excitement was so sudden and intense that for a minute no one knew what to do.

Finally some one said to carry him inside the purple edge of the aisle, and seat him on one of the chairs. The bunting was in a solid piece, no one had time to produce a knife, had they been able to think of such a thing. A couple of men tore the benches aside and trampled the bunting down while Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou half carried the president over the line and into the passageway leading to the stage, which had not been used. The president was able to walk a little, but was leaning heavily on his escorts. In passing over the bunting his foot caught and for a moment he stumbled. The president was carried to a seat where half a dozen men stood by, and fanned him vigorously. Quick calls were sent in for doctors and the Emergency hospital ambulance.

The stretcher was placed on the floor and the wounded president was lifted by Mr. Milburn, Mr. Cortelyou and the experienced ambulance corps, and laid gently on the pillows. The president groaned slightly, as though in great pain, but recovered, pressed his lips firmly, and resigned himself to the care of the now grief-stricken men about him.

At least 20 men carried the stretcher out, up the three or four steps to the door, the southwest door, and as it opened and the great crowd caught a glimpse of the prostrate and wounded chieftain upon the stretcher, a groan of grief, so sympathetic and so earnestly from the great heart of the American people, went up to the heavens as a token of the sorrow overshadowing them.

The people were unprepared, the awfulness of the occasion was so far beyond their comprehension that the only expressions they could utter were gasps of sentences, the burden of which was their inability to believe this tragic truth.

Great Groan of Grief.

Men uncovered their heads, their tongues swelled in their throats, they looked at each other in the most sympathetic way, as though each wished to claim the other for his common brother that they might have the strength to stand under the crushing blow.

Here in this vast sorrow-stricken assemblage, which reached from the great Electric Tower to the north, to the Triumphal Causeway to the south and even beyond that, was truly exemplified the bond of sympathy which linked all mankind. No man was weak who wept; it was the time for weeping. There was not then the slightest cry of vengeance—that came as an afterthought. At this time, when the bullet-pierced body of their ruler was being carried out to them, and through their midst, it was one of genuine sympathy that came only from the heart. Women were no more affected than men. They clung close to each other; it was a moment when everyone felt that he needed help—help of any kind, only a word, a look, that was all.

With that powerful military and police escort, all on the double quick, the president was hurried away to the emergency hospital, where a room had been prepared for him.

Messages had been quickly sent to different parts of the city for the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and the first call was for Dr. Rixey, the family physician, who had left the grounds with Mrs. McKinley for the Milburn home. He was quick to arrive in a steam automobile, with two trained nurses, and they tore through the grounds

MRS. M'KINLEY.

at a terrific pace until the hospital was reached.

Nieman was detained in a side room in the Temple of Music while the president was removed to the hospital. Then, under escort of police, with a guard of soldiers to fight back the enraged throng in the Esplanade. Nieman was placed in a carriage and driven at a gallop down Delaware avenue, past the home where the invalid wife of the president was waiting for her husband, to police headquarters, where he was locked up. The thousands who waited about the Temple of Music surged forward when he appeared, tearing down the barrier ropes, fighting with the officers and the soldiers and shouting: "Lynch him—lynch him—hang him—kill him." Some clutched at the horses, others at the wheels of the carriage. The police and soldiers fought back the crowd and the carriage galloped away.

The escape of the would-be assassin from the hands of the infuriated people was in accord with the wishes of the president. As the president sank back in the arms of Detective Gary and President Milburn, after the shooting, he gasped the name of his secretary, Corbelyou. The secretary bent over him.

"Be Careful About My Wife."

"Be careful about my wife," he gasped the president. "Do not tell her."

Then, writhing in the agony of his wounds, the president turned and saw his attempted murderer helpless on the floor beneath the blows of soldiers and detectives. He raised his right hand, stained with the blood of his wound, and drawing down the head of his secretary, he whispered:

"Let no one hurt him."

Then he sank back, deathly white, but clearly conscious, while they dragged his assailant from his sight. He sat patiently waiting without a moan or sign of suffering beyond the ashy pallor of his face, while they sent for the ambulance, and waited for its coming. He sank obediently on the stretcher and was carried out. Nine minutes after the shots were fired he was lying in the Emergency hospital. Great surgeons had been summoned by telephone and immediately set to work to save his life.

The news of the shooting spread like wildfire around the exposition. Crowds were thunder-struck. Then silence fell upon the Rainbow City. The Midway attractions closed their doors. All the state and foreign buildings, headed by the Cubans, closed their doors. Many of the flags on these buildings were lowered. People moved about dismayed, with troubled faces, speaking in hushed voices. Women went to and fro weeping. Strong men with white, set faces and clenched hands made their way to the Esplanade and stood waiting by the Temple of Music. The light of death gleamed in their eyes and the doom of a murderer hovered over the multitude. Fortunately, the great bulk of them arrived too late. The red-handed anarchist had been removed beyond their reach. When some heard that he had been taken away they asked where he had gone and they turned their faces thither.

The young man who shot the president had practically no difficulty in getting to the side of the chief executive. The nature of the reception made it possible for everyone to get into the big temple and to pass close enough to the president to shake his hand. No one was suspicious of the would-be assassin. He looked like an ordinary young mechanic with a sore hand, for, as has been told, his hand was covered with a handkerchief or bandage.

In Midst of Protectors.

The president stood in the center of the big auditorium, smiling and grasping cordially the hand of every man and woman who approached him. Gathered about him were a cordon of United States marines, several detectives, among them Geary, Solomon and Heinfelt, of the Buffalo police. The detectives were within three feet of Mr. McKinley, watching closely every man who approached. They were not expecting an attack on his life; it is customary for detectives to guard him thus whenever he appears in public.

The young man moved slowly along the narrow aisle which stretched through the crowd, waiting his turn leisurely. He held his handkerchief-covered hand with the greatest care. The detectives saw him and supposed his hand pained him. They had not the faintest suspicion that it clenched a weapon which was to strike perhaps a death blow to the man whose life they were guarding. The president shook hands with a lady. The young man moved up close to him, eager apparently to grasp his hand.

Just as the president finished greeting the woman who was ahead of the young man, the would-be assassin sidled up to Mr. McKinley, put his supposedly sore hand to the chief executive's body and shot his eyes.

Two muffled sounds and a wisp of smoke rose from the bandaged hand. The young man stepped back, not as if to escape, but as if terrified at his own handiwork. The president stood like a statue with his unmoved eyes glaring at his attempted murderer.

He had not winced.

A wave of intense excitement rippled through the vast throng. Few had heard the shots, but the sudden quiet told everyone that something awful had happened. It was that fearful hush which settles over a crowd which is affrighted at something it doesn't know the nature of.

The instant the dull reports sounded and the would-be assassin stepped back a guard reached forward and seized him, at the same instant dealing a blow to insure submission.

"I Wonder If I'm Hit."

Detective Sergeant Geary, who was not three feet from the president, put his arms around the latter and supported him although the president was not really in need of support.

"I wonder if I'm hit," the president said to Detective Geary.

"I think you are," replied the detective.

The president thereupon lifted the bottom of his vest and revealed a spot of blood.

The man who seized the would-be assassin fared nearly as badly for a few moments as did the man he had arrested. Mistaking the officer for the assassin a brawny marine leaped upon him, and bore him to the floor, placing his hands at his throat in a manner to preclude resistence. The assassin attempted, in the moment of diverted excitement, to get up, but a burly negro seized him with an iron grasp and the would-be murderer was relieved of any ambition he may have had to escape.

Mrs. McKinley Bears Up Bravely.

It was several hours after the attack upon the president that the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley. The information was imparted as tenderly as possible, as it was feared that the shock would have an ill effect upon her not too strong health. She received the news with remarkable fortitude and did not break down.

Queries at the home of President Milburn are fruitless. The street in the immediate vicinity of the house where the president lies is roped off and guarded by police, who will admit nobody. It was announced earlier in the evening that official bulletins would be issued at regular intervals and upon these the public must wait, as the physicians and officials refuse absolutely to give out any information

Made Partial Confession.

When charged by District Attorney Penny with being the instrument of an organized band of conspirators he protested vehemently that he never even thought of perpetrating the crime until yesterday morning. After long and persistent questioning it was announced at police headquarters that the prisoner had made a partial confession, which the prisoner had signed.

As near as can be learned now the facts contained in the confession are as follows:

The man's name is Leon Czolgosz. He is of Polish-German extraction. His home is in Cleveland, whence he has seven brothers and sisters.

He is an avowed anarchist and an ardent disciple of Emma Goldman, whose teachings he alleges are responsible for yesterday's attack on the president. He denies steadfastly that he is the instrument of any body of anarchists or the tool of any coterie of plotters. He declares he did not even have a confederate. His only reason for the deed, he declared, is that he believed the present form of government in the United States was unjust and he concluded the most effective way to remedy it was to kill the president. These conclusions, he declares, he reached through the teachings of Emma Goldman. Though his place of residence is still a matter of doubt in the minds of the officials they are inclined to believe that Cleveland is correct. The Cleveland directory shows a large number of persons of the name of Czolgosz, all within the radius of a few blocks in the neighborhood of Hosmer street and Acland avenue.

Official Statement of Injuries.

Secretary Courtelyou makes the following official statement of the president's injuries:

"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 and a 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 sutures 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

[Where the Shooting Occurred.]

careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organ 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."

SKETCH OF M'KINLEY'S LIFE

List of Public Offices Held by Him, Leading to His Selection as Ruler of the Nation.

William McKinley was born in Niles, O., on January 29, 1843. He was educated in public schools, in Polon College, and Allegany College. He taught in the public school, and in 1861 enlisted as a private in teh Twenty-third Ohio Vol. Inf. Promoted to commissary sergeant in 1862; second lieutenant a few months later; first lieutenant in 1862; captain in 1864. Served on staffs of Generals R. B. Hayes, George Crook and Winfield S. Hancock; breveted major United States Volunteers by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle March 13, 1865. Detailed as acting assistant adjutant general first division, first army corps, until mustered out July 26, 1865. Studied law in Mahoning county, O.; took a course at Albany, N. Y., law school, 1867; admitted to Ohio bar, 1867, and settled at Canton, O., which has since been his home.

Prosecuting attorney of Stark county, O., 1869; member of congress 1876-1890, and as chairman of the committee on ways and means reported the tariff bill known as "the McKinley bill," he was especially known in congress as an advocate of high protective tariff.

His district having been changed by a Democratic legislature, he was defeated for congress at the November election in 1890.

He was elected governor of Ohio in 1891 and re-elected in 1893. He was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican convention and a member of the committee on resolutions in 1884, and supported James G. Blaine. Holding the same position in the convention of 1888 he supported John Sherman.

He was a delegate-at-large to convention in 1892 and was made chairman. At this convention he received 182 votes for president, but refused to allow his name to be considered, supporting the renomination of Benjamin Harrison.

He was nominated for president at the national republican convention at St. Louis June 18, 1896, receiving 661 out of a total of 905 votes. He was elected in November, 1896, by the popular plurality of 600,000 votes, and received 271 electoral votes as against 176 for William J. Bryan.

His unanimous renomination by the republican national convention of 1900 and his triumphal election last November will be remembered by all.