Think of Me.
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The Arkansas Gazette.

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LORCH.

EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR. LITTLE ROCK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901. PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY.

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WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Miss Zolah Hermann's Awful Fate in Topeka, Kan.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 6.—Miss Zolah Hermann was burned to death in her home here today. Miss Hermann was 18 years of age and lived alone in a one-story frame building. The origin of the fire is unknown. Murder, with robbery in view, is suspected by the police, as she was known to have had some money. Her body was so situated that she might have easily escaped, save in case of foul play.

Pfeifer's Saturday Flyer. Excellent Quality Union-Made Suspenders, Today, 23c, worth 50c. Pfeifer's

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY SHOT BY AN ANARCHIST IN BUFFALO

Although Seriously Wounded, Nation's Prostrate Chief Magistrate Rallies and May Recover.

Would-Be Assassin Hurried by Officers From Exposition Grounds and Incarcerated in Time to Avert Summary Vengeance From the Indignant Populace---Leon Czolgosze: Real Name of the Assailant.

Early this morning the following Associated Press message came: "Secretary Cortelyou says no further bulletins will be issued tonight."

The last bulletin before this indicated that the president was resting comfortably.

At 2 a. m. inquiry at the Milburn house was fruitless. It was announced that bulletins would be issued at regular intervals, and on these the public must wait.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Just a brief twenty-four hours ago the newspapers of the city blossomed forth in all the pomp of headline type "The President Day in Buffalo's History." Tonight, in sackcloth and ashes, in sombre type, surrounded by gruesome borders of black, the same newspapers are telling in funeral tones to a horrified populace the deplorable details of "The Blackest Day in the History of Buffalo."

President McKinley, the nation's chief executive and the city's honored guest, lies prostrated, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullet of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance.

On Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American exposition, with tearful face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, are the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation.

It was a few moments of a quiet this afternoon, while the president 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 every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, hedged by multitudes, all eager to clasp his hands—amid these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an army of sympathizers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin fell, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, fully turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

Tonight a surging, swaying, eager multitude throngs 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 sinks or buoys their hopes.

At police headquarters in a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objurgations and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

It was just after the daily organ recital in the Temple of Music that the attempt was made.

Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the president survive, only to Divine Providence can be attributed the heartiest result.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, 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. Thousands of people crowded to all of the various entrances to gaze upon their executive, purchase to clasp his hand and then fight their way out in the good-natured mob. The president was in a cheerful mood, and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidence of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood President Milburn of the exposition, chatting with the president and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached. Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a med-ium-sized man of ordinary appearance, plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president. But Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He waved his way until the stream of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the president. The president smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang loud and clear above the hum of voices.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The president stood stark still, a look of bewilderment, 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 surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one to the rostrum.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger there were three men who sprang forward as with one impetus 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 been hatched on the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped the hand of the president. As one man the three hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was large in the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned him down.

The multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realizing sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling witnesses.

A murmur rose, spread and swelled to a hum of consternation, then gave to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises.

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless, as in bewildered bitterness of the enormity of the thing, now, as with a single impulse, surged forward, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the crime.

For a moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward, regardless of remonstrances. Some of them neared the doors fed from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery.

Inside on the slightly raised dais was a tragedy within those few moments tragedy in the dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity, that few who looked on will ever be able to give a correct account of what really did happen.

President McKinley, after the first shock of the assassin's shot, retreated a step, then, as the detectives leaped upon his assailant he turned, walked serenely to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands. In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the president himself assisting, during these almost also in calm calm and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," said the secretary, his face pale.

"Yes, I think so," answered the president. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless, his outer garments were quickly removed and a wound in the region of the stomach was found to be the result of the assassin's shot. The president's face was pale and drawn, and at a hint from the physicians he lay back upon the floor, with his head pillowed on a rolled coat, while the physicians felt for the bullet. Some of the bullet had lodged in the abdomen, and the wound was pronounced dangerous. The president's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building, where he was held while the building was cleared, and later he was turned over to Superintendent Bond of the Buffalo police department, who took the prisoner to No. 11 police station and afterwards to police headquarters. The prisoner was removed to the temple of music and been improvised sufficiently the president was removed to the automobile in waiting and taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made. The final medical call was announced said within a brief period a number of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

The president remained the full extent of his physical and mental powers, operating table and subsequently to anesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that the bullet had taken effect in the right lumbar region of the body, causing a comparatively harmless wound. Later it was found that the assassin shot from the side in the left side. Four inches to the left of the navel and about on a level with it.

The arrival at the exposition hospital of the second bullet was greeted for. The walls of the stomach were opened and the bullet was not located. The incision was hastily closed and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the house of Mr. Milburn. This was done the assassinated President being cared for the present.

Arrived at the Milburn residence the task of probing for the bullet, which had lodged in the abdomen, was begun by Dr. Roswell Park.

It was at first decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as possible. The hope the shock would be mitigated by the presence of the President's wife. The news was received calmly and displayed the utmost fortitude.

At 8:30 the President-elect of the Administration was admitted to the Milburn mansion where Secretary Root was given him the official bulletin, prepared by the Secretary Cortelyou and the telegraph office would be established at once in the Milburn residence and bulletins giving the gist of the latest information possible would be issued at short intervals. At the Milburn house were Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, President Milburn, Dr. Rixey, Dr. Parkman, Dr. Mynter, Dr. Stimson, Dr. Mynter and Secretary Cortelyou. Telegrams poured in by the hundreds and Secretary Cortelyou was kept busy replying to them. The attempted assassination of the president was the topic of conversation everywhere. The President's condition was the chief question with the crowds. For three hours the streets were literally overflowed. The President himself has been cheerful to a marvelous degree considering the shock of the attempt. Ever since the shot he has been constantly with his person has been disturbed. He has always insisted that in all his visits to various cities there should be at least one public reception where he could be brought face to face with the public and give them what desired if the privilege of a personal meeting.

PRESIDENT RALLIES

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The following bulletin was issued by the president's physician at 10:40 p. m.:

"The president is rallying satisfactorily and is resting comfortably.

"10:30 p. m.—Temperature 100.4 degrees; pulse, 120; respiration, 24.

"T. M. Rixey, M. D. Mann, M. D. Parke H. Mynter, Charles Mynter (Signed)

Geo. B. Cortelyou,
"Secretary to the President."

THE FIGHT HERE

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice by the assassin here this afternoon at the Temple of Music. His condition is serious.

The shots took effect in the stomach. He is now at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American grounds.

The assassin is totally blind. One shot passed through his left breast and another entered the abdomen.

The president was receiving in the Temple of Music at the time.

The president was shot by a middle-aged man who wore a black hat and was while making hands with him, when the shots were fired. The man was at once seized and taken to the police station.

As he was approached the president lifted his hand as had the revolver covered with a handkerchief, and as he reached out his hand to shake the president's hand he fired.

A bullet which lodged against the breast bone has been obstructed.

The man is a resident of Buffalo. He says he is of Polish nationality.

Your physicians Drs. Mynter, Rixey, Van Dyke of this city and Dr. Lee of St. Louis are with the president.

CONDITION SERIOUS

Buffalo, Sept. 6, 4:45 p. m.—Col. Michael Lee, who attended President Hay that the surgeons will send him an official

Continued on page 11.

SATURDAY SPECIALS.
As we appreciate the patronage of our many customers that buy their shoes on Saturday, and it has been a custom for us to make special discount, we will offer for today the following specials:
125 pairs of men's vici or box calf shoes, plain or cap toe, $3 quality for $1.99
200 pairs of men's tan button extra heavy, welt sole, brass bottom, $4 quality, for $1.75
125 pairs of ladies' patent leather oxfords, all shapes and heels, $1 quality for $1.49
60 pairs of misses' black strap slippers, in kid or patent leather, $1.25 quality for 79c
We are the Washington's Kempner's POPULAR SHOE STORE
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Will buy a pair of our $4 men's fine shoes for one week only. Buy them in our big window. In patent leather, patent vici kid, enamel calf, box calf and vici kid. with vici kid linings. Get in line with the crowd and buy your shoes from the house that everybody is talking about.
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