CHIEF EXECUTIVE THE VICTIM OF MOST COWARDLY ANARCHIST

JOYOUS, THROUGH SHOCKED

Many Witness the Assault on Guest.

President Strives to Calm Enraged People.

When Serious Nature of Wounds Appears an Uproar Ensues.

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UFFALO, Sept. 6—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition. With tears of joy and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, this faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation, could have no words after the few moments after 9 o'clock, when President McKinley was holding a reception in the Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that such a sad event was made, with what emotion time alone can tell.

SHOT WHILE BEING GREETED AT MANSFIELD EXPOSITION CEREMONY.

Standing in the center of hundreds, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a multitude whose onlookers were marked with expressions of love and joy, the President started off on his tour; all eager to clasp his hands—until these surroundings and the Protecting Pluralism of an army of witnesses tinged in his eyes, the blow of the assassin came, and in an instant an expression way to pain, admiration to anger, fully turned to fury and barbarism followed.

To sight a snarling, snarling, eager multitude; the city’s main thoroughfares, clothing the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and glaring or cheering in turn at each succeeding announcement as the nature of the men, sake shift or hence their hopes. Down at police headquarters.

JOHN G. MILBURN OF BUFFALO

President of the Pan-American Exposition, chatting with the President and introducing him especially to persons of note who approached. Upon the President’s left stood Secretary Coryell.

PRESIDENT ABDUCTED.

HAND TO GWADLIK! ANARCHIST WITH OUR.

It was shortly after 11 o’clock when the throng was under the Presidential party, a medium sized man of ordinary appearance and mild dress in black, approached, as if to greet the President. With Secretary Coryell and President McKinley noticed that the man’s hand was clasped and a bandage or banderison. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He moved his body amid the crowd of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the President. President McKinley smiled, moved and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear, above the hum of voices, the shuffling of myriad feet and buzzing waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The President stood stock still, a look of menace, almost of bewilderment, on his face. He then removed a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, passed in surmise, while nerves were crushed and all eyes turned as one to the rostrum, where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Then came a commotion. These men three themselves forward as with one impulse and spring 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 fallen the President and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had not an instant previously grasped the hand of the President. In a twinkling the assassin was home to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinned him down.

Then the multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realizing sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been so

SCENE OF THE DARING ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

(ENLARGED FROM A DESCRIPTION BY TELEGRAPI.

STORY OF TERRIBLE CRIME TOLD IN BRIEF.

President William McKinley is shot twice by an anarchistic pupil of Emma Goldman. The attempted assassination occurs during a public reception in the Temple of Music at Buffalo Exposition.

Two bullets enter the President’s body, one penetrating the breast, which was subsequently extracted, and the second, which causes a more serious wound, enters the abdomen. Wounded Chief Executive is first cared for by physicians of Emergency Hospital of the Exposition, and later removed to the home of Director General Milburn.

While the assailant is being taken in the custody of the police to jail attempts are made to lynch him by the enraged populace.

At three o’clock this (Saturday) morning a bulletin is sent from the bedside of the President stating that his temperature and pulse are improved.

SHOOTER PROMPTLY ARRESTED.

Saved From the Enraged Populace.

Attempt Is Made to Lynch Fiendish Assassin.

Officers of the Law Lose No Time in Jailing the Prisoner.

With a Single Impulse Young Man Disarmed.

The crowd that a moment before had stood mute and motionless, as in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the tragedy, now with a single impulse surged forward toward the stage of the harried drama, while a hoarse cry went up from the massed thousands and a thousand men charged forward by hand upon the perpetrator of the crime.

For the moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences. Men shouted and were but one mind in the children cried. Some of those nearest the doors fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds from the outside struggled frantically for the effort to penetrate the crowded edifice and solve the mystery of the excitement and panic which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the edifice.

PRESIDENT REMAINS IN MOST SERIOUS CONDITION.

Inside, on the slightly raised platform, the eyes were averted within those few feverish moments a tragedy so dramatic as to be shock-

In every instance of her mind that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really did transpire. Everyone who attended the President came out with blanched faces, trembling hands, beating hearts, while their brains thrilled with a sense of mystery which could not be clarified by a hasty narrative of the events as they really transpired.

The multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence there was not one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium for.

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