

THE PRESIDENT DEAD.

The Nation Mourns for Him.

A THIRD MARTYR IN A GENERATION.

President McKinley died at the Milburn residence in Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday morning, Sept. 14, at 2 15 o'clock, from a wound received at the hands of an assassin on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6th.

"God's will, not ours, be done," were the last words of President McKinley, which were addressed to his wife a few hours before his death. He had previously murmured the words of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and soon after Mrs. McKinley entered the room, when there was an affecting farewell, after which he lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never recovered.

Thursday for the first time there was an untoward break in the news from the bedside of President McKinley, and there was genuine apprehension as to his condition. The food he had taken in the morning did not agree with him, and his pulse increased to 128, when one of his physicians said it should be 90. For hours the President failed to respond to the treatment, but at midnight relief came and the physicians were much encouraged.

Between two and three o'clock Friday morning President McKinley experienced a sinking spell, and the physicians at once administered restoratives, which did not have the desired effect.

The Associated Press was then authorized to say that the President was critically ill, and at three o'clock all the physicians were at his bedside. It was stated that digitalis was being administered at that time, which is given in extreme cases to revive the heart action.

Telegrams in the forenoon were indicative of an early and fatal termination, and at 12 o'clock it was said that the President could not live four hours.

A report was sent out from Washington that the President died at 6.30 p. m., which was in accord with the news that came during the afternoon, but he lingered until 2.15 o'clock Saturday morning, when his spirit took its flight from earth.

The following sketch of the life and work of William McKinley is from the pen of F. H. Richardson, of the Atlanta Journal:

William McKinley, like Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and Grover Cleveland, may be said to have won his way to the presidency, without the aid of accidental influences.

He was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, February 26, 1844. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, but took a great pride in their boy, who at an early age displayed unusual gifts. Young McKinley had the benefit of training in the public schools in the neighborhood from his ninth year until the outbreak of the civil war, when he was a little past sixteen.

Soon after the beginning of hostilities he enlisted in the Twenty-third regiment of Ohio volunteers, with which command he served in various capacities until the close of the war, when he was mustered out as captain and brevet major, having won the latter title by gallantry on the field of battle.

He was just a little past 21, and took up the study of law. He was admitted to the bar early in 1866, and very soon acquired a considerable practice by his devotion to business and his attractive personal characteristics.

In 1869 he became prosecuting attorney for Stark County, in which he had opened his first law office, and held that position two years. His natural love of politics developed about this time. He became one of the most popular and effective of the Republican campaign speakers in his part of Ohio, and was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress, and held his seat for six consecutive terms. He was then defeated by the popular uprising against the tariff act of which he was the chief author, and with which his name is permanently connected.

He had not been in Congress long before he developed remarkable powers as an orator and debater. He became a favorite of his party by reason of his readiness on all occasions, his strict party loyalty and his efficacy in party service. At the same time, his geniality and courtesy won for him many friends among his political antagonists. Before he was 40 years old William McKinley was a recognized Republican leader and a prominent national figure in politics.

The nobility of his nature was proved in the national convention of his party in 1888, where he was chairman of the Ohio delegation. Ohio had presented John Sherman as its candidate for President, but it became evident on the first ballot that he could not be nominated. The convention was very

or degree of personal animosity is his own party than any former President. Senator Hoar, who has been one of the most conspicuous and eloquent opponents of the president's foreign policy, declared, when that conflict was at its height, that the United States has never had a President of purer life, or one who was so generally beloved by the people.

The president's wife, to whom he is most chivalrously and beautifully devoted, has been an invalid for most of the time since they were married. She has only recently recovered from a severe illness incurred on her visit to the Pacific coast with the President.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENTS.

Three in a Generation Have Been Shot Down—How Lincoln and Garfield Fell.

Three Presidents of the United States have suffered at the hands of assassins within the last thirty-six years, and in two of the cases the murder attempts were successful. President Lincoln was shot at 9 o'clock on the night of April 14, 1865, and died at 7:22 on the morning of April 15, 1865. President Garfield was shot on the morning of July 2, 1881, and after a lingering illness died on September 20, 1881. The shooting of President McKinley has occurred just six months and two days after his second accession to the presidency.

From the moment President Lincoln received the bullet of Wilkes Booth there was no prospect of his recovery. His devoted wife and members of his cabinet remained with him through that memorable night, when all Washington was in a fever of excitement over the attempts on the life of Lincoln and of Seward. As daylight dawned the pulse of the sufferer became more feeble. A bulletin at 6:30 said "Sinking slowly." Another bulletin at 7 said that the end was near. Death came at 7:22, the cruel, stricken widow and Secretaries Stanton, Wells and Usher and Private Secretary John Hay—now a member of the McKinley cabinet—standing at the bedside. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the silence with "Now he belongs to the ages."

At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 15th Chief Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson. The latter remained at the modest tavern on Pennsylvania avenue where he had been quartered, until the catalogue containing the remains of the martyred President was borne from the White House to its final resting place at Springfield Ill.

President Garfield was shot at the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Washington as he and Secretary Blaine were about to depart for Long Branch. As the two distinguished men were passing through the ladies' waiting room, two pistol shots rang out upon the air. Mr. Blaine saw a man running and started toward him, but immediately turned and saw the President lurch forward and fall. A moment afterward the assassin, Charles J. Guiteau, was discovered, and was rescued with difficulty from the infuriated mob. A pistol of a very heavy calibre was wrested out of his hand, and it became clear that a large ball had entered the President's body. The bullet had entered the right side of the President's back, near the spinal column and immediately over the hipbone. The sufferer moaned at intervals, he was conscious all the time, except when under the influence of opiates. When in answer to his eager questions, his physicians informed him that he had "one chance in a hundred" of living, he said calmly and bravely: "Then, doctor, we will take that chance."

The wounded President was borne to the White House, and then followed those days and weeks of prayerful anxiety among the watchers at the bedside and the people of the whole country. General Corbin, then assistant adjutant general, immediately provided a special train to bring Mrs. Garfield to Washington where she joined those at the President's bedside. Messages of condolence came from Queen Victoria and from the crowned heads throughout the world. The public watched the fluctuations of the sufferer's condition with feverish anxiety. From day to day the bulletins, usually hopeful in tone, encouraged the belief that a recovery would occur. Arrangements were even made for a sea voyage on the government ship *Talapoosa*.

While President Garfield thus lingered between life and death an important question arose as to the constitutional provision relating to the "disability" of the President. On the part of the Vice President, General Arthur, there were no move toward assuming the responsibilities of the executive office. To the vice president the situation was exceedingly trying, but he so demeaned himself as to win universal respect. His whole bearing from the day of the crisis to the close of the scene was such as to elicit the profoundest sorrow and anxiety. But in other quarters the President's "disability" was eagerly discussed. The question arose, was President Garfield disabled in the sense contemplated by the framers of the constitution? Does that kind of prostration of the bodily powers in which there is still a prospect of recovery, which leaves the will free to act, and the mental powers unimpaired really involve disability? While these questions were much discussed it was the universal public judgment that President Garfield was not in fact "disabled" in the sense of the constitution. He continued to be the chief ex-

ecutive of the nation in fact as well as in name; his cabinet met from time to time; and not until the fatal turn of affairs on September 20, when the President breathed his last at Elberon, was there an actual change in the administration.

General Arthur was at New York when the news reached him late at night that the President had passed away. Among those who joined General Arthur at that solemn moment were Elihu Root, now a member of the McKinley cabinet. Mr. Blaine, and his associates of the Garfield cabinet had telegraphed General Arthur to take the oath of office. Long after midnight—at 2 o'clock on the morning of September 21—General Arthur took the oath of office, which was administered by a local official of the city of New York.

The course pursued during the lingering illness of President Garfield appears to be a precedent directly applicable to the present condition of affairs. President Garfield without doubt any executive duty. This established himself in a certain sense, there was no acting President at this period, and in fact the people did not desire one during such a critical emergency. Some leading papers advocated the assumption of certain of the duties of the President by members of the cabinet; but this untrod and unconstitutional measure was not attempted, and all executive function remained in abeyance. The acts usually performed by the President were simply omitted until he should recover and President Garfield continued to be the constitutional President of the United States up to the moment of his death.

The lessons of Garfield's death led to the enactment of a law on January 19, 1886, providing a mode of succession to the Presidency. This established that in case of death or disability of both the President and Vice President the succession should devolve on members of the cabinet in the following order: Secretary of State, Secretary of Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of Navy, Secretary of the Interior. The new law made no constitution of "disability." An important provision of this law is that whenever the powers and duties of the presidency shall devolve upon any of the persons named, that is, the Vice President or members of the cabinet, if Congress shall not meet within twenty days, then it shall be the duty of the new President to issue a proclamation convening Congress in an extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice of the time of meeting.

BILL ARP IS KEPT AT WORK.

His Wife Reminds Him When Necessary—He Always Obeys Orders.

Atlanta Constitution. My wife said she had a premonition that we would have an early fall and I had better prepare for it right away. She reminded me that there were some broken glass on the roof of the flower pit and the sash needed repainting and whitewash the brick wall and so forth and so fifth, and so on. Well, I have done all that and was humbly waiting for the next order when she told me that Sam, the dorky, wasn't coming to run the lawn mower over the grass in the front yard and maybe I could do it and save 75 cents. Well, I have done that, but nobody paid me the 75 cents and next thing I knew she sent one of the granddaughters to me for 75 cents to pay her debt to the aid society. These women have got nearly as many clubs and societies as the men, but they stay at home of nights and that is better than the men do. There are the Masons and Odd Fellows and Nights of Pythias and Nights of Damon and the Royal Arcanum and the Elks and the Knights of Jericho and Night of Labor and they are all nights, or midnights, and the women have to stay at home and nurse the children. If I was a marrying woman I would strike out the word obey and put in a promise for the man that he wouldn't join anything that "took him away from home at night." It's bad enough for young folks to tramp around at night hunting for the moon. They are crazy about the moon, and that's why crazy folks are called lunatics—for luna means the moon and the ticks are not far off on a moonlight walk in the woods. Last Tuesday night there were six couples of our lunatics who went up the river road in search of the moon. They wanted to see it rise from out the water and they had to get out to the big, flat rock in the river to see it, and they had to slide down the bank to reach the rock, and the young men cooned it down first to clear the way and the yellow jackets were waiting for them and by the time the girls were on the flank and in the rear, in the face and shirt waist and arms and legs, and took the young men, too, and such screaming and scrambling was never heard or seen in that part of the country. The young men did not desert their partners, nor shivered them up the slide again with great alacrity. The whole party was bugged up amazing. Eyes and ears were wide open and hands and legs were out to feel, and they never got to see the moon at all. The girls cried with anguish and the boys moaned and groined and there was no ammonia, no soda, no doctor and no house with in a mile. They could just see enough to find the horses and by the time they got back home some were blind in one eye and some in both, and you couldn't tell a hand from a foot, nor a nose from a turnip beet nor the ankle from a calf—calf of the leg, I mean. Well, they got home about midnight and that 5-mile ride was the longest and most miserable of their lives. The young men have not yet reported for duty nor have the girls dared to look into a mirror, for fear of breaking it. It is a wonder that those girls with such thin apparel should not die of it, but I suppose that the stuffing and padding about the breasts saved them.

BRYAN'S TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY.

Are Our Public Servants to Live in Constant Fear of Assassination?

The following editorial in *The Commonwealth* of last week gives Mr. Wm. J. Bryan's estimate of the sorrow and humiliation of the American people in the present emergency:

The nation bows in sorrow and in humiliation—in sorrow because its chief executive, its official head, is passing through the valley of the shadow of death—in humiliation because the President of our republic has fallen a victim to the cruel and cowardly methods employed in monarchies where helpless and hopeless subjects sometimes meet arbitrary power with violence.

In morals and in the contemplation of law all lives are of equal value—all are precious—but when one of their millions of people select one of their number and invest him with the authority which attaches to the presidency he becomes their representative and a blow aimed at him is resented as an attack upon all.

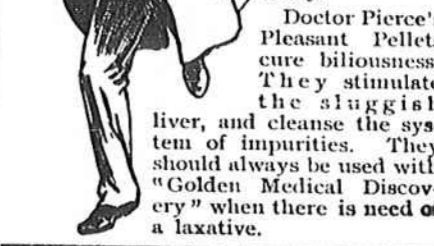
Beneath the partisanship of the individual lies the patriotism of the citizen, sometimes dormant, it is true, but always active in hours of peril or misfortune. While the President's life hangs in the balance there are no party lines. The grief of personal friends and close political associates may be more poignant, but their sympathy is not more sincere than that extended by political opponents. Although none but his family and his physicians are admitted to his room, all his countrymen are at his bedside in thought and sentiment, and their prayers ascend for his recovery. It was characteristic of his thoughtfulness that, even amid the excitement following the assault, he cautioned his companions not to exaggerate his condition to his invalid wife.

And the humiliation! Are our public servants—those who are chosen by the people and who exercise for a limited time the authority bestowed by the people—are these to live in constant fear of assassination? Is there to be no difference between our constitutional government and those despotic governments which rest, not upon the consent of the governed, but upon brute force? There is no place for anarchy in the United States; there is no room here for those who commit, counsel or condone murder, no matter what political excuse may be urged in its defense. The line between peaceful agitation and violence is clear and distinct. We have freedom of speech and freedom of the press in this country, and they are essential to the maintenance of our liberties. If any one desires to criticize the methods of government or the conduct of an official, he has a perfect right to do so, but his appeal must be to the intelligence and patriotism of his fellow citizens, not to force. Let no one imagine that he can improve

Eat and Run.

There isn't a man who would be seen running through the street munching a piece of pie. Why not? Because it would mean dyspepsia and stomach trouble? Not at all; but because it wouldn't look well. As a matter of fact many a business man snatches a lunch in such a hurry that he might as well take it on the run. That is one reason for the prevailing "stomach trouble" among men of business.

There is a certain remedy for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The worst cases of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach have been cured by this medicine. It cures where all other means have failed to cure.



I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble, writes Clarence C. Lee, of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now and I feel well pleased with it. I hardly ever have any more of that kind of trouble. I feel a whole lot of things better before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me about your medicine, and how it cured his stomach. I thought I would try a bottle of it. Am now glad I did, for I don't know what I would have done if I had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness. They stimulate the liver, and cleanse the system of impurities. They should always be used with "Golden Medical Discovery" when there is need of a laxative.

for the rheumatism, but I never found a man that had tried it. Some poisons affect one person more than another. A good citizen of this county died in 24 hours from a bee sting, but my faithful servant, Pip, can take them out in his hands and let them fly on his neck and face and sting him fearfully, and he brushes them off and laughs and says they tickle him. I have picked the stings off his flesh by the dozen, and he has never had rheumatism. A colony of honey bees numbered 5,000, yellow jackets 500 and hornets 200.

But this is enough about such pesky things, though the sting of a mosquito seems to be attracting much attention from the men of science. But I was ruminating about things that have to be done before long. My wife says it is about time to make a lettuce bed for the winter supply and it is about time to transplant two or three rows of strawberry plants from our own runners, for it is a good plan to have some new ones coming on every year. I receive so many letters from good women asking about how to grow them and so forth, that I will say briefly:

Prepare the ground about like you would for any garden herb or vegetable, fork deep and manure liberally, open a furrow and scatter ashes in it—any kind of ashes, wood, coal or mixed. If you can't sift the ashes, be sure and throw out the cinders and lumps. Place the plants about a foot apart, spread out the roots, draw the earth around lightly. If ground is some dry earth, each plant, then pull some dry earth over the wet. That's all. Have the rows two feet apart. If you have no plants of your own, then order some, and get Brandywine, Lady Thompson, Gandy and Excelsior. There are several other good kinds, but I know what these are. If ashes are scarce use a good handful to each plant. Stable manure makes the plant grow and ashes makes the fruit. Let me make another suggestion to these good women. If you have no asparagus bed, make one this fall. It is the cheapest thing grown, and about the best. We had it in abundance all the spring and are now having a second crop. Buy one or two hundred crowns at 75 cents a hundred, plant about like you would plant strawberries. Don't dig any ditch as they used to do. Give a good coat of manure every fall or winter and the same bed will last you 20 years. Fork up the ground once or twice a year, but do not fork too close to the crowns.

One other thing and I am done. Plant the small butter bean. It is sometimes called the sea-bean. It is sure and prolific and keeps on bearing until frost. It will take an arbor or very stout poles to hold up the vines.

The Niagara Falls Power Company is about commencing the development of the power of the Horse-hoe Falls. According to the present plans 35,000-horse power is to be developed, which is to be divided into three equal parts, one for an industrial establishment outside Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, one to be transmitted to Toronto and one to be held in reserve for the use of the company.

Arrange your plans early to attend the 33rd Annual State Fair at Columbia, Oct. 28th to Nov. 1st.

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IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

She—What did papa say?
He—He said he'd be delighted to have me for a son-in-law, only he couldn't afford it.

A young clerk in a wholesale house has been spending a large portion of his salary for the last few days buying cigars for friends who are "on" to a joke that was perpetrated on him. His employer engaged a new boy, and soon as the boy came to the establishment he was instructed in his duties by our friend, who had been promoted to the position of assistant book-keeper and given a small office by himself. About an hour after the boy started in the work, he came around, and, seeing him working, asked:

"Has the assistant book-keeper told you what to do?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "he told me to wake up when I saw you coming around."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the *Rock News*, this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out sin afar. We his tongue to de gospel word. We his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley where prayer is much wanted to be made. Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvasium and set him on fire."

The newspapers are telling a story about President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, and his summer boarding master. He has been in the habit of spending his summers on a farm in one of the most beautiful sections of New Hampshire, but the family becoming dissatisfied with certain details—the proximity of the pigpen to the house and the manners of the servant girl—the president wrote to the farmer that he would come no more, and mentioned these objections. In a few days he received the following conciliatory reply: "Dear Sir: There ain't been no bugs since you left and Hannah has went."—*Bangor Commercial.*

IT WAS LIKE MCKINLEY'S WOUND.—Dr. J. J. Lafferty, editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, relates the following story of the wounds received by Gen. W. E. Peters during the Civil War, which is of special interest at this time, in view of the recent shooting of the President of the United States:

"The perforation of the walls of Mr. McKinley's stomach recalls a like wound made upon an eminent citizen, Prof. Peters, of the University of Virginia, who in a hand-to-hand fight between cavalry, near Moorefield, W. Va., during the Civil War, while in command of his regiment, was shot through the body. The bullet penetrated the abdomen, entering on one side and coming out on the opposite wall, making a clean straight path through the stomach. The pistol was in a few inches of the body, when fired. The disabled officer managed to get to the residence of Mr. Syme-Jall, in whose corn field the conflict occurred. No surgical operation was performed. The two orifices were covered with pieces of cotton cloth of the size of a silver dollar. Colonel Peters made a prompt and good recovery. It may be added that General Averil, a chivalrous man, sent a courier forty miles into the Confederate lines to wire Colonel Peters' condition to his family."

THE ASSAULT ON JACKSON.—The unsuccessful assault on President Jackson, January 30, 1835, is one of that few remember. He was attending the funeral of the Hon. Warren R. Davis from South Carolina. While stepping out on the portico of the Capitol on the arm of Secretary of the Navy Woodbury, he was confronted by a stranger, who, at the distance of eight feet, deliberately aimed a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire. The would-be assassin dropped it and drew another. It also missed fire. The President then started to strike the man with his cane, when Lieutenant Gedney of the navy jumped on the assassin and disarmed him. He was arrested and taken to jail. He proved to be an insane Englishman named Lawrence, a house painter, crazed by being long out of work.

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