

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ASSASSINATED.

AN ANARCHIST PRETENDING TO SHAKE HANDS FIRES TWO SHOTS INTO HIM.

Tragedy Occurred at the Buffalo Exposition.

The Dastardly Deed Was Done While EXpressions of Esteem Were Being Showered on the President.

The Fiend Captured and Locked Up.

Buffalo, 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 a few minutes after 4 o'clock this afternoon.

While no one was around and all eyes turned as one toward the rotunda, where a great tragedy was being enacted. Then came a commotion.

The President is rallying, and is resting comfortably. At 10:15 p. m., temperature 100.4 degrees; pulse 124; respiration 24.

(Signed) P. M. R'xy, M. B. Mann, R. E. Parko, H. Mynter, Eugene Warbin, George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

The President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the nation's chief executive, and the city's honored guest lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullets of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, sits a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and his eyes with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions.

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 stood the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure.

It was shortly after 4 p. m., when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium size man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The president stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment on his face.

BRYAN TO LABOR.

The Advice He Gives to the Working People.

WARNS AGAINST TRUSTS.

Says If They Were as Aggressive at Elections as they are at Strikes Conditions Would be Different.

Labor Day last week was marked by the largest and most imposing parade of labor union ever held at Kansas City, Mo., and by the participation of William J. Bryan in the procession and exercises.

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SEARCHING FOR LECHNER.

His Family Anxious About the Missing Timmonsville Cashier.

A letter received here from Timmonsville says that the family of Mr. Frank C. Lechner, the missing bank cashier, believe that his whereabouts are unknown to them through no desire of his own.

Mr. Lechner, a wealthy banker of Timmonsville, S. C., and owner of a valuable vineyard and grocery store at Griffin, Ga., has been missing since Aug. 19, and the police have been asked to try and locate him.

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THE CROP REPORTS.

Another Generally Unfavorable Week for Cotton.

RUSTING ON SANDY LANDS.

Late Corn Continues to Improve.

Tobacco Reported Favorable in All Sections Except Two States.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the weather and the crops of the State issued Tuesday by Acting Director Taylor of South Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the United States weather bureau.

The week ending at 8 a. m., Monday, September 2, had an equal temperature slightly below the normal, with a maximum of 91 degrees at Blackville and a minimum of 63 degrees at Greenville.

The rainfall was above the normal. Florence had 5.29 inches, Greenwood 3.97 inches, St. George 3.48 inches, and Bamburg 2.67 inches.

Cotton is generally reported as rusting, ridding, and not coming well on sandy land, while on stiff soils there is some complaint of its growing too much to weed.

Late corn is as a rule promising, though excessive rain has interfered with proper cultivation, and in some cases causing it to turn yellow.

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A DAIRING HOLD UP.

A Man Describes the Stage Robbery in the Adirondacks.

The thrilling tale of the daring hold up of the Blue Mountain stage at Coon hill, near North River, in the Adirondacks, the other day by a masked highwayman was told recently at Indian Lake, N. Y., by Edward Bernstein, son of Benjamin Bernstein, a New York clothing manufacturer.

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GO OUT AGAIN.

The Operatives Go to Work but Did Not Stay

IN THE COLUMBIA MILLS.

The Operatives Claim that the Mill Owners Broke Faith and Did Not Keep Their Promise.

It was thought and hoped that the Columbia mill strike was settled last week. In compliance with action of the Textile Union Monday night, that operatives should return to their work and that they were not to be asked whether they continued their allegiance to the union, practically all of the members returned to work Tuesday morning.

The mill folks say that they told the operatives that if they came back to work because of order of the union, and not of their own volition, as independent operatives, willing to abide by the rules of the mills, they were no longer wanted and that they could go out.

The management impressed upon the operatives, so they say, that operatives would be welcomed and gladly received if they agreed to follow the rules and regulations of the mills and not those of the unions.

It is stated that after this presentation was made the operatives who had been out on strike, practically, in a body, retired, which left the situation just as it stood on any day of last week.

On the other hand, the operatives who went back to work stated that they agreed to return to work Wednesday morning with the understanding that no questions were to be asked them as to the authority by which they returned and that they were not to be asked whether they abjured the union or not.

When they returned to work, they say they were asked if they had decided to withdraw from the union, and that they replied that they had not.

Two shots followed his order. It looked as if the highwayman meant business; for the two leaders of the team reared and dropped to the ground dead. Those in the coach shrieked loudly, and for a moment I thought some one had been shot.

Drop those lines! ordered the highwayman.

Drop what lines? asked Eldridge, bringing his whip down with a snap on the backs of the leaders.

What are you giving us? he continued, laughing hoarsely.

Get out of the way or I'll run over you.

The masked man didn't move an inch, but raised his gun to his shoulder.

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