

CARNOT IS SLAIN

President of the French Republic
Assassinated at Lyons.

His Murderer Refuses to Tell the
Motive of His Awful Deed.

Plunged a Dagger Into His Victim's
Body as He Rode in a Carriage.

The Famous Frenchman Does Not Long
Survive His Wounds—His Career.

CARNOT CUT DOWN.

LYONS, June 25.—M. Sadi-Carnot, president of the French republic, is dead. He was struck down Sunday night by the hand of an assassin and died soon after midnight. The most intense excitement reigns throughout France.

The president was visiting Lyons in connection with the international exhibition. Upon his arrival here he was tendered a reception at the prefecture, after which he visited the exhibition. After spending some time there he proceeded to the Palais de Commerce, where a banquet was given in his honor.

At 9:25 President Carnot started for the theater, where a gala performance was to be given because of his presence in the city. Several carriages were in the procession, the first one being occupied by the president. M. Carnot's carriage was driven slowly along in front of the Palais de Commerce, and



PRESIDENT CARNOT.

then turned into Rue de la Republique, still following the facade of the palace. When half way down the street, which was lined with enthusiastic crowds of people, who were loudly cheering, a man rushed out of the crowd and sprang upon the steps of the president's landau.

Just at this moment M. Carnot was waving his right hand and saluting with his hat in his left hand in response to the ovation that was being given him.

Saw the President Stabbed.

The people close to the carriage saw that the man standing on the step had a knife in his hand. By the glare of the electric lights they saw the bright blade gleam in the air as the assassin's arm descended, and President Carnot was sent to fall back in his seat, his face deathly pale. One of his hands was pressed over his heart where the steel had entered the body.

M. Rivaud, prefect of Lyons, who was seated beside M. Carnot, immediately struck the assassin a blow full in the face and knocked him from the step, thus preventing the man from again stabbing the president, which it was his evident intention to do.

The Assassin Captured.

Instantly cries of "The president is assassinated!" "Death to the assassin!" were heard on every side, and the crowd in the vicinity of the carriage swelled to enormous proportions, every member seemingly intent upon killing the assassin. He was grasped by a dozen hands and his life would have then and there paid the forfeit of his crime had it not been for several sergeants de ville, who seized and attempted to draw him away from his captors.

This was found to be impossible, as the infuriated populace was determined to lynch the man and the efforts of the sergeants availed nothing beyond saving the man from instant death. Blows were aimed at his face and head, over the shoulders of the police, who had by this time received reinforcements, and many of the blows landed fairly. At last the police succeeded in driving the howling mob back a foot or so from the prisoner, but to get the captive through the crowd was a physical impossibility.

Troops Charge on the Crowd.

In the meantime the news of the attempted murder had spread with lightning-like rapidity and mounted guards were sent to the aid of the police, who were still struggling to preserve the life of the assassin. With drawn sabers in their hands the guards rode down into the crowd, heedless of whom their horses trampled upon. The crowd gave way before the horses and at last the center of the mob was reached.

Then a cordon was formed around the ten almost exhausted policemen and their captive and the march to the police station began. Even thus surrounded the prisoner was not safe, for men in the crowd made frantic endeavors to reach him. The guards repelled these attacks with the flat sides of their swords, while at the same time keeping watchful eyes upon the crowd to prevent the prisoner from being shot. Maledictions were hurled upon the captive, and never before has such wild indignation against a human being been seen in this city.

In the meantime physicians were hastily summoned to attend the president, who had almost immediately been conveyed to the prefecture. A careful examination was made of the wound and the doctors declared that the condition of M. Carnot was hopeless.

Sensation at the Theater.

The receipt of the news of the assassination caused a great sensation at the Grand theater, which was filled to the walls by the elite of Lyons. The theater presented a brilliant scene, the handsome toilets of the ladies being offset by the gay uniforms of the many military officers present. All were awaiting with impatience the arrival of the president and were unable to understand the delay. Suddenly a man entered the theater, crying at the top of his voice: "The president has been assassinated!"

The most intense excitement followed this abrupt announcement. Women screamed and several fainted. Many men, without waiting to secure their hats, ran out of the building in order to confirm the news. They found all the streets leading to the palace filled with excited throngs, and in a few minutes they were convinced that the report of the cowardly attempt upon the life of the president was true.

Suddenly through the throng sped a landau conveying Adrien Dupuy, a brother of the prime minister, Deputy Chauby and Prefect Rivaud, the crowd falling away before it as it dashed into the Rue de la Republique, preceded by four mounted gendarmes. The crowd thinking now that the report of the assassination was untrue and that the president was in the carriage shouted: "Vive Carnot," "Vive la Republique."

Cheers Turned to Curses.

The carriage was stopped and M. Chauby and M. Rivaud, in tremulous voices, said: "Don't shout; the president has been the victim of an outrage."

The cheers were instantly turned to curses, and many and loud were the cries for vengeance.

The landau proceeded to the theater, where Rivaud and M. Chauby went to the president's box. As soon as they were seen the whole audience arose and amid profound silence M. Rivaud said, in a voice broken with sobs: "The president has just been assassinated."

Death to the Assassin.

This announcement was received with a terrible explosion of fury as the audience on the first report of the assassination had, though greatly excited, generally discredited it. The theater resounded with shouts of "A mort la assassin!" and cries for vengeance upon him.

When silence was in a measure restored M. Rivaud continued:

"In the Rue de la Republique a miscreant, under the pretext of presenting a petition, stabbed M. Carnot with a dagger."

M. Rivaud was again interrupted with shouts of "Death to the murderer!" "Revenge!" "Revenge!"

Waving his hand for silence M. Rivaud again spoke, saying:

"Do not make my mission more painful. We left M. Carnot in the hands of doctors. You understand that under these conditions our hearts are filled with sorrow, and that the proposed performance in the president's honor cannot take place."

The audience then left the building, many of them proceeding at once to the prefecture, where they stood in the streets waiting for any report that might be given out and discussing the crime that they considered had cast disgrace upon the fair fame of their city.

The assassin is an Italian named Cesare Giovanni Santeo.

The Assassin a Beardless Youth.

Santeo, the assassin, is a beardless young man of 20 or 25 years old. When arrested he was attired in a brown suit and wore a peaked cap that matched the suit in color. As he marched, under the guard of the police, from the station, he held his head down, but his eyes glanced furtively around as though he was seeking an opportunity to escape from his captors. To have made such an attempt, however, would have been the height of foolhardiness unless he desired to commit suicide, for there is not the slightest doubt that had he got away from the protection of the police he would have been torn limb from limb by the crowd, whose every action showed that they were thirsting for his blood.

When the police party reached the Place des Cordeliers they were obliged to stop, while the landau in which were Gen. Borius, the prefect, the mayor and the wounded president, escorted by a detachment of mounted guards on a gallop, was driven rapidly past them en route to the prefecture. A second carriage conveying the officers of the president's military household followed close behind. An Associated Press reporter entered a third carriage, in which were M. Bundeau, ex-minister of finance, and Senator Millaud. On arrival at the prefecture Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor alighted.

The Wounded Man's Removal.

President Carnot lay motionless and unconscious upon the cushions of the carriage. His eyes were closed. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and his shirt, on which the bright red sash of the Legion of Honor was conspicuous, was covered on the left side, just over the heart, by a large blood stain, which extended to the hip. It was impossible to tell from his appearance whether he was dead or alive.

The crowd surged about in the vicinity of the carriage, but mounted guards and foot police held them in check some distance from the landau in which the president was lying. Many were the expressions of pity for the president and anger at his assassin.

Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor, assisted by a number of attendants, lifted M. Carnot from the carriage and with difficulty carried him as tenderly as possible to a room on the first floor of the prefecture and laid him on a bed. Dr. Gaillon, who is mayor of Lyons, then examined the wound.

Died Soon After Midnight.

President Carnot died at 12:45 o'clock this morning. Shortly after midnight the archbishop of Lyons was summoned to the bedside of the dying president to administer to him the last rites of the church. He was in the

room but a short time when he emerged and retired to an adjoining room. Here he remained until 12:30, when he was again summoned to the president's room, where he administered to him the sacrament.

M. Carnot remained conscious to the last. He realized that his life was rapidly ebbing away and twice he said: "Je m'en vais." Dr. Ponce leaned over the bed on which the president was lying and said to him: "Your friends are here, monsieur le president." M. Carnot replied: "I am grateful for their presence," and in less than a minute he gasped for breath, there was a convulsive shuddering of his body and the president of France was dead. Immediately after the death of M. Carnot Prime Minister Dupuy started on his return to Paris to officially announce the news to the senate and the chamber of deputies.

The bed on which M. Carnot died was of iron. It was placed between two windows of the palace. At its foot was the bed of honor which had been reserved for the president. The incision made by the doctors in order to stop the internal hemorrhage measured about 3 inches long by 2 inches wide.

Murderer Will Not Tell His Motive.

Santeo, who speaks French badly, when questioned by Prefect Lepin at the police station in Rue Moliere, said he had lived at Certe, department of Herault, for the past six months, and had only come to Lyons Sunday. He gave his age as 23 years. His replies were given coolly, but without any sign of bravado. He refused, however, to answer any of the many questions put to him regarding his motive for stabbing the president, declaring that on this subject he would speak only before a tribunal. When he was searched by the police a book was found in one of his pockets in which it was written that he had been born in a village in the province of Milan, Italy.

Mobbed the Italians.

After M. Carnot had been taken to the prefecture it became generally known that his assassin was an Italian and the feeling of deep indignation among the crowd found vent in the form of attacks upon cafes kept by inoffensive natives of Italy. Three such places in the vicinity of the palace of commerce were totally wrecked by the infuriated mob.

All over the city threats are made to take summary vengeance upon the countrymen of Santeo, and the authorities, fearing that attempts will be made to put these threats into effect, ordered bodies of cuirassiers to patrol the city to prevent any outbreak. Everywhere the troops are greeted with cries of "Long live the army."

After the attacks upon the Italian cafes the disorderly element among the crowds devoted their attention to the Italians whom they found upon the streets. Several of these men were pursued by the mob and barely escaped with their lives. The police, who were extraordinarily vigilant, had great difficulty in rescuing the hunted men. The Rue de la Barre is now barricaded at both ends and guarded by troops.

Grief of Mme. Carnot.

PARIS, June 25.—Mme. Carnot accompanied by her two daughters, left this city at 1 o'clock this morning for Lyons. The news of the assassination of her husband was broken to her as tenderly as possible. She was almost prostrated with grief, but gave orders for preparations to be at once made to convey her to Lyons.

To Choose a New President.

PARIS, June 25.—An official note has been issued calling upon the senate and chamber of deputies to assemble in congress at Versailles at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of electing a new president.

USEFUL AND BUSY LIFE.

Career of Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, President of France.

Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, who, December 2, 1837, succeeded Jules Ferry as president of the republic, was considerably younger than any of his three predecessors, having been born in 1837 at Limoges. The son and grandson of most distinguished republican statesmen, he was brought up as a civil engineer and graduated with the highest honors at the Ecole Polytechnique in 1857, and subsequently at the famous Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées in 1863. After having acted as government engineer in several provincial districts he was in 1871 appointed prefect of the Seine department, which includes the civil government of Paris and its suburbs, and took a prominent part in organizing the national defense against the German invaders. A few months later he was elected by the vote of the district to represent them in the national assembly, and after taking his seat became the organizing secretary of the republican left party in the chamber. In 1876 he was elected by the inhabitants of the district of Beaune to represent them in the national assembly, and on the resignation of M. Clamageran a few months later he succeeded him as minister of finance, an office which he likewise held in the Goblet ministry.

On the retirement of President Grevy the two great republican orators, Ferry and Freycinet, were the principal candidates for the succession. In the first trial ballot of the republican senators and deputies on the morning of December 3, 1877, the former received 200 and the latter 103 votes, Brissot coming next with 81, and then Carnot with 69. The election of Ferry threatened to produce a popular disturbance, and Freycinet's supporters, when they saw that his chance was hopeless, decided to give their votes to Carnot. When the congress met in the afternoon Carnot received on the first ballot 233 votes; Ferry, 212; Gen. Sausser, 143; Freycinet, 75; Gen. Appert, 72; Brissot, 36, and other candidates, 31. Freycinet and Ferry then withdrew in favor of Carnot, who was elected on the second ballot by 616 votes, Gen. Sausser receiving from the conservatives 184.

President Carnot's widow is the daughter of Dupont White, who translated John Stuart Mill's works into French. Four children, all of whom are living, were the result of the union. One of two sons is in the French army and another represents a steamship company in Brazil.

M. Carnot's father, who was minister of public instruction in the republican government of 1848, and who, together with Gen. Cavagnac, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III in 1851, was one of the most popular statesmen and distinguished scientists and authors in France. His grandfather, a few figures prominently in French history as one of the leading members of the convention in the great revolution of 1793.

The Wood Thrush.
When to the most secret of the wood
I do betake myself, and therein find
A mossy seat, flower-broidered to my mind,
Whereon to muse of little understood
And vexing questions: Whether God be good
To send such pain and toil to all mankind;
Or if the world be ruled by nature, blind
And deaf and callous to her crying brood,
Sudden the silence breaks into a song
Such as to summer woodlands doth belong,
A song that hath a soul and speaks to mine
In heavenly parlance; by that holy sign
My faith that tottered is made strong and whole.
Nature is God, if nature hath a soul.
—Dansk Dandridge, in N. Y. Independent.

The Slumberers.
They do not care, who sleep beneath the snow,
How wild the winds of wintry tempests blow;
It matters not to them the driving rain;
Frets on the headstones like the tears of pain;
They heed not anything—in placid peace
They slumber in the city of Suresaie!

They do not care, who sleep beneath the grass,
How tenderly the summer zephyrs pass;
It joys them not that valley lilies bloom
In saintly spotlessness above their tomb;
The cricket's creeping chirp, the warbler's psalm,
Intrude not on their everlasting calm!

They do not care, bless God, they do not care,
The grave-girl slumberers, for our despair;
The grave-girl slumberers, for our despair;
For in their safe retreat we are forgot!
Bless God for this! It comforts our distress
That our keen grief grieves not their blessedness!

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Rain-Song of the Robin.
Oh, the rain-song of the robin! How it thrills
My heart to hear
The rain-song of the robin in the summer of the year!
How I long for wings to join him where his carol mouth
And for words to beg the secret of his magic minstrelsy!

Does he sing because he revels in the fury of the storm?
In the thunder and the lightning does he find a hidden charm?
Or with prophetic eye, enraptured, does he see the darkness past,
And the beauty which shall blossom when the clouds disperse at last?

When Thy rain on me descendeth, and Thy clouds about me roll,
Grant, O God, the power of singing to my tempter-shaken soul.
May I see Thy mercy shining far behind the outer gloom!
May I hear Thine angels chanting! May I see Thy lilies bloom!

—Kate Upson Clark, in Harper's Bazar.

Dead on the Field of Battle.
Dead on the field of battle! Still we seek
Remembrance here when we have gone from here;
Oh, may our latest deed ourselves bespeak,
And breathe about the world our wonted cheer!

Dead on the field of battle! Heaven send
If trust was given us, we keep that trust;
If brave, we may be brave unto the end;
So valor shall be kindred from our dust.

On some still morn, at calling of the roll,
When storm and stress for me are well gone
Amid the silence may some comrade soul,
Dead on the field of battle, then reply!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

Phoebe.
When skies are blue
And threaded through
With skeins of sunlight spangles,
And breezes blow
Quite soft and low
Amid the tree-top tangles;
When summer has the world in thrall,
And joy is sovereign over all,
'T is curious that a little bird
Should utter such a wistful word
As "Poor me! Poor me!"

When days are long,
And limbs are strong,
And blithe with youth the season;
When everything
Is tuned to spring
And rhyme, and not to reason;
When life is all a holiday
With naught of care and much of play,
'T is sinful that a little maid
Should such complaining words have said
As "Poor me! Poor me!"

—Julie M. Lippman, in St. Nicholas.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 27.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle..... 83 40 @ 4 85
Sheep..... 2 35 @ 3 75
Hogs..... 1 35 @ 5 25
FLOUR—Minnesota Patents..... 40 @ 3 85
City Mill Patents..... 40 @ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 63 1/2 @ 64
Ungraded Red..... 59 @ 61
CORN—No. 2..... 45 1/2 @ 45 1/2
Ungraded Mixed..... 43 @ 46
OATS—Track Mixed Western..... 51 @ 53
RYE—State..... 50 @ 58
PORK—Mess, New..... 13 75 @ 14 00
LARD—Western Creamery..... 7 05 @ 7 10
BUTTER—Western Creamery..... 10 @ 15
Western Dairy..... 10 @ 15

CHICAGO.
BEEVES—Shipping Steers..... 33 00 @ 4 71
Cows..... 1 25 @ 2 50
Stockers..... 1 20 @ 3 10
Feeders..... 2 00 @ 3 60
Butchers' Steers..... 3 20 @ 3 60
Bulls..... 1 50 @ 2 65
HOGS..... 4 00 @ 5 15
SHEEP..... 1 50 @ 3 85
BUTTER—Creamery..... 15 @ 17
Dairy..... 12 @ 13
EGG—Fresh..... 10 1/2 @ 14 1/2
SHOOT CORN..... 9 1/2 @ 10
Western (per ton)..... 30 00 @ 35 00
Western Dwarf..... 45 00 @ 50 00
Illinois, Good to Choice..... 45 00 @ 50 00
POTATOES—New (per bush)..... 1 25 @ 2 00
PORK—Mess..... 12 50 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam..... 6 00 @ 6 00
FLOUR—Spring Patents..... 3 20 @ 3 50
Spring Straights..... 2 70 @ 2 70
Winter Patents..... 3 20 @ 3 50
Winter Straights..... 2 45 @ 2 60
GRAIN—Wheat..... 40 1/2 @ 50 1/2
Corn, No. 2..... 40 1/2 @ 40 1/2
Oats, No. 2..... 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2
Rye, No. 2..... 48 1/2 @ 49 1/2
Barley common to Good..... 48 @ 53
LUMBER—
Siding..... 16 00 @ 22 50
Flooring..... 30 00 @ 37 00
Common Boards..... 14 50 @ 14 00
Shingles..... 12 00 @ 16 00
Lath, Dry..... 2 50 @ 2 60
Fence..... 6 00 @ 3 15

KANSAS CITY.
CATTLE—Texas Steers..... 22 35 @ 3 50
Feeders..... 2 00 @ 3 50
HOGS..... 4 75 @ 5 00
SHEEP..... 3 80 @ 4 50

OMAHA.
CATTLE—Steers..... 22 80 @ 4 70
Feeders..... 2 00 @ 3 50
HOGS..... 4 75 @ 4 95
SHEEP..... 3 80 @ 4 25

What a Minister Says.

Trinity Station, Morgan Co., Ala.
Dr. R. V. Williams, Dear Sir:—In the fall of last year I suffered from rheumatism in my left shoulder and elbow. I tried a great many remedies, recommended to me by friends, but they all failed to afford relief. From the time I began Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, until I felt that I was cured, was a period covering four or five months. While the attack lasted, I suffered a great deal, and could not dress or undress myself. Although I am 73 years old, I now regard my health as splendid. I had spent a great deal of money previously in various kinds of medicine, but the "Discovery," from the day I commenced until I was well, cost only four dollars. Accept my gratitude, and I beg to subscribe myself,
REV. W. WILLIAMS.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a great cure for all kinds of rheumatism, and I beg to subscribe myself,
REV. WILSON WILLIAMS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Going Home.
A misty silence on the hills;
No more the lowing cattle roam;
A bell the dreamy twilight thrills
And sweetly chimes my welcome home.

The pattering of little feet
Adown the dusky path I hear,
And lips meet mine with kisses sweet
And tender welcome. Home is near!

Forgot, the toll that makes the day—
The absent joy, the hope denied;
Light as a dream they fade away
Where love sits at the fireside!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

It is a pleasure again to announce the return of the venerable James H. McVicker, one of the oldest and best-known theatrical managers in the theatrical profession, here and hearty from a six months' absence in the South. Mr. McVicker comes back full of ambition and determined to see the new summer company venture at his theater a success. One hopes that it may not again be necessary for him to flee from the sickle weather of Chicago.

HUSBAND.—"At the sewing circle this afternoon I suppose the ladies did little else than to display their finger rings to each other." Wife.—"That's just all you know about sewing circles. I'd have you know that not one of the ladies removed her gloves during the whole afternoon."—Boston Transcript.

Fourth of July Rates.
On July 3d and 4th, 1894, the North-Western Line will sell round trip tickets to stations within 200 miles at very low rates, good returning until July 5th, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

"MARY GOLD'S beautiful bathing dress is hopelessly ruined." "What happened to it?" "She went too near the water yesterday and it got wet." "Mary always was a careless girl."—N. Y. Press.

MARRIAGE.—"Do you believe in a hereafter, Jack?" "Certainly I do. If I didn't I wouldn't have asked you to marry me next month."—Boston Courier.

FRANCES and her papa had a few squares to go and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk or take the street car?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."—Harper's Bazar.

A HARD CASE, ANYWAY.—If a man gushes over womanhood he is sneered at as a sentimentalist, but if he doesn't he is stigmatized as a brute.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"BRIEFKINS has graduated from the law school, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Practicing?" "Not yet. He's looking for somebody to practice on."—Washington Star.

If every dog has his day it seems funny that dog days don't last longer.—Philadelphia Record.

"REMEMBER for toothache, my friend," said a philosopher, "will be found to afford instant relief in every case but yours."

PIMPLES are inexpressibly mortifying. Remedy—Glenn's Sulphur Soap, Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

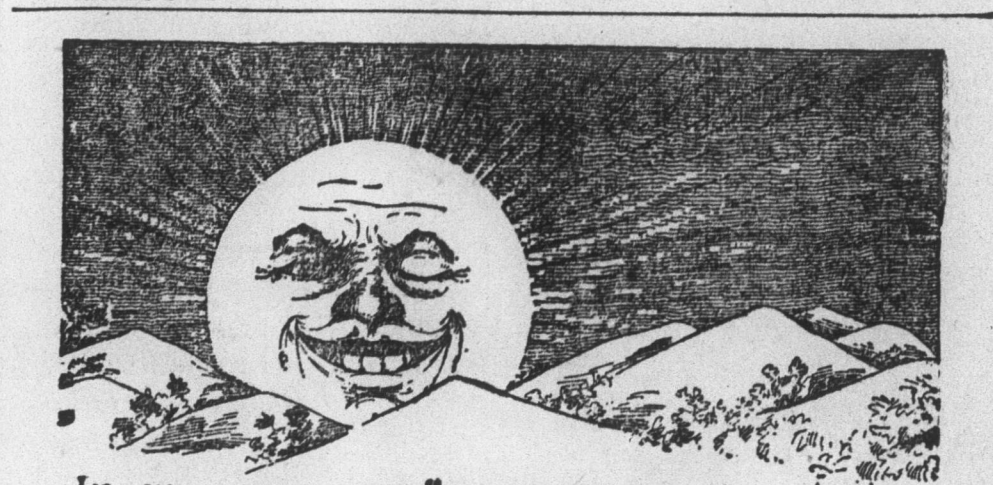
A MAN soon finds out how little he knows when a child begins to ask him questions.—Ram's Horn.

No REAL joy can ever be bought with money.—Ram's Horn.

Everything connected with Butter

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked-in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

Send it Back
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.



It's like comparing "A Candle to the brilliancy of the Sun" to compare other soaps with SANTA CLAUS. Because it's the purest, best and most economical.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

Sold everywhere
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

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GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS.
SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

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