

educated as Americans; and there was a university at Manila long before we could boast of anything of the sort in our own country.

The other islands which Spain lost in the war of 1898—Cuba and Puerto Rico—were prospering and peaceful at the close of the century. Cuba does not belong to our country; it has a constitution and government of its own, but is under the protection of the United States. Puerto Rico, like the Philippines, belongs to the United States, but the people have a large share in its government.

Besides the large and important islands of Puerto Rico and the Philippines, the United States gained possession of three small ones: Guam and Wake Island, on the route from Hawaii to the Philippines, and Tutuila (too-too-ee´la), one of the Sa-mo´an Islands in the South Pacific. Wake Island we took because nobody owned it; Tutuila came under our control in 1900, with the consent of the natives, when the Samoan Islands were divided between our country and Germany; but Guam was captured from Spain, during the war of 1898, by one of our war ships which was on its way to join Dewey at Manila. Guam lay so far out of the usual course of vessels that the Spanish governor did not even know that his country was at war with the United States. When our ship fired its first shots he fancied it was merely a salute, and sent an officer to explain that he was sorry he could not return it, for he had no powder!



LXXIX. THE ASSASSINATION OF MCKINLEY.

DURING McKinley's first administration, in the summer of 1900, our country was startled by the news that some rebel Chinese had risen against the Christian converts, and were besieging the foreign ministers in Pe-king´. Many of the native Christians were killed in the most barbarous way, and the foreigners in Peking escaped with their own lives owing principally to the courage with which, although a mere handful, they defended themselves for more than two months against hordes of furious enemies.

As soon as the news reached us, an American army was sent from the Philippines to China, to help other foreign forces there rescue the ministers and their families from an awful death. This army marched into Peking, and when the trouble was all over our

troops were recalled, and China promised to make good our losses by paying a large indemnity.

In the fall of 1900 McKinley and Bryan were again the candidates for President, and McKinley was elected. Notwithstanding some strikes and labor troubles, it seemed as if our country was more prosperous than ever, when the Pan-American Exposition opened, at Buffalo, in the spring of 1901. The President, having promised to visit this fair, went thither in September, and made a fine speech, in which he told the people: "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

The next day, while shaking hands with the many people anxious to see him, the President was shot twice by a young anarchist. Although born in America and educated in schools where he had certainly been taught better, this man was, like all anarchists, against all law and government, and wanted to destroy them by killing the principal representative of law and order in our country. This was, of course, as foolish as it was wicked, for when our President dies, the Vice President immediately takes his office, and should any harm befall the new President, he would be replaced by one of the members of his Cabinet. Our government can never die as long as any loyal Americans are left to uphold it.



Assassination of President McKinley.

Although McKinley had received his death wound, he did not for a moment lose his wonted presence of mind, but after cautioning those around him not to alarm his invalid wife, or to injure his assassin, he expressed a sincere regret that such an accident should mar the success of the fair.

Under the care of the best physicians in the country, the President seemed in a fair way to recover, and every one was rejoicing, when the news suddenly spread that he could not live and was failing fast. During the next few hours the whole country re-

mained in anxious suspense, and when McKinley breathed his last on the 14th of September, 1901, every American felt as if he had lost a personal friend.

Public buildings and private dwellings were draped in mourning, and on the day of the funeral, memorial services were held everywhere, and were thronged with a loyal people. All spoke in loving terms of the President, who had been a true patriot, a tender husband, and a good man in every sense of the word. At the hour when his body was laid to rest in Canton, Ohio, all the traffic throughout the country stopped short for five minutes, a tribute which had never before been paid to any ruler, however great and well beloved.

As for the assassin, he was quickly seized, placed in custody, tried, and found guilty; and he soon died the shameful death provided by law for all murderers. Thus ends the story of our Great Republic at the close of the nineteenth century. In little more than one hundred years, just laws and government had been established, the wilderness explored from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the nation settled from sea to sea, many advances and inventions developed for the betterment of mankind, and our young country showed itself both honorable and resolute in all our affairs with the nations of the world.

