

# PORTUGAL'S KING AND CROWN PRINCE SHOT

Attempt Made in Streets of Lisbon to Wipe Out Dynasty by Murdering Reigning Family.

HARSH RULE SAID TO BE CAUSE.

Whole Populace Aroused by Brutal Repression, and Capital of Little Nation Is in Turmoil.

REGICIDES SLAIN BY GUARDS.

Mother Throws Herself in Front of Heir to Throne, Trying to Shield His Body from Bullets.

King Carlos of Portugal and the Crown Prince Luiz Philippe were shot to death in Lisbon Saturday, as they sat in the royal carriage, by a band of revolutionists. His majesty, accompanied by Queen Amelia, Crown Prince Luiz and Prince Manuel, were returning from the Villa Vicosa, where they had been temporarily residing, when a company of men leaped from behind a barrier, and leveling carbines at the royal family, fired. The move was so sudden that none of the king's guards could prevent the assassination. Immediately after the regicides had fired, however, the police returned with a volley and killed three of them.

There were many evidences that the plot to kill Portugal's monarch had been planned to the minutest detail. King Carlos had been warned of his danger and an extra strong escort was in attendance. The fact that the assassins easily outwitted this com-



KING CARLOS.

pany gave rise to rumors of treachery, but no substantiation is obtainable. King Carlos within twelve hours received information that Premier Franco was to be killed by the revolutionists and that he would be disposed of at the same time. The idea was, so the king was told, to overthrow the monarchy. The people were weary of oppression; were confident that the reigning dynasty was behind Franco in all his repressive measures, and therefore were ready to create a new power. The king's assassination brings into peculiar prominence the head of a pow-

## ASSASSINATIONS OF HISTORY.

- King Edward of England, March 26, 946
- King Edward the Martyr of England, March 18, 979
- King Edward II. of England, Sept. 27, 1327
- King James I. of Scotland, Feb. 21, 1437
- King Edward V. of England, July, 1483
- King James II. of Scotland, June 11, 1488
- Prince William of Orange, July 10, 1584
- King Henry II. of France, Aug. 2, 1589
- Feodor I., last of the House of Rurik, who had governed Russia for 790 years, Feb. 15, 1596
- King Henry IV. of France, May 14, 1610
- George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Aug. 23, 1628
- Peter III. of Russia, dethroned and murdered; succeeded by Catharine, his wife, 1762
- Ivan IV. of Russia, murdered in prison, 1764
- King Gustavus III. of Sweden, March 16, 1792
- Marat, by Charlotte Corday, July 13, 1793
- Czar Paul of Russia, March 21, 1801
- Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, April 14, 1865
- Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, June 4, 1876
- Alexander II. of Russia, March 13, 1881
- James A. Garfield, President of the United States, July 2, 1881
- Sadi Carnot, President of France, June 24, 1894
- Stamboloff, Premier of Bulgaria, June 15, 1895
- Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, Sept. 10, 1898
- King Humbert of Italy, July 29, 1900
- William McKinley, President of the United States, Sept. 8, 1901
- King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, June 10, 1903
- Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, 1905
- King and Crown Prince of Portugal, Feb. 1, 1908

In Lisbon Sunday Prince Manuel was proclaimed king of Portugal, succeeding his father, Carlos, who, with the crown prince, Luiz Philippe, was shot

## THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.



COL. CROOK WHO WAS LINCOLN'S BODYGUARD.



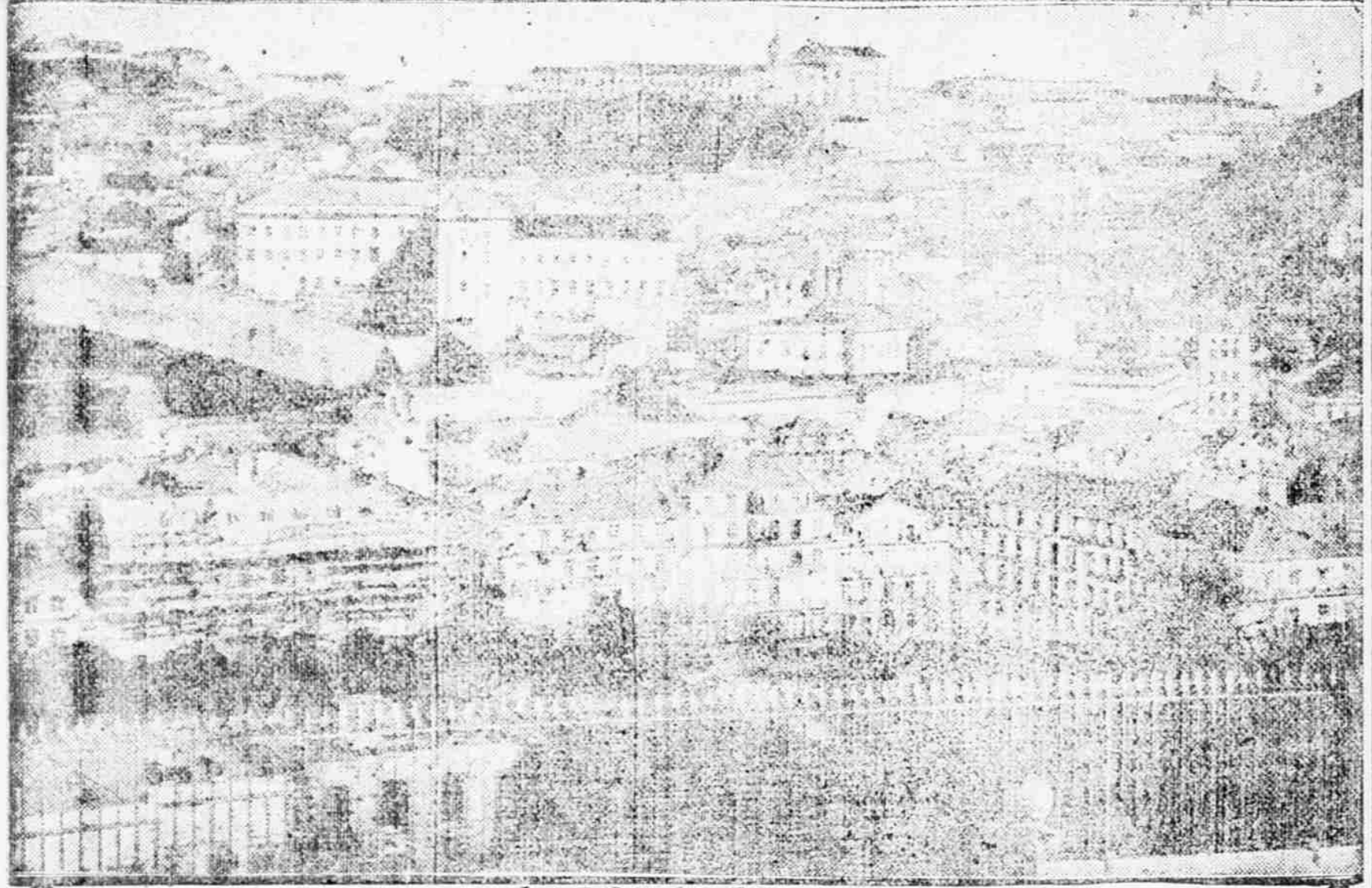
the only way I can get even with her is on Valentine's day. Then I get 100 of the meanest barlesque valentines I can find and send them to her, and for the next three months she's wondering who sent 'em and treats me fairly well. Try it once. It is a good deal better than threatening her with the family ax."

**His Valentine.**  
 My Valentine! I seize my pen  
 To write to you the yearly verse;  
 I shall not tune my lute again  
 To raptures which my soul immerse;  
 I shall not praise your sapphire eyes,  
 Nor sing the archness of your look—  
 Ah, no! I chant your bread and pie,  
 My Valentine, for you can cook!

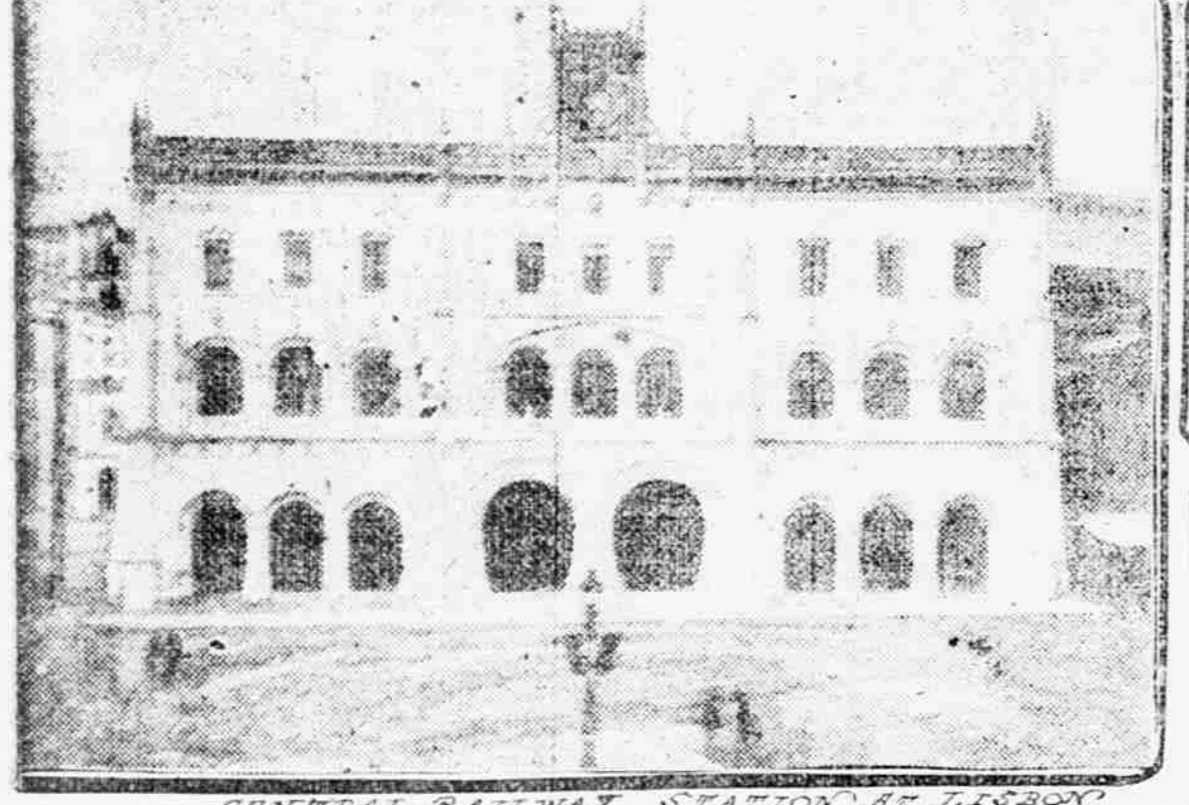
My Valentine, I love the glow—  
 The ruby glow so softly spread  
 Upon your tempting velvet cheek  
 When you have been a baking bread.  
 Your hair is golden, thick, and fine,  
 In gleaming coil, and curl and loop,  
 And best of all, oh, one divine,  
 I never find it in my soup.

My Valentine! Let others write  
 Their lyrics to your hands and brow,  
 Your biscuits are as feathers light,  
 Your cakes are tempting, anyhow.  
 Let others sing your charms so sweet,  
 With postcard's gentle art,  
 For me, the things you make to eat  
 Have won the highway to my heart.  
 —What to Eat.

**An Anecdote of Lincoln.**  
 At one period during the rebellion there were no less than seventy-four major generals and 276 brigadiers on the rolls,



LISBON, PORTUGAL.



CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION AT LISBON.

Bullets from several pieces pierced the body of his majesty and of Crown Prince Luiz, and they fell from their seats. Prince Manuel, the younger son, was given a flesh wound, but Queen Amelia escaped without a hurt. The queen seemed to understand the danger

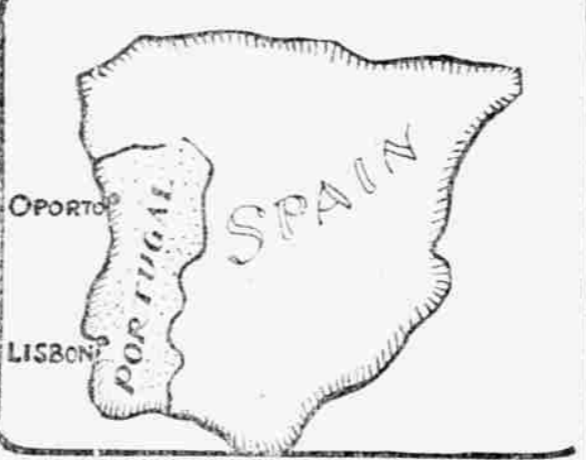


QUEEN AMELIA.

of the situation more than her consort or children. As the assassins raised their guns her majesty stood up and endeavored with motherly intuition to shield the crown prince. Queen Amelia was too late.

erful family which formerly reigned in Portugal—the house of Braganza. Dom Miguel Braganza is the present head of the family, and the understanding is he will make a strong bid upon popular sentiment to succeed the dead Carlos.

**Populace in Terror.**  
 The news of the assassination swept through the city like fire through dry grass and half the populace became panic-stricken, not knowing where the next blow might fall. There is the greatest dread for the future of the country, which seems on the verge of being plunged into the throes of a revolution, with all the attendant horrors and bloodshed. Throughout the city consternation reigned.  
 At the first blish it would seem as though the assassination was the work of anarchists and not of republican sympathizers. Nevertheless, the stirring events of the last few weeks have prepared the people for some startling culmination. The discovery of plot after plot, as well as the discovery of many secret stores of weapons and ammunition, have demonstrated beyond peradventure the existence of a determination on the part of a large body of the Portuguese to overthrow the present conditions and proclaim a republic.  
 Queen Maria Pia, the mother of King Carlos; the Duke of Oporto, his brother; a number of ministers and court officials hastened at once to the arsenal when the news reached them of the attack upon the royal family



down in the streets. The king's proclamation, signed by himself as Dom Manuel II., and countersigned by all the ministers, was read from the balcony. But beyond this there was no public ceremony.  
 Although in his proclamation the king declared he would support Prime Minister Franco and his policy, he was persuaded later to accept the resignation of the entire ministry. This was done in return for the promise of the progressive and regenerationist parties



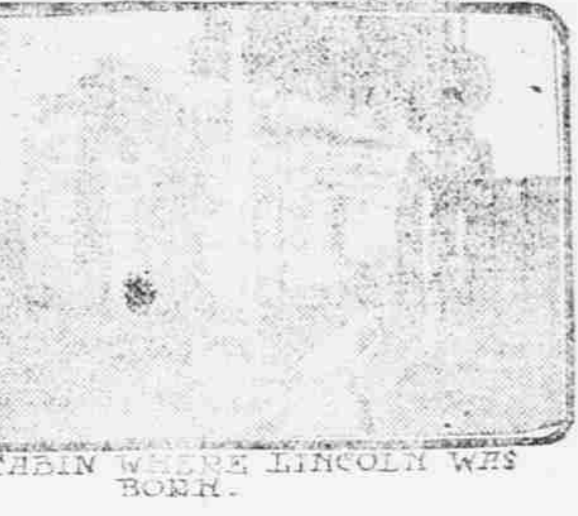
CROWN PRINCE PHILIPPE.

to support the government and bury their differences with Premier Franco if a coalition cabinet were appointed.  
**The Harvester Trust Fined.**  
 Judge Dana, at Topeka, Kan., Jan. 18, assessed a fine of \$12,000 against the International Harvester Company, which the court had found guilty on forty-three counts of violating the State anti-trust

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



THE LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



LOG CABIN WHERE LINCOLN WAS BORN.

St. Valentine's day! And midst old recollections  
 That rush to my heart with an echoing joy,  
 I remember once more the old hopes and deceptions,  
 When you were a girl, dear, and I was a boy;  
 When I sent you a rose on that February morning,  
 And with it a passionate, rhyme-balancing lay,  
 And met your reproaches and well-acted scornings,  
 By whispering: "Sweet, 'tis St. Valentine's day!"  
 And the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so yellow,  
 And the soft southern wind blew so shrilly and sweet,  
 And each tiny bird sang so loud to its fellow,  
 While the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed at your feet,  
 Small wonder our hearts broke to tremulous beating  
 As we learned in the wonderful, old-fashioned way  
 What the earth and the sky and the air were repeating  
 In mystical cadence of Valentine's day.  
 And now that the crazy-sweet babble and laughter  
 Of golden-haired children have rung in our ears,  
 And brought us the hope of a tender hereafter,  
 To link to the thought of those far-away years—  
 Once more in the words of the happy boy-lover,  
 I veil deeper meaning in whimsical wack;  
 A meaning your heart will be quick to discover—  
 By whispering: "Sweet, 'tis St. Valentine's day!"  
 —The Housekeeper.

**Lincoln's Specific Life Work.**  
 One often thinks of his life as cut off, but no great man since Caesar has seen his life work ended as did Lincoln. Napoleon died upon a desert rock, but not until Austerlitz and Waterloo had become memories, and the dust of the empire even as all dust. Cromwell knew that England had not at heart materially altered. Washington did not know that he had created one of the great, perhaps the greatest, empires to be known to man. But Lincoln had a specific task to do—to save his country and to make it free—and on that fateful 14th of April he knew that he had accomplished both things.  
 There are those who would say that nature put this man where he was to do this work. To the thoughtful mind it was not chance. However, by design, and that the design of which all great men are a part. War is indeed the crucible of the nations. It is the student of a century hence who shall properly place the Civil War in American history. But, whatever that place be, there can be no doubt of the position in it of the war President. Like William the Silent, his justification of all about him was a matter not of personal desire, but of absolute and constant growth. There are few

which was far more than there was any use for. President Lincoln recognized this mistake before anybody else, but he consoled himself by joking about it. It is recalled that on one occasion, when one of these superfluous generals was captured by the enemy, with a number of men and horses, somebody undertook to condole with the President on the subject, remarking that the loss of the captured general's services was a great misfortune to the government.  
 "Pooh!" replied Lincoln, "it's the horses I'm thinking about. I can make another brigadier general in two minutes, but horses are scarce, and cost \$200 apiece."—Kansas City Journal.

**Abraham Lincoln's Astuteness.**  
 A leader of the Lincoln party told a story of the astuteness of Lincoln as a lawyer.  
 "When Lincoln was practicing law," he said, "he had a case involving a disputed will. The opposition claimed that the will was genuine, and for several hours adduced proof of this. For Lincoln, who had to prove the will a forgery, things looked black.  
 "Lincoln, however, called only one witness, a retired paper manufacturer, renowned the country over for his wealth and probity.  
 "Mr. Dush," Lincoln said to the witness, handing him the disputed will, "please hold that paper up to the light and tell us what is the watermark on it."  
 "The watermark of my own firm, Blank & Co., the witness answered.  
 "When did your firm begin to manufacture paper?"  
 "In 1811."  
 "And what's the date of the document in your hands?"  
 "August 11, 1836."  
 "That is enough. Gentlemen of the jury, our case is closed."

## GETTING BUSY.

