

FRICK SHOT DOWN IN HIS OFFICE BY AN ANARCHIST.

Desperate and Almost Successful Attempt to Assassinate the Chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company by Alexander Bergmann, a Crazy Printer from New York.

SOUGHT TO DO MURDER WITH PISTOL AND KNIFE.

Though He Had Two Bullet Wounds Through His Neck the Plucky Manufacturer Grappled with His Assailant, Received Two Thrusts with a Knife, but Enabled the Law Officers to Capture Him.

STAYED THE AVENGER'S HAND.

Short Shift Would Have Been Given the Would-Be Murderer Had Not His Victim Interfered in His Behalf.

DYNAMITE IN HIS MOUTH.

Had the Attempt Been Successful Bergmann Was Prepared to Follow the Example of Ling.

followers. The feeling of these people is best expressed by the saying of a man who stood in front of the Postal Telegraph office at Homestead, before the Provost Marshal ordered the bullet taken down. "I thought that Hugh O'Donnell didn't go to New York for nothing," he chuckled in high glee as the announcement was made that the murderer came from the metropolis.

"Shut up, you fool!" said a mill man who stood by him.

"Oh, well, O'Donnell's smart. He knows his business," muttered the man.

It is of course absurd to couple O'Donnell's name or that of any other Amalgamated Association leader with the work of the irresponsible crank who is now reposing peacefully in the central station and regretting only that he has been deprived of his case of cigarettes.

If they had been responsible for the crime, however, they would have even more applause from their followers than any act of theirs has yet elicited.

THE ASSASSIN SILENT.

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The knowledge of the incomplete success of his enterprise undoubtedly prevented him from using the cartridges. He was apparently quite prepared to blow his own head off had he seen the necessity of cheating the gallows.

Extra police precautions have been taken for the preservation of order in Pittsburgh, but after the first flurry of excitement the town has been quiet.

At eleven o'clock to-night Mr. Frick's physicians report from his home that his condition is unchanged and that they believe that he will recover.

One of the wounded man's first acts after his assailant had been apprehended was to cable Mr. Carnegie there was no need for him to return to this country.

BERGMANN AND HIS PREY.
He Slipped Into Frick's Office and Opened Fire Without Warning.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]
PITTSBURG, Pa., July 23, 1892.—Crank Bergmann escaped killing Henry Clay Frick by the very narrowest margin. Good pistol shot though he was the murderer shot an inch to the right of a vital spot.

The man had called at the offices of the Carnegie Steel Company four or five times yesterday morning. He was calm and not in the least embarrassed or agitated when he found himself near his unsuspecting quarry, to kill whom he had journeyed all the way from New York.

Since the beginning of the Homestead trouble men have been going in and out of the Carnegie offices, men seeking work and deputy sheriffs on their way to Homestead. Therefore Bergmann's repeated calls excited no suspicion.

In his various trips to the office during the morning the assassin had ample opportunity to note that there was no guard at Mr. Frick's door. He observed, too, that every one was so busy that his pale face and anxious air caused no comment.

THOUGHT HE WANTED WORK.
Bergmann felt fairly comfortable. Elevator Boy Dave Fortney, who saw him half a dozen times in the morning, thought he was one of the new hands, one of the "black sheep" for the Homestead steel mills. Bergmann wandered at a quarter to two o'clock and asked for Mr. Frick, who was at that moment busy at his desk in the little front office reading reports and talking with Vice Chairman Leishman. The office boy knew this and said so when Bergmann asked for the chairman.

"Give Mr. Frick my card, anyhow; I want to see him personally," said the assassin.

The boy took the card. On it was scrawled in black ink: "Alexander Burkman." The office boy handed it to Mr. Frick, who said: "Tell him to see Mr. Lindsay if he wants to go to Homestead. I'm very busy."

Bergmann heard the message, for as the boy came from Mr. Frick's private office he saw the assassin's back vanish through the outer door. Nobody thought any more about the fellow. This time he did not return to the street. Instead, he tramped silently up and down the tiled hallway.

What was he to do? Clearly he could not enter Frick's office in the ordinary way. Could he fire at Frick through the closed partition door? Yes, but he might miss his victim, for the white ground glass gave no hint or shadow of where Frick was sitting. The main door of the general office stood invitingly open, fastened far back, so as to catch any stray breeze stirring in the sultry air.

READY TO KILL.
Why not step in quickly and have the business over at once? The murderer's eyes glistened for joy. He set his teeth hard. At last he was about to carry out his infamous, brutal, insatiable ambition. He would show these monolithic capitalists how to deal with the labor problem. With his muddled brain seething and whirling the ferocious madman approached the open door. Within the rattling of a typewriter and the clacking of a telegraph sounder hid the noise of his footsteps.

Cunningly he looked about and behind him. Bergmann was there to see what he was at. Very smoothly and with infinite caution Bergmann removed his revolver from his pocket. It was a long, .38-calibre five shooter. He slipped the pistol into the outside lower pocket of his short coat.

Without a word to any one he entered the open door, passed through the oaken gate in the partition and in the fifth part of a second had his hand upon the knob of Mr. Frick's door.

Chief Clerk Lindsay did not hear him as he passed. The office boy was at the other end of the long room. Bergmann softly turned the knob.

IN HIS VICTIM'S PRESENCE.

Within six feet of him, bending over his desk and deeply interested in his papers, sat a short, thick set man, with a fierce, brown bushy beard hiding most of his face and part of his remarkably short and robust neck. This was Chairman Frick.

Just beyond him sat a short man of slight figure—agile, slender and nervous—a man with a quick eye and a firm chin half hidden beneath a flowing brown mustache. This man was Vice Chairman Frick.

The labor leaders realize that the foreign interloper who fired the revolver and clutched the knife is the worst enemy which their cause has yet encountered. They are accordingly out in expressions of regret and even sympathy, which contrast strongly with the open jubilation of their

followers. Chairman John G. Leishman. He had turned his back on Mr. Frick and was looking out of the big window.

He was in range of the pistol which the assassin had now drawn and leveled. Neither man knew of the danger. Bergmann pulled the trigger. There was a faint snapping sound. The cartridge had missed, sir. Mr. Frick did not look up, nor did Mr. Leishman turn round. In the next moment they were stunned by the explosion of the big .38-calibre cartridge.

Mr. Frick felt a crushing blow as the heavy ball crashed through the back of his neck and down under his right shoulder blade.

Turning, he saw the slender, blond haired man from the middle of the street. Bergmann, pulled the hammer of the weapon. With one leap Mr. Frick reached the window, laying in mind some wild plan of leaping to the street twenty feet below.

He could not open the catch. As he stumbled at it Bergmann rushed up behind him. Four men in the street saw this part of the battle.

STRUCK FATAL IN THE NECK.

Bergmann, the would-be assassin, has so far refused to give any closer identification of himself than that he was a printer and cigarmaker by trade and lived in Forty-second street, New York.

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The pistol was discharged as Mr. Leishman grabbed the man's wrist and threw it upward. The bullet struck the ceiling and rebounded to the floor.

STRUGGLED IN SILENCE.

During all the struggle not one word was spoken by any one. Mr. Frick turned and threw his arms around the murderer's waist and bore him to the floor.

Mr. Leishman, tore the pistol from Bergmann's grasp. The two men held the wrestling, squirming fellow on the floor. The half dozen clerks and assistants in the outer office

were too frightened to take any part in the fight.

They roared lustily for police. So did Colonel John W. Eholis, who happened to be passing on the other side of Fifth avenue and saw the struggle at the window. But the fight was far from an end.

As soon as Mr. Leishman released his grip on the assassin's right wrist, he swiftly plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a keen dirk with a ten-inch blade. Twice he managed to drive this into the upper part of Mr. Frick's thigh.

The wounds did very little harm, although they bled freely. Then Mr. Frick grabbed the man's hand and tore away the knife. At this instant Deputy Sheriff May came running into the room with a long, .44-calibre revolver in his hand.

The muzzle of this he pressed against Bergmann's head. "Keep still, damn you," he cried.

SAVED BY HIS VICTIM.

"Don't do that, don't do that," pleaded Mr. Frick in as strong a voice as he could. "Don't kill him. Just get him away from here."

Wounded as he was, Mr. Frick managed to push away the Deputy Sheriff's revolver. At this moment he got up from the floor and walked without help to a chair.

Bergmann was in a sorry condition. He had stepped over a chair in the wrestling and his head was cut against the corner of the table on which Mr. Frick's papers lay. Blood had flowed all over his pale, sallow face and his suit was damped and streaked with it.

Deputy Sheriff May helped him to his feet and held him until Police Officer Garret, Crosson and John McRoberts came in on a run.

Now that the excitement of the fight was over, Chairman Frick presented an awful spectacle. Blood had flowed from the wounds in his neck and down the back of his coat. His face was very pale and his hair wildly disordered. Blood issued from his lips and bubbled upon his beard. He spat out the first bullet. It had come through his cheek into his mouth. There was a deep hole in the back of his coat where the second pistol shot had scorched and torn the cloth at close range. The ball was lodged under the right shoulder blade among the thick muscles there.

Mr. Frick refused even to let any one help him to a chair.

He lay upon a wicker couch in his private office and Dr. A. Anderson, who had been called in from the street, examined the wounds carefully. While this was going on the policemen pulled Bergmann in front of his victim. "Is this the man who shot you?" they asked.

"It is," replied Mr. Frick, very quietly.

"What did you do it for?" asked the policemen as they led Bergmann down stairs to the long room.

"Oh, I guess you know," he replied, with a poor attempt at bravado.

He was a wretched looking human thing. He was pale and so full of tremor that he could hardly articulate. His teeth chattered. His

long, thin fingers, yellow and brown at the tips with cigarette stains, shook against one another. The man was in an agony of fear.

IN DANGER FROM THE MOR.

This fear was quadrupled when he reached the sidewalk. Five hundred men crowded and jostled the policemen and the trembling prisoner. "Lynch him!" "Up with him!" some growled hoarsely, and the crowd bellowed a great roar of approval. But the policemen rushed their prisoner around to the Central Station and locked him up. Within ten minutes Fifth avenue was blockaded with angry men. Words of sympathy for the wounded came from every hand. There was a stampede from the Duquesne Club, of which Mr. Frick was a prominent member. Earliest of the club members to hasten to the office was Christopher L. Magee, the republican leader. Scores of prominent business men hastened to inquire about the wounded man.

Dr. Littlefield, Dr. Tindle and Dr. Joseph Dixon had been called in before three o'clock.

They cut the bullet out of Mr. Frick's back.

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