

HE SLEEPS IN PEACE

Imposing Funeral Ceremonies Precede Interment of McKinley at Canton.

Out under the whispering oak trees of Westlawn cemetery, in a vine-covered vault, almost buried in a sloping hillside, all that is earthly of William McKinley now rests. About the flower-strewn slopes a picket line of soldiers stands silent in the shadows.

Whole Day Given to Grief.
All day Thursday muffled drums beat their requiems, brasses wailed out the strains of marches of the dead, great men of the nation followed a funeral car in grief and tears. Through solid banks of bareheaded men and weeping women and children, fringed by a wall of soldiers, marching military and civilians passed with the mourners of the distinguished dead.

First among those who followed the dead during the journey from the home to the tomb was the man who is now at the head of the government.

Mrs. McKinley Nears Collapse.
Mrs. McKinley was unable to attend the funeral. While the last rites were being said she remained in a room of the family home, dazed, not realizing that death had come to her husband, almost paralyzed mentally. During the morning, at her urgent request, she sat alone for a time beside the coffin as it lay in the south parlor of the house. No one seeks to lift the veil that is drawn over this scene about the bier of the last earthly sleep. The casket was not opened. But she was near the one who ever had cared for and protected her; near the dead for whom grief has burned into the soul of a country the lessons of manliness and beneficence taught by his life.

Final Ceremonies Impressive.
The last ceremonies for the late president were marked with a dignity that struck dumbness to the tens of thousands who watched the funeral column make the journey from the home to the cemetery. From the south parlor of the frame house which had so long been the family home the casket was borne to the First Methodist church at Canton, with statesmen, diplomats, great men of nation, representatives of the world, gathered with the surrounding members of the family. Ministers of five religious de-

of the vault the flower carpet had disappeared, its blooms, however, to be guarded for years as mementos of this day of sorrow.

Just without the entrance to this mausoleum stood the new president of the United States. The coffin rested on supports only a hand's reach from him. Then the members of the cabinet formed an open line with him, and members of the family—all save the lone woman who was in the home under the close watch of Dr. Rixey—gathered near. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," came the benediction from the lips of the venerable Bishop Joyce.

The roar of the cannon echoed from the hilltop just above. It came as a mighty "amen." Again the white-haired minister spoke. Again came the crashing roar of the salute, its reverberations beating on and over the hills about the city.

"Taps" Sounded by Bugler.
"Taps," the saddest call the bugle language of the army knows, came from eight bugles. The last notes were held until the breath of the wind seemed to rob them of life. Away down the broad street, two miles away, the marching columns were still coming. The music of the bands, muted, it seemed, by some giant hand, came floating to the group about the vault—"Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Once again came the crash from the guns above.

Door Is Closed Upon Martyr.
Then the casket was carried within the vault. Five infantrymen marched behind it. A moment passed and the outer doors were closed. The last ceremony was over; the third martyred president of the United States had been committed to God and eternity. Slowly the marching column treaded about the crescent road to the left of the temporary tomb. Then darkness threw its veil over all, the silent guards took their stations, the cemetery gates were closed.

Never Mourning More Sincere.
That is the bare outline of one of the most imposing and impressive funerals ever seen in the United States. To fill in all its details would take

for the erection of a monument. The plans and details are as yet embryonic, but will assume definite proportions in a week or two.

Scenes at the Church.
It was 1:50 o'clock when the procession reached the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance were drawn up deep files of soldiers, with bayonets advanced, keeping a clear area for the advancing casket and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted while President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet awaited. Again they grouped themselves at either side of the entrance, and with uncovered heads awaited the passing of the casket. Then the flower-covered coffin was brought from the hearse and as it passed within the black-draped entrance the president and his cabinet followed within the edifice.

Members of Congress Enter.
At the rear of each of the four aisles stood a soldier at attention, cap in



FUNERAL CORTEGE NEARING THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

hand, musket held straight in front. The members of the senate entered. At the head walked Senator Allison of Iowa. Then came Penrose and Cockrell, Scott, Burrows of Michigan, Tillman and Mason of Illinois. Next the members of the house filed in. They numbered almost 150. Speaker Henderson at the head. Louder came the mourn of the band, and outside the troops had formed a phalanx of sabers and bayonets. Then, under the black shrouded door, came the casket.

Under Arch of Sabers.
The black coffin had passed under an arch of drawn sabers as it was carried up the steps. Lieutenant General Miles and the men of the army and Rear Admiral Farquhar and the men of the navy held their positions. Covered with a great American flag, bearing only sprays of immortelles and roses tenderly by the Legation of honor, the casket was slowly brought to the front, supported on the shoulders of the blue jackets and the soldiers. At the foot of the mountain of flowers marking the altar and the choir loft lay the bier shrouded, too, in the national colors and in black. On this the casket was placed under the quivering folds of the starry banner, with the lights shedding their effulgence from above, the fragrance of the flowers hovering about and the music of Beethoven's grand funeral march pulsing from the organ, the bodybearers gently lowered the flag-draped and flower-adorned coffin to its support.

All Rise as Coffin Passes.
Then the generals took their places in the first seat to the right of the central aisle. The rear admirals crossed and took the first pew to the left. Every one within the church had risen as the casket was brought in. They remained standing. A moment later and President Roosevelt entered through the same doorway of black. His lips quivered slightly as he was escorted to the pew directly behind General Miles. Behind him came Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson and Postmaster General Smith, who filed into the next pew, and with them

pages, while to convey an adequate idea of the feature of it all which was most conspicuous—the depth and silence of the grief displayed—is beyond words. In that respect it was the scenes of Wednesday enacted over again with increased intensity. All along through the great black lane of people that stretched from the McKinley home to the cemetery—quite two miles—were men and women weeping as though their dearest friend was being borne to the grave.

Every Eye Dim With Tears.
About the tomb itself the outburst of grief was still more striking. As the casket was borne into the vault there was not a member of the cabinet who was not visibly affected, while several were in tears, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Secretary Root, although controlling himself to some degree of outward calm, was deeply moved, while President Roosevelt repeatedly pressed his handkerchief to his eyes.

Great Picture of Desolation.
Among the bystanders many scarcely made an effort to conceal their emotion. It was a scene under the cheerless gray skies and in the black wind, as cold as a November day, that even the radiant glory of all the great mass of flowers could not relieve—the picture of all of sorrow and desolation that death leaves in its wake. As the one on whom this terrible blow falls hardest was not there this agony was spared her.

Will Sleep in Bed of Granite.
Here in this vine-covered vault the remains of President McKinley will lie until they are buried in granite. There remain now only the plans for a monument to his memory. Already these are under way. Thursday morning Speaker Henderson of the house of representatives, accompanied by Congressman S. E. Payne of New York, and Congressman Dalzell of Pennsylvania, were driven to Westlawn cemetery and viewed the location of the McKinley plot.

Congress to Build a Monument.
The newer part of the cemetery was also visited, and although the statement is not definitely made, it is suggested that the coming session of congress will probably appropriate funds

Those who had accompanied the funeral train then were seated. Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks came first, followed by Controller Charles Gates Dawes. Senator Hanna followed. He looked worn and leaned on his cane. Mrs. Hanna accompanied him. Then the black-gloved ushers seated the other members of the party.

The formation of the funeral procession was as follows:

First Division.
Gen. Ell Torrance, national commander G. A. R., commanding, and staff. Grand Army band.
E. F. Taskart, department commander G. A. R., of Ohio, and staff.
Canton Post, No. 25, Canton, O.
Buckley Post, No. 12, Akron, O.
Bell Harmon Post, No. 36, Warren, O.
C. G. Chamberlain Post, No. 86, East Palestine, O.
Given Post, No. 133, Wooster, O.
Hart Post, No. 134, Massillon, O.
Other Grand Army posts.

Second Division.
Maj. Charles Dick, commanding. Eighth Regiment Military Band. Detachment, Ohio National Guard. Troop A of Ohio National Guard, guard of honor.
Officiating clergymen.
Funeral car and bearers.
Honorary bearers.
Special guard of honor, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Admiral George Dewey, Gen. John B. Brooke, Gen. Elwell S. Otis, Gen. George L. Gillespie.
Loyal Legion.
Family, President, and Cabinet.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.
Cattle—Very few cattle arrived yesterday, but today receipts were quite liberal. Packers seemed to be quite anxious for supplies and as a result the market was fairly active on good stuff and fully steady prices were paid. There were not very many corn-fed steers offered, but the quality of some of them was exceptionally good, as is shown by the fact that as high as \$5.00 was paid. Packers all seemed to want the better grades and consequently strong prices were paid. The commoner grades were naturally not as ready sellers, but still they brought fully as good prices as were paid on Wednesday. The supply of cow stuff continued liberal today, about forty-five cars being offered. There was not much change in the prices paid, the market being very close to steady. Some salesmen thought they had to take a shade lower price, but still the better grades sold in about Wednesday's notches. Bulls, calves and stags also sold about steady, where the quality was at all good.

Hogs—There were around 100 cars of hogs in the yards this morning, and although the market was quite a little slow about opening, still when trading did begin it was generally on a basis of a 2 1/2c advance. Some hogs sold no more than steady, while others were 5c higher, but as a general thing the market was close to 2 1/2c higher. The bulk of all the sales went from \$6.75 to \$6.80. At those prices the market was fairly active and the bulk was out of first hands in good season.

Sheep—Quotations: Choice yearlings, \$3.30@3.50; fair to good yearlings, \$3.15@3.30; choice wethers, \$3.20@3.35; fair to good wethers, \$3.00@3.20; choice ewes, \$2.75@3.00; fair to good ewes, \$2.50@2.75; choice spring lambs, \$4.30@4.50; fair to good spring lambs, \$4.00@4.30; feeder wethers, \$2.75@3.25; feeder lambs, \$3.00@3.50.

KANSAS CITY.
Cattle—Market generally steady; native beef steers, \$5.00@5.30; Texans and Indian steers, \$2.50@3.75; Texas cows, \$2.50@2.80; native cows and heifers, \$2.50@3.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@4.25; bulls, \$2.20@4.25; calves, \$3.50@5.25.

Hogs—Market strong; bulk of sales, \$5.00@5.50; heavy, \$5.50@7.00; packers, \$6.75@8.50; mixed, \$6.00@6.50; light, \$6.20@6.50; Yorkers, \$6.15@6.75; pigs, \$5.00@6.10.

Sheep and Lambs—Market steady; muttons, \$2.75@3.55; lambs, \$3.50@4.50; range wethers, \$2.25@3.55; ewes, \$2.75@3.10; stockers, \$2.00@2.50; feeders, \$3.00@3.50.

MRS. M'KINLEY BEARS UP WELL

Effort of Those Around Her Directed to Distracting Attention from the Past.

CANTON, O., Sept. 21.—Mrs. McKinley's condition was favorable yesterday, more favorable than at any time since the arrival of the party from Washington. Her condition during the last few days was as good as had been expected and she had considerable rest. After 11 o'clock last night a small military guard maintained quiet in front of the house that no noise might disturb her. It is hoped by the friends and attending physicians that she will be able to leave her room today and give attention to some matters calculated to take her mind from the depressing incidents of the last week. To accomplish this is now the chief aim of her attendants. She will be taken for a drive as soon as possible and everything possible be done to interest her in the affairs of the future to the exclusion of affairs of the past.

The house has been emptied of all its guests; the funeral party, except Dr. Rixey, Mrs. M. C. Barber, sister of Mr. McKinley, and several close Canton relatives having departed during the night or early morning. A guard of half a dozen soldiers still surrounds the house, merely to keep out the idly curious and to preserve quiet. A few callers left cards at the house during the morning, including Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks.

ALLISON PREDICTS ACTION.

The Iowa Senator Sure that Congress Will Tackle Anarchy.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—"Congress will undoubtedly make a thorough investigation of anarchy in the United States next winter and will do its utmost to pass laws for the prevention of such crimes as that committed against President McKinley," said Senator Allison tonight.

"I have no doubt there will be many joint sessions of the judiciary committees of the two houses during the session and the best legal talent of the land will be called upon to assist the attorney general in pointing out constitutional methods for reaching the seat of the trouble. The need is evident. The pressure for legislation will be great, possibly pushing congress to go to an unwarranted extreme. Some action will undoubtedly be taken that is in consonance with the constitution and will not infringe on proper freedom of speech.

A number of Boers in Johannesburg have asked the American government if they can acquire land in the United States for settlement.

Caterer Delmonico Dead.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—Word was received in this city of the death in Colorado of Charles Crist Delmonico, the famous caterer, who for years has been identified with the restaurant now at Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street bearing his name. Death was due to pulmonary troubles. Mr. Delmonico, in company with his wife, whom he married less than a year ago, had been in Colorado for some time.

No Tobacco at Italian Court.
The King and Queen of Italy cannot endure the smell of tobacco, and none of their ladies and gentlemen in waiting are permitted to smoke when doing their turns in service, and no smoking is allowed in the royal apartments. This aversion of the royal couple for tobacco is the more surprising when one recalls the fact that the young queen's mother and her sisters all smoke cigarettes, and that where smoking by ladies is the rule rather than the exception, and when one remembers how passionately fond of his cigars was the late King Humbert.

The Booming West.

"I was in a little Wisconsin town the other day," said a Boston man recently, "and know of a gentleman who came there with some stock of an eastern concern to dispose of at par. It was good property, to be sure, but in that one small town he sold \$6,000 worth of the stock in less than a half day. The West is far more prosperous this year than last, although last year was looked upon at the time as a record breaker. The railroads are carrying a vast amount of produce to the Orient, and, mind what I tell you, our exports by the Pacific coast before many years will equal and surpass our exports from the Atlantic seaboard. Only two or three years ago nobody ever dreamed of a mighty export trade on that side."

She Danced for Charity.

A French woman has invented a new plan for securing contributions to charity. She is a great favorite in her own circle. Recently while staying at a country place near Paris she attended a charity fete. One of her men friends sought her hand for a dance and the lady said: "With pleasure. Twenty francs, please." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled man. "I had the honor to ask you for a waltz." "To be sure," said mademoiselle. "I thought it was a quadrille. A waltz will be 40 francs." Then she explained that for that evening she was dancing for the poor and her partners must contribute. The other belles took up the idea and the result was a handsome increase in the fund.

A DISTINGUISHED MISSIONARY.

Washington, Ind., Sept. 23d.—There is at present, living at 106 East 15th street in this city, a most remarkable man. He is Rev. C. H. Thompson, and he came to Washington from Little York, Ind., a short time ago.

Rev. Mr. Thompson spent many years of his long and useful life as a missionary among the Indians of the West. The great exposure and the drinking of so much bad water brought on Diabetes, and at Wagoner, Indian Territory, he was struck down while preaching.

Physicians, one of them a Chicago specialist, pronounced his case hopeless. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended, and as a last resort he tried them. He was completely cured, and restored to good health and his case and its cure has caused a sensation among the physicians.

His Silver Wedding at 80.

Most Reverend Frederick Temple, archbishop of Canterbury, who is 80 years of age, has been celebrating his silver wedding. He was not married until he was 55 years of age, yet he is an excellent specimen of Queen Victoria's favorite type of a bishop and happy family man.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Ants Damage Brick Paving.

A curious menace to brick street paving has come to light in Council Bluffs, Ia. Numerous ants began burrowing into the sand beneath the bricks and removed so much of it that the city engineer was called in to repair the damages. One street was made unfit for travel for several blocks.

Incubator Triplets.

The triplets of Morris J. Cohen, who were sent from New York to Buffalo to be placed in the baby incubators there, are expected home in a few days. The little things not only lived but have more than doubled in weight and are as fine a collection of babies as could be found anywhere. They would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the incubators. The triplets are the first in this country and the second in the world to go through the incubator process.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Won His Wager.

A wager was made by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames. He won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slacking when coming in contact with the water, was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

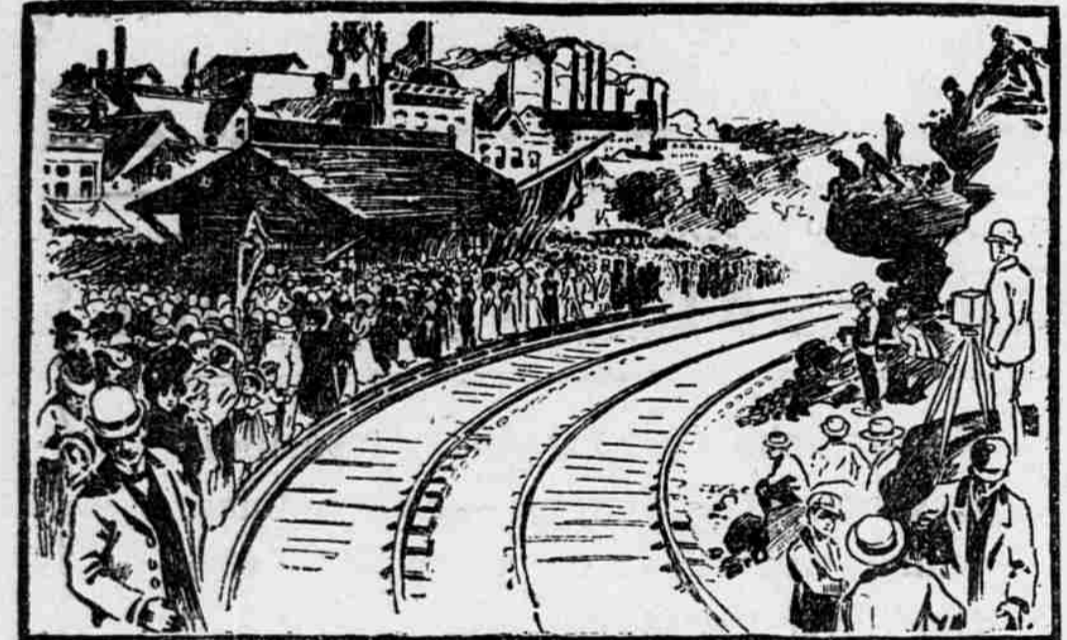
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. See bottle.

"Heart shakers" are splits which radiate from the center to the circumference of a tree.

We thank you for trying Wizard Oil for rheumatism or neuralgia, then you will thank us. Ask your druggist.

Live on \$90 a Year.

Life on \$90 a year was the experience of A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London county council, when, at the age of 16, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made \$90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor.



FUNERAL TRAIN EN ROUTE FROM WASHINGTON TO CANTON—A SCENE AT A WAY STATION.

nominations said the simple services.

Great Thrill Joins in Hymn.
Troops banked the streets about, but the thousands who had gathered near and stood in places for five hours held their ground, catching up the broken strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The silence of calm had come; the silence of supreme excitement had passed. "It was not at him," said the minister of the church, all but hidden from sight by the mountains of blooms and floral pieces that bound in the pulpit and choir loft, "that the fatal shot was fired, but at the heart of our government." Then he added: "In all the coming years men will seek, but will seek in vain, to fathom the enormity and the wickedness of that crime."

New President in Tears.
These words brought home with crushing force the warning that the last scenes were being enacted. Among those who sat with bowed heads was President Roosevelt. The tears welled into his eyes as he heard the petitions that God might guide his hands aright. Then came the last stage of this journey to the city of the dead. Members of the United States senate, those who sit in the house of representatives, officials and citizens from practically every state in the union, soldiers, military organizations—a column of more than 6,000 men followed the funeral car on this last journey.

Path is Carpeted in Flowers.

The skies were hidden by clouds of gray, but not a drop of rain fell. The path of flagging leading to the iron-gated vault was buried beneath a covering of blooms. This carpet of flowers came as an offering from the school children of Nashville, Tenn. But the men of the war days of forty years ago, with whom the martyred president had marched in his youth, passed up this road before the funeral car approached. They caught up the flowers as they passed, pressing them to their lips. Just ahead of the hearse marched the handful of survivors of the late president's own regiment. They, too, gathered up the blooms as they limped by.

Blooms Taken as Mementos.

So it happened that when the men of the army and of the navy carried the black casket within the shadow