

FROM BUFFALO TO WASHINGTON

Funeral Train Bore President's Body to the Capital.

THOUSANDS PAID THEIR TRIBUTE

Most Remarkable Demonstration of Universal Personal Sorrow Since Lincoln Was Borne to the Grave Marked Course of Train in Black.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Through a living lane of bare-headed people stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghenies, down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred President yesterday made his last journey to the seat of the government over which he presided for four and one-half years. The whole country seemed to have drained its population at the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparsely settled districts thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities, and were congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities. Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed. And everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted hillside and valley, and formed a thicket of color over the cities, and from almost every banner streamed a bit of crepe.

The stations were heavy with the black symbols of mourning. At all the larger towns and cities after the train got into Pennsylvania militiamen drawn up at present arms kept back the enormous crowds. The silence with which the countless thousands viewed the remains of their hero and martyr was oppressive and profound. Only the rumbling of the train wheels, the sobs from men and women with tear-stained faces and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the ear. At several places, Williamsport, Harrisburg and Baltimore, the chimes played Cardinal Newman's hymn. Taken altogether, the journey home was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier elevated to view in the observation car at the rear of the train.

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip very bravely. In the morning, soon after leaving Buffalo, she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant assent was given, and she spent half an hour beside the coffin. The train had the right of way over everything. Not a wheel moved on the Pennsylvania railroad system 30 minutes before the pilot engine was due, or for the same length of time after the train had passed. General Superintendent J. B. Hutchinson had sent out explicit instructions covering every detail.

THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA

Thousands of Persons at the Stations and Along the Railway Side.

The progress of the train through the Keystone State was solemn and impressive. At Williamsport the tolling bells, the muffled roll of drums and the chimes of Trinity Episcopal Church ringing out in subdued tones "Lead, Kindly Light," marked its entrance. During the five minutes' stop several beautiful floral pieces were handed aboard, among them being a massive bouquet of American Beauty roses for Mrs. McKinley.

Approaching Harrisburg, factory hands lined the tracks for miles. The rooftops of buildings were alive with people. Flags were half-masted and emblems of mourning were at every hand. Hundreds of men and women crowded the tops of freight cars. Within the station the people were banked in thousands, surging through all the approaching streets as far as the eye could reach. From a huge viaduct spanning the track countless faces peered down into the car windows. The tolling of the church bells could be heard, and as the train entered the station the shrill notes of a huge sounded taps. Despite the vigilance of the guards, women pushed through to the train and pleaded at the windows for any trifle the cars might yield as a memento of the trip.

Just as the train stopped a great cheer, ranged tier on tier on the station steps, began "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then as the train pulled out the strains turned to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Printed slips were handed to the car windows, giving the lines of the two beautiful hymns, deeply bordered in black. A remarkable spectacle was presented as the train moved across the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna from Harrisburg. On either side of the stream, up and down for miles, the banks teemed with legions of people. From the brink of the stream they were in solid masses to the trees far in the back ground. On the bridge itself urchins had clambered into the tangle of steel at the sides of the roof. On the surface of the river, in a flotilla of rowboats and yachts, hundreds more looked up at the train of death.

The Entrance into Baltimore. Darkness reigned as the train drew into Baltimore. Nearing the station, the locomotive literally plowed its way among flowers, for great masses of blossoms had been strewn along the

away of the train. Ins. The iron rails held ba. multitude, the with. require force. the city p. the drawn up on the side of the park. The banners were with crepe, and the face of the iron house was on either side. In front of the crowd stood Mayor H. H. with his sister, both bearing great clusters of roses and palms—a tribute from the city, to be placed on the bier of the dead President. As the flowers were passed within the train, the notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," again arose. A moment later the train was off for the final destination.

FUNERAL AT WASHINGTON

President's Body to Lie in State at Capitol.

Washington, Sept. 17.—This morning at 9 o'clock the body of President McKinley will be removed from the White House to the Capitol where it will lie in state until 6 o'clock this evening. This will constitute the official funeral. There will be an impressive procession, military and civil. The military escort will consist of marines and blue jackets, artillery, cavalry and infantry of the regular army and the National Guard of the District of Columbia. In the civic procession will be the President, justices of the supreme court, the cabinet, diplomatic corps, senators, representatives, governors of states, commissioners of the District of Columbia, judges of the United States courts, and other dignitaries. The martyred President's body will lie in state until this evening, when the body will be sent to Canton by the 8 o'clock train over the Pennsylvania road.

The President's remains reposed last night in the east room of the White House where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American republic. Upstairs his widow mourned for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back to the saddest of memories. It was with simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late President was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and laid upon the bier in the great east room where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the common people he loved better than himself.

BURNED ASSASSIN IN EFFIGY

Remarkable Demonstration in Chicago Undisturbed by a Policeman.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—An effigy designed to represent Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of the late President, was set on fire last night and hanged to an electric light pole at State and Madison streets, one of the busiest corners in Chicago. A large crowd shouted approval of the demonstration, hissed their contempt for the assassin and demanded similar treatment for Emma Goldman.

"That's the way we'll serve all these Anarchists," growled a man who stood in the crowd. "If they want to get along without any laws we can show them how it's done."

CZOLGOSZ IS INDICTED

Grand Jury Charges Murder in the First Degree.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted yesterday afternoon at 4.15 o'clock by the county grand jury for the crime of murder in the first degree, in fatally shooting President William McKinley at the temple of music in the Pan-American Exposition grounds at 4.15 on the afternoon of September 6.

"Czolgosz, have you got a lawyer? Do you wish a lawyer? You have been indicted for murder in the first degree. Do you want a lawyer to defend you? Czolgosz, look at me and answer."

District Attorney Penney fired these at the prisoner, his voice rising with each succeeding question, but Czolgosz stubbornly refused to answer. The district attorney respectfully suggest-



LEON CZOLGOSZ.

ed that counsel be assigned to defend the prisoner and ascertain what he had better do as to his plea to the indictment before arraignment. Judge Emery then asked the prisoner before the bar if he had counsel, but there was no answer, despite the fact that the police officers told him the judge was speaking, and that he must answer.

The court then said: "Czolgosz, you having appeared for arraignment in the court without counsel, the law makes it the duty of the court to assign counsel. The bar association of our county has considered the matter and suggested the names of certain gentlemen of high character for such assignment. The court has seriously considered the question, and after much consideration has concluded to follow the suggestions made by the association. The court, therefore, assigns the Hon. Loran L. Lewis and the Hon. Robert C. Titus as your counsel."

ALL BUFFALO MOURNED

Simple Obsequies Over President's Body at Milburn House.

PATHTIC IN THE EXTREME

Mrs. McKinley Bore Up Bravely—President Roosevelt Looks Upon His Dead Chief—Senator Hanna's Grief. The Remains at the City Hall.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—Buffalo yesterday became a city of mourners. The gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling bells of the churches. Bits of crepe appeared on every sleeve. The sorrow was everywhere apparent. In the morning a simple service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue where the martyred president died. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered over the dead body. That was all. Only the immediate family and the friends and political assistants of the late President were present. The scene there was pathetic in the extreme. Then the body was borne out to the waiting cortege on the brawny shoulders of eight sailors and soldiers of the republic. The cortege passed through solid walls of living humanity, bare-headed and grief stricken, to the city hall, where the body lay in state yesterday afternoon. There a remarkable demonstration occurred which proved how close the President was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arrived, at about 1.30 o'clock until about 5 o'clock. But the people were wedged into the streets for blocks. Two lines were formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

people had already passed and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until midnight. For hours longer the streets were dense with people and a constant stream flowed up the steps of the broad entrance into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets.

It was just eight minutes before the opening of the service when a covered brouche drove up to the house, bringing President Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, at whose home he is a guest. The President looked very grave as he alighted and turned to assist Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox from the carriage. His face did not relax into a smile to the salutations of those nearest the carriage, but he acknowledged the greetings silently and with an inclination of the head.

Dead Chieftain On His Bier.

In the drawing room to the right of the hall as President Roosevelt entered, the dead chieftain was stretched upon his bier. His head was to the rising sun. On his face was written the story of the Christian forbearance with which he had met his martyrdom. Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient suffering he had endured. He was dressed as he always was in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast where the first bullet of the assassin had struck. The black string tie below the standing collar showed the little triangle of white shirt front. The right hand lay at his side. The left was across his body. He looked as millions of his countrymen have seen him, save for one thing. The little badge of the Loyal Legion, the only decoration he ever which was always in the left lapel of his coat was missing. And those who remarked it spoke of it, and after the body was taken to the city hall the little badge which he prized through life was placed again where it had always been.

Mrs. McKinley Bore Ordeal Bravely.

The family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived. Mrs. McKinley, the poor grief crushed widow, had been led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat awhile alone with him who had supported and comforted her through all their years of wedded life. But though her support was gone she had not broken down. Dry eyed, she gazed upon him and fondled his face. She did not seem to realize that he was dead. Then she was led away by Dr. Rixey and took up her position at the head of the stairs where she could hear the service. Mrs. Hobart, the widow of the vice president during Mr. McKinley's first term, Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, of Chicago, Miss Barber, Miss Mary Barber and Dr. Rixey remained with her there.

Senator Hanna, who had faintly worshipped his dead friend for years, entered the room at this time but did not approach the casket. His face was set like an iron-willed man who would not let down the barriers of

his grief. The senator spoke to no one. His eyes were vacant. He passed through the throng and seated himself behind Governor Odell, sinking far down into his chair and resting his head upon his hand. During all the service that followed he did not stir. Just before 11 President Roosevelt entered, coming into the room from the rear through the library. After passing into the hall he had made his way around through the sitting room behind into the library. There was an instantaneous movement in the room as the President appeared.

Every one rose and all eyes were turned toward the President. He moved forward again with the tide of the procession to his place at the head of the line of cabinet officers. He held himself erect, his left hand carrying his silk hat. Those who were coming toward him fell back on either side to let him pass. He paused once or twice to shake hands silently, but there was no smile to accompany his greetings. He, too, like the man deep down in his seat against the wall, who had forgotten to rise when the President of the United States entered, seemed to be restraining a great grief. When President Roosevelt reached the head of the line of cabinet officers he kept his face away from the casket. The infantryman guarding the dead stood before him rigid as a statue. Although the commander-in-chief approached until he could have touched him, the soldier did not salute.

Roosevelt Looks Upon the Dead Face. The President appeared to be stealing himself for a look into the face of him whose death had made him the first ruler of the world. The tension in the room was great. Every one seemed to be waiting. The minister of the gospel stood with the Holy Book in his hand ready to begin. Perhaps it might have been 60 seconds. It seemed longer. Then the President turned and at the same time advanced a step. He bowed his head and looked upon the man whose burden and responsibility he had taken up. Long he gazed, standing immovable save for a twitching of the muscles of the chin as he labored with heavy breath to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back.

Charles Edward Locke, of the Delaware Avenue M. E. Church, conducted the services. Out from the hall there welled the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a quartette. It was President McKinley's favorite hymn. Every one within the sound of the music knew it and half of those in the room put their faces into their hands to hide their tears. Comptroller Dawes leaned against a bookcase and wept. President Roosevelt seemed to be swaying to and fro as if his footing were insecure.

When the singing ended the clergyman read from the word of the 15th chapter of Corinthians I. Again the voices rose with the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the very words President McKinley had repeated at intervals of consciousness during the day of agony before he died. As the music died away the pastor spoke again. "Let us pray," he said, and every head fell upon its breast.

All present joined in the Lord's Prayer as the minister repeated it. President Roosevelt's voice being audible at the back of the room. The services concluded with a simple benediction. The funeral director was about to step forward to place the cover on the casket, when suddenly there was a movement behind Governor Odell. Senator Hanna, who had risen, saw that the last opportunity to look into the countenance of his dead friend had come. Pressing forward, in an instant he was at the side of the casket and bending over and looking down into it. Almost two minutes passed, and then he turned away and the coffin was closed.

LONDON ON ROOSEVELT

General Tone of Comment Favorable to New President

London, Sept. 17.—Further familiarity with the idea of Mr. Roosevelt as President is having its natural result in dissipating doubts entertained as to the effect of his succession upon the foreign policy of the United States. At any rate it is becoming generally conceded in Great Britain that the United States has obtained a President of great distinction of character. The exposition of his policy Sunday is the subject of general comment.

The Daily Graphic, which points out that the President of the United States occupies a more powerful position than any sovereign in Christendom, with the possible exceptions of the German emperor and the czar of Russia, sums up his policy as "that of a sane imperialist devoted to the advancement and glory of his country without wronging others."

The Morning Post, in an editorial, says: "He is a personification of the younger generation of Americans who are looking forward rather than dreading of the past."

The Daily Mail says: "The United States has a great man at their head. We may expect with confidence that Mr. Roosevelt will be a moderating and not an exasperating influence."

Assassin's Father Heartbroken.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 16.—The father of the assassin of President McKinley has not slept or eaten anything since Saturday morning. Since the death of the President he has become moody and has lost his appetite. A younger brother of the assassin says that his father is heartbroken as a consequence of the death of the President.

For a McKinley Memorial Arch.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—At an informal meeting of 100 prominent citizens of Chicago, held yesterday afternoon, a proposition to start a movement for the erection of a magnificent memorial arch for President McKinley at Washington was made.



E. F. DUNLAVY.

Teacher, Reader and Entertainer. For terms, dates, etc., address: ORATORY DEPARTMENT, Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Sixth Annual Convention of the County Christian Endeavor Union.

The sixth annual convention of the County C. E. Union will be held at Troxelville, Pa., Oct. 18 and 19, beginning Friday, the 18th, at 2 P. M. and closing on Saturday at 2.35 P. M. The program is as follows:

- FRIDAY AFTERNOON.
- 2:00. Praise Service. M. H. Fischer, Susquehanna University.
 - 2:30. The Mission of the C. E. Society. (1) Relative to the Saved, Rev. A. D. Gramley, Beaver-town, Pa.
 - 2:40. (2) Relative to the Unsaved, Mr. Cyril Haas, Selinsgrove.
 - 2:50. (3) As a Factor in Christian Activity, Harvey D. Hoover, Susquehanna University.
 - 3:00. General discussion.
 - 3:15. Is the C. E. Society Retrograding? (1) Evidence of Decline, Prof. F. C. Bowersox, Middleburg.
 - 3:25. (2) Evidences of Improvement, Mr. H. Mertz, Middleburg.
 - 3:35. (3) The Remedy, if Declining, Rev. H. H. Spahn, Adamsburg.
 - 3:45. (4) General remarks.
 - 4:00. Registration of delegates and social hour.

- FRIDAY EVENING.
- 7:00. Praise service, M. H. Fischer.
 - 7:20. Mission Conference. Mission Band, Susquehanna University.
 - 8:00. "The Yielded Life," Rev. J. B. Focht, D. D., Selinsgrove.
- Announcement of committees and adjournment.

- SATURDAY MORNING.
- 6:30. Sunrise Prayermeeting. Theme—From better to best, J. Y. H. Moyer, Troxelville.
 - 9:00. Song Service, M. H. Fischer.
 - 9:15. Roll call and reports from local societies.
 - 9:45. Business.
 - 10:15. Every Christian should be a Soul Saver, Rev. Sidney Kohler, New Berlin.
 - 10:45. The Soul Saver's Qualifications. (1) Sympathy, Prof. Roswell Gilbert, Middleburg.
 - 10:55. (2) Tact, Mr. W. H. Derr, Susquehanna University.
 - 11:05. (3) Bible Knowledge, Mrs. Anna Snyder, Selinsgrove.
 - 11:15. (4) Prayer, Mr. J. Y. Krebs, Troxelville.

- SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
- 1:30. Praise Service, M. H. Fischer.
 - 1:40. Reports of Committees and Presentation of Mission Banner.
 - 1:45. Acceptation of Banner.
 - 1:50. Our County for Christ, Rev. H. L. Searle, Port Trevorton.
 - 2:20. Quiet Hour of Consecration, Rev. E. F. Ott, Troxelville.
 - 2:35. Adjournment.

Music Books will be furnished by the convention.

All societies of the county who have not received a call, programme and report blank will please notify the secretary, Mr. W. F. Sanders, Penn's Creek, Pa., and he will forward them to you at once.

All societies should elect their delegates (one for every fifteen members) at once and forward the names of the same to Mr. A. W. Gill, Troxelville, Pa., Chairman of the committee on entertainment.

The teams of those who drive will be cared for by the local society.

All delegates and speakers coming by train will be met at Adamsburg and returned there after the convention. All persons desiring transportation will please notify the chairman of the committee on entertainment, Mr. A. W. Gill, Troxelville, Pa., and state time of arrival at Adamsburg.

All are cordially invited.

I. P. ZIMMERMAN, Pres.

Benefits of Biscuits.
Chicago Girl—I wonder who invented sugar-cured hams?
Boston Admirer—I presume it was some Egyptologist who noticed the excellent preservation of the mummies of nice girls.—N. Y. Weekly.

Normal Summer Symptoms.
"Christian Scientists believe in ignoring physical distress."
"Fahaw, Christian Science girls race up to the ice cream soda counter just like all other girls."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the whiskers. 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

COURT HOUSE CHIPS.

Deeds Entered for Record.

John W. Haas and wife to G. S. Shaffer and wife, 102 acres and 126 perches in West Perry twp., for \$2731.

Daniel Stauffer to John G. Stauffer, 4 acres and 106 perches in Penn twp., for \$500.

Daniel Stauffer to John G. Stauffer a lot of ground situate in Selinsgrove for \$150.

John F. Good and wife to Harvey A. Good, lot in Selinsgrove for \$1000.

Edwin M. Hummel and wife to J. F. Good, house and lot in Selinsgrove for \$1300.

W. W. Wittenmyer and wife to Mary M. Walter, 2 tracts of land in Franklin twp., containing 53 acres and 76 acres, for \$900.

Peter Rauch and wife to Amelia Smith, lot in Middleburg for \$1000.

Wm. J. Yetter and wife to Catherine Biekhart, tract of land in Franklin twp., for \$100.

Assignment of W. A. Dreher and T. A. Wetherby trading under the firm name of the Dreher Shore Co., to D. S. Sholly, all the property of said firm, for 1 dollar.

Wills Probated.

The last will and testament of Lydia Felker, late of McClure, Snyder Co., Pa., was probated the 12th inst. letters testamentary thereon granted to Clara Hughes executrix in said will named. Retta and Della Hughes are the heirs of the personal property, and Clara Hughes heir of real estate.

Marriage Licenses.

John B. Lenich Meiserville Pa. Estella M. Leister Mandata Pa.

UNION COUNTY'S COMING FAIR

To be Held at Brook Park, Lewisburg, Pa.

The 48th annual fair and exhibition of the Union County Agricultural Society will be held at Brook Park, Lewisburg, Pa., Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27, 1901.

This organization, nearly half a century old, is one of the standard agricultural societies in the Keystone Commonwealth. It has a reputation far and wide for the excellence of its annual exhibitions and the high character of attractions, attested to by the large crowds that assemble each year on its spacious and well equipped grounds just beyond the western suburbs of Lewisburg.

Each year the society has been increasing the number of attractions and this year they promise to eclipse all attempts of the past.

Between the races there will be prize aud acrobatic performances by high grade professional artists.

The society has an excellent track with a record of 2:08. The grandstand is so located that all portions of the track may be seen. Private boxes and chairs add to the convenience and comfort of the patrons of the grandstand.

The premium list, enlarged and revised, will be more attractive than ever and draw to the county fair many owners of fast horses and mares fancy and high bred cattle.

The society is distinctly agricultural in its purpose and method and farms their wives, sons and daughters, farmers' organizations, manufacturers and merchants are invited to enlarge and enrich the display in the exhibition building and complete for the various premiums.

Full particulars are given in the annual books just published by the society. Send a postal to C. Dale Wood, Cor. Sec., Bucknell P. O., Pa., and will send you a copy and will be glad to give you any further information you may desire.

MIDDLEBURGH MARKET

Butter.....	18	Wheat.....	100
Eggs.....	14	Rye.....	100
Onions.....	56	Corn.....	100
Lard.....	10	Oats.....	100
Tallow.....	34	Potatoes.....	100
Chickens.....	8	Bran per 100.....	100
Side.....	8	Middlings.....	100
Shoulder.....	12	Chop.....	100
Ham.....	14	Flour per bbl.....	100

Escape Your Bowels With Cassel's Colic, Colic, constipation, etc. 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.