FOLLOWING

LAST TRIBUTE OF AMERICANS TO DEAD PRESIDENT.

Remains Laid at Rest in Westlawn Cemetery, Canton-Services at the Church and at the Grave.

(Continued from First Page.)

ons and filling the windows. The church bells still were tolling, mingling their dis-maj tones with the cadence of the funeral At the head of each of the coul black horses drawing the hearse marched a soldier. The heads of the horses bore tall black plumes, and over them were thrown long palls of black. At either side of the hearse marched the guard of millitary and naval honor, the denerals on the right, led by General Miles, and the Admirals on the left, led by Admiral Far-

of mourners. The hearse halted while President Rossevelt and members of the Cabinet alighted. Again they grouped themselves at either side of the entrance and with uncovered heads awalted the piesdag of the casket. Then the flower-covered coffin was brought from the hearse, and as it passed within the black-covered as it passed within the black-covered. draped entrance the President and his Cabinet fellowed within the edifice. The mourners, too, passed inside, but the stricken widow was not among them. She had remained behind in the old home slone with her grief.

Within the Church.

The scene at the church when the cas ket was carried in on the stalwart shoulders of soldiers and saliors was profould-ly impressive. A black border 26 feet high, relieved at intervals by narrow while bands falling to the floor, swept completely around the interior. Only the large eliding doors, was shrouded in the same somber colors. Graceful streamers festooned along the arches of the nave formed a black canopy above the chancel. From this, directly above the low, flagcovered catafalque on which the casket was to rest, hung a beautiful silk banner, its blood-red and snow-white folds tied midway with a hand of crape

The Floral Display.

But it was the floral display at the front of the church which filled the whole edifice with glory. The center of it all was a great wreath of American Beauty roses, framing a black-bordered portrait organ pipes, against which by four wreaths, three broken, as if to represent the quarters of the moon. It was ex-Purple and green were the domier-orchids, violets and ever-Against the somber background were many handsome pieces.

Against the walls on either side dom, and the powere florel flags, and upon the pulpit and ever. Amen.' rested an urn in white carnations, broken at the base, to represent the water flow-ing from it. At either side of this urr was the cross of the Knights Templar and the crown of the Knights of Pythias, while the east was the square and compass of Masenry, Almost directly above the support for the coffin a sunburst of lights glittered like stars in a black sky. The light from without came dimly through the stained glass windows.

Under the folds of the starry banner, the fragrance of the flowers hovering all about and the strains of Beethoven's grand funeral murch pulsing from the organ, the body bearers gently lowered the flag-draped and flower-adorned coffin to its support. The members of the Loyal Governor Nash, Governor Mc-of Tennesce, and Governor Longof Mississippi, each with his full uniformed staff, had already entered the church from the west entrance and filled up the most westerly of the sections of

Officials Ushered In.

The members of the Senate and House of Representatives had preceded the coffin through the door at the side of the chancel through which it entered. They were unhered in, as at all state cere-monies, by the Sergeant-at-Arms of each hody. Senators Allison, of Iowa, and Bate, of Tennessee, headed the Senatorial representatives, of whom there were about 40, and Speaker Henderson and Representative Dalzell, the members of the House, of whom more than half must have been present. The Congressional party filled up the entire east section of pews and the rear half of the two central sections. The local clergymen occupied the seats below the organ usually occu pied by the chair. All had risen as the The Generals and Admirals of the Army

and Navy, who comprised the guard o lawed the body and occupied the first pew on either side of the center aisle. President Roossvelt and the Cabinet came slowly after. All were in black and were black gloves. The President alone were an overcoat. He took his place im-mediately belied Lieutenant-General Miles, next the center sisle, in the second pew to the east. So close was he to the coffin that he could almost have leaned over and touched R. Secretary Cortelyon, Justine McKenna, of the Supreme Court; John M. Milburn and John N. Scatcherd, of Buffalo, and several others took scars immediately in the rear of the Cabinet. Then followed the mourning relatives. to occupied the tier of pews on the left the center sisle. Mr. and Mrs. Abner

McKinley led the way, followed by the other immediate relatives, Senator and Mrs. Pairbanks, Controller and Mrs. Dawes, Colonel and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, and a few other close personal friends. The fourth pew from the front, that always occupied by Prestdent McKinley, was draped in black and remained vacant. After these had been seated the door

leading into the Sunday school was opened and the scats arranged below, as well as those in the balcony, were soon filled with the representatives of various organiza-tions and the fellow townsmen of the late President. Conspicuous among these were the survivors of the Twenty-third Ohio, President McKinley's old regiment, who brought into the church the tattered but tle flags the regiment had carried throughout the Civil War, It was after 2 o'clock when the quarter

arose and lifted up their voices with the touching words of "Beautiful Isle of

Rev. Milligan's Prayer,

When the sound of the last line had died away Rev. O. B. Milligan, paster of the First Presbyterian Church, in which President and Mrs. McKinley were mar-ried 30 years ago, offered a fervent prayer. Every head within the church bent in solemn reverence as the invocawent up. His prayer was as fol-

O God, our God, our Nation's God! Thou O God, our God, our Nation's God! Thou, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the father of mercles, and God of all comport; we have entered the courts of thy house today with bowed and uburdened heart. In thy inscritable providence thou hast permitted this great calamity to come upon us. Truly "thy ways are in the deep and thy path in the mighty waters." We how in meckness before the evidbition of be thy name, thy sovereignty over us is the sovereignty of love. Thou art our Father, and "like as a father pitteth his children, so the Lord pitteth them that fear him." Thou hast revealed thyself to us in thy word, but specially in Jesus Christ who was the brigh hems of thy glory and the express image of thy person, therefore, O Lord, we can the more cheerfully submit to doings of thy hand and heart. We can say with him whom we so deeply mousa, "This is God's way. His will, not ours, be done," and whilst we can-not understand thy gracious purposes in this dispensation, help us, Lord, to wait in pa-tient confidence, assured that thou who art thine own interpreter, wilt reveal thy thought of peace and purposes of mercy in this great mystery. In this spirit help us to accept the providence and still to trust thee. We thank thee, O Lord, for this life, which

We thank thee, O Lord, for this life, which has been taken so rudely from us. We thank thee for thy servant's endowments and achievements. We thank thee for the evidences that he was chosen of thee for great garposes in this world and for the splendid way in which by thy grace, these purposes were wrought in his life Adorned by thee, we thank thee for what he was in himself, in his home, in seclety, in church and state and National relations. We blees thee for the Inspiration of his example and we rejoice that though dead, his influence for good will ever live among us.

ive among us. Bleesed be thy name, in the temple of Amer Bleesed be thy name, in the temple of American passed the Courthouse and turned into Tuscarawas street to the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance was drawn up deep files of soldiers with hayoness advanced, keeping a clear area for the advancing casket and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted while President Rossevelt and members of the Cabinet alighted. Again they grouped grief. Our land is full of mouraing, our hearts

Oh, that thou wouldst beln us to search ou evil, that the abundant favor of our God may be returned to us, and that the sublime things we hope for in our Nation's future may be realized. And until we have discovered the cyll and reoted it out, let not thy goodness

depart from us.

In afflicting, O God, be merciful. Remember not our sins against us, and visit us with the plentitude of the grace. Vouchsafe, we pray thee, the fullness of the grace to the servant who has so unexpectedly been inducted into while bands falling to the floor, swept who has so unexpectedly been inducted into the solemn responsibilities of the office of Chief Magistrate. May be be endowed with all gilt organ pipes back of the pulpit rose above it. The vestibules on either side of the chancel leading into the church Give him thy fear and give him the confidence

were black tunnels, the stained ghass win.

dows on either side were framed in black, and the balcony of the Sunday school to the rear, thrown open into the church by large eliding doors, was shrouded in the passing tender us was her husband's hear loward her as together they passed through all the scenes of joy and sorrow which were specified them in life, may the heart of God be more tender still. Bind her round with sufficient consolation of thy presence and grace; and as by falth she leans upon the unseen arm of the Indinite, may she ever find thee a present help in time of need. Sanctify this dispensation to us all. May we

hear in it the voice of the Eternal crying: "All fiesh is grass and all the godliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass wither-eth; the flower fadeth, but the word of our God will stand forever." Help us that we may diligently improve this providence of our of President McKinley. From it, extending outward and upward, was a perfect wealth of gorgeous blossoms. The effect Lord, prepare all for life's duties and trials was as if a great rushing wave of color ten into flowers at the foot of ed immortality. These and every other neede They extended up even to the blessing we plead for in the name of him white the state of the control of the co ed immortality. These and every other needed

taught us to pray"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed
be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be
done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us
this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespanses as we forgive those who trespans against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the king-dom, and the power, and the glory forever

Scriptural Reading.

Dr. John A. Hall, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, then read from the Bible the nincteenth Psalm, and Rev. E. P. Herbruck verses 41-57 of the twenty fifth chapter of First Corinthians. The quartet then sang Cardinal New-

man's grand hymn, the beautiful words floating through all the church: Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom Land thros me

The night is dark and I am far from home. Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step is enough for

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears Pride ruled my way; remember not past years, So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

night is gone. Which I have loved long since and lost a

Dr. Manchester's Address.

Dr. C. E. Manchester then delivered an ddress, which lasted 24 minutes, on the life of the late President, and the lesson taught by his noble character and death. Our President is dead. The silver cord is loosed. The golden bowl is broken. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. The wheel is broken at the cistern. The mourners go about the streets. One voice is heard-a wail of sorrow from all the lands, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen. I am distressed for thee, my ther. Very pleasant hast thou been

Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, "It may be that God will be gra-cious and merciful unto us." It seemed to us that it must be his will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated science, of the failure of love and of prayer, to hold its object to the earth. We seen to hear the faintly muttered words, "Good-bye all; good-bye. It is God's way; his will be done," and then, "Nearer, my god, to thee." So nestling nearer to his God passed out into unconsciousness. skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased beat. Our hearts are heavy with sor-

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping The loss of one they love; But he has gone where the redeemed are keep-

Ing A festival above. The mourners throng the ways and from the

steeple
The funeral belia toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people

Are passing to and fro.

And saying as they meet, "Rejolce, Another long waited for is come." The Savier's heart is glad, a younger brother Has reached the Father's home.

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto "the beauty of Israel" could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindliness of aspect, but gives assent to this description of him. It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him They might indeed differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner, none could fall to love the man. The people con-fided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply embedged and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in

had closed. The worshipers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discass the sad event that brings us together today. Three men in working garb, of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, entered the room. They approached the al-tar, kneeling before it and before his picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert, and his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyoud speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and of

conest worth. it is a glorious thing to be able to say this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for per-sonal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsulfied by bribes. Hs eyes looked right on, straight before him. He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every respons billty in life, gladly and unfilnchingly. Not only was our President brave, he

roic and konesi, he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the Nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes, as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his be loved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of a social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bed-side of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived. This sweet and tender story all the world knows. And the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude, and for her greeting his ac knowledgements of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God. in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May his grace be greater than her anguish. May the widow's God be her God.

Beauty of His Character. Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word, that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of rulnit discourse. "Christ and him crucipulpit discourse. "Christ and him cruck fied" was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minster to preach the word. He said, "We do not look for great business men in the pulpit, but for preachers."

It is well known that his godly mother

had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and that she be lieved it to be the highest vocation in life It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the per-formance of greater duties and vaster than have been the lot of any other Amer-ican President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and public addresses not infrequently nee the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his life-long convictions and his personal experiences that he should say at the first critical moment after the assassination approached. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," and that he should declare at the last, "It is God's way; his will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and called him, we find that in his supreme moment he was still a con-

Horror of the Crime. friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls, as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a broth-er, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship. Could the assailant have realized how aw-ful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years, men will seek in vain to fathom

the enormity of that crime, Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who feil, when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toll, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one who has seen the matchess grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americans were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence. Like many others it must be

left for future revelations to explain.

In the midst of our sorrow we have nuch to console us. He lived to see his Nation greater than ever before, All Nation greater than ever before, All sectional lines are blotted. There is no South, no North, no East, no West, Washington saw the beginning of our National life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn, Kinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fuliness of his fame. With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, "I am now ready to be offered." The work assigned him had been well done. The Nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous, Our standing among nations was secure. Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the Government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured on the al-tar of human liberty. In view of these things, we are not surprised to hear, from one who was present when this great soul passed away, that he never before saw a death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur. Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this

Lessons of the Event,

The first one that wal occur to us all, is the old, old lesson that, "In the midst of life we are in death." "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continues in one stay." Our President went forth in the Our President went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us therefore remember "No man liveth to himself and none of us dieth to himself." May each day's close see a day's duty done. heed is the vanity of earthly greatness. In the presence of the dread messenger, how small are all the trappings of wealth

There is but one savior for the sin-sick and the weary. I entreat you to find him as our brother found him.

But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we bade him good-bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the Nation had called him. It's last words, as he left us, were "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confi-dence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a scaled book, but if I can, by official act, or administration or utterance in any degree, add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved coun-try and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citigenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home-my home ow-and, I trust, my home hereafter, so ong as I live."

We hoped with him, that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the ome he had loved.

He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a home-

But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession! The Nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations weep with them. But, Oh, what a victory.

I do not ask you in the heat of public iddress, but in the calm moments of ma-ture, reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him and by so many people? What pageant has equaled this, that we look upon? We equated this, that we look upon: We gave him to the Nation but a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task sat and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

The churchyard where his children rest. The quiet spot that suits him best; There shall his grave be made, And there his bones be laid. And there his countrymen shall c With memory proud, with pity dumi-And strangers far and near, For many and many a year. For many a year and many an age, While history on her ample page The virtues shall enroll

Bishep I. W. Joyce, of Minneapolis, fol-lowed with a brief prayer, and the services were concluded with the singing of the hymn which President McKinley repeated on his deathbed, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The entire congregation arose and joined in the last stanza. Fathe Vattman, of Chicago, chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment, pronounced the

March to the Grave.

Then the notes of the organ again arose The coffin was taken up and borne from the church. The relatives and those in oficial life went out in the order they had entered. It was after 3 o'clock when the silent and anxious throngs outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. First came the guard of militia and Naval honor, the Generals and Admirals forming in double line leading from the entrance to the waiting hearse. Again the flag-draped casket, with its wealth of flowers, appeared and was committed to the hearse. The President and members of the Cablnet followed arm in arm and stepped into the walting carriages. The relatives enfollowed arm in arm and stepped into

tered carriages next.

Then the separate line of troopers broke from their battalion front, and, wheeling into platoons, took up the march to the grave. In the long line of carriages were United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives from every section of the country, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the ranking heads of the Army and Navy, Governors loved through the section of the city where the sound of the dirge had not before been heard. But it presented the same serrow-stricken aspect that had

been observed in the heart of the city. Funeral arches spanned the street, some of which, it is understood, had been erected by school children. The houses were hung with black, and even the stately elms along the way had their trunks en-shrouded in black and white drapery. The line of the funeral march from the church to the cemetery was about one and one-half miles in length. The route was north on Tuscarawas street from the church to Lincoln street; west on Lincoln street to West Third street, and north one square to the gates of the cemetery. For hours even before the time set for the icement of the funeral exercises at the McKinley home the streets along the entire length of the line of march were crowded with spectators. From the gates of the cemetery to the doors of the church there was on each side of the street an almost unbroken line of soldiers, and on all the intersecting streets detachments of the militia were posted about 100 feet

from the thoroughfare on which the cortege was to go, and nobody was permitted to pass in either direction. There was not a window that command-ed a view of the line of march that was not filled with faces to its utmost ca-pacity, and on the roofs were hundreds of people. From 9 o'clock in the morn-ing until 5 in the afternoon, by which time the last of the parade had passed the church on its way to the cemetery, this condition prevailed. All day long the streets were kept cleared by the militia, and not a vehicle of any description, save those belonging to the funeral cortege were permitted to enter upon them. Not-withstanding the dense crowds, no acci-

dent of any kind was reported. No greater reverence has ever been shown to any man, living or dead, than was exhibited toward the dead President today. As the funeral car passed through the streets men and women sobbed con-vulsively, and at the cemetery gates, where the crowd was densely packed, and where the people had remained for hours pressing against the iron fence, two women fainted. It was exactly 4 minutes past 4 o'clock

when the funeral car bore the remains of the dead President through the way of his last resting place. minutes after that time the brief services at the vault were over, and the members of the family and distinguished men of the Nation, who had come so far to do him honor, had passed through the gates on their homeward way. One hour and 40 minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery the place was clear, and the dead President was resting alone under the watchful care of the men of the Regular Army. A sentry's measured tread resounded from the cement walk before the vault and kept vigil on the grassy slope above, and at the head and foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door, which was not closed tonight, was pitched the tent of the guard and there it will remain until the doors are closed tomorrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to

its final resting place.

For nearly an hour before the head of the funeral procession arrived at the gate of the cemetery, the strains of the dirges played by the bands, came over the hill-Another great lesson that we should them that the procession was on its way, seed is the vanity of earthly greatness. top to the watchers by the vault, telling of mounted police, heading the parade, the people, but it is true of acking in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more bow in meckness before the exhibition of the society and own the right to do as thou will in the armies of heaven and amongst the sone of men. But blessed the sone of men. But the sole of and distinctions of rank and power. I be seech you, seek him who said: "I am the trappings of wealth and social con. But the trappings of wealth and social con. So the trappings of wealth and social con. But the seven more distinctions of rank and power. I be seech him who said: "I am beseed the mand power. I be seech him who said: "I am t came slowly around the corner

bemetery, the music was changed to Chop-in's funeral interlude, and it was to the GREAT FLORAL DISPLAY cemetery, the music was changed to Chopsound of this that the band passed out and on to Kentucky avenue to the south side of the enclosure.

A Tribute From Children. Beside the band came the Grand Army Posts, fully 500 of the veterans marching by. As they passed along the flowerstrewn path, many of them were weep ing bitterly, and they stooped by dozen to gather the blossoms which lay at their feet, and carried them along as memen oes. The sweet pea blossoms that were cattered along the road were the offerings of the school children of Nashville Tenn., and no tribute of love that was seen during the funeral exercises more amply fulfilled its mission or more completely carried its message of affection, Tonight hundreds of the blossoms are in the possession of the marchers in the paand are held by spectators who

came into the cemetery after the close of the parade to carry them away. After the veterans came in well set anks with guns at "arms port" the men of the Sixth Ohio Infantry of the National Guard, the Engineer Corps of the National Guard from Cleveland, and the comrades of the late President in the ranks of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers during the Civil War. Then came a long line of carriages bearing the members of the fam ly and the distinguished visitors. the first carriage that stopped at the foot of the walk leading up to the vault, President Roosevelt and Commander Cowles, of the Navy, alighted. Without waifing for those in the second carriage, which contained Secretaries Root and Gage and Attorney-General President walked slowly toward the vault and took a position on the south side of the walk, close to the door. As Secretary Root came up the walk he assumed a similar position on the north side of the walk, and the other members of the Cabinst ranged themselves by the side of the President and the Secretary of War, bared heads the President and the mem bers of the Cabinet, who were followed by the officers of the Army and Navy, stood on each side of the walk, the line reaching just to the edge of the roadway. Within a minute after the formation of the lines, the funeral car came up to the walk. The casket was gently lifted from the hearse and borne to the door of the vault, where it was rested upon the cata falque. It was carried by the same mer of the Army and Navy who have carried it ever since it left Buffalo. Before them as it came up the walk, walked Colone Bingham, who had been aid to Presiden McKinley. At its head, on the right, walked Lieutenant Hamilin, of the Army, and in a corresponding position on the left Lieutenant Eberice, of the Navy. Just as the bearers lowered it to the catafalque Abner McKinley and Mrs. Barber alighted from their carriage and stood at the fod of the line of officers. They remained here for a few seconds and then passed up to the foot of the casket, where they emained during the brief service.

Service at the Vault.

There was a moment's pause as Colonel Bingham looked to see that all was in readiness. He then looked toward Bishup Joyce, who read the burial service of the Methodist Church, slowly, but in a voice that could be heard very distinctly by all grouped about the vault. His words nded, there was a brief pause, for it had been understood that a quartet of the Knights Templar was to be present to render a hymn. Through a misunderstand-ing, however, it had not arrived, and after satisfying himself of this fact, Colonel Bingham waved his hand to eight buglers of the Canton band, who had taken station upon the side of the mound above and to the south of the vault. In stantly rang out the notes of the soldiers last call, "taps," It was beautifully done, and the last notes of the bugles died away listening for a few seconds to hear if it

was really ended.

When the last note had floated away.
Secretary Wilson was in tears, Secretary Hitchcock was also weeping, and the Frea-ident was gazing grimly at the walk. It was the last moment for the men who had been so closely associated with the Presi-dent for so long, and the thought seemed more than most of them could bear. It was all ended at last, and Captain Biddle of Company C of the Fourteenth Infantry, who will command the guard which is to of states and Mayors of cities, and the be placed around the vault, stepped up to dead President's fellow-townsmen. Out a line of five soldlers which he had post-Tuscarawas street the long procession ed just north of the doorway and who. throughout the ceremony had stood at "present arms" as rigid as though carved out of stone. One of them passed quickly into the vault, taking station at the head of the casket. Another placed himself at the foot, and three men stood in the door way, two on the lower step and the third on the floor of the vault, directly behind them. There they remained until after the passage of the funeral procession. The President, the members of the Cab-

net and the officers of the Army and Navy then entered their carriages and, followed by the members of the family, passed out of the cemetery and returned to the city. The delay, caused by the services at the yault, being over, the procession resumed its march. Every man in the line, except those in uniform, who rendered appropriate honor in other ways. went past the casket with uncovered

As the head of the division containing the Knights Templar wheeled into the cemetery, the quartet that had been de-layed in reaching the place for the previous ceremonies, took up a position to the south of the vault and sang "Fare-well, My Brother." The hymn was fol-lowed by others, including "Rock of Ages," "The Christian's Good Night" and "Wayside Cross." The selections were beautifully rendered and no part of the funeral ceremonies in Canton was more impressive. The darkness was gathering fast as the Knights sang on, and many in the multitude around the casket were moved to tears, and the sound of sobs was distinctly audible in the crowd that lined the fence beyond the line of National Guardsmen.

Guarding the Casket. The last of the procession passed the bler at 5:48, and then orders were given by Captain Biddle that the cemetery should be cleared. The order was quick-ly carried out, and the President was left in the care of his guard of honor. The first sentry to be posted on guard duty before the doorway was Private Otto White, of Company C, Fourteenth Infantry, whose home is in Genoa, O. The guard that will have the honor of guard-ing the bier of the late President is Company C, of the Fourteenth Regular Infantry. It is commanded by Captain W. S. Biddle, Jr., First Licutenant H. S. Avery and Second Lieutenani William Ashbridge. The company includes 76 non-commissioned men, and was ordered to

Canton from Fort Wayne.

Nature has been kind in selecting the last resting place for President McKinley.

Westlawn cemetery is on a high knoil overlooking the peaceful valley, with the busy little City of Canton laid out below. If it were not for an intevening church spire, one might get from this elevation a glimpse of the McKinley home. .Here, looking out on his native city, and his native state, the body of William Mc-Kinley is laid to rest. The beauty of the grounds have attracted the attention of the country's best landscape gardeners, who have journeyed here to study their attractions. Today, the cemetery was doubly beautiful, with the fustling trees giving off their first yellowed leaves of Fall and adding a touch of gold to the

green-clad slopes.

Just inside the stately entrance stands the gray stone vault where, for a time, the casket will repose. Its dreary ex-terior was relieved today by great masses of flowers, banked all about until the gray walls were shut out from view. But in due time the casket will be taken from the vault and committed to the little plot of ground lying further on. This is the McKinley lot, and here lie his father, whose name he bore, the mother whom he guarded so tenderly in life, his brother James, his sister Anna und his two children. And when that

THE FINEST EVER SEEN ON THIS CONTINENT.

Tributes of Respect From Nearly Every Country in Both Hemispheres-Some of the Pieces.

CANTON, Sept. 19 .- Never before on

this continent has such a floral display been seen at any public occasion as that in Westlawn cemetery this afternoon The vault was lined with the rarest and costliest flowers, a multitude of pieces were spread on the groun fore the doors of the vault and for 100 feet to the right and left of the doorway and for half as many feet to the rear of a line passing through the front wall it was impossible to trend, so thickly did the tributes lie. Nearly every country on both hemispheres was represented by an offering. The number of those from an offering. The number of those from the United States is almost past counting. They came from every state in the Inion, and there is scarcely a man in ublic life whose tribute of respect for the virtues of William McKinley did not beside his coffined remains this afterally a mass of roses and orchids when casket was carried into it and the side walls were well-nigh hidden beneath the profusion of flowers hung upon them. Above the doorway hung an normous wreath of dark green callx eaves; over the right corner of the vault was a similar wreath, the leaves being a deep red; in a corresponding position on the other side was hung a

wreath of lvy.

The great wreath in the center was offering of the Italian Government and King of Italy, and was one of the handosmest pieces seen. Upon a great streamer of black satta, which swung from the mass of deep green leaves was the following inscription: "Requiem Eternal Dona El Domine." Beside the black streamer floated one of red, white and blue, the colors of the United States, and of red, white and green, the colors of Italy.

To the right of the door, in a frame

formed of red and white roses, was a vase fully six feet high, made of white asters. This was the offering of the manufacturing potters of East Liverpool. O. The employes of these potteries sent an elaborate design of a vase done in red and white roses that was fully equal in beauty to that sent by their employers. On the south side of the doorway was sus pended a beautiful wreath of lilles of the valley, intertwined with smilax, the whole surmounted with white and purple orchids bound together with a wide band of royal purple satin. Standing a short distance from the vault to the south was a small cradle covered entirely with white and purple asters. On its sides were worked in purple immorteles the word, "Niles," This was said to is the cradle in which President McKinley had been rocked during his infancy in Niles, O., and special instructions with it that it should be guarded great care and returned safely to Niles, where it is to be preserved. From the Republic of Cuba came an

enormous representation of the flag of Cuba. A wreath of red roses and lilles of the valley came from the Republic of Hayti, a wreath of white roses and purple asters from the President of Uruguay. From the Knights Templar of Minnesota came a great shield five feet high and three feet wide, formed en-tirely of white asters. In the center was the red cross of the Knights Templar. A round button two feet in diameter, with a red cross in the center, came from the Knights Templar of Tennessee. An elaborate offering of roses and orchida came from Melville E. Stone, of New York. There were wreaths from Savan-nah, Ga., from San Francisco, from Du-luth, New Orleans and from dozens of other cities. Many of the designs were unmarked and it was impossible to tell from whom they had come. The flowers will be allowed to remain around the vault until they have fallen to pieces.

THE CROWDS AT CANTON.

Never Before Were the Streets of the Town So Full, CANTON, Sept. 12.- The streets of the

little city of Canton were filled this morning with waving plumes, prancing horses and densely packed hodies of moving men assembling here for the procession. All night and morning civic, military, frater. nal, social and commercial organizations had been pouring in. So fast did the trains arrive that there appeared to be one continuous string of cars unloading their human freight through the station into the congested streets beyond. Thirty special trains, in addition to the regular trains, had arrived before noon. The biggest crowd in the history of Canton, which was here during the campaign of 1896, estimated at over 60,000, was exceeded to day. The people overflowed the sidewalks and literally packed the streets from side

The greatest crush, of course, was in East Tuscarawas, the principal thoroughfare, and North Market street, on which the McKinley cottage and the Harter residence, at which President Roose-velt was staying, are located. The awestricken crowds, upon their arrival, all moved as if by a common impulse toward the old familiar cottage where the remains were lying.
Military guards, stationed at the four

corners of the lawn, paced their beats, but there was no other sign of life about the house of death. The window shades were down. A long border of black which had been put in place after the body was removed to the house last night, fringed the roof of the porch from which Presi-dent McKinley had spoken to delega-tions from every state in the Union, and where he had met and talked with all the chieftains of his party. No badge of conventional mourning was on the door. Instead there was a simple wreath of paims, bisected by a beautiful band of wide purple satin ribbon. Sorrowfully the throngs turned away, the people to lake up their positions at the church, the representatives to seek their places in the imposing procession which was to follow the remains to the cemetery. The two sections of the train bearing the Senate and House of Representatives

and other Government officials from Washington arrived during the morning.
President Roosevelt spent a quiet morn ing at the Harter residence. He did not go out to the crowded street where thou-sands were gathered, hoping to catch a glimpse of his face, but took a walk in the spacious grounds of the residence. While at breakfast Judge Day joined him for half an hour and later Secretaries Root and Hitchcock came to see him. Many unofficial visitors left cards of respect, but the President saw very few people, preferring to remain in retire-ment. Among those who called were a score of his old command of the Rough Riders, several of them in their broad-brimmed sombreros. The President saw them only for a moment.

The face of the dead President was seen for the last time when it lay in state yesterday. The casket was sealed before it was borne away from the Court-House. When Mrs. McKinley came into the death chamber last night for her last moments beside her dead husband,

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Lazy Liver

When the liver goes wrong, everything is wrong. You have dyspepsia, coated tongue, constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, general debility. One of Aver's Pills each night, just one, gently starts the liver and removes all trouble.

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and the sealed casket with its flowers and flags, were all that she saw. Toward noon the crowds in the vicinity of the McKinley cottage had increased to tens of thousands. North Market street was a living, seething mass of humanity for five squares below the house, and for three squares beyond. Several regiments of soldlers were required to preserve semblence of order. With guns advanced the men were posted along the curbs and within the walks for half a mile in either direction. A plateen of soldiers was thrown across the gate leading up to the door of the McKinley residence, and only those with a written permit from Secre-

windows, and at rare intervals to see some member of the family or an attendant come to the porch outside. Within the chamber of death all was silence. No longer was the coming and going of relatives and near friends. The curtains were closely drawn, enshrouding light up the melanchely scene. The guards still stood motionless at their post, a soldier at the head of the casket and a suitor with drawn cutlass at the foot Thus throughout the morning the vast multitude surged without, while the ailence within was broken only by the

tary Corlelyou were permitted to enter the grounds. The wast throng was con-tented however, to gaze at the curtained

weeping of the stricken widow.

Among the arrivals this morning were Speaker Henderson and a number of his colleagues of the House of Regresentatives, including those who had served in the House with McKinley. Justice Mc-Kenna, of the United States Supreme Court, who was a member of the ways and means committee when the McKinley bill was drawn; Congressman Payne, present chairman of the committee, General Greavenor, of Ohio, together with felegations representing states, cities, Chambers of Commerce and Innumerable enoitations.

Secretary Root received a dispatch from Seneral Leonard Wood, Governor of Cubu, this morning stating that he was de-tained by washouts in Georgia, and had been compelled to abandon all hope of reaching here in time for the funeral. During the morning General Torrence. Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, sent the following measure to Mrs. McKinley by Judge Day;
"In behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, I wish to comfort you with the assurance that you have the tender sym-pathy and unfalling love of every surviv-Ing soldier ρt the Union, and our prayer is that the gracious Father will sustain

At 7 o'clock tonight President Roesevelt and the members of the Cabinet started back to Washington.

MRS. M'KINLEY'S CONDITION Her Friends Sny She Is Not on the Verge of Collapse.

CANTON, O., Sept. 19.-The friends of Mrs. McKinley do not tonight regard her as being upon the verge of collapse. On the contrary, they express themselves as quite confident that she will be snared to them for a long time, at least in as good a state of health as she has enjoyed for the last five years.

Department Store Damaged. CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—The six-story de-partment store of Rothschild & Co., lo-

cated on the corner of State and Van Buren etreets, was partially wrecked tonight by the falling of inside partition walls. The damage to the stock will aggregate \$225,000 the building and

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