KLAMATH REPUBLICAN.

VOL. VI. KLAMATH FALLS, KLAMATH COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901. NO. 25.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VIII.

Awfully fast time sped away. It was the second week in March I passed in Sark; the second week in May came upon me as if borne by a whirlwind. It was only a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to fidget about my going over to London to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia's was going on fast to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was distinctly planned out. Go I must to London; order my wedding suit I must.

But first there could be no harm in running over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention, I should never forgive myself.

It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her; for Julia would invite her to our house, and be a friend to her. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me, weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted.

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Gosselin. To my extreme surprise and chagrin, Captain Carey announced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return.

"The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?"

"Not in the least," he answered cheerfully; "for the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Ancresse. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say; and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me. I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivia seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of indifference.

"I believe that is my patient yonder," I said; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time enough to see Tardif."

Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could he have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see the view from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at Jericho.

Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's face became very thoughtful.

A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes together, but listening to her, with an expression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A bitter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility—that lie I had heard the last time I was in Sark?

"Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain Carey; and both Tardif and Olivia started. But both of their faces grew brighter at seeing us. Olivia's color had come back to her cheeks, and a sweeter face no man ever looked upon.

"I am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England."

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

"This is my friend, Captain Carey, Miss Olivia," I said, "in whose yacht I have come to visit you."

"I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin's," she answered as she held out her hand to him with a smile; "my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey."

"So I suppose," he said significantly—or at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

"Tardif," I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm."

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her, and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few yards, bringing her and myself to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so familiarly Olivia?

"Well, Dr. Martin?" she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring eyes, as if she was wishful to understand my varying moods.

"What a lovely place this is!" I ejaculated.

More lovely than any words I ever heard could describe. It was a perfect day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal. The cliffs stretched below us, with every hue of gold and bronze, and hoary white, and soft grey; and here and there a black rock, with livid shades of purple, and a bloom upon it like a raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trodden by human foot, over which the foam poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. And just beneath the level of my eyes was Olivia's face—the loveliest thing there, though there was so much beauty lying around us.

"Yes, it is a lovely place," she assented, a mischievous smile playing about her lips.

"Olivia," I said, taking my courage by both hands, "it is only a month till my wedding day."

Was I deceiving myself, or did she really grow paler? It was but for a moment if it were so. But how cold the air felt all in an instant! The shock was like that of a first plunge into chilly waters, and I was shivering through every fiber.

"I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, "very happy. It is a great risk to run. Marriage will make you either very happy or very wretched."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak gally; "I do not look forward to any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I will get along very well together, I have no doubt, for we have known one another all our lives. I do not expect to be any happier than other men; and the married people I have known have not exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your experience has been different?"

"Oh, no!" she said, her hand trembling on my arm, and her face very downcast; "but I should have liked you to be very, very happy."

So softly spoken, with such a low, faltering voice! I could not trust myself to speak again. A stern sense of duty towards Julia kept me silent; and we moved on, though very slowly and lingeringly.

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not much louder than the voice of conscience.

"I esteem her more highly than any other woman, except my mother," I said.

"Do you think she will like me?" asked Olivia, anxiously.

"No; she must love you," I said, with warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speaking—a smile which said plainly she could keep her own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterward. I opened my pocketbook and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement.

"Read that," I said.

But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching look—as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch a word she was saying.

"Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia! do you suppose I could do anything to hurt you? Do not be so frightened! Why, I am your friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No," I said; "that advertisement was printed in the Times directly after your flight last October. They have not found you yet; and the longer you are hidden the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to you!"

"Never mind," she answered, recovering herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them if you knew all."

"Give you up to them!" I repeated bitterly. "Am I a Judas?"

But she could not talk to me any more. She was trembling like an aspen leaf, and her breath came sobbingly. All I could do was to take her home, blaming myself for my cursed folly.

Tardif walked with us to the top of the cliff, and made me a formal, congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonecrop and lichens.

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl."

"I love her with all my heart and soul!" I cried.

The words startled me as I uttered them. They had involved in them so many unpleasant consequences, so much chagrin and bitterness as their practical result, that I stood aghast—even while my pulses throbbed, and my heart beat high, with the novel rapture of loving any woman as I loved Olivia.

"Come, come, my poor fellow!" said Captain Carey, "we must see what can be done."

It was neither a time nor a place for the indulgence of emotion of any kind. It was impossible for me to remain on the cliffs, bemoaning my unhappy fate. I strode on doggedly down the path, kicking the loose stones into the water as they came in my way. Captain Carey followed, whistling softly to himself. He continued doing so after we were aboard the yacht.

"I cannot leave you like this, Martin, my boy," he said, when we went ashore at St. Sampson's; and he put his arm through mine.

"You will keep my secret?" I said, my voice a key or two lower than usual.

"Martin," answered the good-hearted, clear-sighted old bachelor, "you must not do Julia the wrong of keeping this a secret from her."

"I must," I urged. "Olivia knows nothing of it; nobody guesses it but you. I must conquer it"

"Martin," urged Captain Carey, "come up to Johanna, and tell her all about it."

Johanna Carey was one of the powers in the island. Everybody knew her; and everybody went to her for comfort or counsel. She was, of course, related to us all. I had always been a favorite with her, and nothing could be more natural than this proposal, that I should go and tell her of my dilemma.

Johanna was standing at one of the windows, in a Quakerish dress of some grey stuff, and with a plain white cap over her white hair. She came down to the door as soon as she saw me, and received me with a motherly kiss.

"Johanna," said Captain Carey, "we have something to tell you."

"Come and sit here by me," she said, making room for me beside her on her sofa.

"Johanna," I replied, "I am in a terrible fix!"

"Awful!" cried Captain Carey sympathetically; but a glance from his sister put him to silence.

"What is it, my dear Martin?" asked her inviting voice again.

"I will tell you frankly," I said, feeling I must have it out at once, like an aching tooth. "I love, with all my heart and soul, that girl in Sark; the one who has been my patient there."

"Martin!" she cried, in a tone full of surprise and agitation, "Martin!"

"Yes; I know all you would urge. My honor, my affection for Julia, the claims she has upon me, the strongest claims possible; how good and worthy she is, what an impossibility it is even to look back now. I know it all, and feel how miserably binding it is upon me. Yet I love Olivia; and I shall never love Julia

A long, dreary, colorless, wretched life stretched before me, with Julia my inseparable companion, and Olivia altogether lost to me. Captain Carey and Johanna, neither of whom had tasted sweets and bitters of marriage, looked sorrowfully at me and shook their heads.

"You must tell Julia," said Johanna after a long pause.

"Tell Julia!" I echoed. "I would tell her for worlds!"

"You must tell her," she repeated; "it is your clear duty. I know it will be most painful to you both, but you have no right to marry her with this secret on your mind."

"I should be true to her," I interrupted somewhat angrily.

"What do you call being true, Martin Dobree?" she asked, more calmly than she had spoken before. "Is it being true to a woman to let her believe you choose and love her above all other women, when that is absolutely false? No; you are too honorable for that. I tell you it is your plain duty to let Julia know this, and know it at once."

Nothing could move Johanna from that position, and in my heart I recognized its righteousness. She argued with me that it was Julia's due to hear it from myself. I knew afterwards that she believed the sight of her distress and firm love for myself would dissipate the infatuation of my love for Olivia. But she did not read Julia's character as well as my mother did.

Before she let me leave her I had promised to have my confession and subsequent explanation with Julia all over the following day; and to make this the more inevitable, she told me she should drive into St. Peter-port the next afternoon about five o'clock, when she should expect to find this troublesome matter settled, either by a renewal of my affection for my betrothed, or the suspension of the betrothal. In the latter case she promised to carry Julia home with her until the first bitterness was over.

(To be continued.)

"TILL MY FLESH CREPT."

Wild Boars in Windsor Park.

It is stated that the wild boars in Windsor great park are to be shot, by order of King Edward. The herd was presented to Queen Victoria by the Prince of Wales during his tour in India. The animals have largely increased in numbers, and have had to be killed off periodically. They have been a considerable source of attraction to visitors, but they are dangerous, and several people have narrowly escaped injury.

When a brakeman has curly hair, his associates call him "Curly." But if he is over six feet tall, however, they always call him "Shorty."

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which Is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Log raft reaches San Francisco in safety.

Chinese troops have re-entered Pekin.

Czolgosz' trial was set for next Monday.

Mrs. McKinley seems to be breaking down.

Northern whaling fleet meeting with poor success.

Frost in the corn belt strengthens the grain markets.

The state funeral of the late president occurred at Washington.

The charter commission went on record in favor of civil service regulations.

Roosevelt asked the members of the cabinet to remain throughrout the term.

Men are en route from Ohio to take the places of the strikers at San Francisco.

Oregon Wool Growers' Convention decides on a $1,000 reward to stop sheep poisoning.

The British bark Baroda may be floated.

President Roosevelt has outlined his policy.

Log raft made a long voyage to San Francisco.

Wheat market shows signs of returning life.

Governor Rogers, of Washington, sets aside a day of mourning and prayer.

The Duke and Dutchess of Cornwall made their formal entry into Canada.

Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley, was indicted for murder in the first degree.

One hundred men were trapped in a Colorado mine by an explosion, and their death is almost certain.

The remains of the martyred president were borne from Buffalo to Washington. The train ran through one great lane of bareheaded people. Mrs. McKinley stood the trip well. Memorial services will be held in London.

The great steel strike has been settled.

The Duke of York has arrived at Quebec

There will be no extra session of congress.

In honor of the president Governor Hunt of Idaho has designated a day of mourning for the state.

President Roosevelt was sworn in at Buffalo. He announced that McKinley's policy would be carried out.

Extra precuations are being taken to guard the czar. Governor Geer has issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday as a day of mourning.

A simple service over the remains of the president was held at Milburn house, and the body was then taken to the Buafflo city hall, where it will lie in state till taken to Washington.

The steel trust is starting up more idle mills.

The Schley court of inquiry is now in session.

Emperors Nicholas and William met at Dantzic.

Colombia has begun conscription to raise an army.

Governor Gage has been asked to settle the strike at San Francisco.

A good flow of natural gas has been discovered near McMinnville, Oregon.

Trial of the noted Ferrier murder case was begun at Chehalis, Washington.

A Colorado man was tarred and feathered for expressing sympathy with Czolgosz.

Every year increases the cost of the public schools of New York. This year they cost $18,512,000. Next year about $19,800,000 will be demanded by the Board of Education. Of this amount $15,151,000 will be mandatory under the Davis law.

Mr. Baldwin has shipped 40 balloons to Tromsoe for use in the North Pole expedition. These balloons are not intended to carry passengers, but each will have ten messenger buoys attached, which will be liberated automatically, thus recording the route northward.

HIS FIRST CABINET MEETING

Roosevelt Asks the Members to Remain Throughout the Term.

Washington, Sept. 19.—President Roosevelt at 3 o'clock yesterday convened his first Cabinet meeting held in Washington. At this meeting the President asked the members of Mr. McKinley's cabinet to retain their respective portfolios throughout his term, and announced that his administration would follow the policy outlined by President McKinley in his Buffalo speech.

JAMES B. PARKER.

James B. Parker, of 450 Sixth avenue, New York City, is the Negro who stood directly ahead of Czolgosz when he shot President McKinley and who hurled him to the ground with a terrific blow after the second shot was fired. Parker was born in Atlanta 45 years ago, in slavery. He left New York last spring to wait in an exposition cafe. He is a giant in size, standing over 6 feet, and as erect as an Indian. The assassin tore his vest buttons entirely off in the struggle. Parker was at one time a waiter in the Kimball House, Atlanta.

After the obsequies over the late President, the Cabinet, at President Roosevelt's request, assembled at the residence of Commander Cowles, where the President is staying, principally for the purpose of informing their new chief of the state of affairs in their respective departments.

The President then addressed his advisers collectively, as he had previously done individually, requesting them all to retain their respective positions in his Cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt expressed the hope and expectation that every member would serve throughout his term, for he said he tendered the appointments as if he had just been elected to the Presidency and was forming his original Cabinet. The President said, however, that there was one difference between the present tender and that of an original offer—namely, that under the present circumstances they were not at liberty to decline.

Upon being asked by a mmber if resignations should be formally presented in the usual manner, the President answered that his action at this meeting had precluded the necessity of presenting resignations. The discussion turned upon the policy of the Administration and Mr. Roosevelt announced that he regarded the speech of the late President at the Buffalo Exposition, made previous to the tragic shooting, as outlining the policies to be followed by the Administration.

It cannot be learned at this time whether or not all the members will be willing to serve the full term.

SIX COALMINERS KILLED.

Disaster Was Caused by the Explosion of Accumulated Gas in a Tunnel.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Sept. 19.—A terrible explosion of gas in the Spring Gulch mine of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, located 18 miles from this place, caused the death of six miners and the injury of four others, besides much damage to the tunnel in which the explosion occurred. As soon as the explosion occurred a messenger was sent to the Pocahontas mine, seven miles away, to telephone here for assistance. He stated at the time of the accident the entire force of 100 miners was in the mine and it was thought that all had perished. A later messenger brought the information that less than half an hour previous to the time of the explosion all but a few of the employes had gone off duty, thus preventing a more serious calamity. The explosion was caused by gas becoming ignited by the blasts.

THE ODD FELLOWS

Sovereign Grand Lodge Takes Up Question of National Sanitarium.

Indianapolis, Sept. 19.—At the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, a resolution was introduced and referred to a special committee to assess directly each member of the order 50 cents for the purpose of raising a fund for the construction and maintenance of a National sanitarium at Hot Springs, Ark. During the year just closed the receipts showed a net gain of $4087 over those of the preceding term. The assets amount in all to $131,029.

It is estimated that 50,000 visitors were here today. The parade this afternoon contained 25,000 men in line, including 58 brass bands.

Sympathy at Odessa.

London, Sept. 19.—A dispatch to the Times from Odessa says a feeling of deepest sympathy with Mrs. McKinley and the people of the United States is everywhere manifested. The Listok declares that "President McKinley fell like a hero at his post. He was the victim of a coward, who, Judas-like, murdered the twice-chosen leader of the people with hand outstretched in friendship."

Don't Want to Defend Czolgosz.

Milwaukee, Sept. 19.—Judge Titus, of Buffalo, whose appointment as attorney for Czolgosz was announced at Buffalo yesterday, is in this city, attending a Masonic convention. He could hardly believe the report of his appointment was true. In answer to a question as to whether he would consent to defend the assassin Judge Titus replied:

"Not unless ordered to do so by the court."

A NEW PRESIDENT

ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AT BUFFALO.

Will Continue McKinley's Policy—Cabinet Officers Asked and Consent to Remain—No Special Session of Congress—Affecting Scene in the Wilcox House.—Special Religious Services Will Be Held.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—Theodore Roosevelt, who today was tragically elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the American Republic by the death of President McKinley, entered this city of mourning yesterday afternoon, after a remarkable and perilous journey from the heart of the north woods.

He had been President under the Constitution and law of the land, since the minute the martyred President ceased to live. All the duties and powers of the office had devolved upon him, but he was as powerless as the humblest citizen to exercise one of them until he had complied with the constitutional provision requiring him to take a prescribed oath to support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

He took the oath at 3:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon in the library of the ridence of Ansley Wilcox, a personal friend with whom he stayed earlier in the week when the physicians thought President McKinley would recover from the wound inflicted by the assassin.

There were present when he swore to th oath: Secretaries Root, Hitchcock, Long, Wilson and Postmaster-General Smith, Senator C. M. Depew, of New York, Judge of the Court of Appeals Haight, John H. Scathered, Mr. and Mrs. Ansley Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, George P. Sawyer, Drs. Mann, Parke and Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Milburn, the secretary to the President, William Loeb, Jr.; the secretary to the deceased President, George B. Cortleyou, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carry, C. R. Scathered, J. D. Sawyer and William Jeffers, official telegrapher, in addition to Judge John R. Hazel, of the United States District Court, who administered the oath.

The scene was a most affecting one. The new President had just come from Milburn house, where his predecessor lay cold in death. Overcome by the deep personal sorrow he felt, in his characteristically impulsive way he had gone first to the house of mourning to offer his condolence and sympathy to the broken hearted widow. Secretary Root, who 20 years ago had been present at a similar scene when Arthur took the oath after the death of another President who fell a victim to an assassin's bullet, almost broke down when he requested Mr. Roosevelt on behalf of the members of the Cabinet of the late President, to take the prescribed oath. There was not a dry eye in the room.

The new President was visibly shaken, but he controlled himself, and when he lifted his hand to swear it was as steady as though carved in marble. With the deep solemnity of the occasion he announced to those present that his aim would be to be William McKinley's successor in deed as well as in name. Deliberately he proclaimed it in these words:

"In this hour of deep and terrible National bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely without variance the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

Death Mask Made.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—A death mask of the President's face was made at 7:20 o'clock. The mask was taken by Edward Pausch, of Hartford, Conn. Pausch has modeled the features of many of the distinguished men who have died in this country in recent years. The mask is a faithful reproduction of the late President McKinley's features.

Sympathy of Austrians.

Vienna, Sept. 17.—A constant stream of diplomats and other visitors called at the United States Legation, tendering condolence upon the death of Mr. McKinley.

Anarchist Meetings Forbidden.

Berlin, Sept. 17.—The Cologne Gazette asserts that all anarchist meetings have been forbidden in Germany since yesterday, and that all anarchist clubs will be closed.

RESULT OF THE AUTOPSY.

Death Caused by Gangrene—Possibility of the Bullet Having Been Poisoned.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—The following report of the autopsy upon the remains of President McKinley has been made public:

"The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet's track was also gangrenous the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found. There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any atempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound."

The report of the autopsy has given rise to the theory, hinted at a day or two after the President was shot, that Czolgosz, in order to insure the accomplishment of his purpose, poisoned the bullets that were fired. The gangrene found in the path of the bullet is thought to be strong evidence in support of this view by Dr. Wasdin, one of the consulting physicians. Dr. Wasdin is considered an expert of high standing in the Marine Hospital service. A chemical and bacteriological examination of the remaining bullets in the pistol will, however, confirm or demolish this theory and such an examination will undoubtedly be made at once by the authorities.

DAY OF MOURNING.

Governor Geer's Proclamation to Oregon People—Tribute to Dead President.

Salem, Or., Sept. 17.—Governor Geer has issued the following proclamation:

"To the People of Oregon—For the third time within the history of the United States its people are in mourning over the death of their President by means of an assassin's bullet. During an era of profound peace, when our people are in the enjoyment of an era of unexampled prosperity, and while mingling freely with all classes of the people whose interests he had labored impartially to promote, the hand of the treacherous assassin, which was extended in professed friendship, committed one of the foulest deeds that will ever darken the pages of the world's history. Our beloved President, William McKinley, is dead, and in this hour of National affliction the grief which overspreads the entire Nation is shared by the people of Oregon, with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts.

"The mortal remains of Pesident McKinley will be laid to rest at Canton, O., on Thursday, September 19, and in respect to his memory, I recommend that on that day all public and private business be suspended, as far as possible, that flags be placed at half-mast, that the people meet in their respective places of public worship to ask for that National consolation which can only come from Almighty God, and that at the hour of the funeral all church bells throughout the state be tolled as an expression of the grief which weighs upon our hearts as we pass through this shadow of National bereavement.

"By the Governor, T. T. GEER.

"F. I. DUNBAR, Secretary of State."

Grief at Manila.

Manila, Sept. 17.—The profoundest grief is manifested by every class in the community over the death of President McKinley. Governor Taft has issued a proclamation which explains to the Filipinos, that while the death of Mr. McKinley is an irreparable individual loss, it does not alter the stability of the Government or change the course of the administration. This was considered necessary because the Filipinos thought Mr. Bryan would succeed him.