

BUFFALO MOURNED

Simple, Impressive Services Held Over Body of Martyred Ruler

PATHETIC IN THE EXTREME

Mrs. McKinley Bore Up Bravely Under the Ordeal.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT PRESENT

Tears Fell Unrestrainedly When "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Was Sung—Senator Hanna's Last Look at the Face of His Dead Friend and Companion—Eighty Thousand People Saw the Body in the City Hall.

Buffalo, Sept. 15.—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 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.

This morning at 8.30 o'clock the funeral train started for Washington. Mrs. McKinley, the President, the cabinet and relatives and friends of the dead President accompanied the remains.

It was just eight minutes before the opening of the service when a covered barouche 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 at 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.

The body lay in a black casket on a black bear skin rug. Over the lower limbs was hung the starry banner he loved so well. The flowers were few as befitted the simple nature of the man. A spray of white chrysanthemums, a flaming bunch of blood red American beauty roses and a magnificent bunch of violets were on the casket. That was all. Behind the head against a mirror between two curtained windows rested two superb wreaths of white astors and roses.

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 fairly 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



DR. RIXEY.
[President McKinley's personal physician.]
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 steeling 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 Loeke, 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.

Death Mask of McKinley's Face.
Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 16.—A death mask of the late President's face was made last night. The mask was taken by Edward L. A. Pausch, of Hartford, Conn.

GOV. AYCOCK ON MCKINLEY.

He Thinks Him Both a Great and a Lucky Man and Considers His Career an Inspiration to the Young Men of the Nation.

"The death of the President after his reported improvement will come as a shock to everybody. It would have been distressing under any circumstance, but at the hands of an assassin it is horrible. It was President McKinley's good fortune to be the head of the nation at the time when a foreign war brought all the people together as they had not been since 1860. This war furnished him an opportunity, of which he availed himself, to show the Southern people his appreciation of the fact that they are as loyal to the Union as their Northern brethren.

"He has also had the good judgment to keep his party united, and the tact to allay factional bitterness, while his generosity of disposition and his kindness of manner have endeared him to his political adversaries.

"His administration marks an epoch in the history of the country, being the first to introduce the possession of distant islands, the consequence of which, for the present, cannot be foreseen, but whatever may be the outcome of his policies, he will always live in history as a just and noble man, true to his convictions, and of spotless life, public and private.

"His career is an inspiration and a hope. He has given his life to his country, for without service he would not have been assassinated. His career will be an example to young men and make them willing to sacrifice the tastes and temptations of the present to the ambitions which the future can satisfy. His death is a calamity to the nation, but is no loss to himself. He had done his work; he had won his fame; his task was ended. But there is one who yet survives, to whom the hearts of the American people turn with sympathy and a wish to share her sorrow. In health and in sickness, in strength and weakness she has stood by his side cheering him on in his upward march and consoling him in the dark days which come to all. In the dark days before her there can come no consolation, even from the love of the numerous and mighty people, but there is one who is now as in all the days past a comforter to those who sorrow. And there goes up from all people a prayer that she may be taken close to the heart of Him who died that men might live."

A Shocking Calamity.

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for burns, boils, piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Hood Bros.

A Study of Political Hysteries.

A most lamentable comedy is the title of a powerful novelette by Mr. William Allen White, which begins in the September 24 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia. This absorbing serial is a study of political hysteries—the story of a State gone mad. The scene of the novelette is a Western State laboring under the burdens of a panic year. The central figure is a grocery store demagogue, whose harebrained oratory captures the State Convention. The story rises to a height of dramatic power and intensity rarely equalled in the fiction of the day.

B. W. Pursell, Kinterville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles and could obtain no relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless. Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros.

There are 304 students at the Agricultural and Mechanical College. Mrs. Daisy Lewis, of Raleigh, daughter of the late Hon. John H. Bryan, is elected matron to succeed the late Mrs. Carroll. The duties of the matron are changed so that she will have charge of the hospital. Mrs. Lewis is a trained nurse of six years' experience.

Henry Braydon, Harris, N. C., says: "I took medicine 20 years for asthma but one bottle of One Minute Cough Cure did me more good than any thing else during that time. Best Cough Cure." Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter

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Let the South Build Monument to McKinley.

When McKinley, an ex-Union soldier, proposed in the capital of a southern state that the American nation triumphant "should honor the graves of victor and vanquished alike," he gave to the world a definition of American valor which the world does not yet fully comprehend.

When McKinley, with the assassin's bullet yet warm in his breast, said to his devoted wife, "This is not our first battle; we have won more desperate conflicts than this. While the conditions seem critical, yet if there was only one chance in a thousand, I would accept that chance and for your sake hope to win," he gave to the world an example of conjugal love that will lift humanity to a higher plane.

The Journal suggests that the south erect a monument to William McKinley as the beloved president of a reunited country.

As a committee to carry out this suggestion let such men as Gen. Fitzgub Lee, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Gen. J. B. Gordon and others act.—Atlanta Journal.

Stood Death Out.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c. at Hood Bros. drug store.

A Carolinian Honored.

Some twenty years or more ago Bascom H. Palmer read law in Asheboro under Hon. M. S. Robins. He obtained his license and located in Lexington, N. C., where he practiced a short while. He went to Lake City, Fla., seventeen years ago and has since then served as State's Attorney, twice a member of the State Senate. Last week he was appointed judge of the Circuit court of the Third Judicial district. Judge Palmer is a native of this county and has a brother and sister living at Liberty.—Asheboro Courier.

Many physicians are now prescribing Kodol Dyspepsia Cure regularly having found that it is the best prescription they can write because it is the one preparation which contains the elements necessary to digest not only some kinds of food but all kind and it therefore cures indigestion and dyspepsia no matter what its cause. J. R. Ledbetter, Hare & Son, Hood Bros.

FOR RENT.

I have on the Watson place several good two-horse crops for rent. These crops have good houses 4 or 5 rooms in each, and portions of the crops are "lying out" this year or sown in peas. One of the houses is the one now occupied by Mr. Ashley Beasley, and a large orchard and vineyard goes with it. This house will be repaired, painted and put in good order. Tobacco barns can be furnished if desired with any crop. The lands and houses will be shown to any one by Mr. Atlas Johnson living on the place.

I can furnish good houses and good lands, with the use of a large pasture, but I cannot furnish stock or supplies.

JAMES H. POU.
Aug. 29—4ws.

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