

# THE ENTERPRISE.

True to Ourselves, Our Neighbors, Our Country and Our God.

VOL. III.

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NO. 1.

## THE PRESIDENT'S LAST OBSEQUIES.

### The Closing Scene in The Nation's Sad Tragedy.

### "DUST TO DUST; ASHES TO ASHES"

### The Mortal Remains of Our Late, Lamented President Laid in the Tomb—Deep and Universal Mourning—His Devoted Wife Unable to Attend The Public Funeral—Eloquent Tributes to the Dead Chief.

Canton, Special.—With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his townspeople, in the presence of the President of the United States, the cabinet, justices of the United States Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives in Congress, the head of the military and naval establishments, the Governors of States, and a great concourse of people who had known and loved him; all that in mortal life he had known and loved, he lay in state in the public funeral home, awaiting the burial on Thursday. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. Canton ceased to be a town and swelled to the proportions of a great city. From every city and hamlet in Ohio from the remote corners of the South and from the East and West, the human tide flowed into the town until 100,000 people were within its gates, here to pay their last tribute to the fallen chief.

The final scene at the First Methodist church, where the funeral service was held and the beautiful West Lawn Cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault, were simple and impressive. The service at the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartette. The body was then taken to Westlawn and placed in a receiving vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the dead children who were buried years ago. The funeral cortege was very impressive, and included not only the representatives of the army and navy of the United States, but the entire military strength of the State of Ohio and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

One of the most pathetic features of the day was the absence of Mrs. McKinley from the funeral services at the church and in the cemetery when the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, then of the death and through the ordeal of state ceremonies, she had borne up bravely. But there is a limit to human endurance and when she found her feet weak to pass through the trials of the final ceremonies. Through the open door of her room she saw the late President, from the body of which she had just been removed, and although the full force of the calamity had come upon her, it was believed by those about her that there was a providential mercy in her tears, as they gave some relief to the anguish of the heart within.

The streets of the little city of Canton were filled with plumes, prancing horses and densely packed bodies of moving men assembling here for the procession which was to enter the remains of the late President from the church to Westlawn Cemetery. 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 today. The awestricken crowds upon their arrival all moved as by a common impulse toward the old familiar McKinley 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 porch last night fringed the roof of the porch from which President McKinley had spoken to delegations 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 palms bisected by a beautiful band of wide purple satin ribbon.

The face of the President was seen for the last time when it lay in state Wednesday in the court house. The casket was not opened after it was removed to the McKinley residence and the members of the family had no opportunity to look upon the silent features again. The casket was sealed before it was borne away from the court house. When Mrs. McKinley came into the death chamber for her last moments beside her dead husband she wished to have a final look at the upturned face. But this was impossible and the sealed casket with its flowers and flags were all that she saw.

The collection of flowers was probably the most beautiful ever seen in the United States. The conservatories of the country had been denuded to supply them. From the four quarters of the earth came directions to adorn the bier of McKinley with flowers whose fragrance might be symbolic of the sweetness and purity of the dead life. But these tributes from foreign countries were buried beneath the floral tribute of McKinley's countrymen. There were tons and tons of them and a list of those who sent them would be almost a complete roster of those prominent in the official, commercial and social life of the United States.

As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead President from the McKinley home to the church, the little cottage on North Market street was the centre of a vast concourse of people. Regiment after regiment of

soldiers, acting as guards, were in triple files from the curbs to the lawn. The walks had been cleared and the multitude took refuge in the grassy sweep of lawns where they formed a solid mass of humanity surging forward to the lines of soldiers. In front of the McKinley cottage were drawn up the two rigid files of body-bearers, eight soldiers of the navy and eight soldiers to go within and take up the casket.

Just at 1 o'clock the black chargers of the Cleveland troop swept down the street, their riders four abreast, in their brilliant hussar uniform, with flags and banded by crepe and every sabre tip bearing its fluttering emblem of mourning. Their coming was the signal for the approach of President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet. The presidential party moved up the walk to the entrance of the house and formed in a group to the left. The President's face looked very grave and he stood there silently with uncovered head awaiting the body of the dead chief. Beside him stood Secretary Gage, Secretary Root, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Hitchcock and Postmaster General Smith. Assistant Secretary of State Hill, representing Secretary Hay, and Secretary Cortelyou, extending further down the walk was the guard of honor, the ranking generals of the army on the right and the chief figures of the navy on the left. Lieutenant General Miles, in the full uniform of his high rank, with his sword at his side and the band of crepe about his arm, stood alongside the members of the cabinet and with him were Major General Brooke, Major General MacArthur, Major General Otis and Brigadier General Gillespie. Across from them were Rear Admiral Farquhar, representing Admiral Dewey, ranking head of the navy; Rear Admiral Cowninshank, Rear Admiral O'Neil, Rear Admiral Kearsney and Brigadier General Heywood, the latter commander-in-chief of the Marine Corps.

As the presidential party came up the black chargers of Troop A swung into battle front facing the house and the long line of flashing sabres advanced to salute. Now the deep-toned wail of the church bells began and every step in Canton gave forth its dolorous plaint. It was 1:15 o'clock and the time had come for taking up the body. A brief private service had been held within the darkened chamber of the late President, and while the relatives gathered around Mrs. McKinley listened from the half-open door of her adjoining room. The double file of body-bearers now stepped into the room and raising the flag-wrapped casket to their shoulders, bore it through the open entrance. A solemn hush fell upon the multitude as the bearers advanced with measured tread. Not a bugle blast went up; not a strain of the hymns the dead ruler had loved so well. The scene was majestic in its silence. As the casket was borne along above the line of heads could be seen the entwining Stars and Stripes and on top great masses of white roses and delicate tender orchids. Tenderly the coffin was committed to the hearse and the silence was broken, as the order to march passed from officer to officer.

It was about 1:45 o'clock when the procession passed the court house and turned into Tuscarawas street to the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance were drawn up deep files of soldiers with bayonets advanced keeping a clear area for the advancing casket and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted while President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet alighted. Again they grouped themselves at either side of the entrance and with uncovered heads awaited the pasted casket. Then the coffin was brought from the hearse and taken into the draped entrance, the cabinet following the President. The mourners, too, passed in, but the stricken widow was not among them. She had remained behind in the old home, alone with her grief.

The scene within the church when the casket was carried in on the heavy shoulders of the soldiers and sailors was very impressive. A black border twenty feet high relieved at intervals by narrow white bands falling to the floor, swept completely around the interior. Only the gilt organ pipe back of the pulpit rose above it. The vestibule on either side of the chancel leading into the church were black tunnels, the stained glass windows on either side were framed in black and the balcony of the Sunday school room to the rear, thrown open into the church by large sliding doors, was shrouded in the same sombre colors. Graceful black streamers festooned along the arches of the nave formed a black canopy above the chancel. From this, directly above the low casket was to rest, hung a beautiful silk banner with a band of crepe about it.

Dr. John A. Hall, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church, then read from the Bible the beautiful Nineteenth Psalm and Rev. E.P. Herbruck verses 41-56 of the 25th chapter of First Corinthians. With great feeling he read the inspiring words, telling of the mystery that all would not sleep but all would be changed. The quartette then sang Cardinal Newman's grand hymn, "The beautiful words flowing through all the church." Dr. C. E. Manchester then delivered an address which lasted 24 minutes, on the life of the late President and the lessons taught by his noble character and death. Dr. Manchester said in part:

"My friends and Countrymen: With what language shall I attempt to give expressions 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-

tionally after another has hastened to regulate the dreadful act. This goes to the spirit who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was unblemished by the cruel hands 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 assassin have realized how awful 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 fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself, a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toilers. No one who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such, can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throbs for his countrymen, yet his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when the world was at 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 much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. 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. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fullness of his life. With St. 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. It had fairly entered upon an era of unparalled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was 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 upon the altar of human liberty. "NEARER MY GOD, TO THEE, THE LAST HYMN."

Bishop J. W. Joyce, of Minneapolis, followed with a brief prayer, and the services were concluded with the singing of the hymn which President McKinley repeated on his death bed, "Nearer My God, To Thee." The entire congregation arose and joined in the last stanza. Father Valtman, of Chicago, chaplain of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, then read the following prayer:

The coffin was taken up and borne from the church. The relatives and those in official life went out in the order they had entered. It was after 3 o'clock when the silent and anxious throng outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. Out Tuscarawas street the long procession moved through a section of the city where the sound of the dirge had not been before heard. But it presented the same sorrow-stricken aspect that had been observed in the heart of the city. Funeral arches spanned the street, some of them, it is understood, having been erected by school children. The houses were hung in black and even the stately elms along the way had their trunks enshrouded 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. For hours before the time set for the commencement of the funeral services at the McKinley home, the street along the entire length of the line of march was crowded with spectators. From the gates of the cemetery to the doors of the church there was on each side of the street an unbroken line of soldiers, and at the intersecting streets, detachments of the military were posted about 100 feet from the line of march. It was exactly 10 minutes after 3 o'clock when the funeral car bore the remains of the dead President through the gateway of this last resting place. Twenty minutes after that time the brief services at the vault were over, the members of the family and the distinguished men of the nation who had come so far to do him honor had passed through the gates of their homeward way.

One hour and forty minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery the place was clear and the dead President was resting alone under the watchful care of men of the regular army. A sentry's measured tread resounded another kept vigil on the grassy slope above and at the head and at the foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door which was not closed to-night was pitched the tent of the guard and there it will remain until the doors are closed to-morrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, read the burial service of the Methodist church slowly, but in a voice that could be plainly heard by all who were grouped around the vault. As his words ended there was a brief pause, for it had been understood that a quartette of the Knights Templar was to be present to render a hymn. Through a misunderstanding, however, it had not arrived, and after satisfying himself of this fact, Colonel Bingham waved his hand to the Canton band, which had taken station on the side of the mound above and to the south of the vault. Instantly from the sign of bugles rang out the notes of the soldier's last call, "Taps." It was beautifully done and the last notes of the bugles died away so softly that all who heard it remained 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 almost weeping and the President was gasping grimly at the walk. It was the last moment for the men who had been so closely associated with the President for 69 long and

the thought seemed greater than most of their usual hours. It was all ended at last and Captain Hilde, of Company G, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who will command the guard which is to be placed around the vault, stationed sentries at the head and foot of the casket and in front of the vault.

The President, the members of the cabinet 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 vault being over, the procession resumed its march. Every man in the line save those in uniform, who rendered appropriate honor in other ways, went past the casket with uncovered head. As the head of the division containing the Knights Templar wheeled into the cemetery, the quartette that had been delayed in reaching the place for the previous ceremonies, took up a position to the south of the vault and sang "Taps, my Brother." This hymn was followed by others, including "Rock of Ages," "The Christian's Good Night" and "The Guide Cross." The services were finished by the singing of no part of the funeral ceremonies in Canton was more impressive. The darkness was gathering fast as the Knights sang and many in the multitude around the casket were moved to tears, and the sound of sobe was distinctly audible in the crowd that lined the fence beyond the line of national guard.

The order of the procession passed the vault at 5:45 and the orders were given by Captain Hilde that the cemetery should be cleared. The order was quickly carried out and the President was left in the care of his guard of honor.

### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CABINET AT THE VAULT.

From the first carriage that stopped at the foot of the walk leading up to the vault, President Roosevelt and Commander Cowley, of the Navy, alighted. The 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 cabinet arranged themselves by the side of the President. The War, with Rear Admiral Hodge, the President's cabinet member, stood at the side of the walk, the lines reaching just to the edge of the roadway. Within a minute after the formation of the line, the funeral car came up the walk. The coffin was gently lifted from the hearse and borne to the door of the vault, where it rested upon the catafalque.

### CLEVELAND ON MCKINLEY.

#### The Only Living Ex-President's Feeling Tribute.

Princeton, N. J., Special.—All former exercises at Princeton University were suspended, and at 11 o'clock Alexander Hall, President Patton introduced Mr. Cleveland, who was visibly affected and with tears in his eyes eulogized the dead President. Mr. Cleveland said in part: "Today the grave closes over the man who was chosen by the people of the United States to represent their sovereignty, to protect and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws made for their welfare and to safely uphold the integrity of the republic. He passes from the public sight not leaving the wreath and garlands of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. The whole nation loved their President. His kindly disposition and affectionate traits, his amiable conversation for all around him, will long be in the hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotic unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them, 'It is God's will, I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to the whole world, and let it have the destiny of their country in their keeping.'"

"First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men of our University. They are not obscure, nor difficult. The man who is universally admired today was not deficient in education, but with all his years he had a grand career and his services to his country, you will not hear that which he accomplished was done entirely by education. He was an obedient and affectionate son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and capable in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning."

"There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. If we are to escape further attacks upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws."

"The universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the battle against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discovering and warning against the relationship between the vicious, covetous and deeds of blood and their steady influence upon the elements of unrest, cannot fail to be of incalculable value."

"By the memory of our martyred President let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet the call of patriotic duty in every time of our country's danger or need."

## A PATRIOTIC TALK.

### Roosevelt Declares Himself to Be Half Southern.

### AND HE HAS LIVED IN THE WEST.

### "So That I Feel That I Can Represent the Whole Country"—He Talks to Congressmen.

Washington, D. C., Special.—President Roosevelt walked early to the White House Saturday from the residence of his brother-in-law, Commander Cowley, of the navy, arriving shortly before 9:30 o'clock. Secretary Hay, Secretary Long and Secretary Gage came almost upon his heels and saw the president for a few minutes in the cabinet room. The doors of the White House were closed to the public but admission, of course, was accorded to those who wished to see the president personally and within an hour a score of men, prominent in public life, had called to pay their respects and to extend their good wishes for a successful administration. Among them were Senators Scott and Senator Ekins of West Virginia, Senator Pritchard of North Carolina, Senator Nebraska, Burton of Kansas, and Representatives Heatwole, McCleary and Stephens, of Minnesota, Gibson of Tennessee, Livingston of Georgia, and Dayton of West Virginia.

Representative Livingston of Georgia was especially pleased with his speaking for all the Georgia representatives had congratulated the president, had expressed the hope that his administration would be a success, and had informed him as a Southerner man and as a Georgian he would contribute everything in his power to that end. The president replied that it would be his aim to be the president of the whole people without regard to geographical or class distinctions and that it was the welfare of all that he should seek to promote.

"The president was even more emphatic in his declaration to Senator Pritchard of North Carolina and Representative Klutz of North Carolina, and Representative Gibson of Tennessee. "The south will support you most heartily," said Senator Pritchard, looking for all the world like a southern man. "The Democratic newspapers are predicting good for you and all the rest of it," said Representative Klutz. "I am going to be president of the United States and not of any section," replied the president. "I don't care for sections or sectional lines. When I was governor of New York I was told I could make four appointments in the year. When I sent in the names three were from the south and the other from New York. They were brave men who deserved recognition for services in the Spanish war and it did not matter what States they were from."

The president talked in the same vein with Senator Money, of Mississippi when the latter called, reminding the Mississippi senator that his mother was a southern woman. "I am half southern," said he, "and I have lived in the west so that I feel that I can represent the whole country."

### Anarchists On Guard With Guns.

Spring Valley, Ill., Special.—Twenty anarchists, armed with double-barreled shotguns and 1,000 rounds of ammunition, are standing guard over the office of L'Aurorere, the notorious anarchist publication which expressed joy at the murder of President McKinley and satisfaction over the announcement of Kansas City that it was an anarchist. Meanwhile fully 2,000 citizens of adjoining towns have sent word that they are ready and extremely anxious to start at a moment's notice for this city and assist in exterminating the rids. The temper of the people here is at the boiling point and the defiant attitude of the anarchist colony serving to increase their anger.

### No Poison On List.

Buffalo, Special.—The most important development in the Colquhoun case Sunday was the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullet or the revolver with which the anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Bacteriological and chemical examinations were made and both revealed the fact that no poison was used by the murderer.

### Buying P.S. Iron.

Cleveland, O., Special.—The Leadley says: "The long expected and strike-delayed buying of December pig iron has started. The United States Steel Corporation heads the list of buyers, and it comes from a reliable authority that this concern alone is taking over a goodly part of the iron market. The price has not been mentioned, but as the United States Steel Corporation paid the last price at \$15.25 in the valley, it is altogether possible that they will make the same price upon the material which is now being sold."

### Walthour Defeated.

New York, Special.—Jimmy Michael of Wales defeated Bobby Walthour of Atlanta in two straight heats at Madison square garden. The men were matched to ride heats of five miles each behind motor pace, heat two in three. In the second heat Walthour established a new in-door record for one and two miles, covering the first mile in 1:32 3-5 and the second in 1:46.

## SAMPSON TO LEAVE NAVY YARD.

### The Admiral's Public Services Are Almost Ended.

Boston, Mass., Special.—Admiral William T. Sampson left the Boston navy yard Monday, never to return, it is said; certainly not in an official capacity. This information is from most competent authority. The Sampsons returned a few days ago from Sunapee Lake, with the admiral's health vastly improved by the outing there, and although he has shown himself but little about the yard, he has taken his constitutional walks in the morning, and appears to have shaken the cares of officialdom from his shoulders. Everybody says that he shows decided evidence of an improved condition on the few occasions that he has been seen about the yard, and that he looks stronger and more vigorous than when he went away. While the date of Admiral Sampson's retirement is not until February of next year, it is said to be the case that he will retire at his own request, on November 15 next. Another opinion has been expressed that he will get his present leave of absence extended to the legal date of his retirement as provided for in the regulations. Admiral Sampson, it is further said, was very much distressed at the announcement of President McKinley, who, it was said, had promised Ralph, the 15-year-old son of the admiral, a cadetship at the Naval Academy.

### Telegraphic Briefs.

At Winchester, England, Lord Rosebery unveiled a statue of King Alfred. The London Spectator expresses the opinion that President Roosevelt will not quarrel with England, though he will not show her any special favors. The shareholders of Ogden's, Limited, a British corporation, voted to sell out to the American Tobacco Company. Protests against the new German tariff bill are increasing. Tipstake workers who are dissatisfied with the strike settlement will meet to-day to prepare plans for a new organization.

Ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison has resigned as chairman of the Democratic City Committee of Philadelphia because the county convention nominated a straight-out Democratic ticket.

Charles Crest Delmonico, of the famous New York family of restaurateurs, died in Colorado Springs, Col.

During the fiscal year just ended the American board of Foreign Missions expended \$19,719 in excess of its receipts.

The Hab'ites of H. Marquand & Co., the New York stock brokers who failed in June, are placed at \$3,193,675 and actual assets at \$5,693,496.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows approved of a proposition to allow copies of the secret work of the order to be made.

H. H. Rogers has been re-elected president of the Amalgamated Copper Company.

It is announced that the great steel strike has been settled, the strikers retiring from some of their demands.

Gen. E. H. Hobson, president of the Mexican War Veterans' Association, is dead in Cleveland, aged 77 years.

Count Toulouse-Lautrec, an eccentric artist, died in Paris of the effects of absinthe.

A statue in honor of John Ericsson, the Swedish engineer, was unveiled at Stockholm, Sweden.

The royal yacht Ophir, bearing the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall, will reach Quebec this week.

The Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows of the United States will meet in Indianapolis this week.

Dr. William C. Gray, editor of the Interior, is seriously ill, at Chicago, Ill.

The cruiser Cleveland will be christened at Bath, Me., next Saturday by Miss Hanna.

Secretary Root was at his home in New York, Saturday to see his son, who has typhoid fever.

An exploding lamp set fire to the steam barge Fedora, at Bayfield, Wis., causing its destruction.

The American Bankers' Association.

### Brief Mention.

The sixth annual convention of the Kreisbund of Nord America, is in session at San Antonio, Tex.

The American Public Health Association favors a restoration of the army cadence.

Four men were killed in a Pere Marquette freight wreck at Wayne, Mich., near Detroit.

Six persons were killed and 25 injured in a railroad wreck at Avon, Mass.

The "Allied Third Party" convention in Kansas City decided to adopt the name "Allied Party," pending a final decision six months hence.

As a result of fusion with Nebraska Populists the Democrats were given the Supreme Court Justice.

The anti-Klan forces of New York selected Seth Low for their nominee for Mayor.

J. H. Badger, of South Gate, Ky., was murdered by a negro burglar.

The Milwaukee Council, favoring changing the name of the church to "the Catholic Church of America."

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows will meet next in Des Moines, Iowa.

The Czar and Czarina were welcomed to France by President Loubet at Dunkirk.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were received in Montreal. The Leipzig-Bath deficit on September 10 amounted to about \$10,000.

## GUILTY OF MURDER.

### Colquhoun, The Assassin, Convicted in Short Order.

### JURY WAS NOT LONG IN AGREEING.

### The Trial Was Brief But Fair, and the Verdict Was Inevitable—Will Be Sentenced Soon.

Buffalo, Special.—Leon F. Colquhoun, alias Fred Nieman, was found guilty Tuesday of murder in the first degree by a jury in Part III of the Supreme Court, in having, on the 6th day of September, shot President William McKinley, the wounds inflicted afterwards resulting in the death of the President.

The wheels of justice moved swiftly and covered a period of only two days. Practically all of this time was occupied by the prosecution presenting its case so clear, so conclusive that even had the prisoner entered a plea of insanity, the jury would not have returned a verdict different from the one rendered today.

The announcement made in the afternoon by the attorneys for Colquhoun that the eminent alienists summoned by the Erie County Bar Association and by the district attorney to examine Colquhoun and to determine his exact mental condition had declared him to be perfectly sane, destroying the only vestige of a defense that Judges Lewis and Titus could have put together. Before adjournment Justice White announced that he would pronounce sentence upon the prisoner on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. He was taken at once through the tunnel under Delaware avenue to the jail. To all appearances he was in no way affected by the result of the trial.

The crowd gathered at the city hall was the largest which has been seen since his arraignment. People were lined up on both sides of the big rotunda on the second floor when court convened and fringed the stairs leading from the floor above. There was no demonstration except that of curiosity. A large number of women witnessed the proceedings.

Justice White abruptly announced the case of the prosecution was ended. Judge Lewis arose slowly and, addressing the court, said that the evidence against the case against Colquhoun was a surprise to him and his colleagues. They had no witness to call for the defense. He asked the court that he be allowed to address the jury at once. The court consented and the venerable jurist began an address that will long be remembered by those who heard it.

The jury retired at 3:54 to consider the evidence. The scene in the court room then became dramatic in the extreme. Decorum was somewhat forgotten and the spectators stood up and many walked about the room and engaged in conversation. The guards about the assassin, who still sat in his seat, before the bench, were doubled. Chief of Detectives Cusack and two of his men taking positions just back of Colquhoun's chair. Others took seats at the left and right and many "planned" among the crowd sitting about the bench. Decorum was again maintained when closely watching every one whose face was not familiar to them. There was no disposition to crowd about the prisoner, although the object of every one seemed to be to get in a position where he could have a full view of his face.

Colquhoun had been seated in his chair all afternoon, his hands clasped in the arms of the chair and his head bent forward. The room was not warm but he frequently took his handkerchief from his pocket and mopped the perspiration from his forehead and cheeks. At one time during the absence of the jury Colquhoun raised his eyes or lifted his head or seem to know that he was the object of interest to a few hundred men and women. Every time the door was opened all eyes were turned in that direction, the evidence thought in every mind being that the jury would take only a few minutes to agree on a verdict.

It was 4:30 when the crier rapped for order and the jury filed into the room. The clerk called their names, each juror responding present as his name was called. No time was wasted. The jurors did not sit down.

Judge White said: "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" "We have," responded foreman Wentz. "What is your verdict?" "That the verdict is guilty of murder in the first degree." There was a moment of silence and then a murmur arose from the lips of the crowd. It ended there. There was no hand-clapping, no cheers. Justice White's voice could be clearly heard in every part of the room when he allowed them to go until 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. Court was at once adjourned. Colquhoun was immediately handcuffed to his guards and hurried from the court room down-stairs to the basement and through the tunnel under Delaware avenue to the jail.

Ten Commemorative in Schools.

Cleveland, Special.—Ten Cleveland public school pupils voted to include the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Twenty-third Psalm in the course of studies now taught. "We ought to be improving the moral as well as the mental capacities of the children," said Mr. Nobart, a member of the board, and I know of no more fitting way in which to do this than to add the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm to the studies."

Buffalo, Special.—Leon F. Colquhoun, alias Fred Nieman, was found guilty Tuesday of murder in the first degree by a jury in Part III of the Supreme Court, in having, on the 6th day of September, shot President William McKinley, the wounds inflicted afterwards resulting in the death of the President.

The announcement made in the afternoon by the attorneys for Colquhoun that the eminent alienists summoned by the Erie County Bar Association and by the district attorney to examine Colquhoun and to determine his exact mental condition had declared him to be perfectly sane, destroying the only vestige of a defense that Judges Lewis and Titus could have put together. Before adjournment Justice White announced that he would pronounce sentence upon the prisoner on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. He was taken at once through the tunnel under Delaware avenue to the jail. To all appearances he was in no way affected by the result of the trial.

The crowd gathered at the city hall was the largest which has been seen since his arraignment. People were lined up on both sides of the big rotunda on the second floor when court convened and fringed the stairs leading from the floor above. There was no demonstration except that of curiosity. A large number of women witnessed the proceedings.

Justice White abruptly announced the case of the prosecution was ended. Judge Lewis arose slowly and, addressing the court, said that the evidence against the case against Colquhoun was a surprise to him and his colleagues. They had no witness to call for the defense. He asked the court that he be allowed to address the jury at once. The court consented and the venerable jurist began an address that will long be remembered by those who heard it.

The jury retired at 3:54 to consider the evidence. The scene in the court room then became dramatic in the extreme. Decorum was somewhat forgotten and the spectators stood up and many walked about the room and engaged in conversation. The guards about the assassin, who still sat in his seat, before the bench, were doubled. Chief of Detectives Cusack and two of his men taking positions just back of Colquhoun's chair. Others took seats at the left and right and many "planned" among the crowd sitting about the bench. Decorum was again maintained when closely watching every one whose face was not familiar to them. There was no disposition to crowd about the prisoner, although the object of every one seemed to be to get in a position where he could have a full view of his face.

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It was 4: