NATION'S ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD HONORDED BY THOUSANDS

STATE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY IN WASHINGTON MARKED BY A SOMBRENESS IN KEEPING WITH THE CHEERLESS SKIES.

GREAT PROCESSION MADE UP OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY NATIONS AND CIVIC AND MILITARY BODIES FOLLOWS BEHIND THE CASKET.

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Sept. 17.—The state funeral today of the late President McKinley opened as sombre as the occasion. The sky was overcast, rain fell occasionally, giving way at momentary intervals to gleams of dull sunshine, and a soft wind barely stirred the signs of the mourning on building fronts.

All the country had sent its representatives to testify that the dead held his place deep in the nation's heart. Other nations had ordered their diplomatic and military representatives to be present as a token that they mourned with America in its loss.

Ex-President Cleveland was here to take part in the ceremonies, and, like President Roosevelt, paid his tribute first in private at the White House, and later at the public services in the rotunda of the capitol.

The King of Great Britain had commissioned Gerard Lowther, charge of the British embassy, to participate in the services as his personal representative.

Representing Great Britain.

Captain Louis Bailey, of the Royal Navy, represented the embassy. They will return to Newport tonight.

The other embassies and legations had likewise sent on their representatives. Many of the states had sent on their chief executivs and part of their staffs.

All branches of the national government, legislative, executive, judicial and military, were represented. Senator Frye, president pro-tem of the senate, arrived from Maine this morning.

David B. Henderson, the last speaker of the house of representatives, attended as the representativ of the popular legislative branch, as well as the long time personal friend and associate of the dead man.

Many others were present, also of the legislative and judicial departments.

The army and navy had their highest officers within reach of the city in attendance, and all officers within the limits of the national capital took part under orders directing them to participate in the services of honor to their late commander in chief.

The south sent Gen. Longstreet and other former leaders of the confederacy.

Quiet During the Night.

About the White house the night had been a quiet one. Details of cavalrymen, artillerymen and infantrymen, sailors and marines, were on guard around the grounds. A sentry man paced back and forth on the portico.

Inside the house others did duty. In the east room, the guard of honor watched over the dead. Members of the Loyal Legion and the G. A. R. performed this sad duty, silently giving way to others every two hours.

At the head of the casket stood an artilleryman and a sailor; at the foot a cavalrymen and a marine. All were at parade rest. These watchers were relieved every half hour.

Mrs. McKinley had retired by 10 o'clock and at that hour all the private apartments in the White house were locked for the night.

The second stage of the late president's journey after toward the waiting grave at Canton was begun justa few minutes after 9 o'clock.

An hour earlier the offices of the government, civil, military and judicial, began to arrive, and many others whose names are familiar the world over came singly and in groups to pay their tribute at his official home to the nation's illustrious dead.

In Court Costume.

Several of the diplomatic corps in court costume were among the early comers.

Former President Cleveland and Former Secretary of War Lamont arrived about 8:30 and were shown to seats in the red parlor.

The members of the cabinet began to arrive soon after, and were immediately followed by the members of the senate committee and the members of the supreme court, headed by Chief Justice Fuller, in their robes of office.

President Roosevelt arrived at 8:50 o'clock, accompanied by his wife and his sister, and went immediately to the blue parlor, where they were joined by the members of the cabinet. The president wore a frock coat with a band of crepe on the left arm.

Mrs. McKinley arose earlier than usual to prepare for the ordeal. She had rested quite well during the night, but her pale face told plainly of her sufferings.

She gave no sign of collapse, however, and her physician confidently believes she will keep up her strength and courage to the end.

Senator Hanna came leaning heavily on his cane, and it was painfully evident that he was suffering.

Many Floral Tributes.

During the night and morning a portion of the many beautiful floral tributes sent to the White house were placed about the funeral casket

Conspicuous among them was a massive cushion floral tribute in the form of an army badge from the G. A. R. and offerings from the loyal legion and other soldier organizations.

While the men of note were arriving the funeral escort, under command of Maj. Gen. John R. Brooke, was forming immediately in front of the White house.

Beside regulars, sailors, soldiers and marines, the escort was made up of a detachment of the National Guard, members of the G. A. R., Loyal Legion and kindred bodies and civic organizations and representatives of all branches of the national government and the governors of states and their staffs.

The public had been astir early and the streets were crowded. Wire cables strung along the entire route of march from the White house to the capitol kept it clear for the funeral procession.

At precisely 9 o'clock a silent command was given and the body bearers silently and reverently raised to their stalwart shoulders the casket containing all that was mortal of the illustrious dead.

Marine Band Heard.

They walked with slow cadence step, and as they appeared at the main door of the White house the Marine band, standing on the avenue opposite the mansion, struck up the hymn the dead president loved so well, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

There was perfect silence throughout the big mansion, and as the last sad strains of music died away the throng in the building lifted their heads, but eyes were wet.

As the hearse moved away the mourners from the White house entered carriages and followed the body on its march to the capitol, where the funeral services were to be held.

It was thought early in the morning that Mrs. McKinley might feel strong enough to attend the services, but it was finally decided that it would be imprudent to tax her vitality more than was absolutely necessary, and so she concluded to remain in her room, under the immediate care of Dr. Rixey, Mrs. Barber, her sister and her niece, Miss Barber.

Slowly down the White house driveway, through a drizling rain, the solemn cortege wound its way to the gate leading to the avenue and halted. Then with a grand, solemn swing, the artillery band began the "Dead March from Saul."

Great Procession Moves.

A blast from a bugle sounded "march" and the head of the procession was moving slowly on its way to the capitol.

The casket, in a black carved hearse, drawn by six coal black horses, caparisoned in black net, with trailing tassels and a stalwart groom at the head of each, moved down through the gateway and came to a stand, along side the moving procession.

Maj. Gen. John R. Brooke was at the head of the line, mounted on a splendid charger. Behind him came his aides, the red-coated artillery band, a squadron of cavalry with red and white guidons, limp in the damp air; a battery of field artillery, with the men sitting straight and still as statues; a company of engineers, two battalions of coast artillery, and a detachment of the hospital corps.

Then came the naval contingent of the first section, headed by the Marine band, followed by a battalion of marines and one of sailors from the North Atlantic squadron, picturesque and strong.

As the national guard of the District of Columbia brought up the rear of the first section of the parade the civic section of the procession marched into line.

Military Orders in Line.

It was under command of Gen. Henry V. Boynton as chief marshal, and comprised detachments from the military order of the Loyal Legion, the regular army and navy union, the Union veterans, the Spanish war veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic.

As the veterans of the civil war passed, the waiting hearse wheeled slowly into line, the guards of honor from the army and navy took up positions on either side of the hearse, and the funeral cortege proper took its appointed place behind a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Close behind the hearse came a carriage in which were seated ex-President Grover Cleveland, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans and John D. Wilson.

In a carriage drawn by four black horses, coming next, were President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Commander W. S. Cowles, the president's brother-in-law.

Then followed a line of carriages bearing all the members of the cabinet, a number of ex-members, and behind, the diplomatic corps.

Curtains of the carriages were drawn so it was difficult to distinguish their occupants.

Into the Avenue.

Solemnly the funeral party wound down past the treasury building and into the broad sweep of Pennsylvania avenue amid a profound silence that was awful to those who, only six months ago, witnessed the enthusiastic pladits which greeted President McKinley as he made the same march to assume for a second time the honors and burdens of the presidential office.

The artillery band played a solemn dirge, as, with slow steps, it led the sorrowful procession up the avenue. All the military organizations carried their arms, but with colors draped and furled.

The crowds were silent; all was sad, mournful and oppressive. The people stood with heads uncovered, and many bowed in apparently silent prayer as the hearse passed along.

After the carriages in which were the diplomats, followed a long line of others containing the justices of the supreme court, the senate and house committees appointed to attend the funeral, the local judiciary and the assistant secretaries of the several executive departments.

Many Local Bodies.

The remainder of the procession was composed of a large representation of local bodies of Knights Templars, over a thousand members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Confederate Veterans of the City of Washington and of Alexandria, Va., various religious and patriotic societies, secret societies and labor organizations and representatives of out of town organizations.

The military order of the loyal legion, of which President McKinley was an honored member, with a representation of the New York and Pennsylvania commanderies, formed a conspicuous part in this part of the procession, as did also the Knights Templar of this city and of Alexandria, Va., and a battalion of the uniformed rank, Knights of Pythias.

The full force of letter carriers of Washington, each with a band of black crepe around his arm, walked to the solemn tread of the dirge.

The banners of all organizations were folded and draped with black and all marching civilians wore mourning badges and white gloves.

Fife and drum corps bands rendered at frequent intervals along the route the president's favorite hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." The procession occupied one hour and a half in passing a given point.

Four hours before the arrival of the funeral cortege at the front of the capitol an impenetrable cordon of people had massed along the walk and areas fronting on the plaza.

Thousands upon thousands of sorrowing people had gathered here to pay their last tribute of respect and love to the memory of the dead chief magistrate.

Beautiful Funeral Services.

The funeral services at the capitol over the remains of the late President McKinley were simple and beautiful. They were of the form prescribed in the Methodist church. Two hymns, a prayer, an address and a benediction comprised all of it, yet the impression left at the end was of perfection.

The people were slow in gathering. Among the first comers were the army officers. General Randolph, in charge of the military arrangements at the capitol, was first among those, and soon afterwards came General Gillespie, chief of engineers, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

Soon the number of officers became too great to distinguish them and the rotunda began to liven up with the flashes of gold lace and gilt buttons and flashing sword scabbards scattered through the soberly-dressed crowd of civilians.

Before 10 o'clock the latter had assembled in such numbers as to fill the greater part of the seating space not reserved for the persons in the funeral services who were to enter the rotunda.

Just at 10 o'clock Admiral Dewey made his appearance, accompanied by General Otis, General Davis and General Ruggles. He glanced over the scene within and then took up his station at the eastern entrance, where he was joined by the other members of the guard of honor.

Mrs. Hobart and her son, and Mrs. Russell A. Alger, escorted by General Hocker, also entered at this time. The clergymen and the choir, the latter from the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church, which Mr. McKinley attended, filed in and were seated at the head of the catafalque.

Casket Borne In.

A few minutes before 11 the cabinet entered and were seated to the south of the platform, and then, to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the Marine band, the casket was borne into the rotunda.

General Gillespie and Colonel Bingham led the way, and every one rose. The guard of honor on either side separated and the casket was placed gently upon the catafalque.

Next came members of the family of the deceased, Abner McKinley leading. They were seated near the head of the casket. Mrs. McKinley was not present. Senator Hanna was with the family party.

Next the diplomatic corps entered, all in full court regalia, and were seated to the south. Former President Cleveland, with General Wilson and his escort, sat in the first row.

Lastly came President Roosevelt, escorted by Capt. Cowles, and preceded by Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the president. He was given a seat at the end of the row occupied by the cabinet just south of the casket. Mr. Roosevelt's face was set and he appeared to be restraining his emotions with difficulty.

When the noise occasioned by seating the late comers had ceased, a hush fell upon the people, and then the choir softly sang "Lead, Kindly Light," Bishop Newman's divine anthem, while every one stood in reverence.

At the conclusion of the hymn Rev. Dr. Henry R. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, Methodist Episcopal church, delivered the invocation, while the distinguished company listened with bowed heads.

Music Remarkably Effective.

As the pastor ceased the voices of the choir swelled forth, and the rich pure soprana notes of Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes led the hymn "Sometime We'll Understand." The music was remarkably effective and touching as the notes came back in soft echoes from the fullness of the dome overhead.

As soon as the hymn ceased Bishop Edward Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who had come from Ohio, to say the last words over the remains of his life-long friend and parishioner, arose.

He stood at the head of the casket and spoke in sympathetic voice and with many evidences of deep emotion. The address lasted only about a quarter of an hour.

As the bishop concluded, everyone in the vast rotunda rose and the choir intoning the air, hundreds of voices joined in the grand old hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was an affecting moment.

In the midst of the singing Admiral Robley D. Evans, advancing, silently placed a beautiful floral cross at the foot of the casket.

Benediction Is Pronounced.

The last notes died away softly and with uplifted hands the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan church. This ended the religious service.

There was a pause for a few minutes while the ushers cleared the aisles and the assemblage began to withdraw. First to retire was President Roosevelt.

COMING SOON

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Great Opportunity. Hold Your Orders.

WOMAN WHO RAVED

MRS. ELIZABETH CURTIS TRIED ON A CHARGE OF INSANITY.

WAS SENT TO THE POOR FARM

Contradicts and Scores Witnesses—Tells About Maguire—Her Bull Pup Figures in the Story—Free Trade Disastrous.

Mrs. Mary Curtis, an old woman who wore a green dress, a black chip hat and a black dotted veil, was in Judge McClernan's court this morning for examination on a charge of insanity. Sol Levy, the city jailer, was the first witness. He said that he had known the defendant for four or five years.

"What do you know about her?" the county attorney asked.

"I know she has been down at our place in the city jail several times on different charges," Mr. Levy replied.

"What was her mental condition?"

"She would be talking a good deal."

"When was she last brought down?"

"Two or three days ago. She was arrested on the night shift, I think."

"What was her condition in the morning when you came on?"

"She was talking a good deal. She wanted me to find her baby. I asked who her baby was and she said it was a dog. She said to give him plenty of meat and water."

Harangues the Court.

Jailer Jellick was the next witness, and he was asked what he knew of Mrs. Curtis.

"When she came to the jail she said she had a jacket worth $75, a dress worth $40 and a dog worth $60. She said her lungs were stuffed up, and told me to get a doctor right away. She hollered so loud I had to keep the door closed," the jailer said.

"What did she 'holler' about?"

"She wanted this and that. God knows what."

Here Mrs. Curtis broke in. While Jailer Levy was testifying she clasped her hands and raised them and rolled her eyes as if supplicating heaven to listen to the calumnies uttered against her. Now she cried out:

"Tell a few more lies: they go well."

Dr. Sheeran mounted the stand and began to describe the defendant's conduct, when the latter took the floor and said:

Had Valuable Property.

"Mercy from heaven! Don't lie about me, doctor. Dr. Sheeran, you have a wife and you are raising children. Bring in Mrs. Furey; she's a lady. Doctor, you're the biggest liar I ever heard of."

The old woman had a wild air and looked like the Witch of Endor invoking the supernatural, and she was intensely earnest. But the irreverent listeners to her were shaken with smothered laughter.

"Has she any delusions, doctor?" Mr. Breen continued.

"No; no fixed delusions," the physician returned.

Mrs. Curtis made some more pointed remarks; then she turned upon one of the sitters about and said:

"That's right; laugh, my man. You don't know how soon death may strike you. You'd better think of that!"

Dr. Sheeran expressed the opinion that Mrs. Curtis was suffering from acute mania.

Then Mrs. Curtis had another eruption of words, and the questions were directed to her thereafter.

She began to comment on the evidence of the jailers who had aroused her animosity, and she was asked what her name was, to get her on a side track.

Husband a Builder.

"My name is Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis. My husband's name was William. He was the biggest contractor that ever struck Butte. He brought machinery across the plains to this town. He put the machinery in the Owsley block. He and Mr. Owsley owned the ground and he built the building. He built the Alice mine, the Centennial brewery——"

"Ask her another question," the court interrupted.

Maguire, the Hobo.

"What were you arrested for, Mrs. Curtis?" the prosecutor queried.

"A big hobo up there at the cabin where I live—from the time I came in the neighborhood he annoyed me. I'll just tell you how it was. His name was Maguire. He is a big hobo. I was having a little lunch. He came to my cabin and knocked me down. He kicked me there. There is a bunch there. I screamed murder and ran out with blood flowing from my mouth. I went to Judge Boyle and he told me to go home and he'd take care of Maguire," said the defendant excitedly.

Mr. Breen here inquired if Mrs. Curtis had a dog.

"I have an Irish imported bull terrier. I was offered $50 for her, and I wouldn't take $100. I went home and fixed the dog so she could look out. I saw Maguire coming right towards my cabin, and I expected the patrol wagon to come for him, and I got some little boys to stay with me," Mrs. Curtis continued.

She was interrupted with another question as to whether or not she loosened the dog to welcome Maguire, and she said no, and went on with her story.

"Maguire came again," she said, "and she picked up a table knife and said: 'You bad man,' and put Maguire out. Then the police came and told her that Maguire was going to die, and she said: ''Tis a long time, then, that he ought to die.'"

Mrs. Curtis was taken to jail, and there she sang in order to cheer herself up as best she could. She was not going to die just because she was in jail. The little pup was not used to so much racket, and she asked Jailer Levy to be good to it. What became of the "big hobo" Maguire she forgot to include in her entrancing narrative.

Free Trade Caused Emigration.

Questions developed that some of her brothers and sisters had died of typhoid fever and some of old age. About her life she said:

"I worked in the east in a shop. When Cleveland was president the shops shut down. Free trade came and I made a bee-line for the west."

This was held to be as good as a republican speech by her listeners.

After Mrs. Curtis was examined in the judge's chambers by the board of physicians a verdict of not insane was returned and Judge McClernan committed her to the poor farm, the physicians recommending that some restraint be put on her.

HANULA IS ONCE MORE FREE

The Allegation That He Carved Alex McMahon With a Knife Not Clinched.

John Honula was given a preliminary hearing in Justice Shepherd's court at Meaderville yesterday on a charge of having cut Alex McMahon with a knife during a row in the Calumet saloon, and at the conclusion of the testimony the justice dismissed the charge and turned the defendant adrift.

The hearing was not commenced until after 4 o'clock and it was after 6 when the end came. The testimony was conflicting. The prosecution was handled by Jerry J. Lynch of the county attorney's office, while the defense was represented by Frank Lingenfetter, a young attorney who recently came from Dillon.

The charge of robbery preferred against John Ayres, John Murray and William Shadduck a few days ago was dismissed in Justice Libbey's court at Meaderville yesterday.

SYMONS OPENING

CROWDS ATTEND THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT OPENING.

TOMORROW IS THE LAST DAY

Ostrich Feathers and Birds and Soft Draperies Are Popular—Hats Are Large, and Set off the Face This Season.

This is the first day of the two days' Millinery Opening of the Symons Dry Goods company. The extensive department was the center of attraction all day long, among the swell dressers of Butte society, and those who are always up to date in their headwear. There was eager competition in not a few instances for very sweet hats.

Ostrich feathers and birds are in great vogue this fall, with soft draperies. The hats are all very large and back off the face, fitting the head close at the back. The Floodora hat is the absolutely correct headwear. It is by all odds the most popular hat of many seasons. Turbans, tailor-made, of the same cloth as the street suits, are very stylish, and quite popular. Symons makes the turbans to order of the material of the ladies' suits. Broadcloth and camel's hair beaver are the cloths that are most worn with turbans to match. The principal shades this season are gun metal and nutria castor.

The display of hats is very much larger this season at Symons than at any other opening of the house; and the opening sales far outstripped any record of the firm and even surpassed the sanguine expectations of Miss Worthen, the head milliner. Miss Worthen says that the hats are far more elegant, rich and stylish this season than she ever remembers; but, then, of course, it is not expected that a lady will remember many seasons' fashions.

Tomorrow will be the last day of the opening. The hats are all nicely displayed so that visitors can have a good view of nearly every hat in the house, especially of the Paris pattern hats, the London semi-dress or walking hats, and the St. Petersburg turbans.

DUNPHY GETS NOSE BROKEN

Tries to Collect Lodge Dues From O'Driscoll and Is Badly Battered—'Twas a Daylight Fight.

J. J. O'Driscoll and N. E. Dunphy fought a one-round go at Park and Main streets this afternoon, the result being that, through a kick administered by the former, Dunphy received a gash an inch long down the bridge of his nose, which is said to be broken. O'Driscoll escaped with a smashed hat.

The latter is a pugnacious individual, small and elderly, but valliant as a bantam. Upon his breast he wears a G. A. R., button, and is, as he says, afraid of neither man nor devil, as shown by the way in which he whipped Dunphy, much the larger man of the two.

Dunphy, who is secretary of the Stone Masons' union, made a statement after the fight to the effect that O'Driscoll was back in his dues, and that it was over his efforts to collect the account that the trouble originated.

Both gave bonds of $20 for their appearance before Judge Boyle tomorrow morning.

LEGGATT-ASHBY ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Society people have been looking forward to the announcement of the engagement of Jack Leggatt to Miss Hebe Ashby of Helena for, while it has been a matter of common report for some time it was not formally announced until yesterday.

The wedding will be celebrated in November, and will be a brilliant society event. Miss Ashby is one of the belles of Helena and of course the marriage will take place there. As for Mr. Leggatt everybody in Butte knows and likes him. In the estimation of Butte people there is only one Jack Leggatt on earth, the jolliest, most popular of all the young men of Butte society.

YOUTHFUL WITNESS

MESSENGER BOY'S TESTIMONY WILL FREE OR CONVICT.

RADMILOVICH WITNESS FOUND

John Williams Holds the Key to the Morning Mystery and Will Tell Who Assaulted the Policeman—Trial Today.

The assault on Officer Radmilovich at 4 o'clock Friday morning at the intersection of Granite and Hamilton streets, is likely to be thoroughly sifted when the trial comes up this afternoon, through the introduction of testimony of John Williams.

Those charged with the crime, and later let out on $50 bonds, were W. J. Williams, Frank Gleason, J. J. McGrath, Chas. Lee and Wm. Burke.

Williams, the sole witness, is a bright youngster of Butte whose perceptions have early been brought to an acute

JOHNNIE WILLIAMS.

stage through his services as night messenger of the Associated Press.

On the morning in question he happened upon the scene directly hostilities had commenced, witnessing the incident from start to finish. His testimony, when taken, it is predicted will convict or acquit those who were apprehended for the assault.

Young Williams has been summoned to appear in court this afternoon and will tell what he knows regarding the assault on the officer.

"I saw the whole thing from start to finish," said the younthful witness as he started for court this afternoon. "I was the only one on the street at the time and I took a good look at the fight. I knew all about it and I'm going to tell Judge Boyle how it all happened."

Unless Johnnie's courage fails him he will, in all likelihood, make a good witness in the case in which four men stand charged with a serious offense.

MRS. J. MOONEY NOT GUILTY

She Was Tried at Walkerville Today on a Charge of Disturbance.

Mrs. John Mooney was tried in Justice Neeman's court at Walkerville today on a charge of disturbing the peace of East Granite and acquitted, the justice not deeming the testimony sufficient to convict her. The principal witnesses in the case for the prosecution were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Devotte, Mrs. Sam Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

MEMORIA.

The members of Lincoln Post No. 2, G. A. R. and all old soldiers, including the boys who wore the gray, meet us at Good Templars hall Thursday, 19th inst. 10 a. m., to attend memorial services at the auditorium in memory of our late president.

G. J. HENNEBERY,
Commander.

S. H. ALMON,
Post Adjutant.

OVERHEARD AT FRED FERRELL'S

Cholly—"How did you come out last night on Ferrell's stockboard?"

Willy—"Poor; I dropped $18; but that still leaves me $87 to the good this month, and I started the game with $15."

Cholly—"If that 's the case, I'll take one of those ten year old rye highballs on you as I am a bit dry."

Willy—"You are welcome. But for me, I'll take a silver gin fizz this morning, if you please, Mr. Barkeeper."

Cholly—Well, hurry up, and then let's get our shoes shined. I've a couple of chips. You know Ferrell owns the shoe-shinig, and chips go for shines."

G. B. K.—"All set, gentlemen."

A Great Many

Of our customers are buying our Harrington Hat. They certainly deserve their popularity. There are no better hats sold.

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