

Iron County Register.

By H. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

"WHITTLING SI."

Si Batholomew—he can whittle anything, you bet! He's about the smartest man I know. That I guess. Onct he whittled me a boat. An' I sailed it in the drain. An' there was a room to float. So I'm waitin' for a rain. Si's knife's never dull a bit; My, you ought to see him honel! For he mixes in some spit— Yes, sir—on the whettin' stone! An' the other day he said: "When I asked his knife, to use: 'Sakes alive! You'll cut your head clean off, right above your shoes!'" An' he made a bully bow. An' some arterer, an' a grin, An' a windmill that'll go. If you hold it out an' run; An' a dagger an' a sword, An' a teeny drinkin' cup— He jes' takes a common board An' he whittles it smack up!

Woogie of the Chorus Boy.

Love and Stage Associations Win Against Millions.

THE chorus boy's valet paused irresolutely on the threshold of his master's bedroom. The rose-colored bead curtain gathered in his hand. He had orders to call him at noon exactly; still he seemed to be sleeping so peacefully that the man hesitated. "Is that you, James?"

It was the voice of the chorus boy. Evidently he had been only dozing. The man allowed the curtain to fall in place with a musical clash.

"Yes, Mr. Cecil," there are two telegrams and a number of notes. Miss Feezy called."

"Miss who?"

Miss Feezy—ser. She said to tell you that Miss Feezy of the Fozzleorum sextet had called to run over that last passage where you stuck last night. Those were her words, ser."

"Oh, Fizzie—you mean?" Monstrous. To call at such an hour."

"The bath is ready, ser."

He handed him a cream-colored crash robe with sprawling arabesques and in a moment the chorus boy was splashing in his pink china tub. Cecil always did his thinking during his morning tub and to-day the mention of Fizzie's visit brought back the old days when both she and he were pupils at a dramatic school, never dreaming of the successes that fortune was to spread at their feet. Well did he recall the day when the fat manager came in and looked over the class, indicating with his cane the particular pupils that he thought would do for the Fozzleorum sextet.

"Nothing," he said, "I want lightweights. Gentle-looking, neat-footed girls and boys that can sing a little. But lookers they must be."

Side by side Fizzie and he had rehearsed through the long summer until the opening night of "Fozzleorum," when the musical sextet made the hit of the comedy, coming in for any number of recalls. Then the papers next day commented upon the fact that the chorus boys all looked and acted like gentlemen and wore their clothes well. Until this, chorus boys had never been noticed or featured in any way. Room-looking "sups" had always filled the places of peasants and villagers in operatic productions and their clothes had never fitted them. But "Fozzleorum" marked the entrance of the chorus boy on the American stage, although he had been seen in London for a couple of seasons.

The pretty girls of "Fozzleorum" had taken the town, but the chorus boys took society. While Johnnies filled the boxes at night, the managers were social events and the management had to put an awning out in the morning instead of the usual before-breakfast dip. Then there had been Wall Street plunges, purchases of blooded horses and seaside cottages, resignations and brilliant marriages.

But the success of the chorus boys was more unique, for while society had taken to the stage it could not be said that it had taken to the chorus. At first the "Fozzleorum" sextet had been sung at midnight in drawing rooms, the "Fozzleorum" papers next day commented upon the fact that the chorus boys all looked and acted like gentlemen and wore their clothes well. Until this, chorus boys had never been noticed or featured in any way. Room-looking "sups" had always filled the places of peasants and villagers in operatic productions and their clothes had never fitted them. But "Fozzleorum" marked the entrance of the chorus boy on the American stage, although he had been seen in London for a couple of seasons.

"Oh, Cecil, who heartless you have grown; and I thought you cared for me."

"Oh, fudge; what's the use? We have no money, Cecil; you've no idea. No; I am going to marry popa."

Fizzie swung her feet impatiently high, showing her feet in patent leather ties and her ankles cased in dark blue silk. She clasped her hands across her knees. She was looking provokingly pretty this morning, her auburn hair blown out over her ears under her white linen hat with its black pompon rakishly tilted over her eyebrow. Her thin white shirt waist showed impressive glimpses of blue ribbon rosettes against her pink flounce.

"Don't talk like that, Fizzie: I never dreamed—"

"This is no dream," said Fizzie, turning the ring on her finger: "it's the real thing."

"But fancy a girl like you. I tell you I won't have it. I shan't allow such a thing."

"Why, you're nothing to say about it! I was. You can tell Miss Nothingbut what she must do and she can do it—her her mama lets her."

"You are engaged to me and if you imagine you can throw me over in this way you're immensely mistaken. I'm no boy."

"I'm going to have a high-backed victoria and two footmen. And I'll come to see you in 'Fozzleorum' and invite you to my house sometimes if you're very good."

"I'll see Mr. Nothingbut myself. The man must be mad."

of haberdashers asking the privilege of naming a new necktie after Cecil. He indorsed it firmly "No." He had always hated that sort of thing. Besides, the things they named after one were always atrocious. Then he began to wonder.

Laura Grotto wanted him to join a coaching party Saturday afternoon. She always did forget about Cecil's matinee days. Mrs. Harry Highroller was giving something on the 18th. The Highroller parties were always nice. Yes, he would go. Then Miss Betty Bossert wished him to drive out behind a new pair she had just taken a blue ribbon with. Well, Betty was a fine girl, but it was as much as a man's life was worth to sit in a trap with her while she held the reins. Last time Cecil was all shaken up.

Ha—Ha! The Sunday Omelet wished him to pose for a series of pictures showing the newest things in men's wear. Definitely not. An author wished to submit a play which he had specially written with a view to the chorus boy as its star. Then another man wrote: "I have just completed a charming sketch. 'All for Love,' which I have written for two. It is in the same dainty satirical vein as the popular Fozzleorum sextet, and if you could be one of the young ladies—preferably the one with reddish hair—to take the opposite part, I feel safe in predicting a great success for you both."

The pretty one with reddish hair—that was Fizzie. The chorus boy could remember when he thought Fizzie's hair the most beautiful in the world. Rhoda Nothingbut's hair was like excelsior. What a pity that Fizzie was such an odd little thing. Still he would look at the sketch. "All for Love." Humph.

He was still thinking with annoying persistence of Fizzie and wondering how he would manage to break with her without hurting her feelings. Of course she loved him, but that wasn't the worst of it. He knew that Fizzie imagined they were engaged. When they were at the school together he had been very sweet on her—yes—they had certainly loved each other in a boy and girl way, but Fizzie had taken a lot more out of what he had said that he had meant. That was always the way with a girl who was in love.

The question was how was he to dismiss Fizzie's and gently of the idea that there was anything serious in it. He had positively paid her no attention whatever for the last few weeks and was always out when she called. He had explained that his social engagements engrossed him to the exclusion of the old times they used to have when they had dined at table d'hôte and lunched at bakeries. They were happy times enough, but it was all over now and a brilliant social career was opening to Cecil. He must not be handicapped by any foolish attachment which Fizzie might feel for him. It was odd how she seemed not to notice. Ordinarily she was a girl of quick perceptions. But in this matter she seemed to have been strangely dull of comprehension. And there was Rhoda ready to be his bride at the drop of a hat. Her father was several times a millionaire.

There was a ring at the bell, but James knew he was never at home mornings, so Cecil continued his cogitations. With an infinite surprise he heard a swish of skirts in the hall and the pitter of French heels. In another minute Fizzie unceremoniously burst into the room. Really, the girl was getting too impossible.

"Morning, Cess—!" she exclaimed exuberantly; "What's the matter?"

"I was somewhat surprised at your entering without being announced. It is rather unusual, you know."

"Oh, cut that out, Cess; don't put on airs with me. I've some news for you."

"Yes—?" Cecil fingered a paper cutter nervously.

"I'm going to be married!"

"What! To be married?"

"To a millionaire."

"Fizzie! You don't mean it?"

"Don't I though. Who do you think?"

"Haven't an idea."

"Mr. Nothingbut."

"Nothing—"

"But, yes."

"And he's 60."

"And a millionaire."

"But, my dear Fizzie, you mustn't think of such a thing."

"Why not? You musn't think you're the only one who can go in for high society when I'm Mrs. Nothingbut, of Fifth avenue, you'll have to pay some attention to me."

She held out a slim brown hand on which a gorgeous emerald gleamed beside a pure white diamond set in Tuscan gold.

"Great Scott! then it is really true!"

"Of course it's true, and that snippy Miss Nothingbut that you've been driving all over town with—why, I'll be her mother—see?"

"Oh, Fizzie, how heartless you have grown; and I thought you cared for me."

"Oh, fudge; what's the use? We have no money, Cecil; you've no idea. No; I am going to marry popa."

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"I'll see Mr. Nothingbut myself. The man must be mad."

"No—but Rhoda will be simply wild. You see it cuts her out of a few millions. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Fizzie, do you imagine I ever cared for that horsey old thing?"

"I can't allow you to talk like that of my future daughter. Mr. Nothingbut isn't so bad."

"I'll write to your mother unless you promise to give up this idea."

"Can't, my boy. I've notified the manager that I leave on the first. We're going to be married without any fuss."

"Fizzie—do you remember promising that you'd never marry any one but me?"

"Haven't any recollections of it."

"And I imagined you were a true, noble girl."

"Tra-la-la-la," hummed Fizzie frivolously, quoting "Fozzleorum" music.

The chorus boy gazed at her helplessly. He was just beginning to realize how he loved Fizzie and that society didn't matter.

"Stage life is disgusting for a girl," he remarked.

"Not any more than for a man," said Fizzie. "You have changed from an ordinarily decent chap to a conceited Johnnie and all kinds of a dude. You weren't a bit like that when we used to go to school together."

"Those were the days," said Cecil, "the good old days." He leaned his head wearily on his hands. "How I hate this life; it is false and artificial."

"Vaudeville is the only thing nowadays," said Fizzie, "these long runs are demoralizing. If I didn't intend to marry I'd get a nice sketch and go out on a tour of the continents' houses."

"The very thing!" said Cecil: "I have the sketch—'All for Love.'"

"Is it any good?" asked Fizzie.

"I haven't seen it, but he says it's great. Suppose we look at it and if you like it—why, then, we'll—"

"We could leave 'Fozzleorum.'"

"And go as a team?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Then think how it will read. 'Refused a millionaire to marry the chorus boy she loved, who renounces society for his old sweetheart. Going to star in 'All for Love.'"

"What a press agency you'd make Cess! You're a wonder. After all Nothingbut is old."

"Old! He's moulty."

"Rhoda's a well-meaning girl," said Cecil, with one pang as he thought of his morning flowers and telegram. Slowly he reached over and took Fizzie's hand in his. "You know what they sing in 'Fozzleorum,' Fizzie?"

"No—what?"

"Love, like the Devil, takes care of his own."

And together they sang the chorus.

—N. Y. Sun.

WHAT WESTCOTT WON BY SONG

Vocal Excellence Rewarded by Presentation of Articles Wholly Unsanitized to Respiration.

That the author of "David Harum" was conspicuous for his mellow baritone voice is little thought of by those who only know him as an author, says Literary Era. It was a voice so sweet, so rich, and so flexible that it could play any prank with the emotion of those who heard it, and had Mr. Westcott chosen to devote his life to music he would have become a noted singer.

But he contented himself with the modest position of basso in a quartet choir in Syracuse, and in delighting his own special friends by singing in a drawing room. He was fond of telling on an occasion on which he was invited to sing at a concert in one of the smaller towns of western New York. The musical affair passed off satisfactorily with the help of the neighborhood talent, assisted by Mr. Westcott's rare voice. As Mr. Westcott was about to retire, his host came timidly to his room, carrying two long paper boxes. "I leave the house so early in the morning to go to my factory," the man explained, "that I'm afraid I may not see you, but I want to give you something for your singing to-night. Now, here's two pair of the very best real whale-boned corsets that our factory has cut out, and I want you to take them home with you." When Mr. Westcott found he could not even protest effectually, his sense of humor came to his relief, and the fastidious man of cultivated extravagance stalked home laughing, the next day, with two pair of useless corsets in exchange for his matchless songs.

HIGHLY CIVILIZED ANCIENTS.

Discovery of Long Buried Treasures of Skilled Workmanship Antedating Christian Era.

The middle-aged man who has explored life to weariness and whom novels will no longer stir may find his sense of mystery and wonder excited anew by the account of discoveries in buried Egypt, says London Outlook. Prof. Flinders Petrie, who has devoted his life to exploration of the soil and research into the history of that ancient land, completed recently a series of highly instructive and suggestive lectures at the Royal Institution. Long-buried tombs of ancient kings have been discovered and explored, and although in nearly all cases these had been previously pillaged in the Roman age, enough of their contents remain unbroken or overlooked till now in afford grounds for reconstructing, in outline at least, a wonderful and unsuspected civilization. When we are shown, for example, specimens of goldsmith's work dating from 4,750 years before the Christian era, which have never been surpassed since in technical skill, workmanship of design, variety of form and perfection of soldering, we are sobered somewhat in our belief that the process of time means progress and that the present is the best and noblest era of civilization. We are proud, for instance, of the products of modern steam spinning and weaving. Yet the linen woven 5,000 years ago was finer in thread and closer in web than our finest cambric.

A Strong One.

"What is your national air?"

"We have several," replied the native. "Out west the cyclone is the most prevalent."—Boston Journal.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Buda-Pesth barmaids, hereafter, must be 40 years old at least, by order of the Hungarian minister of the interior.

While German farmers are always growling about hard times, statistics show that within the last 18 years the value of farm animals has increased at the rate of \$200,000,000 a year in Germany.

Glessen university insures its students against accident, paying \$3,000 in case of death. Medical, chemical and veterinary students pay 20 cents a term for insurance; for the others no charge is made.

An inheritance from the last exposition in Paris is an inclosure in the park at Vincennes in which scientists may study wild animals in surroundings resembling, as near as possible, those of their native haunts.

Roof gardens for London private houses are proposed by the Hospital. The cost of a glass roof and of protection against the wind would not be heavy in proportion to the fresh air and other benefits to be obtained.

Foreigners residing in Constantinople are much excited over the sultan's recent edict forbidding Turkish families hereafter to engage Christian governesses. The Turkish journals attempt a weak apology by attacking the moral character of the governesses.

Empress Frederick, according to the London Daily Chronicle, was the cause of the introduction of Christmas trees into England. Her father, Prince Albert, insisted on having a German Christmas tree with its lights and decorations for his baby daughter in 1840, and the fashion spread quickly.

Carpieto, Pope Leo's birthplace, came near being destroyed by fire recently. The American Victoria, which was in the middle of the village. During the drought the heap took fire and the flames spread to the neighboring houses, but the wind shifted and blew away from the village.

FREED CAPTIVE GIRLS.

Callant Exploit of Colonel Baldwin, Who Has Lately Been Advanced by the President.

Frank D. Baldwin, for some years captain of the Fifth United States Infantry, who a few days ago was nominated for colonel of infantry by President McKinley, has a wide acquaintance throughout the west. He was a conspicuous figure during the campaign against the Sioux Indians at Pine Ridge agency in the winter of 1890-91, and after hostilities had terminated, made a personal investigation for the war department of the origin of the Messiah craze which caused the trouble at Pine Ridge. Twice he has been awarded a medal of honor—the American Victoria cross—the first time for distinguished bravery in the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, and on the second occasion for gallantry in action against hostile Indians near McLeellan's creek, Tex., November 8, 1874, says the Detroit Free Press.

A few days preceding the latter engagement Gen. Miles was encamped on Red river, some distance to the west, with nearly his entire command, which composed the expedition of 1874-75. The military officers were aware that the Indians held four white children as captives, and the most strenuous efforts had been made and were being made to release them. Gen. Miles finally decided to divide his command into three columns, their course being directed toward the northeast. The right column was placed under command of Col. Baldwin, who at that time was a first lieutenant. For three days he moved toward the northeast.

On the night of the 8th of November 1874, the column headed more to the north for the purpose of crossing the head of the small tributaries of the north fork of the Red river and the Washita.

The troops had been on the march scarcely an hour, when the scouts reported a large camp of Indians in the immediate front. There was but one incentive that spurred every man of the command to advance. Without halting the column for formation, the troops were thrown into line to the front, and the Indian camp was immediately charged, resulting in the utter defeat of the hostiles. They were forced to abandon everything, and the command was able to recapture and release Adeline and Julia Germain, two of the white girls whom the Indians had held as captives.

Col. Baldwin is one of the youngest officers in the army who saw service during the war of the rebellion. After the civil war, he was with Gen. Miles through nearly all of his Indian campaigns. No officer in the army stands higher than he in the estimation of Gen. Miles.

The Sound of Guns.

A remarkable instance of the far-reaching power of sound is given in the interesting diary written in Latin in the seventeenth century, admirably translated by Rev. Robert Isham, of Mr. Thomas Isham, of Lampert Hall. It is there stated that during the naval engagement between the English and French combined fleets on the one hand and the Dutch on the other, in 1672, the report of the guns was distinctly heard at Drixworth (Northamptonshire). It was in this action that Lord Sandwich, the admiral, was blown up on his ship with 800 of his men, though the Dutch were defeated and were pursued to the coast of Holland by the English fleet. If this story be correct—and some may be tempted to say "Creditus Jadaeus"—the voice of the cannon must have traveled a distance of over 120 miles, Southwold, where the battle took place, being at the mouth of the Blythe, 28 miles northeast of Ipswich. In 1827, during the battle of Navarino, Mr. John Vere Isham, then captain at Corfu, distinctly heard the firing at a distance of at least 200 miles, and on the naval reception of the sultan by the queen at Portsmouth the sound of the guns discharged on the Welsh coast was plainly distinguished at Portsmouth.—The Pytheley Hunt.

Fear Burial Alive.

In some countries of Europe the fear of being buried alive has resulted in the building of mortuary houses, where the apparently dead body is subjected to certain tests to make sure life is extinct.—N. Y. Sun.

Have You Noticed It?

The people who sing the wrong stanza usually sing the loudst.—Ram's Horn.

Getting His Bearings.

The female—I want my photograph.—Yes! Yes! Want a likeness, or something handsome?—Judge.

A Duty to Remember.

Whatever it is one's duty to do it is one's duty to remember.—Ram's Horn.

PITH AND POINT.

Answer to correspondent: A blood relative is one who bleeds you.—Athenion Globe.

The man who hopes for the best may finally get to the worst; but, as a rule, he gets there whistling.—Atlanta Constitution.

A man may not stand much of a show in this world, but if he is a theater-goer he has to stand a good many poor shows.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Boston—"Isn't it dreadful how much slang is indulged in nowadays?" Miss Broozy—"Yes; it's something fierce, and that's no pipe dream."—Philadelphia Record.

"It's too bad," remarked Funniman, "that we can't cash a draft that we may sit in." "Well," replied his friend, the doctor, "if you sit in long enough perhaps I'll get some cash out of it."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Sticker—"I don't like blackberry pie, but I suppose I'll have to take it." Mr. Sticker—"Why so, if there's some other kind you like better?" Mrs. Sticker—"I'm in mourning, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Scaring the Turf—"I made one hole in five strokes," announced the new golfer, gleefully. "The idea!" exclaimed the other golfer, who was even newer. "I invariably make a hole with every stroke. I never can hit the ground in the same place twice."—Philadelphia Press.

Advantages of Civilization—"I presume you appreciate the advantages you derive from being assimilated by a civilized country," said the interviewer to the sultan of Bazzoo island. "Yes, indeed," assented his majesty. "Why, I got \$1,000 damages because of injuries sustained by swallowing the false teeth of the last missionary we put in the royal consomme."—Baltimore American.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt Takes the Oath of Office as President of the United States.

IT WAS A QUIETLY IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The Oath of Office Administered by Federal Judge John R. Hazel, of the United States District Court, at the Residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, in Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Theodore Roosevelt took the constitutional oath as president of the United States just 13 hours and 10 minutes after the death of William McKinley. He took the oath of office in the small library in the old colonial residence of Attorney Ansley Wilcox, at 641 Delaware avenue, at 3:35 Saturday afternoon.

At 3:15 a carriage drove up containing Secretary Root, Attorney-General Knox and United States District Judge John R. Hazel, of Buffalo. The gentlemen proceeded immediately to the library of the house, where Mr. Roosevelt awaited them. This carriage was closely followed by another containing Secretaries Long, Hitch-

cock and Wilson. Several other carriages arrived soon after, bringing the president's secretary, Mr. Cortelyou; President Milburn of the exposition company; Senator Depew, Justice Albert B. Hall, of the court of appeals, and others.

Other friends of the vice-president entered the house within a few minutes, and at 3:35 Mr. Wilcox came out on the lawn and stated to the press representatives that it was the desire of the president that they be admitted to the house to witness the ceremony. A score or more of newspaper men, representing the principal papers of the country, walked noiselessly into the dusky library of the old home, where, with bowed heads, stood the members of the cabinet and those who had been asked to be present. The room was as silent as the house of death itself.

The president stood on the south side of the room with his back to a small window, and the members of the cabinet and the gentleman present stood in a circle facing him. For some time Mr. Roosevelt talked in whispers with Secretary Root, his arm over the secretary's shoulder. Then Secretary Root stepped back a few paces and the president stood motionless by the side of Judge Hazel. There was a dead silence of several seconds and then Secretary Root said:

"Mr. Vice-President—and after a long pause—I have been requested by all of the members of the cabinet of the late President McKinley who are present in the city of Buffalo, being all except two, to request that for reasons of weight affecting the administration of the government, you shall proceed without delay to take the constitutional oath of office as president of the United States."

He spoke with great deliberation, and so still was the room that his words were uttered in whispers they might easily have been heard by every one present.

The President's Oath.

President Roosevelt's face was stern and rigid. Lifting his eyes, he looked steadfastly into the face of the secretary for a moment, and in a voice marked with firmness and all of his characteristic distinctness, replied:

"Mr. Secretary, I shall take the oath at once, at the request of the members of the cabinet, and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement, I wish to state I shall continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and the honor of our beloved country."

Judge Hazel then stepped forward and administered the following constitutional oath. Mr. Roosevelt repeated slowly the sentence spoken by the magistrate:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

When the last words were said President Roosevelt signed the document in the usual form. All was silent, and scarcely a movement of hand or foot was made during the solemn procedure. As soon as the oath was taken, the president turned to the circle of cabinet officers about him and said:

"I will ask the gentlemen of the cabinet to stay, that I may have a talk with them alone."

The president then stepped out into the hall and shook hands with those who passed out. In a few seconds the old library was cleared of all except the members of the cabinet, and then President Roosevelt sat down with them for his first cabinet meeting.

FOR MOURNING AND PRAYER.

Out of Full Hearts Let All the People Pay Their homage of Love and Reverence.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 15.—President Roosevelt last night issued the following proclamation:

"By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

"A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The president of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the chief magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen."

"President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare; by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people."

"It is meet that we, as a nation, express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his

unfathomable death.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September 20, the day on which the body of the dead president will be laid in its earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good president whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief."

In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington the 14th day of September, A. D. 1901, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and twenty-sixth."

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT, By the President, JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."