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FOREST COUNTY OFFICERS. Member of Congress—J. K. P. Hall. Member of Senate—A. M. Nooley. Assembly—A. M. Nooley. President Judge—W. M. Lindsey.

Regular Terms of Court. Fourth Monday of February. Third Monday of May. Fourth Monday of September. Third Monday of November.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. TIONESTA LODGE, No. 360, I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, Partridge building.

DR. J. C. DUNN. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Professional at Lawrence street, Tionesta, Pa. Hours of day or night.

DR. J. D. GREAVES. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence above Forens C. National Bank. County Phone No. 1.

F. R. LANSON. REAL ESTATE. Tionesta, Pa. HOTEL WEAVER. E. A. WEAVER, Proprietor. This hotel, formerly the Lawrence House, has undergone a complete change.

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BODY AT WASHINGTON

Remains of President McKinley Safely Transported.

Streets of Capital One Mass of Humanity Gathered to See Removal of Remains to White House—Military Arrangements Prevalent—Mrs. McKinley, It Is Said, Doesn't Realize the Blow Which Has Fallen on Her.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—The remains of President McKinley now lie in the East room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American republic.

It was with simple ceremony and amid a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late president was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and placed in the great East room where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the common people he loved better than himself.

It was fitting that such ceremony as this should be so very military in character, in recognition of the fact that the United States army and navy.

There the people strained and crowded in a vast multitude against the casket marked out for the line of procession.

The afternoon was cloudy and with the close of the day began the dull depressing boom of a large gun at intervals of five minutes. It was the signal which gave notice of the approach of the funeral train.

At the Pennsylvania railroad station men in bright uniforms gathered, a mixture of soldiers and sailors. From the brigadier general and naval captain down to the humblest recruit and sailor, every officer on duty in the capital was present.

Train a Few Minutes Late. The train was a little late. It was due at 8:25, but the clock stood at 8:38 when the headlight of the big locomotive flashed along the rails.

Meanwhile further down the station the party on the funeral train were passing. The first line through the mountains and the sparsely settled districts thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities.

Casket Removed Through Window. Meanwhile the casket was being removed from the observation car. One of the large windows was lowered at the side and slowly and carefully the casket was slipped out through the opening.

Just beyond the entrance to the station President Roosevelt with the members of his cabinet and the grand jury.

The military already were in line. As the procession swept from Sixth street station into Pennsylvania avenue a deeply impressive sight was presented.

Embroidered with the nation's mourning stars and stripes, furled and knotted with crepe flanked by hundreds of windows. Over all gleamed coldly scores of electric lights, defining sharply each detail of the solemn scene.

There was no music. Amid the hush of the grave, the only sound that came from the casket was the sharp rattle of the wheels.

A platoon of mounted police in command of Sergeant Matthews led the way. Next came a delegation of G. A. R. men from the department of the Potomac, members of the United Veterans' union, the Spanish war veterans and Troop 1 and 1 of the Eleventh cavalry from Fort Myer, Va.

SERVICES AT BUFFALO

Simple Formula of Prayer and Song at Milburn Home.

Senator Hanna, who had fairly worshipped his dead friend for years, entered the room at this time, but did not approach the casket. His face was set in a stern, unyielding expression.

Buffalo was a city of mourners Sunday. Gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's churches muffled the tolling bells of the steeple.

In the morning a single service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue where the Martyred President died. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered over the dead body.

When the casket arrived at the White House the body bearers took the coffin upon their broad shoulders and passing up the three or four steps waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet had alighted from their carriage.

Just in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier they deposited their precious burden upon a black draped table and stood at salute, while the new executive and cabinet members with bowed heads passed.

Following them came the chief officers of the army and navy now in the city, the guard of honor, consisting of officers of the Loyal Legion, members of the Union Veterans' union and the Grand Army of the Republic.

At the Milburn home. Pathetic scenes at the private services—Mrs. McKinley's Fortitude—Hanna's Grief.

Through Lane of Sorrow Thousands Lined Tracks Along Route Train Bearing McKinley's Body to Washington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—Through a living lane of bereft people, stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghenys, down on to the broad valley of the Susquehanna, and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred President yesterday made his last journey to the seat of the government over which he presided for four and one-half years.

And everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted hillsides and valleys and formed a thick carpet of color over the cities.

It was just eight minutes before the opening light in the observation car. The train was drawn up to the house, bringing President Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, at whose home he is a guest.

He was dressed as he always did in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast, where the first bullet of the infamous assassin had struck.

Over the lower links was hung the starchy hamper he had loved so well. The flowers were few, as befitting the simple nature of the man.

The family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived. Mrs. McKinley, the poor, grief-crushed widow, had been led late into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Hixey, and had sat a long time by the bedside.

When the casket was lowered into the train, Mrs. McKinley stood the right way. In the morning soon after leaving Buffalo she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant assent was given.

There was no music. Amid the hush of the grave, the only sound that came from the casket was the sharp rattle of the wheels.

AT THE MILBURN HOME

Pathetic Scenes at the Private Services—Mrs. McKinley's Fortitude—Hanna's Grief.

Long before the time set for the funeral services the vicinity of the Milburn home was astir with preparations.

When the casket was lowered into the train, Mrs. McKinley stood the right way. In the morning soon after leaving Buffalo she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant assent was given.

There were no soldiers. His grief was deeper than that of the slain. He looked and drank in the features of the dead. It was pathetic in the extreme.

Colonel Bingham signaled the body bearers. Four jack tars of the army, two infantry sergeants and two artillery sergeants bore the casket aloft and out of the house.

The casket for the president's body was ordered by Senator Hanna. The frame of the casket is of red cedar, covered with black cloth.

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REAL CAUSE OF DEATH

Autopsy Revealed That the System Was Permeated With Gangrene—Were Bullets Poisoned?

Gangrene, which affected the stomach, caused the death of the president. The announcement was made officially by the surgeon general, Dr. Joseph D. Gunder, by Dr. Janway, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Kendall, Dr. Cary, Dr. Munson, Dr. Baer and Dr. Gaylord and Metzinger.

That is the inscription on the casket. On the top of the case of red cedar is a copper plate bearing a duplicate of the inscription on the casket.

ROOSEVELT SWORN IN. Oath Administered by Judge Hazel—Will Continue Policies Inaugurated by His Predecessor.

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth president of the United States, was sworn into office Saturday at the residence of Andrew Wilcox, on Delaware avenue.

He was surrounded by the five members of his cabinet, Secretaries Root, Hitchcock, Long, Wilson and Postmaster General Smith.

There were no signs of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of an attempt at repair on the part of nature and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach.

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HIS PEACEFUL DEATH

President's Last Words Were "God's Will Not Ours, Be Done." Last Conscious Moments Spent With Wife.

President McKinley died at 2:35 Saturday. He had been unconscious since 7:30 p. m.

His last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife to whom he bequeathed a lifetime of care.

He died unattended by a minister of the gospel but his last words were a humble submission to the will of God in whom he believed.

He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and peace which has marked his long and honorable career.

His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows: "God be with my good bye. It is God's will. His will be done."

His relatives and the members of his official family who were at the house, except Secretary Wilson who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends took leave of him.

The painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sickroom, took a longing glance at him and turned tearfully away. He was practically unconscious during this time.

But the powerful heart stimulants, including oxygen, were continued to revive him to consciousness for his final parting with his wife.

He asked for her, she sat at his side and held his hand. He consoled her and bade her good bye. She went through the heart-breaking scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which ended his life.

Before 6 o'clock it was clear to those who made the president's bedside that he was dying and preparations were made for the last and office of his life.

But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of extraordinary and profoundly touching character drawings. With tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth.

This was about 9 o'clock. It was an awful moment for them. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox.

Secretary Wilson also was there but he held back, not wishing to see his friend for the last time in agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber.

Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats.

After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness and the president awoke almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway.

The strong face of the dying man lighted up by a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

GOLDMAN INDIFFERENT

Anarchist Queen Made Single Comment at News of Death, Showing No Sign of Regret or Pity.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—When shown the press dispatch announcing the death of the president, Emma Goldman, the anarchist now being held at the Harrison street station, carefully adjusted her glasses, read the bulletin and after a moment's pause, without a change of expression said:

"Very sorry." Absolutely no shade of regret or pity showed itself upon her countenance.

"I do not see how that can affect my case," she added, "if it is carried on lawfully and legally. They have no evidence against me. Chief Hill and Chief Neely are holding me without evidence. They are holding me without evidence. The death of McKinley will only lengthen my term of imprisonment if they convicted me. I feel very bad for the sake of Mrs. McKinley; outside of that I have no sympathy."

President McKinley Left a Will. BUFFALO, Sept. 16.—President McKinley has left a will. The instrument was executed some time before the shooting and at the time of his final suffering was there any will or occasion to revise it or to frame a codicil.

How much the estate is worth cannot be stated with exactness by those most familiar with the late president's business affairs, but it is believed to be a goodly sum, although not amounting to a large fortune.

Saw Crookers at Pacific Grove. SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—The Call prints a story to the effect that Postmaster Chamberlain of Pacific Grove is certain that Leon Crookers was in Pacific Grove during President McKinley's visit to that place on the occasion of the G. A. R. encampment, and that he called for letters, giving the name of Fred Nicman.

Liverpool Change Will Close. LIVERPOOL, Sept. 17.—The provision exchange here will be closed on the day of the funeral of President McKinley.