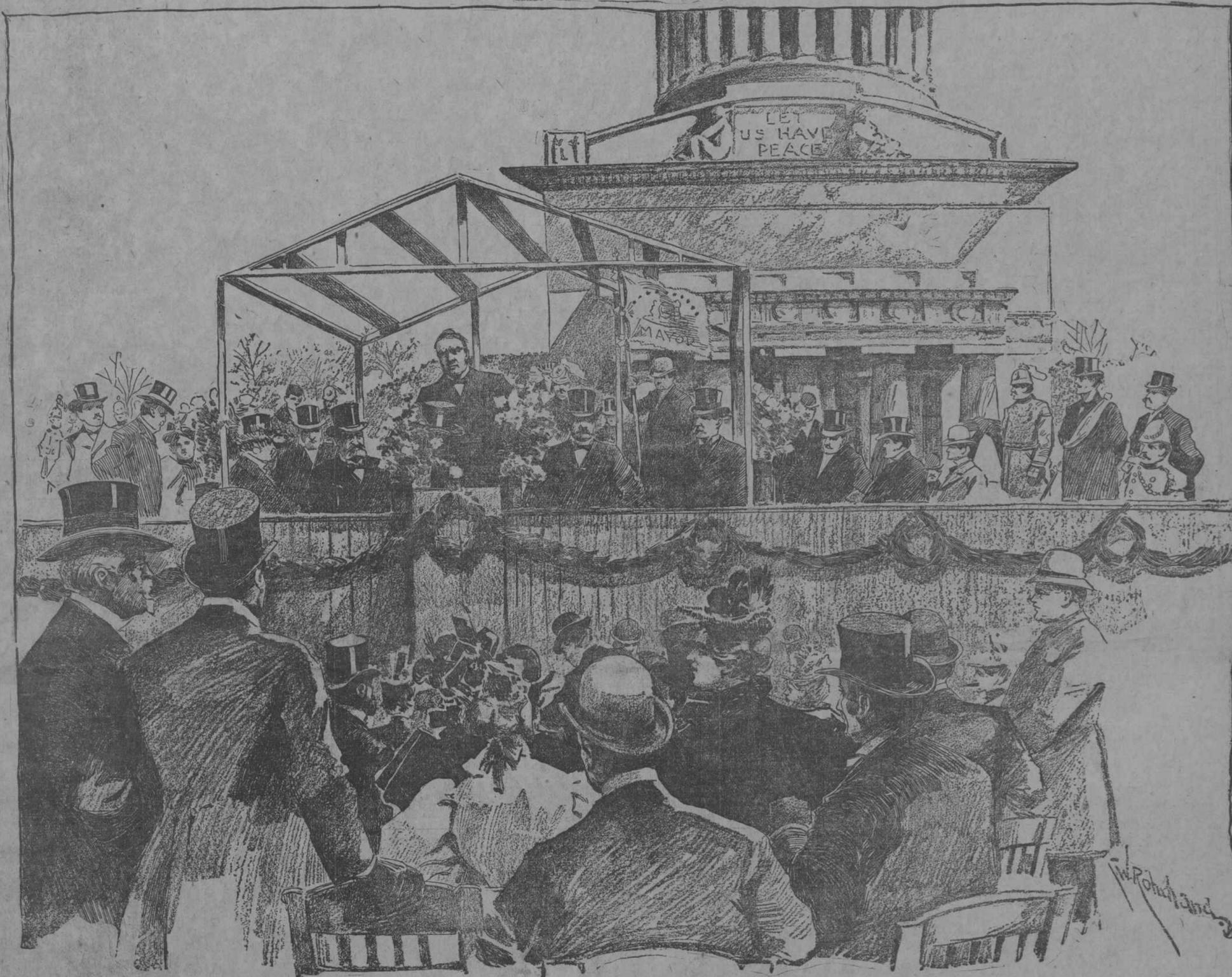




PRESIDENT M'KINLEY VOICES THE NATION'S EULOGY OF GENERAL GRANT.



WITH GUNS THEY PASS Miles of Shining Soldiers Go by the Tomb.

Outside Our President Reviews Them; Inside Our Hero Sleeps.

A GREAT nation has paid its tribute of love and honor to a dead King of Battles who said: "Let us have peace."

On the pillars of the huge white mausoleum on Riverside Drive where lies the body of Ulysses S. Grant, there are wreaths of laurel and sprays of palm and pure chaste lilies of peace placed there by the representatives of seventy million people.

WHAT PRESIDENT M'KINLEY THOUGHT OF IT.

I NEVER attended a function of this nature before that pleased me so much. It was pleasing because it was so complete and so resolutely honest in doing honor to the nation's great hero. The whole affair has been glorious from beginning to end. The parade, the display of warships on the Hudson and the general coloring of the great event have been completely satisfactory.

Making Ready for the Parade.

Along the narrow lane, driven clear by the police, brilliant sides, gilt-strapped and gas as jackdaws, galloped hither and thither. Ambulances roared hollowly over the pavements and wheeled into vacant spaces, heaven knows how, to make ready for the coming parade.

Arrival of President McKinley.

The sky-blue escort of the President swept clattering past, followed closely by the Presidential carriage. In it sat President McKinley, pale and hawk-nosed, with his sparse hair fluttering threadlike about his ears.

Now Come the Miles of Troops.

Mayor Strong followed President McKinley and the lined generals into the stand, and promptly mast-headed his little white flag right above their heads.

General Miles, eagle-backed and masterful, stood at the right hand of the President as the head of the parade wheeled around from the north and started down past the stand.

It was led by a platoon of jiggling and clattering police. This was the beginning of the long glittering stream that swept without cessation for three hours or more around the tomb. Billow on billow, squadron on squadron, they came rolling onward, a slow, great river, shot with myriad flashes of steel and spangled with gleams of amaranth purple and gold.

For awhile, in the surging splendor of it all, the crowd lost sight of the solemnity of the occasion.

There were seas of gray slashed with white like the crests of shoreward waves. That was the Seventh. There were long lines of blue, barred with crimson and purple and gold. These were the Sixty-ninth, the Fourteenth, the Forty-seventh. There were flashes of color that came and passed so quickly that one's eyes could scarcely follow the trend of events.

Somebody wig-wagged the bows to the fleet on the gray river. The response was quick and thunderous. The air shook with the deep tumult of cannon, and there was a smell of burnt gunpowder in the air. It was 1 o'clock when the President entered the stand. The crowd cheered and waved its multitudinous hats, and—wondrous freak of meteorology—the sun came out for an instant with almost the only shred of yellow light seen during the entire review.

But what glorious memories they recalled!

Here were men who had fought at Appomattox. And here were their war flags, too, old banners worn by dust and time, and torn by shot and shell, ghosts of bloody days haunting their spectral and hallowed rays, around the tomb of him whose brain had guided them to victory.

the snarl of drums and the sound of sharp, quick commands.

And when the eye had become weary with the gorgeous optical feast, the men to whom the country is indebted for the integrity of the flag, came marching by. They were old and bent and gray-headed, and many of them had fallen by the wayside in that long march up Riverside Drive, and others were faltering as they made the turn past the reviewing stand.

Very proud these old veterans were, as they marched along in front of the multitude.

Thousands of the spectators grew tired and began to think of home long before the parade was over. Those who remained, became so confused with noise and color, that to-day it is doubtful if they remember anything other than a mere jumble of prancing horses, galloping aides, acres of yellow plumes, waving like fields of golden rod, white crosses, straps, buckles, argillettes, cartouches, boxes, the rattle of cannon and the tensity of the cadets' waists.