

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

HOW HER SCHOOL DAYS WERE PASSED IN BUFFALO.

Her Record as a Student and What Her Teachers Thought of Her—She Was Rather Bright, but Not Brilliant.

(Copyright, 1893.)

Women who have shaped the destinies of nations, who have ruled rulers and upheld or cast down thrones, have commanded in every age the interest of the historian...

And it is no mean honor among many which are hers that the wife of the present head of this nation has so strongly called the attention of women to better opportunities...

The women of Buffalo adore Mrs. Cleveland. They consider her still one of their own exclusive circle...



THE PICTURE OF MRS. CLEVELAND MOST ADMIRABLE BY HER MOTHER.

of their own exclusive circle, although she has left their city for many years, perhaps forever. They put Mrs. Cleveland on their souvenir spoons, paint her face on their dishes...



FRANKIE FOLSOM AND HER GIRL CHUM, MISS REID.

"By the way," he continued, "I have some of Miss Folsom's books. There was a clearing up in the old Central School...

"Fausquelle's Reader and French Lessons." A close examination showed that Miss Folsom dedicated the fly leaves of her books to sundry obscure marks, figures, "crisis crosses," and the usual hodge-podge found in volumes used by public school pupils...



THE OLD CENTRAL SCHOOL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

getting it at the supreme moment when called on to recite in the classroom. So, with commendable forethought, she had carefully written down in small letters the meaning of the word in question...

Frank Folsom, 391 Franklin st., Buffalo, N. Y. The date, "September 13, 1881," was written to one side. The whole entry I had reproduced by photography...

Frank Folsom, 391 Franklin st., Buffalo, N. Y. Sept. 13, 1881. Buffalo, N. Y.

The Buffalo High School to-day is under the principality of Frederick A. Vogt, who tells me that he once went to school with Miss Folsom...

but it is a speaking likeness. To many a girl that kindly face is indeed an inspiration to bolder things. Down in the office I met a gray-haired teacher who has been training little men and women these thirty years...

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never finished the course here. She left before she obtained her diploma. The first item shows something statistical of Mrs. Cleveland at the time of her entry in the school, thus:—

Miss Folsom's book number, 231; age, sixteen; religion, Protestant; date of admission, February, 1879; merits, none, and other points, relating more particularly to the curriculum of the school.

Miss Folsom's standing, her elections of studies and her attendance are set forth in another place with much detail. The records of this school are kept in a strange cipher, which, translated, gives the following for Miss Folsom's rank, 99 being the perfect mark:

First quarter—Attendance, 99; geometry (taught by M. S. Karnes), 82; physical geography (taught by Charles Linden), 76; Latin (Caesar's Commentaries, H. P. Emerson, teacher), 76; average, 81.

Second quarter—Attendance, 90; composition, 81; geometry, 80; physical geography, 78; Latin, 76; average, 81.

Third quarter—Attendance, 88; rhetoric, 55; geometry, 74; Latin, 76; average, 82.

Miss Folsom left school after the fourth week of the fourth quarter. During that period her attendance was 89. She is recorded as having rhetoric, geometry and Latin to "make up" in case she wished to get a diploma. This shows Miss Folsom as a pupil neither dull nor brilliant...

The reference to "merits," given above, refers to the awards since 1871, in the Central School, out of a fund of \$10,000 donated by Barnabas H. Brennan, in memory of his friend, "Father" Jesse Ketchum, a celebrity of Buffalo school circles a decade ago...

"Miss Folsom always impressed me as a girl of fine mind," she said. "She did not bear her classmates' scorn; I consider that she possessed remarkable intuitions, making it easy for her to grasp almost any subject. She was a girl, however, who loved society. I cannot say that she had any especial accomplishments, ambitions or desires at the period of life to which you ask me to revert. The fact is, Miss Folsom was too much taken up with her social duties to apply herself sternly to the necessities of close scholarship. She was that sort of a girl. She loved fun and frolic. As I recall her now, it appears to me that her chief delight must have been in people rather than in books. At one time we took French lessons together from a private tutor, by name Mrs. Paradise."

"Was Miss Folsom engaged to Mr. Cleveland at the time she graduated from Wells College?" Mrs. Mynter smiled significantly, going on to say, "quickly."

symbols of success designated in the school as the "star" pupil, a "merit" scholar and so on. The average age of the pupils at the time in question was about seventeen years. As for the former classmates of Miss Folsom they are still her friends, and it is said that she would come to Buffalo about visiting among them.

Miss Folsom's girl chum was Ida M. Reid, who has been dead some years. She was one of the "stars" of Central School. The two were inseparable; they repeatedly exchanged visits and had their pictures taken together in a score or more of odd poses...

"Mrs. Cleveland," said Mrs. Gregg, "regards the picture as the very best she has ever had. And that is saying a great deal, as you may imagine, for Mrs. Cleveland is not at all some of the most celebrated artists in the world."

"I will tell you just how it was taken." "Ida and Frankie came home from school one day, and Ted said, 'Let me take your picture, girls.' They both laughed and finally consented. Ted led them to the back yard, where they sat down on kitchen chairs. There was to be no attempt at 'priming up' or anything of the sort; they were taken just as they were. The girls thought it a great lark. You can see by their happy faces that they were thinking of anything but posing sedately for a picture. Well, Ted took the plate, developed the picture, and here it is, the best likeness of Mrs. Cleveland ever taken, and, I confidently believe, the best she ever will have."

There is not enough money in the land to tempt Mrs. Gregg to give publicity to her beloved souvenir. "And now," said Mrs. Gregg, "I will show you something that will, I think, interest you even more; they are tintypes of Frankie Folsom."

"Will any consideration induce you to part with them? I know a man who will pay \$1,000 for the collection."

"Impossible." "Five thousand dollars!" "Never!" Hereupon the lady opened her wonderful book and proceeded to turn the pages rapidly, until she came to within a few

leaves of the back cover. There were sixteen tintypes in all. Miss Folsom and Miss Reid were taken in many laughable ways. There was something in the style of the dresses and in the funny poses. This, of course, as Mrs. Gregg went on to say, is to be explained by the changes in styles. The oddest tintype, to my fancy, represented Miss Folsom and Miss Reid with derby hats, each hat being adorned with a grotesque band which was inclined to a broad bow, the latter standing out in a laughable way. The chums were sitting on low stools side by side; the very gravity of their faces added to the zest of the present day enjoyment. Another comical tintype showed the two girls with enormous hats—where they obtained them or when the hats were in style being a mystery as amusing as it is perplexing. The hats, too, were trimmed with great fluffy swaths of cloth or ribbon in a fashion quite inexplicable. There were other tintypes. Some of these latter efforts contained four figures, in one or more instances these newcomers being young men wearing wide brimmed straw hats and carrying funny looking canes.

Mrs. Herman C. Mynter lives in a comfortable house at No. 15 Franklin street, Buffalo, not very far from the Central school, where Miss Folsom was educated. She is a former teacher, and created of the Folsom family Mrs. Mynter told me many interesting circumstances connected with Miss Frankie's girlhood in Buffalo.

"Miss Folsom always impressed me as a girl of fine mind," she said. "She did not bear her classmates' scorn; I consider that she possessed remarkable intuitions, making it easy for her to grasp almost any subject. She was a girl, however, who loved society. I cannot say that she had any especial accomplishments, ambitions or desires at the period of life to which you ask me to revert. The fact is, Miss Folsom was too much taken up with her social duties to apply herself sternly to the necessities of close scholarship. She was that sort of a girl. She loved fun and frolic. As I recall her now, it appears to me that her chief delight must have been in people rather than in books. At one time we took French lessons together from a private tutor, by name Mrs. Paradise."

"Was Miss Folsom engaged to Mr. Cleveland at the time she graduated from Wells College?" Mrs. Mynter smiled significantly, going on to say, "quickly."

"Indeed, I cannot say; I remember seeing her engagement ring, and I heard her read her graduating essay at class day at Wells College. It was a little narrative of some sort, the exact title and contents of which I have not recalled. I am present when the girls were packing up to go home. You know at Wells the pupils sleep two and two in a room. Well, while the packing was at its height I chanced to come into Miss Folsom's apartments. Everything was turned down, preparatory to leaving school. As I came closer I saw Frankie grab something and wrap it in a blue shawl. In size it quite resembled some extra large photograph. The girls nudged each other and whispered in stage fashion:—'It's Mr. Cleveland! It's Mr. Cleveland!'"

"I remember that Miss Folsom received some exquisite flowers on graduation day, and I understood they came from Mr. Cleveland. Miss Folsom, as I recall, was very ready to divide the floral beauties among her girl friends. Then she finished packing her things and departed, soon after to take a European trip under the guidance of her mother. I found her in a room on the second floor of No. 168 Edward street, where she still stands the house in which Miss Folsom was born. Near by is a large public school, and but for the noises of the children at play there was no show of life about, for Edward street is ordinarily a quiet one. On either side of the double row of maple trees. As for the house itself, there is but little to differentiate it from a thousand and one city homes, such as are commonly seen in a good, though not aristocratic, neighborhood. It is a two-story brick structure, painted a faded brown color. The feature of the front elevation is the somewhat elaborate veranda, with its ornamental woodwork. The lot is a deep one; the house runs well back.

age, that she attended a kindergarten kept by Mrs. Brecker. I asked in vain concerning this former teacher of Mrs. Cleveland; but, though my friends were familiar with the institution in that line he recalled Mrs. Brecker and her kindergarten.

Photographer McMichael, at No. 238 Main street, showed me a picture of Miss Folsom as she appeared immediately after graduation at Wells College. He said: "The picture Miss Folsom came to have her picture taken she was accompanied by Charlie Townsend. Charlie was a great friend of hers, at that time. He has since entered the ministry."

"Was there not a girlhood engagement between Miss Folsom and Charles Townsend?" "So it is reported. I recall that Charlie was quite attentive to her. He was her escort the day she had that picture."

The picture shows Miss Folsom in the conventional white garb of a girl graduate. Otherwise there is nothing distinguishing. The face is radiantly smiling. Mrs. William T. Coatsworth, who was a college friend of Miss Folsom, told me some stories of the C. Y. G. (Can't You Guess) Club, of which Miss Folsom was a member. It was a dancing club, with a membership of about thirty. Miss Folsom was one of the leading spirits.

"I remember that on one occasion Miss Folsom took part in an authors' carnival, given in one of Buffalo's public halls for the benefit of charity," said Mrs. Coatsworth. "She was dressed in a costume to represent one of Scott's characters, but what the personation was has slipped from my memory."

There were many portraits of Mrs. Cleveland, a notable one being a composite effort, showing the faces of Martha Washington and Mrs. Perrine's daughter. There was also a picture of Baby Ruth. Mrs. Perrine is ardently devoted to her daughter, and surrounds herself with many souvenirs of her.

From Buffalo I went to Aurora. It is the ideal place for a college. Miss Smith, head lady principal, showed me some pictures of Mrs. Cleveland, and expressed her regret that she had no other souvenirs. When the old buildings of the college were destroyed by fire, the records perished with them. Nothing pertaining to Miss Folsom's days had escaped the flames.

Miss Smith praised Miss Folsom highly, declaring that the now famous Folsom's girlhood drew to its close. While the years at Wells College were passing she began her life romance, destined to terminate in opportunities leading to the White House. All during her younger years Miss Folsom had known and respected Mr. Cleveland, first as her father's law partner, then as her guardian on the sad and untimely death of her father, Oscar Folsom, who was thrown from a buggy, in 1874, while returning from a fishing trip at Black Rock with Mr. Cleveland, and instantly killed.

Frances Folsom graduated from Wells College in 1886, took a year's trip abroad in company with her mother, and returned to her native land to become a frequent visitor at the White House, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Folsom.

Fair Washington was flooded with joy and sunshine when, on June 2, 1886, Frances Clara Folsom became the happy wife of Grover Cleveland.

JOHN HERBERT GREUSEL. ONE MAN'S LUCK.

How James Rippey Discovered a Place Mine and Became Wealthy. A San Francisco dispatch says: In the little town of Los Gullicos, tucked away among the mountains of Senoma county, Cal., is a queer character of the name of James Rippey, who has kept a half way house and been postmaster for the express company at Los Gullicos for thirty years. The man was one of the luckiest and wealthiest men in the mines.

In the early '60s Rippey was knocking about San Francisco doing odd jobs. There was a great demand for carpenters in the towns about that time, and, possessing considerable mechanical ingenuity, Rippey concluded to try his luck in the building. He got hold of a few carpenter's tools and started out. He had no trouble in securing work, and was soon earning \$10 a day laying plank sidewalks. He lived extremely close, and in a few months he managed to amass several hundred dollars. One morning Rippey read in a newspaper the arrival at San Francisco of an English ship with a cargo of miners' tools and general hardware, which was to be sold at auction on the wharves. He concluded to speculate a little, and he attended the auction sale for several days. The picks, shovels, washpans, &c., were quickly bought up by the hardware dealers and speculators at prices that discouraged Rippey from making a bid.

Finally several hundred pounds of hobnails—a short nail with a large head—were put up. The speculators didn't seem to want them, and the bidding was low. Rippey thought he saw his opportunity and he bid off three hundred pounds of the nails at \$60.

When he had paid for the nails he had about \$50 left. With this money he bought two mules, a camp outfit, and some provisions. Packing the nails and the other stuff on one of the mules he started for the mountains. The Sierras were alive with prospectors, and at the end of the first week out Rippey rode into a camp known as Good Run, in Placer county. Rippey joined the camp and offered to hobnob with the miners' boots with imported nails. For each nail he got a bit—12-12 cents.

Money was easier to get hold of at Good Run than shoes, and, as the nails protected the soles of their boots from the gravel, the miners readily fell in with Rippey's plan. For a month or so the work he could do, and he had not long that time he found that he had accumulated gold dust to the amount of about \$2,000. He still had more than two hundred pounds of nails, and, satisfied with the scheme that he had adopted, he moved his hobnobbing outfit to another camp, where the same prosperity attended his work. It was eight months before Rippey's supply of nails played out. As they grew scarce he increased his price until, during the last month, the miners at Placer Creek were taxed four bits (fifty cents) for each hobnail. In eight months Rippey cleaned up \$25,000. By this time he had become thoroughly imbued with the gold fever, and, in company with a prospector by the name of Henly, he set out on a prospecting tour, going over the western edge of Alpine county. Henly was a young Englishman, who had reached the mountains with quite a sum of money in his pockets, but he had met with hard luck, and when asked by Rippey he was to use a common expression in that country, dead broke. For six months the men prospected the gulches with but little success. They finally pulled up stakes and moved into

Nevada county, where they mined with good success. Early in the fall of 1864 Rippey was taken sick with a fever, before completing his education in that line he had got the gold craze and came to California. He nursed Rippey as best he could, but the man grew worse steadily. Henly knew an herb that he had noticed growing a couple of miles up the ravine that, if steeped, would perhaps help the sick man.

One morning he left the cabin to get some of this herb. While away a terrific thunder storm came up and the little stream that ran through the gulch began to rise. Knowing how rapidly these mountain streams rise in a storm of rain and fearing for the safety of Rippey, as the cabin stood on the bank of the creek, Henly hurried back. The water ran so very rapidly, and, though Henly ran as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, the flood overstripped him. When he came within sight of the cabin it was half under water, and the torrent threatened every instant to carry it away. One end of the building stood against an immense oak tree, the limbs of which spread out many feet.

By climbing a tree Henly managed to get into the oak. About two feet above the roof of the cabin a strong limb grew out. From this limb Henly descended to the roof, and as it was composed of brush and dirt, he quickly stamped a hole through it. The water had risen inside the house nearly to the bottom of the bunk in which Rippey lay. Henly dropped inside, and with the water up to his armpits, wrapped Rippey in blankets, and fastening a rope securely around his neck, threw the other end over the limb and pulled him up. He was a strong man, and as Rippey had been greatly emaciated by the fever, he was not a hard job to haul him up to the limb and secure him at a safe height by a fork of a tree, above the flood.

Lashed to the limb, the sick man stood out of the storm. The cabin, protected by the trunk of the oak, held its own, but a boulder, set loose by the flood, rolled down the side of the gulch and crashed through the side of the building. When the storm had exhausted its force the creek fell to its normal proportions, and Henly got Rippey to the ground, where he made him as comfortable as possible.

Contrary to Henly's expectations, who thought that the shock would kill Rippey, the sick man in a couple of days showed signs of mending, and, in two weeks, he was once more fairly on his feet. The hole knocked in the side of the cabin by the boulder had let in sand and gravel, so that the building was half full of debris when the water subsided. A good many tools, cooking utensils and other things were covered by the sand, and when Rippey was well enough the men began the work of digging out the property. The regular appearance of some of the dirt attracted Rippey's attention, and he washed out some of it. It proved to be rich with gold, and from the dirt in the cabin several thousand dollars' worth of dust was found and a nugget of gold worth \$100 was also discovered. Rippey and Henly divided it, share and share alike.

Henly, two years after, went to Australia. Rippey went to San Francisco, where he gambled in stock with varying success until he finally lost every dollar.



Joseph O. Lopez of Maynard, Md.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Gives Strength and Overcomes Rheumatism.

"There is nothing I have ever taken in my life that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was in the Union army from '61 to '65; was confined in Anderson prison eight months, and the diseases contracted there still linger. I had chills and fevers for years, and my doctor told me that I must take 40 grains of quinine a day for a long time. I did so, but after a time it did me no good, and then he ordered hop tea, which was as bitter as gall and made me sick. Rheumatism then caught me in my left leg and I could not move it. The doctor said

I Had Malaria. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I have taken it ever since and it always does me good. My friends tell me I look younger and better.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

better than I did ten years ago. This makes me feel proud and I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough. My case was a bad one, but Hood's Put Me on My Feet and I am naturally very grateful to it. I recommend it to all the people whom I hear complaining of feeling weak and tired and for other troubles, and to many of whom have been benefited by it. I am a living witness to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOSEPH O. LOPEZ, Maynard, Md.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

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FAC-SIMILE OF FRENCH ESSAY BY FRANKIE FOLSOM.

ing visitors who are drawn to the school week after week under the fascinating spell of a name. "So this is the room Miss Folsom attended?" I ventured to the woman in charge. "It is. You see her picture on the wall. It was placed there by the pupils. It attracts many visitors the year round." Mrs. Cleveland is honored with a picture hung somewhat high on the wall, between two windows. It is not a large picture,

medals are annually distributed, the gold ones weighing 1,332 grains, or twice the weight of a double eagle; the silver medals 516 grains, or that of a double eagle. The annual awarding of the Ketchum medals continues to this day in the Buffalo school. As a matter of history it must be recorded that Miss Folsom never gained one of these interesting souvenirs of scholastic proficiency. Nor do the books show that she was ever credited with one of those vague