TO HER OLD FRIENDS

The President's Wife Remembered as a Pretty Schoolgirl in St. Paul.

She Used to Play in Irvine Park With Others of Her Age.

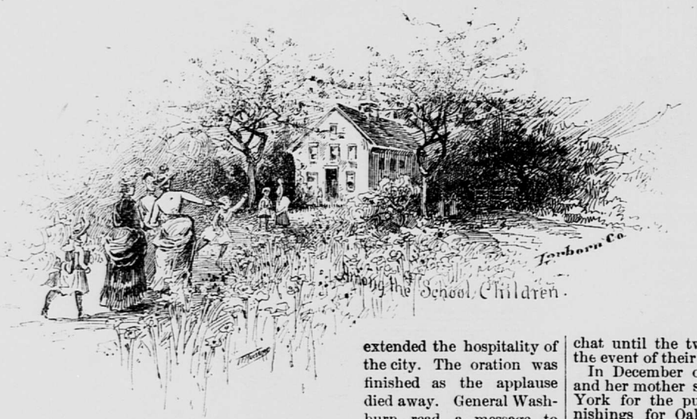
Who Are Now the Prominent Society Leaders of the Capital City.

Old Recollections That Will be Revived by Mrs. Cleveland's Visit.

CERTAIN it is that among the ladies who will wave their fans and kerchiefs, in salutation of the President and his wife as they pass along the crowded streets to-day, will be many who once sat in the same school-room with the mistress of the White House. That was in St. Paul, too, for the saintly city has the honor of having been once the temporary home of the President's wife. She played about the lawns and walks of one of the most beautiful parts of the city. She was a schoolgirl then, and scattered pebbles in the splashing fountain of a park nearby, with some dozens of St. Paul's best-known ladies, who were schoolgirls with her. Of course it would be but a platitude to say that none of them then ever dreamed that Frankie Folsom would next come to St. Paul as the wife of the chief magistrate of the nation, and it would be useless to devote much space to remarks on the feature of American life that makes such things possible. But it certainly cannot fail to be of interest to note at this time that the woman who comes as the wife of the chosen ruler of fifty millions of people is paying a visit to a place that must have many familiar scenes, in spite of the decade that has elapsed since her last visit, and the rapidly growing nature of the city since that time.

IN CENTENNIAL YEAR.

It was in 1876 or 1877—and those who knew her best at that time say they are not sure which year it was that she was here last—that Frankie Folsom used to call St. Paul her home. If the girls who were then her playmates—schoolgirls from a dozen summers to sweet sixteen—had once suspected that the bright miss who used to sport with them in Irvine Park or share with them a lunch at school was ever to become a President's wife they would have regarded her stay here as of more importance, would have made more critical note of her personal characteristics, made mental memoranda of her childish ways, and have more strongly defined ideas of what sort of miss she was. But they didn't know it, and made no special notches in their memory, as a GLOBE man found who spent a day or two of inquiry among those who were most in her society when she was here.



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF OAK VIEW.

Those who knew Frankie Folsom when she lived in St. Paul are now grown to womanhood, and many of them are among the best-known ladies in the saintly city. Some are dead and some have married and gone to other cities. Some who are in the city now say that Mrs. Cleveland once attended school in St. Paul, and some there are who say they attended with her and were in her classes. But from the investigation that THE GLOBE reporter made it appears that at no time could it be said that she was at school in this city. A lady well known in St. Paul, whose home is here, is a relative—a cousin—of Mrs. Folsom, and from her the statement comes that never was the name of Frankie Folsom on the roll of regular attendants. The school where she is said by others to have been a pupil was the private institution, conducted by two sisters, the Misses Wheaton, and located at the corner of Fifth and Franklin streets. It was a school where young ladies were taught the higher branches and where special attention was given to deportment and

THE REFINING GRACES

that should make its graduates fitted to shine in the highest social circles. The attendance was large, and to the influences, direct and indirect, of the teaching there many in St. Paul owe large debts of gratitude at this present time.

It was at the house of Captain Huddleston, on Exchange street, near Sherman, that Mrs. Folsom and her daughter lived. Mrs. Folsom was introduced as a half-sister of Captain Huddleston, who was one of St. Paul's well-known citizens, who had married a lady from Buffalo, N. Y. That part of the city where he lived, then as now, was the home of many of St. Paul's first citizens. It seems that at least on two different times, and some incline to think on more occasions than that, Mrs. Folsom and her daughter, Frankie, visited the Huddleston home, each time for periods perhaps of six weeks or two months, and it was on these visits that Frankie, then thirteen or fourteen years old, made the acquaintance of those who remember her now.

"She never could have attended the Wheaton, or any other school, for her visits to St. Paul were not long enough, and she did not come out here from Buffalo for that purpose," said Mrs. J. B. Cook, the lady above referred to as a relative of the Folsom family to a GLOBE reporter. Captain Huddleston had a daughter, Minnie, about Frankie's age, who may have attended school there at the time, and it is more than probable that her visitor went with her as a sort of schoolgirl visitor, and probably it was from these frequent visits that the others who were pupils there at the time have the impression that she was a regular pupil there. I cannot say just how many visits Mrs. Folsom made to St. Paul, but she came two or three times, usually in the spring or early summer, and then her daughter was with her."

SHE WAS IN MOURNING.

Another lady who had known Miss Folsom said that as she remembered it Miss Frankie began one term as a regular attendant at the school. She said that at this time Mrs. Folsom was in mourning for her husband, and Miss Frankie wore half-mourning dress. The young girl did not go in society other than that of her schoolmates, partially from her age, and partially from the fact of her mother's mourning. All who remember her speak in the highest terms of her mother's refinement and culture. They say, too, that Miss Frankie was an unusually dignified miss for one of her years, and, while not strikingly beautiful, was always considered an unusually attractive and interesting schoolgirl.

Her visit to St. Paul was cut short one summer, owing to some family troubles, of which the particulars are not known, and as Captain Huddleston moved away soon after, Mrs. Folsom and her daughter never again visited this city.

A YEAR AGO RECALLED.

Why the Presidential Party Will be Interested in Minneapolis.

There is a peculiar reason why Mrs. Cleveland will be interested in Minneapolis. The city is connected with one of the greatest events of her life. The fair young girl who occupies the proud position of first lady of the land was a party to two events which attracted to her the public attention. The first was when, in 1885, she became the bride of the President; the second was when, in 1886, she started the machinery of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition. She has never seen Minneapolis. Her only idea of it has been gleaned from reading matter, and her best information has come through the columns of THE GLOBE, her favorite paper. It is natural that she should feel a great interest and curiosity in Minneapolis after having started the machinery in the first annual exposition, and that, too, separated by a distance of over 1,200 miles, as the crow flies.

The scene at each end of the wire that carried the message was a memorable one. On the east was a small, lovely lake in the Adirondack mountains at Saranac. The piazza of the Swiss chalet held a round table on which clicked a telegraph instrument. An operator stood by it, smilingly watched by Mrs. Cleveland from a few steps distant. The President sat in a chair, watch in hand and had just remarked:

"It must be four o'clock in Minneapolis."

As he spoke, the instrument clicked off a lively tune and the operator read a message from the Exposition. The President and his wife smiled and the operator said:

"All ready, Mrs. Cleveland."

She stepped to the table and pressed her forefinger on the key. In less than a minute came the answering click, with the message that the ponderous machinery was in full motion. Congratulations were exchanged, and the Saranac party joined some friends on a boating expedition.

At the western end of the wire was a scene in wide contrast with the quiet reigning on the Adirondack mountains. The vast Exposition building, first opened to the public, was crowded to its seating capacity. The sweet strains of the Mexican band floated from the east gallery, while the silver of eloquence streamed from the west. Senator Davis was delivering the oration, after Mayor Ames had extended the hospitality of the city. The oration was finished as the applause died away. General Washburn read a message to President Cleveland, which was soon clicking away on the telegraph instrument near at hand. Then came a pause and the silence could almost be felt. Suddenly came a sharp click, followed by a loud puff of steam and a burst from the fountains; then the roar of the machinery, the fierce and shrill screaming of whistles, the blare of brass music, the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands, and above all the tremendous applause of thousands of people.

Yes; Mrs. Cleveland will certainly take an interest in Minneapolis, and this little incident which, although it may seem trivial to some, has to an extent endeared the President and Mrs. Cleveland to the people of Minneapolis. It was the promptness with which they accepted and fulfilled the invitation to assist in the opening exercises of the exposition. Those who were present upon that occasion when the great building was opened on the 23d of August remember the hush that fell upon the vast assembly when it was announced that Mrs. Cleveland would touch the telegraph operator's key at the Prospect House, Upper Saranac, New York, and thus convey the signal for the starting of the machinery. First, the following greeting was received from President Cleveland:

Hon. W. D. Washburn, President: With many thanks for the kind message sent to us by the officers and directors of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, Mrs. Cleveland joins me in tendering to them hearty congratulations upon the auspicious inauguration of an exhibition which not only demonstrates the prosperity and progress of the great Northwest, but must also reflect credit upon a country whose greatest pride is the happiness and contentment of its people and their enjoyment of all the gifts of God. Mrs. Cleveland gladly complies with your request and will set in motion the machinery of the exposition. She now awaits your signal.

Newspapers at the White House.

Nearly every newspaper in the country finds its way to the White House. During the afternoon, the papers having been all arranged in piles, Colonel Lamont looks over them. When he sees anything he thinks is good, or that will be of service to the President, he marks it with a blue pencil. After he has "gone over" the papers they are carried into Colonel Crook's office. He is the disbursing clerk of the White House. Colonel Crook then takes forth his shears and cuts out all the blue-marked paragraphs and pastes them in a scrap-book, and this is kept for the President's inspection. Mrs. Cleveland in her mail receives a great number of clippings from newspapers, the majority being about herself. She enjoys reading these, and keeps a scrap-book, too, and it is a most interesting one, displaying as it does the picturesque variety of American journalism.

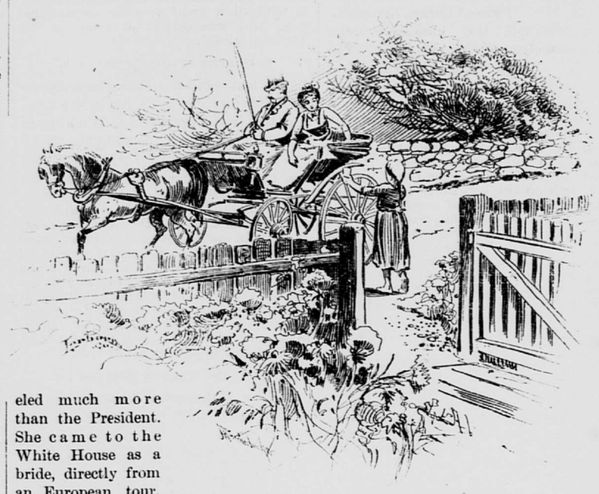
MRS. CLEVELAND'S TOURS.

She Has Been More of a Traveler Than Her Husband.

Coming to the White House as a Bride Direct From a European Tour.

Her Visits to the Adirondacks, New York and Massachusetts.

Probably few living persons have been more literally weighted down with invitations than the President's lovely wife. They have poured in upon her from all quarters, the North, South, East and West each claiming the honor of her presence upon some special occasion. Young as she is, Mrs. Cleveland has traveled much more than the President. She came to the White House as a bride, directly from an European tour, and since then has been able to visit about more than her busy husband.



A DRIVE IN THE SUBURBS.

On the morning of June 1, 1886, Miss Folsom, then recently returned from abroad, left her home in New York in company with her mother to make her first journey to the White House, where her marriage was solemnized upon the following day. In the evening the President and his wife left for a week's stay at Deer Park, Md., where a pretty cottage adjoining was in readiness for their coming. Here they were joined after a few days by Mrs. Folsom with Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, their carriage and horses having been sent on ahead of them. Many charming drives were enjoyed by the party through the beautiful mountain scenery in which this spot abounds.

Mrs. Cleveland's next trip was a pleasure jaunt with her husband to the Adirondacks. They left Washington on the 16th of August for Lake Saranac. As the train sped through the mountain region crowds of curious natives gathered along the route just to gain a peep at the fair young mistress of the White House. One burly mountaineer, catching a glimpse of Mrs. Folsom and mistaking her for the object of his search, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Now, that's what I call a *rale* pretty woman." After leaving the railway terminus there was a long stage ride before the cottage was reached in which the presidential party were domiciled. Colonel and Mrs. Lamont were in the party. The ladies often spent their mornings, when the weather proved too unfavorable for outdoor sport, in pleasant wanderings in and out among the many curious old corners and cuddy holes with which the cottage abounded, and one rainy morning they found poked away some curious old china and a quaint teapot, which were the same evening put into requisition for their informal meal; and when the gentlemen returned, tired and hungry from their day's sport, the kettle was cosily singing on the hob, while a cheery fire burned in the broad old-fashioned fireplace. After this their quiet evenings were often interrupted by some one guest or another who dropped in for a little chat until the twilight hours were quite the event of their daily life.

In December of 1886 Mrs. Cleveland and her mother spent a few days in New York for the purpose of selecting furnishings for Oak View, then recently purchased, as well as investing in numerous Christmas gifts. Later in the month she accompanied Mrs. Endicott to Boston, where they were the guests of Mrs. Endicott's sister, Mrs. Mason. Last summer the President and Mrs. Cleveland again went to the Adirondacks. Here was spent the first anniversary of their wedding, in a little fishing boat angling for trout, on which occasion, it is said, Mrs. Cleveland was more successful than her experienced husband. Returning in the evening, the party found the cottage tastefully decorated in honor of the occasion by some thoughtful guests at the hotel, with the date in flowers upon a background of dark green pine placed over the entrance to the dining-room. After a fortnight's stay the cares of office called the happy party reluctantly away from their summer rest, and the President, leaving his wife as the guest of Governor Hill at the executive mansion at Albany, returned home greatly benefited in health by the change.

Upon leaving the governor the following morning, Mrs. Cleveland went direct to the home of her friend and former schoolmate, Miss Virginia Kingsford, at Oswego, where a large reception was given in her honor by Mr. Thomas Kingsford. She also attended a luncheon given her by Miss Alice Churchill, daughter of Justice Churchill, of the Supreme Court of the State.

From Oswego Mrs. Cleveland was accompanied to Wells College at Aurora by Miss Kingsford, both being graduates of that institution. On June 21 she attended the graduating exercises, on which occasion she presented the diplomas. On the evening of the same day she visited Cayuga Lake Military Academy also at Aurora. Mrs. Cleveland left for Washington the following Friday, escorted by Colonel Lamont. The next trip of importance was made in July, when the President and Mrs. Cleveland, Colonel Lamont and his charming wife again journeyed together to attend the centennial celebration at Clinton, the former home of Mr. Cleveland's father and the place where a portion of his own childhood days had been passed. They stopped on the way to visit Miss Cleveland at Holland Patent. After attending the Clinton celebration, they went to Utica, where a large reception was held at the Butterfield House, 300 people being presented to Mrs. Cleveland on this occasion. Then a quiet week of true enjoyment was passed at the home of the Rev. William N. Cleveland, at Forrestport. While here the party were invited to take the time honored excursion down the St. Lawrence to the Thousand Islands, the steamer St. Lawrence being placed at their disposal. It was on their return from this delightful trip that the engineer of the special train was killed and the passengers miraculously escaped death. While running at a tremendous rate of speed some of the couplings gave way and a sudden stop threw all in confusion. Mr. Cleveland afterward contributed largely to the relief fund of the stricken family of the poor man, besides arranging that everything that could be done to alleviate their unfortunate condition be promptly attended to at his expense. It was a bad ending to a journey otherwise so fraught with pleasant memories. Arriving at Casinovia on the 19th, the party were the guests of Mrs. Linklin. They left the following day for a visit to Mr. Cleveland's sister, Mrs. Hoyt, at Fayetteville, and attended two large receptions. Thence the party returned to Casinovia and took the six o'clock train for home. This trip of nearly two weeks' unceasing travel was spent in a most fatiguing round of gayeties. Yet Mrs. Cleveland's splendid physique and perfect health carried her bravely through.

Early in August Mrs. Cleveland, feeling the need of a short rest and change, gladly availed herself of General and Mrs. Greely's kind offer to take possession of their cottage at Marion, Mass., and actually reached her destination before any of the local journals knew she had left Washington.

Mrs. Cleveland returned from her stay "by the sad sea waves" with bright and glowing health and greatly strengthened for the fatigue necessarily consequent upon their present Western tour.

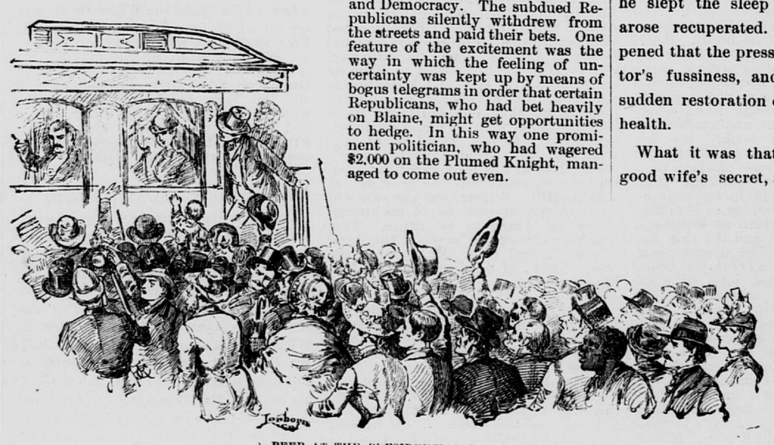
CLEVELAND'S ELECTION.

The Excitement it Caused at Minneapolis—The Plug-hat Riot.

Cleveland's election was a surprise party of large dimensions to the people of Minnesota. Only in local politics had Democracy asserted itself since Governor Sibley's election in 1858. The Republicans could stay away from the polls and still roll up a 30,000 majority. No wonder they began to doubt that the election of a Democrat to any office higher than mayor was either a probability or a possibility. The night of the election the earnest and thoughtful Republicans came trooping down town in Minneapolis for the purpose of indulging in that time-honored practice and enjoyable recreation of "rubbing it in" on the Democrats. The scenes that night did not differ materially from those which had marked the nights of the first Tuesdays after the first Mondays of previous Novembers. The returns came in from the State showing the usual Republican majorities, meagre dispatches from towns and cities all over the country were received and bulletined in front of the newspaper offices. There were cheers for "Blaine and Logan," and groans for "Cleveland and Hendricks."

Old Republicans congratulated each other that the country had been again saved, and smiled approval upon the enthusiasm of the young Republicans engaged in "whooping 'er up." At midnight they went home with the complacency begotten of the consciousness that the earth was theirs, politically speaking. The next day this impression was not changed. Of course the Democrats claimed their candidate was elected, but the Democrats always did that. Of course New York was in doubt, but the unwavering faith that Republicanism is mighty and must prevail would not permit the thought to be entertained. The dispatches from hour to hour, however, seemed to confirm the claim of the impudent Democrats. Then Republican loyalty asserted itself. At first they laughed, then they were indignant and finally they were disconsolate. They bet their money on Blaine and they yelled for Blaine. A curious transformation was then witnessed. The Democrats multiplied as if by a miracle. They came out from their holes and they stayed out. They became aggressive and jubilant. A week went on and great crowds choked the streets in front of bulletin boards. Everybody caught the excitement, and the entire city got into the habit of staying out all night.

The spirit of mischief grew reckless—Ald. Sly got his silk hat smashed one morning, and in return smashed some other fellow's. This started a regular plug-hat riot. Hats were snatched and were kicked about like footballs, and trampled upon by a thousand feet. By evening a man wearing a plug hat became an object of attention, and would be hunted like a rabbit until his tile had disappeared. Howling crowds paraded the streets hunting for plug-hatted victims. Even such men as the venerable Mayor Pillsbury and Colonel King did not escape, but went home hatless. It took several days and a number of policemen to subdue the crusade against high hats. Then came the Democratic ratification meeting, when enthusiasm fairly bubbled over, and men yelled themselves hoarse for Cleveland and Democracy. The subdued Republicans silently withdrew from the streets and paid their bets. One feature of the excitement was the way in which the feeling of uncertainty was kept up by means of bogus telegrams in order that certain Republicans, who had bet heavily on Blaine, might get opportunities to hedge. In this way one prominent politician, who had wagered $2,000 on the Plumed Knight, managed to come out even.



A PEEP AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

GRIP-SACK SECRET.

Mrs. Cleveland's Provision for the Comfort of Her Husband.

The Aches and Pains Incidental to Travel Completely Charmed Away.

Heed the Warning Given by the President's Late Rheumatic Attack.

His Friends Make Some Good Suggestions on the Care of Health.

Not like those ancient receptions given to Mrs. George Washington will be the tour of the President and his wife. Of the former it was said: "She was met on the outskirts by a committee of citizens. There were fireworks before and after supper, and she was serenaded by an excellent band of music, conducted by gentlemen of the town."

The harvests of a mighty nation are garnered and the fruits thereof will be the "fair-day" sights of millions. Thousands will come and go and crowd each mart "where plenty sits," and into these genial multitudes the distinguished visitors will be ushered.

Grover Cleveland is of the people, by the people, their President, and in the administration of their affairs his health and happiness are objects of solicitude.

The most changeful season in many years is upon us, and he will be whirled from freezing point to Indian summer, and thence again to where the frosts will chill.

He will come and go through heated rooms, and from the stifling air where crowds commingle, he will be suddenly transferred to the cold without.

Does any one suppose he is unprepared for such emergencies? If so, let him possess himself with patience. Just ask the charming Mrs. C. what was that little incident it is said took place in their delightful boudoir at the White House, at which even the sleepy poodle looked askant. Will the gripsack reveal a secret?

From undergoing just such trials as those foreshadowed and harassed by state affairs the President fell sick. Crowds had no compassion, Congress was impatient for his message, and in the late hours he sat by an open window and prepared the document.

The President was down and crippled with rheumatism, and the long faces of the physicians in attendance betokened a protracted illness.

One doctor made public mention that this illness of the President was critical, and perhaps fatal, and that he might not live to see another year. Why such a scare was gotten up, that doctor only knows.

Now this would never do, thought she. A thousand eyes were on him, and a thousand ears had caught this ominous warning. What to do was a quick resolve, and how to outwit this evil portent was a woman's chance to hold her husband on his pinnacle and surprise the country. She did it.

And hence we find them at the boudoir fire-place, while the poodle slumbered quietly. Just then she whispered something in his ear.

What was his answer? Did he say, "I'd like to do it just to spite the doctor, but they'd have my name in a thousand prints?"

But what of that? She had determined that a thousand papers should proclaim "the President is well and walks about without his cane."

She hastened off, and after a while the attendant rubbed his swollen limbs and anon the pains subsided; he slept the sleep of the just, and arose recuperated. And so it happened that the press rebuked the doctor's fussiness, and proclaimed the sudden restoration of the President's health.

What it was that cured him is the good wife's secret, and no one would be mean enough to tell that secret if she gave him leave, but true it is what other most distinguished men have done so often has brought them like results.

For instance, a firm friend and counselor of the President, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, Senator from Indiana, makes this mention without reluctance or show of secrecy: "St. Jacobs Oil gave instantaneous relief; a remarkable remedy."

The distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio, in like manner states: "St. Jacobs Oil is excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

The Hon. Thomas L. Young, ex-Governor of Ohio, has been free to say: "Suffered for years with rheumatism and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Martin A. Foran, Member of Congress from Cleveland, Ohio, has said: "St. Jacobs Oil is an invaluable family medicine. Great relief. Safe and reliable."

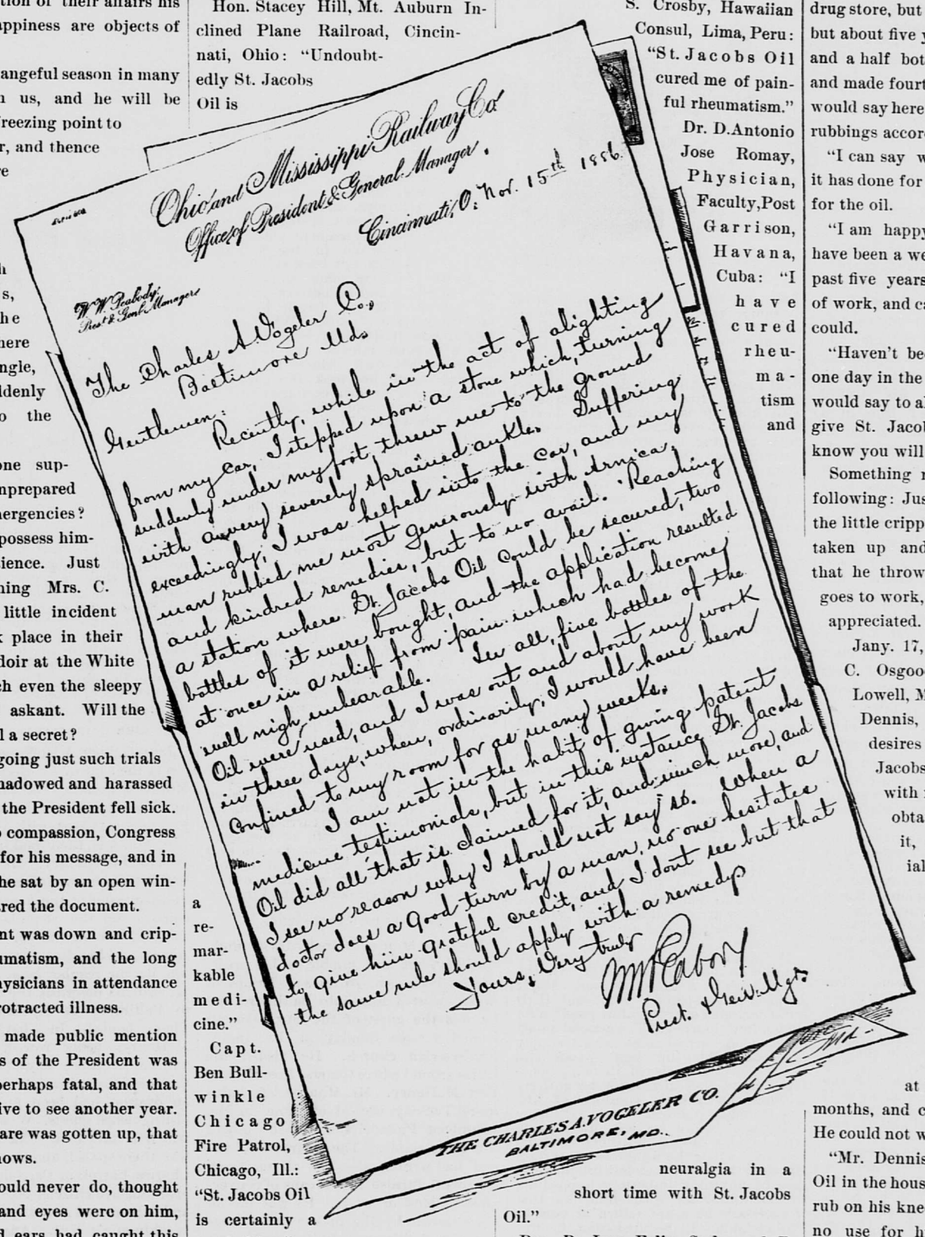
Hon. Jno. C. New, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Indianapolis, Ind.: "I cordially recommend St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Norman J. Colman, ex-Lieutenant Governor, St. Louis, Mo., Commissioner of Agriculture: "Found great benefit by use of St. Jacobs Oil."

Capt. Henry M. Holzworth, late Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "St. Jacobs Oil is a surprising relief. A world of good. It conquers pain."

J. W. Schmidt, Esq., late Chief Superintendent of Police, Cleveland, O.: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatism."

Hon. Stacey Hill, Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly St. Jacobs Oil is a remarkable medicine."



Capt. Ben Bullwinkle Chicago Fire Patrol, Chicago, Ill.: "St. Jacobs Oil is certainly a good thing."

Professor C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium: "We use St. Jacobs Oil in preference to anything we ever tried."

Hon. Carter H. Harrison, late Mayor of Chicago: "I used and found St. Jacobs Oil excellent."

Hon. Oden Bowie, ex-Governor of Maryland, Prest. Balto. City Passenger Railway Co., and ex-Prest. Md. Jockey Club: "St. Jacobs Oil acts most satisfactorily."

Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, ex-U. S. Senator, Maryland: "St Jacobs Oil has my best wishes."

Hon. M. G. Urner, ex-M. C., Maryland: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil in my family. It drives all pain away."

Hon. Hart B. Holton, ex-M. C., Maryland: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil with astonishing effects. It is a first-class thing."

Hon. Geo. Colton, late Police Commissioner, Baltimore, Md.: "Wherever I have traveled St. Jacobs Oil is recognized as a blessing to humanity."

Hon. Thomas L. James, late Postmaster General, U. S.: "I concur in indorsing St. Jacobs Oil."

General Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General U. S. Army: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain cure ever used."

Not alone in this country, but in all parts of the world, men of distinction are free to admit all its virtues, to sympathize with those who suffer, and to give them the benefit of their indorsements as encouragement to do likewise. Hence we find so distinguished a scholar as:

Dr. Richard Oberlaender, Leipzig, Germany, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A. M.G. S.: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely of neuralgia. I will not be without it."

Hon. Billa Flint, Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada: "I found St. Jacobs Oil to act like a charm."

Hon. Godfrey Sichel, Member of Parliament, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa: "St. Jacobs Oil will cure neuralgic pains."

Hon. H. H. Meiggs, the Great Railroad contractor, South America: "St. Jacobs Oil has accomplished wonders. It has my positive indorsement."

Hon. Henry Piper, late Alderman, Toronto, Canada: "I cured aggravated rheumatism by use of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. David Scott, the champion Cricketer, Melbourne, Australia: "I suffered agony. St. Jacobs Oil cured me."

Dr. Manuel Izaguirre, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico: "I obtained complete cures of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism with St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Wong Doon Hing, Chinese Consul General, San Francisco, California: "The Chinese regard St. Jacobs Oil as the best pain-cure in the world."

Senor A. de la E. Delgado, LL. D., and Counselor Tribunal of Justice of the Republic, Lima, Peru: "A single application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatism of four years' standing."

S. Crosby, Hawaiian Consul, Lima, Peru: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of painful rheumatism."

Dr. D. Antonio Jose Romay, Physician, Faculty, Post Garrison, Havana, Cuba: "I have cured rheumatism and neuralgia in a short time with St. Jacobs Oil."

Drs. D. Jose Felix Sudy and D. Moises Allende, Sanitary Commissioners, Chilian Army of Occupation, Peru, report: "St. Jacobs Oil was a complete cure in experiments upon 500 invalids suffering with all kinds of aches and pains."

Mr. Alfred Hay, the great sheep raiser of Boomanoomana, Mulwala P. O., N. S. W., Australia: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of painful neuralgia."

What are the virtues of this great remedy which the President of the United States might do well to carry in his gripsack, and which distinguished men of the world have used with benefit? Is that its secret?

What it is and what it is not can be briefly told; has been told in a thousand ways, and by thousands it has been used. It cures with Jeffersonian simplicity and remains a cure with the stubbornness of Andrew Jackson.

It is not merely a rubefacient to irritate the outer surface, nor is it merely an emollient or embrocation to soften or relax a constricted muscle, but in its specific action it combines the specific properties of the best of these, with a superior curative virtue superadded.

It penetrates deeply but gently, searchingly and surely; it is kind but firm, holding on and seeking the pain-spot. It subdues easily; it soothes instantly; it cures permanently.

The most remarkable proof of this permanency of cure has been furnished the proprietors in an unexpected form, but at the same time most gratifying.

In duty bound to look after the interests of their patrons and patients, they addressed a circular letter to such as had used it, making inquiry as to the state of their health, with a view of advising further.

What was their surprise to learn from all of them, thousands in number, except such as had removed their residence, that in every case where used according to directions the cures made by the great remedy had remained permanent.

Cheerful renewals of their statements were made, which disclosed the remarkable showing which no other similar remedy has ever shown—that the cures were those of chronic cases of long standing—cases where crutches and canes had been used.

What is more remarkable still, the cures were prompt and positive without the recurrence of pain or discomfort in a lapse of years as long as its own existence and after the disease had ravaged as long as thirty years.

As a specimen of cheerful response, wherein these points are fully set forth, we give the following:

Mr. D. M. Rearick, of Constantine, Mich., writes Feb. 16, 1887, as follows:

"It gives me much pleasure to substantiate what I said five years ago in regard to your great remedy.

"I had been troubled with rheumatism, or rather pain in my back, for about *thirty years*, so much so that I was confined to my bed two or three weeks at a time.

"Tried most every remedy, most every plaster that I could get in a drug store, but no relief from them; but about five years ago I bought one and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and made fourteen applications, but I would say here that I gave it thorough rubbings according to directions.

"I can say without hesitation that it has done for me all that you claim for the oil.

"I am happy to inform you that I have been a well and healthy man the past five years; have done all kinds of work, and can lift as much as I ever could.

"Haven't been lame with my back one day in the space of five years, and would say to all that have like trouble, give St. Jacobs Oil fair trial and I know you will find relief from same."

Something more remarkable is the following: Just imagine any one of the little cripples seen on the street taken up and magically cured, so that he throws away his crutch and goes to work, and the case will be appreciated. But to the facts:

Jany. 17, 1883, Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., write: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody St., desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, as he has obtained benefit by using it, but he desires especially to say:

"Orin Robinson, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house *in the summer of* 1881, walking upon crutches.

"His left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it.

"Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them and has been well since St. Jacobs Oil cured him."

The case from January 17, 1883, to July 9, 1887, stood thus: A confirmed cripple on crutches—knee bent—leg useless. Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Was the cure permanent? Inquiry was made on this point of Osgood & Co., June 18, 1887. After an interval of four years, it will be seen what is the condition of the poor cripple.

They reply as follows, July 9, 1887: "Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me and informs me:

"That the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent.

"The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor, a case certainly which proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.

[Signed] Dr. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.

St. Jacobs Oil has won its reputation on merit alone, and on this only does it desire to stand.

Whether the secret of the gripsack is ever revealed or not, it is to be hoped that the President and wife will return in good health to the White House.

On the return trip, should they visit Honeymoon Heights, the tiptop peaks of West Virginia, which look down upon the teeming valleys they leave behind them, when the sun is up, the softened light will fall upon the painted foliage. Put away a souvenir in the diary where it recounts the boudoir scene, for it is said by an ancient legend, "there's luck in autumn leaves."