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VOL. IX. SAINT PAUL, MINN., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1887.—TEN PAGES. NO. 28

GOOD-BY TO ST. PAUL.

President Cleveland and Party Driven About the City and Are Gone.

Morning Scenes About the Hotel Where the Party Spent the Night.

A Drive Through the Saintly City's Most Magnificent Thoroughfares.

The Hospitality of Mayor and Mrs. Smith Enjoyed for Half an Hour.

President Cleveland for a Time the Guest of the Minnesota Club.

Off for the Mill City Amid the Cheers From a Thousand Throats.

They have come and gone. Monday the city gave them a ringing welcome; yesterday the city bade them a hearty God-speed on their journey to other fields of rejoicing. Was ever such a magnificent ovation crowded into so small a space of time?

Two hundred thousand people saw and cheered the president and his wife Monday night, and yesterday morning the streets about the Hotel Ryan were crowded with 30,000 more, waiting to catch a glimpse of the guests when they started on their morning drive. Inside the lobby of the hotel was packed with a large delegation of prominent Dakotians, who expected to be presented to the president before the start. The Dakotians, however, were doomed to be disappointed. The arrangements were made with the local committees for their reception yesterday morning, but the president was not notified. When Col. Dan Lamont learned of their intentions early Monday evening, it was given out positively that the president would not receive any one after the regular reception. Accordingly all the Dakotians who could be found were got together, and the delegation was the first to be introduced.

The committee was on hand early yesterday morning, but President and Mrs. Cleveland, who were somewhat wearied by the reception, were a trifle late. Mrs. Vilas, although not ill, was quite tired, and preferred not to accompany the party on the ride. President and Mrs. Cleveland arose at

TWENTY MINUTES PAST SEVEN

o'clock, and breakfast was served to the presidential party in the private dining room at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Vilas took breakfast in her private apartments. Col. Lamont finished his meal first, and received a few members of the committee in his own room. Col. Vilas came out shortly after and shook hands with everybody. President and Mrs. Cleveland both ate a hearty meal, and did not leave the dining room until nearly time for the ride. They walked together through the crowded lobby, the president bowing a good morning as they passed, and retired to their apartments. The crowd below caught sight of them as they walked in front of the glass wall of the corridor, and sent up a big cheer. Mrs. Cleveland wore a morning dress of brown silk with white lace trimmings, and looked even more bright and beautiful than the evening before. They remained in their apartments for half an hour. During the interim a bell-man brought up a magnificent cluster of white roses for Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by a note from a lady admirer. The door opened just a foot; the hand of President Cleveland's valet reached out and took the offerings, and the door closed again. At 9:30 President and Mrs. Cleveland came out, attired for the morning drive. Mrs. Cleveland wore the same wraps as on the previous drives. They shook hands warmly with members of the committee who waited in the corridors, and when the party walked down stairs to take the carriages the president walked with Mayor Smith and Mrs. Cleveland with Gov. McGill. The crowd cheered lustily while the party were taking carriages, and President Cleveland removed his hat and bowed acknowledgments. Just when Mrs. Cleveland took her seat, with a smile playing all about the dimples in her cheeks, the sun, which had been obscured by clouds for an hour, came out, full and bright.

PAST FINE HOUSES.

The Drive Through the Residence Part of the City.

The drive about the city was a pleasant feature in spite of the chilly weather. The carriages were occupied in the following order:

First Carriage—President and Mrs. Cleveland, Gov. McGill and Mayor Smith.

Second Carriage—Postmaster General Vilas, Mrs. S. J. R. McMillan, Miss Ada Murphy.

Third Carriage—Col. Lamont, D. H. Moon, Lewis Baker, Thomas Cochran, Jr.

Fourth Carriage—Dr. Bissell, Gen. Sibley and ex-Gov. Ramsey.

Fifth Carriage—Ex-Gov. Marshall, Gov. Church, of Dakota, Maurice Auerbach, C. H. Lieneau.

Sixth Carriage—Dr. Bryant, Albert Schaffer, Lane K. Stone, Peter Berkey.

Seventh Carriage—W. P. Murray, Senator McMillan and Hon. A. Boynton, of Dakota.

Eighth Carriage—Representatives of the city press.

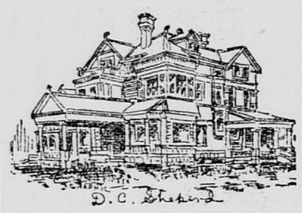
Ninth Carriage—P. H. Kelly, C. V. Bacon.

Tenth Carriage—Hon. Edmund Rice, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Merriam and Mr. Bickford, of the Associated Press.

The route everywhere was lined with people on either side, a number of whom were ladies. A pretty little girl of twelve years rode a handsome bay saddle horse alongside the president's carriage shortly after the procession started

and maintained her position there until the party alighted at Mayor Smith's residence. Another feature was a young woman who drove a white horse and managed to keep abreast of the carriage occupied by Mr. Kelly. Vehicles of every description, loaded down with occupants, followed in the rear or passed and repassed the president's carriage. Buildings along the line were gaily decorated and salaried employes in shops and stores forgot their work while the procession passed and came out to see and cheer. Crossing the Seventh street bridge the president was saluted with a pandemonium of screeching huzzas from the steam whistles of a hundred locomotives in the yards below. The salute was repeated and prolonged

when the procession returned across the Third street bridge. Following the route announced the procession turned from Seventh street to Hoffman avenue. A beautiful arch in red, white and blue stood at the entrance gate to Mr. Kelly's Dayton's Bluff mansion. On top of the arch was the word "Welcome," and on its face in large letters "The Home of the President in 1893." In front of this arch the carriages halted, and enjoyed the commanding view of the city below for a moment. From Hoffman avenue the procession turned to Hudson avenue, and, turning again on Maria avenue, circled the Kelly homestead, returning to Hoffman avenue by Euclid.



From Hoffman, the procession turned down Third street and drove up Third to St. Peter. At the corner of Third and Minnesota streets, the pupils

OF THE HENDRICKS SCHOOL

assembled and gave three hearty cheers for the president when the carriage passed. From St. Peter street the procession turned into Fifth, passing in front of the government building and turning again up Wabasha street. It was getting late and the horses were sent along on a trot. Turning east on Tenth street, the president was given a good view of the capitol. Thence the

drive was up Cedar street to College avenue, to St. Peter, to Summit avenue, to Dayton avenue, to Western avenue, to Holly avenue, to Dale street, returning on Summit avenue to the residence of Mayor Smith. Two thousand school children greeted the president and Mrs. Cleveland with rousing cheers at Summit park. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland

WORKINGMEN CHEER.

expressed surprise at the number of handsome residences on St. Anthony hill, and they were particularly delighted with Summit avenue, along which many residences were richly decorated.

AT THE MAYOR'S HOUSE

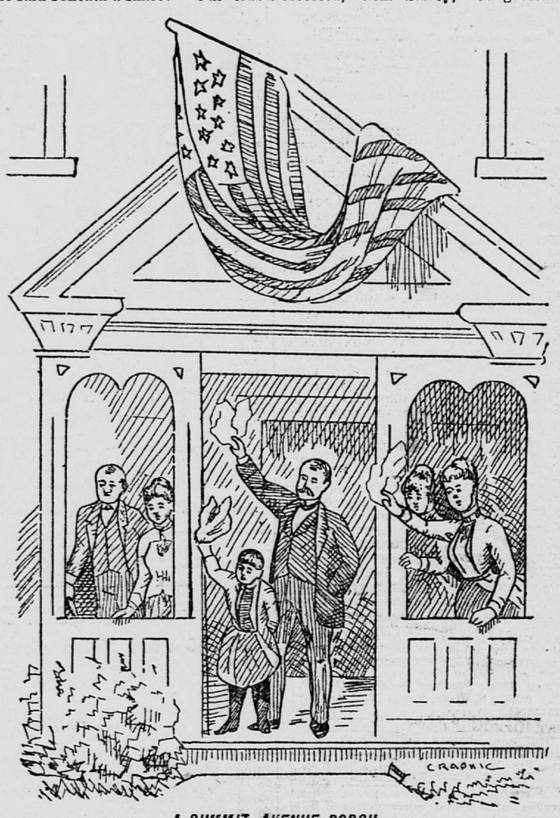
Lunch Was Served and Social Chat Indulged In.

At Mayor Smith's residence the party alighted and was received by Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. Copley (nee Smith), Mrs. G. P. Hudspeth, of Evansville, Ind., and Mrs. Gilbert Comstock, of Keokuk, Io., guests of Mayor Smith. Hon. Christopher Graham, of Red Wing, and Hon. U. C. Graham, of Washington, uncles of Mayor Smith, and Mr. C. W. Copley assisted. Members of the party removed their wraps and were served an exquisite lunch, exquisitely prepared, consisting of raw Blue Points, salads, cake, ices, wines, coffee and chocolate. The tables were spread in the commodious dining-room of the mansion, which is finished in old English oak. A novel effect was produced by the mingled light of the day from the drawing room opposite and the mellower shade from the gas jets in the chandeliers above the tables. President Cleveland was escorted to a seat at the head of the table, facing Mayor Smith, who occupied the seat at the other end. On the president's right sat Mrs. Smith, Col. Vilas and Mrs. McMillan; on the left Mrs. Merriam, Miss Ada Murphy and Mrs. Cleveland. An immense bed of "La France" roses was heaped in the center of the table, and a bunch of "American Beauty" roses for the hand were placed at the side of Mrs. Cleveland's plate. It was a merry party, and the lunch was highly relished and vigorously partaken of after the long ride. Mrs. Cleveland and Miss Ada Murphy chatted with each other between bites, recalling old times when they went to school together in St. Paul. Before the party left the table a toast was proposed to the health of the president, and every glass was emptied. When they came from the dining room Miss Murphy remarked: "We had such a delightful talk about old times." "Indeed we did," answered the lady of the White house, with the sweetest smile imaginable. The gentlemen of the party, except Col. Rockwell and Mr. Dean, who were left to escort the ladies to the depot, then resumed carriages again and were driven rapidly to the Minnesota club.

WINED AND DINED.

A Call by the President at the Minnesota Club.

For two hours there had been a crowd standing, shivering and expectant, at the entrance of the Minnesota club house, and Cedar street was kept clear only by constant diligence. All the windows in the Globe building across the street were filled with anxious faces, and along the sidewalk there was an assemblage so thick that was impossible to get through. The whistles had blown, and the market bell tolled the hour of noon before the carriages of the presidential party arrived. But soon after the noon hour, shouts of "Here they are!" "They're coming!" "Make way for them!" shot up to the Globe tower, which fluttered its colors gaily at the fast approaching equipages below, turning the corner at Third and down Cedar street, to the club house. There was some cheering as the president's carriage came in several lengths ahead, and stopped close to the brown stone steps. President Cleveland carried a huge bouquet of roses. Gov. McGill and Mayor Smith alighted and ascended the steps to the massive oak doors with an agility becoming more youthful men. The president was met by Gen. H. H. Sibley, president of the club, who grasped the president's hand familiarly as he said beneath a smile: "Our club



A SUMMIT AVENUE PORCH.

welcomes you, president." The president then shook hands with ex-Gov. Alex. Ramsey and Stanford Newell. The meeting between the president of the nation and the first territorial and first state governors of Minnesota was brief, but characterized with a spirit of dignified cordiality. The members of the club gathered around the chief magistrate rapidly, closing in on all sides

TO TAKE HIS HAND,

when Col. Rockwell extended an invitation to all who desired to be introduced to the president to come forward. Of the members of the club who took advantage of this invitation these were noticed:

Judge Nelson, Col. De Graff, Judge Flandrau, Col. C. B. Lamborn, land commissioner of the Northern Pacific; Vice President E. W. Winter, of the Omaha road; General Traffic Manager Frank Clark, of the same road; Chairman Michael Doran, of the Democratic state central committee; National Delegate P. H. Kelly; President A. B. Stickney, of the Minnesota & Northwestern; E. A. Young, Maurice Auerbach, George R. Finch, Dan H. Moon, J. K. Bacon, Theodore Borup, F. G. Draper, George V. Bacon, Col. J. H. How, L. W. Bundlett, J. H. Burwell, Richards Gordon, Cashier D. A. Monfort, of the Second National bank; ex-Speaker W. R. Merriam, Congressman Ed Rice, Edmund Rice, Jr., J. G. Hinkel, Ed W. Johnston, W. C. Read, F. M. Cutcheon, J. J. Parker, Dr. La Grange Denslow, C. S. Bunker, William Ely Bramhall, W. D. Cornish, Col. C. D. Kerr, president of the council; Consul Henry Sahlgaard, Fred Driscoll, F. F. McIver, Hon. E. G. Rogers, Comptroller Postlethwaite, of the Northern Pacific; J. W. Blabon, Col. E. N. Saunders, James Doran, C. W. Gordon, Samuel Dawson, Stanley Proudfit and others.

It was a representative gathering of commercial, legal and railroad talent, and the president smiled an appreciation of the warm hospitality. He was not permitted to move toward the dining room until Mr. Kelly introduced him to the club register, where he put

HIS AUTOGRAPH

in his neat running style of penmanship, registering from "Washington, D. C." Col. Vilas was then led up to the register and induced to leave his signature on the book, and the postmaster general's large, round handwriting soon filled up all the space between the lines. Dan Lamont was brought forward smilingly by Congressman Rice, and Dan's artistic autograph was quickly penned. Gov. Church of Dakota, and Col. Abe Boynton, of Lennox, Dak., were induced by Lewis Baker to leave specimens of their handwriting. Gov. Church had previously been given a hearty handshake by the president and his peculiar running hand shows the plainly visible results. Abe Boynton's handwriting might be taken for that of Col. Vilas, Lawyer Stanford Newell prepared the register for Judge Bissell, of Buffalo, who writes somewhat like Dan Lamont, and the big blunt signature of Gov. McGill completed the distinguished list.

AT THE TABLE.

The Presidential Party Sampled the Club House Larder.

To the beautifully decorated tables of the dining room the party was then escorted, Gen. Sibley, Congressman Rice, ex-Gov. Ramsey and Mr. Kelly leading the president to the head of the table. A magnificent flower piece in the form of a huge basket upheld by an arch, and composed of Marechal Niel, Jacqueminot and white tea rosebuds, was standing in the center of the table, and half way between it and each end were two vases containing bouquets of the same flowers. All around the room, upon the mantels and everywhere where a pot of plants could stand, were roses and pots of palms, caladiums, begonias and other rich green-leaved plants from the tropics. To the right of President Cleveland

SAT GEN. SIBLEY,

and on his left Gov. Ramsey. On the right hand side from him were seated Col. Vilas, Judge Bissell, Stanford Newell and Gov. Church, and on the left hand side were Judge Nelson, Congressmen Rice, and Col. De Groff. Dr. Bryant and Col. Lamont were at the foot of the table. The steward, Mr. Stark, had exceeded himself in the elaborate menu which he had prepared, although it had been intended as a light collation only, and the whole affair was conducted nicely under the considerate management of Maj. Owens, the manager, who had arranged everything so that not a moment would be lost to delay the president from his train. The party pitched into the "collation" without a moment's hesitation. With such wines as Irray extra dry, Moet and Chandon, and Pommery Sec, they washed their throats. The bill of fare was this

MENU.

Huitres.

Celery. Olives.

Hommard en Coquilles.

Pate froid de Perdreaux a la gelee.

Terrine de foie gras de Strasbourg.

Galantine de Cailles a la Perigord.

Becassines rotis a l'Anglaise.

Salade de Saumon a la Russe.

Mayonnaise de Volaille.

Fromage. Fruits. Cafe.

They had only fairly got started when Gen. Sibley raised a glass of Pommery Sec, and springing enthusiastically to his feet, shouted, "Gentlemen, we'll drink here to the health of the president of the United States." "There's no time for speeches," cried out Mr. Kelly, who was standing behind, and a little to the right of the president; "here's ho!" "That's a very good speech," laughed the ruler of the nation, and the club and guests

DRANK HIS HEALTH

simultaneously. The spread was quickly finished, and the president, seeing it was about time to be going, arose from the table and was escorted to the door. Just before the party made its exit, Col. Rockwell waved his hand and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, let's give three cheers for the president before we bid him good-bye!" And three cheers did go up; three yells that might have been borrowed from the besiegers of ancient Jericho; three shouts that shook the solid little building and made the chandeliers rattle; three mighty, lusty cheers that recalled demonstrations of November three years ago. Then went up a loud tiger to echo and re-echo among the timbers of the roof, and with a nod and smile of approval as he thanked the club for its hospitality, the president and his party left the club house to take their carriages and fly to the train, Capt. George H. Moffett being the last man to shake the president's hand as he descended the club house steps.

THE LAST CHANCE.

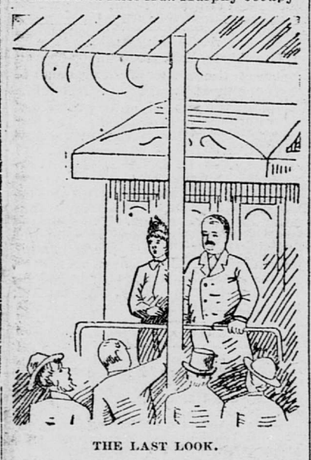
The Presidential Party Says Good-Bye and is Away.

The "last chance" people were out in force long before the time for the presidential party to take its departure. The depot was comfortably crowded, and all the surrounding streets were full of people, come to take advantage of the last opportunity to see the president and Mrs. Cleveland. The gentlemen of the party, accompanied by a number of prominent citizens, left the Minnesota club house at 12:20. The carriage bearing the president drove rapidly down Third street, but everywhere he was recognized, and cheered to the echo. The police cleared the crowds away sufficiently to allow the carriages to enter, and after a moment's delay at the corner of Third and Sibley street, the liveried driver brought the carriage up with a sharp turn at the depot entrance. As it halted the crowd began to cheer again, and the president doffed his hat. Mayor Smith alighted first and took the president's arm. The ropes had been strung on the inside of the depot and a passageway cleared. The president and the mayor, arm in arm, walked down the aisle, greeted by continued cheering. The rest of the party followed, accompanied by Hon. Michael Doran, Col. De Graff and members of the committee. The train was waiting to start. President Cleveland stood upon the rear platform, Col. Lamont, Gen. and Mrs. Vilas, Judge Bissel and Dr. Bryant going directly inside.

MRS. CLEVELAND

had not yet arrived, and everything waited expectantly. It was only a moment's wait, then a tremendous cheer from the people on the inside told that she had arrived.

Mrs. Cleveland and the other ladies remained at Mayor Smith's residence for a quarter of an hour after the departure of the gentlemen, enjoying the magnificent view from the windows overlooking the river and exchanging small talk. The carriage which brought Mrs. Cleveland to the depot contained only ladies—Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. Merriam and Miss Ada Murphy occupying seats with her. The carriage drove rapidly down Third street to the depot. Many of the people who had come to see the first lady saw her without knowing who she was, but it was soon learned and cheer after cheer rang out all the way down the long street. Mayor Smith assisted Mrs. Cleveland to alight and escorted her to the cars. Mrs. MacMillan was escorted by Col. Rockwell, and Thomas Cochran, Jr. escorted Mrs. Merriam and Miss Murphy. Mrs.



THE LAST LOOK.

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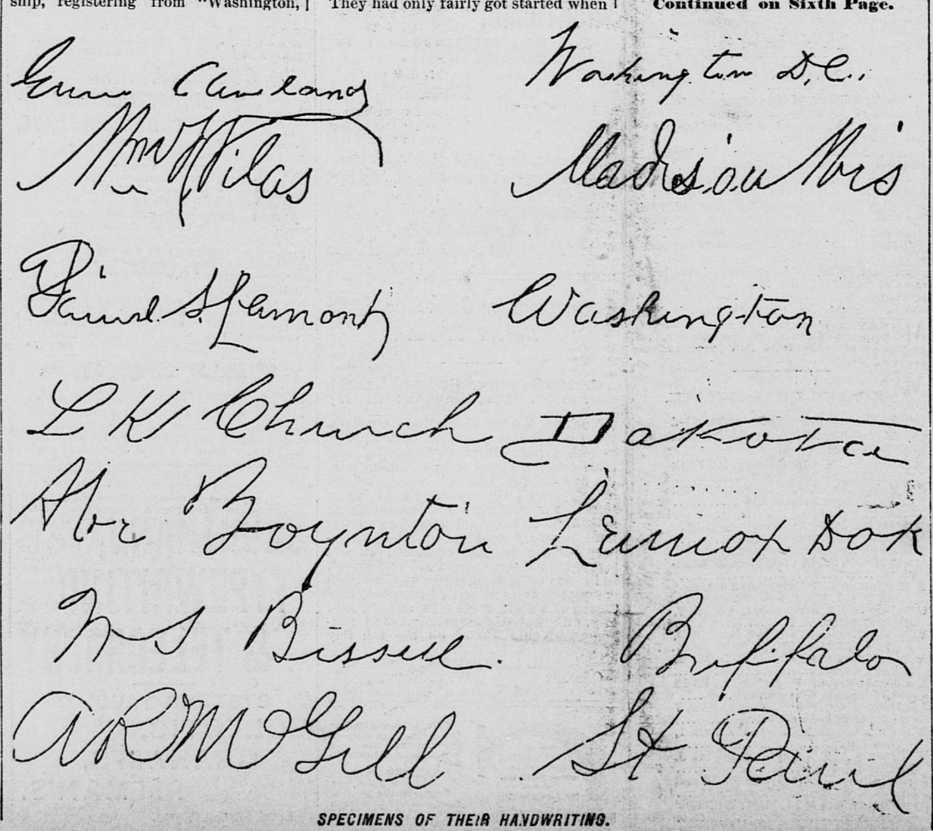

SPECIMENS OF THEIR HANDWRITING.

GRAND GREETING

Minneapolis Throws Its Hat Into the Air at Sight of Cleveland

And Gets Tremendously Excited Over the First Lady of the Land.

Where the Presidential Party Went and What It Did Yesterday Afternoon.

President Cleveland Makes Two Addresses and is Heartily Cheered.

Scenes at the West--The Presidential Apartments --The Lunch.

Procession to the Exposition --The Party Departs for Omaha.

The first snowflake of the approaching winter fell yesterday afternoon and alighted daintily on the fair cheek of the first lady of the land, as she was driven up Washington avenue. With a smile she turned to Mrs Greenleaf and said:

"The first snow! I knew Minneapolis would give us something we had seen in no other city."

That was the first incident of the presidential visit to the Flour city. It was typical of the early weather. The day so long awaited by thousands upon thousands broke clear and sharp, but before noon dark clouds were chasing still darker ones across the face of the heavens and a chill wind traveled rapidly from the northwest. A few vagrant crystals of snow fluttered in the air as the presidential party disembarked at the city and a first taste of the Northwest was given them. But the weather changed. The sun soon succeeded in dissipating the clouds and, after fitfully distributing its warming rays for an hour, broke forth in full splendor and continued for the remainder of the day.

It was a great day. The last words of President Cleveland, as he mounted the stairway of the palatial train, were: "I am pleased with Minneapolis and feel like repeating the words of the queen of Sheba: 'The half had not been told me.'"

Col. Lamont said: "The day in Minneapolis has seemed as if there had been no set programme and everything was spontaneous. I know the president is much pleased and Mrs. Cleveland is delighted.." That is the way every one felt as the handsome train pulled slowly out of the union depot and the tremendous cheering gradually died away. It was the general sentiment that if ever a city had done itself proud, Minneapolis was that city. The members of the committees congratulated themselves and each other, and then turned to receive the congratulations of the crowd upon the happy consummation of every plan. The reception and entertainment of the distinguished guests were not marred by the slightest clash or obstacle, and the city went to bed happy and contented, leaving the honored president and his lovely wife rolling rapidly southwestward, seeking new worlds to conquer.

CAME IN CROWDS.

The City Jammed With People During the Morning.

Where did the vast multitude come from? The oldest inhabitant never saw the parallel of such a mighty influx of people. Many of the smaller towns and villages must have depopulated themselves, while surely the larger ones could have left no more than a corporal's guard in each. The throng began coming the night before, the hotel registers filling up with a rapidity that kept intelligent clerks in a fever of anxiety. The first trains in the morning brought more and later trains brought most, and every place of entertainment was compelled

ON THE PARADE.

to announce, sleeping room on the roof only. The city awoke early and remained up late. There was a rush to get through by noon, then an afternoon of relaxation and enjoyment, and finally another rush at night to catch up on work. Public offices and private counting rooms, the mills and manufactories all closed at noon and discharged their thousands of employes on the streets to swell the throng, almost then too large for even the broad avenues of Minneapolis. Everything surged toward the center of the city, leaving vast crowds at prominent corners and breaking away into navigable knots further out. And in holiday garb, too. Faces were newly shaven, for the men, and toilettes newly worn for the ladies; and all ages, sexes, and every condition of life mingled in one mad melee to see the great Grover and fair Frances. Yet there was no disorder. In striving to get such a view as might last a lifetime, each struggler recognized the inalienable right of his neighbor to see, and not once during the day did the force of police have to restrain other than an eagerness natural to the day and common to the occasion. The crowd got there. It could always be told when the throng caught its first glimpse of the thoughtful, serious face of the president or of the brunette beauty of his wife. The cheers told the one, and the impetuous tossing in air of thousands of hats told the other. It was a difficult matter to tell which seemed happier—the crowd at seeing, or the president and Mrs. Cleveland at being seen. Honors were easy.

THEY COME,

And With Applause Like the Roar of the Sea Are Received by Minneapolis.

Although it had been announced that the presidential party was to arrive at 12:25 the crowd at the Milwaukee depot began to assemble at least an hour in advance of that time, and when the whistles blew at noon thousands of people were crowded about the depot and assembled along the sidewalks. The ladies' waiting room was packed, and the fence of the railroad yard was lined from Third avenue to Sixth avenue. The noon hour of course gave thousands of employes a chance to be present and welcome the president. Washington avenue filled up rapidly, and within fifteen minutes became densely packed as far as Nicollet avenue. Ample police arrangements had been made for keeping the vast concourse in check, and an open space had been cleared through the waiting-room to the sidewalk. The members of the Algonquin club, 150 strong, marched as a guard of honor, wearing silk hats and crimson badges and carrying canes. They ranged themselves in a line, and assisted in keeping the crowd back. Mayor Ames, Commander-in-Chief Rea, Hon. A. T. Ankenny, Hon. W. D. Washburn and Sergeant Smith, constituting the reception committee, were on hand early, as were the escorts of the military and police. Still the train did not come, and Mayor Ames announced that owing to some change 1 o'clock would be the time of arrival. Shortly before that time he excitedly exclaimed, "Where's the

Wm BISSELL

DR. BRYANT.

committee? The train will be here in five minutes." Sure enough, a prolonged whistle announced its coming a few seconds later. The throng of people who had in one way and another managed to pass the gate and gain admission to the platform, were hastily pushed back as the presidential train of three vestibule cars rolled into the depot. The president and Mrs. Cleveland and their friends were readily seen in the observation room of the rear car, while on the platform was the rotund figure

A PRETTY SPECTATOR.

of P. H. Kelly, while back of him stood Gov. McGill. Hardly had the stop been made when Mayor Ames climbed up the steps. He was re-introduced to the president by Mr. Kelly, who in turn presented him to Mrs. Cleveland. The mayor then introduced the other members of the committee. The president cordially grasped hands, and when Judge Rea was presented "as the commander in chief of the G. A. R.," a look of smiling recognition passed over the president's face. "Shall I walk with you, Mr. Mayor?" he asked as he alighted from the car. "Shall I take your arm?" said Mrs. Cleveland to Mr. Washburn. "If I may have the honor," responded the railroad president and ex-congressman gallantly. Judge Rea followed with Col. Lamont, A. T. Ankeny with Gen. Vilas and wife and Sergt. Smith walked with Judge Bissell, the president's old law partner, and Dr. Bryant. As the distinguished party passed between the lines of the Algonquin club the crowd in the depot began cheering and the concourse in the street broke into a roar that extended a block away before the president appeared at the door of the depot, and with uncovered head acknowledged the ovation. When the bright, smiling face of Mrs. Cleveland appeared the enthusiasm again broke out. The president, with Mayor Ames and Judge Rea, stepped into a five-glass Cunningham landau. The four dapple-grey horses started up, Companies A, B and I, of the First regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Reeve, formed in platoons in advance, the last company dividing at the sides and rear of the carriage. The Seventy-first New York Regiment band, preceded by platoons of mounted and foot police and Marshal Phil Winston and his aides, Maj. R. R. Henderson, Capt. D. M. Gilmore, Winn M. Brackett and W. E. Steele, moved ahead and the line quickly formed. When the head reached Second avenue south the big drum major made some startling evolutions with his baton, and to the air of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" the procession moved up Washington avenue, while deafening cheers went up from both sides of the street. The president rode with uncovered head, occasionally bowing his acknowledgments. Mrs. Cleveland, who was in turn cheered more heartily than her husband, smiled graciously. People thronged the sidewalks, faces appeared at the windows, while the roofs of the buildings were dotted with human figures. Either by accident or design the procession did not pass up Nicollet avenue, as had been announced, and the thousands that lined that thoroughfare made a wild scramble for Hennepin avenue as the line turned the Nicollet house corner. On Hennepin avenue the throng was not so dense and the cheering less vociferous. Both the president and Mrs. Cleveland bowed to the enthusiastic people, often looking to the windows and returning the salutes of waving handkerchiefs. When the West hotel was reached the great crowd fell back and the carriages passing under the covered driveway were relieved of their occupants, while the band played patriotic airs and the people cheered.

AT THE WEST HOTEL.

Scenes In and About the Great Hostelry--Arrival of the Party.

The great hotel looked simply grand, draped, as it was, with American flags and decorated with handsome foliage and flowering plants of all kinds. The air was heavy with the sweet odor of roses, and the scene was one of splendor. From the various windows and balconies hung flags, large and small, and over the arched carriage way on the west side was draped in graceful folds the stars and stripes. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier effect, and that the vast assemblage appreciated it was evidenced by the hearty cheering. It was nearly noon when the streets in the neighborhood of the hotel began to fill up, and inside of half an hour every point of vantage in the vicinity was crowded to its utmost capacity. Several enterprising individuals had climbed the telegraph poles and surveyed the animated scene below with the utmost satisfaction. As the time for the arrival of the presidential party drew near, the crowd grew more dense, and it was with difficulty that carriages and the street cars found a passage. The police did excellent work, however, and kept the utmost order. Now and then it would seem as though the crowd would block the street entirely, but by a few stratagic moves on the part of the "blue coats" this was averted. Officers were stationed all along the street, on the corners, and in fact everywhere, and the utmost good nature prevailed.

Inside the great hotel the scene was an inspiring one. The rotunda was crowded with men, talking and commenting on the visit and surging to and fro like a mighty waste of water, rolling from side to side, now quiet, and changing in a second to a tempest of sound. Eight police officers were stationed in the rotunda and the entrances leading to it, and kept the crowd away from the door by which the presidential party was to enter. In the lobby at the head of the stairs the scene was much the same, being filled with ladies and gentlemen, all guests of the house. A silken rope was stretched across the hall leading to rooms to be used by the party, and two stalwart patrolmen further barred the way to any adventuresome individual. There were, to put it mildly, at least 3,000 ladies and gentlemen in the hotel waiting to do honor to President and Mrs. Cleveland. Outside the crowd was vastly larger; in fact, the street would hardly contain them, and, at a rough guess, it is safe to say there were 15,000 souls there, cheering like mad at the mention of the name "Cleveland" even, and anon some small boy or enthusiastic man would shout: "Here they come!" and in a second the crowd would burst forth into thundering applause and gaze intently down Hennepin avenue, up which it was known the presidential party would be driven. After a number of these false alarms had been given the throng grew weary of them and settled back as if to wait patiently until the president should arrive in propria persona. The wait was not destined to be a long one, for precisely at 1:15 the crowds down the avenue began cheering loud and long. Then the people near the West began to cheer and even did not cease as the presidential party alighted from the carriages. The police kept the passageway cleared and the view the crowd had of the party was short. President Cleveland and Mayor Ames were the first to step into the hotel. At the entrance to the rotunda they paused, and with heads uncovered stood waiting for the rest of the party to come, amidst the most wild and enthusiastic cheering. The party ascended the stairs leading to the parlors in readiness in the following order: The president and Mayor Ames, W. D. Washburn and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Greenleaf, Mrs. Vilas and Judge Atwater, Gen. Vilas and John Oswald, Judge Rea and Col. Lamont, Judge Bissell and Dr. Bryant. The reception committee and the agents of the associated press reporters followed. At the landing the party was met by Col. John T. West and his daughter, Miss Clara Howard West, and escorted to the parlors set apart for them. Here the president and his wife were met by Miss Nellie Walker West, Col. West's daughter, and Miss Mary Hazard Brown, a niece of Col. West's. The party stood at the door a moment and then as Liberati's band burst forth into a soul inspiring strain, disappeared into the rooms.

HOW THEY LODGED.

The Apartments Occupied by the Presidential Pair.

The parlors set apart for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland at the West comprise three rooms on the second floor, at the southeast corner, facing Hennepin avenue, and are extremely handsome. The cor-

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ner room is the parlor, and was decorated in a manner fitting a palace. The fireplace was surmounted by a heavy bank of red, white and yellow roses, whose fragrance filled the room and made the air seem similar to that of a tropical country. On the center table was a huge bouquet of cut flowers. The president's room opened off the parlor and was furnished in blue plush upholstered furniture, massive and unique. Mrs. Cleveland's room opened off of this and was the prettiest, coziest place imaginable in the world. The furnishings were elegant and were handsomely set off with pale blue satin upholsterings. In one corner of the room, on a handsome bracket, stood a statue of "Diana at the Bath." Flowers of all kinds were everywhere, and Mrs. Cleveland expressed her appreciation of the taste

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