GRAND GREETING.

Continued From First Page.

displayed in unmeasured terms. The ornaments on the center table were numerous and elegant and attracted much attention from Mrs. Cleveland. Manager Shepherd, of the West, had charge of the room decorations, and before the party left Mrs. Cleveland thanked him most cordially for the superior taste displayed.

SERVED IN STYLE.

How the Distinguished Party Took Luncheon.

The dining room used by the presidential party was the "club room," adjoining the suite of rooms occupied by the president and Mrs. Cleveland. This dining apartment, with its crimson velvet carpet, mahogany wainscoting, superb ceiling, and beautiful square table was most splendid in appearance. The covers for the guests were of simple white, the glass delicately cut, and the only color being the two epergnes of fruit, around which were carelessly placed clusters of roses, festoons of ferns and a few wisterias. Lunch was at 2 o'clock, but the president did not lunch with the party, as he was not feeling well, and spent the time in lying down in his room.

The repast was served by Emil Seaglia, head-waiter, and V. R. Magham, Richard Ousley and Philip Jackson as waiters. Everything went as smoothly as clock work, and more than once during the meal did some member of the party praise the service. The menu was as follows:

Blue Point Oysters.
Soup.
Bouillon in Cups.
Oysters en Coquille.
Filet Saute aux Champignons.
Sliced Tomatoes. Pommes de Terre.
French Peas.
Woodcock au cronton.
Fried Herring. Celery.
Creme Merveilleuse.
Charlotte Russe.
Gatean Varie.
Fruit. Coffee. Nuts.

All present appeared more or less hungry, and between passing jokes and eating the time passed rapidly until the time arrived for the party to start on the trip around the city. Mrs. Cleveland was as much pleased as a child over a new toy, and poked any amount of fun at her stately husband, who did not move around fast enough to suit her.

THEY SEE THE CITY,

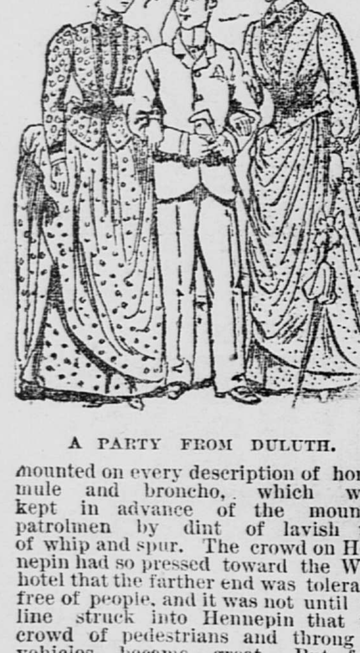
And the Route Is a Triumphal Procession Throughout.

The first set event of the programme was a drive about the principal streets of the city, and occurred immediately after luncheon. From the hour of the arrival of the train the West hotel had been the rendezvous for the crowds, and though a strong cordon of police had been set at every entrance, the number which crept through were sufficient to crowd the exchange. The presidential party was at lunch until 2:30, and the crowd in the exchange was rewarded by the preliminary sight of the party as it passed from the club room to the private parlors in its return. When this was over Mayor Ames led the reception committee and the ladies and gentlemen who were to participate in the drive, and the parties joined in the corridor and descended the stairs, Mayor Ames conducting the president and Mrs. Cleveland leaning on the arm of Judge Rea.

"I want to make a request," she said of Ald. Cloutier, at the entrance.

"Anything in the world," he gallantly responded.

"I would prefer to change the programme and ride with the president." This settled it and President and Mrs. Cleveland, with Mayor Ames, drove off behind the four dapple greys. The remainder of the party followed as already announced, and Hon. E. M. Wilson and Mrs. Thomas Lowry, who had been scheduled to ride with Mrs. Cleveland, were disappointed. In all there were twenty-five carriages, including those containing the city officials and members of the press. A brisk whirl up Hennepin set the line in motion. The party was preceded by a cavalcade of nearly one hundred men and boys,



A PARTY FROM DULUTH.

mounted on every description of horse, mule and broncho, which were kept in advance of the mounted patrolmen by dint of lavish use of whip and spur. The crowd on Hennepin had so pressed toward the West hotel that the farther end was tolerably free of people, and it was not until the line struck into Hennepin that the crowd of pedestrians and throng of vehicles became great. But from hence on, it was a perfect sea of equipages of every description. The carriage line was broken into a thousand pieces by the crush, and never once did this line succeed in entirely extricating itself. On Oak Grove and Seventeenth streets the greatest crowd was seen, and the spectacle was a moving one. Ladies predominated, and Mrs. Cleveland was the one great object of universal interest. There was little opportunity for conversation, her time being entirely occupied with returning the smiles, bows and acclamations of the throng. Out Stevens avenue, and over on Twenty-fourth street, the scenes were unchanged and the crowds showed no diminution. On Park avenue the throng of vehicles grew denser, but the advance guard kept the way clear and the carriages rolled rapidly along through the brilliant gathering. Along Tenth street and Second avenue and down Seventh there was the same persistent multitude and Mrs. Cleveland was forced to exclaim:

"Why, Mr. Mayor, where do they all come from?"

The crowd was notably thinner coming up Washington avenue from Sixth, but it was explained in the dense aggregation of humanity clustered about Nicollet and Hennepin avenues and which made the passage up the latter to the West hotel difficult and well nigh impossible. Once at the hotel, the entire First regiment was found drawn up and the carriages swept rapidly into their shelter and their occupants dismounted.

COMPLIMENTS OF CLEVELAND

Enthusiastic Reception of His West Hotel Address.

A change in the programme was made here. It was deemed best that not all of the speaking should be under cover of the Exposition, and it was arranged the president should deliver an address from the balcony of the hotel. When he stepped out, followed by Mrs. Cleveland, he faced an immense throng of people, wildly enthusiastic. His voice is admirably adapted for public speaking, and reached out to the extreme limits of the crowd without an effort. The windows of the Lumber Exchange were filled with people, and they lost not a word of the pleasing discourse. Mayor Ames held out his arms, and when the crowd was entirely stilled he said:

Fellow Citizens: We have been brought out to-day for the purpose of doing homage to him who holds the executive office in this nation. We have come out to-day to welcome to this city for the first time in his life President Cleveland, president of the United States. [Applause.] We welcome him as the metropolis and of course St. Paul says the same thing, and between us we have got him into an awful fix. I know the good nature of the people of this city so well that I know they will not only extend a hearty welcome to him but will also raise their hats to his amiable wife, who accompanies him.' I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the chief magistrate of the nation, President Cleveland. [Applause.]

President Cleveland deliberately surveyed the crowd during the storm of applause, then spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens: I have come from the wonderful city of St. Paul to see its twin wonder and the people of Minneapolis. I have lately seen a little book entitled "Minneapolis and St. Paul Compared," which deals the most tremendous blows upon the pretences of the latter named city and discredits the idea that it is any phase or feature the equal of this. [Applause.] I became somewhat confused with the facts and figures produced, and made up my mind that I must see both cities in order to determine the question which has been discussed with so much spirit, and now, after seeing both, I have made up my mind that if the people of these two wondrous cities are not satisfied with their respective conditions of greatness and growth, your amazed fellow countrymen are. [Applause]. While these two places have been twisting figures about to determine which was the greatest, the rest of us have been pointing to you both as the best exemplifications of what American pluck and energy can accomplish. [Applause.] When I see this handsome city and its beautiful residences and its stir and activity and its immense business blocks, and when it occurs to me that I am in the greatest wheat market of the world, that the largest flour mill in existence is located here, that all of such mills at Minneapolis have a capacity of over 36,000 barrels of flour a day, that these mills are in direct communication with the markets of Europe, and that millions of barrels of flour are annually exported from this city to foreign markets, I find myself wondering how much farther I would have to go to reach the West. [Applause.] I mean that "Out West," which was pictured to my imagination when a boy by the covered wagon, filled with men, women, children and household utensils, as it slowly dragged its way through the village, destined for out West. And it seemed to me that their occupants had forever bidden farewell to civilization. This was not so very long ago, and I may have seen in that covered wagon some of the pioneers of Minnesota; and perhaps some of the early settlers of Minneapolis were there. In 1876 the entire population of your state was 439,000, and of these 39,500 were born in the state of New York, nearly one-tenth of the whole. So you see there is nothing strange in saying that a New York boy might have seen some of these people on their way here. And I do not mention this large proportion of New York people in your population for the purpose of claiming you owe anything of your prosperity to any virtue which might have been fostered in the state of their origin. I am only thinking of the idea I had when I saw these people pass. That those emigrating out west were leaving old civilization behind them and how absurd it would be for me if I should meet one of these pioneers or his sons on your streets today, and attempt to contrast him with the civilization, the cultivation, and the refinement of his present home with the one he or his father left years ago. [Applause.] Besides this, the fact that the Eastern states furnished so largely to your early population gives all the better right to be proud of your achievements. And it seems to me that every American citizen should be proud that his country can produce two such cities, with the history, the growth, and the success of Minneapolis and St. Paul. [Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.]

As the president was withdrawing Mayor Ames whispered to him. He paused, and taking Mrs. Cleveland by the hand, led her to the balcony railing. Instantly a thousand hats went into the air and a cheer went up that made the street ring again. Mrs. Cleveland smiled and bowed and the cheers continued until she had disappeared.

ON PARADE.

The Grand Procession to the Exposition Building.

The only parade or procession of the day, to be formally known as such, was from the West hotel to the Exposition and followed immediately after the address. By this time the various crowds dispersed over the line of the drive had mobilized along the short route and presented such a picture of vastness as Minneapolis has never seen and may never see again. It required the utmost exertions of the large police detail to confine the enthusiasm of the people to reasonable bounds, yet it was a commendable fact that not a solitary lawless outbreak occurred. The First regiment of Minnesota here made its initial appearance as a regiment, and though one of the companies stood at "parade rest" while the president passed, the body was complimented on every hand. Col. Bend bestrode a black charger and carried himself like a veteran, while his staff glittered in all the bravery of plumes and aiguillettes. The regiment was not only ornamental, but at various times during the day was of the utmost use.

At the signal the line of march was taken up. A squad of mounted patrolmen, under command of Sergeant Coffin, led the way, followed by a platoon of foot officers commanded by Sergeant Nelscn. Chief Marshal Winston and staff followed and preceded two companies of infantry, marching as a body guard to President Cleveland and wife in platoons of sixteen men. A company marched on each side of the carriage in a column of fours. The balance of the presidential party, with the reception committee, came next, and were enclosed by the remaining companies of the regiment. The press and aldermanic carriages brought up the rear and were followed by an endless stream of citizens in their private equipages.

The route was up Hennepin to Eighth, thence to Nicollet and straight across to the Exposition and the line was a genuine triumphal procession. The faces of the presidential pair were wreathed in continual smiles and they acknowledged the plaudits of the multitude with a delight that required no words. A living wall protected them, without a break, from hotel to Exposition, and the roar of applause sounded to distant ears like the wild diopason of a storm. When the head of the line reached the second bridge, the first gun of the presidential salute was fired and at intervals the sullen roar sounded until after the party had been swallowed up by the Exposition building.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

Scenes In and About the Building During the Visit.

The Exposition beheld a throng yesterday surpassing anything seen in its existence before, and the event was worthy of the grand crowd, for it is needless to say no more important personages have ever honored the Industrial Exposition of Minneapolis than when the president of the United States and Mrs. Cleveland appeared there yesterday before a motley crowd of humanity that peered through the skylight in the roof; that covered every chair in the magnificent music hall; that stood on the roofs of the shows and clung to the intricacies of the machineries on the ground floor; that stood, crawled, creeped and clung wherever a human hand could cling or a human foot could strnd, to see the illustrious pair. It was early in the morning when the people commenced to wend their way to the big building. Among a large number of them a complete ignorance seemed to exist as to when and where the presidential party would arrive, and a number of old ladies came over about 10 a. m. and held their seats through th long weary morning and afternoon waiting the grand event. A slight premonition of snow gave every one a feeling of chilliness about the noon hour, but when the guns were firing that told the populace Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland were in their midst, from out of a bank of clouds came the sun and over the rippling river, across the roofs of the mighty mills and factories that dot the island, over the waving banners that proudly fluttered to the breeze on the towers and roof of the Exposition adown where the rolling waves flow to the rocks of St. Anthony's fall, it radiated in beautiful rays and brought pleasure to thousands upon thousands of hearts to think they would be favored with "president's weather." The sight from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till 5 was a magnificent one. From the Exposition tower down Princes street, Main street and over the bridge all one could see was a mass of humanity, packed like sardines, all awaiting the great event. At 4:30 there were 30,000 people inside the building and 30,000 more stretching outside to give the distinguished party a glorious welcome. The people who had ensconced themselves near the elevator were slowly but sadly driven back, and in the space made were soon grouped the Exposition reception committee, consisting of C. M. Palmer, Secretary Byron, Judge Rea, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.; J. J. Ankeny and A. T. Ankeny, G. W. Cooley, J. S. Pillsbury and Ald. Cloutier and Clough. A good deal of amusement was created by the frantic efforts made to keep up the shutter door, as the catch got lost and some anxiety was felt as to whether it might not fall down at a very inauspicious moment. It was just 5 o'clock when the presidential party, surrounded by the gay military cavalcade that formed their escort, alighted from their carriage and passed through the cordon of police that guarded the sidewalk to where the welcoming committee stood bowing and smiling. The president was extremely cordial in his manner, Mrs. Cleveland looked delightful and won the admiration of both sexes, and it is sure and certain C. M. Palmer blushed at the vision of loveliness he beheld. After the introductions were made the whole party passed into the elevator and were whirled to the tower. Mrs. Cleveland was very enthuastic over the view, and remarked several times about the different aspect of the falls and when she saw them before, and Mr. Cleveland heartily laughed and said the company would suppose she was an old settler come back to Minneapolis. The chief executive admired the panorama presented before him very much, and with great gusto remarked to Mr. Palmer that he had not half appreciated the extent of what he was doing at the start and had not taken half enough time to do the job up well. The stay in the tower was short. In a few minutes they went down on the third floor, where they started for the platform, a path being kept clear by Company A of the First regiment. The platform was handsomely draped in the national colors, furnished with willow chairs, the most sumptuous of which was reserved for presidential use. A gorgeous Smyrna rug was spread upon the floor, and the table, although a very plain one, on which was a glass and decanter, was covered with a handsome cloth.

When the programme was finished on the platform the distinguished party went at once to the art gallery, this time the path being kept clear with extended bayonets by Company I, of the First regiment. The passage through the art gallery was naturally a hurried one, but President Cleveland halted in front of Fairman's picture of Niagara, and remarked that it seemed as if looking at an old friend to see that familiar scene. Mrs. Cleveland acutely examined the old violin picture, and expressed herself thoroughly surprised, laughingly remarking the scrap of paper could not be painted—it really must be a piece of paper. Passing down the steps in the Scandinavian department she remarked on its especial beauty and regretted her inability to stay and study its contents. The scene was very beautiful as they passed out of the building. William Brackett's martial figure cleared the way with some more of the marshals. The president and Mayor Ames, Mrs. Cleveland looking lovely leaning on Judge Rea's arm came next, and the rear was made up of the several members of the distinguished party. The president walked right out, but Mrs. Cleveland smilingly looked back once more. The door closed and that ended the presidential visit to the Exposition, an event in the history of that institution that will not soon be forgotten.

THE SECOND ADDRESS

Made to an Applauding Multitude at the Exposition.

At precisely 5:05 there was a premonitory clapping of hands, and then a deafening roar of applause as the form of Mayor Ames was seen conducting the president into the aisle leading to the platform. Fortunate Judge Rea came next with Mrs. Cleveland leaning on his arm, and the remainder of the party followed. The center of the platform held a table standing upon a rich Persian rug, which also supported a semicircle of chairs. Prominent among the chairs were two, one upholstered in blue plush, where the president sat, the other in old gold, which Mrs. Cleveland took. Mayor Ames sat on Mr. Cleveland's right and Judge Rea on the left of his wife. Judge and Mrs. Koon drew near and were presented, and the two ladies began an animated conversation. After a short interval, Mayor Ames arose and introduced the president as follows:

Fellow citizens: We have met to-day for the purpose of paying tribute to the chief magistrate of our common country. To-day Minneapolis is honored, in my opinion, above every other occasion that she has ever been honored by the visit of public men in our city, by the arrival and the reception of President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, his wife. [Great applause.] You have but to mention these two names to bring forth a hearty response from the citizens of this great city, whose hospitality has reached as far as human ears have ever reached. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you President Cleveland. [Prolonged applause as the president arose.]

With his usual deliberation, Mr. Cleveland surveyed the thronged galleries and in a voice penetrating the entire building responded:

I have already seen during my short stay in the city of Minneapolis abundant proof of the commanding position she occupies among all the cities of the land, and it seems to me there can be no better assurance of her continued progress and usefulness than the permanent establishment and maintainance of such an exposition as this. The suggestion frequently made that there should be more sentiment and less of that which is practical in our national life, I deem to be delusive and insincere. The crowning glories of a government are cities such as yours; an increased trade and commerce; a multiplied, happy and contented people; increased, production and financial growth. What has sentiment to do with these things, and especially that kind of sentiment that mopes over the past and refuses to look to the future? [Applause.] The sentiment that will best insure our further progress and prosperity is that which induces the flour and the wheat of Minneapolis to enter into friendly competition with the cotton of Charleston and Memphis in the race for a great national advancement. [Applause.]

He paused abruptly and was evidently not well. Mayor Ames stepped quickly forward and said:

Fellow Citizens: I now have the pleasure of introducing to you a lady who, by the use of a telegraphic instrument one year ago, set the wheels of this great institution in motion. I refer to Mrs. Cleveland. [Enthusiastic applause.]

As Mrs. Cleveland joined her distinguished husband the crowd arose as by one impulse and cheered heartily. At this moment a committee of five ladies, representing the W. C. T. U., came forward. Mrs. Prof. Winchell led them, and before Mrs. Cleveland could turn presented her with a basket of choice flowers. The recipient said, "Thank you, very much," and smiled sweetly. The committee was composed of Mrs. Winchell, Miss A. M. Henderson, Mrs. Clara Holbrook Smith and Mrs. Frank H. Neal. When this episode was over the party left the stage, and under the escort of Manager Palmer inspected the building and the art gallery, expressing themselves well pleased. In the meantime the carriages had been brought around to the art gallery exit, where a quiet embarkation was made. Col. Bend had reformed the military on the opposite side and the return trip to the West hotel was made.

AT DINNER.

An Exclusive Peep at the Pastry—Snatches of Conversation.

The party returned from the Exposition about 5:45 and went directly to their private apartments, where they remained until 6:20, when they emerged and entered the dining room, which had been still further decorated by some handsome palms and banks of roses. The party was seated at the table in the same order as at lunch. At either end of the table were handsome ornaments constructed from pure candy alone by Fred Myers, the pastry cook of the hotel. The one at the upper end of the table was a broad sheet of thin candy, surmounted by filagree work and mounted on a square base. On this sheet was an admirable picture of the president, also executed in candy. The ornament at the lower end of the table was a shield made up of the stars and stripes, neatly constructed of red, white and blue candy and surrounded by more filagree work. Each ornament stood nearly three feet high, and was a work of art in itself. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland admired them at some length, and expressed themselves as only sorry that they could not be removed to Washington. The dinner was most admirably served under the management of Chef Scaglia, and was a repast fit for a king. The menu cards used by the president and Mrs. Cleveland were masterpieces of artistic work, and were carried away as souvenirs. The menu card is in the form of a heraldric banner, of hand-painted flowered plush, upon which is laid, delicately, a piece of pure white faille silk, fringed, and upon which is engraved in Italian characters the details of the dinner. A small bit of pure Chinese silk secures the printed silk to the plush, and golden tassels and arabasque golden cord designs decorate the whole. The menu was as follows, and received the consideration from the party due it.

Blue Point Oysters.
Soup.
Clear Green Turtle.
Hors d'œuvre.
Petit Bouches au Caviaee a la rhum.
Fish.
Filet de Trout Saumonee a la Regence.
Sliced Tomatoes, Pomme de Terre Croquettes.
Entrees.
Reed Birds, aux fine herbes en Caisse.
Ris de Veau pique au petit pois.
Allemagne.
Asparagus sorbet en branches aux beurre.
Siberian Punch.
Canvas Back Duck, Currant Jelly.
DESSERT.
Gateau Varie. Neserode Ice Cream.
Charlotte Moderne. Nougat Diplomatic.
Maccaroons Petite Fours.
Nuts, Cheese. Fruit.
Coffee.

The corps of waiters was all attention, and inside of one moment after the party sat down the tinkle of the cut glass goblets and the silver knives and forks sounded out right merrily. Mrs. Cleveland was in the best of spirits, as was the rest of the party, and for the first ten or fifteen minutes kept up a running fire of conversation, in which the others joined. She made fun of the president, talked sweetly to Gen. Vilas and smiled archly at Dr. Bryant. A dozen times she referred to Gen. Vilas' rapidly failing appetite and to the fact that Dr. Bryant was saving his money to buy a new hat. She talked as freely and as artlessly as a school girl just out of college and was the merriest of the party. The visit to this city was the main subject of conversation, and the whole party expressed themselves as delighted. "Why," said Mrs. Cleveland, as she paused and laid down her fork, "Minneapolis is one of the sweetest places I have ever visited, and I should so much like to come back here again." Then, turning to the president, she gazed fondly into his eyes for a moment and said: "Do you not think, dear, that we can come here soon again? These streets are so handsome and the Exposition is so grand. When we go back home again our streets will seem so dark and dreary, for we have no grand illumination there. Do you know," continued she, addressing the company, "that when I went out on the platform surrounding the Exposition, it really frightened me, for I thought it was swaying to and fro."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Vilas, "I was afraid to go out. I just put my foot on it, to see whether it was safe or not, just as though that would make any difference," and the lady laughed merrily, the president and Mrs. Cleveland joining her. The business interests of the city were commented on by President Cleveland at some length, and he announced himself as most highly pleased with what he had seen. "Here is push and enterprise for you," said he, between bites. During the meal Mrs. Cleveland mentioned the Chicago Tribune, and she was interrupted by the president, whose face darkened perceptibly. He paused, laid down his knife and fork, and then said: "I'll tell you why I don't like to hear that paper mentioned, for it's the meanest, vilest and most vituperative sheet in the world."

Col. Lamont was not feeling perfectly well and refused most of the dishes set before him. He looked pale and worried and took but little part in the conversation. Dr. Bryant was the most lively gentleman present and divided his time between talking and eating. Judge Bissell addressed most of his conversation to Mrs. Cleveland, and perpetrated one or two puns, at which Mrs. Cleveland smiled and answered cleverly. Mrs. Vilas was the most silent one present with the exception of Col. Lamont, but when she spoke her words were pleasant, soft and low.

The president does not look at close range as many pictures represent him. His face at the dinner wore a thoughtful, wearied look, but his manner was pleasing and at times even vivacious. His long drive had made him hungry, and he ate as though he enjoyed his meal. He paid but little attention to the wines, and drank apollonaris water. Once or twice he sipped the champagne and claret. His manner was most tender toward Mrs. Cleveland, and a number of times he engaged in light pleasantries with her. Once he asked Gen. Vilas about the Indian wars in the Northwest, and that gentleman started to give him a lengthy history of the same, but was interrupted by Mrs. Cleveland, who inquired how Dr. Bryant's new hat was getting along. Mrs. Cleveland did not appear at all fatigued with her ride and visit to the Exposition. And she was hungry. Not ravenously hungry, but just hungry enough to enjoy the good things set before her. And that she enjoyed them was evident. She wore the same dress that she had worn at the Exposition, and with her dark hair fluffed into little fluffy rolls presented a picture that will live forever in the minds of those who saw her. A great deal of the time her dark and lustrous eyes were turned upon the president, and the look shown forth was wonderfully tender and sweet. She drank not a drop of wine, and even refused to allow her glass to be filled. Ice water was the beverage used, and this to her was as good as wine, for it sent a cheerful glow to her handsome face, and caused her pearly teeth to appear at every witty saying. About the middle of the dinner her attention was called by Gen. Vilas and in turning toward him she overturned her goblet, which broke into a number of pieces and sent tiny streams of water coursing over the table. As the goblet fell she drew back her hand hastily, but not quick enough to escape a slight cut on the small finger of her left hand. She half arose from her chair, smiled, exclaimed that it amounted to nothing, and resumed the conversation. But Gen. Vilas turned to her and laughingly said: "There, Mrs. Cleveland, that glass is worth more now than it was before it was broken. Some enterprising man will probably get hold of it, label it, 'This glass was broken by Mrs. Grover Cleveland,' and place it in the Exposition, where it will draw crowded houses. Why, I'll give $5 for it myself." Mrs. Cleveland only smiled at this sally, and soon turned the conversation into another channel. During the dinner Col. West entered the room several times and chatted a few moments with the party in general and Mrs. Cleveland in particular. After he left the room Mrs. Cleveland broke forth into praise of the palatial hotel. "Oh," said she, "I do think this place is so grand in every detail. Our rooms are just beauties. It seems as though my individual taste had been consulted, and I am so pleased. Its pleasant to go to a hotel and find it almost like home." Here Col. Lamont broke in with some information in regard to the trip, and a general conversation in regard to it ensued. The president expressed himself as delighted to have an opportunity of seeing Minnesota towns. "But," he added, "there is one thing I do not really like, and that is, we will have to remain for half an hour at a small station about midnight.

"Is not our trip about half over?" inquired Mrs. Cleveland as she noted the president's tired look and turned toward him with a smile.

Mayor Ames entered the room at this point and, after apologizing to the company, retired with the president for a moment. As he left the room Mrs. Cleveland remarked: "Do you know, Col. Vilas that Mayor Ames is a pleasant-looking man, but he appears better with his hat on than he does with it off."

"Yes, spoke up Mrs. Vilas," but did you notice what a handsome man Mayor Smith, of St. Paul, was. He had such a nice face and such kind eyes." "He reminded me strongly of my grandfather," said Mrs. Cleveland, reflectively; "they both had the same eyes and the same kind of face as you say, Mrs. Vilas."

As the party arose from the table and prepared to leave the room the hotel register was brought in, placed on a vacant place on the table, and the party invited to register. "You go first," said Mrs. Cleveland, turning to the president and placing a white hand on his shoulder. "No, my dear," returned the president. "I have not quite finished eating yet; so you go and I will come in a few moments." Mrs. Cleveland went to the register, seated herself at the chair, took up the pen and prepared to write. Suddenly she dropped the pen, and looking up at Gen. Vilas, who was bending over her, entered into a playful dispute with him as to whether she should write Washington, D. C. "The president's name will be over mine, you see," said she, "and I don't quite know whether to write 'do. do.' after my name or let Mr. Cleveland make these little marks," indicating ditto marks with her pretty fingers. She finally decided to write Washington, D. C., out in full. So once more she seated herself and wrote "Frances Folsom Cleveland, Washington, D. C." This she surveyed for a moment, then bursting into a merry little laugh, she ran to her husband's side, thrust the pen into his hands and dragged him to the book, where he signed his name. The others followed, and when all had finished the last page of the West hotel register of Oct. 11 bore these names:

Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.
Frances, Folsom Cleveland, Washington, D. C.
William F. Vilas, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Annie Vilas, Washington, D. C.
W. S. Bissell, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. D. Bryant, Washington, D. C.
Daniel Lamont, Washington, D. C.

This was turned over to Col. West with many a laugh and jest. Then as the party left the room the members turned and thanked Col. West most heartily for the kindness he had shown and the royal welcome he had extended the party.

THE FAREWELL DRIVE

From Hotel to Depot in the Evening.

The departure of the presidential party again called out thousands of people upon the streets in the evening. The illuminations of Nicollet avenue began at an unusually early hour, and at 7 o'clock the First regiment, headed by the Great Western band, marched to the West hotel. It had been announced that the party would leave the hotel at 7:15, but the president did not appear to be in much of a hury, as it was twenty minutes later than that when he signified that he was ready. After dinner he strolled out in the entresol and shook hands with a number of the aldermen and conversed briefly with the Knights of Labor committee that had come to extend a greeting. Then he disappeared in his room and a moment later came out wearing his overcoat, hat in hand. He took Mayor Ames' arm, and Col. West escorted Mrs. Cleveland. As the party reached the landing, near the foot of the massive stone staircase leading to the exchange, Mayor Ames cried out to the crowd that had assembled. "Three cheers for President and Mrs. Cleveland. Hip, hip,

A REAR VIEW.

hurrah!" The cheers and a ringing "tiger" were given with a will, and the party passed on to the Fifth street entrance, where they entered carriages. Mayor Ames rode with Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Hon. Loren Fletcher and C. A. Pillsbury with Judge Bissell, Col. West and Ald. Mareck with Col. Lamont, Ald. Cooley, Cloutier and A. T. Ankeny with Dr. Bryant. The police and band and military went in advance as before. When the procession started down Nicollet from Seventh street a cheer was taken up from the crowds along the line, which continued uninterrupted until the union depot was reached. Here the carriages passed down the carriage way and landed the party at the side of the train. About one hundred persons who had smuggled themselves past the gate gathered themselves about the president, and both he and Mrs. Cleveland shook hands with all who came forward. Farewells were said five minutes before 8 o'clock at which time the train pulled out, and good-bye was said to Minneapolis.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE.

Something About the First Lady of the Land.

People wanted to see President Cleveland. Naturally. This son of destiny five years ago almost unknown, and today beloved of a nation, naturally has an attraction for every man who can cast a ballot. Yes; but they wanted to see Mrs. Cleveland more. If the men wanted to see the president, men and women together wanted to see the president's wife. She was the central figure of the day, and to no one was it more apparent and no one seemed to enjoy it more than the president himself. When cheers for him became salvos for her his face was wreathed in smiles. He could not fail to hear the rough but well meant cries in the street, and he appreciated the honest hearts behind them.

Mrs. Cleveland was the lioness of the day. Before she came people loved and respected her; now that she is gone they idolize her. They have seen her face to face, seen her so womanly, yet so girlish, and have seen her face light and her lips smile at their hearty welcome. "Isn't she sweet? Isn't she lovely? And so young, too." This was repeated from noon to night and was told in many a home in the evening.

And how did she look?

She was dressed, when first seen, in a dark traveling cloak, neatly fitting her tall, slender figure. She is darker then was generally supposed. Her hair is a dusky brown and the tip end of a cute little curl that hangs over her left ear is tinged with silver! Her eyes are dark grey, approaching black from the shading of heavy dark lashes which sweep her cheeks. Her nose is purely American and her mouth and teeth perfect. The Grecian head is beautifully poised on a statuesque throat and her figure is just plump and graceful.

Her costume was a combination of plum color and cream, the former shade appearing in the overdress of broadcloth and the latter in the underskirt, cut walking length. The trimming was of Oriental cashmere, and the belt and high collar were of filagree work. Three-buttoned, plum-colored gloves encased her perfect hand, and French walking shoes peeped from beneath her skirts. Her small bonnet was of the filagree work mentioned, tied with plum and cream ribbons; from the front a combination of white and purple wing arose.

At the hotel she removed the bonnet and presented the arrangement of hair so familiar in her photographs. Short bangs wave over her temples and from her low forehead the hair is drawn straight back over a soft roll. If she is pretty in street costume, her loveliness is enhanced a thousand times when she appears in evening toilet.

WOULDN'T BE ORDERED.

Why Liberati Did Not Head the Procession.

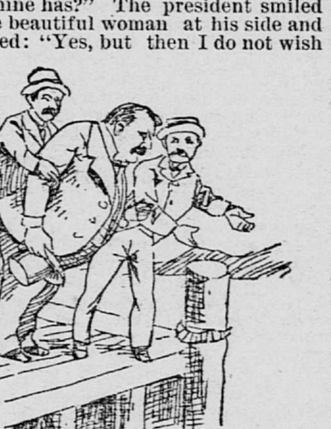
A large number of visitors were disappointed in not seeing the famous Liberati band head the procession as it went from the West hotel to the Exposition building, and out of respect to Liberati and his famous band the GLOBE is requested to make the following explanation: According to the programme Liberati's band was to precede the president's carriage, and after lunch they did so, but Col. Bend, of the First regiment, from St. Paul, came up and in very austere tones ordered Liberati to withdraw his men from that position, whereupon Liberati courteously remonstrated that it was hardly necessary to obey too many bosses, when Col. Bend replied that he didn't want any back talk, but to do as he ordered. Liberati thought as he had offered the services of his band gratuitously and had taken the position assigned him by the committee in charge, that he should have been treated with respect at least, and through the officiousness of Col. Bend Liberati withdrew his band to one side and played until the carriages passed, when they disbanded.

Col. Bend had left the city when this statement was received and his version could not be obtained.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Little Affairs Stated in Small Space.

At the dinner table Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland indulged in a good natured dispute as to who owned which souvenir menu card. Mrs. Cleveland happened to pick up the one addressed, "To His Excellency, the President of the United States," while the president took up the one addressed, "Mrs. Cleveland." They examined them carefully for some minutes, and then Mrs. Cleveland broke out with: Do you not wish the one meant for you had on it 'Mrs. Cleveland,' the way mine has?" The president smiled on the beautiful woman at his side and retorted: "Yes, but then I do not wish



LOOKING OVER THE FALLS.

that half as much as you wish yours had on it the words: 'To the President of the United States.' At all events they are beautiful pieces of work, and we shall always treasure them." "Indeed we shall," replied Mrs. Cleveland; "they shall be retained by us for always as the most handsome souvenirs of the kind we have ever received."

That the police obeyed orders yesterday was practically demonstrated by something that happened to Manager Shepherd. He went to each officer at the doors and told them to admit no one unless they had something to show that they were guests of the hotel. During the afternoon he went out, and when he wanted to return found his entrance barred by a six-foot policeman, who told him he could not go in. "But I am the manager," expostulated Mr. Shepherd. "Oh, go long wid ye," was the answer, "ef yees was the manager yees would have something to show for it. So yees better go on now." Mr. Shepherd took the hint and went in by a back door where no one was on guard. Afterwards he saw the patrolman and complimented him upon his faithfulness.

Emil Scaglia, the chief the West, has reason to feel proud, for everything under his charge was done in a manner that drew forth praise from the entire party.

One man who wanted to see the president and Mrs. Cleveland, climbed to the top of a telegraph pole on the line of march.

Ald. Cloutier, chairman of the committee of arrangements, looked happy all day long, even if he was busy, and he had a perfect right to do so, as it was due materially to him that everything passed off so pleasantly.

The police were complimented on every hand for the masterly way in which they handled the crowd at the depot and around the West and the Exposition. It was remarkably well done, and as Minneapolis is the first city where the president and Mrs. Cleveland have not witnessed the police clubbing back the crowds, they were more than pleased. The crowd was hard to handle, but the Minneapolis police force did it, and right nobly, too. Another thing that was particularly well done was the placing of the militia in such a way that the crowd was kept away from the carriages.

No serious accidents to man or beast have been reported, and so far as known but two runaways occurred.

The entire police force was on duty yesterday, including both the day and night forces, from noon until 8 p. m. The special details were: Sergt. Coffin with twelve mounted men and Lieut. Nelson with sixteen patrolmen to precede the procession, Sergt. Leonard with twelve patrolmen at the West and Sergt. Kennedy with twelve patrolmen at the depot.

One man, arrested at the corner of Nicollet and Washington avenues, was the only case of disorder in the vicinity of the parade.

An old man was heard shouting all over the Exposition wherever he went: "Here's to Andrew Jackson, I have not seen him for fifty years."

The Exposition looked slicker and cleaner than it ever did before. The police force numbered with the firemen on special duty a round 100 men, and they deserve special praise for the manner they handled the immense crowd, and the handsome appearance they all had. Each officer wore white gloves and had a button-hole bouquet of roses and ferns.

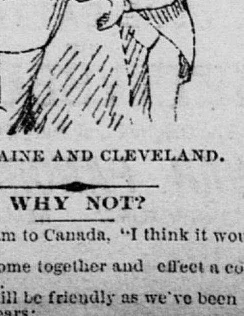
A lady lost $250 in a purse in the Exposition. Officer Seiltz found it, and the lady thanked him very politely, but not a cent did she offer for his honest and creditable act.

The attendance at the Exposition yesterday reached the grand total of 36,000 people.

A ridiculous occurrence was the breaking of a railing and the precipitation of a number of people sitting upon it.

Invited to the Assembly.

E. J. Haggerty, of Brooklyn; J. Campbell, Pittsburg; D. J. Campbell, Scranton, Pa., composing the committee from the Knights of Labor appointed to wait upon the president and invite him to visit the assembly, were present ed just as he had finished dinner. The committee explained its mission and extended a hearty greeting. They also thanked him for the position he had assumed favoring the industrial closses in several instances. The president thanked them in turn for the courtesy and asked a number of questions concerning the assembly and its work.

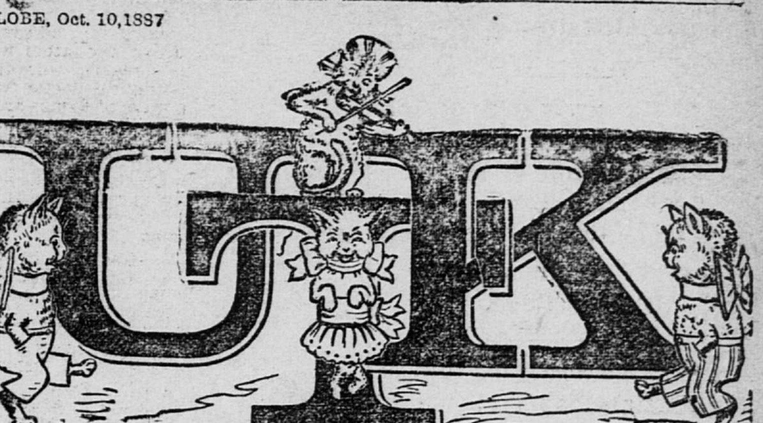


FOR BLAINE AND CLEVELAND.

WHY NOT?

Said Uncle Sam to Canada, "I think it would be wise
If we could come together and effect a compromise.
Now, let us still be friendly as we've been so many years:
Just keep your fish and fisheries, but give us our cashiers."

GLOBE, Oct. 10, 1887



ACCURACY.

In observation this habit seems most difficult to acquire. It is usually inborn, and we appear in our undue haste for acquiring an education to lose or prune away the natural instinct of seeing and knowing things as they really are. It's a sorry day for our children when they cease to trust their own happy and involuntary habits of observation and become dependent upon outside instructors and books. These, if wisely chosen, are excellent helps, but they are a positive hindrance when unwisely selected. The first three or four years of a child's life are miracles of development. It is its own teacher: selects its own lessons, and in its eagerness to learn absorbs the language in about 18 months. Education to help must begin at this point, not by undoing what nature has already wisely ordered, but by encouraging this instinctive habit of accurate observation. Teach your little boy to know by actual observation the marked difference between the U T K clothing and that of the "Middlemen"—how much nicer it is. Bring them in to see our Children's Overcoats—how beautifully they are trimmed and made, and how reasonable in price. While you are about it ask your husband to drop in with you. We can show him the choicest variety of suits and overcoats he ever will care to see at the U T K, Minneapolis.

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Public Notice!

Found running at large within the city of St. Paul, in violation of the ordinances of said city in relation to impounding animals, and taken up by the Poundmaster of said city and not redeemed, the hereinafter described animals.

Now, therefore, in accordance with law, I will sell at at public auction, in front of the public pound, on Eagle street, in said city, on the 12th day of October, 1887, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, if not sooner released, to the highest bidder for cash:

ONE WHITE HEIFER, four years old.
ONE RED HEIFER, three years old.
ONE RED HEIFER, with white spots on back, three years old.

Dated Oct. 8, 1887.
JOHN CUNIFF,
Policeman and Acting Poundmaster.

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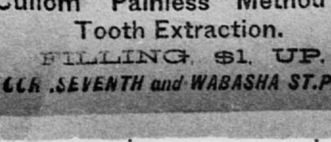

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