

CLEVELAND'S WEDDING.

OUR CORRESPONDENT AND SPECIAL ARTIST DESCRIBE IT.

Married in the Blue Room—An Un-kissed Bride—Mother-in-Law Folsom. They Couldn't Fool the Reporters—The Bride Does Not Promise to Obey.



Frank Clara Folsom is the first bride of a president who was ever married in the White House. It was probably her pretty, girlish wish that the wedding should take place there. It was what a girl would naturally like. The president seems to have yielded to her wishes in almost everything, much more indeed than was to have been expected from a bachelor of his mature years and staidly make-up.

All the world knows by this time whether it was Miss or Mrs. Folsom that the president was going to marry. But there are many things more all the world would like to know, which unfortunately it will probably never find out. For instance, where and how was the courting done, and when was the question popped? That's what an admiring country would like to know.

There was Private Secretary Col. Daniel Lamont. He has proved him of worth his weight in gold. He superintended the president's wedding trousseau, as the funny papers called it. He decided just the shade of lilac gray that predominated in the dressing gown, the exact width of the diagonal ribbed stripe in the wedding tresses. Dan! met the bride down the bay, took her to the Gilsey house, in New York, and then hurried back to Washington to see that the dining room chairs were set in the proper place. Dan! got the license and saw the minister. He coached the president about the proper time to put the ring upon the bride's finger. Now, the query arises, Didn't Dan! pop the question, too? Grover never had any practice in these little matters.

The person who married the pair was Dr. Sunderland, the president's pastor, a Presbyterian and a Republican.



REV. DR. BYRON SUNDERLAND.

Dr. Sunderland has a swarthy, earnest face, with black eyes, and a look as though dyspepsia was not all unknown to him. He is a Vermont, who came to Washington before the war. He is nearly 60 years old, said to be hot-tempered and very bossy. Many years ago Dr. Sunderland was the minister of a church which the Cleveland family attended in central New York. That was why the president chose him for his pastor in Washington.

It is said that the presents to the bride amount to not less than \$100,000. One diamond necklace is said to be worth \$15,000. A newspaper reporter writes that the Tiffanys said that Tuesday, June 1, was the biggest day in the history of the firm, that all the foreign ministers and cabinet officers seemed to be buying presents at once. But nobody knows whether this is true or not.

The reporters got hold of the style of stationery used by Miss Frankie, and described it in their graphic way. The paper is smooth, large and pure white. The president's bride does not affect the nonsensical little colored note paper that so many girls are devoted to. But the main point about it is that the young lady uses a coat of arms, and has it stamped upon her paper. How's that for Jeffersonian simplicity? How'd the gessups. Well, there is really nothing un-republican about the use of a coat of arms. It only shows one's descent, that one had ancestors whom he can trace back. It is merely an interesting record of family history, nothing more.



Mrs. Cleveland's heraldic device is a blue shield bearing the letter "F" upon it. Above the "F" is a golden bee with outstretched wings. Underneath the shield is the Latin motto: "ubi apes, ibi mel." Translated it means: "Where the bees are, there is honey." The night before her wedding Miss Folsom, with her mother and cousin, Ben Folsom, traveled from New York to Washington to meet her president bridegroom, after the fashion of ladies who wed kings and emperors. In the gray of the morning the snow-white dome of the Capitol loomed into sight to Frank Clara, as sweet a bride as ever the sun shone on, bless her. Just such a girl as ought to be first lady in a republic. If you have read the proceedings of her arrival you will find she does not travel with a maid or even a nasty little lap dog. Best of all, when she was getting ready to leave the New York hotel for Washington, she helped pack her trunks with her own fair, independent hands. It is a credit to

her. It shows there is none of the silly snob about her, at least as far as we know. Our picture is a copy of the very last photograph of her, in her beautiful wedding gown. If that wedding dress is a further index of her character, then once more Grover and the country are to be congratulated. It was in exquisite taste, simple and dignified. It was a very rich corset ivory white satin with a plain rounded train five yards long.

The train flowed plain in two organ plaits from the waist, and had no trimming around the edge of the splendid satin. Before, there is a short apron-front draping of India silk of the same color. A narrow band of orange tulle borders this apron.

The bodice is cut V-shaped, and has a satin lappel crossing it from left to right, and



THE BRIDE.

fastened upon the right hip. At the shoulder seams two exquisitely fine scrolls of India-mullie trim. The cross upon the breast, and are tucked under the said lappel. The scrolls are loaded with orange buds. The sleeves reach just below the elbow, and are trimmed with bands of the muslin. A tiny bouquet of orange buds is fastened on the inner side of the arm at the elbow.

Then there was an enormously long veil—six yards long, of the white silk tulle. When it is fastened up in the rear there is a tangle of orange flowers and ivy. The veil runs back and covers the entire train. That was all there was of this exquisite wedding gown to the bride, no cutting up into jags and dabs of trimming, but just plain and beautifully flowing, like the garments of a goddess.

The main length of the White House is east and west. Just inside the north front runs a long corridor. Through this corridor the public are admitted at levees. At the east end of this is one staircase, at its west end another. From the large room overhead, down the west staircase, came the bride and groom to be joined in holy matrimony. It was a royal sight. The stately looking president, in tight fitting, perfect evening dress, his face beaming with happiness, escorted his fair girl bride down the steps. Her train was so long that it swept the stairs almost from the top.



DOWN THE STAIRCASE.

In this superb style the pair moved eastward along the grand corridor till they came to the Blue parlor. It gets its name because it is furnished in blue. Here the guests were grouped. There were not many—only twenty-six persons in all, the cabinet ministers and their wives, and a few relatives. Two of the cabinet are widowers—Secretary of State Bayard and Secretary of the Interior Lamar. The other cabinet officers came with their wives who were all smiles, and were beautifully dressed. These two—Lamar and Bayard—came each alone. Each, particularly Secretary Bayard, looked serious, and a little melancholy as he descended alone from his carriage and went up the broad front steps.

There was no procession of relatives and bridesmaids attending the stately pair. Alone they went along the corridor, alone they stood under the chandeliers in front of Dr. Sunderland. The Red room is next west of the Blue room. From the door of the Red room our skiffers or st made a hurried, though very correct, march. As the bride and groom stood to be married, their backs were towards the corridor, their faces towards the south. They faced a wonderful and fairy-like trappings of flowers.

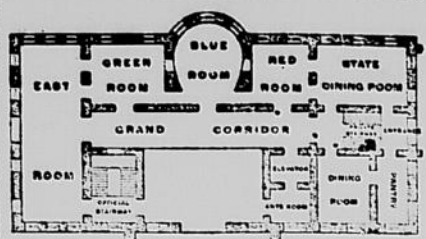
For the information of young ladies it may be mentioned that the word "gown" was not included in the bride's part of the vows. The service was the same for both, except that where Grover promised to "cherish" Frankie promised to "love" it.

It is noticeable that while there were several widows and single women present at the ceremony, there was only two bachelors. One was Mr. Ben Folsom, the bride's cousin; the other was Dr. Susan Bassel, the president's former law partner in Buffalo. He has a nice little chin as the president himself, and is said to have leaned upon the happy occasion with a smile that weighed a pound.

Rev. William Cleveland, the president's brother, from an in New York state, assisted at the ceremony, though Dr. Sunderland didn't seem to need much help, and there is every reason to believe he tied the knot good and strong.

Reports of the wedding ceremony were obtained from that good and helpful man, Col. Dan Lamont, and they were much complimented. My every president who takes a new wife have as useful a private secretary.

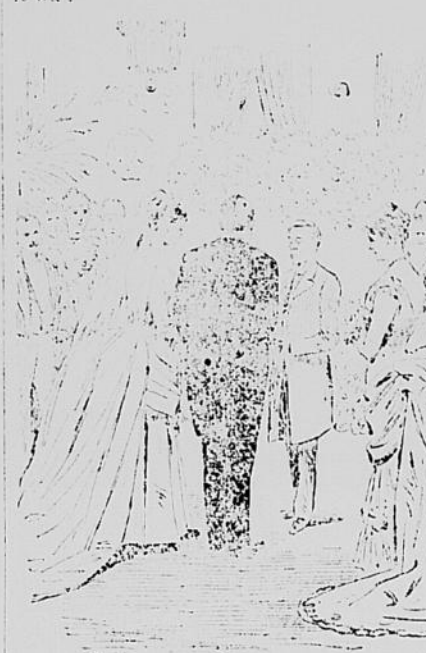
to a disinterested observer, the joke of the whole affair is the new-paper young men. Before one is inclined to say hard words of



PLAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

their "chuck," so called, look at the thing. You public, particularly you feminine public, read every word about the wedding before you get your breakfast, didn't you? You in a too—don't say you didn't just "glanced over it" as you rode down town to business. You know you did. These were tremendous editions of the daily papers, all next morning of the wedding, and somebody must have brought them. Newspapers people know by experience what the dear public likes to read. They mean to supply the want, for that is how they make their living. If reporters did not have "chuck," as you call it, and persist in it and countless courage and heroic private endurance, you would not see your news, and they would not get their bread and butter. A reporter who would not have hung around and scribbled on and scribbled on about the White House would have lost his bread without a moment's notice.

It was not the newspaper men's fault that this disagreeable work had to be done. This square, pleasant thing, and the thing for the president to do, would have been to have the marriage announcements, and even the route selected for the wedding journey, given to the newspapers in a few words, and let the newsboys in any way prominent to that. A simple, dignified request, that for once during his term of office, the president of the United States would have been quiet and private as much as possible, would have been sufficient. The president's social obligations and kindly nature to have respected his wishes, and the world have enjoyed the more private than the get, as it were.



THE CEREMONY.

He had planned to slip out the back way with his new wife, jump into a carriage which was at the ordinary White House door, and get off to the left in time and to the special train which waited to take the pair to Deer Park Md. before the new-paper men could "get on to it." Band man! Did he think to fool the newspapers? The correspondents made a common ground the White House grounds, and watched every slit where a pig could crawl through.

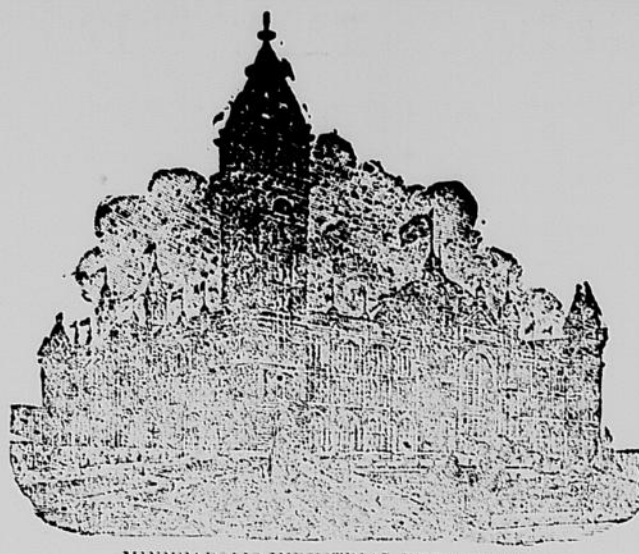
When the bride had just tasted the supper and taken a bit of the wedding cake, she changed her royal gown for one to travel in, and she and her new husband hurried out the back gate and into the carriage that waited for them. It is an oversight of the way route to the station. But fifty newspaper men were to have to be fooled. Those who stood guard had only waiting at every entrance. They made common cause in pursuit of their aim. Every time a carriage, whose occupants were not seen plainly and recognized, but the grounds, a young man with a note book and pencil hidden somewhere about him sprang lightly and sweetly in a cab and followed that carriage to its destination. So you see how impossible it would have been to do anything without the knowledge of the press. The train next after the special one by which the president traveled whirled the fifty journalists right on behind him. Next morning when Mr. Cleveland's view rounded over the blue mountains far away and then dropped to contemplate the nearer magnificent loneliness of Deer Park, the first object of natural beauty the presidential eye gazed on was a "modest group of reporters."

This is the ninth wedding that has taken place in the White House, but the first of a president.



WEDDING CAKE.

The wedding cake weighed twenty-five pounds. Three hundred exquisite little satin-lined boxes were manufactured, with a hand-painted monogram "C. F." inside. These were to contain the wedding cake that was to be sent away for girls to dream on. The large wedding cake measured seven and one half feet around. Poor Miss Cleveland, who, with Col. Dan Lamont, remained at the White House to put things to rights after the ceremony, was badgered almost out of her life by requests for wedding cake. Hundreds of persons persistently presented claims that they did not have the shadow of this favor. Among those most importunate were school girls and congressmen's wives. School girls, of course, one expects to be silly, but congressmen's wives! There was one sad omission at this otherwise beautiful wedding. The husband did not kiss his new wife after the ceremony. Nobody kissed her, nobody at all. Oh



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