

## AS SHE WAS IN HER LIFE.

THE STORY OF THE DEAD LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Her Tastes and Habits—How She Met and Married Harrison—A Womanly Nature, and an Example to the Women of This and Future Times.

The death of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, on the eve of the election in which her husband is a candidate for a second term in the White House, is the specially sad incident of the great campaign. For weeks past she has been lingering with no hope of recovery, and the sympathy of the nation has gone out toward her and her afflicted husband. This of itself would have done much to lessen the bitterness of the campaign had it been like some campaigns of the past, as it was not. As elections go in the United States, it has been characterized by a less personal species of warfare against the candidates than prevailed when Cleveland first came to the front, and Gen. Harrison himself has been singularly free from assaults in the press and on the platform throughout the country. He will have still more sympathy in the short time that remains before the contest, though under the system of voting in the republic this of itself will have nothing to do with the result. The electors are chosen and they vote for the candidates according to the political platform on which they have been chosen.

The grip, which the readers of PROGRESS are aware is still showing the effects of the epidemic of the past in this country as in the United States has been the cause of the death of Mrs. Harrison. She had a severe attack of it two years ago and never recovered fully. Accounts of her illness say that in the early summer relief was vainly sought at Cape May and Deer Park, and in July last, in the hope that the mountain air might affect a cure, she was taken to Loon Lake in the Adirondacks. But the change did not bring the relief so eagerly hoped for; her feebleness increased, and in September, at her own request, she was taken back to Washington.

The journey from Loon Lake to Washington was a sad one. The gentle invalid was accompanied by her husband, the president, who from the first has been absent from her side only when imperative public duties required it; by her son, Russell, and her daughter, Mrs. McKee. The presidential party reached Washington the day after the great Grand Army parade, and all of the public buildings in Washington were still decorated in honor of the visiting veterans. The president did not ride from the station to the White House in the family carriage, but rode beside the stretcher containing his wife in the armory ambulance. Not once during the slow and lonely ride did he note the decorations along the way. A few weeks before he had looked forward eagerly to taking part in the reunion of the Grand Army and marching side by side with his old comrades in the great parade, but now he was oblivious to all save the sick woman, whom he married in his early youth, and who all her life had been a helpmeet to him in the best sense of the term.

Following the return from Loon Lake there was for a few days an apparent change in her condition; but this was soon shown to be only temporary, and now it was soon known that consumption had claimed her as a victim, that the end must come soon, and that all that remained was to watch and wait. Day and night the President was almost constantly by her side. He spent a few hours in his office each morning, but during this time made frequent visits to the sick room. The only callers received by him were those whose business was of the utmost importance.

Mrs. Harrison and the president had been lovers and companions from their early youth. Mrs. Harrison was by birth a Western woman. Her father, John W. Scott, was many years ago a teacher in Miami university at Oxford, Ohio, and it was there that the wife of the president was born. She was named Caroline—Carrie for short—and when she grew up was sent to school in the girls' college of the town. Those who knew her in her girlhood described her as quiet and demure, with a petite form and a face ideally beautiful. In those days her hair was black and her complexion dark. She has been of late still a very handsome woman, but her hair is now plentifully sprinkled with gray, and her girlish form has assumed the fullness of mature womanhood. Not long before her illness she was thus described: "She is small, probably not more than 5 feet 2, and has a plump figure. Her dimpled fingers display her marriage ring and three diamonds. Her sleeves were tight and plain, showing the outlines of a finely moulded arm, and enamelled gold bracelets clasped the fair wrists. Her eyes are large and a soft brown, and her hair contrasts beautifully, being grey. Her mouth is the right size for beauty. She wears a soft, fluffy bang and her hair coiled low on her neck."

It was while at school at Oxford that Caroline Scott met Benjamin Harrison. She fell in love with the quiet, modest, studious youth, and her love was fully reciprocated. Before either was 21 they had married, settled in life and their first baby had been born. In the early days of General Harrison's career at the bar his wife was of the greatest help to him, and he has often said that she was "half his capital." She did her own cooking and housework and aided her husband in many ways.

Mrs. Harrison was an accomplished woman in more ways than one, and ever since her girlhood had taken a warm interest in art. She essayed oil painting for a time, often with considerable success, and later she tried water colors, and many of the paintings which decorate the Indianapolis home reflect great credit upon her. She always made it a practice to see each visitor who called upon her, and was never known to show irritation or annoyance. She was always a fashionable dresser, but never adopted the extremes in anything.

"Mrs. Harrison was well known in Washington before she came here to rule the White House," said the Washington Post recently, "and while that event might have added to her eminence, it could not have increased the affection and esteem of her friends. She has been in the Executive Mansion as she was in her private residence both here and in Indianapolis, the kind and gracious lady, the friend,

the exponent of those domestic virtues which the American people love to see exemplified in the wives of their rulers. Under her gentle sway the White House has been made to set forth all that is beautiful and sacred in the home. She has vouchsafed us the spectacle of a happy home and united family gathered around a virtuous hearth, and maintaining simple, wholesome and tender observances, which, in the rich as in the poor, in the lofty as in the humble, are the true and only conditions of content. Without conceit or ostentation, as the devoted daughter, wife and mother, whom every woman in the land may imitate, she has filled the high place to which she has been called, and made it more than ever the object of the nation's admiration."

It is a gracious and refining influence which Mrs. Harrison has brought to the White House, says a writer in the N. Y. Press recently. There have been former mistresses whose regime has been more brilliantly successful in a social way; but few have surpassed her in the task of making a pleasant and happy home. She is a thoroughly domestic woman, with all that home means very dear to her heart, and her sweetness and gentleness have all along softened the lot of her husband and her children. Above all else she has been at all times the wife and the mother. Mrs. Harrison united with the church when she was 14 years of age, and has been ever since a consistent churchwoman, while in Indianapolis she took an efficient part in orphan asylum work and other charitable undertakings, and in Washington her charities, though unobtrusive, have been constant and judicious.

Everywhere, at this time, will be felt a regret that a woman of so sweet a nature should no longer live as an example to the women of the land; and from every quarter of the world will come sympathy for the ruler of the nation in his great bereavement.

## DONE WITH THE CAMERA.

Ways in Which Photographers May Try Some Experiments.

The readers of PROGRESS who are amateur photographers may get some hints and points from an article in a recent English paper, on the curiosities of photographers' art.

It is possible to photograph the invisible. To do this it is only necessary to take a colorless solution of bisulphate of guanine—the common guanine used in medicine—and write or draw with it on a piece of white paper. When dry the writing or design will be quite invisible, but if a photograph be taken of the paper it will show very nearly black.

A photograph can be taken without light in the following way. An unexposed dry plate is placed in an ordinary developing solution, and a penny laid on it—of course in the dark room. After five minutes or so the penny is removed and the plate washed, when a perfect image of the design on the side of the coin next the plate will be found on it.

The familiar color of the common silver print may be varied by the use of different solutions, requiring no great skill in their application, and red, green, violet, or blue prints obtained. By the addition of a chemical known as thiosinamine to the developer, a positive is obtained instead of a negative.

By the use of certain chemicals, the image may be made to disappear entirely from ordinary silver print, and it reappears, when desired, by merely soaking it in water.

Photographs may be somewhat similarly prepared so that the image is brought out by tobacco smoke. A recent Parisian novelty was a cigarette or cigar holder, with a chamber in the stem for the insertion of small pieces of, apparently, white paper, which were in reality magic photographs; the picture making its appearance after a cigarette or cigar had been smoked through the holder for a short time.

A luminous photograph may be made by coating a piece of cardboard with Balmain's luminous paint. If this is placed in the dark until it ceases to shine, and is then exposed to the light behind a glass transparency, the card thus treated will, in a dark chamber, show a luminous copy of the transparency.

Snowstorm effects may be produced with ordinary landscape negatives, by sprinkling a little red color over the negative, in minute drops, by a brush charged with the coloring matter, or by shaking a dry color, like lamp black, through a fine hair sieve on the negative, previously coated with a sticky solution, the whole being varnished when dry. The minute color particles stop the light, and produce the appearance of flakes of snow when a print is taken.

Many comical effects may be obtained by simple manipulations. A large piece of cardboard is taken, and a round hole cut out of it big enough to let the sitter's head through. A grotesque small body is then drawn or painted underneath. The whole, photographed with the sitter's head pushed through the aperture, gives a very funny result if the body is well done.

By using a black or red background, which produces no effect on the sensitive plate, one person may be duplicated on the same plate in different positions, such as sitting at each side of a table, or shaking hands with himself. Very strange and weird effects may be thus produced, and by simple enough modifications a man may be shown holding his own head on a plate, and the same individual may appear as a giant and a dwarf side by side on the same plate.

## Made an Object Lesson.

He was a hard-working and zealous school teacher, and had just told the class that wool comes off the sheep and is made into blankets, clothing, etc., to keep us warm in cold weather, and he proceeded to question little Willie, who had been rather inattentive during the lesson.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "where does wool come from?"

"Off the sheep's back, teacher," replied Willie.

"And what then?" inquired the teacher.

"Willie could not answer."

"What are these made from?" asked the teacher, touching Willie's trousers with the cane.

"Uncle John's old 'uns," said Willie, and the teacher and the cane adjourned to the library.

Rigby waterproofs are now the correct thing. The day for rubber clothing is ended.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE SENSATION AT GRAVENHURST.

A Prominent Physician Interviewed—Science Has Its Say—Almost a Resurrection.

GRAVENHURST, Sept. 30.—Further investigation discloses the fact that there is hardly anything else spoken of in this town but Sam Murray's wonderful recovery. His case is considered marvellous and no cure at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre ever startled people like his case has this section of the community. In the hotels you hear his name mentioned, and being well known along the different towns on the Northern railway, Murray's case attracts unusual interest.

Dr. Cornell is one of the most popular men in Gravenhurst. He runs a large drug store and has a very extensive practice. He stands high in the medical profession, and is Grand Trunk physician for that section. His drug business is one of the largest in Northern Ontario. He was seen at his office. He said: "I have known Murray for a long time. He was employed on the Grand Trunk railway as brakeman for several years. His fingers were crushed, and being one of the Grand Trunk physicians I looked after the case. One night in June, '91, he was carried into my office. He had fallen down on the street. I found that he was suffering from paralysis. He has been disabled until recently, but I don't care to talk very much of his case. I am not seeking cheap notoriety."

"But, doctor, I suppose you have no objection to answer a few queries to substantiate what Murray says?"

"Well, no; go ahead."

"Was Murray ill for a long time, and is it true that his disability claims were paid by the Grand Trunk? You attended him for some time, you say, and you should know?"

"Yes, I attended him, and he was pretty low. Although I never give up hope, I thought he would never be able to get about again. After he fell the first time he kept poking about and took three or four other spells. He was then confined to his house, and later on took to his bed. Boils and eruptions broke out on his legs and arms, neck and face, and his blood was in a very bad way. He kept gradually getting worse, and everybody thought he would die. He complained of his back very much. I attributed his disease largely to overwork. I believed he would never be able to resume his duties again. He was paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk at that time."

"How does it come that he is about and working again?"

"Well, you see as a professional man I hardly like to say. It might look as if I were lending myself to some advertising scheme, and I would rather not say anything on that subject."

"But, doctor, that is not fair. Does Sam Murray know what cured him?"

"Well, he says, and everybody says, it was some pills he bought here that cured him."

"What pills, doctor. Do you know the name of them?"

"There you go again. Now, I said I did not want to put myself in a false position before the profession."

"But he bought the pills in your drug store. What pills were they?"

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, they were Dodd's Kidney Pills, and remember, I want you to say, if you say anything about me, this is the truth. Sam got the pills here, and he says they cured him. I have sold a lot of them to others and they all speak highly of them."

"Doctor, would you as a physician prescribe these pills in your practice for kidney troubles?"

"Yes, I would. Knowing the active principles of the pills they are such as I would prescribe to patients suffering from kidney troubles, for they are both a tonic and a diuretic."

"Doctor, is it true that diseased kidneys poison the blood?"

"Yes, the blood gets full of uric acid."

"Will the curing of diseased kidneys cleanse the blood of uric acid and impurities?"

"Well, it is only natural to suppose that if you remove the cause of disease you can expect a cure."

"Do you consider Murray's case a remarkable one?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

## A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Fred Harbridge, of the Gravenhurst Banner, was seen. He said: Sam Murray's case is causing a good deal of talk. We used to publish paragraphs that he was not expected to live over night. Every week we expected his death notice. Sam got hold of Dodd's Kidney Pills through a little book that was dropped into his house called Kidney Talk, and he took the pills and is as well as ever. When he was that bad a lot of his friends thought he was paid by the Grand Trunk you may judge how pretty low. He recovered so rapidly and miraculously that everybody is talking about his case. We had something in the paper about it. There is no denying that he is cured, and that Dodd's Pills did it. Anybody in Gravenhurst will tell you that.

A GRAND TRUNK OFFICIAL.

Mr. J. T. Torrey, Grand Trunk agent at Gravenhurst, was seen. Mr. Torrey is a middle-aged man, and a great favorite in the place. He was asked if he knew Murray, and he said: "Yes. I know two Murrys, Sam Murray and his brother. I put both of them to work as brakemen on the Grand Trunk. I remember when Sam was taken ill, and nobody expected he would get better."

"Did he get his total disability money from the Grand Trunk?"

"Yes, he got his sick benefits first through me, and then when it was expected he would die his total disability claim was paid through me also. I never thought Sam would recover. He says he was cured by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills."

## THE PROPRIETORS.

Mr. J. A. McKee of the firm of L. A. Smith & Co., manufacturers of Dodd's Kidney Pills was seen at their place of business in Toronto. He was very busy but was willing to speak of the Murray case. He said in answer to some questions, "Yes, we have heard of Murray's wonderful cure at Gravenhurst through taking our Dodd's Kidney Pills. But his case is only one of many. Here are several

others just as startling." Pulling a bundle of letters out of a drawer. "We have not been advertising these pills to any great extent, and we are astonished at their rapid sale. The only way to account for it is that they sell on their merits. Those who use them tell their friends about them and they are advertised in that way. These pills are a new departure in medicine. The formula has been used successfully by one of the most eminent specialists in the world for the cure of kidney disease. But his services are only available for the wealthy, and even if the formula were known to all practitioners, could not be made up by the drug stores, for special facilities have to be arranged for compounding them. Hitherto kidney remedies have been put up in liquid form. A certain percentage of alcohol has to be put in such mixtures to keep the medicine. This alcohol, it has been time and again demonstrated, counteracts the beneficial effects of the drugs contained in the mixture, for there is nothing worse for the kidney than alcohol, and it defeats the objects for which the remedy is intended. We obviate this difficulty by having the active principles only of the drugs put up in concentrated form in the shape of a pill, which is easily taken. They are neatly put up in boxes with the trade mark 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' on each box, and are for sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at fifty cents per box. We will mail them direct on receipt of price."

From these interviews wish and the investigations made your correspondent has proved beyond a doubt that such a man as Sam Murray exists, and that the facts of his case as published in the Gravenhurst Banner are true in every particular. Not only does Sam Murray himself speak out, but his evidence is supported by documentary proofs and also by Dr. Cornell, a well known physician in Gravenhurst, the mayor of the town, the station master, and others. Also that Dodd's Kidney Pills effected his cure after the case had been given up as hopeless.

## Afterwhiles.

Where are they—the Afterwhiles—Luring us the lengthening miles Of our lives? Where is the dawn With the dew on the lawn Stroked with eager feet the far house, and later on took to his bed. Boils and eruptions broke out on his legs and arms, neck and face, and his blood was in a very bad way. He kept gradually getting worse, and everybody thought he would die. He complained of his back very much. I attributed his disease largely to overwork. I believed he would never be able to resume his duties again. He was paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk at that time."

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"Yes, I certainly do."

## THE FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN.

The fashionable medico In this world occupies a place That yields him bows from high and low, Which bring him smiles to his kindly face; So, lowly knee I bend—for is not he, In truth, a pillar of society?

—Kimball Chase Tapley, in Judge.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

All wickedness is but a violent mistake, and the worst men have the excuse of some inconsistent breeding or other, or of a blood half insane.

PELER ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

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If a man's ability were as great as his discontent, everybody would be a Napoleon.



## Spotless LINEN

means clean, white linen, well washed linen,—not yellow or streaked.

### SURPRISE Soap

never fails to make the linen clean.

There is always a whiteness and sweetness about it when washed with Surprise Soap.

It is due to the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" Soap. The wash is done without boiling or scalding the clothes. Without boiling or scalding means a great saving of time and of work.—It cleans quickly and easily without injury to the fabric.

**Insist on Surprise** for your linen. It is so good you can't afford to be without it.

## Going to Get There.

ITS everybody's aim to "get their with both feet" as the saying goes, with everything you do. Doing what you have to do well, is getting there with both feet.

We wash well, all your clothes. The work is all done neat and clean. Just order the team to call for your washing one week. The thing is worth trying.

We dye anything you wear. Your old coat wants brightening up—we'll do it

## at UNCAR'S.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNCAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street), Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 65 and 66, Granville street. They will be done right, if done at

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Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest!

An Entirely New Edition of

## THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES,

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. "His popularity," says a writer in the *Contemporary Magazine*, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost a household name in France, Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's—T. S. Arthur's 'The Red Rover'." The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairie has not lost its balmy and the salt of the sea keeps its savor," says the same writer about Cooper. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous tales. As entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large quarto pages, containing all of these famous romances complete, unchanged and unabridged, viz.:

THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PRARIE.

This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. It contains five of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole volume's reading is accomplished in a few hours. All who have not read Cooper's stories should read them. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with the publisher of this excellent edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost as free gift to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvelous of all.

Read Our Great Premium Offer! We will send THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, complete as above described, with PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$3.25, which is an advance of but 25 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this fine edition of the famous Leatherstocking Tales for only 25 cents. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer.

EDWARD S. CARTER.

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