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THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRISON RECALLS OTHER FATALITIES.

The Wives of Five White House Employees Have Died During the Harrison Administration—Death Has Also Played Mavoc in the Cabinet Families.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Another death in the White House! Will there never be an end of tragedies in this famous mansion? Probably not, for though the seat of power—the highest social and



FIRST FUNERAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE. political pedestal in the land—it cannot escape the visitations of the dread monster. Death is no respecter of persons, and palace and hovel, prince and pauper, must alike bow the knee to his tyranny. As the White House record stands today, its first and last deaths were in the Harrison family. Never before, however, has an administration been so sadly marked by the tragedy of nature in the White House and the immediate circle revolving around it.

The mediaeval wife died last week. Less than two years ago the wife of his private secretary, Mr. Halford, passed away. For several weeks the private secretary himself lay at death's door in the executive mansion. Secretary Pruden, of the White House staff, lost his wife early in the present year. Since Harrison became president the wives of three other White House employees have died, and four or five children have been lost from the White House circle. In all these afflictions the president and his late wife performed many acts of delicate sympathy, endearing themselves to the bereaved. Since he came to Washington as president General Harrison has lost a sister, and Mrs. Harrison's sister, Mrs. Scott-Lord, died two years ago.

Death has played havoc in the cabinet families too. Walker Blaine died within a stone's throw of the executive mansion from a cold taken at a White House reception. His brother Enmons followed him last summer, just after Mr. Blaine's resignation from the cabinet. Before that Mrs. Blaine had lost a sister. Other cabinet families have had bereavements among their near kin, but the most terrible tragedy of all, sadder scene perhaps the great East room of the White House ever knew—and it has had more than its share of tragedies—was when, in the dawn of morning, fire and smoke combined to rob Secretary Tracy of his wife and daughter.

Their funeral was held in the White House, and to this day I find it impossible to enter the palatial East room, even on such occasions as state receptions, when the great apartment is thronged with beauty and fashion, and alight with smiles and laughter, without thinking of the afternoon when the blackened remains of mother and daughter lay there side by side, and near them stood a strong man, a husband and father, whose grief was too great for tears.

It is only since the death of Mrs. Harrison that more than half a dozen persons have known how she, on that sad occasion, took pity upon the grief of Secretary Tracy, sympathized as only a woman could with his yearning again to behold the face of his wife, and with her own hands, alone and secretly, opened the casket as it lay in the East room, spread flowers over the cruel wounds the fire had made, and then led the secretary to the spot and left him there with his dead.

How many such scenes the East room has witnessed—how many tragedies have played one or another of their acts within its beautiful walls! Though the White House is now nearly a hundred years old, it is a remarkable fact that for more than forty years not one death occurred in the families of its inmates. During the last half century the grim reaper has more than made up for lost time.

April 4, 1841, the president's house was for the first time wrapped in mourning. On that day President William Henry Harrison died, just one month after his inauguration, his fatal illness having been brought on by exposure to the storm on inauguration day. Funeral services were held in the East room. No sermon was preached, but Rev. Haw-



BURIAL OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

ley pointed to a Bible and prayer book lying on a table near the bier, which, he said, had been the daily companions of the deceased, and added that but for the president's illness he would have united with the church the previous Sunday. The casket containing the president's

remains was placed upon a temporary catafalque in the East room, and upon it was a pall of black velvet, with a gold fringe. On the coffin lay the sword of justice and the sword of state, surmounted by the scroll of the constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath formed of the yew and the cypress. Near the catafalque stood the new president, Mr. Tyler, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and other famous men, the diplomatic corps and congress being grouped just behind them. The funeral procession was an imposing one. Six white horses drew the funeral car, each horse led by a black groom dressed in white, with white turban and sash. The military followed, and fired a salute at the vault in the Congressional cemetery.

Having made a start in the home of the presidents, death did not wait long before resuming his labors there. In September, 1842, Mrs. Tyler, wife of Harrison's successor, died in the White House. A sweet pen picture of Mrs. Tyler and her family was drawn by one of her daughters-in-law in a private letter, as follows:

Nothing can exceed the loneliness of this large and gloomy mansion, hung with black its walls echoing only sighs and groans. My poor husband suffered dreadfully when he was told his mother's eyes were constantly turned to the door watching for him. She had everything about her to awaken love. She was beautiful to the eye, even in her illness; her complexion was clear as an infant's, her figure perfect, and her hands and feet were the most delicate I ever saw. She was refined and gentle in everything she said and did. She was my beau ideal of a perfect gentlewoman. The devotion of father and sons to her was most affecting. I don't think I ever saw her enter a room that all three did not spring up to offer her a chair; to arrange her footstool; to caress and pet her.

Before the close of the Tyler administration occurred a terrible tragedy in which the White House bore a part. A big gun on the warship Princeton exploded while a party of dignitaries were being entertained on board by Commodore Stockton, and Secretaries Upham and Gilmer, of the Tyler cabinet, and Mr. Gardner, of New York, were instantly killed, along with three or four sailors. In a somewhat romantic way President Tyler escaped their fate. It was then much in love with Mr. Gardner's daughter, and was with others listening to the young lady sing in the cabin. The president had just started to join his cabinet ministers on deck when Miss Gardner began another song whereupon Tyler returned to her side. At that moment the explosion occurred. The two cabinet ministers and Mr. Gardner were buried from the East room, and five months later Miss Gardner became Mrs. Tyler and mistress of the White House.

In 1850 President Taylor died in the White House. Of all the deaths in the mansion this was one of the saddest, viewed from the standpoint of the bereaved partner. Mrs. Taylor had de-



THE GARFIELD TRAGEDY.

plored her husband's nomination for the presidency. She had followed General Taylor through all his wars, sharing his tent and his privations, and during the remainder of her life she wanted him to herself. His nomination she denounced as "a plot to deprive me of his society; to shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility." Her words proved prophetic, for he sacrificed his life in the dedication of the Washington monument. The weather was extremely hot, and the president drank large quantities of ice water and partook freely of fruit, bringing on the fatal illness. On his death Mrs. Taylor became insensible, and the agonized cries of the family were heard out on Pennsylvania avenue.

Mrs. Taylor's heart was broken, and she survived her husband only two years. She never mentioned the White House except in its relation to his death. After he became president General Taylor said his wife had prayed every day for two months that Henry Clay might be elected instead of himself.

In May, 1861, Colonel Ellsworth, one of the first victims of the war, was buried from the East room, the simple but impressive military service doing more than any battle to fire the northern heart.

Willie Lincoln, second son of the president, died in the White House in 1862. Mr. Lincoln said this blow was the saddest of his life; the most difficult to bear. The guests' room, in which he died, Mrs. Lincoln never entered again. President Lincoln did not die in the White House, but his body lay in state in the East room, and there women scattered flowers upon his breast, rugged soldiers bent down to kiss his face, and great crowds of people—rich and poor, black and white—came to weep.

Mrs. Grant's father, Frederick Dent, died in the White House in 1873. To the same room in which Mrs. Harrison died General Garfield was tenderly carried, and there he lay and suffered for several weeks. During the Arthur administration, and while a New Year's reception was being held at the White House, Elisha Allen, minister from Hawaii, fell fatally stricken within a few feet of the president and his gay party, thus bringing the reception to a sudden end.

These are the notable tragedies of the White House. How many other tragedies of life and death, death warrants signed and pardons refused, hearts broken and lives ruined, have occurred within its walls!

WALTER WELLMAN.

TOP HEAVY SLEEVES.

THEY ARE QUITE ESSENTIAL TO MODISH COSTUMES NOWADAYS.

Olive Harper Describes Mrs. Cleveland's Theater Costume—The Girl in the Opera Hat—Low Bonnets in High Favor. Evening Dresses for Debutantes.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—There is no use trying to have a dress in style that has not top heavy sleeves. They do not, it is true, quite hide the ears now, but they must be arranged so as to give the fair wearer the appearance of broadness across the shoulders. They are more comfortable than the skintight coat sleeve of a couple of years ago, and they can be made so as to give grace and distinction to a toilet.



NEW SLEEVES AND DAINY BERTHE.

Note the varieties in the illustration, and they are only four, while certainly I saw fifty different shapes in as many minutes Saturday. The lower left has a flare at the wrist, which comes down well over the hand, and, by the way, this mode makes the hands look very small. That on the right has three plaits down the forearm, held by rosettes of ribbon to match the moire of the sleeve. The upper right has the under sleeve of plain goods, with a lace cap, though other goods could be used by scalloping or otherwise trimming it. The upper left one is a very useful and easily made style of sleeve and is much liked for home dresses. Short sleeves are puffed, usually balloon style, and often are left open on the front part and fastened lightly with bows of ribbon or jewels.

A pretty berthe is made of white lace and chiffon. The shape is like a long collar, with a frill of deep lace all around it and a puffing of chiffon. Around the part that comes next the neck is a puffed draping of chiffon, ending in a full chignon. On the shoulders are windmill bows of satin ribbon, either white or in a light tint to match a costume. This berthe will make the plainest gown into a tasteful and dressy costume for a festive occasion if the gown is turned in V shape, leaving the neck slightly exposed, and it is of course transferable. There could also be two or three sets of ribbons to give variety. Those that stand upward have a stiffening made of what is called capwire.

Speaking of stiffened bows recalls a funny little thing that happened the last night that delightful Joe Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle" here. There was a splendid audience, including Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and all the "best" people, and they were dressed beautifully. Two young girls, modest and perfectly ladylike, sat near me, and they both had large felt hats, one with a fluff of plumes and the other with three enormous loops of ribbon standing up in such a way as to completely cut off all view of the stage from those behind her. After awhile, when patience really ceased to be a virtue and the two girls were intent on the play, I saw a neatly gloved hand reach out and take hold of one loop, and by a deft touch bend the wires so that it lay flat. Another light movement and another fell, and when the last was laid low the people about could not help laughing and clapping their hands, and so did the two girls, who never knew that the hat had been touched.

I noticed that the most refined and best dressed ladies all wore close little bonnets. A particularly charming one was of salmon pink velvet twisted around on the flat crown so that it looked like a cake as it is being stirred in a bowl. The brim was of black velvet, and there were two pretty full rosettes of quilled ribbon of the shade of the crown.

Mrs. Cleveland wore a black silk of some kind, with high puffed sleeves studded with burnished steel spangles. It was high in the neck, and she wore a black velvet and lace close bonnet with a little bunch of white and pink chrysanthemums in front. Her wrap was long, somewhat of a circular shape, and lined with pink satin. What the outside was I cannot say, but it looked like black broad-clothed cashmere. Mr. Cleveland wore a dark mustache and a pleased smile.

I have almost forgotten to mention a lovely party dress for a young debutante, made of cream bengaline and trimmed in a most unique style, with a bordering and fringe made of cream satin ribbon, rosettes and ends, each end bearing two small bows. The trapping of the waist into a shawl across the front is very graceful and girlish. How many million yards of ribbon it needs I cannot say, but nothing could look prettier than it did, and it is so very novel.

OLIVE HARPER.

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Now then as regards your fall and early winter gowns—it you follow the fashion strictly—will be made of changeable cordis, woollens interwoven with velvet and several of the grades of velours now in vogue. Or if you want something plainer there is camel's hair, and there is poplin; there are heavy rop



RIVALS IN NEW FALL WRAPS.

and knotted bison in all the soft and pleasing new shades, and there is an endless array of plaid, tweeds and chevrons are also spread out for the choice of the wise woman who wants something to outlast one season and give her the worth of her money.

There are plain goods, and there are stripes, and there are mixtures wherein several tints are interwoven in such a manner that one can scarcely tell what colors there are. They are like the wild heather or the mignonette—when you examine them closely you find that there are ten or more colors and shades, all harmonized or blended into one pleasing surface of no particular color.

Some of the woollens—only a few, though—have woven patterns of flowers or byzantine borderings, and some again have horizontal stripes, but I think the plain goods and plaids will be preferred, though stripes always have their devotees.

I noticed some of the shot bengalines that had a sort of frosty vine over the surface, as though Jack Frost had thrown a little white sheen over it. It was indescribably beautiful.

For the benefit of those who do not exactly know a bengaline from any other silk, I will say it has a ground like Irish poplin, with heavy cords close together crowning the fabric. It is not all silk, as the filling is wool, but it makes one of the most superb fabrics we have, so far as looks go. It is used occasionally for very dressy wraps, and it shows up fine trimming magnificently.

In the first illustration is an entire carriage or visiting costume of stent gray bengaline, the skirt having no trimming whatever. The wrap has a plain front under the shoulder cape and is made with a Watteau plait in the back, and the little cape has a bordering of Russian sable. There are cuffs of the same, and six buttons in front made with tiny sable heads. The collar is lined with white. The entire costume is a model in quiet, good taste, and could be copied with good effect in cloth or camel's hair. The hat is covered with the same material, and has a tuft of ostrich plumes shading from white to tan on the other figure. It is made of diagonal winter chevrot and has three rows of stitching around the bottom, tailor finished. The box coat is severely plain and rigidly correct. The back is cut straight across and seamless. With this is worn a turban of brown stitched felt and brown velvet bows and some trimmed hen feathers, altogether a stylish costume and suitable for women of almost any age.

The trimming of a corsage nowadays is almost a work of art, and it is certainly one of great difficulty; and as it will not always be convenient to get a dressmaker to arrange in a new manner on an old gown, I here present two novel and effective styles. For the upper one it requires five-eighths of a yard of silk and three yards of ribbon. The silk is gauffered in front and back half around the waist and held straight by long buckram. The three bands lined with buckram will easily hold their places. The bow is made with three loops and two fishtail ends.

The other requires the same amount of silk, and is sewed on at the back side seam at the arm size, and drawn down to a point, and is there finished off with two windmill loops and two short ends, fastened with a jeweled buckle. The silk does not go on the back at all. Ribbons to match, with full rosettes, can be put upon collar, sleeves or corsage, or windmill bows can be set upon the skirt if it is desired to make the gown more dressy. A short hour will suffice for it all.

OLIVE HARPER.

MODES OF APPLYING WAIST TRIMMING.

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