

with gratitude by the anxious and grief-stricken husband and family. It could hardly be said that the patient was unconscious during the evening hours, for she betrayed some signs of understanding the attempts made to relieve her last moments by partially opening her parched lips to receive the stimulating fluid applied to them from time to time, but not a drop could she swallow and the power of speech apparently had left her frame forever. In addition the physicians noticed as the evening wore on an increased difficulty in breathing, which was regarded as an ominous sign.

Hour after hour slipped away, each leaving the patient weaker in turn, yet so gradual was the decline that it could not be said positively at any minute that she had materially failed.

The measure of the ebbing tide was respiration, which slowly sunk from fifteen at nightfall to twelve at midnight. The physician had said that if she tided over that hour, she might survive until daylight. So there was a visible air of relief when the going sounded twelve. The hope inspired, however, was only of a short duration. About 12:30 o'clock the physician discerned a noticeable weakness of the heart's action, followed almost immediately by a slight decrease in respiration. He notified the grief-stricken family that the end appeared very near. This intelligence had the most distressing effect upon the President, and he sustained himself with the greatest difficulty. Mr. Gardner, after carefully examining her countenance and feeling her pulse, sorrowfully announced that all indications justified the belief that the patient could not survive more than half an hour. This was at a quarter of 1 o'clock. The minutes passed with frightful rapidity and half an hour passed. The almost helpless form, however, still retained the sacred spark. The resistance offered by the constitution of the patient was marvelous and surprising to the physician at her bedside.

There was no struggle, no exhibition of pain, but a simple passive resistance that was baffling in its quiet intensity. In a few minutes Dr. Gardner again took up the feeble hand and felt the wrist. The blood still crept through the arteries, but oh, how slowly! He shook his head, and said a brief fifteen minutes must surely finish the struggle.

The agitation of the family could no longer be controlled, and, realizing his utter helplessness to longer cope with the formidable foe, and from consideration for the sacredness of such grief as this, the devoted physician and friend bowed his head and passed out of the door. Outside of the threshold he took his station and waited. It was not long. The minutes flew like seconds, and, suddenly, there was an expression of heart-stricken woe. The end had come. The President was beside his dying wife as he had been for nine hours continuously, and his was the last of the loved features her eyes had dwelt upon. Her breath was labored and very slow. As the hands of the clock crept towards the next hour it grew fainter yet and less frequent, and as the timepiece marked the hour 1:40 there was an interruption of the feeble breath. A resumption

and then a stop—this time to be eternal—and the life of Caroline Scott Harrison had gone out peacefully and quietly and without pain. All of the family in Washington were present at the death-bed, except the three little grandchildren and the venerable Dr. Scott, father of Mrs. Harrison. They were: President Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Dimmick and Mrs. Newcomer. In addition, Mrs. Harrison's faithful maid, Josephine, and Miss Davis, the trained nurse, were in the room.

The members of the family spent a few minutes around the lifeless clay, and—let the veil be drawn over their deep grief. When they emerged the President retired immediately to his own room, and closed his door. The other members of his family, respecting his evident wish, allowed him to remain unmolested to contemplate his great bereavement and commune with his Maker. The last sad offices for the dead woman were performed by her nurse, Miss Davis, who composed the remains for the undertaker. The lights were dimmed and the quiet of the grave lay upon the great white mansion.

The funeral arrangements have been concluded as follows: Religious services will be held in the White House Wednesday morning, after which the remains will be taken to Indianapolis, where the interment will be at Crown Hill cemetery Thursday.

#### THE SICKNESS.

Mrs. Harrison's illness is the outcome of an attack of grip during the winter 1890-91, while at Cape May. In the summer of 1891, she contracted a cold which caused a cough, lasting the entire summer. During the winter she was well enough to attend to the exacting social duties of the White House, but in January, 1892, the cough, which had never entirely left her, commenced again to trouble her considerably. In the following March she had a second attack of the grip, followed by catarrhal pneumonia. The coughing spells then increased in severity until they were accompanied by bloody expectorations and about the first of May she suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, which though not severe, caused great prostration. From this time until July 8th, the date of the removal to Loon Lake, the patient did not undergo much change. After the arrival at Loon Lake, she commenced to improve, but the improvement was of short duration and an examination on September 1st, showed that the upper half of the right lung was completely consolidated. Notwithstanding this, she was able to continue drives till September 7th, when she was stricken with an attack of sub-acute pleurisy, accompanied by fusion of a fibrous fluid, completely filling the cavity with pleurisy on the right side, necessitating tapping three times.

A consultation was held by Dr. Gardner, Dr. Doughty and Dr. Truden, resulting in the issuance of a bulletin on September 24th, announcing that Mrs. Harrison was afflicted with pleurisy and nervous prostration, and that the result was uncertain. At the time of Mrs. Harrison's removal to Washington, Septem-

ber 20th, her right lung was entirely consolidated. The disease progressed steadily, resisting treatment, until eventually her left lung became involved and the condition of the patient was hopeless.

The case was complicated from the first by her extreme nervous prostration which persistently resisted every remedy. Certainly nothing within the knowledge of the medical profession that could possibly tend to alleviate her sufferings or lead to cure, was left untried, but to no avail.

#### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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The prospects in life for the young couple were not bright, but young people are full of hope. Their honeymoon passed under the paternal roof at North Bend. In the following March the young couple went to Indianapolis. The cash capital at the command of Benjamin Harrison when he began his married life and the practice of his profession was \$300, an advance on a lot in Cincinnati inherited through his aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison began their domestic responsibilities in the rooms of an Indianapolis boarding house.

In the summer of 1854 Mrs. Harrison paid a visit to her parents and there, on August 12th, 1854, Russell Harrison, the elder child, was born. After this event the proud husband rented a small house in Indianapolis and began life in earnest, the faithful and industrious wife doing her own housework in a cottage of three rooms. Steady gains in fame, practice and pecuniary reward, found Mrs. Harrison presiding over a larger and more portentous house. In the course of two years, her second and last child, Mary Scott Harrison, was born. The couple steadily grew in the estimation of their neighbors and Mr. Harrison achieved fame in politics. In 1881, General Harrison entered the United States Senate and Mrs. Harrison became a member of a distinguished circle of the wives of senators. In Washington, where she resided during six years, she extended her sphere of usefulness.

When the family came to the White House, the first break in the circle was made by the death of Mrs. Russell Lloyd, Mrs. Harrison's sister. Before Mrs. Harrison was taken down with the grip, which ultimately resulted fatally, she nursed all the rest of the family, even to the little grandchildren. Her present illness really began on April 6th, after a brilliant reception