

GLADSTONE'S LIFE-STORY.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the great Commoner, the Grand Old Man, is dead. The foremost Britisher of his time has found peace and rest after a long life of strenuous and splendid activity in the highest realm of human effort.

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool, England, on December 29, 1809. He was spinning tops, at five years, when Bismarck was the new baby at Schoenhhausen. He was learning Greek, at the age of ten, when Victoria put in an appearance. He entered Parliament when Andrew Jackson was in his first term as President, and did not leave it until Grover Cleveland had begun his second term. He and Daniel Webster were serving their first terms as

government, previously a mockery, into something like a reality, was a Tory of the straightest, old-fashioned sect. His maiden speech in the House was in the debate upon the measure abolishing slavery in the British colonies, and was a defense of the slaveholders against attacks made by radical abolitionists. For nearly twenty years he was one of the shining lights of the Conservative party and the foremost lieutenant of Sir Robert Peel, its great leader. Then he gradually drifted into Liberalism, and, after being for some time more or less "a free lance," he became a member of Lord Palmerston's cabinet in 1859.

At the death of that statesman he succeeded him as leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons, and when his party regained office in 1868, after Disraeli's first government, Gladstone attained the premiership. He held it for six years, and again from 1880 to 1885, when he declared himself in favor of the Irish demand for home rule, which up to that time he had strenuously opposed. The result was the secession of a large body of his supporters and his defeat at the polls in 1886—a defeat which the dauntless veteran afterward retrieved.

A glance at the following chronology will show the principal events in Gladstone's career as a statesman and author:

- 1809—December 29, born at Liverpool.
- 1831—Graduated at Oxford.
- 1832—Entered Parliament.
- 1834—Junior Lord of the Treasury.
- 1835—Under Colonial Secretary.
- Resigned.
- 1838—Married.
- 1839—"The State in Relation to the Church."
- 1840—"Church Principles Considered."
- 1841—Vice-President of the Board of Trade.
- 1842—Revised the tariff.
- 1843—President of the Board of Trade.
- 1845—Resigned.
- Colonial Secretary.
- 1846—Resigned.
- 1847—Advocated freedom for Jews.
- 1852—Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- 1855—Resigned.
- 1858—Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles.
- "Studies of the Homeric Age."
- 1859—Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- 1865—Leader of the Commons.
- 1866—In opposition.
- 1868—Prime Minister.
- "Ecco Homo."
- "A Chapter of Autobiography."
- 1869—Carried Irish disestablishment.
- "Juventus Mundi."
- 1870—Carried Irish land bill.
- 1871—Unveiling of his statue by Adams Acton in his native city on September 11.
- "Abolished purchase of army commissions."
- "Abolished confiscation in canal laws."
- 1873—Irish university reforms proposed.
- Resigned, but resumed power.
- 1874—Dissolved Parliament.
- 1875—"Homer Synchronism."
- 1879—"Mid Lothian triumph."
- "Gleanings of Past Years."
- 1880—Prime Minister.
- 1885—Resigned.
- 1886—Prime Minister.
- "Irish home rule proposed."
- Resigned.
- 1892—Prime Minister.



GLADSTONE AT THE ZENITH OF HIS PARLIAMENTARY CAREER.

Cabinet officers in the Administrations of their respective countries at the same time.

Although born in Liverpool, Gladstone was fond of proclaiming that every drop of his blood was Scotch. He came of the Gladstone family, of Lanarkshire, where the Gladstones are first heard of. Centuries ago—away back in 1226—Herbert de Gladstone figured in the Ragman Roll as one of the lairds who swore fealty to Edward I. William Gladstone, the last surviving scion of the family, removed to Biggar early in the seventeenth century, and by the time William's grandson had been born the family name had been altered to Gladstones. The Premier was baptized Gladstone, but in 1835 his father, John, dropped the final "s" from his name.



GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.

His father was Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy merchant, who relinquished a small business in Glasgow, about 1785, and removed to Liverpool, where he acquired a large fortune in the East India trade, being created a baronet in 1846. This fourth son was sent to Eton, and while there gave promise of the splendid brilliancy which marked his course at Oxford, from which he graduated at Christ Church in 1831 as double first class, the highest honor and one rarely attained. Then he became a fellow of All Souls.

After traveling for a short period he entered Parliament in December, 1832, as member for Newark, a nomination borough belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, which he continued to represent till 1846.

It is a mark of strong character when a man who finds he is headed in the wrong path turns completely around and leads in the other direction. Gladstone, when he was first elected to the House of Commons, just after the passage of the reform bill that made English representative

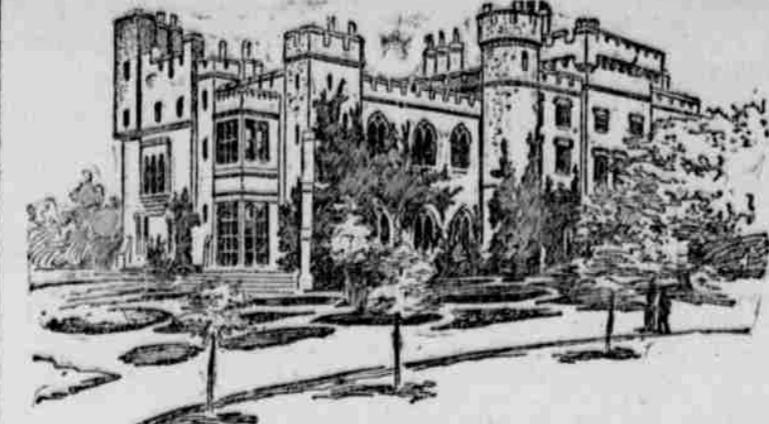
1893—Irish home rule passed Commons; defeated by Lords.

But Gladstone, the Eton boy, was as interesting as "the Grand Old Man." His special and inseparable friend was Arthur Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The friendship commenced when Gladstone was in his thirteenth year and was never weakened until death came to loose the silver cord.

On July 25, 1889, Mr. Gladstone celebrated his golden wedding. His eighty-first birthday anniversary, in 1890, was made the occasion for the unveiling of a memorial fountain at Hawarden. He carried out another Midlothian campaign in 1892, and was returned at the general election by a small majority. In August he became Premier for the fourth time.

There had been many rumors of Gladstone's retirement, but when it came few were prepared for it. His last speech as Prime Minister was made in the House of Commons on March 1, 1894, and was a memorable protest against the jurisdiction of the House of Lords.

Thus Mr. Gladstone closed his public life in an attack upon the House of Lords, against which he fought many a battle before. Few of his auditors seemed to realize that this was to be his last utterance in the assembly, plain as his words were. Many a man would have been pathetic, tragic, perhaps, at such a point in his career.



HAWARDEN CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE GLADSTONES.

"It is well understood," says Justin McCarthy, "that Mr. Gladstone, on his retirement from public life, received from the sovereign the offer of an earldom, with, of course, a seat in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone gratefully and gracefully declined the title and the position. He had already made a name which no earldom or dukedom or any other rank could have enhanced."

Mr. Gladstone, in 1838, married



MRS. GLADSTONE AND DOROTHY, MR. GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE GRANDCHILD.

Catharine, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glyne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, a descendant of Sarjeant Glyne, who was Lord Chief Justice in Cromwell's time. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have had eight children, seven of whom survive—four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, was elected M. P. for East Worcestershire, having previously represented Whitley in Parliament; the second son, Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, became rector of Hawarden; the third son, Henry Neville Gladstone, keeps up the commercial reputation of the Gladstone family, and the youngest son, Herbert John Gladstone, was elected member for Leeds.

Two of Mr. Gladstone's daughters married clergymen. Agnes, the eldest, became the wife of the Rev. E. C. Wickham, M. A., head master of Wellington College. Mary married the Rev. Henry Drew. She practically lives at Hawarden Castle with her husband and little daughter Dorothy. Little Dossie, as her family calls her, is a little more than five years old.

Miss Helen—the youngest daughter—was the pet of her illustrious father, and for several years had devoted almost all her entire time to him. On his retirement she resigned her position as vice principal of Newham College so she would be able to devote herself to him.

The last years of Gladstone's life were passed at Hawarden Castle, the property of his wife, which is practically in the gateway to Wales. The residence is on the hills overlooking the valley of the beautiful Dee, six miles east of Chester, in a picturesque park of 700 acres. And there he lived, surrounded by four sons, three daughters and seven grandchildren, who loved him with intense devotion.

The London News prints a description given by a friend of the family who visited the death chamber in Hawarden Castle from which the following extracts are given:

"I walked to the side of the narrow little iron bed, whose head was surrounded by a simple screen of black with a pattern of gold. This background was in sharp contrast with the



MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.

snow-white bed linen which partially covered all that remained of the great statesman. If this was the chamber of death it was also the abode of peace.

The figure upon which I looked down might have been some beautiful statue of grayish-white marble recumbent upon a tombstone. Yet stern the features still are, severely aquiline the nose, tight drawn the lips. It was in death the face of some great leader of men, a mortal hero whose earthly pilgrimage had ever been over

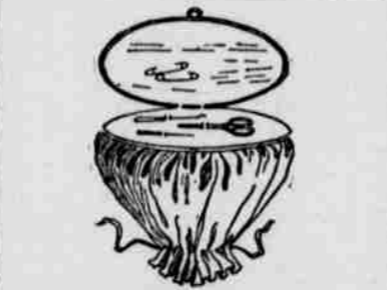
the most arduous and rugged paths; though dumb, it still seems to say, 'I have striven, I have done my duty.'

"I turn away with profound veneration and dim, unutterable wonder at the mystery of it all. Not a sound from the world without; only this rigid, praying, exquisitely sculptured piece of clay, which not so long ago moved Senates, multitudes, whole nations by its fervor, its eloquence and its great purpose."

LEND A HELPING HAND.
How Girls May Make Themselves Very Useful to Our Brave Defenders.

The Red Cross Association has issued an appeal to the women of the United States for 10,000 emergency bags to be sent to the soldiers and sailors now on duty and to volunteers.

In answer to the many requests for suggestions for "emergency bags," housewives, the sailor's "ditty bag" and the contents thereof, two patterns are given by the New York Tribune which are almost equally convenient. No. 1 has an oval or round flat bottom of leather or covered cardboard, about the size of a large egg. It is made, as the sketch shows, of two thicknesses, and serves as a needle-book, pincushion and scissors case, the sides being kept closed with a button and an elastic hook. The under side is made like a flat pincushion, and is furnished with large pins. Next comes a flannel leaf for needles, darning needles and safety pins. The flat pincushion might also, without taking up any more room, include an envelope or pocket for court plaster. The upper side of the bottom



SOLDIER'S "HOUSEWIFE."

of the bag has a small pair of scissors held in place by an elastic band, a steel punch which is valuable for making extra holes in leather straps and mending and a pair of tweezers. The bag part is made of red silk and should be marked with the name of the owner, and has a doubled ribbon as a draw-string. It should contain two spoons of coarse thread, bone and tin buttons, two pairs of shoe laces and two cards of darning cotton. The same bag is large enough to hold bottles, each of which should have its own soft flannel case. A bottle of three-grain quinine pills, a box of liver pills, carbolic salve, a box of spirits of ammonia capsules and a roll of mustard leaves are enough.

The other pattern for a "housewife" is in the form of a wallet. Have the tinsmith roll a piece of tin five inches long and turn over the edges so that they will not cut, leaving the tube one-quarter open. Place within two



SAILOR'S WALLET "HOUSEWIFE."

spools of coarse cotton, one black and one white, with a piece of wax between them, and through the three articles thrust a short knitting needle, each end of which is firmly fastened with a pincushion, which fills up the holes at the ends. The spools are now safe and cannot be lost, and the wax, without which, they say, a man cannot sew, on account of tangling his thread, is "handy." The tin tube is then covered with the strong lube which forms the wallet; this is turned under the edge of the tin and glued and the points are sewed to the pincushions. The rest of the wallet has pockets, needle-book, etc., and contains about the same articles as the bag.

Massachusetts contemplates the expenditure of \$2000 for the illumination of the dome of the statehouse.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Faint to Repel Borers.
All kinds of insects are attracted to the plants which are appropriate for their food, or where their eggs should be laid, by the sense of smell. Any strongly smelling coating over trees which will disguise its natural odor will protect them from attack. White paint has such a distinct odor, and is so permanent that it is perhaps the best coating to apply to tree trunks. But a still cheaper substitute may be found in common whitewash, into which some carbolic acid diluted has been mixed. This also holds the peculiar smell of carbolic acid all through the season.

Eradicating Currant Worms.
The currant worm is a slow traveler, and seldom leaves the clump of bushes where it was born and bred, even when it gets into the moth stage. Where they are once eradicated on a farm some years of exemption may be hoped for, even when the pest is plentiful a few miles away. Still, the use of hellebore every spring, just as soon as the currant leaves appear, and renewing it after every rain, is advisable. It is far better to head off the intruder before the damage is done, than to wait until currant bushes are stripped bare. In the latter case probably some of the worms have gone into the pupa stage before the poison is applied, and will be on hand another spring.

Growing Sticky Tomato Plants.
Whether few or many tomatoes are to be planted, we believe the cheapest and best way for all who do not own a hothouse is to buy the plants from a seedman rather than grow the supply for themselves. Even if a thousand are needed, the seedman can furnish them for less than this number can be grown by some one who builds a hotbed to provide this number. In the hotbed the plants are sure to be crowded, and unless they are transplanted two or three times they will grow up tall and slim, with few roots. The seedman who grows plants by the million can afford to transplant at least once, and do this under such conditions that the second planting will make hardly any check to growth when the plants are set out on the open ground.—Boston Cultivator.

Manuring Bean Ground.
It is a common mistake to suppose that beans do best on poor land and do not need any manure. Old farmers often say, "the land was too rich," and therefore the beans ran all over vines without producing much grain." But this is the best indication that the land was not rich enough. Beans require phosphate of lime and potash. Many black, mucky soils are supposed from their color to be very rich. But such soils often have a great lack of lime and potash. In fact, an excess of loam means that at some time it has been covered with water, and its mineral fertility has mostly been washed out. Or it may be that the soil is even now wet, and the bean crop is very impatient of too much moisture, which causes many rusts both of the leaves, pods and beans.

Weeds Indicating Soil.
Much about the character of soil may be told by experienced farmers if they can see the kinds of weeds that grow upon it. There are many weeds that are never found on very poor soil, and others that will perhaps grow but will not amount to much unless the soil is very rich. The pigweed and purslane, which is often called chickweed, is very abundant in old gardens, and always shows the presence of a large amount of available nitrogen. So rich are these weeds in nitrogenous nutrition that they are often pulled up and fed to pigs, which will eat them in preference to grass, as they are more nutritious. The common ragweed grows in all kinds of soils. But if the land is poor, it will blossom and seed at a few inches from the ground, while in rich soil it grows a foot and a half to two feet high. The mullein in pastures usually marks the running out of grass, and probably that the land is poor.

Controlling Rot of Plum and Cherry.
Professor N. S. Platt, of Connecticut, writes: There is great complaint each year about cherries and plums rotting on the tree. There is no doubt good cause for the complaint, as sometimes nearly all the crop is spoiled by it. Few people seem to know how to save them. I have had great loss with cherries rotting, yet I do not fear the rot nearly so much as I do the black aphid that I have found unmanageable and the cause of the death of more cherry trees than all other causes put together. My treatment for cherries is to spray with sulphate of copper, one pound to twenty-five gallons of water, once just before the buds open and once with bordeaux when the cherries are one-third or one-half grown, then pick the cherries a day or two before they are fully ripe. If the weather is not persistently bad this will be successful, at least it has been with me for several years.

As to plums, I have never sprayed the Japanese varieties except in a small way as a test, but have depended on picking off the decayed fruit by hand. They might be sprayed with bordeaux or sulphate of copper mixture while dormant, which would kill spores of rot then existing on the bark, but I have found the foliage of the Japanese varieties uniformly too sensitive to admit of spraying with bordeaux while in leaf. The European varieties, however, seem to like the bordeaux. They should be sprayed at least twice with it, the first time when the new growth is three to five inches long and the second when the fruit is half grown. Applied at this time it will not show when fruit is ripe.

A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Doubt magnifies troubles.
Love gives true worth to gifts.
Pride, like a cat, has nine lives.
Duty knocks at every man's door.
Every heart has a thorn and a throne.
A good name is made, not bestowed.
Public opinion is never tongue-tied.
The abuse of health is veiled suicide.

The grumbler blows out his own lamp.
Honesty worships in the temple of truth.
Goodness is the printing press of truth.

If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.
Small boats must keep near the shore.

A religion of love is born from above.
The man who thinks, leads the crowd.

The beauty of holiness is not marred by time.
Heart wisdom is ahead of book learning.

The lover of truth is a hater of persecution.
Fidelity to principle is the highest expediency.

More good will be sure to come, if we are grateful for the good that has already come.—Ran's Horn.

SHIPS' RANGE OF ACTION.

Close Quarters "Business" as Pictured by "Artists" Unknown in Naval Circles.

"The pictures in some of the newspapers of battleships in action are about as funny as the Japanese idea of perspective," said a naval officer. "These pictures represent the opposing ships blazing away at each other with thirteen-inch rifles at a range of about a hundred feet, and the artists certainly work up the thing to make it look terrific enough in all conscience. It's a wonder to me they don't represent the crews of the opposing ships in the act of using grappling irons, as they did in engagements at close quarters in the days of the old 70-gun frigates. As a matter of fact, if either battleship in an engagement between vessels of today got within such a range of another, or anything like it, it would simply be a matter of the first shot. One big shell delivered at such a range would leave only the debris of the struck ship on the surface of the water. Modern ships of war are not devised to get within any such range of each other in action. The nearest that any of the opposing ships in the great naval battle on the Yalu got to each other was a trifle under two miles, and what one battleship can do to another at that range is something beyond calculation. The naval engagement of this era is very largely a matter of maneuvering—of presenting the smallest possible target to the guns of the enemy's ships, and of forcing the enemy to present their biggest hull to the range-finders. When the commander of a ship in the coming engagements can contrive to get in his work on the enemy's vessel while only pointing with his nose in their direction—leaving them practically only a razor's edge target—he is liable to eat them up. But while there is still a drill in the United States navy called 'repelling boarders,' the drill is only retained in the manual for the sake of exercising the men, and the only boarding that will be done in the coming fights will be done by prize crews taking possession of beaten ships after the latter have struck their colors."

In the Chilkoot Pass.

General Western Passenger Agent R. C. Stevens of the Great Northern railway has returned to the city after a two weeks' trip to the coast towns of Alaska. Mr. Stevens says that he had no unusual experience on his trip other than his participation in the scene of rescue and recovery of bodies from under the snow avalanche in the Chilkoot Pass. There were many women along the trail in every imaginable kind of clothing except that of women. There were between three and four thousand packers on the trail, an endless procession from daylight till dark, winding its way among the hills like a black snake up the inclines and out of sight. At one stage in the route for packers a return to the bottom was made by leaving the trail a few feet. Then the packers would fold their coats, sit down on them, and toboggan down to the starting place, the return being made like a flash of lightning. Occasionally there will be a tired horse in the line that will stop a moment to regain his wind. When this happens the entire procession comes to a standstill, and everybody following the tired horse keeps the air warm with profanity. The line of march is again taken up, and the horses, dogs, oxen, cows, men and women continue the interesting panoramas toward the summit and the land of gold. All along the way are restaurants, which are liberally patronized, most people preferring to pay the prices rather than break their own package.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Parisian Art.

When a lady is sitting to a Parisian photographer for a portrait, the operator does not, in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to look pleasant now, if you please. He says to her in the most natural and graceful manner in the world: "It is quite unnecessary to ask madame to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." The lady, of course, acknowledges the compliment with her most gracious and high-bred smile. "Click!" goes the camera, and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter to the greatest possible advantage.—Philadelphia Times.