

Gladstone at Home.

An American Interviewer Him—His Early Career—His Personal Manners—A Description of Hawarden—A Beautiful Spot.

At the quaint old city of Chester I was met at the "St. John" by the Boots of that excellent though modest hotel which stands only a block away. Boots picked out my baggage without my looking for it, took me across to the inn and showed me to the daintiest, most home-like little room that I had seen for weeks. On the table was a tastefully decorated "jug," evidently just placed there in anticipation of my arrival, and in this jug was a large bunch of gorgeous roses, the morning dew still on them.

When Boots had brought me hot water for shaving he disappeared and did not come back until, by the use of telepathy (for Boots is always psychic) I had sent him a message that he was needed. In the afternoon he went with me to get a draft cashed, then he identified me at the postoffice, and introduced me to a dignitary at the cathedral, whose courtesy added greatly to my enjoyment.

The next morning after breakfast, when I returned to my room, everything was put to rights and a fresh bunch of cut flowers was on the mantel. A good breakfast adds much to one's inward peace. I sat down before the open window and looked out at the great oaks dotting the green meadow that stretches away to the north, and listened to the drowsy tinkle of sheep bells as the great came floating in on the perfumed breeze. I was thinking how good it was to be here, when the step of Boots was heard in the doorway. I turned and saw that mine own familiar friend had lost a little of his calm self-reliance, and that he was a bit agitated. He soon got his breath.

"Mr. Gladstone and his lady have just arrived—they will be here for an hour before taking the train for London. I told you that there was a party of Americans here that were very anxious to meet him, and he will receive you in the parlor in fifteen minutes."

Then it was my turn to be agitated. But Boots reassured me by explaining that the Grand Old Man was just the plainest, most unpretentious gentleman one could imagine; that it was not at all necessary that I should change my suit. He quietly told me that Gladstone pronounced it Gladstun, not Gladstone, and that it was Hawarden, not Hawarden. Then he stood me up, looked me over, and declared I was all right.

On going down stairs I found that Boots had gotten together five Americans who happened to be in the hotel. He introduced us to a bright little man, who seemed to be the companion or secretary of the ex-Prime Minister, who in turn took us into the parlor where Mr. Gladstone sat reading the morning paper, and presented us one by one to the great man. We were each greeted with a pleasant word and a firm grasp of the hand, and then the old gentleman turned, and with a courtly flourish said: "Gentlemen, allow me to present Mrs. Gladstone."

Mr. Gladstone was wise; he remained standing. This was sure to shorten the interview. A clergyman in our party acted as spokesman and informed Mr. Gladstone that Americans hold him in great esteem, and that we only regretted that fate did not decree that he should have been born in the United States.

Mr. Gladstone replied: "Fate is often unkind." Then he asked if we were going to London. On being told that we were, he spoke for five minutes about the things we should see in the metropolis. His style was not conversational, but after the manner of a man who was much used to speaking in public or receiving delegations. The sentences were stately, the voice loud and declamatory. His closing words were: "Yes, gentlemen, the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus'—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen.' Then there was an almost imperceptible wave of the hand, and we knew that the interview was ended. In a moment we were outside and the door was closed.

We five Americans had never met before, but now we were as brothers; we adjourned to a side room to talk it over and tell of the things we had seen and said. We all talked, and talked at once, just as people always do who have but recently preserved an enforced silence.

"Yes, the sleeves too long." "Did you notice the absence of that forefinger on his left hand—shot off in 1845 while hunting, they say." "But how strong his voice is!" "He looks like a prosperous farmer." "Eighty-five years of age! Think of it and how vigorous!"

Then the clergyman spoke, and his voice was sorrowful: "Oh, but I made a botch of it—was it sarcasm or was it not?"

"What was sarcasm?" "When Mr. Gladstone said fate was unkind in not having him born in the United States?"

And we were all silent. Then Boots came in, and we put the question to Boots, and Boots decided that it was not sarcasm; and the next day, when we went away, we rewarded Boots bountifully.

II. "Gladstone is England's glory." Yet there is not a drop of English blood in his veins; his parents were Scotch. The name, as we first find it, is Glad-Stane; "glad" being a hawk—literally, a hawk that lives among the stones. Surely the hawk is fully as respectable a bird as the eagle, and a goodly amount of granite in the clay that is used to make a man is no disadvantage.

The name fits. There are deep-rooted theories in the minds of many men (and still more women) that bad boys make good men and that a dash of the pirate, even in a prelate, does not disqualify. But I wish to come to the rescue of the Sunday school story books and show that their very prominent moral is right after all. That it pays to be "good."

William Ewart Gladstone was sent to Eaton when 12 years of age. From the first his conduct was a model of propriety. He attended every chapel service and said his prayers in the morning and before going to bed; he could repeat the catechism backward or forward and recite more verses of Scripture than any boy in the school.

He always spoke the truth. He never played "hokey," nor, as he grew older, would he tell stories of doubtful flavor or allow others to relate such in his presence. His influence was always for good, and Cardinal Manning has said that there was less wine, drunken at Cambridge during the 40's than if Gladstone had not been there in the 30's.

He graduated from Christ Church with the highest possible honors the college could give, and at 22 he seemed like one who had sprung into life full armed.

At this time he had magnificent health, a fine form, a vast and varied knowledge and a command of language so great that he was a master of forensics. His speeches delivered then seemed fully equal to his later splendid efforts. In feature he was handsome, the face bold and masculine, eyes of

piercing luster, and hair that he tossed when in debate, like a lion's mane. He could speak five languages, sing tenor, dance gracefully, and was on more than speaking terms with many of the greatest and best men in England. Besides all this, he was rich in British gold.

Now here is a combination of good things that would send most young men straight to perdition. Not so Gladstone. He took the best care of his health, systemized his time as a miser might, listened not to flatterers and used his money only for good purposes. His intent was to enter the church, but his father said "not yet," and half forced him into politics. So at this early age of 22 he ran for Parliament, was elected, and practically has never been out of the shadow of Westminster Palace for 50 years.

At 32 he was a member of the Cabinet. At 38 his absolute honesty compelled him for conscience's sake to resign from the Ministry. His opponents then said "Gladstone is an extinct volcano," and they have said this time and again, but some way the volcano breaks out in a new place, stronger, brighter than ever.

When 29 he married Catharine Glynn, sister and heir of Sir Stephen Glynn, baronet. The marriage was most fortunate in every way. For the first time this most excellent woman has been his comrade, counselor, consolation, friend—his wife.

"How can any adversity come to him who hath a wife?" said Chaucer. If this splendid woman had died, then his opponents might truthfully have said: "Gladstone is an extinct volcano," but she is with him still, and a short time ago, when he had to endure an operation for catarract, this woman of 50 was his only nurse.

During the civil war the sympathies of England's Chancellor of the Exchequer were with the South. Speaking at Newcastle on Oct. 9, 1862, he said: "I have been a seceder—undoubtedly founded a new nation." But five years passed, and he publicly confessed his mistake. Here is a man who, if he should err deeply, is yet so great that his error is forgiven. He might not hesitate to stand uncovered on the street corners and ask the forgiveness of mankind.

To analyze a character so complex as Mr. Gladstone's requires the grasp of genius. We speak of the quality of the human mind, but here we have a dozen spirits in one. They rule by turn, and occasionally we see several of them fighting for the mastery.

When the Plisk Jubilee Singers visited England, we find Gladstone, dressed in a suit of state, listening to their music. He invited them to Hawarden, where he sang with them. So impressed was he with the negro melodies that he anticipated that idea which has since been materialized—the founding of a national school of music that would seek to perfect in a scientific way these soul-stirring strains.

Mr. Gladstone is grave, sober, earnest, proud, passionate and at times almost to a rare degree. He rebukes, refutes, contradicts, defies, and has a magnificent capacity for indignation. He will roar like a lion, his eyes will flash, his clenched fist will shake as he denounces that which he believes to be an error.

And yet, among inferiors, he will consult, defer, inquire and show a humanity, a forced suavity, that has given the caricaturist excuse. In his home he is gentle, amiable, friendly, kind, social and hospitable. He loves deeply, and his friends revere him to a point that is but little this side of idolatry. And surely their affection is not misplaced.

III. The village of Hawarden is in Flintshire, North Wales. It is seven miles from Chester. I walked the distance one fine June morning, out across the battlefield where Cromwell's army crushed that of Charles, and on past old stone walls and stately elms.

There had been a shower the night before, but the morning sun came out bright and warm, and made the rain drops glisten like beads as they clung to each leaf and flower. Lariks sang and soared, and great flocks of crows called and cawed as they flew lazily across the sky. It was a time for silent peace and quiet joy, and serene thankfulness for life and health.

I walked leisurely, and in a little over two hours reached Hawarden—a cluster of plain stone houses with climbing vines and flowers, and gardens that told of homely thrift and simple tastes.

I went straight to the church, which is always open, and rested for half an hour, listening to the organ, in which a young girl was practicing, instructed by a white-haired old gentleman. The church is dingy and stained inside and out by time. The pews are irregular—some curiously carved, and all stilted and uncomfortable. I walked around and read the inscriptions on the walls, and all the time the young girl played and the old gentleman beat time, and neither noticed my presence. One brass tablet I saw was to William Ewart Gladstone, a faithful servant at Hawarden Castle, erected in gratitude by W. E. Gladstone.

Near this was another memorial to W. H. Gladstone, son of the Premier, who died in 1891. Then there were inscriptions to various Glynnes and several others whose names appear in English history. I stood at the reading desk where the great man had so often read, and marked the spot where William Ewart Gladstone and Catharine Glynn knelt when they were married here, 55 years ago.

A short distance from the church is a strange house in Hawarden Park. This fine property was the inheritance of Mrs. Gladstone. The park itself seems to belong to the public. If Mr. Gladstone were a plain citizen, people, of course, would not come by hundreds and picnic on his preserve; but, serving the state, he belongs to the people, and this familiarity is rather pleasing than otherwise. So great has been the throng in times past that an iron fence has been put about the ivy-covered ruins of the ancient castle to protect it from those who threatened to carry it away. A wall has also been put around the present "castle" (more properly a house). This was done some years ago. I was told by the butler, away a torchlight procession of a thousand enthusiastic admirers had come down from Liverpool and tramped Mr. Gladstone's flowers into "smithereens."

The park contains many hundred acres, and is as beautiful as an English park can be, and this is praise superlative. Flocks of sheep wandered over the soft green turf, and beneath the spreading trees were mild-eyed cows, that seemed used to visitors, and came up to be petted.

The Gladstone residence is a great, rambling stone structure, to which additions have been made from one generation to another. The towers and battlements are merely architectural "appendages," but the effect of the whole when viewed from a distance, rising out of its wealth of green, and backed by the forest, is very imposing.

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A WOMAN'S NERVES.

An Ailment Which Makes the Life of Many Miserable.

Usually Accompanied by Violent Headaches, a Feeling of Lassitude and Depression—How a Liverpool, N. S., Lady Found Relief.

(From the Liverpool, N. S., Times.)

The readers of the Times are all doubtless able to recall instances within their own knowledge where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great service to those using them. There is probably no other remedy known today that is so much talked about, and this talk is due entirely to the wonderful cures effected through the timely use of Dr. Williams' great medicine. On one or two occasions the Times has given the particulars of cures in this locality which were thought to be of general interest to its readers, and the result, no doubt, was to extend the use of the remedy hereabouts. We have lately learned that another esteemed resident, Mrs. Dorcas Hyland, has been cured after several years of suffering, and as her experience may be of value to others of our readers, we make it public with her permission. Mrs. Hyland suffered from a combination of nervous and liver troubles. As a result her health was very bad. Her appetite was feeble, she was subject to severe headaches, and at times felt that life was really a burden to her. She had tried other medicines, but with no satisfactory results. Mrs. Hyland had read the various articles in the Times concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to give them a trial. The result was soon a marked improvement in her condition, and as she continued the use of the Pink Pills, both the nervous troubles and liver complaint, which had so long made her life miserable, vanished. Her spirits revived, her appetite was restored, headaches disappeared, and altogether she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Hyland says: "I am quite sure that it was Pink Pills that has wrought this change in me, and I am more than grateful for the result. I now always keep them in the house, and still use them occasionally, and I lose no opportunity in recommending them to others who are ill or suffering."

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Three weeks ago the Rev. H. W. Sheldon, pastor of the People's Church, and the Rev. Mr. Main went to Chicago to investigate the temperance saloon. They are called, for the word saloon is debarred. When they returned home it was determined to put into operation a similar enterprise in this city.

Wegfarth, the proprietor of the Gold Dollar Saloon, will be secured to take charge of the temperance saloon. He is tired of selling liquor, has had a genuine change of heart, and sees in this a good opportunity for getting away from present associations. The saloon floor is laid with \$20 gold pieces, the bar is studded with \$50 gold pieces, the walls are hung with fine pictures, and 1,200 incandescent lights furnish many beautiful kaleidoscopic effects.

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THEIR FATAL MISTAKE.

Returned Traveler—What has become of Catchem & Cheatem, the rich lawyers? Retired, I presume? Resident—Yes, retired. They are both in the West. "Pshaw! What happened?" "They had a quarrel and sued each other."—New York Weekly.

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