

partition of the booted and spurred young gentleman standing, hat in hand, beside our pretty Prue.

He bowed politely, then said to Prue:

"Shan't I drive your horse to the stables, Miss Pettigrew?"

"Thanks, no," interposed Prue, "the team does not belong to us."

"Then let me take it home," courteously interrupted the young man.

"Oh, no; it is only a few steps across the street,—one of my sisters will take Debby to the barn," answered Prue, with evident embarrassment. "I am already too greatly indebted to you for coming home with me."

"Pray don't mention the trifling service," hastily returned Mr. Brandon. "I shall never forgive myself for the fright our reckless riding must have given you. You will allow me to call to-morrow to inquire how you are?"

"Not—not to-morrow," stammered Prue. The poor child remembered how busy we should be on the morrow with a great basketful of frills and furbelows to iron.

"Then Thursday?" he was beginning when Roxanna Haines and her sister, who had been waiting up to hear what had detained their favorite, came running from the house and unceremoniously cut short the young man's urging.

"For goodness sake, tell a body what's happened to the child?" demanded Roxy.

"I shall call on Thursday," said Mr. Brandon, bowing to each of us in turn, then he mounted his horse and rode away.

"Well, Prudence Pettigrew, junior member of the 'Firm,'" with mock severity demanded Marian, "what do you mean by such conduct? Who is Mr. Brandon? where did you become acquainted with him, and why did he come home with you?"

"First take Debby home, then I'll tell you," answered the culprit, reluctantly withdrawing her gaze from the moonshiny street, along which resounded the clattering hoofs of the vanishing horse and his rider.

"Now proceed with your explanation," said Marian, when we were all gathered in the sitting-room, Roxanna and Almira as eager to hear as were Marian and I, the child's sisters.

"Well," began Prue, "I delivered the hamper to Uncle Si., and learned from him that the Juliet and Virginia Briggs, stopping at the hotel are related to the bank."

"To the bank?" laughingly queried Marian.

"You know what I mean," retorted Prue. "The young women are the nieces of Mr. John Briggs, the president of the defunct Coppleton bank, and, consequently, the cousins of the fugitive cashier. They are travelling with an aunt, who is a wealthy widow."

"Well, that is singular!" observed Marian.

"What is? that the aunt is wealthy, or a widow?" quizzically interrogated Prue whose face was beaming with a new light.

"No, that you should have guessed who the girls are. But you haven't told us about your knight errand."

"I was coming to that part of my adventure," responded Prue, blushing. "I was driving slowly along the cliff road, admiring the lovely moonlight effect among the trees, and never dreaming of meeting any one at that hour, when, suddenly, I heard a clattering of hoofs, and a hallooing that would have done credit to a band of wild Indians on the war path, and before I could turn Debby to one side of the road, to let the riders pass, they were on me, and over me, and Debby was so frightened she stood straight up on her hind legs and pawed the air like a wildcat."

"King-dom-come!" in a horrified tone ejaculated Roxy, "an' you wasn't killed dead?"

"No, but I came near going over the cliff," resumed Prue with a shudder. "When Debby got tired pawing the air she began to waltz, and backed so dangerously near the edge of the cliff that I jumped out of the buggy and fell on my arm—"

"An' broke it?" interrupted Almira.

"No, only bruised it considerably. I thought at first that it was broken, it pained so dreadfully. One of the riders—there were five men and three young ladies—had jumped from his horse when Debby began her fandango, and he caught her just as the hind wheel was going over the edge of the cliff. How he managed to save the mare is a mystery to me. He must be very strong," she added as if to herself.

"Served the old hoss jes' right ef she had got her neck broke?—no business to take to dancin' jigs at sech a time!" muttered Roxanna.

"Guess you would hev stood up on your hind legs, too, an pawed like Debby, ef a pa'cel of ejets hed rid hollerin' all over you," in a tone of reproof responded Almira.

"I never did admire them circus-minded beasts," mumbled Roxy, while I was asking.

"What did they mean by making such a noise?"

"They were racing, and did not suppose any one would be on the road at that time of night."

"Ejets!" contemptuously ejaculated Almira, rising and lighting her lamp. "Pears to me es them rusticators allus doos git plum crazy when they're turned loose in the kentry. Come on to bed, Roxanna: we've got right smart work to do 'fore sun up."

"Was Mr. Brandon the hero of Debby's rescue?"

inquired Marian when Roxy and Almira were gone to bed.

"Yes,—he—he insisted on driving me home when he found that my arm was hurt. Just think, girls, it's my right arm," she added quickly, as if she desired to turn our thoughts from the hero of her adventure, "I am afraid I shall not be able to do my share of the ironing to-morrow."

"Never mind," returned Marian. "We are only too glad that the accident was not more serious."

"I wonder if he will call to-day?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grand Old Woman.

That Mr. Gladstone remains at 80 unshaken in health and in the fullness of his mental vigor is largely due to the life-long care and devotion of his wife. Little is heard of Mrs. Gladstone. She is not a society leader nor a political woman. Nominally she is the head of the Women's Liberal federation, but her politics consists of an intense admiration for her husband's program. Mrs. Gladstone has not been conspicuous in any department of life in which her husband has won honors, but she has played a more important part in his life-work than is generally known. It is in a great measure owing to her that he has been able to accomplish all the work associated with his name. She has always regarded her husband's work for the nation as of the first importance and has relieved him from all trouble about business or household affairs. She has shielded him from all the petty worries and frictions of life. Blessed herself with a perfect constitution and unbroken health she has looked after her husband's health with the skill of a professional nurse and the vigilance of a guardian angel. She has been a most devoted helpmate, and the ideal wife for a great man, says *Harper's Bazar*.

When Gladstone first met the lady, then Miss Glynne, who was to share with him the honor of his triumphs, he was a young member of parliament and one of the rising hopes of the Tory party. Miss Glynne belonged to an aristocratic Welsh family. Her father was Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden, Cheshire. Young Gladstone had no aristocratic connections. He was a son of a Scotch merchant settled in Liverpool. It was not the fashion in those days for the daughters of aristocratic families to marry any one bearing the taint of trade, and Miss Glynne's friends were anxious that she should choose a husband from the ranks of the nobility. Her own charms and beauty were considered sufficient to win her a marquis, a lord, or a duke. What first attracted Miss Glynne's attention to young Gladstone was a remark made by an English minister who sat beside her at a dinner party at which Mr. Gladstone was also present. "Mark that young man," said he; "he will yet be prime minister of England." Miss Glynne keenly scrutinized the handsome and expressive features of the young M. P., who sat opposite her, but it was not until the subsequent winter that he made her acquaintance in Italy. Perhaps this courtship in Italy may have something to do with Mr. Gladstone's fondness for that country and his frequent visits to it.

After his marriage Mr. Gladstone went to live in his father-in-law's house, Hawarden castle.

Mrs. Gladstone has been an ideal mother as well as an ideal wife. She nursed all her seven children herself. She looked after them from infancy, and cared for them in every way. The girls were educated by governesses, and the boys went to Eton, and then to Oxford. There were seven children—four sons and three daughters. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest, manages the Hawarden property for his father. Stephen Gladstone is rector of Hawarden church. Henry Gladstone has recently retired from parliament. Herbert, the youngest, is in parliament, and is regarded as a bright young man who is likely to make a name for himself. Two daughters have married Church of England clergymen, and the other, Helen Gladstone, helps her father with his correspondence. Except when Mr. Gladstone is in London attending to his parliamentary duties, the whole family live near each other at Hawarden.

Mrs. Gladstone often watches her husband at his favorite recreation—tree-felling—and goes on long walks with him. Both are excellent pedestrians, and believe in exercise in the open air. As already remarked, Mrs. Gladstone's first care is for her husband's health. She has been his best physician. She is now 77, and Gladstone is 80, and if either of them were to break down the work of the other would be finished. But the whole world rejoices that the sunset of the two honored lives is so glowing and peaceful.

Good Taste.

Good taste is a true economist. It may be practical on small means, and sweeten the lot of labor as well as of ease. It is all the more enjoyed, indeed, when associated with industry and the performance of duty. Even the lot of poverty is elevated by taste. It exhibits itself in the economies of the household; it gives brightness and grace to the humblest dwelling; it produces refinement, it engenders good will, and creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Thus good taste, associated with kindness, sympathy, and intelligence, may elevate and adorn even the lowliest lot.

Hired Helps.

To the Editor of Ladies Journal.

I've heard a heap lately about hired helps, and how scarce they be, and folks appear to be surprised about it, but, for the life of me, I don't see nuthin' in it to wonder at. In the first place, helps—the best of 'em—don't hev too easy a time of it. Their wages are small as a general thing, and folks—the most of them—act as though they couldn't git work enough for their money. Some folks git on a good deal about girls goin' out as helps bein' better fur their health, and more respectable like than goin' out as sewin' girls. Well now, take fur instance a sewin' girl and a help, and see the difference in their lives. The sewin' girl don't, as a general thing, hev to git to her work before 8 o'clock in the mornin', while the help is considered lazy if s'e ain't at work by 6. The sewin' girl sets down and eats her meals in peace, while the help hes to snatch her meals when she can, put up with cold vittals, and jump up half a dozen times durin' the meal to wait on the young'uns or their mother. The sewin' girl hes her evenings to herself to go where she likes or rest, but work is hunted up for the help to do as soon as her tea dishes is cleared away, fur fear she might hev an hour to herself and so git sassy.

The sewin' girl hes her Sundays to herself, while a woman thinks she's doin' a mighty generous thing if she lets her help off for a few hours every Sunday. The sewin' girl knows that the more she works the more pay she'll git, while the help knows that no matter how hard she works she won't git any more pay for it—not even in the shape of thanks.

Now, is it any wonder that girls goes out to sewin' before sarvice? even if it ain't so good fur their health. When wimmen larn how to treat their helps better there'll be more of 'em and better ones too. Let a help hev her regular hours to work in and give her decent time to eat her meals in; it'll pay let me tell you. Let the young'uns be learned to speak to her proper when they want any thing, and not order her about as if she was their slave. It's my opinion young'uns ort to be as polite to their help as they are to their betters,—that is, if they're raised up right. Some folks appear to think it's real smart to order their helps about like old boot and let their young'uns do the same. I can 'em right if they have a heap of trouble to git a help to stay with 'em. It don't hurt any young'un boy or girl, to wait on theirselves, and if they was all larned to do this, there would be no need of so many hired helps.

There's a good many things girls should do besides playing on the pianny; and a good many things boys should do besides dressin' up in stripped soots and ridin' one of them are two wheeled things and playin' cricket. Parents make a big mistake if they don't see that their children is learned what'll be of use to 'em when they grow up to be men and wimmen. Jinks says it ain't none of my biz'ness how folks raises their young'uns, and says I had'n't ort to write about such things. But I say, if we see folks goin' the wrong way in this world, it's our dooty to set 'em right—id we can. And I often think Jinks's mother didn't of much to speak of when she raised Jinks the way she did. Appears to me, if I'd been her, I could hey made a better job of it, and turned him out a little better able to wait on hisself. As it is I've did my best with him, but it's hard to turn a man when he's old and sot in his ways.

Well, I guess I've said enough on the subject this time, and will conclude by sayin' that if folks would treat their helps a leetle more like human critters they'd git them easier, and if they'd larn to wait on, themselves, they wouldn't feel it so much of help was scarce.—*Jerusha Jinks*.

A Word of Advice.

Girls, there are more things in this world worth striving for than a husband. Very often the appellation "old wife," is harder to bear than "old maid." Do not make the great mistake of accepting the first offer just for the sake of being married and getting a home. If you do, you may be sure your sorest trials are to come. You will find to your cost there are worse things than living alone. There are many ways a woman can earn a comfortable living, and what is to hinder you from making a home for yourself, instead of waiting for some "rich man" to come along and condescend to offer you a home where you will ever feel the position of a dependent. It is all very fine to talk about girls learning to be good housekeepers so that they may make good wives for the men who will condescend to marry them, but they ought to know much more than that. They ought to know how to make their own living so that if the right one does not come along they will not be forced to marry for a home. See to it girls, be independent. Do not think of marrying any man unless you feel that you truly love and respect him, and have not the slightest doubt that your feelings are fully reciprocated and that you will be perfectly happy with him. If this be the case, accept him, and be happy, for there is no earthly happiness like that of a well chosen married life, but no misery can be compared to the wretched life of one who marries for any other motive than that of true love.—*Daisy Drew*.