

MRS. GLADSTONE.

That Mr. Gladstone remains at eighty 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 woman or a political woman. Nominally she is the head of the Women's Liberal Federation, but her politics consist of an intense admiration for her husband's programme. 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 troubles 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.

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 the 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. Sir Stephen Glynne was in embarrassed conditions, and Mr. Gladstone helped him by buying part of the property. The two families lived happily together in the same house until Sir Stephen's death. After having put the affairs of the estate in order, it is said that Mr. Gladstone seriously took in hand the tuition of his handsome young wife in book-keeping, and she applied herself with diligence to the unenviable task. After a little practice she went in triumph to her husband to display her domestic accounts and correspondence, in what she thought perfect order. Mr. Gladstone cast his eye over the results of his wife's labor, and then said, quietly, "All wrong, my dear, from beginning to end." Mrs. Gladstone has not succeeded as a book-keeper, but she has been a valuable ally in helping her husband to keep all his books, papers, and correspondence in a neat and methodical way. She never touches his papers, or moves anything in his study.

Mrs. Gladstone has been an ideal mother as well as an ideal wife. She nursed all her seven children herself. She looked after them in 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. Mr. 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.

Mr. Gladstone is fully sensible of what he owes to his wife, and has made no secret of the fact that his continuance in public was dependent on the health of his partner in life. To be the wife of a great statesman and Prime Minister is no doubt to occupy a fine and imposing position, but the position has its trials. The wife of a British Prime Minister who fills two ministerial offices at the same time—as Gladstone recently did—and who is leader of the House of Commons, sees very little of her husband. When Mr. Gladstone was in office he was absorbed in legislative and state business, and had little time for domestic intercourse or to spend with his family. During these times the self-denial and self-abnegation of Mrs. Gladstone were beyond all praise. She always avoided doing anything that would interfere in the very least with her husband's official duties. She has been known to remark that when Mr. Gladstone was in office and in London during the season, it was quite a treat to her to be invited with her husband to a friend's house to dinner. She always tried to get seated next to him. "when,"

problems, and attending to his vast correspondence. His wife sees that his time is not wasted. She knows precisely when to disturb him and when to leave him alone. When visitors go to Hawarden, Mrs. Gladstone receives and entertains them until an opportune moment arrives for them to be introduced to her husband. She will show them over the castle, tell them enthusiastically about her husband's work, and then lead them to the "Temple of Peace," as she calls the library. She will enter gently, and show the visitors the room without disturbing Mr. Gladstone. He will continue intently reading or absorbed in his work, and will never look up until she calls him. When the "Grand Old Man," has once begun to talk, he is sometimes led away with his subject, and will prolong the conversation, much to the enjoyment of his listeners. But Mrs. Gladstone is at hand to quietly interrupt the conversation. She knows that her husband has some work to finish which he will be glad to be reminded of.

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



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she said, "it is at least possible for me to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

Mrs. Gladstone is a frequent visitor in the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons; she is sure to be there when Mr. Gladstone is expected to make a speech; and no matter how late the House sits, she always sits up to welcome him home. She takes the keenest interest in his political work. When he addresses meetings she often accompanies him, and sits on the platform beside him. It is delightful to see how proudly she looks up to him, and how charmed she is to hear him praised. From her worshipful attitude toward him, and the pride she took in hearing his name cheered, one might think that he was a young man just crossing the threshold of political life, and receiving the first signs of the nation's favor.

At Hawarden Mrs. Gladstone is equally solicitous for her husband's comfort and watchful for his interest. He is a great economizer of time. If it were not so, he could not get through the marvellous amount of work which he does even when out of office—making speeches, reading more books than any other man in England, writing for reviews, poring over the ancient classics, investigating theological

her husband's health. She has been his best physician. She is now seventy-seven, and Gladstone is eighty; 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. —Harper's Bazar.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

In 1848 two young men graduated from an interior college. When they were about to leave for home, the president shook them heartily by the hand, and wished them success in life.

"Ah, doctor," said one, "it has come to Jim already. He has a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. But I have no capital to begin life with."

Jim's fortune was a large one for those days. He invested it, and for a few years lived on the interest of it. The investment proved a bad one, and he lost everything. He had neither trade, profession, nor business habits. Hence he remained for the rest of his life a poor man.

His comrade, knowing that success depended on his own efforts, studied a profession which, without a dollar of capital, brought him a competency, and at last, wealth.

Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. That one of their number who has inherited money is, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill, before they are quite so sure of that.

Figures, in this case, tell no lie. Of late years, money in this country has decreased in value as a money-getter, while human ability has increased. That is, the income from money invested at interest has diminished, while the compensation for service rendered has become larger.

For example, a capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon three thousand dollars in government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of twenty thousand dollars at four percent. A teamster in Montana, or cowboy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be forty thousand dollars invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town who earns his two thousand dollars annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would require sixty-six thousand dollars in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor in chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him, in hard cash, the capital of half a million.

Such estimates, of course, vary with place and time, but they will serve our purpose if they convince the boys and girls who read them that they have in their brains sufficient capital.—Youth's Companion.

SELLING TO MINORS.

Judge Reeding, of Chicago, in sentencing a saloon keeper for selling liquor to a minor, said:

"By the law you may sell liquor to men and women if they will buy. You have given your bond, and you have paid for your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be; no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law; you have paid your money for the privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; no matter what children strave or mourn over the degradation of a parent—your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you for it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all, and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipment for your own lawful trade; you may furnish it with the allurements of amusements; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, because it is lawful; you have a license. You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloons; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate—for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips; but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. For while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, the privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have a right to say to you, 'Leave our son to us until the law gives you a right to destroy him.' Do not anticipate that terrible moment when we can assert for him no further right of protection." The father may say, "That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his friends, for the community, to see him take the road to death! Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few hours of his youth in which we can enjoy his innocence to repay us in some degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him."