

IN THE CURASS.

The Way Gladstone's Fighting Ancestor First Went to the Wars

BY GERALD BRENNAN.

"When I was a boy," said William Ewart Gladstone in one of his speeches, "I was particularly proud of a certain youthful ancestor of mine, who ran away from home to fight at the battle of Neville's Cross. The manner in which he eluded parental vigilance and escaped to the wars does as much to his ingenuity as to his courage." (Speech of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to the public, Chester schools, 1886.)



"IN THIS GRACELESS BRAT YOU BEHOLD MY OWN SON."

Mantoway decided that it was far better for him to wait awhile before expressing himself to the English squire. Battle to a knight's son in those days meant very much the same as a successful entry into college does to a boy in our own time. So Will Gladstone was bitterly disappointed when his rough but loving parent said that it was better for him to postpone his entry into the ranks of war.

But little Will, like his illustrious descendant, the ex-premier of England, was not of the kind that can easily be turned aside. In his lonely little room, high up in one of the towers of Mantoway, he set about thinking in some way in which he could elude his father's vigilance and go to the wars in spite of all. But for a long time no idea occurred to him and it seemed as though he must remain behind after all, when the Gladstone forces marched across the border.

Now it happened that King David II of Scotland, desiring to conciliate Earl Douglas, had commissioned Gladstone of Mantoway to dress in that famous warrior a superb cuirass of polished Maltese armor. This gorgeous piece of iron work arrived at Mantoway on the day before the Gladstone troops began the march.

Little Will Gladstone was eager to examine this cuirass; and, during the night preceding the departure of his father, he crept down the winding stair of the castle and stole on tiptoe into the armory. There in the moonlight lay the armor. It was an enormous cuirass for the Douglas was a giant in size; so large indeed that a small boy like Will Gladstone would have no difficulty in bestowing himself comfortably in its leather-lined interior.

Heard his father's step on the stairs, Will hastily crawled into the cuirass to escape the parental displeasure. Hardly was he ensconced in this velvet-lined place when the old laird ascended his bogle, and bade his merry men make ready. Warned by a dream, he had resolved to set out under cover of darkness instead of waiting until morning.

Affraid to stir, Will Gladstone heard the men-at-arms bustling about the armory, and presently a horse-hind was strapped about the cuirass intended for Earl Douglas, and the king's gift with the boy still crouched inside was lifted from its place and deposited in one of the wagons which were to accompany the forces. Little Will, finding himself thus trapped, felt rather pleased than otherwise. To cry out at that juncture

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ture would brand him as a coward, and so he argued his father, while he might punish him for disobedience in going to the wars, would never forgive him for crying craven. Drawing his dagger from his belt, the boy succeeded in cutting a deep gash in the horse's side. By this means he admitted sufficient air into the interior of the cuirass to save himself from suffocation.

When the laird of Mantoway reached his overland caravan that day, he ordered the horsehide removed from King David's splendid present. What was the astonishment of Earl Douglas, the entire army, and of the laird in particular, when there stepped out of the armor a small boy—no other form of the Gladstone family name, who dwelt at Mantoway, on the Scottish borders, where his father held lands from the first earl of Douglas.

No book has ever been published on the former William Gladstone, but through the courtesy of Miss Florence Gladstone and of Sir William Fraser, author of "The Douglas Book," enough family and local tradition has been gathered to make plain the story of this remarkable boy.

For Will Gladstone was only a boy when in 1346 his father, Gladstone of Mantoway, was called upon by an overlord, Earl Douglas, to march against the English. Now little Will was very anxious to go forth by his father's side and fight in the Scottish army; but as the boy was of small size and slender stature, the old laird of

"Have your way, my lord," he exclaimed. "Let the famous Douglas fight the English since he came in, Douglas' cuirass to do so." So Will Gladstone fought at Neville's Cross after all, and a stout little warrior he proved.

"FAVORITE GREEN LANE."

The Favorite Story of Ben Franklin in His Boyhood.

It is related that Benjamin Franklin once had the fever to go to sea. This fever was a kind of epidemic among the boys of the time, a disease of the imagination, as it were. It was largely owing to the stories that were told them—Robinson Crusoe and sailors' yarns. But there was one house in Boston that in itself was a story. It was a house of brick and rose over the town, at the North End, in the "Faivre Green Lane," now decaying Chatham street. In it lived Sir William Phillips, the first provincial governor under the charter which he himself had brought from England. Sir William had been poor, in Maine, and had made his great fortune by an adventure on the sea. The story of Sir William's life was hardly more than a match for his, with its realities. He was one of a family of twenty-six children; he had been taught to read and write as an adventurer and had found a friend in a comely and sympathetic widow, who helped to educate him and to whom he used to come in the brick house in Faivre Green Lane.

This was one of the favorite stories of Benjamin Franklin and was one of those that haunted the minds of Boston boys of that day that it caused their pulses to beat and longed for the sea to rise in them that a few years after the death of the old man, let us suppose it to be a cold winter's night, when the winds are abroad and the clouds fly over the moon. Josiah Franklin has a little boy, and he is sitting in a "Martyrs," the fire is falling down and "people are going to meeting," as a running of sparks among the roof was called, when such a noise as a rattle of iron was heard.

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the sea for her, carrying with him his dreams. He was an honest man.

William Phillips, the sailor, heard more and more in regard to the sunken treasure ship, and he went to England and applied to the king for ships and men to go in search of this mine of gold in the sea. Gold was then the royal treasure, and King James' heart was made right glad to hear the bold adventurer's story. The king put at his command ships and men, and young William Phillips—now Commander Phillips—went to the white reef in the blue Bahama sea and searched the long sea wall for treasure faithfully, so in vain he was compelled to return to England as empty-handed as when he went out. He heard of the great admiral, the duke of Albemarle, and was introduced to him by William Penn. The duke heard his story, and furnished him with the means to continue the search for the golden ship in the coral reef.

"Heads change with realities and will in way. Commander William behought him of a new plan of gaining the needed intelligence. Might not some very old person know the place where the treasure was wrecked? The thought was light. He found an old Indian on a near island who remembered the wreck, and who said he could pilot him to the wreck. The old man had gone down. Captain William's heart was light again. With the Indian on board he drifted to the rippling water over the reef.

"Below was a coral world in a sea as clear as the sky. Out of it fished fish leaped, and through it dotted the sea with wrecks. The thought was light. He found an old Indian on a near island who remembered the wreck, and who said he could pilot him to the wreck. The old man had gone down. Captain William's heart was light again. With the Indian on board he drifted to the rippling water over the reef.

"They broke open a bag which was like a crystal sack. It was full of treasure, and in its folds was a goblet of gold. They shouted over the treasure and held up the golden cup to the balmy air. It had doubtless belonged to the Spanish don. More salt bags of gold. The deck was covered with gold. It is a long time since the eyes of the officers of the ship went mad at the sight. But Captain William did not go mad as he surveyed the work of the men in the vaulting twilight. He had been there in spirit before; he had expected something, and he was on familiar ground when he found it. He had been a prophetic soul. He carried home the treasure to England, and, soul of honor that he was, he delivered every dollar of it to the duke. His name filled England; and his honesty was a national surprise, though it should have been we can not say. But didn't I tell you he was an honest man?

"The duke was made happy and glad to cast about to bestow upon him a fitting reward. 'What can I do for you?' asked his highness. 'I have a wife in Boston, over the sea. She is a good woman. Her faith in me made me all I am. She is the world to me, for she believed in me when no one else did.' 'You are a fortunate man. We will send her the goblet of gold, and it shall be called the 'Albemarle' cup. The imagination of Captain William Phillips must have been given an ample fortune, and there shall be bestowed upon you the honor of knighthood. You shall be able to present to your good wife, whose faith has been so well bestowed, the Albemarle cup, in the name of the duke of Albemarle and Sir William Phillips.

"The duke of Albemarle returned to Boston a baronet, with the Albemarle cup, the widow that he had won was Lady Phillips. Now England never had a wonder tale like that. The Albemarle cup, that stood in massive gold, in Lady Phillips' parlour, among humbler decorations, was given an ample fortune, and there shall be bestowed upon you the honor of knighthood. You shall be able to present to your good wife, whose faith has been so well bestowed, the Albemarle cup, in the name of the duke of Albemarle and Sir William Phillips.

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REMOVAL SALE THIS WEEK ALL FORMER EFFORTS AT PRICE CUTTING OUTDONE.

Urgent necessity demands bold action. Never before was such a salable stock of Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Crockery, Draperies, House Furnishing Goods, etc., etc., offered at such remarkably low prices—all reasonable goods. The final opportunity to buy anything in the home furnishing line at these low prices. WE MOVE MARCH 5TH, SURE, to 16th and Farnam Streets, building formerly occupied by Morse Dry Goods Co.

Furniture. Removal Sale Prices. IRON BEDS—white enamel—brass trimmed—very pretty work \$3.00 this week. SHABBY HOLLERS—Price this week. HEYWOOD BABY CARRIAGE—Big bargain. KITCHEN TABLES—Antique. CHILDREN'S FOLDING CRIB—5 drawers—Antique. WARDROBE—Antique. MEDICINE CABINET—TWO DOOR RINGS—Each. CENTER TABLE—Polished Oak. LEATHER COAT—Four fold. LEATHER BAG—Four fold. SINGLE LOUNGE. LADIES' ROCKERS. SIDEBOARD—Solid Oak. COHLEER ROCKERS—mahogany finish. LIBRARY TABLES. HIGH CHAIRS. COAT RACKS. RAIL GRATES—Solid Oak. FOLDING BEDS—Solid Oak. EASELS. EXTENSION TABLE—Oak. KITCHEN CUPBOARD. WOVEN WIRE COTS.

Carpets. Removal Sale Prices. STAIRS. BRUSSELLS. INGRAIN. RAG CARPET—Per yard. HALL MATS. HARLOCKS—Big variety. CARPET ACTION. MATTING. LINOLEUM. ALL WOOL. ENGLISH. TAPESTRY BRUSSELLS. CARPETS. VELVET CARPETS. AXMINSTER CARPETS. 6 1/2 PLY OIL—per square yard.

Draperies. Removal Sale Prices. BRASS RODS—Per foot. NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS. NOVELTY LACE CURTAINS. TAPESTRY CURTAINS. TAPESTRY CURTAIN LOOPS—per pair. ROPE PORTIERES. BAMBOO AND BEAD CURTAINS. TAPESTRY—Per yard. DAPERY STUFFS—Per yard. CURTAIN POLES—Per foot. BRASS TRIMMINGS—Per set.

House Furnishings. Removal Sale Prices. Dish Pan. Pie Tins. Pudding Pans. Royal Flour Sifters. Rolling Pins. Potato Mashers. Graters. Covered Pail. Bread Pan. Wash Basin. Coffee Pots. Lunch Baskets. Wringers. Coal Hods. Oil Cans. Coffee Mill. Package Stove Polish. Wash Basin. Towel Rollers. Mincing Knife. Scrubbing Brush.

Stoves. Removal Sale Prices. GUARANTEED GASOLINE STOVE. STEEL RANGE—'Star Brand'. RANGE WITH RESERVOIR. BASE BURNER—Guaranteed. OVEN—For Gasoline Stove. COOK STOVE—Good baker.

Crockery and Lamps. Removal Sale Prices. 100-PIECE ENGLISH DINNER SET. CHINA TEA SET. 10-PIECE TOILET SET. BANQUET LAMP and GLOBE. HANGING LAMP and SHADE. PARLOR LAMP. BRACKET LAMP and Reflector, complete.

The items and prices here quoted only represent a small share of what we are offering this week—never before have such inducements been made.

We Move Monday, March 5th, SURE, to 16th and Farnam Sts., building formerly occupied by the Morse Dry Goods Co. People's Furniture & Carpet Co. 1313-15-17 FARNAM ST.

TWO OF NEW YORK'S FINEST

Splendid Specimens of the Giants Composing the Broadway Squad.

BIGGEST POLICEMEN IN THE COUNTRY

Exact Measurement of Perfectly Proportioned Knights of the Club—A Modern Family of Famous Giants.

The reorganization of the famous "Broadway squad" has restored one of the spectacles of New York's chief thoroughfare. In truth the sight afforded by the ninety blue-coated giants who guard the Broadway crossings, from the Battery to Forty-fifth street, is worth looking at by those who talk about the physical degeneracy of the modern man. The shortest man in the lot stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, and the heavy police shoes and helmets add a few inches to this generous natural endowment. They tower above the eddying throng that fills the street all day long like so many blue beacons above a stormy sea. Women, children and the physically infirm make for them from blocks around, certain that they will be safely piloted through the wilderness of trunks and cab cars that turns the street into a very Charlyble during business hours.

THEY ARE POSERS.

When young people want to turn the tables on the elders who are always asking them questions they can't answer, a little study of the dictionary will arm them with a number of posers capable of bringing down college presidents.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Bobby—Aunt Nellie, what became of the swine that had evil spirits cast into him in the bible? Aunt Nellie—They plucked head foremost into the sea, Bobby. Bobby triumphantly—Not bit, Auntie. They were made into deviled ham. Old Nurse—Well, how do you like your new little sister? Bertie—Oh, nurse, said mamma not to name it a girl—name it a boy, so I can have a kid to play with. Lady guest (to hostess)—Really I couldn't eat another hot roll, dear. I don't know how many I've had already. Bertie (opposite)—I do; you've eaten eight! I've been counting. Teacher—What do you know about the early christians? Tommy—Our saviour, son of em. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast. O, mamma, do christians eat preachers? Just like the catfish does? Why, no, my child. What put that notion into your head? I heard Mrs. Decker say that she was going to have her minister for lunch. "What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Mrs. Jones. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnny, in disgust, "my schoolmaster can do that."

OF THE FAMILY WEIGH SOMETHING OVER A TON.

Here is the family roll call:

George... 43... 285... 6... 6... William... 39... 280... 6... 6... Archibald... 37... 278... 6... 6... Samuel... 35... 270... 6... 6... Nathaniel... 33... 260... 6... 6... Frank Leslie... 31... 250... 6... 6... Elizabeth... 29... 240... 6... 6... Annie... 27... 230... 6... 6...

ALMOST A SEVEN-FOOTER.

The giant of the family, Frank L. Taggart, lacks but half an inch of measuring seven feet. About a year ago he was inspired by his brother's success as a policeman to seek admission to the service. He made a journey to New York for that purpose. It takes a good deal to startle the citizens of a metropolis, but young Taggart created a genuine sensation and was followed by an admiring crowd of small boys wherever he went. The clerks in the civil service bureau were thrown into a panic by his appearance and had to get a new set of measuring instruments before they could ascertain his dimensions.

A REMARKABLY TALL FAMILY.

Roundman Taggart comes of a family whose members are of a remarkable size for their height. It is doubtful if there is any other household in the country that can equal them in this respect. Taggart was born in Newburgh, N. Y., where his seven brothers and three sisters still reside. Of these eleven brothers and sisters, the shortest— one of the girls—measures five feet nine inches, while the tallest, who is also the youngest, towers six feet eleven and one-half inches. Their aggregate height is sixty-nine feet; so that, standing on one another's shoulders, they would make a very imposing American liberty pole. The eight boys

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OFFICER TAGGART.



OFFICER GRAHAM.

MEDICAL TREATMENT ON TRIAL To Any Reliable Man. Marcellus appliance and one month's remedial care... EPIC MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.