

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7. 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Sergt.-Major A. E. Seager, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Seager, of St. George's-street, Cheltenham, who served for three years in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, and enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry as a trooper at Cheltenham in January last. He was appointed corporal while training at Aldershot, rose to the rank of sergeant soon after he reached

South Africa, and has now been promoted to sergeant-major.

The above photograph was taken at Harrismith, O.R.C., a few weeks ago, where General Elliott's column (to which the Sergeant-Major is attached) were camping, awaiting the arrival of remounts, etc.

Miss Marie Corelli has been ill at her residence, Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, but is now much better.

The King has conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Albert de Rutzen, chief magistrate of the Metropolitan Police-courts.

The rare 1807 edition of Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," with three original verses in the author's handwriting, was sold for £129 at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's on Monday.

Lieut.-Col. Kenyon, R.E., has been appointed to the command of the Salisbury Plain Royal Engineer Sub-district.

Mrs. Graves has arrived at Broughton Castle, near Banbury, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox having gone abroad.

The marriage between Mr. John M'Queen Sealy, Royal Artillery, and Miss Agnes Edith Dorothy Wilkinson, will take place very quietly at Woodcote, Oxon, on New Year's Day.

XMAS PRESENTS.

GUIPURE LACE COLLARS, now so much worn, 1/11½, 2/6, 2/11, to 8/11 each.

REAL BRUGES LACE COLLARS, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, to 21/- each.

REAL BRUGES LACE HANDKERCHIEFS, 3/11, 5/11, to 21/- each.

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OSTRICH TIES, from 10/11.

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SPECIAL.—MUSLIN APRONS, 1/3½ to 3/11 each. 200 New Patterns in stock, and Caps to match.

FANS, 1/0½ to 21/- each.

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Ladies' Linen, from 3/11 doz. to 21/-.

Gents' Linen, from 6/11 doz. to 25/-.

SPECIAL LINE OF OPEN HEMSTITCHED LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies', 16½ inches, 2/11 doz.

Gents' 20 inches, 3/11 doz.

LACE AND CHIFFON PICHUS, 2/11 to 6/11

LACE TIES, 1/0½, 1/6½, 1/11½, to 4/11 each.

PEARL ROPES, 2/6 to 6/11 each.

NECKLACES, 1/0½ to 6/11 each.

JEWELLERY.—Rolled Gold Brooches, 1/0½ to 3/6 each.

Rolled Gold Pins, from 1/-.

Rolled Gold Bracelets, from

2/6 each.

STOCK TIES, all colours, 1/6½ each. BELTS, 1/- to 6/11 each.

NEEDLE CASES, 6½d. to 4/6 each. HAIR-PIN CABINETS, 6½d. to 1/-.

SATIN-LINED BASKETS, 10½d. to 15/6 each.

PHOTO FRAMES, from 6½d.

CHATELAIN BAGS, 1/0½ to 7/11. SILVER

THIMBLES, from 6½d.

PURSES, in all Leathers, 10½d. to 7/11 each.

In the Haberdashery, Lace, and Trimming

Departments will be found Hundreds of

Useful Articles suitable for XMAS

PRESENTS, chief among them being

Leather and Plush COMPANIONS, ASH

TRAYS, WORK BOXES, WRITING and

MUSIC CASES, Collar and Cuff

Boxes, HANDKERCHIEF CASES, HAIR

BRUSHES in Case, CHATELAINES,

SCENT CASES, Photo Frames, CELLU-

LOID GOODS, silver-mounted, KNIVES,

Pocket Books, PING PONG, Mirrors, etc.

In the ART NEEDLEWORK DEPT., SILK

WORK in great variety is to be seen.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, AND GENTS'

OUTFITTING.

Ladies' 4-Button Pearl-White Washing Kid

Gloves, blacks or self-backs, 2/11 the pair,

three for 8/6. Ladies' Shetland Wool Wraps,

in all evening shades, 1/9½ to 10/6; Fascinators,

1/2½ and 1/11½. Ladies' Opera Vests and Com-

binations, Pink, White, Black. Silk Hose,

handsome lace fronts, 2/11½ the pair, in all

colours. Lace Mitts, elbow length, 1/4½.

JOHN LANCE & Co., Ltd.,

125 to 128,
High Street, CHELTENHAM.

The Taming of a Tiger.

By FRANK T. BULLEN.

There is a common idea current among seamen that Dutchmen, or "Square-heads," as all Scandinavians, Hollanders, and German-speaking people are called in sea argot, are, though undoubtedly good men to work, easily put down and kept there; in other words, that they are like dumb, driven cattle, who have no idea of retaliation or resentment against the worst usage possible. And, as a consequence of this meek disposition, they are rapidly displacing in English ships seamen of native birth, who, being of a higher freeborn spirit, will not permit themselves to be scurvily treated, much less endure physical violence.

Now, while there is undoubtedly some truth in this broad general statement, it labours under the same disability that always attaches to such sweeping remarks—an enormous number of particular instances may be quoted in disproof of it. It needs qualifying, requires more detail in order to understand why it has arisen. Here, however, is not the place to discuss the matter carefully, so I will content myself by saying that if you take a man ignorant of English and put him on board a British or American vessel for a sea-voyage under hard officers, it is difficult to see how he can escape being downtrodden, and it is also anything but easy to see how, having once got into the habit of submission, he is going to climb out of it.

This is certainly the case with a great many Scandinavians, but many exceptions are to be found, notably among men hailing from the north of Norway. Hammerfest, Tromsøe, and Trondhjem have a reputation for breeding men, worthy descendants of the Vikings of old, and as little likely to bear ill-usage tamely, whether at sea or on land, as any freemen in the world. It is of one of these deep-breathed men of the Northern Sea that I would speak, a man who, while he pursued his calling as a fisherman of Hammerfest, earned for himself the ominous *sobriquet* of "the Tiger," and inspired his fellows with such a dread of him that none dared to cross him in any way.

It was reported of him that, being on a fishing cruise with a small fleet that had put in to Tromsøe through stress of weather, he heard a drunken giant, the terror of Tromsøe and the neighbourhood, raging up and down the beach, roaring for the visitors to come ashore two or three at a time and be destroyed. Neilsen, our hero, was weary with nights and days of labour, but, after listening in stern silence to the ravings of the giant, he suddenly sprang to his feet, tore off his upper garment, and all unarmed leaped overboard. Between his vessel and the beach floated an enormous number of barrels, upon which frail footholds Neilsen, leaping like a goblin, reached the shore.

Without pausing for breath, he flung himself upon the challenger. Locked in one another's embrace they writhed and strained and strove before the awe-stricken gaze of all their fellows until the giant's limbs suddenly became limp, his head fell back, and the contest was over. As if to show the onlookers that his vigour was by no means abated, Neilsen returned by the uncertain path he had come, leaping from barrel to barrel again until he reached his ship, and resumed his pipe as if nothing had happened.

This man joined the barque *Gemsbok*, on board of which I was an able seaman, in New York. We were bound to Calcutta, and I, who had shipped in London and knew the sterling worth of the skipper and officers, all real American seamen of the best type, was looking forward to a comfortable voyage. But when I saw Neilsen enter the fo'cas'le, heard his deep, fierce exclamations of impatience, and noticed the untamable vigour of his movements, I foresaw trouble imminent, for on board American ships the conditions of service are severe to any man who is not civil as well as smart. No talking back is ever allowed, and no mercy is shown to any seaman, however high his qualifications may be, who does not recognise the relative positions of himself and his officers.

We had, as usual, a mixed crew. Out of eight seamen forward there were three Scandinavians, two negroes, one Briton, and two Americans. Although a scratch crew, we were not at all a bad crowd, and under ordinary circumstances, after a week or two of unpleasantness while the newcomers were being drilled into Yankee ways of doing things, I have no doubt we should have been very comfortable. But the presence of Neilsen was the one factor upon which nobody had reckoned.

From the first moment of putting his foot inside the fo'cas'le door, he became the undisputed boss of our little world, for his appearance was so savage, his strength so great, and his temper so ungovernable that no one amongst us dared thwart him in anything. That didn't amount to a great deal, though, for, with all his faults, he was a man, and that goes a great way with men. But on deck it was different. The very first day out of harbour an order was given to trim the yards. The rest of the watch ran to the mainbraces, but Neilsen strolled aft in leisurely fashion, looking as if it was quite the thing to make everybody await his pleasure.

Our mate, a keen-faced seafarer from Portland, Maine, roared out, "Now then, y' stumblin' Dutchman, git a move on ye, 'r I'll hev t' instruct ye."

For all answer Neilsen stopped dead, and with a flicker in his light blue eyes faced the mate, as who should say: "Did you speak to me?"

This outrage of all discipline had such an effect upon Mr. Fish that, dropping the bight of the brace he was holding, he leaped forward at the offender, intending, no doubt, to give him a lesson in manners once for all. Without altering his position in the least Neilsen awaited his coming, there was a confused whirl of limbs, and almost instantaneously as it seemed, we saw the mate's body flung through the air over the side.

A yell of horror rang fore and aft, followed by the startling cry of "Man overboard," which the man at the wheel hearing had sense enough to answer by putting his helm hard down, thus stopping the ship's way. All unprepared as merchant ships always are for such an emergency, there was an immense amount of bustle and confusion before our impetuous officer was rescued and the vessel had resumed her course, nor was it until then that the captain learnt what a crime had been committed. It should be said that Neilsen had worked like three men during the rescue proceedings, but of regret for his act or dread of the consequences he showed not the smallest sign.

When the skipper learnt from his mate the facts of the case a long and anxious consultation was held. We were just commencing a long passage with a crew quite small enough already, so that to put the culprit in irons, if such a course were possible, or disable him was only injuring everybody on board. On the other hand, could such conduct be tolerated? Would it not result in utter disorganisation? It was finally decided to call the offender aft and see what could be done. The word was passed for Neilsen, and, much to our surprise, for we expected him to treat such a summons with contempt, he obeyed, as unconcerned as if he were going to take his trick at the wheel.

He reached the break of the poop and faced the "old man" and the two officers, who had all taken the precaution of pocketing their revolvers, calmly waiting to be spoken to. The skipper did speak, at considerable length, but Neilsen was a kind of man he had never met before. Briefly translated, to all threats and warnings this was his sole reply: that he would do his work and do it well, but he would neither be driven nor man-handled. As to being shot, it troubled him not one atom, for death and he had always been on familiar terms. And as for irons, he would have none of them; if they doubted him they had only to prove him. And as he stood there speaking so quietly, without any sign of arrogance or tremor, his appearance carried conviction, and the officers were non-plussed.

I thought then, and I still think, that the wise course would have been to have made him bo'sun, giving him a position of authority and separating him from the rest of us; but

that apparently did not occur to them. So they dismissed him, and from that day forward he did practically what he would and how he liked. He certainly worked, but it was at his own pace, and he fretted the officers to death by his cool nonchalance. Had it not been for his temper he would have been a good shipmate enough, but one never knew when he would burst out. On several occasions he cleared the fo'cas'le like a bull-terrier among rats, and few indeed of us were free from some permanent marks of his prowess.

The work of the ship was done somehow, but there was no peace. Fortunately for the officers, he did not make common cause with the men, but treated them all as beneath his notice, so that as far as discipline went, with the one great exception, matters went on much as usual. But I doubt very much whether such a situation was ever experienced on board any ship before, least of all on board an American ship, with officers like ours.

Our passage was of medium length and so uniformly fine that there was little opportunity for testing the quality of our seamanship under difficult and dangerous conditions, although it was evident that had there been we should have found Neilsen a host in himself, his strength and skill being fully equal to that of any three of us combined. But, as was only natural, finding how completely he held the whole of the crew in terror of him, he grew more and more overbearing and tyrannical, until everybody fervently hoped for the conclusion of the passage and consequent opportunity to be rid of him.

Much to my delight, being ever a man of peace, we reached the Hooghly without any serious outbreak, mooring off Prinsep's Ghat to discharge our cargo. It was late on Saturday before we were finished, and the next day, after the decks had been washed down and awnings spread, all hands got permission to go ashore. Much to my surprise, Neilsen asked me to join him in a ramble, alleging as his reason that I, having been in Calcutta before, would know the ropes. I confess I was not much charmed by the prospect of his company, but still I felt a little flattered at having thus far won his approval.

So together we did the Maidan, the King of Oude's Palace, the Eden Gardens and the Fort, until, feeling very tired and hungry, I suggested a visit to the sailors' reading-rooms near the Radha Bazaar for some coffee and a meal. He was agreeable, being quite a sober man, and, disregarding all the importunities of the vile gang of touts for drinking dens and worse places that infest that part of the great Indian city, we soon reached the comfortable rooms kept open for weary sailors by the generosity of Colonel Haig, a soldier whose name is a household word among thousands of seamen who have benefitted by his Christian efforts in India. While we sat enjoying the good food supplied to us we heard from an inner hall some very sweet singing, and on enquiry I found that it was raised by the members of an American Mission, who were holding a series of special services for sailors in that building.

Now, Neilsen, like most Scandinavians, was, I could see, passionately fond of music, and while listening to the soft swell of song his face was quite transformed. Therefore, I timidly inquired whether he would like to go in and hear the singing at close quarters. He assented eagerly, and in less than a minute we were accommodated with a seat in a good-sized hall, near a platform occupied by a few plain-looking men and women. One of the latter was playing a parlour organ, the rest were singing "Oh, to be over yonder," and about forty sailors scattered about the benches were shamefacedly endeavouring to take part in the melody.

Neilsen was profoundly moved. He trembled so violently that the form whom we sat vibrated, and I saw his stern face working with suppressed emotion. After the song a prayer was offered by a gentle-faced man—a prayer so simple, yet so direct, that it reached even those imperfectly acquainted with the language in which it was offered. The petition ended, there was more singing. "Why do you wait, my brother?" I glanced

at Neilsen, but he sat with his head bowed, his face covered by his hands, and made no sign.

Again the singing ceased, and the man who had played came forward and told the story of the chief Burden-Bearer, the sorrowful Man who brought joy and peace and life. There was no pretence, no striving after effect, not a word that could have been objected to in any Christian denomination extant. And yet his words carried conviction, they aroused hope, they were full of comfort. When he ceased, with a pathetic invitation to his hearers to ask and receive, and an offer to spend any length of time with anyone who needed further light, there was a dead silence, broken presently by the deep faltering voice of Neilsen, as in rugged Norwegian he prayed. I don't profess to understand, still less will I dare to dogmatise, but this I know—that after that meeting was over I led Neils Neilsen on board the Gembok as different a man in every mental attribute to the truculent Northman I came ashore with as the mind can well imagine.

His first act upon reaching the ship was to make open confession to all his messmates of his new departure, and most humbly to ask our pardon for all his fierce behaviour. Then he went aft, and, as I afterwards learnt, behaved in exactly the same way towards the captain and the mates. They were taken wholly aback, being men to whom such a miracle was an entirely new experience. So they said but little, but remembered with some amusement the plans they had that afternoon been elaborating for getting rid of him.

Now, it seems hard to have to admit it, but it is a fact that after the first novelty of the thing had worn off, and the certainty of Neilsen's conversion became indisputable, with the exception of two all hands were mean enough to take full advantage of it. Made by little, dirty jobs, overwork, studied insults, and abuse became his regular portion; but nothing had power to disturb the serenity of his behaviour.

Once, and once only, did I see any sign of resentment. He had accidentally dropped a block on the smooth deck, leaving an ugly mark. The mate flew at him and struck him heavily on the mouth, bringing blood. He straightened up, his face turned crimson, and his huge fists clenched themselves. Then the flush faded, his muscles relaxed, and he said quietly: "T'ank de Lord, Mister Hallett, 'at y' nev' fin' de grit t' lan' me afore. You quite safe t' do what y' min' to now." I hope the mate was ashamed, although he simply said: "Guess I'll learn y' a thing or two yit, s'ore I'm through with ve."

Our passage homeward was a complete contrast to the outward one. Dirty weather, gales of wind, and accidents were the regular routine. Through it all we had reason to thank our lucky stars that we had such a splendid sailor-man among us—a man, too, who never seemed able to do enough to satisfy himself; always first on deck and last to go below, ready to take a tired shipmate's wheel or look out for him; in short, a man in whom the idea of self was dead.

It is impossible for me to explain how much I grew to love him, for while he was kindness itself to all of us it was to me that he spoke confidentially. Often during the night watches on deck, when neither of us had steering or look-out duties to perform, he would tramp side by side with me the whole two hours, while he laid bare his heart, with all its new desires and sacred hopes. He had not been home for years, had quite forgotten all those who should have been ever in his thoughts, as he fought and swaggered his boisterous way through the ports of the world. Now he longed with an unutterable longing to see them again, to atone by the service of the rest of his life for his long neglect.

But the substance of his long conversations with me is too sacred for publicity. It revealed the most miraculous transfiguration of the human mind imaginable. In every detail of the man's being, even to the physical appearance of his features, there was a change which came nothing short of reincarnation. Let logicians and theologians say what they will, nothing can ever alter for me the astounding facts presented to me in the being of Neils Neilsen.

So through gradually worsening weather the Gembok painfully won her way southward towards the Cape, meeting when off Mauritius with the fringe of a cyclone, one of those terrible wheeling hurricanes that periodically scourge the Indian Ocean. It was just at its point of recurvature, when the baffled seaman finds all his foresight and skill set at naught by the conflicting conditions of the elements, when rules fail, and blind chance seems to decide his fate. All that splendid seamanship and devotion to duty could do was done, but everyone felt that his fate was quite independent of his own exertions, since both sea and storm appeared to be acting in defiance of all known laws.

Nevertheless, in the fore-castle Neilsen's face, no less than his manner, bred confidence in us all. Insensibly every member of our little company forward leant in spirit against this valiant soul for support, feeling that here was a man in whom the fear of physical suffering was dead, to whom the raging storm and crashing sea were but fellow-subjects, obeying the same Master and utterly unable, even if they were willing, to touch the real life that was rejoicing in such immortal vigour. Out of that frightful experience the Gembok crawled brokenly, leaking badly, great breadths of her bulwarks gone, fore-topmast carried away, main-mast so badly sprung that we dared not carry any weight of sail on it, and decks so warped and strained that in many places the caulking had all worked out of the seams.

The prospect of rounding the Cape in such a condition was an appalling one. Yet there was no sign of dismay to be seen in our skipper or his two mates. They carried on in the same old vigorous, confident way, keeping, as American officers are wont to do, all private qualms for their own consumption.

The weather continued its unrelenting severity until it culminated, off Simons Bay, in a furious south-east gale, which, blowing directly across the mighty flow of the Agulhas current, raised the sea to a height of ferocity and ugliness pre-eminent among the storms that give it its reputation as the most dangerous sea in the world. We had by a combination of fortunate accidents succeeded in bringing our three boats safely through the cyclone, but a mountain of tormented water now swept on board of us that at one blow demolished the two principal boats stowed on the main-hatch, cleared the remaining fragments of bulwarks, stove in the front of the cabin, and, ravaging across the poop, swept the skipper helplessly over the lee-rail into the cauldron seething to leeward.

Neilsen was at the wheel, which was nearly hard down, as we were hove-to. Springing away from it, he snatched an end of the main braces and hurled himself overboard into the smother. Presently, such was the enormous strength of the man, he re-appeared, holding the helpless skipper in his bear-like clutch, and without any assistance actually succeeded in bringing him on board again, little the worse for being within a hair's width of death.

But that awful blow was the end of the Gembok. Her lively motions altered into the dull heavy roll of the dying ship, the infallible sign of the end given by a vessel owning herself worsted in the long struggle against overwhelming forces. The skipper, as cool as ever, gave his orders for launching our only remaining boat, carefully providing for every contingency as far as possible under the narrow circumstances. Provisions, warm clothing, water, sails, and oars—all were stowed, and with all the care imaginable the boat was hoisted out and held alongside by a long painter, while man after man watched his chance, as she rose and fell, to leap from the fast-settling deck into that tiny ark of refuge.

At last all were embarked except the skipper and Neilsen, but the boat was already perilously overlaid, even for ordinary weather. With one last look round, the "old man" ordered Neilsen to jump, but Neilsen shook his head.

"Ef yew don't du ez I tell ye, ye Dutch g'loot, I'll take a pin t' ye. Fergot who I am?"

For all answer Neilsen sprang behind him, and gripping him behind by the two shoulders, swung him outboard just as the boat



MR. WILLIAM JAMES DAWES

(A Gloucester Bandmaster for 40 years).

The Volunteer Band, of which Mr. W. J. Dawes was bandmaster for 40 years, was first formed as the Gloucester Volunteer Artillery and Engineers' Band, under the direction of his father, Mr. James Dawes. It then had a white uniform like the Austrian. When the latter retired, in a few years, his son succeeded him. Mr. W. J. Dawes has only just retired from that position, and he received as a testimonial an illuminated address and carved-oak easy chair from the officers of the corps and the bandmen and a few musical friends in other corps. Son again succeeded father as the bandmaster, as Mr. Frank Dawes has taken over the conductorship. One of the several notable triumphs of the Artillery Band was at the National Music Meeting at the Crystal Palace in July, 1873, when it won the 1st prize (£50) in an open band contest, and also a special prize presented by Messrs. Chappell and Co.

rose level with the deck, and dropped him into her middle. A couple of strides forward, and he had cast off the painter. One moment later we had been swept a hundred feet astern, and every man was fully engrossed in the management of our frail craft.

Suddenly, as we rose upon the crest of a mighty wave, we saw the Gembok's stern lifted high in air as she took her final plunge into silence. And on the taffrail stood a great figure, outlined against the sky, his right hand waving farewell. Then we slid down into a deep blue valley and saw him no more.

Our subsequent sufferings were few, for one of the great Cape mail-boats sighted us less than twenty-four hours later, and carried us into Algoa Bay, where we separated and went our various ways.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

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* * *

Lady Biddulph and Miss Biddulph are staying at Montbrillant, Cannes, on a visit to Lady Morier.

* * *

Miss Florence Nightingale has completely recovered from her recent cold, and is now enjoying fairly good health.

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Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., states that his picture of the Coronation will show the interior of Westminster Abbey, and will be at least fifteen feet in length.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES. CHELTENHAM EXHIBITION.



HONITON AND TAUNTON STALLS.
Miss Roberts (hon. sec.) and Miss Hutchinson (her assistant), in foreground.



FIVE-MILE-TOWN AND NEWLYN STALLS.



TREVOR DENE STALL.



ALL SAINTS' (CHELTENHAM) STALL.



ICKLEFORD AND WOMEN'S WORK ASSOCIATION STALLS.



Old Lady (native of Axminster, Devon) making Lace. Specimens of Amateur Photography hanging behind.

By the Way.

MRS. JENKINS ON WORKMEN'S CAFES AND SUNDAY CONCERTS.

I'm sure it's very kind of these 'ere Kurnels and other millingtary to come and settle down in Cheltenham when they've done knocking the foreign 'eathen about, and to start to make the working-classes respectable, wich they gives them cheap caffs and shows 'em 'ow to keep the Sabbath, and all manner, just for the good of the cause, as the sayin' is. Yes, it's very kind of 'em indeed, and 'ere they be a-going to open cheap "caffs" all over Cheltenham, with a married couple of the "ighest character" to mind the bar, and all as open as a public; and you walk hup-stairs, and its a fair climacks, with billiard balls and penny readin's and rooms for games, such as puss-in-the-corner and the like, and libraries and branches of the Church Lads' Brigade and 'alls for concerts and lectures on 'ow to be 'appy on 10s. a week, and out at the back there's football and cricket grounds a-going on all the year round, wich the servants is to 'ave a neat becomin' dress, and is to be supplied with respectable parients free of charge! Why, it fair takes one's breath away to read it down, there it do!

But who's to pay for these ere pallisses is wot I can't understand, wich the papers seems to say as twenty thousand people is to take a share at a sovereign each, and they'm to get five shillings per cent. discount on their money; and the Himperial Rooms in the Promenade is to be the first "caff" to open, wich they do say the old place will look quite 'omely with 'undreds of working classes hout hunder them pillars a sipping tea and buttered buns and a watching the fountain spouting. Well, in course, I wishes these 'ere millingtary folk good luck, seeing as 'ow it's really very kind of 'em to humour the working classes so much; but wot I says to myself is this—Wot do the working man think about it? My brother, Albert 'Enery Gaskins (wich he's a French polisher by trade), 'e looked in the hother hevning, and I asks him wot he do think of the new "cheap coffee caffs," as I do call 'em, as is going to be.

"Selina," says he to me, "wot us working men wants isn't 'caffs,' but liberty. Us don't want to be patternized and molly-coddled so much as some of the good folks do think, seeing as 'ow we got brains so well as they, 'ceps where they've a-perished through lack of using. I agrees with you, Selina. 'Ere's Kurnel this and General that comes back from hordering their squadrooms hall over the shop, hand they set to work to patternize and reform and horganize the workin' man till 'e don't know where 'e are, as the sayin' is; wich they tells us we oughter be better men and think of heavenly things, and not 'ave no desire for music or Cleeve 'ill air of a Sunday. Becos for why? They don't want Sunday concerts or Sunday open-air, and why should we? But as for these 'ere caffs, I, for one, should give them a pretty wide berth. If I wants a cup of temperance coffee I knows where to get it, to a place where you ain't likely to find the sausage rolls wrapped hup in tracts, and texes on the saucers."

"Old 'ard, Albert," says I, "I knows you don't agree with these 'ere church and chapel folk, as wants to force people into service by makin' their Sunday as flat as ditchwater, as the sayin' is, but I wants you to hunderstand as I considers they means well, only they don't go the rite way to work about it."

And as for stopping the Sunday concerts, I will say that 'undreds and thousands as wouldn't think of going to the Winter Gardings of a Sunday afternoon considers it quite "all fate," as the French do say, to go to a concert in a church, where they 'as drums and trumpets, and everythink, just like a P.S.A. band, and professional singers, with the vicar a-beating time outside the bars for all the world like Mr. J. A. Matthews at one of them Festivals. That there Mary Ann Tomkins, she went last Sunday to one of these



Photo by W. P. Winter,

5, St. Luke's Terrace, Cheltenham.

At Hailes Abbey, near Winchcombe.

'ere "Church Sunday Concerts," and she called in to 'ave a cup of tea with me afterwards, reglar full of "so lows" and "so pranos" and "scores" and "masses" and sich like, wich I never 'eard tell of sich things meself in my young days; so I hup and I says, "Mary Ann, I spose you will be sorry to 'ear that the Sunday concerts isn't like to be presumed?" Wich she turns round on me, quite shocked like, and says, says she, "I'm surprised at you, that I am, Selina, at your time of life, agreeing with such a execeration of the Sabbath. These 'ere Sunday concerts is a curse, a-drawing away people wholesale from the churches and chapels, and a decent body ought to be ashamed to be seen at them, that's wot I says." Wich I replies, very quiet like, that "I sposes it must be the building as a concert's 'eld in as makes the difference, seein' as 'ow wot's right in a church is wrong in the Winter Gardings, wich to my mind is a extinction without a difference!"

They do say that when a tradesman begins to grumble and moan at the competition 'e 'as to put up with, that 'e's well on the way to "Queer-street," as they do call it, and if that's so I reckon them churches and chapels as crys out most against Sunday concerts is

just the ones as isn't 'ardly able to rub along, times is so 'ard. Them as is pretty prosperous, and where the seats is always well taken up—well, they don't grumble at the trams and the Sunday concerts. Hand I will say this, that if Christian folk is so weak in the knees as they can't keep away from the trams on Sunday, and would rather go to a concert than to worship—well, then there must be something wrong about their religion somewheres, and a few tonic bitters wouldn't do 'em no 'arm, says I!

I knows a bit about angcient 'istory, meself, and you mark my words, Christianity 'as 'ad worse things than Sunday trams and Sunday concerts to compete with, and 'as always come up stronger for the competition; but it's never no good to shut everythink in the nature of hinnercent enjoyment away from them as was called "the scum of the earth" at Charlton, wen they was discussing Sunday trams there, wich is like the hengineer as sat on the safety valve to keep the steam from escaping, and the last as was 'eard of him 'e couldn't be found nowhere!

Howsomdever, with regard to these 'ere "Cheap Cheltenham Caffs," hall I can say is, when they're a-started we shall C wot we shall C.C.C. SELINA JENKINS.

Fairy Tales of Science.

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VI.

POSTAGE STAMPS AS ILLUSTRATIONS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

BY HUGH RICHARDSON, M.A.

THE GROWTH OF ITALY.

Read from the top left-hand corner, the above represent Naples (1857); Sicily (1859); King Humbert's Italy (1889); Sardinia (1856-61); Neapolitan Provinces (1861).

A few years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to a deputation on decimal coinage, said that changes of currency were seldom brought about except after revolutions. His statement has been challenged. But of postage stamps, it is hardly too much to say that almost every Government which has governed or misgoverned Europe for the last fifty years has left its traces in the albums of collectors.

The Roman inscriptions on altar stones and monuments in the Hospitium at York are sufficient evidence that among legions once quartered in that neighbourhood were the Sixth, the Victorious, and the Ninth, the Spanish one. Stamps are unnecessary as evidences of history, but they illustrate it just as well as coins do; and from coins and monuments has been constructed a good deal of what we know of Greek and Roman History.



1840 marks the introduction of penny postage into Great Britain. Within the next few years other European countries followed suit. As a rule, postage stamps have been elegant and interesting in design, often distinctively national—witness the pyramid stamps of Egypt, the Newfoundland codfish, the Nicaraguan volcano. The people of the United States, like the Florentines and the citizens of Birmingham, have not been afraid to honour their great men in public places. The older stamps of the States show the portraits of the Presidents, a comparatively new series the history of Columbus.

England has been the happy nation without a history. For more than sixty years our stamps bore the image of our late gracious Queen. Our European possessions are few. Malta has been ours since 1800, Gibraltar since 1704. In 1890 we exchanged Heligoland with Germany for Zanzibar. The reprints of the Heligoland stamps in red, green, and white are now a glut in the market. A scarce and interesting stamp is that of the Ionian Islands, with Greek inscription round Victoria's head. The islands were given to Greece in 1862. The hurried acquisition of Cyprus in 1878 is indicated by the use of surcharged English stamps.

DYING REVERBERATIONS OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

The oldest French stamps, without perforated edging, show the head of Liberty and superscription, "Repub. Franc." These are relics of the Second Republic, 1848-53. A somewhat rarer stamp has the same "Repub. Franc.," but with the head of Louis Napoleon! This was issued whilst he was President of the Republic. A little later the legend changed to "Empire Franc." Another issue added a laurel wreath, making one suspect a spirited foreign policy. That policy led to Sedan; and in 1870 a republic was again declared, and Liberty re-appeared on the stamps. There are few pages of history better illustrated by stamps than this of the dying reverberations of the Great Revolution.

The troubled times, 1868-74, left their traces on the stamps of Spain. Isabella, queen for 35 years, yielded to Liberty; and Europe saw the strange spectacle of a Republic advertising for a King. The rejection of a French prince and the favour shown to a Hohenzollern candidate gave offence to France, and occasioned the Franco-German war. At last—1870—Amadeo, son of the King of Italy, took the throne, but was not strong enough to hold it. So Liberty reigned in his stead, 1873-75, until Alfonso, son of Isabella, succeeded, young indeed, but that was a fault easy to grow out of. Through the years 1872-76 the Carlist Government held the provinces of Navarre and Biscay, the stamp showing the head of Don Carlos.

Germany was once compared to a menagerie, the various States like wild beasts glaring through the bars. Illustrating the growth of Prussia, and the rise of the present Empire of Germany, we find that Schleswig, Holstein, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the free cities, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, all had separate stamps before Prussia absorbed them. Of these either originals, reprints, or forgeries can be obtained. Bergedorf had for emblem on its stamp half the Hamburg Castle and half the Lubeck Eagle, because it was the joint property of the two cities. At one time the Prince of Thurn and Taxis held the German posting contracts, and issued two sets of stamps, for the Northern and Southern States, marked in groschen and kreuzer respectively. The influence of Prussia was strengthened by the victory over Austria at Sadowa in 1866. In 1867 the North German Confederation was formed, but the States south of the Main—Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg—still kept their separate stamps. The stamps of Alsace-Lorraine were used during the military occupation of 1870-71, before the formal annexation of these provinces. Unused specimens are common, but those post-marked during the war are more interesting.

The early Austrian stamps show the head of Francis Joseph, who came to the throne in 1848, and is still Emperor. When the Magyars of Hungary got home rule in 1867 the Emperor's portrait was still kept on the stamp. This once raised a vision of a green stamp, with emblems, harp and shamrock, representing the national aspirations, and head of our sovereign in token of loyalty. More recent Austrian stamps bear the double-headed eagle, which may also be recognised on those of Venetia and Bosnia.

THE GROWTH OF UNITED ITALY.

The obsolete stamps of Austrian-Italy (i.e. Venetia and Lombardy) are distinguished from those of Austria by the denomination SOLDI (Italian halfpenny) instead of KR (i.e. kreuzer, Austrian one-fifth of a penny). On board the Austria-Lloyd steamers trading between Trieste and Constantinople the values are surcharged in piastres.

The growth of United Italy is well shown. There are obsolete stamps of (i) "Sardinia" (i.e. Sardinia, Piedmont, Savoy, and Nice) with embossed head of Victor Emmanuel; of the three duchies (ii) Tuscany, (iii) Modena, (iv) Parma, and (v) Sicily with the head of Ferdinand, and (vi) Naples, his other province, with its curious arms. In 1859 Austria was driven out of Lombardy, and the peoples of the Duchies and Legations voted for union with Sardinia. So in spite of anathemas the Pope lost (vii) Romagna. After Garibaldi's

expedition (1860), appeared first the stamps of the Provisional Government, and then the new stamps of the Neapolitan Provinces with head of Victor Emmanuel, not unlike those of Sardinia, but inscribed in Grana. In 1861 Victor Emmanuel was crowned King of Italy in Turin, and soon appeared the new stamp of Italy, now a country, no longer a mere "geographical expression." In 1866 Austria ceded (viii) Venetia to Italy through Napoleon. The stamps of the (ix) States of the Church, with the crossed keys of Heaven and Hell, were in use till 1870, when the Italian troops entered Rome.

San Marino, a tiny state near the Adriatic, and Monaco, just to the west of Italy, are still independent.

The Eastern Question is still unsolved. For its history we must look back to 1453, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The power, the difficulty of internal communication, the variety of languages, races, and religions, and the jealousies of other European Powers. The Star and Crescent now floats over a smaller part of the Balkan Peninsula than it used to; and in contrast to Italy we see in Turkey the decay of empire. The people of Montenegro boast that they were never in bondage. Greece has been independent since 1829; and Mercury, once telegraph boy to the Gods on Olympus, is now in the employ of that Government. In 1861, Roumania was formed by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia. Servia was independent in 1862. The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 was followed by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. Bulgaria got home rule, and stamps with rampant lion. The Austrian arms appeared on the stamps of Bosnia. Eastern Roumelia was allowed a separate stamp, but Emp. Ottoman was printed across it in token of submission. This stamp is no longer in use, as in 1885 Eastern Roumelia quietly joined Bulgaria. This was contrary to the Treaty, but no one wished to risk war to enforce it. By a secret treaty with Turkey, in 1878, England was allowed to occupy Cyprus, not, indeed, until the Greek Kalends come, but for so long as Russia extends south of the Caucasus. The first stamps of the Provisional Joint Administration of Crete by France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia date from 1898. Their design and inscription are Greek, not Turkish, and may typify the future allegiance of the island.

The separate stamps of Livonia and Poland have given way to, and the Finland stamps have become more like, those of Russia, on which we meet a new alphabet, several letters resembling the Greek. The same head, King Oscar, appears on the stamps of Norway and Sweden, two Governments united by the one golden link of the crown. The Iceland stamps closely resemble those of Denmark, and the good feeling with Norway is indicated by similarity of design. The currency convention of the Scandinavian countries is attested under various spellings (ore, aur). In spite of inviting offers, Luxemburg retains its own stamp. Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Portugal are the remaining European States.

STUDYING CONTEMPORARY HISTORY—NEW STYLE.

Let no one suppose that these pages are written to encourage the waste of pocket money on packets of assorted stamps, stupendous bargains, rare, obsolete, unused, and guaranteed absolutely genuine. But let those who have made collections see how much interest they may yield! And to those who still collect one suggestion may be made. Instead of trying to get complete sets of stamps, be content with one stamp as a type for each set, and try to make a collection which shall have some special interest of its own. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," wrote the poet. Let us paraphrase—better a type collection illustrating European history than a complete set of Japanese "telegraphs." Beware lest stamp-collecting grow upon you like the drink, and lest you find your weakness traded on. The United States Government calculated that the new Columbus issue would bring in an extra revenue of perhaps a million dollars. The Emperor of Brazil, coming from the Continent of republics and revolutions, was once taken round an electrical exhibition. They showed him a dynamo running 1,500 revolutions a minute. "Ah," he said, "that is worse than it is at home."

Bankrupt Governments have found that they can raise money by issuing new stamps, and the States of South America rely on stamp collectors paying part cost of their revolutions.

Before long a new series of British stamps must be issued with the King's portrait. And yet we are loath to let the Queen's head go. Is it too much to hope that one stamp might still be kept for auld lang syne? There can be no precedent for it at home, because the Queen's reign began before stamps were used. But the United States portray their presidents, and our own oldest colony of Newfoundland shows several members of the Royal Family. Then through the dim vista of the centuries our stamp issue might become a national portrait gallery of our sovereigns.

A collection of historical European stamps gives us a vivid picture of a state of continual flux and change. Wars and treaties, revolutions and plebiscites have happened before and may happen again. "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," seems very far away, but the Postal Union has already arranged a uniform letter tariff between all civilized countries. Collectors will look forward with interest to the problems of the future. How long will the French Republic last? Will Spain remain a monarchy? How strong is the link binding Norway and Sweden? What will happen when the Emperor of Austria dies? Who will get Constantinople if the Turk cannot keep it?

PRACTICAL HINTS.

I have tried several processes for preparing lantern slides of postage stamps. Photography answers admirably. Red, green, and brown take well. But blue stamps (e.g. Sicily, Gr. 2) come out very faint; red backgrounds (Papal States) make the whole picture almost black, embossed heads (e.g. Sardinia) are not clear. Attempts at direct printing from electrotypes on to glass yielded no satisfactory results. Some stamps (e.g. English halfpenny), if soaked in turpentine or varnish, show fairly, and the same process brings out the crown watermark on the threepenny. The copying of postage stamps is now prohibited under regulations, the enforcement of or exemption from which rests with the Inland Revenue Department. The exhibition of actual stamps on the lantern in their true colours is also possible by means of an instrument called the aphengoscope.

Next week:—"The Story of Coral Reefs," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, Ph.D., M.B., F.R.S.E.

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Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner of the 48th competition is Mr. G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, with his Home Arts and Industries series.

Entries for the 49th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 7th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



DOWN A DEAN FOREST COAL MINE.

Not long since I joined a scientific party having permission to descend one of the largest of the Dean Forest coal mines. Taken by train to Lydbrook Station, a pleasant walk over a pathless route sprinkled with stone boulders suggests at some remote time considerable geological disturbance. Many of these stone-heaps were beautifully tufted with the limestone polypody fern, similar to the broken stone near the summits of the Letchampton and Haresfield Hills.

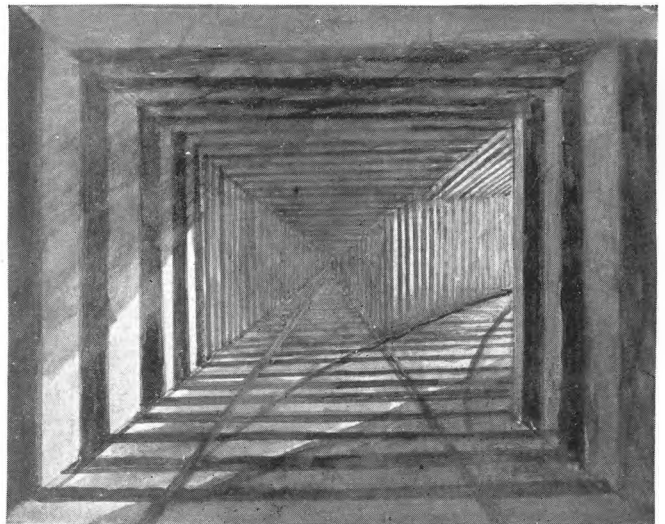
Arrived near the mouth of the pit, we were charmed at discovering on the heaps of shale lying about the impress of cyclads and ferns and other forms of a luxuriant vegetation long since decayed under the weight of overlying strata. Having mustered at the pit's mouth, we were invited to enter the lift or cage running from a chain overhead. The side of the cage was then fastened up, and in Cimmerian darkness we felt we were rapidly descending. Then came a slight jerk, and on the side of the cage being let down we stepped out on to the floor of the pit, apparently a good-sized chamber. We now became conscious that the atmosphere we breathed was oppressively hot, but we soon got over the novelty, and felt no inconvenience. We found an adjoining office, lighted by gas, into which we were directed to enter until a line of empty trams in waiting on one of the lines of rails running through the colliery moved off. An A B C disc telegraph enabled the man in charge to communicate with the world above. After waiting about a quarter of an hour the line was clear of trams, and, following our leader with a light, we trudged on over the rails and coal-dust, which curved to the left, and then went straight up to an engine-house, where we had another wait while the engine moved a fresh line of trucks over the rails we had just traversed. We could now discern

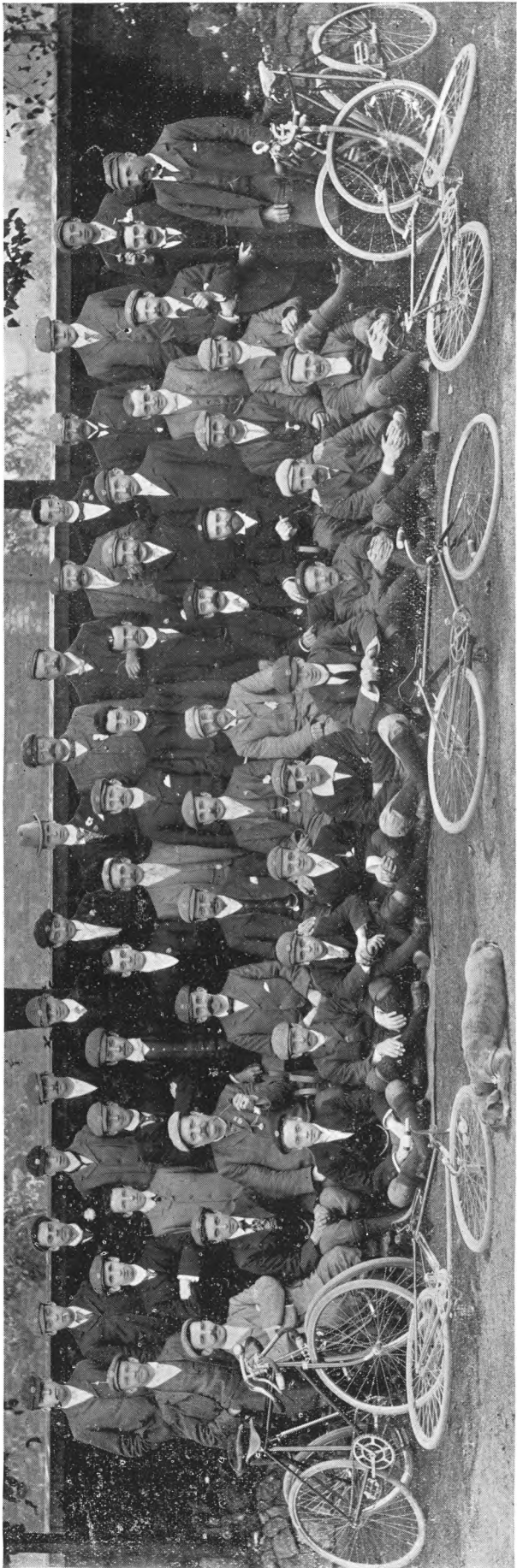
by the lights flitting about, borne by men leading horses on to other lines of rails, that the chief galleries of the pit were roofed with baulks of timber, supported by upright baulks along the sides.

After our route was once more pronounced to be clear, we were marched down from the engine-house to a smaller working, our leader calling out for us to stoop low under pain of our heads or hats suffering. Those on the alert who had provided themselves with candles, for open lights were allowed in this pit, which is not a "dangerous" one, were interested in discerning beautiful fern impressions in the low roof. The single line of rails which we followed led to the cutting where coal was being rapidly worked. In the dim light could be seen stalwart colliers, wearing only canvas trousers, partly lying and partly sitting, wielding their picks at the bedded coal, dislodging large lumps, while a little boy, on hands and knees, covered in coal dust and framed as a murky picture in the shining walls, shovelled the coal into an empty tram.

The heated air we were breathing at this part of the workings made it a welcome change to move to wider quarters, where horses clattered over interlacing rails, and ventilating doors were seen leading to lines in other directions, which were opened or closed as required by an attendant lad. Most of us by this time had seen enough of "coal getting" to congratulate ourselves that we did not belong to the grimy fraternity engaged in it. A look at the stables, where the horses working the trams were fed and groomed, concluded our trip to the underground world, which certainly increased our sympathy for the poor fellows whose fate it is, at the risk of health, and often of life, to delve in the dark for our invaluable coal, to feed our numberless engines and minister to our home comforts in a hundred ways.

JOSEPH MERRIN.





GLOUCESTER CITY CYCLING CLUB.

Top row—J. Rudge, S. W. Meadows, A. S. Aubrey, S. Williams, W. Roberts, P. Argent, S. Cohn, P. S. Drinkwater, C. E. Turner, W. Ayliffe, T. Adams, T. Smith, H. Kitchen, H. White, E. Harris.
 Second row—R. Thomas, T. Morse, F. Irving, P. M. Simmons, W. B. Arnold, A. Court, W. Walker, junr., F. J. Cole, C. Colebrook, G. Simmons, W. B. Workman, H. Warren, F. Hembury, J. Close, F. Morgan.
 Third row—H. J. Somerville, W. Woolmer, H. Brookes, W. Matthias (Treas.), G. Thomas (Capt. Thurs.), F. C. Oehl (Captain), W. E. Lane (sub-Capt.), W. E. Mitchell (Sec.), T. W. Cole, W. Walker, son, T. F. Worgan.
 Bottom row—P. Bishop, R. C. Lewis, F. Skinner, W. S. Kilminster, G. Davis, W. T. Williams, A. Powell, F. Morse, G. Brunston.
 "Trilby."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
 November is no more, and I can confidently say that its passing will not be regretted by the noble army of sportsmen in common with everybody else. King Frost and the Fog Fiend, who had an unusually long innings during the month, sadly disarranged the meets of the various Hunts, those of the Vale especially being affected. We must look to December to make up for some of the spoilt sport of the first month. I regret that a little unpleasantness has been caused in Earl Bathurst's country, in consequence of a too anxious follower of the chase having taken in a wrong spirit the amiable Master's light touch on his chest with a hunting crop to keep him back a respectful distance from a covert when hounds were drawing it. The sympathy of the Hunt is decidedly with his Lordship. I am sorry, too, that the Duke of Beaufort has just had one of his new heavy-weight hunters, for which he gave £600, die after a few days' illness. Lord Fitzhardinge finds that the chopping and changing between Fridays and Saturdays for the Kennels' meets has had the desired effect of keeping away the outsiders and giving the farmers a chance. What good sport Mr. Gratwicke Blgrave and Mr. Oswald Part, the joint masters, have already provided with the Longford Harriers! In the ten days they were out last month they killed 27 hares, the country between Gloucester and Newent having been the best and happiest hunting ground. The array of pheasants in the shops of the local game dealers shows that the big shoots in Gloucestershire coverts are now in full swing. It's wonderful how some birds get off scot free, and I have in my mind a strong covey of French-bred partridges, which scarcely ever fly, and are to be regularly seen from a main line of railway pecking up in the fields.

*
 Thanks to the ubiquitous "Echo," we have had another instalment of the figures in regard to the Cheltenham Census, and the analysis is decidedly interesting, particularly the given proportion of females to males, which shows a marked increase in the last decade. In 1891 the ratio was as 25 to 17, whereas now it is as 29 to 20. Then, in the residential quarters the fair sex outnumber the sterner one by two to one. And yet I read that in Manitoba (well-named) there are 16,000 less women than there are men! No wonder this anomaly inspired a local writer to name his book "The Land of the Lasses Few." Might I suggest "Widows and Women's World" as a title for any volume dealing with Cheltenham's sex problem?

*
 By the appointment of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Warren to the honorary colonelcy of the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineer Volunteers the continuity is broken of having Gloucestershire men as hon. colonels of the county battalions of Militia and Volunteers. It is true that Sir Charles is an Old Cheltonian and Royal Engineer officer; but I should have thought that a notability of the county could have been selected to take the position held for so many years by the late Duke of Beaufort. Surely Lord Fitzhardinge or Sir John Dorington would have filled this honorary office admirably? When I say that Sir Nigel Kingscote is hon. colonel of the North and Sir Wm. Guise of the South Gloucester Militia, the Lord Mayor of Bristol and the Earl of Ducie hon. colonel respectively of the 1st and 2nd Rifle Volunteer Battalions, and Colonel Savile the head of the Gloucestershire Artillery, I think I have made out my contention that the ornamental figure-head of the Engineers should have again been a local man. It may be pointed out that Earl Roberts is hon. colonel of the 3rd V.B. Gloucester Regiment, but I would reply that this is an entirely new battalion, and therefore it is not bound by precedent as to local choice. As it is, I am sorry that Sir Charles Warren was unable by illness to seize the opportunity that was quickly forthcoming after his appointment of coming to Cheltenham as a temperance advocate, when the officers could have called upon and paid their respects to him as their new hon. colonel.—GLEANER.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

XMAS PRESENTS.

GUIPURE LACE COLLARS, now so much worn, 1/11½, 2/6, 2/11, to 8/11 each.
 REAL BRUGES LACE COLLARS, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, to 21/- each.
 REAL BRUGES LACE HANDKERCHIEFS, 3/11, 5/11, to 21/- each.
 RUFFLES, 6/11 to 25/- each.
 OSTRICH TIES, from 10/11
 PERFUMES: All the celebrated makes at Store prices.
 SPECIAL.—MUSLIN APRONS, 1/3½ to 5/11 each. 200 New Patterns in stock, and Caps to match.
 FANS, 1/0½ to 21/- each.
 HANDKERCHIEFS: Every make in stock. Ladies' Linen, from 3/11 doz. to 21/- Gents' Linen, from 6/11 doz. to 25/-.
 SPECIAL LINE OF OPEN HEMSTITCHED LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies', 16½ inches, 2/11 doz. Gents' 20 inches, 3/11 doz.
 LACE AND CHIFFON FICHUS, 2/11 to 6/11
 LACE TIES, 1/0½, 1/6½, 1/11½, to 4/11 each.
 PEARL ROPES, 2/6 to 6/11 each.
 NECKLACES, 1/0½ to 6/11 each.
 JEWELLERY.—Rolled Gold Brooches, 1/0½ to 3/6 each.
 Rolled Gold Pins, from 1/-.
 Rolled Gold Bracelets, from 2/6 each.

STOCK TIES, all colours, 1/6½ each. BELTS, 1/- to 6/11 each.
 NEEDLE CASES, 6½d. to 4/6 each. HAIR-PIN CABINETS, 6½d. to 1/-.
 SATIN-LINED BASKETS, 10½d. to 15/6 each.
 PHOTO FRAMES, from 6½d.
 CHATELAINE BAGS, 1/0½ to 7/11. SILVER THIMBLES, from 6½d.
 PURSES, in all Leathers, 10½d. to 7/11 each.
 In the Haberdashery, Lace, and Trimming Departments will be found Hundreds of Useful Articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS, chief among them being Leather and Plush COMPANIONS, ASH TRAYS, WORK BOXES, WRITING and MUSIC CASES, Collar and Cuff Boxes, HANDKERCHIEF CASES, HAIR BRUSHES in Case, CHATELAINES, SCENT CASES, Photo Frames, CELLULOID GOODS, silver-mounted, KNIVES, Pocket Books, PING PONG, Mirrors, etc.
 In the ART NEEDLEWORK DEPT., SILK WORK in great variety is to be seen. HOSIERY, GLOVES, AND GENTS' OUTFITTING.

Ladies' 4-Button Pearl-White Washing Kid Gloves, blacks or self-backs, 2/11 the pair, three for 8/6. Ladies' Shetland Wool Wraps, in all evening shades, 1/9½ to 10/6. Fascinators, 1/2½ and 1/11½. Ladies' Opera Vests and Combinations, Pink, White, Black. Silk Hose, handsome lace fronts, 2/11½ the pair, in all colours. Lace Mitts, elbow length, 1/4½.

JOHN LANCE & Co., Ltd.,
 125 to 128, High Street, CHELTENHAM.



BOURTON-ON-WATER.



Fording Stream at Bourton.

The Prince of Wales presided on Saturday at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. There were present, amongst others, the Earl of Ducie, Sir Nigel Kingscote, and Mr. Charles Alfred Cripps, K.C., M.P.

Sir Michael and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach will pay a visit shortly to the King and Queen at Sandringham.

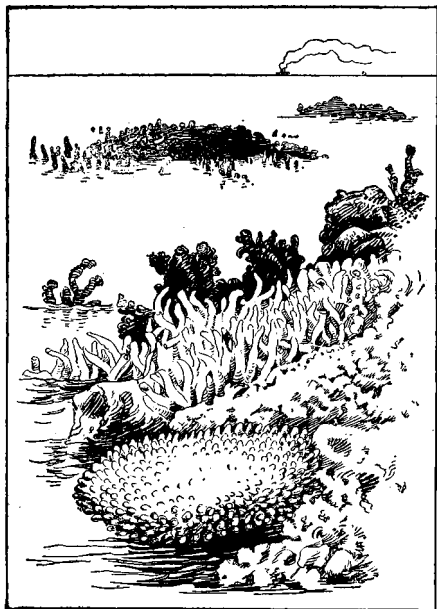
The estate of the late Lieut.-Col. Francis Edward Webb, of the 28th (Gloucestershire) Regiment, and the Army Pay Department, Plymouth, has been valued at £10,192 15s. 1d.

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Fairy Tales of Science.

VII. THE STORY OF CORAL AND CORAL REEFS.

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.



A CORAL REEF.

Among all the varied productions of living nature none can perhaps vie in respect of interest with those of the coral animal. From our boyhood's days we have been accustomed to read of coral islands, but it is to be feared that many of the descriptions given of these structures in the tales we pored over in our youth must be ranked more as successful ventures in the line of fiction than in that of actual science. Yet the scientific side of the story of coral is quite as wondrous in its way as anything which the fertile brain of the story-writer is able to conceive.

Every one is familiar, from a visit to a natural history museum, with the general appearance of coral. There are, of course, very many different species of structures included under this common name. We see great masses of stony hardness assuming fantastic shapes, and constituting in their way veritable rocks. Others are of a more delicate description and may assume the form of miniature organ pipes, while the red coral itself, so much valued for the manufacture of articles of jewellery, represents the opposite extreme from the coarse limey masses referred to. I may explode at the outset an erroneous idea regarding the red coral. This coral is practically confined to the Mediterranean Sea, and grows in a small tree-like form. The idea that islands formed of red coral exist is a piece of pure fiction, and those corals which more especially concern us here as the builders of reefs are represented by the coarse stony masses familiar enough in museums, but also often used in the construction of grottoes and ferneries.

MARVELLOUS BUILDERS.

It is not so very long ago in the history of science that coral was discovered to be the work of an animal. The ancients regarded coral, and especially the red coral which they knew best, as the work of the marine plants. Latin poets tell us of the coral plant which is soft in its native waters, but becomes hard when drawn up from the sea and exposed to the action of the air. A young French student, Peyssonnel, discovered the fact that coral was a substance represented by the secretion of an animal. He accurately enough described the kind of animal which makes coral. He compared this animal to the sea anemone, which we find in every rocky hollow,

around our own coasts. In so doing he was perfectly correct, for the coral animal is really a kind of insect and a familiar denizen of the sea side. There is, however, this difference between the latter and the coral animal. The former as a rule is a single animal; the corals are usually compound. That is to say, one coral animal gives rise to another by a process of budding, and in this way a mass of coral is seen to be the work not of one animal but of many hundreds or thousands, produced as a kind of colony in the way just described. It is this power of increase by budding which enables corals to construct reefs of great magnitude. Possessing what is practically an unlimited power of increase, they succeed in producing enormous masses of rocky substance, and we must not forget that every coral animal has the power of producing eggs. Each egg which comes to full development settles down, gives origin to one coral animal, and as this in turn buds like its forefathers, a new colony is thus commenced.

Regarding coral itself, we find that substance to be represented by a hard carbonate of lime. The matter which we find accumulated in boilers and kettles in hard water districts as nearly as possible represents the coral substance. The material for making this hard secretion, the possession of which also constitutes another difference from the sea anemone, is obtained from the sea water. Carbonate of lime exists in solution in the water, and the coral animals, absorbing this material from the sea, build it up in the form of their hard parts either within or without their bodies. In this way, when the coral animals themselves die they leave behind them what a poet has well called "the imperishable masonry of the sea." The power of budding is not, of course, limited to corals. We are familiar enough with it in the case of plants, but many other animals beside corals grow into colonies by the budding process.

THE CORAL POPULATION.

Corals can also add to the number in a colony through another process, namely, simple division of the body. We can see how the body simply divided in two gives rise to two individuals, and thus adds to the numerical strength of the mass. The conditions under which corals live and grow are very simple. They may be summed up in the words—a certain heat and a certain depth. The question of heat naturally settles the range of the corals in space, that is determines their geography in the existing earth. The reef building corals do not flourish in seas where the water is below 66 degrees or thereby of Fahrenheit. It will therefore be seen that it is only in tropical regions where we may expect to find the fullest development of coral life. If we look at a map of the world and take the equator as a natural centre, and if we measure off a space of 1,600 miles north and the same distance south of the equatorial line, we shall include between these limits the great fields of coral life. Thus within these limits we shall find included the north coast of Australia, the Eastern Archipelago, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, Madagascar, and across the Atlantic the West Indian Islands, and also the South Pacific, which latter may be called the great region of coral islands. Round the British coasts there is only one living coral. This is the little "cup coral" of the Devonshire coast which, like the last of the Mohicans, remains with us, to remind us of a once plentiful coral population in the European seas.

The second question, that of depth, requires to be more narrowly studied. If we find coral islands rising in oceans which are miles deep, the matter of depth would not appear at first sight to be one of importance. We might conclude, but erroneously, that corals could exist in any depth of sea, and a natural supposition might be that corals beginning to build in the bed of the ocean would in time make their appearance at the surface. So far from this being the case, it may probably startle one's readers to learn that corals can only live in a limited depth of water. In other words they require to live near the surface and would perish in

the depths of the sea. About 150 feet may be taken as the limit of coral life as regards depth, and if we consider this latter fact we readily perceive how we appear to have landed ourselves on the horns of a dilemma. For if it be certain, as it is, that corals cannot live below 150 feet or thereby in the sea, the question naturally follows, "how comes it that we find coral reefs rising in places where the ocean is miles in depth?"

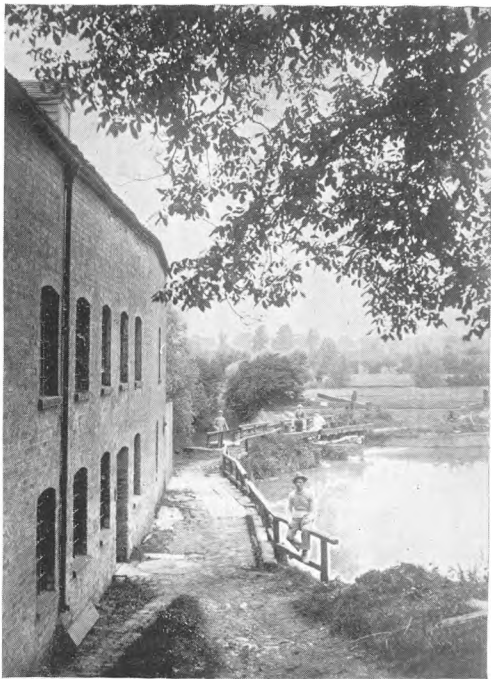
THE SECRET OF A WONDER.

The older naturalists endeavoured to explain away the difficulty by assuming that the corals must find some foundation. They supposed that from the bed of the ocean there must arise submarine mountains or elevations. These coming to within 150 feet of the surface would constitute a foundation for the corals, which then would naturally build upwards to the surface. This view of matters, however, was soon exploded by the realisation of an awkward fact. On the principle of first catching your hare, it was necessary to prove that the bed of the ocean was elevated into submarine hills, which could thus form foundations for coral reefs. All our knowledge of the ocean beds negatives any such idea. There are undulations and elevations no doubt in ocean beds, but there are no such submarine mountains as is postulated on this first theory of coral reefs. The world had to wait a considerable period before a better explanation of the difficulty was afforded.

Charles Darwin, in 1843, as the result of his study of coral reefs in their native regions, advanced the idea that the true explanation of coral formation was to be found in a geological fact, namely, the sinking of land. We know as geologists that large tracks of land have subsided as other large tracks have been raised from the ocean's depths. There is, therefore, no preliminary difficulty regarding the sinking of land. Darwin tells us, in his story of coral reefs, that the commencement of the work is found in what is called the "fringing reef." The island of Mauritius offers a good example before our eyes of such a reef. Here the coral animals settle down on the sides of existing land and build a reef running round the land at their own depth. The coral reef here, therefore, is a fringe or belt of coral, bordering the land. If the land remains stationary, no great changes can happen in the reef. The coral animals cannot build further down, and as they cannot live out of the water, the reef, whilst growing and increasing within its own limits, will practically remain without material change. But if we suppose the land to sink, we readily see that whilst the lower corals carried out of their depths die, the upper corals, taking advantage of the fresh space afforded them, will increase and grow. Thus as the fringing reef disappears the upward increase of the coral gives us a second kind of reef. This is the barrier reef. Here we find a belt of water between the reef and the land. The reef increases more on the sea face than on the side next to the land, and as a consequence a channel of shallow water comes to be enclosed as I have described. If now we suppose the barrier reef to sink in its turn, and if further we presume that in the case of an island the original land completely disappears in the sea, we are again face to face with the same upward growth of the corals. The end of the story must therefore be that as the land has disappeared, a great cup of coral has grown round it, and the edge or rim of this coral cup appearing at the surface of the ocean constitutes the third kind of reef we find in nature. This third and last variety, which we may call the complete coral island, is circular in shape. It has followed the outline of the old forgotten land around which it grew, and the size of this reef, or atoll as it is called, will naturally depend on the size of the forgotten land which forms its foundation. Such is Darwin's theory of the erection of coral reefs from the subsidence of land.

Another theory has of late years been advanced, the essence of which is found in the idea that certain of these circular reefs or atolls may have been formed upon some

Cheltonians in Camp on the Avon.



Camping Place at Nafford Mill.



Early Morning (3 a.m.)—"Who's About?"



Sleeping Place (in the Waggon) at Nafford Mill.



Weir Near Nafford Mill.

taminated can readily be understood in these times. Is it any wonder that they suffered from complaints which are hardly known even by name now? As we increase in knowledge and in the wisdom to use it, healthier lives will be lived by the people. But we have not yet discarded the prejudices that fettered our predecessors. Moreover, it may be, we are by new habits and seeds planting the seeds of fresh penalties for the races that are to come.

It sometimes happens that old disorders, coming at infrequent intervals, are accounted new. This, I imagine, was the case when the epidemic of influenza reappeared, after an interval of many years. People talked of it as if it had never been heard of before. Their elders, however, knew better. But the same fallacies were current in my young days. I remember hearing then of a terrible disorder. It was called influenza; but it was thought and said to be something that had not previously afflicted mankind. Yet visitations of exactly the same mischief seem to have been recorded in the Middle Ages. No such mistake was made with respect to cholera. That terrible affliction has paid many visits to England during the century. It is a singular fact, however, that it always left Cheltenham untouched. The circumstance that it did so, as I have recorded in a previous chapter, was inferentially ascribed by the Rev. Francis Close to the appeals for the intercession of the Almighty that had been offered up in the parish church. But the reverend gentleman was not so emphatic on the subject as was his colleague, the Rev. Archibald Boyd, on the subject of the sudden death of the Czar Nicholas during the Crimean war. Preaching at Christ Church, Mr. Boyd told his congregation that he regarded the event as a distinct answer to prayer. "Only a fortnight ago," he said, "the people had assembled in the House of God, and bowed themselves before Him in humble supplication. But none of us could have dreamt in what way our prayers would be answered. None of us could have imagined that, ere ten days had passed, the Angel of Death would come and lay his icy hand on the proud Nicholas and lay him in the dust." A much more rational explanation of the immunity of Cheltenham was given later by a German medical writer, that the reason it was not visited by cholera in 1832 was in consequence of the abundance of trees in its streets and squares and gardens. But indeed the place has been singularly salubrious at all times; in testimony whereof the local historian records on August 4, 1860: "Only five persons were buried in Cheltenham this week out of a population of 40,000. The united ages of these five were 399 years, or an average of 80 years each."

But neither trees nor prayers could save the people from visitations of small-pox. That loathsome disease made regular, frequent, almost constant appearances in England in the earlier part of the century. It was reckoned among the inevitable ailments of children or maturity—as certain to come as teething itself. Since it was impossible to escape the dreadful affliction, the virus was deliberately implanted in infants. An entry in the annals of the Northern Counties for Oct. 21, 1787, reads thus: "The Duchess of Northumberland arrived in Newcastle, from whence she went to Heaton Hall, one of the seats of Sir Matthew White Ridley, where her children underwent inoculation for the small-pox." The practice that was favoured by the faculty in the eighteenth century continued in favour with the populace down to near the middle of the nineteenth. Old people in my time came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to meet the disease half-way: so they prepared their children with purgatives—brimstone and treacle chiefly—in order, as they said, to purify the blood, and then got them inoculated. The children who were subjected to this treatment were not placed in the hands of doctors or even druggists. A relative of my own, a very worthy woman, who, however, was not acquainted with even the elements of medicine or surgery, performed many of these operations for her neighbours. And she continued to perform them till one of her patients had the narrowest escape from death. Afraid, then, of the consequences of continuing the service, she inocu-

lated no more. I was myself subjected to the process. And I suffered from so severe an attack of the malady that I bore the traces of it for many years, as did thousands of other people in my younger days. And now the visitations of the foul plague are so rare that the present generation hardly knows what "pock-marked" means.

The immunity enjoyed in our day is attributed to vaccination; but vaccination is so curious and out-of-course a process that large numbers of good folks, not understanding the mystery, have an incurable prejudice against it. Here I may record another fact within my own experience. A baby a few months old suffered from a horrible eruption. For many months the poor mother could not fondle it—could hardly touch it, in fact, except to wash and to poultice it. For weeks and weeks, indeed, the little sufferer had to be carried about on a pillow. "Ah," said the neighbours, when they saw it, "that comes of vaccination." But the infant had not been vaccinated at all. It had been, the mother herself, I dare say, would have accepted the same conclusion: for whatever follows vaccination is generally put down as the result of vaccination, whereas, as in the case I have mentioned, there are certain obscure ailments that attack children under all circumstances whatsoever.

The ravages of small-pox were so conspicuous on the faces of the people in the thirties and forties that one could not pass through the streets of our towns without seeing somebody or other who had been disfigured by the disease. A Newcastle magistrate, Mr. John Cameron Swan, when a case of so-called "conscientious objection" (which is often another name for pure prejudice and ignorance) came before him in 1899, remarked that he remembered the time "when every third or fourth person one met in the street was marked with small-pox." My own recollections coincide, if not exactly, at all events generally, with Mr. Swan's, as must those of all who have reached or passed the age of three score and ten. The late Lloyd Jones, well-known throughout the country as the lecturer on social and political subjects, records that the one thing which struck him, when he revisited his native town of Bandon after many years absence, was the disappearance of pock-marked people from the streets. Testimony to much the same effect is borne by William Lovett, one of the originators of the Chartist movement. Mr. Lovett, who was born at Newlyn, Cornwall, in 1800, tells us in his autobiography that he caught the foul disorder from a little girl who, her "face and arms still thickly beset with the dark-scabbed pustules," was brought into the school he was attending. "So terrible were the ravages of small-pox at that period," he writes of the first decade of the nineteenth century, "that I can vividly remember the number of seamed and scarred faces among my school-fellows. Vaccination had not been introduced into our town, though inoculation was occasionally resorted to; but it was looked upon as sinful and a doubting of Providence, although about one in every fourteen persons born died from the effects of the disease."

Statistics of mortality are alleged to bear out the impressions of observers. According to a little pamphlet written by Mrs. Ernest Hart in 1896, and published in the same year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, small-pox was so terrible a plague in the last century that it killed three thousand people every year out of a million of the population. "Out of every hundred children born, ninety caught the small-pox, and one-sixth of them died, and scarcely anybody grew up without having had it." Mrs. Hart tells us further that the deaths per million of the population after vaccination had been introduced fell to 600 per annum; that after Parliament had granted funds to make vaccination gratuitous, though not obligatory, the deaths fell to 305; that after vaccination had been made obligatory, but was not efficiently enforced, the deaths fell to 223; and finally, that between 1872 and 1891, when the compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Acts were more strictly carried

out, the deaths fell to 89. "The population of England and Ireland," says Mrs. Hart, "now numbers thirty million, and there would at the present time be a probable annual death-rate of about ninety thousand from small-pox if it were not for vaccination." Facts and figures to the same purport were quoted by Dr. Henry W. Newton at a Medical Congress in Newcastle. "Wherever vaccination was adopted," he said, "small-pox had been excluded, as was illustrated in the case of Germany and Austria. In Spain there were no vaccination laws in force. During the year 1889, there died from small-pox in the province of Almeria 3,080 per million, in Murcia 2,070, in Cordova 1,400 in Malaga 1,340, in Cadiz 1,350. For the same year the death-rate in protected Germany was four per million." Professor Corfield at the same Congress warned "those who were foolish enough not to accept the advantages offered by vaccination" that they "would gradually perish by one of the most loathsome diseases that had ever afflicted the world."

It was an outbreak of an epidemic of small-pox in the city of Gloucester that elicited the warning of Professor Corfield. That outbreak, it was alleged, was the result of the neglect of vaccination. Here we have a case of a prophet not being honoured in his own country; for Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was a member of an old Gloucestershire family. Born at Berkeley, a few miles from the city in one direction, Dr. Jenner practised medicine for many years at Cheltenham, a few miles from the city in another direction. The local connection is further strengthened by the circumstance that another Cheltenham physician, Dr. Barron, was the biographer of Jenner. But the fatal experience of the inhabitants of Gloucester had failed to remove the popular prejudice and ignorance on the subject, since Parliament itself, bowing to popular clamour, has itself decreed that the laws of vaccination, no matter what the consequences to the public health may be, shall no longer be enforced where the parents of children allege or fancy that they have "conscientious objections to the practice." The folly of placing the welfare of the community at the mercy of individual caprice would perhaps be realised too late if the awful horrors of a loathsome complaint should show themselves at the beginning of the new as they did at the beginning of the old century.



Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner of the 49th competition is Miss Jeffrev, of Leamington House, Cheltenham, with her Bourton scenes.

Entries for the 50th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 14th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT AT STOW.

Some groups of the Church Boys and Girls who took part in the Children's Concert, organised and conducted by the Rev. E. Lyon Harrison, Assistant Curate, and given in aid of the Soldiers' Memorial Tablet Fund at Stow-on-the-Wold.



DARBY AND JOAN.



WELSH WOMEN.



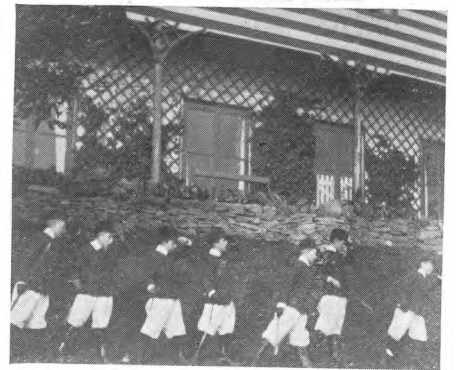
THE FISHER GIRLS.



THE FUNNIEST CHINAMAN.



FLAG OF BRITAIN.



GOING A-HUNTING.



CLEVER COOKS.



SAILOR LADS.



THE FUNNY CHINAMEN.



THE GIPSIES.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 51. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. Football Team, 1901-2.

Mr. J. E. Chandler (Hon. Sec. Y.M.C.A.) W. Farley. T. Weaving.
H. Holder. R. Harding. G. Farley. G. Sayer. R. A. Purnell.



F. Broom. E. Dines (Dep. Capt.) Rev. H. E. Noott L. Hailing A. Walton.
(Capt.) Hon. Sec.)
H. B. Rutland. W. J. Millard.



"A NEW 'GOD SAVE THE KING.'"



Mr. William Hale, a Painswick correspondent, has kindly sent us a cutting from a monthly magazine dated 1814, on which is printed what is there called a "New 'God Save the King.'" It was used when peace was declared between France and Great Britain. Mr. Hale suggests that, now that there is a controversy on about our National Anthem, it may be of interest to many readers.

God save great George, our king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
While he, with conquest crown'd,
Prais'd is by nations round,
Let Albion's isles rebound,
"Long live our king!"

He, who half Europe sway'd,
By Britain's power is made
Justly to moan;
While Gallia's exil'd king,
See George benignly bring,
Shelter'd beneath his wing,
Back to a throne.

And, mid the cannons' roar,
Echoes from shore to shore,
"LET DISCORD CEASE!"
To Europe's utmost bound,
Prolong the joyful sound:
Britons their toils have crown'd
With glorious PEACE.

Experiments are being conducted over the German Atlantic cable with an apparatus which renders possible direct telegraphic communication between Emden and New York. Messages were transmitted between the two places with clearness and considerable rapidity.

On Saturday at Wilmersdorf, a suburb of Berlin, a fox, followed by the hounds, made for the platform of an electric tramway car and hid under the seat. Before the car could be stopped the hounds had streamed past. The fox was taken out by the conductor, and got safely away.

President Roosevelt has definitely decided not to accept Mr. Carnegie's offer of £2,000,000 in Steel Trust bonds for public educational purposes. The provision attached to the offer to the effect that the Government should hold the bonds for a term of years is regarded as being especially objectionable.

A London evening newspaper on Saturday published, in contravention of the law, a photograph of a £5 Bank of England note, but on a representation from the Bank of England the block was withdrawn from the later editions of the paper.



SOUSA LEAVES FOR AMERICA.

Sousa and his band sailed from Southampton on Saturday for the United States. Many friends assembled to witness his departure. Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children were present at Friday's concert at Southampton. Musical selections were played as the vessel steamed away.

The gross profits of the tour amount to no less than £24,000, of which Mr. Sousa's share was £8,000.

XMAS PRESENTS.

GUIPURE LACE COLLARS, now so much worn, 1/11½, 2/6, 2/11, to 8/11 each.
REAL BRUGES LACE COLLARS, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, to 21/- each.
REAL BRUGES LACE HANDKERCHIEFS, 3/11, 5/11, to 21/- each.
RUFFLES, 6/11 to 25/- each.
OSTRICH TIES, from 10/11
PERFUMES: All the celebrated makes at Store prices.
SPECIAL.—MUSLIN APRONS, 1/3½ to 5/11 each. 200 New Patterns in stock, and Caps to match.
FANS, 1/0½ to 21/- each.
HANDKERCHIEFS: Every make in stock. Ladies' Linen, from 3/11 doz. to 21/-.
Gents' Linen, from 6/11 doz. to 25/-.
SPECIAL LINE OF OPEN HEMSTITCHED LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies', 16½ inches, 2/11 doz. Gents' 20 inches, 3/11 doz.
LACE AND CHIFFON FICHUS, 2/11 to 6/11
LACE TIES, 1/0½, 1/6½, 1/11½, to 4/11 each.
PEARL ROPES, 2/6 to 6/11 each.
NECKLACES, 1/0½ to 6/11 each.
JEWELLERY.—Rolled Gold Brooches, 1/0½ to 3/6 each.
Rolled Gold Pins, from 1/-.
Rolled Gold Bracelets, from 2/6 each.
STOCK TIES, all colours, 1/6½ each. BELTS, 1/- to 6/11 each.
NEEDLE CASES, 6½d. to 4/6 each. HAIR-PIN CABINETS, 6½d. to 1/-.
SATIN-LINED BASKETS, 10½d. to 15/6 each.
PHOTO FRAMES, from 6½d.
CHATELAIN BAGS, 1/0½ to 7/11. SILVER THIMBLES, from 6½d.
PURSES, in all Leathers, 10½d. to 7/11 each.
In the Haberdashery, Lace, and Trimming Departments will be found Hundreds of Useful Articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS, chief among them being Leather and Plush COMPANIONS, ASH TRAYS, WORK BOXES, WRITING and MUSIC CASES, Collar and Cuff Boxes, HANDKERCHIEF CASES, HAIR BRUSHES in Case, CHATELAINES, SCENT CASES, Photo Frames, CELLULOID GOODS, silver-mounted, KNIVES, Pocket Books, PING PONG, Mirrors, etc.
In the ART NEEDLEWORK DEPT., SILK WORK in great variety is to be seen. HOSIERY, GLOVES, AND GENTS' OUTFITTING.

Ladies' 4-Button Pearl-White Washing Kid Gloves, blacks or self-backs, 2/11 the pair, three for 3/6. Ladies' Shetland Wool Wraps, in all evening shades, 1/9½ to 10/6. Fascinators, 1/2½ and 1/11½. Ladies' Opera Vests and Combinations, Pink, White, Black. Silk Hose, handsome lace fronts, 2/11½ the pair, in all colours. Lace Mitts, elbow length, 1/4½.

JOHN LANCE & Co., Ltd.,

125 to 128, High Street, CHELTENHAM.

A Christmas Carol.

Slowly, with expression. *Words and music by Edwin Greene.*

I was in a far off eastern land, Neath sky of starry glory.

Our Saviour dear this day was born. So runs the sweet, old story.

His cradle was a manger cold,
Where He lay gently sleeping,
While angels stood in bright array,
A holy vigil keeping.

So on this day, to us so dear,
His praises we are singing—
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men—
While Christmas bells are ringing.

And in this joyful Christmas tide
Your songs to Heaven are winging;
Give to the poor for His dear sake,
A happy Christmas bringing.

EDWIN GREENE.

POETRY.

OLD FLOWERS AND OLD FAITHS.

As dear familiar fragrant flowers,
That in old gardens bloom,
In these new times and moods of ours
To foreign plants give room:
So the sweet faiths of former days,
Deep-rooted in the heart,
Besem no more our fickle ways,
And with old flowers depart.

New dogmas and new doubts replace
The creeds our young lips breathed:
These, heavy with their inward grace—
Those, light with graces wreathed.
These, with a mother's love inwrought,
Like violets pure and fair—
Those, with fantastic fancies fraught,
Like orchids fed on air.

Give me the dear old blossoms yet,
The lilac and the pink;
The pansy and pale mignonette,
Whatever others think,
No green-house gives me half the joy
Some old-time garden yields;
And love I still, as when a boy,
The wild flowers of the fields.

And mine shall be the faiths of old
In God and Christ and heaven;
In reason's creeds I am not bold,
But fear their human leaven;
With the old nosegays in my hand,
The old creeds in my heart,
Beside the Cross I'll humbly stand,
And thence from earth depart.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

THE WAY THE WIND BLEW.

Over the field she comes, by the woodside,
Down to the glade where the violets hide;
Just a quaint sun-bonnet frames her face in,
Tied with a blue ribbon under her chin.
By the old stile she is lingering now;
High overhead sits a bird on a bough,
Peeps at her there till he curious grows.
"I wonder," thinks he, "now, which way the
wind blows!"

Hark, o'er the meadow the sweet bells achime;
Why is she waiting there all this long time?
Stars in the sky are beginning to peep,
Long since the daisies went softly to sleep.
On the old stile now her little head's laid,
Weeps she her little heart out in the shade.
Only a bird on a bough above knows,
And thinks he can guess, now, which way the
wind blows!

Presently somebody coming he sees,
Lightly and stealthily under the trees;
Pausing awhile at the gate of the glade,
Sees that forlorn little form in the shade;
Takes it, before she has heard his footfall,
Close to his heart, tears, sun-bonnet, and all!
"Ah," said the brown bird, as homeward he flew,
"I might have known that that was the way the wind
blew!"

WHEN THE CHILDREN FALL ASLEEP

When the day is past and over,
With its labour and its play,
When the little feet grow weary,
And the toys are put away;

Like an angel in the gloaming,
As the shadows round her creep,
There is one who keepeth vigil
When the children fall asleep.

For the faintest cry she listens,
On her lips a tender prayer;
For a mother's love is nearest
To the love that angels bear.

When Life's little day is over,
When on us the shadows fall,
Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Keeping vigil over all.

Watch the mother in the shadow
When the children fall asleep.
Some in simple-hearted gladness,
Some with bitter tears to weep.

Guard us through the vale of shadow,
While the night is dark and deep;
Giant us calm and peaceful slumber
When Thy children fall asleep!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

RECORD COLD IN AMERICA.

A Reuter's telegram from New York on Saturday says:—"An intensely cold wave is advancing from the West. Some deaths from extreme cold are reported. According to the Weather Bureau the cold at Chicago is the severest experienced for twenty-five years. Snow has fallen in some places, delaying traffic. The wave is expected to reach the Atlantic coast on Sunday."

In his speech at Khartoum, the Khedive said that the two flags, English and Egyptian, which were waving side by side symbolised the common power which had undertaken to protect the population against tyrants and disturbers of the peace, and to inaugurate for the country an era of prosperity.



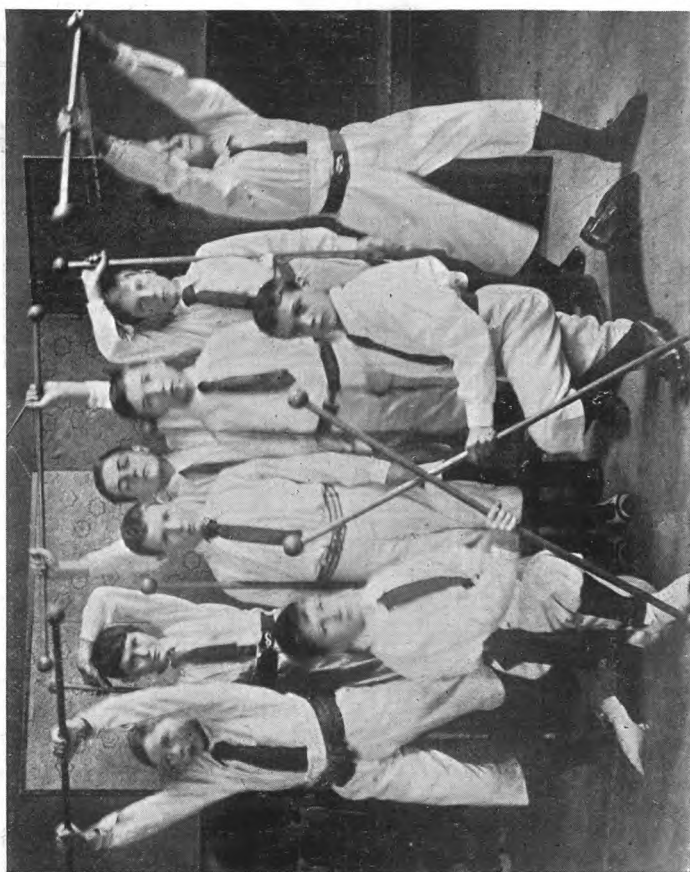
Photo by Waite & Pettitt [Cheltenham].
MR. EDWIN GREENE.

Mr. Edwin Greene, whose photograph is here reproduced, was born and educated in Cheltenham in the seventies. He is the writer of the Xmas Carol which we print to-day, and is the author and composer of some artistic songs. The one by which he is known best perhaps is "Springtide." This has had an enormous sale both in Great Britain and America, and even in Germany, the land of artistic "lieder." His last song, entitled "Sing me to Sleep, Love," is now in the printer's hands. The words are by Mr. Clifton Bingham, an old Cheltenham friend, who is now so well known. Strangely enough, the publisher, Mr. Page, of Phillips and Page, London, is an Old Cheltonian. He anticipates that it will be a great success.

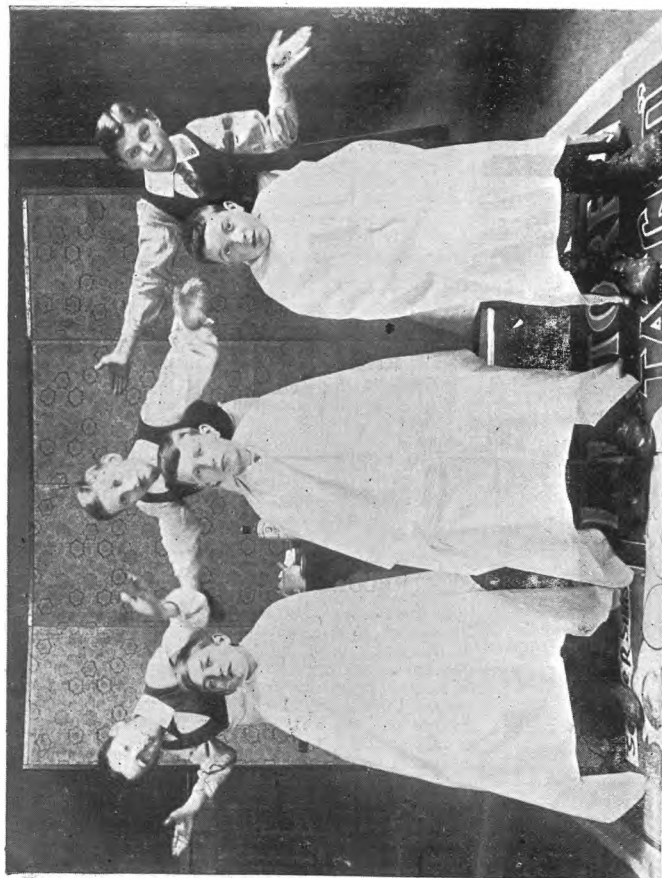
CHRIST CHURCH BOYS' CONCERT.



THE BARBERS.—II.
"We can lather, cut, or shave,
Just as well as sing a stave."



BAR-BALL DRILL.



THE BARBERS.—I.
"We are Barbers by profession, as you see,
And politely we behave, all three."



THE BARBERS.—III.
"And if your hair refuses still to grow,
We can fit you with a wig before you go."



INDIAN CLUBS.

CHRIST CHURCH BOYS' CONCERT.
PICTURES OF THE PERFORMERS.

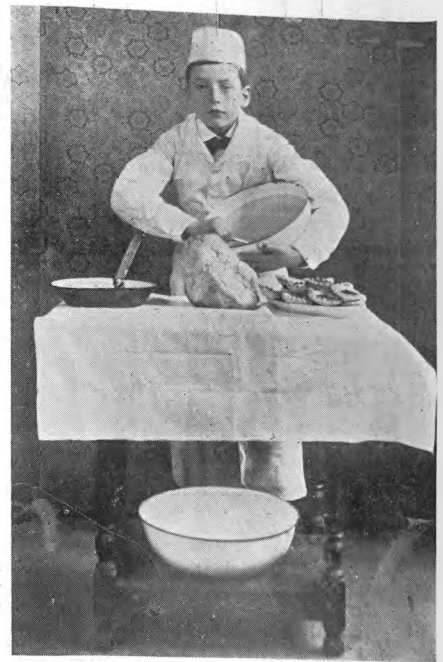
These photographs depict some of the youthful performers in the action songs and musical drills which formed part of the programme of the Christ Church boys' concert given in Montpellier Rotunda on Thursday evening in connection with the annual prize distribution, of which particulars will be found in the "Chronicle." These items are always popular with the audience, and children take great delight in the preparation of them, while the training is not without its educational advantages. Girls are credited with a love of finery, but certainly boys are equally eager to be dressed up, though in their case it is immaterial whether they are made to look romantic or ridiculous, provided they can get into other than ordinary attire. A considerable amount of self-control was necessary to get the photographs, none of which received less than eight seconds exposure. It only needs trying to understand the difficulty of maintaining a pose for that length of time.

Tour of the Churches.

ST. MARTIN'S, WOOLSTONE.

I was not much cheered by a visit I paid to Woolstone Church on Sunday morning last. The weather was bright and fine; everyone should have been enabled to get out; and yet two parishes produced only six persons—and in these were included the minister, clerk, organist, and two children—for divine service. Oxenton Church has not been used for nearly a couple of years on account of the bad condition of its roof, and the inhabitants of that village are invited to worship at Woolstone, the same incumbent holding both livings. To dwell on the religious life of these two parishes is therefore rather depressing. The clergyman was a fine, handsome, elderly gentleman, scion of a noble house, possessing a good voice, and reading the prayers and lessons in as earnest a manner as if he had had a crowded congregation. Of course much was left to him and the aged clerk. I suppose the lack of vocalists made the singing of the "Te Deum" too formidable a task, and this was read, but the "Jubilate" was chanted, the young lady at the harmonium having to do the playing and

most of the singing too. The Litany was read, and then came hymn 12 from the Church Hymnal. I had Hymns A. and M. in my pocket, and this was useless; but finding three books in pews within my reach, I essayed to find No. 12; but it was not in one of them, every book having lost several of its first leaves. Rather depressing again! The Ante-Communion Service was then entered upon, a simple kyrie being nicely sung. Another hymn followed, and the near relative of an Earl ascended the pulpit, and took for his text St. Luke ii. 25—"And behold there was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him." He said the present season of the year, when they were looking forward to the second advent of our Lord, inclined them, very naturally, to turn backward to the time of the Evangelists when looking for our Lord's first coming on earth. The holy Simeon was one of those: his heart had been prepared for the coming of Jesus by long attendance in the Holy Temple. The period had again arrived when Christians should prepare for the solemn anniversary of Christ's birth by a constant attendance in the House of God. It behoved them to remember that they might well take a lesson from that faithful man who waited in those early days and practiced the same religious exercises they did. St. Luke was very clearly notified how the holy Simeon waited for our Lord's coming. He was a just man and devout. The prophet declared that the just should live by faith long before the coming of Christ; and the Apostle, in that memorable list of faithful persons, declared that they all trusted in God and showed a readiness to comply with the injunctions of His will. Thus, when he said that Noah was a just man, he showed that he walked with God; Job was upright, and, it was added, he walked with God; Joseph of Arimathea was called just, and he waited for the coming of the Lord. None were just in any sound sense of the word but those that walked with God in singleness of heart, serving Him in humility and in truth. The venerable servant of the text was called devout as well as just. Before the completion of the hope of that faithful witness they found him resorting to the Temple of God, and no man could be devout but was found in the Holy Tabernacle.



THE CHEF.

In what flowing words did the joy of that venerable man peel forth when the promise that he should not see death until he had seen the Saviour was realised. He took the Holy Infant in his arms, and said "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace"—words of such excellent devotion, and so applicable to a looking forward for the Messiah, that they had been commended for constant use. The holy Simeon went constantly to the House of the Lord when his aged feet would naturally have been inclined to keep within the threshold of his own home; his tongue was ever in the praise of the Lord, and unwearied patience was one of the proofs of the sincerity by which the just should seek to live. None knew how long or short a time would be permitted them on earth, and the preacher concluded with an earnest appeal for a due study of Holy Writ, and for a constant attendance at divine service—true ways to assure a joyful resurrection to the life immortal.

Was the occupant of the pulpit referring specially to his own parishioners, who seemed so loth to come to church? One would think so. Let us hope this discourse will quicken them to a sense of what they lose by absenting themselves; and that the extensive publicity that will be given to their omission by a record of the fact in this series of articles may stir the consciences of many who are not in the habit of frequenting God's House.

The Church of St. Martin is an ancient building, in the Early English style of architecture, somewhat overshadowed by the very pretentious new rectory, built in place of the former dwelling destroyed by fire some dozen or more years ago. The church consists of a chancel, nave, south porch, and an embattled western tower, with pinnacles, containing three or four bells. In the chancel is a recumbent stone effigy, and on either side the east window is a recess where a statue has evidently been at some time, but no one living seems to have seen the figures. The church was suitably restored some quarter of a century back; but one of the east corners is now sinking, causing a gradually widening crack up the east wall, right through the window to the roof. This looks bad; let me hope it will soon be put to rights.

CHURCHMAN.

MILLS'S KID.

A

TALE OF A CHELTENHAM WAIF.

[By E.J.B.]

It is the Sunday before Christmas Day, and there is a new teacher for the class of reprobate little boys in a Cheltenham Lower High-street Sunday School. Her appearance is causing much excitement, for never before have these ten little scamps been favoured with a lady teacher, and they are sadly at a loss to know just what varieties of insubordination are best suited to a lady.

At the extreme end of one of the forms, and a little removed from his neighbour, is a hungry-looking, unkempt little waif—ragged, untidy, and even dirty—for "Mills's Kid," as he is familiarly termed by the bigger boys, is an acknowledged disgrace to the class, and he knows it!

But he is sent to the Sunday School regularly every Sunday morning and afternoon by his drunken mother, and she tells him in a beery, maudlin, moralising manner, that "if anybody says anything about yer not bein' very tidy, or yer clothes wants mending, you tell 'em as mother's a very 'ard-workin' woman, as reads 'er Bible reg'lar, and you say as 'ow 'er finds it very 'ard to make ends meet, and 'twould be a real charity to send 'er 'alf-a-crown now and then towards the rent. All the same, I don't believe in none of yer beastly pride, wich we all knows, as it says in the Scriptures: 'Take no thought for yer raiments'; and, wot's more, I 'as such pore 'ealth I can't keep you no better!"

But, alas! Mrs. Mills is more noted for her constant attendance at the King's Arms, at the corner of the street, than for natural piety or tidiness, and "Kid" has to suffer. The other boys in the class come along to school in twos or threes, clutching hands; but "Kid" always arrives alone; no one in the class will even walk with him, for anxious mothers have warned their little ones that they are not to have anything to do with that "dirty little boy of Mills's."

And "Kid" felt all this, as little men of nine and a half summers can feel; he knew he was inferior, that he never had a nice clean collar on Sundays, that his toes were showing through one of his boots, and that his hands and face were always more or less grimy.

But all this was forgotten for the moment in admiration of the new teacher. "Kid" had never understood that a Sunday School teacher could be lovely and look like a princess and have a soft tuneful voice and pretty white teeth, which glistened as she smiled, and wear a beautiful fur jacket that must have cost hundreds of pounds (as he thought).

His previous experience of a teacher had been very different—a sallow-complexioned man, who wore spectacles and never smiled, and had creaky boots and a raspy voice, and who spoke of God as a terrible, unloveable Judge, who remorselessly entered down in a book with black covers the names of boys who fidgeted in class or tore leaves out of their Bibles. It was a glimpse of Paradise to "Kid" to gaze at the fresh young face, to listen to the music of her voice as she spoke, and even to stroke the yielding fur of her jacket, after the sordid surroundings of his daily life—the dirty little court, the bare

rooms, and the drink-sodden features of the woman he called "mother."



"He gazed critically through the dewy glass."

His thoughts wandered away from the lesson, and he fell to building castles in the air. He would grow up to be a big man, as big as the policeman that stood outside the bank and told people which way to go, and he would work hard, and get lots of money and put it in a box, and he would go to teacher's house with a clean collar on, and with his face specially washed, and he would ask her to be his sweetheart, and she would say in the same sweet tones which were even now in his ears—"Yes, Kid, you have been a brave and good boy, and we will be sweethearts, and some day we will be a prince and princess, and live in a palace where there will be bicycles and —"

"Kid" suddenly started as he became aware of a hand about to pin one of the end leaves of a school Bible to the back of the beautiful fur jacket—the robe of the princess of his dreams! What sacrilege! In a moment his mind was made up, and with a howl of rage he flung his little body on that of the culprit, and with a crash over went the two boys in a whirl of up-turned boots, clenched fists, and dishevelled hair!

The new teacher was a strict disciplinarian, and she had been warned of the "desperate wickedness" of the heart of "Mills's Kid"; so, without a moment's hesitation, she hauled "Kid" out of the melee by the first part of his anatomy that offered itself, and sternly ordered him to stand on the form for so rudely interrupting her lesson, adding, in a severe tone of voice—"I shall never love you, if you are such a naughty boy!"

Poor "Kid"! and this was the end of his dream—to be stood on the form; and he 'adn't done nothing really, on'y stopped Billy Mitchell from putting a piece of paper on 'er back." But he couldn't tell her why he had acted so strangely—not, not for anything; the boys would only laugh at him, and say, "Ark at Mills's Kid!"

And this was the end of it! His little heart was bursting, and a tear washed a white channel down his grimy face as he saw how impossible it was ever to ask "er" to be his sweetheart after she had stood him on the form.

But what was teacher saying? Bit by bit he heard the story, old yet ever new, of wise men who came from ever so far away; how they brought gifts to the little baby Jesus, to show how much they loved Him; and so, when the Christmas bells are chiming early in the morning, we think of what we can give to those who are poor and needy around us, for the little Jesus when he grew up to be a man said that if we only gave a cup of cold

water to one of these in His name it was just like giving it to Him; and that was the real meaning of Christmas gifts.

"Mills's Kid" listened with every sense on the alert, for here was a chance for him. He couldn't take anything to the baby Jesus, but he would take something for a gift to teacher—his princess—at her house, because she knew all about the little Jesus, and she would know somebody that was real poor—poorer than his mother—and would give it to them, and then she would know he wasn't all wicked.

Yes, this was the plan. But a Christmas gift meant money, and he never had any money in his possession, except when mother sent him to the King's Arms for the beer, which was pretty often. He never had any of his own!

Ah! but there was a way! Ernie Jones had told him that he went out 'car'l' singing at Christmas time, and that all you had to do was to learn a hymn out of the school hymn-book and go up close to the doors and shout it in the letter-box, or through the key-hole, and they came out and gave you ha'pennies for singing! And the stout little heart buckled to the task. "Mills's Kid" would go out "car'l" singing, and he would get enough money to buy a nice Christmas gift for teacher and the little Jesus somehow. As he thought of this, everything brightened, his sobs ceased, and a smile flitted over his grimy and tear-stained face.

The class was singing a hymn now—

"The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around,"

and "Kid" felt so happy he fairly shouted the words, without regard to tune, which caused "teacher" another pang of disappointment, for she imagined the shrill little voice meant defiance, and not exultation.

And "Kid Mills" carried out his resolve, and went "car'l" singing. Householders in the district were haunted evening after evening by a piping little treble, which shouted scraps of well-known Sunday School hymns into their letter-boxes—a line of one and a few words of another, with no particular melody, and always ending up with "Please give me a ha'penny, sir, for Christmas."

And, despite a good deal of competition, before Christmas Day "Kid" could count up his takings with satisfaction, for he had ten ha'pennies and four farthings to spend on the long-expected offering. But he had suffered much from the cold and hunger. He had slunk off each day just before dark, and had missed the scanty meal which did duty for tea and supper in Widow Mills's household. The cough, which he always had, was worse than usual, too, and, as a crowning catastrophe, his mother had heard the chink of money in his tattered garments, and in a drunken rage had demanded it from him; but "Kid" determined that the "King's Arms" should not have this money. So he did not demur at telling a fib, and saying it was teacher's money, "as she let 'im have to buy somefin' for 'er," upon which Widow Mills decided not to take the money, but, just by way of motherly care, boxed "Kid's" ears several times, and told him not to answer his mother again!

As soon as it was dusk, "Kid," after waiting till his mother had taken her usual step down the street (to the King's Arms), set out to buy the gift. On wings of buoyant joy he sped to the Promenade, where there was a confectioner's, in which many lovely and toothsome things were to be seen, and, puffed up with the pride of the possession of ten ha'pennies and four farthings, he gazed critically through the dewy glass, heedless of the icy cold of the wind and his hacking cough, which hurt so every time it came on.

It took a good deal of serious consideration to decide on the object of his approval, but his choice eventually fell, and rested, on a square box of chocolates, with a gold-winged angel bending over a manger on the cover. Pushing open the great door with some difficulty, he placed his little fortune on the edge of the counter and waited. The confectioner came bustling forward, and, half-amusedly, half contemptuously, listened to "Kid's" request: "That box with the angel on." Oh! he couldn't have that; that was



A Child Poetess.

Little Miss Gladys G. A. Brown, living with her mother at Hazelcroft, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, began, like Pope, "to lisp in numbers" when she was ten years of age. An unusually bright and intelligent child, her wish to write poetry was awakened by reading Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and by the offer of a prize for an original poem by her teacher, Miss Edith Lane. That was nearly two years ago. Since then she has written industriously on nearly every subject that comes within the radius of an observant child's life, and some of her verses have appeared in the children's page of a popular magazine. Subjects are suggested to her by friends; others she finds readily for herself, from "Washing Day" to "The Wreck of the Victory"; and having fashioned her verses to her liking, she copies them in her childish round hand into her album, her spelling and punctuation being good, if her metre, like that of other and more famous poets, does not always strictly conform to rule. We give as specimens of her work two stanzas from "The Snowdrop," a short poem entitled "Spring Time," and "Santa Claus."

THE SNOWDROP.

For it is white like angels are;
Graceful like them as well;
Perhaps it tries to copy them.
It may, we cannot tell.
So let us try to imitate
This little flower so white,
Be graceful, pure, and humble;
And we shall be doing right.

SPRING TIME.

Beautiful spring will soon be here,
Beautiful warm, bright spring;
The leaves on the trees are getting green;
The birds are beginning to sing.
The flowers are peeping out of the ground,
For long in the earth they have lain;
No longer is any snow to be found,
For spring is coming again.
Yes, beautiful spring is coming;
What joys to us it will bring.
We will look to our Heavenly Father,
And thank Him for beautiful spring.

SANTA CLAUS.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and Santa Claus
Came plodding through the snow;
He had his bag upon his back—
His bag of toys, you know.

And when the children were asleep
He very quickly flew
Down the chimney to the room,
With presents nice and new.
But neither of the children knew
That Santa Claus had come;
So he found their little stockings,
And filled them, every one.
He was, indeed, a dear old man
So very full of fun;
So kind to think of children,
And remember every one.
When he had filled their stockings,
And picked up his bag to go;
He flew right up the chimney,
Away into the snow.
And early in the morning
The children woke in glee.
Their happy little faces
Were quite a sight to see.
They quickly found their stockings,
And then began a noise;
For Santa Claus had brought them
A lot of nice new toys.
For Nell there was a dolly,
With eyes so bright and blue;
A pretty book with pictures,
A bag of sweets, too.
For Jack there was a sailing ship,
A steam-engins, as well;
And lots of other little things,
Of which I could not tell.
They remembered it was Santa Claus
Who brought them all these toys;
They loved him for his kindness
To little girls and boys
And now, dear little children,
Who read this poem through,
I close it with my kisses,
And lots of love to you.



Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Honours are falling swiftly upon Mr. James Horlick, the popular Squire of Cowley. It was not so very long ago that he was made a Justice of the Peace for Gloucestershire, and it will be remembered that this year he ably discharged the duties of president of the County Agricultural Society, more particularly at its meeting in Cheltenham. Now he is added to the charmed circle of deputy-lieutenants of the county. There is this peculiarity about these appointments of deputy-lieutenants—that it is notified to the Lord Lieutenant that the Sovereign "do's not disapprove" of the appointment of the nominee. There is still a greater honour in store for Mr. Horlick in the High Shrievalty, for, as his name is first on the list, he will, in ordinary course, be "pricked" for appointment by the King early next year. The fact of his being a deputy-lieutenant will enable him to wear, when on duty, the official scarlet uniform, with cocked hat and white plumes, which is a much more suitable garb by daylight than the Court dress, to which many Sheriffs, who were not D.L.'s, have been limited.

*

They have a "C.C.C." at Churchdown; but these alliterative initials have a different meaning in that village to what they have in Cheltenham. They represent that very useful parochial organisation known as the Churchdown Coal Club, and I merely refer to it because within the last few days a considerable number of the Chosen people have been wrapped up, as it were, in "black diamonds." The delivery of these to some of the houses on the top and the side of the famous hill has caused much excitement and also enabled the good folk to realise to some extent the transport difficulties with which our gallant troops have to contend in mountainous South Africa. An eye witness tells me that one trolley laden with sacks of coal was overturned when negotiating the Green, and that the delivery of two or three tons to about the same number of cottages on the hill summit necessitated the use of about ten horses to haul up each trolley with a load of 24cwt. on. But the new arrangements as to the delivery have, I hear, satisfied the bulk of the members, for, as one of them said, "the coal does not pass through so many hands now."

Some of my experiences of trips on coaches that have been run by gentlemen mainly for pleasure and not for profit, enable me to appreciate the following story, among several, which is told by Mr. T. Hooper Deacon, of Swindon, in the "Road":—"The next season (1900) I ran to Cheltenham and Cirencester for a short season. One little incident occurred on that journey. In going through Cirencester streets' one day, a very old-fashioned lady of the labouring class stopped the coach and shouted out: 'Yer, I wants to go home. I'll give 'e 3d. to drave I to North Cerney,' which was four miles away. The old lady, who must have been quite 70, objected to the use of the coach ladder, and said, 'I can get on the 'bus without a ladder,' which she did, and at the end of the journey she got down without the ladder, and said to my guard, 'Here, my little boy, here's the 3d.' But, of course, it was not taken."

*

"Is there to be another Duke of Gloucester?" This is a question to solve which Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor, the antiquary of the Cathedral city, has applied himself for years past, and he has recently discarded intermediaries and gone slap-bang with a highly respectful petition to the King and "implored" his Majesty to revive the title by conferring it upon one of the members of the Roy i Family. The petition has received a formal acknowledgment from the Private Secretary, and there the matter rests at present. I can only express the hope that Mr. Taylor will be as successful in his last movement as he was in getting a former Mayor to revive, a few years ago, the custom of sending a lamprey pie to the Sovereign. And, further, may Mr. Taylor live long enough to dine with the "good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester" in the city that he loves so well, and what he does not know about it is not worth knowing.

*

Talking of revivals in Gloucester reminds me that the trade of its port sadly wants reviving, much more so than that of the dukedom. I had to make a call at the Docks the other day, and I could not help spying out the nakedness of the land—in fact, there was not a masted vessel in the old Basin, wherein not so very many years ago I have seen a fleet of ships of all nationalities. There is a great opportunity for Mr. Russell Rea, the member for the city, to justify the choice of the directors of the Docks Company in placing him on the Board. He is always dilating on its splendid geographical position as a port, and now that he has returned from the United States perhaps he will be able to do something practical to "Advance Gloucester." Hitherto it has only been—

"Rea, Russell's, ships we cannot see
Because they're not in sight."

GLEANER.



SHOOTING IN THE ARMY.

The War Office has issued its regulations for the provisional course of musketry for the year 1902. The new rules differ widely from the old ones in that they provide for far greater attention to individual and independent shooting, and especially for practice under conditions more closely approximate to those obtaining in actual warfare than are at present in use. Such shooting from cover at fixed and moving targets is provided for, and altogether the training will be of a more practical character than hitherto.

QUALIFICATION OF LICENSING JUSTICES.

A parishioner of Frindsbury, a part of the Parliamentary borough of Rochester, recently wrote to the Home Secretary objecting to the transfer of a public-house license from the city proper, and pointed out that at least one of the magistrates on the Licensing Bench held shares in a local brewery company. The Home Secretary has replied that the latter point is now before his Majesty's Attorney-General. He adds, however, that no act of a magistrate disqualified under Section 60 of the Licensing Act of 1872 is invalid by reason of such disqualification.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 52.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

Rockery at North End of Pittville Lake.



Summer.



Winter

(Taken Several Years Ago).

HOW NEWS IS MANUFACTURED IN AMERICA.

A New York paper on Saturday published a sensational story that President Roosevelt was assaulted in Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, by a man, who was knocked down by the President, and that Lord Pauncefote witnessed the occurrence. The story, however, is said to be absolutely without foundation, and arose from the fact that an intoxicated man brushed against the President as he was walking along the street. The man was arrested, but was subsequently released.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

*

PROPOSED TRANSFER TO THE NATION

A meeting of the Governors of the Imperial Institute was held at York House on Saturday, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. Lord James of Hereford, as chairman of the Executive Council, stated that the financial position of the Institute was most satisfactory, and its property was worth some half-million of money. He suggested that the Institute, with all its property, should be transferred to the nation, and a motion to this effect was carried unanimously. The Prince of Wales stated that he concurred in this decision, and announced that the policy of transfer met with the entire approval of the King.

NEW LIFEBOAT CREW AT CAISTER.

On Saturday a new lifeboat crew was definitely formed at Caister to continue the noble work left as an inheritance by the Beauchamp victims, and towards midnight on Saturday the lifeboat bell spoke for the first time since the disaster, the coastguards having espied distress flares burning on the fateful Barber Sands. With Jack Haylett as coxswain, No. 1 lifeboat, Covent Garden, put to sea. Although hardly recovered, the Beauchamp survivors, Hubbard and Knight, with the veteran Haylett, assisted to launch the boat. On Sunday morning the lifeboat returned after a fruitless errand, the stranded steamer having got off without assistance.

An interesting presentation has just been made to Earl Roberts by 82 of his friends. It took the form of a portrait in oils of his son, the late Lieutenant Roberts (by Mr. Julian Story), an album beautifully bound, containing a finely finished miniature in ivory of Lord Roberts, and an address. Sir Frederick Milner, M.P., acted as hon. secretary for the subscribers.

*

Special prayers were offered in Ramsey (Hunts) Church on Sunday on behalf of Lord De Ramsey, who, it is feared, will become totally blind.

An Aldershot telegram states that Major-Generals French and Sir George Morton have been granted distinguished service rewards of £100 per annum.

Count Tolstoi has now completely recovered from the attack of malarial fever which gave rise to the rumour of his death. He is wintering in the Crimea.

PIONEER CYCLIST CORPS.



The Military Cycle Corps here depicted was photographed either in 1886 or 1887, and is believed to have been the first in the Kingdom. It was attached to E. Co. (Cheltenham) 2nd V.B.G.R.

THE
Lock of Hair.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.
[BY E. J. B.]

Outpost duty is dull work, and Private Davis finds it a weary matter waiting for the dawn, under the lee of a little rocky knoll which breaks the uniform level of the boundless South African veldt. The stillness is almost oppressive; the occasional neigh of a horse in the distant camp, or the flutter of some night-bird overhead, the only sounds which betoken life.

It is the last night of the old year, and visions of the dear homeland, of wife, of child, and of friends, sweep like dreams of another world across his brain. He thinks of the township far across the seas where many of his old "pals" and comrades in work will be congregated under a street lamp singing, with linked hands, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," to the strains of the Town Band, and he hears in imagination the bells pealing out from the grey tower of St. Mary's ushering in the New Year, with their merry clangour.

And then the events of the memorable time when he, as one of the Reserves, was called up for service in South Africa flit before him; the brave but grief-stricken little woman who buoyed up his spirits even with tears in her eyes; a dinner in a drill-hall; a triumphal march to the station, bands playing "Soldiers of the Queen," men cheering, handkerchiefs waving; the last sobbing kiss, "Good-bye, Jess! God bless you, my lass! Look after the little 'un, and don't worry about me; I shall soon be back!" the shrill whistle of the engine, the hiss of escaping steam, and after—well, that "after" wasn't pleasant to think of, for he loved his wife and child, did Private John Davis, although he would have been very loth to have admitted so much to his closest friends. Ah! yes; he had a sensitive heart, much too sensitive for a soldier, whose business it is to repress all sentiment and such inconvenient nonsense!

Just now the mind—the conscience, if you will—of Private John Davis was very disturbed over an occurrence of the previous morning. Away out over the rolling veldt could be seen a tiny red glow, which ever and anon blazed out into tongues of flame, fanned

by the night wind that moaned and whistled among the rocks. And this flickering glow was all that remained of a Boer homestead, which had been destroyed by order of the commanding officer that day.

For a week or more past sniping had been carried on from the outbuildings of this apparently deserted farm, and great was the anger of his chums when "Sandy Bill," one of the most popular men in the company, was brought into camp with a bullet through his lungs and bleeding to death.

There was a very universally and violently expressed desire amongst the men to "do for the — cowards, who were afraid to come out and fight like — men," and plenty of volunteers were forthcoming to remove the offending farm from the face of the earth. Private John Davis was one of the men chosen for this urgent business, much to his delight, for here was the chance of a bit of retaliation for a bullet that had whistled by his shoulder while he was on outpost duty two nights before.

With their usual disregard for precaution, the little company of men, and a Cape cart conveying the materials for making a blaze, carelessly struggled across the veldt, until they were on a little eminence overlooking the farm. A few shots were fired at the house in order to draw a reply, but there was only a dead silence, and the sergeant in charge, taking for granted that the place was deserted, gave the order for an advance into the open. But no sooner had the men passed over the ridge into the space dominated by the farm buildings than two rifle shots rang out from a little window over the steep, and one of the khaki-clad men stumbled and fell with a hoarse cry, clutching the grass with his quivering fingers, while another soldier on the extreme left dropped his rifle hurriedly, ejaculating: "Gawd! that's a close shave." A bullet had passed under his arm; only a few inches to the right, and he would have been down, like the other poor fellow!

It is hardly possible to say what happened after this. The men "saw blood," and poured a perfect stream of bullets into the ill-fated house from their rifles, until it was evident no human being could have survived the blast of lead. The timbers were riddled from roof to ground, and the frames of the rough windows were hanging in splinters.

The first man to burst open the heavy outer door was Private John Davis, who made his way from one room to another finding no

signs of life, until a faint groan from a little side room hardly bigger than a cupboard attracted his attention. With a huge effort he pushed in the barricaded door, and cautiously peered into the gloom. But what a sight was there! Instead of the one or two tatterdemalion and skulking ruffians he expected to find were two Boer women, one evidently dead and the other dying fast, with a look of unutterable hate in her eyes, and her nerveless hand vainly endeavouring to grasp a rifle which lay beside her! The room was ill lighted, and as Private John Davis turned to call his comrades (whose voices he could hear below), he stumbled over something on the floor. Wrenching the door further open, a ray of light entered, and exposed the body of a little child, its face disfigured by the tearing of a bullet, and its golden ringlets, strikingly like those of his own little Elsie in far off Gloucestershire, dabbled in blood.

* * * * *



"Heedless of the danger he ignited the little match."

And as Private Davis kept his lonely vigil under the shelter of the pile of rocks on the kopje the thought of that curly head worried him. He most devoutly hoped that it hadn't been his bullet that disfigured that poor little face. "What a — shame it was that the poor little kid should have had to suffer!" "What fools these Boer women must be to prefer death to good British government!" "And how did they get there, when they ought to have been away in the concentration camps?" "That kid, she must have been a pretty little lass before the bullet ploughed up her face so. Ah! it was a bad business altogether. And how much she was like his little Elsie at home—just the same goldy locks!"

But a happier train of thought intervened! In his pocket he had a letter addressed in the handwriting of the "little woman" at home, and he fell to wondering what loving words there would be inside the travel-stained envelope. Most likely this was the letter he ought to have had on Christmas Day, for the Boers had been tampering with the railway again, and nothing had come through that day. How good it would be now, just in the last few hours of the old year, to read the loving Christmas wishes of his dear ones! And as he thought of this the longing grew to an immense desire, until he felt it was a sheer impossibility to wait till the morning light to read that letter. Supposing something had happened to little Elsie? . . . Resting the butt of his rifle on the ground, he feverishly tore open the envelope, and "fishing" a wax vesta from the recesses of his khaki tunic, ignited the little match, heedless of the danger he ran in thus exposing himself to lurking foes.

* * * * *
 Down amongst the scrubby undergrowth at the bottom of the slope crouches a savage uncouth man, in whose eyes, could you have seen, you would have discerned something of the fury of a wild beast when its young are torn from it; a man who has seen his wife, his sister, and his child taken from him at one fell blow! Not a hero, by any means, was this Boer, for he preferred to make off after a parting shot when the "roineks" approached the farm, little recking that his women folk would carry on the unequal struggle to the bitter end rather than give up the farm to the soldiers, with the tragic result we have seen. Blindly ferocious, as a man can be who has nothing further to lose, he has waited

there, hour after hour, for the opportunity to send a bullet through one of those "verdomed murderers," and, as a perpetual goad to his madness, the smoke and flame of his burning homestead casts a dull glow on the distant horizon. "Almighty; what is that? The Lord has given him into my hands." And he levels his rifle with the precision of one who means to kill, for on the crest of the kopje above the head of a soldier appears, brightly illuminated by some tiny light which he is holding over a scrap of white paper.

Up above, by the heap of rocks, Private John Davis reads on, oblivious of possible danger, and as he sees the familiar handwriting his eyes glisten with pleasure.

"Dearest Jack, i wanted to rite you so as you would get it Christmas day, and i hope you will have a very happy Christmas dear Jack. Elsie is growing up to be such a pretty little thing. She sends a kiss for her soldier dada, and i have put in a lock of her hair just to—"

But the letter is never finished; there is the sharp crack of a rifle from below, the dull thud of a falling body, and—s lence, save for the ceaseless moan of the night wind amongst the rocks.

They found him next morning with a bullet through his bra'n, and clenched in his cold and stiffened fingers a letter containing just a LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.



THE END.



Photo by L. Hyett, 8, Brooklyn-terrace Cheltenham.

A QUIET SCENE AT LECKHAMPTON.



Photo by A. Bamber, Leckhampton.

LECKHAMPTON CHURCH IN THE SNOW.

Count Andrew Szegeniji, one of the most noted duellists in Austria, has joined the anti-duelling movement.

* * *

The betrothal is announced of the Archduchess Marie Christine, daughter of the Archduke Frederick, to Prince Emmanuel zu Salm-Salm.

* * *

Colonel Ponsonby, late Royal Berkshire Regiment, has vacated the appointment of military attache to the Embassy at Constantinople, his four years' term of service having expired.

According to a telegram from Assuan received in London on Saturday evening, Mr. Cecil Rhodes is in excellent health and has greatly benefited by his stay in Egypt.

The Earl of Westmorland and three of his guests in a four days' shoot over his lordship's covers in Northamptonshire bagged no fewer than 3,466 head of game, of which number 3,211 were pheasants.

* * *

Mahmud Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, who recently received notice of expulsion from Greek territory, is so seriously ill as to be compelled to postpone his departure. He will probably go either to Cyprus or to Nice.

Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, was fifty-nine on Sunday. That is a comparatively young age for the exalted office he occupies, but he has always worn a meditative and judicial countenance, which made him look older than he was.

* * *

The late Lady Mount-Temple has left in her will Rossetti's "Beatrix Beata" as a gift to the National Gallery.

* * *

Scarborough residents have decided to erect a statue of the late Sir Charles Legard at a cost of £1,500.

CHEL TENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, DECEMBER 28, 1901.
 City of Gloucester Ambulance Challenge Shield Competition, December 5, 1901.

Won by Midland Railway (Goods Department) Team.

W. W. Warwick.
(No. 3).

W. E. Hogg.
(No. 1).

A. E. Harewell.
(Captain).

E. A. Jones.
(No. 2).

W. S. Daniell.
(Reserve).

J. Tiley.
(Reserve).



P. H. Gray.
(Patient).

H. Hunt.
(President).

J. M. Collett.
(President of Gloucester Centre).

T. W. Wilson.
(Sec. of Gloucester Centre).

Photo by E. Debenham Clarence Street Gloucester

By the Way.

TOUCHSTONE ON "THE PROPHETIC MESSENGER FOR 1902."

The other day, while selecting a gross or two of Christmas cards, I was inveigled into buying a copy of "Raphael's Prophetic Messenger for 1902." The enterprising shopman informed me that it was getting more and more the fashion amongst the "hupper clawes" to send this collection of astrological information as a Christmas card, and he pointed out to me that no less than *three* predictions out of a thousand or so had been fulfilled during this present year of grace. That settled the matter; only 2d. a prediction. What more could the most grasping individual desire than three true prophecies for sixpence.

But, you know, I got so enchanted with that little book that I have it still, and I don't intend to give or send it away while I get so much amusement and instruction out of it. I can recommend "Raphael" as a genuine cure for melancholy and nervous depression; in fact, I believe that if "Raphael" was more circulated there would be less drunkenness, and probably wars would cease; for men would have no time to get drunk and no inclination to fight while they were screaming with laughter over the unconscious witticisms of the unapproachable Raphael.

For instance, there is poor McKinley; one would really have thought that he was well

out of harm's way, but the "Prophetic Messenger," after briefly stating that he was "born on a fortunate day and is a fortunate man," calmly goes on to say that "during 1902 he must take great care of himself!" The advice is a bit superfluous. I expect he will take *very* great care of himself, poor man!

But friend Raphael's remarks in the everyday guide for the various months are even more interesting!

Let us take a few at random! On Sunday, January 12, you should "court, marry, and visit thy friends." On Friday, January 17, "court, marry, and deal with the fair sex before 5 p.m.!" January 7, Tuesday, "Travel and deal with women until 10 a.m.; then be careful!" I should think so! Evidently "Raphael" stands in very proper awe of the softer sex, and desires to impress upon his readers the gravity of having dealings with them at all, unless the stars happen to be wandering around in the right position just at the moment of popping the question; but it strikes me that a man who is able to court, marry, and visit his friends on Sunday, Jan. 12, could be neither a lazy man nor a rigid Sabbatarian!

But this is a mere nothing to the Herculean labours of the second day of June, 1902—"Court, marry, travel, remove, and seek work." Really, an eight hours' working day is quite out of the question with such an extensive programme!

I gather from the large amount of farming information in Raphael, however, that it is not precisely intended for those who are not in that line of business. But when I *do* start

to keep pigs in the cellar I shall certainly remember "C. Raphael, Esq.'s," kind advice on killing pigs, viz., "Do this between 8 and 10 in the morning and between the first quarter and full of the moon; the pigs weigh more and the flavour of the pork will be improved."

But townsfolk who do not keep pigs often keep servants, and it is well to note that maid-servants should only be engaged "when the moon is in Taurus, Cancer, or Pisces." No doubt, the absence of such a simple precaution largely accounts for the "servant question" of the day! Even the weeds in the back garden, according to friend Raphael, have their "close" seasons, and to properly get rid of these offenders it is necessary to clear them out in the last quarter of the moon!

Raphael kindly tacks on a considerable amount of "vally'ble" information at the end of his "Prophetic Messenger" about the fates of any unhappy children who may be born during 1902. He says that "the best hour, in a general way, for a child to be born is from 11 a.m. until noon." Well, you know, it's very nice to know all this sort of thing. Had you and I been acquainted with the fact a good many years back we might have arranged to have seen the light at the right moment; but it's really too bad to blame a grown-up individual for being born at the wrong time of the day, especially considering the fact that we were most of us quite young at the time, and were not consulted in the matter.

There is a great deal more interesting matter in Raphael, including a piece of paper

with a number of little pictures on it not over-well drawn, but doubtless the stars take no note of such small details as perspective, etc.! There is a shipwreck, a mine explosion, a tornado, two battles, and a railway smash, each of which we are to expect in the happy days of 1902. Cheerful, isn't it? The publishers are *Foulsham and Co.*; and, of course, there are several ways of pronouncing a very simple name like FOULSHAM. M'yes! Exactly! Let us pass on!

I really don't see any reason why I, "Touchstone," should not get out a "Prophetic Messenger" for Cheltenham and district. Let's put together a few notes, and see the effect.

1902.

January 1—Pay bills on this day.

February 11—Shrove Tuesday. Beware of pancakes.

February 14—Avoid females, and keep thyself quiet.

February 27—*Prophecy*: End of the Boer War.

March 28—Good Friday. Avoid hot buns and cold churches.

March 31—Easter Monday. Favourable for meeting friends and travelling.

April 1—On this day we may expect a coherent Liberal policy to be formulated.

May 31—Avoid falling chimneys, thunderbolts, and electric tram accidents.

June 26—An event of great importance to a crowned head may be expected about this date. Beware of crowds. Unfavourable to corns and bunions.

July 30—Capture of De Wet.

July 31—Escape of De Wet.

August 4—Bank Holiday. Beware of wet weather and sporting tips.

September 1—Unfavourable to partridges, keepers, and beaters, who should avoid the society of bad shots.

November 1—Favourable to municipal candidates.

November 5—Beware of fireworks and explosives.

November 20—Ping-pong and other national catastrophes may be expected.

December 20—Unfavourable to fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks.

December 26—Boxing Day. A great deal of money will change hands. Beware of chilblains.

December 30—End of the Boer War.

December 31—N.B.—The stars will be taking a holiday on this date, so that nothing will occur.

TOUCHSTONE.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

That was an intensely interesting column in the "Echo" a few days ago giving a list of wills proved in 1901. But it lacked completeness, as it did not give the totals of the amounts recorded. I have taken the trouble to cast and dissect them, and the figures, I think, speak eloquently to the fact that there is gold in very large quantities in Gloucestershire, and especially in the Garden Town. The estates of the testators in the latter place aggregated £634,431, while the Gloucestershire ones were £601,535, and in Gloucester £30,341. Further, the properties left by persons formerly directly associated with this county amounted to £347,614. These various totals give a grand one of £1,613,921. And it must be remembered that this list is by no means exhaustive, as it only deals with wills that have got into print. Still, over a million and a half for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay hands on in probate and succession duties must have brought in a pretty good revenue. I observe that Cheltenham heads the list with the biggest estate, namely that of Mr. James Lewis, at £189,414. The testator was a Welsh colliery proprietor, who came and spent his *otium cum dignitate*, like so many other residents, in beautiful Cheltenham. And the town, too, eclipses all other places of the county in "the charity that never faileth," for three persons alone left £70,000 to various benevolent institutions. Gloucestershire may not possess millionaires—for I have not heard of one since Jemmy Wood, of Gloucester—but it certainly does not lack wealthy people. I may add that the biggest amount I remember left by any Gloucestershire man and resident during the last



Bibury Cottages.



"In The Shade"—Cattle at Bibury.

twenty years was that by the late Sir Samuel Marling, Bart., whose personalty was sworn under £627,442.

*

Railways, more especially light ones, are likely in the near future to bulk largely in Gloucestershire. The doubling of the G.W.R. between Cheltenham and Andoversford is now nearly completed, and all that can be said of the Honeybourne scheme is that the G.W.R. general manager has promised that no undue delay shall arise in its construction. Reverting to light railways, I am sorry that the Andoversford and Burford scheme, towards which the Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire County Councils have both voted substantial pecuniary aid many months ago, is not yet commenced. I hear of another scheme on the Cotswolds, which is that of Mr. Andrews, the new proprietor of the Toddington House Estate, in promoting a light railway from there to Beckford Midland Station,

to assist the further development of the already extensive culture of fruit on the estate, and to serve the coal traffic, if "black diamonds" be found in the bowels of the earth there. The immediate intentions of Messrs. Nevins and Son in regard to Cheltenham and Stroud are pretty generally known, but I happen to know that it was their scheme to cross the London road at Brockworth which was the primary cause of the reopening of the negotiations between the Corporation and the Tramways Company of Gloucester, for the sale to the former of the latter's present horse tramway and their Provisional Order to convert it into an electric tramway, with an extension to Hucclecote, from whence it could easily be carried on to Brockworth. Fancy having an alternative route to get to Cheltenham or Stroud from Gloucester, and vice versa, by electric car! But it is quite within the bounds of probability.

GLEANER.

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Fairy Tales of Science.

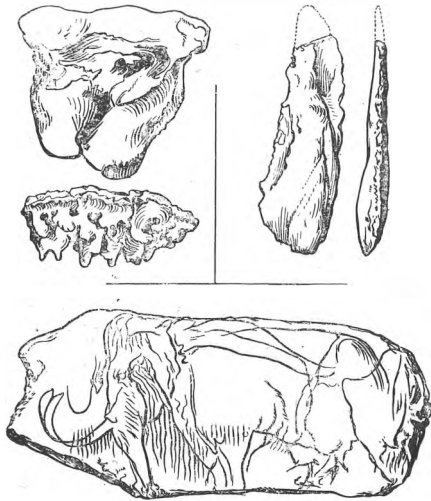
VIII.

THE ARRIVAL OF MAN IN BRITAIN,

BY

PROFESSOR BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S., &c.

(Author of "Early Man in Britain," etc.)



RELICS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN:

RHINOCEROS TEETH;

FLINT IMPLEMENTS; MAMMOTH, SCRATCHED ON
STONE BY CAVE-MEN.

When the history of the Victorian age comes to be written, among the many important additions made to human knowledge, the discoveries connected with primitive man in Europe, and his advancing culture, will take a high place. These, together with the discovery of the principle of evolution, will go far to make that age in natural science what the Elizabethan age was in literature. It is only within the last fifty years that it has been possible to ascertain the progress of man outside the written record, and to find out the struggles of mankind in "the speechless past" which lies beyond. Now we rise from the old crude idea of the origin of man, as represented in books, to the study of mankind living in ages so utterly beyond the reach of any record that it is impossible to sum up the events in the terms of years. We can now mark the time of day, as indicated by the geological clock, when man first appears in Europe. We know the geography, we know the climate, and the general conditions under which he appeared. I propose in this article to tell the story of his arrival in Britain.

THE WAYS OF THE PRIMITIVE HUNTER.

The rudely chipped implements and weapons, found in the deposits of ancient rivers, and belonging to the late geological period known as "Pleistocene," along with numerous wild animals living and extinct, mark the arrival of the primitive hunter in Britain, over the whole of the northern and eastern counties, and the midlands as far to the north as Peterborough. They occur to the south in France, and Spain, and Italy, in Greece, in Palestine, in Egypt, and in Algiers. In all these regions they offer the same evidence as to the condition of the first man who appeared in Europe. His implements and weapons were fashioned of stones, chipped to a sharp point or to a cutting edge, and were of a lower type than those now used by savage races. He was unaided in the chase by the dog, he was ignorant of all domestic animals, and of all the arts with the exception of those employed in making his implements. He was not even acquainted with the use of pottery. He had learnt, however, the use of fire—"the red

flower" so much dreaded by all wild animals. It is little less than a miracle that with these poor weapons primitive man should have made good his foothold in Europe, among the wild beasts, and have successfully waged war against the lion, bear, the woolly elephants and rhinoceroses, the hippopotamuses and wild bulls, then inhabiting the continent. Like Mowgli, in Rudyard Kipling's delightful *Jungle Book*, he saved himself by his artfulness, and made up for his bodily weakness by his resource. We do not know in what part of the world he first learnt the use of implements and of fire: it was probably in some warm region in southern Asia, or central Africa. The identity of pattern of implements in Europe, and the absence of any evidence as to their gradual evolution of form, lead to the conclusion that the River-drift hunter, as he is termed, did not learn to equip himself in Europe, but in some other quarter of the world.

The geography of the British Isles, at the time of the arrival of the River-drift hunter, was wholly different from that of to-day. There was no North Sea and no English or Irish Channel. The land stood at least 600 feet above its present level, and the waves of the Atlantic beat upon a shore line (marked in the soundings by the 100 fathom line) extending from the Bay of Biscay almost due north in the direction of Norway; then separated from the British area by a deep narrow fiord close to the Scandinavian coast. This formed the western boundary of the continent of Europe, Britain, Ireland, and the other islands standing out as mountains and hills, over the great plain of the North Sea, the English Channel, and of the Atlantic border. The rivers of southern England, including the Severn, united with those of northern France and southern Ireland, to form a great river opening upon the Atlantic to the south-west of Ireland. The Dee, Mersey, and Ribble, and all the rivers of the west of Scotland, formed one great trunk, passing to the north-west; while those of eastern England and Scotland joined the Rhine and flowed northwards, in the direction of Scandinavia. The British Isles formed part of the continent of Europe, and there were no physical barriers of sea or mountain to prevent the migration of animals through the forests and prairies, as far to the north-west as the Atlantic shore line off the coast of Ireland. Europe then was joined to Africa by way of Gibraltar, and by way of Italy and Sicily to Cape Bon. The Adriatic Sea was not, and the Mediterranean was reduced to two land-locked areas, like the Black Sea, allowing of migration of North African wild beasts into Europe.

PREHISTORIC ANIMAL LIFE.

It was under these geographical conditions that man first appeared in the British Isles, along with the great migratory bodies of wild animals ranging north and south over this great continental tract, without let or hindrance, in company with extinct species, such as the woolly elephant, woolly rhinoceros, and cave-bear. In the hot continental summer, so different from the insular climate which we now enjoy, the hippopotamus wandered northwards as far as Yorkshire. In the spring time vast herds of bison and horses ranged over the valleys of the North Sea, and the English Channel, and found shelter in the forests of the higher grounds. They were followed by wolves, bears, and foxes, which now invariably accompany the wild animals in their migrations in America and Asia. Among the beasts of prey we must particularly notice the lion, the panther, and the African spotted hyena. The best picture of the animal life in Britain, in the spring and summer, is represented to us by the prairies and forests of North America some fifty years ago, before the continent had been girdled by railways and the breech-loading rifle had done its work. There, for days, countless herds of bison, stretching as far as the eye could reach, have been noted from the same standpoint. So late as the fixing of the boundary of the British Dominion and the United States, the Commissioners were surrounded in their encampment, and literally mobbed by the bison. There is, therefore, no ground

for wonder that the remains of the wild animals should occur in Britain, in vast numbers, in the deposits of rivers, and in the accumulations left behind in the dens of beasts of prey. The River-drift hunter, like the Red Indian of America, followed the trail of the animals on which he lived in their migrations. He probably first arrived in the British Isles with the southern beasts, the lion and the hippopotamus, from the Mediterranean, passing over the plains of France, into the region of the British Isles.

At the fall of the leaf, as the first frosts of the winter, which were necessarily severe from the continental conditions, the pendulum of migration swung southwards, as in the case now in the great plains of North America and northern Asia. Innumerable herds of reindeer, musk-sheep, and others driven from their pastures further to the north, occupied the feeding grounds of the summer visitors, and ranged as far south as the Alps, the Mediterranean, and the Pyrenees. In this manner the remains of both northern and southern groups of wild beasts occur in the same deposits, so intermingled together together that it is impossible to follow James Geikie and Wallace in referring them to separate geological periods. The River-drift hunter, in this country and in France, lived on both these groups, while in Spain and Italy he was perforce limited to the southern animals.

FACTS ABOUT THE RIVER-DRIFT MEN.

We must now consider the relation of the River-drift man to the Glacial Period. Is he pre-glacial, glacial, or post-glacial? It is necessary first of all to define our terms. At the beginning of the "Pleistocene" age the temperature became lowered in the north, and the glaciers gradually crept down from the higher mountains of Europe, and occupied the lower lands, ranging from Scandinavia to the estuary of the Severn. A line drawn from Bristol due east through London, and prolonged still further to the East through the plains of Germany, was the approximate southern limit of this ice covered region, which finds its analogue to-day in Greenland. The glaciers descended too from the Alps, for down into the lower grounds of France, Italy, and Germany. The volcanic mountains of Auvergne were crowned with snowfields and glaciers, and the Pyrenees formed an ice-clad barrier between France and Spain. The marks of this development of ice are unmistakable in the British Isles. The rounded iceworn contours, the grooved and scored surfaces of the rocks, and the transported blocks, sometimes conveyed very long distances, cannot fail to arrest attention in the Lake country, Scotland, and in Ireland. This period of the ice-sheet was followed in the British Isles, as Lyell has pointed out, by the depression of the land which increased northwards, until it was 1,400 feet, near Macclesfield, below the existing sea level. This reduced the British Isles to the condition of a cluster of arctic islands, similar to those north of Baffin's Bay, separated from one another by tracts of sea, covered with floating icebergs. The melting of these icebergs has resulted in the formation of the clays with boulders, occupying so large an area in the existing plains, such as the plain of Lancashire, and that sweeping through the eastern counties to the Scotch border. Some of the blocks of stone in these areas have been traced to the Lake country and the Highlands of Scotland, where they had been picked up by the glaciers then descending down to the sea. This period of submergence was followed by a re-elevation of land, during which the climate became warmer, and the submerged portion of Britain was again brought into contact with the Continent. The climate, however, was sufficiently cold to allow of the presence of glaciers on the higher hills. On the continent there is no evidence of any such submergence south of the above-mentioned line. While all these complicated changes in climate and geography were going on in Britain and in northern Germany, the low-lying land of middle and southern Europe offered a refuge to the animals, and it may be added the plants, driven southwards

by severity of climate and the depression of the land beneath the sea.

With these facts before us the question can be answered. The River-drift implements, found along with the remains of the above mentioned animals, in river deposits clearly later than the boulder-clays, at Hoxne, in Suffolk, at Peterborough and Bedford, and in the lower valley of the Thames between Oxford and London, show that the hunter was in this country not only after the disappearance of the ice sheet, but after the emergence of the land from the glacial sea. He is proved beyond doubt to be post-glacial in Britain. There is reason, however, to conclude that he was present before the time of the ice sheet from the discoveries made in the Vale of Clwyd. There his implements have been recorded by Dr. Hicks, in an accumulation clearly proved to be older than the glacial deposits of the districts. In other words he lived in the district before the time of the ice sheet, and of the submergence. It is indeed very likely that Professor Philip's view, that the caves in the glaciated area of Yorkshire are of pre-glacial age, will probably be found to be true, not only there, but in the whole of middle and northern England, and the whole of Wales. In the south of England too the occurrence of implements in an ancient river deposit at Crayford, in Kent, beneath a stratum containing evidence of the action of melting snow and ice, proves that the River-drift man was in that district before the extreme glacial severity had been reached. There we can mark the spots where he sat on the bank of a tributary to the Thames, and fashioned his implements out of the blocks of flint, brought down by previous floods. In the silt, in which these are covered up, the wild animals, both of the northern and southern groups, but more especially the latter, are represented. In other parts of southern England, as for example at Salisbury, there is no means of ascertaining his relation to the Glacial Period, because all glacial deposits are conspicuous by their absence.

From all the foregoing facts we may conclude that the River-drift hunter lived on the continent before any glacial phenomena were manifested in the British area, and that he arrived here, following the migrating bodies of animals northwards, before the extreme severity of the glacial cold was felt. He may have observed the gradual creeping downwards of the ice from the mountains into the lowlands, and have been driven, like the animals which he hunted, to take refuge in the low-lying districts of middle Europe and southern England. He probably too was familiar with the shore of the glacial sea during the time of submergence. After the emergence of the land he certainly followed the chase in the valleys of the North Sea and of the English Channel, and into the forests and uplands of south-eastern England, after the glacial period. He was probably in Britain while glaciers still crowned the Highlands of Scotland, and the higher hills of England, Wales, and Ireland.

OF WHAT RACE WAS HE?

While we may construct a picture such as this of the arrival of primeval man in Britain, and of his surroundings, the question naturally arises in our minds—what was his relation to the existing inhabitants of Britain? The answer is clear and unmistakable. He cannot be identified with any one of the stocks from which the British peoples have been derived. Nor can he be identified with any one living race outside Britain. He probably represents a primitive phase of barbarism common at that remote age to the whole of the old world; and possibly also, a generalised type of human physique not now to be found in any one section of his descendants. He lived on the earth long enough to have wandered not only over the whole of southern and western Europe, but over the whole of the Mediterranean region, and southwards over Arabia into Hindustan. Over the whole of this vast tract of the earth's surface his implements and weapons are uniform in material, type, and pattern. They

prove that his phase of barbarism was the same in the temperate and cold regions of north-western Europe, and in the tropical forests of India. We may therefore conclude that the man lived on the earth for a period not to be measured by years, before he made any progress in the arts. He remained unprogressive, while the great geographical and climatical changes above mentioned were going on in the Glacial Period.

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Christmas Reminiscences.

By F. T. BULLEN,

Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," "With Christ at Sea," etc.

Happily there are many of us whose record of Christmases spent is characterised by a comfortable monotony. The same dear faces gather round the loaded table, the same delighted children, growing gradually bigger or course, but still welcoming the beloved festival with never-diminishing cheerfulness; and even with old age creeping on, and the worries of life inclining us to be cynical, a very definite sense of grateful joy that we have once more been permitted to partake of a Christmas feast.

But sailors, that large class who by reason of the exigencies of their calling are cut off from so many of our easily attained delights, have very little joy of Christmas generally whether afloat or ashore. I should explain by this that I mean merchant seamen; men-of-war's-men are as a rule very well placed for the enjoyment of Christmas, and may in this connection be left out. In any case, I have never had the pleasure of spending a Christmas on board a war-ship, so that anything I might say about the bluejackets' enjoyment of the sweet festival would only be from hearsay.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

I wish to recall was spent in Mobile Bay, Alabama, on board the barque Sea Gem, of St. Andrews, Nova Scotia. I was but a small boy, for it was in the year 1870, and an eager French gunboat was prowling outside the international limit in fervent hope to snap up the two German vessels snugly at anchor within, should they dare to venture forth. Our crew was a motley one, myself the only British subject in the fore-castle. But we all had views upon the subject of Christmas, and in several tongues the possibilities of the feast being orthodoxly observed were frequently discussed during the preceding week. Then to our dismay we saw the stevedores who had been stowing our cargo of cotton taking their departure in the caravan-like steamers that brought the piled-up lalen, we saw ourselves cut off from all communication with the city far up the Dog River, our captain was absent, and all faces gathered blackness. Our only consolation was that nearly every other ship there was in like evil case, for however willing their captains might be to return all traffic had ceased for Christmas.

And, so, steadily accumulating despair of even getting a fresh mess for the Day, that goodly fleet of merchant ships lay sullenly at their moorings until late on Christmas Eve, when our ears were suddenly aware of a loud hail from a ghostly vessel gliding us-wards in the fog, and we recognised the voice of our skipper. With true Yankee business ability he, up in Mobile, had sized-up the situation, had chartered a schooner and loaded her with Christmas dainties, and here he was, just in time, striving to make himself heard above the din of geese, turkeys, and swine. It was late on Christmas morning when the last of his vociferous cargo had been disposed of, and during the night there had not been one dull moment. And besides being accounted a public benefactor, our astute commander had profited pecuniarily to the extent of over one

thousand dollars, by supplying all that waiting fleet with the materials for their Christmas feast.

MY NEXT CHRISTMAS

is but a hazy memory. It was spent on board an old soft-wood ship bound from Liverpool to Bombay. The only thing that stands clearly out in connection with it is my recollection of the bitter discontent manifested because there was, as the crew termed it, nothing to show any difference between that day and any ordinary Sunday. And it was attributed, quite unjustly, to the fact that the captain was a Scotchman, whereas the real reason was that the owners were mean and grasping, and did not supply the ship with decent food.

Then came a Christmas spent on board an inter-colonial steamship, made to leave Sydney, N.S.W., on Christmas Eve because of her mail contract. That was a terrible experience. Honestly, except for a few ladies, I do not believe that out of the two hundred souls on board there were any sober person next day but the captain and myself, the lamp-trimmer. And I know that the vessel was just idly rolling in that summer sea, with a spasmodic revolution or so, hardly sufficient to keep headway on her, taking place occasionally. I have often since pitied that captain—a perfect sober, reliable man—for the position in which he suddenly found himself through no fault of his own. Next Christmas saw me

ON BOARD A BIG PASSENGER SAILING SHIP bound to New Zealand. Here owners, captain, and passengers had done all they could to make such a difference from every-day fare as they thought ought to be. But, unhappily, we only left London on December 12th, and, having a very bad passage down Channel, we just reached the middle of the Bay of Biscay by the Day. It was ushered in by a heavy westerly gale, taking out of the poor fellows, hardly yet recovered from shore excesses, almost the last of their reserves of force. Unquestionably all brightened up wonderfully at the notion of a great feast to-day; but, alas! as I was bringing in the meal the ship gave a tremendous weather lurch, a mighty sea came in over all, and amid a tempest of maledictions I was swept away aft, while the plumduff and the roast goose, etc., went flying in all directions, the sport of the reckless waves. All sorts of attempts were made to repair damages, but they were of no avail, for besides the loss of the cooked food the fore-castle was flooded by the encroaching sea, there were continual demands made upon the overborne men by reason of the bad weather, and altogether I must set that Christmas down as one of the most unpleasant I ever experienced.

For several reasons I must pass over the Christmas spent on board the whaleship Cachalot, and yet I know I ought not to miss saying a word about that

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN CHRISTMAS DAY

when, beginning by lowering boats after whales at breakfast-time, we—that is, my boat's crew and myself—found ourselves shortly after noon clinging for dear life to the precarious eminence of a large sperm whale's bloated side amid the awful solitude of the Pacific Ocean. To this day I find myself occasionally recalling my thoughts on that Christmas afternoon. How I pictured to myself the Sabbath calm of Christmas in London, where innumerable re-united families, each within the fast-closed doors of home, were holding high revel, how over all Christendom some attempt was being made by the poorest to make the greeting "A Merry Christmas" real by acts of loving-kindness one to another, while we sat face to face with death in the middle of that vast liquid plain, watching with constantly increasing apprehension the downward path of the sun towards the close of what we felt might only too probably prove our last day on earth.

In beautiful contrast with that sad day comes the

HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS I EVER SPENT

at sea. I was able seaman on board of a Christian ship with a crew of splendid young fellows, most of whom loved God and made

CHEL TENHAM CHURCH INTERIORS.



St. Matthew's.



St. Stephen's.

that love the mainspring of their lives. We were running down the Californian coast homeward bound under a sky of serenest azure, over a sea of deepest blue just flecked with wavelet crests like sprays of diamonds. We met in the morning in the saloon to worship God and sing the glad old hymns of Christmas praise; and then, our healthy appetites edged to razor keenness, we all went to a bountiful dinner which had been purchased in Portland, Oregon, by our fatherly captain in anticipation of the day. I say all, for he, the dear old man, himself took the wheel so that our meal should be undisturbed and that we should be an unbroken group. It fell out that after dinner it was my turn to relieve the wheel, and as I took it from those gentle old hands, the kind eyes were turned full upon me as the skipper said: "Well, Tom, my boy, is it a happy Christmas with you?" and I replied, most truthfully: "It has been the happiest of my whole life."

Alas! the next one was a sad falling off from that high standard. I was mate of a barque in what I think is one of the most forlorn and dismal places in the world, the French Convict Settlement of Neumea, New Caledonia. My relations with the captain and owner were not at all good, so the mid-day meal was, although plentiful and good, an unpleasant ordeal. And immediately afterwards I went ashore and tramped solitarily through the town, that in that glaring noontide heat and absence of all appearance of human life was like a city of the dead. With a sense of relief I emerged at last upon the dazzling sea beach, and gained a slight relief from a contemplation of the glorious roll of the breakers upon the fringing reef; but presently, utterly weary and overborne with the heat, I crept under the shadow of an overhanging rock and

LAI D ME DOWN ON THE CRISP SAND.

In five minutes I was asleep, and when I awoke the sun was at the sea-verge, and the evening coolness had begun. I arose and returned to town, finding it awake, and passing numerous dancing saloons where Frenchmen were dancing with each other in ponderous make-believe of gaiety that was to me very sad, remembering, as I could not fail to do, their condition of hopeless exile.

Perhaps my next Christmas touched a still lower deep. Yes, I am sure it did. But you shall judge. I was one of a party of four, two of whom were children, and we were taking a 24-ton schooner from Parrsborough, Nova Scotia, to Antigua, in the West Indies. Our passage down the Bay of Fundy had been a terrible one, for the temperature was far below zero and a gale was blowing, sending spray flying over the little craft that froze as

it fell on rigging and deck until the vessel was like a miniature iceberg. We got under weigh from Bryer Island at daylight Christmas morning, and suffered the castigation of that weather until two p.m., when, becoming unable any longer to haul the ropes through the blocks because of the ice, we made a desperate attempt to get into harbour, and succeeded in anchoring in Yarmouth, N.S. We managed to get the sails down somehow, and roughly secured, then descended into the little stuffy cabin and partook of a meal of potatoes and salt herrings, washed down with copious draughts of burnt-bread coffee. And to fill up the measure of my discomfort the captain drank a bottle of Schiedam gin, which he said he had brought in case his little son took measles, which were epidemic in Parrsborough when we left, and for which gin was esteemed a specific. Having done this the captain became foully abusive, and apparently earnestly anxious to murder. But not being encouraged to proceed by any remarks on my part, he contented himself with striking the half-witted lad we had brought as cook several blows in the face, which left him bleeding and sobbing with the pain. I sat quietly mending some clothes, the mechanical process preventing me from dwelling too much upon the misery of my surroundings, or thinking too much of how my young wife was faring, friendless and alone in London.

Perhaps the MOST INTERESTING OF ALL MY SEA CHRISTMASSES comes last. Not that I have so reserved it, but it happens to be the last I ever spent at sea. I was at the time mate of a small brig where I had been fairly comfortable, the skipper being a most amiable man, and besides carrying his wife and little daughter with him. Generally this introduction of a little happy family on board ship makes everything more bearable, and it was certainly so in this case. After spending some time in Madagascar, we sailed for Zanzibar, and arrived off that island of spices and hotbed of slavery two days before Christmas. In any case, under the existing conditions we should have had a happy Christmas, since peace always reigned on board, and the skipper was genuinely anxious to make everybody as comfortable as lay within his limited powers, but it so happened that we were carrying stores for the huge old guardship, the London. And this gave me an introduction, as it were, to the wonderful Christmas scene which prevailed on board of her with her mighty crew of nearly eight hundred men. It was most delightful to see how officers and men had worked together to make the Christian festival in that far-off Eastern harbour, in spite of all drawbacks, a time of real delight. How tenderly the sufferers

from the deadly malarial fever, caught up those loathsome Africa rivers while hunting slavers, were cared for, what strenuous efforts were made that they too might participate! How delightfully spontaneous and continuous and innocent was the fun, with no drunkenness to mar the general joy. And how touching, too, uplifting the heart, to hear pealing across those blue waters, under that alien sky, the melodious voices of hundreds of men as they sang, "O Come, all ye Faithful," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and many other sweet old songs of Christmas. In many respects that was one of the choicest Christmases of my life.



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner of the 51st competition is Mr. S. Shovelton, of 1 Andover-terrace, Cheltenham, with the Bibury pictures.

Entries for the 52nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 28th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

The Standing Joint Committees of Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland have appointed Major C. N. E. Brinkley, of Bath (4th Dragoon Guards), chief constable of Lincolnshire in place of Captain Bicknell, resigned. There were eighty-seven applicants for the post, which is worth £750 a year. The new chief constable will enter on his duties on Feb. 1.



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