

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 92.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902

## THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night, the English Military  
Comic Opera,

"THE DANDY FIFTH."

NEXT WEEK—

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

Times and Prices as Usual.

## 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.

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

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.

The winner of the 90th competition is Mr. Wilfrid Unwin, of Dowdeswell Court, with his pictures of Shipton Oliffe Bazaar.

Entries for the 91st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 4th, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

## Prize Drawings.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

The winner of the first competition is Mr. Herbert T. Rainger, 9 Bath-place, Cheltenham, with his cartoon of the "Graphic" introducing art, and we have awarded an extra prize of 5s. to Miss D. C. Aitken, of 56 Worcester-street, Gloucester, for the Masonry cartoon.

Entries for the second drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 4th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



TOCKNELLS COURT, PAINSWICK.

Photo by J. Mansell,

Gloucester.

Mr. E. May, Controller at the Central Telegraph Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, has retired from the service on a pension, after having been connected with it for over fifty years. When the Government took over the telegraphs, in 1870, he was Assistant Controller, and a few years ago he succeeded Sir Henry Fisher as chief. On Tuesday afternoon the heads of the departments assembled in Mr. May's room, and bade him good-bye.

At the annual meeting on Tuesday of the Western Congregational College, at Bristol, it was stated that a scheme was under consideration to build a new college at an estimated cost of between £15,000 and £20,000 to replace the temporary building now in use. Mr. T. J. Lennard has promised £500 to the building fund and £500 for a scholarship. Promises of £500 each for scholarships have also been made by Messrs. Sparke Evans and Jonathan Evans.

The King has conferred the Coronation Medal in silver on Sir William Soulsby private secretary to the Lord Mayor.

It was announced in Tuesday night's "London Gazette" that the King has granted Mr. Francis Alexander Newdigate, M.P., a royal license that he and his issue may, in compliance with the will of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Charles Newdigate-Newdegate, use the surname of Newdegate in addition to the surname of Newdigate.

Brigadier-General Yule is making satisfactory progress towards a complete recovery from the indisposition which necessitated, for a time, his abandoning all military duties, and retiring to the South of France. It will be remembered that General Yule carried out the memorable march from Dundee to Ladysmith with 4,000 men just before the latter town was invested by a large Boer army.

By the King's command, the Coronation medal is to be given to all who assisted in the choir and orchestra at the Coronation service on August 9. Sir Frederick Bridge has been informed that the medals will be sent to him for distribution.

A Neglected Author.



If pity and appreciation are synonymous; if a broken heart, and consequently premature demise, constitute the homage Fame exacts from all her aspirants, then Richard Jefferies, the poet naturalist, cannot come within the category of neglected authors. In a world that admittedly shows a retrograde tendency in the choice of its literature, one travels far between the readers of Jefferies. They certainly exist, but their appreciation is painfully modest; and as through the medium of page upon page of wondrous woodland dreams he takes the city-soiled soul away out into the green of the fields right to the very seat of nature, their lack of courage to declaim his worth is pathetically evident. Even though pity and appreciation are not synonymous, it is kindness to blend their sentiment when speaking of a man who sacrificed his best years to the edification of an unsympathetic, phlegmatic reading public. Now and again one chances upon an enthusiast whose library is graced by a fair collection of the author's works; but there are few of Jefferies's admirers who have anything but a superficial knowledge of the life and character of the man. In Cheltenham there are many of his readers—perhaps more than are to be found in the town which gave him birth—and a few facts gathered by one who can claim considerable intimacy with the scenes of Jefferies's boyhood and the people of his village and time may not prove uninteresting.



VILLAGE OF COATE.

Richard Jefferies was the son of a farmer, and was born at Coate, near Swindon, in the November of 1848. As a lad he attended a grammar school in the adjacent town; but the reports of his schoolfellows are not such as to suggest that he gave early promise of becoming the author of such a work as "The Gamekeeper at Home." Here is an "impression" of a school chum of Dick's:—"A tall, slender, fair-haired lad with big dreamy eyes that wandered aimlessly in any direction, no matter to whom or of what he was talking. We ceased to take much notice of him as day by day we betook ourselves across the fields to school, Dick invariably following lazily behind. Frequently we lost sight of him during the summer mornings, and on returning home from school his long, lank form was generally to be discerned stretched full length on the bank of a brook gazing wonderingly into the water."

In later days Jefferies joined the reporting staff of a local newspaper, and from there he drifted to the Mecca of all struggling journalists, and then from London he went to Goring, Sussex. Although known to the majority of his readers as a writer on natural history only, Jefferies at the commencement of his career as a litterateur attempted fiction, and a few years ago a new edition of an inane, insipid compilation under the title of "Tea and Toast" was put out through the instrumentality of a lady blinded by her enthusiasm. But Jefferies, fortunately for the world at large, very soon realised that trashy fiction meant little remuneration, and acting upon the advice of a friend who had been privileged to look at some of his manuscript dealing with the country life around and

about his village home, he devoted his energies and undoubted gifts to the compiling of those delightful nature records which lifted him to the elevation of even old Gilbert White.

But the physique began to crumble away before the dread consumptive seeds just at a time when the silver was beginning to tinge his clouds of disappointment; and though he struggled manfully against the odds, death intervened at the age of 39 years.

There are those who profess to have known Jefferies intimately who aver that the privations he endured through broken health and other causes had shaken his faith in the Deity; but a flat contradiction may be given the assertion, for he passed away in the presence of his devoted wife with a prayer upon his lips.

The best of Jefferies's works is supposed to be "The Gamekeeper at Home"; but the sentiment contained in "Field and Hedgerow" appeals strongly to the average reader by reason of its intense pathos. There is one passage in particular which conveys to the reader's mind some idea of the bitter anguish experienced by the man towards the end of his career. It was when lying on a bed of sickness that he wondered what the birds and the flowers would do without him, and then he came to the sad conclusion that after all he would not be missed:

"They manage without me very well; they know their times and seasons—not only the civilized rooks with their libraries of knowledge in their old nests of reference, but the stray things of the hedge and the chaff-chaff from overseas in the ash wood. They go on without me—orchid, flower, and cowslip. I cannot remember them all. I hear, as it were, the patter of their feet—flower and bud and the beautiful clouds, with the sweet rush of rain and burst of sun glory among the leafy trees. They go on, and I am no more than the least of the empty shells that strew the sward on the hills. Nature sets no value upon life, neither of mine nor the larks that sang years ago. The earth is all in all to me, but I am nothing to the earth; it is bitter to know this before you are dead. These delicious violets are sweet for themselves; they were not shaped and coloured and gifted with the exquisite proportion of colour and hue for me. High up against the grey clouds I hear the lark through the window singing, and each note falls into my heart like a knife."

The farmhouse in which Jefferies was born still serves the purpose for which it was built, and the tourist should not fail to ask the kindly old tenant to point out the bedroom known as "Dick's." The window is at the gable end of the building, and looks out across the fields to the "mere"—so happy a hunting ground of his in the days of his youth. He was never known to close that window, and birds and wild things were frequently his guests, instinct robbing them of fear of a man who found in their separate lives more interesting study than in aught else.



TOM SMITH'S SHANTY  
("Toilers of the Field.")

Although within recent years an attempt has been made to erect some memorial to the poet naturalist, the only mark of recognition at present existing is a bust to be found in the north transept of Salisbury Cathedral,

and the inscription it bears is as follows:—"To the memory of Richard Jefferies, born at Coate, in the parish of Chiseldon and county of Wilts, on the 6th Nov., 1848. Died at Goring, Sussex, on the 14th Aug., 1887.

"He observed the works of Almighty God with a poet's eye, has enriched the literature of his country, and won for himself a place amongst those who have made men happier and wiser."

E. A. S.

Other People's Opinions on the Education Question.

By TOUCHSTONE.

THE MAN IN THE STREET  
(sporting, uncertain occupation, party-man, ratepayer, and (nominal) Churchman).

"What say? Oh, that'll be all right; I'll look in and pay it when I'm passing in a day or two! What! you want to get my opinion on the Education Bill? Bless if I didn't think you must be on the same old job as the tailors and all the rest of them when I heard you say 'bill'; what a rum mistake for me to make, wasn't it?"

"Do you mean to say you want me to write a letter to the 'Chronicle and Graphic' giving my views on the 'Education Bill'? No, dear boy, I wouldn't do it for a straight tip on the Cesarewitch, and I can tell you that would be worth a nice bit to me. Only 1,000 words, do you say? Lood here, old man, if you want to worry me into an early grave and have to defray the cost of an elaborate funeral, you go on in the way you are doing! I feel quite dicky at the very thought of putting 50 words down in a string, let alone 1,000 words, do you say? Look here, old man, penny-a-line ink slopper, thank goodness; give me sport and recreation—a good place at a first-class League match, or a look-in at the favourite in a first-class race meeting, and all you quill-drivers can shout your opinions as much as you like in print; I shan't read them. I only read 'To-day's Racing,' 'London Betting,' and 'To-day's Football' in the 'Echo, and sometimes 'Sporting Gossip,' which is very decent for a 'quill-driver.' I bet the fellow who writes that can swipe a ball as well as pen a paragraph; you can see the sportsman in every line, and I think that—What say? You're on with the Education Bill again; you'd rather have my opinion on *that*? Oh, well! here's the 'Belle True,' come in and have a drink and talk it over."

"What's yours? No! you're very abstemious! but I s'pose you are forced to be so as to keep your head clear—No, thank you, Miss, not for me; 'black-and-white' for me, if you please, and, as this gentleman's going to talk politics with me, I'd like it extra strong—and you might get me a B. and S. ready in about a quarter of an hour, when you hear we've ceased from arguing or punching each other, as the case may be; you never know what these interviewing chaps will be up to!"

"You'll excuse me, old man! only my fun! must have a joke with the ladies, you know; drives dull care away, and all that sort of thing. Sure you won't have a drink? Well, well; I shall sign the pledge myself some day; I believe in putting down the drink; always have done; see me put it down now!"

"What say, let's come to business? Well, come along then! what is it you want to know? What I think about the Education Bill as the typical Man in the Street? Why, certu'ly! that's all right."

"You must understand, young man, first of all, that I'm a Churchman and a Conservative, and whatever I say here to you is private; when I say I'm a Churchman I mean I was christened at church, and all that sort of thing, you know, and I think I was married at church, too, but I don't go to church once in a blue moon; you see, I'm such a busy man, and I've nearly always got a headache Sunday mornings to be walked off; another thing, the sermons are so beastly personal nowadays; why, I went to church *only last* Easter, and I can tell you nearly everything

the parson said was directed straight at me, and I felt a downright sinner till I'd had a B. and S. to pull me together.

"But I want you to understand I'm a Churchman by conviction, and a Conservative by principle, and although there may be some mistakes in the Education Bill, I consider (as a loyal Briton who volunteered for South Africa but wasn't accepted through no fault of his own), I say, I consider, young friend, that this Bill's a bit of *all right*.

"I don't care *what* you say! it *must* be, I tell you! When such men as Balfour and Chamberlain have said it's the right thing, what call have such as you and me to interfere, I should like to know, and to try and upset the glorious constitution of the country at the call of a few miserable Radicals without a leader.

"Another B. and S., Miss; thank you, kindly, my dear! that's all right; you can keep the change.

"Yes, Mister, I always get heated when there's any talk of throwing over one's colours and voting Radical just because one doesn't agree with the Conservative programme! Look here, young fellow me lad! before now I worked for three days and nights without sleep or having taken any dry food to get our gallant member in, and my father, and my father's father, never voted wrong all their time, so I don't want you to think I don't know my own mind or I'm bigotted or anything like that, but I'm not going to vote Radical, not if they were to give me free drinks for the rest of me natural!

"But, all the same, there is one thing I can't help noticing, and that is, in all these terrible squabbles and battles about who should teach our youngsters it's the Parson and the Ministers who have all the say. Now, what I ask myself is this: Where do I and 'the wife' come in? They're *our* children, by every law of nature and kinship, but I don't see any conferences of *fathers* or *mothers* to decide as to whether their own children shall be brought up in one religious persuasion or the other! I'm a Churchman, you see, and I *should object* if I was in a district where there was only a Wesleyan school, to have my children brought up without the Prayer-book.

"On the Q.T., I don't see myself, however, that chapel people have any fault to find, because if their children are obliged to go to a Church of England National School they ought to be thankful they get such good moral teaching from the hands of the church they had no right to break away from. If I had my way I'd make all the children, church and chapel, learn their catechism; it's just as good as wasting their time clay-modelling and botanizing.

"Look at me! I never did any clay botanizing and things at school, and I can do anybody this side of Birmingham in a sharp deal if I laid myself out a bit!

"As to Free Education, I don't see that it's much of a catch anyhow. If it's free to the poor man, the well-to-do ratepayer has to pay for both, so that Free Education really means that half the people pay twice as much as before and the other half pay nothing. Shall I pay the Education Bill tax if it becomes law? Oh, well, now, that's quite up another street; if there's any way of getting out of it I shall, because I consider taxes are made to get out of paying as far as possible; I shouldn't do anything silly, of course, like the Dissenters talk about, such as having their furniture sold for distress and so on, you bet; I don't want to fling away my money on waste, and although I don't mind backing up the Government by a vote, I'm hanged if I should go out of my way to pay the extra school tax. Did I subscribe, as a loyal Churchman, towards the Voluntary Schools fund? 'Er—well-ah—if you must know, I didn't; I didn't agree with the way things were managed—some people paying more than their share and lots of other people not paying anything, so I decided not to have anything to do with it; if it hadn't been for that I should have probably given not less than a fiver to support Church teaching. Besides, I've had a row with one of the church-wardens over some little matters, so it made

it awkward for me. Oh, must you go? We don't seem to have been here more than a minute or two; well—ta-ta—old chap—send us a copy of the 'Chronicle' when my opinions come out in print; and here!—half a mo!—just a word in your ear—I don't like that Education Bill a bit, what I know of it, but duty's duty, you know, and if there's an election I shall vote Blue, whether the Education Bill's on the programme then or not. I'm doosed sorry it's a 'Blue' Bill; if it came from the other side wouldn't Chamberlain and Balfour give it a ragging! But if the Gov.'s made a mistake—steadily-y-shoul-der to shoul-der—you know—we'll back 'em up, right or wrong.

"Hillo, there's a boy with the 'Special Echo'; I want to spot the winner for the Casarewitch, so—good-bye—so long—give—'Graphic' boy—penny"—(exit).

TOUCHSTONE.

## Tour of Our Churches.

### ST. OSWALD'S, SHIPTON OLIFFE.

What interesting bits of architecture are hidden from the general ken in the buildings of many of our village churches! Shipton Oliffe, less than a mile off the main road to Northleach, would appear to be but seldom visited by members of the general public, and yet its small parish church is well worthy of inspection.

On approaching the building the eye is at once arrested with an extremely pretty bell-cot, with its pyramidal covering, over trefoiled openings, set off with pinnacles and carved terminal. The north wall shows portions of a mutilated round arched doorway, with tympanum. The exterior of the building presents no other point of particular interest, though one cannot help thinking that it must be of considerable antiquity. On entering through the south porch one is at once struck with the old-world character of the sacred edifice, and with the evidences of its having been much less altered than is generally the case. The chancel arch is pointed in style, and of very small dimensions, so that the clergy and choir are hidden from many of the congregation, especially those sitting in the south transept. This arch rests upon imposts, in very massive masonry, and must have been erected in almost Saxon times. In the chancel is a particularly interesting piscina, canopied in the Early Perpendicular style. It is a perfect treasure, and well worth the notice of anyone who has the least taste for old architecture. The north wall is very massive, and is evidently of Norman work. Several of the windows have wide splays, but the two lights at the west end over the gallery are particularly funny, and would be more fitting set in the gables of a thatched cottage. Some of the high-backed pews are carved, others are plain—very plain indeed. There is a carved royal coat of arms over the chancel arch. On the wall of the south transept is a mural tablet to the memory of Mary Peachey, who died in 1772, with a very peculiar text taken from Job xxx., 27.

I attended service there on Sunday morning last. In addition to the minister, choir, and other officials, we only mustered ten persons; but I was informed that the principal families are away just now, and that would account for the sparse attendance. The church possesses no vestry, and the choir boys put on their cassocks and surplices under the west gallery in full view of the congregation. They marched to the chancel singing "Oh! Lord, how joyful 'tis to see." The exhortations, prayers, and responses were intoned by the minister and choir, assisted by a harmonium, but the instrument was rather too pronounced in some parts, noticeably in the Lord's Prayer. The Venite and Psalms were fairly well sung. The Rector gave an impressive reading of the first Lesson, Isaiah vi., the repetition of the "twains" in the second verse and the assertion that "thy sin is urged" being good bits of elocution. The Te Deum and Benedictus were chanted. The hymn,

"Christian, seek not yet repose," was sung, and the Ante-Communion Service was entered upon. The Kyrie was not musical. I have attended many village churches; but I don't remember hearing anything quite so grating as was this Kyrie. The harshness of the boys' voices was not nearly so pronounced in anything else. A third hymn was 270 A. and M. to the tune of St. Ethelwald.

For so small a church there is a very lofty pulpit, and this, too, is surmounted by a sounding-board.

The Rector, as I believe is his general custom, did not ascend this elevated preaching place. He reads the prayers, etc., from the decani side of the choir, the lessons from a small and very meagre lectern, and then enters the reading-desk for his sermon. He took his text from the second Lesson, Gal. vi., 7: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He said the Apostle was drawing an important spiritual lesson from the ordinary operations of nature. The Corinthians, to whom he was writing, were not to deceive themselves. In that little agricultural parish the preacher's hearers were engaged in sowing, taking care of the seed, and reaping and gathering in the harvest. When they came to think of it, it was a very wonderful thing to put seed into the ground, and to cover it up and leave it for months, during which time the little germ of life in the seed burst forth, the tiny green blade appeared, and then it grew. They did not seem to think about it because the miracle was continually going on. Who was it did this great work? Man could not do it. Man might plant and care for the seed, but all would be in vain unless some great power—that great Wonder Worker—gave the increase. The preacher urged his hearers to think more of these matters. They must not sow to corruption, or they would reap corruption; they must sow to the Spirit, and reap eternal life. If they turned to the second Lesson of that morning, and to the Collect and Epistle for the day, they would see how they were to sow. They must see God's dealings every day, not only on the Sabbath, but during the week—in the fields, in the gardens—and learn God's lessons from nature. God taught them lessons for their souls; let them take heed to the Divine teaching.

The Rector announced that on the following Sunday afternoon there would be a special service for members of the local lodge of Foresters, so our Cheltenham readers would find that a convenient time for attending this very interesting church. If these little articles will arouse more love for our old ecclesiastical buildings, they will not have been written in vain.

CHURCHMAN.

## POETRY.

### THE SOLDIER LAD AT HOME.

It is long ago since my brave boy went  
To fight on a foreign shore;  
I have watched and hoped, but my strength  
spent—  
Shall I see him on earth no more?  
When the sunbeams fall by my old arm-chair,  
Or the moonlight by my bed,  
I can sometimes fancy he's standing there,  
Or I dream that mayhap he's dead.  
Nay, it is not so! though my eyes grow dim,  
And my heart is often sad,  
And the hands are feeble which toiled for him  
While he was but a little lad;  
Yet I cannot think that the dream is true,  
For mercy has filled the past.  
And it will not fail when my days are few—  
I may welcome my boy at last.  
All the neighbours tell how the war is done  
That brought us such bitter pain,  
And the soldier lads are every one  
Coming back to their home again.  
Did a footstep fall on the winding stair,  
Or was it the rain I heard?  
I am trembling here in my old arm-chair,  
And my heart is strangely stirred.  
For the rain is gone and the sun shines out,  
And the step is drawing near.  
And that joy is mine, there's never a doubt  
When the sound of his voice I hear.  
Oh! 'twas worth the parting and worth the fears,  
Just knowing the strain is past,  
And the tears I weep are but happy tears  
Now my laddie is home at last.

The Month's Magazines.

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Kipling, represented by a characteristic short story, "The Cat that Walked by Himself," Max Pemberton, Jerome K. Jerome, Richard Harding Davis, and Louis Becke are amongst the contributors to "The Windsor," which is brimful of bright tales, articles, and pictures. R. B. Lodge's contribution on "Mimicry and Protective Coloration in Nature," with beautiful photographs, should introduce the general reader to one of the most remarkable factors in the universal struggle for existence and survival of the fittest.

Readers of "The Cornhill" have pleasant literary fare this month. Dr. Garnett, in his "Alms for Oblivion," devotes an essay to Charles Brockden Brown, a forgotten American author, whom he describes as the forerunner of Hawthorne. Professor Oman's specimens of verse making in English by Germans and Baboos are extremely funny, showing the pitfalls besetting the path of writers who have only a dictionary knowledge of a language. Miss Byron's analysis of the mental attitude of "The Little Boy" towards the outer world is bright and amusing. Mr. W. E. Norris, Miss Mary Westenholtz, and Sir William Laird Clowes are amongst other contributors, and two serial stories are running.

"Good Words" has for frontispiece "John Ruskin in the Seventies," from a bust by Professor Creswick, and it gives first place to an article by W. G. Collingwood on "Ruskin's Music," showing that the great art critic and thinker dabbled in musical composition. Popular science is represented by J. J. Ward on "Minute Marvels of Nature"; and Lieut.-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., has a paper on a South African subject. "Letters and Reminiscences from last Century," with portraits, should prove an interesting series. "The Sunday Magazine" is bringing to a conclusion the story of Miss Stone's adventures amongst the brigands, and its contents are crisp and varied.

The R.T.S. publications are as usual examples of what is best in popular current literature. "The Leisure Hour" publishes, under the title of "Some Notable Fireworks," a series of productions of old prints, showing that the modern pyrotechnists have by no means improved on the elaborate set pieces of two or three hundred years ago. James A. S. Barrett, M.A., contributes an attractive paper on "'Old Mortality' and Sir Walter Scott," and Madame Sophia V. Bompiani one on "Vallombrosa"; while G. L. Lamont Gordon relates in an interesting manner "An Experience on the Yukon River," all three articles being beautifully illustrated. The general contents of the magazine are bright and varied; and the same may be said for "The Sunday at Home," in which, however, the religious flavour is more marked. "The Boy's Own" and "Girl's Own" maintain their traditional excellence.

Notable artistic features of "The Quiver" are the reproduction in colours of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" as frontispiece and Arthur Fish's articles, with examples, of "Bunyan's 'Christian' in Art," W. R. Davey's "Scenes in Convict Life," drawn from his experience as prison missionary, shows that there are worse places in the world than a big English prison. The Rev. Hugh Macmillan reminds us of past sacrifices for conscience sake in "Hugh Miller: A Commemoration"; and at the present time, while France is engaged in a hard struggle with the incubus of priestcraft, the paper by E. Bruce Low, M.A., on "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew" and the subsequent rejoicings of Pope and Cardinals over their victims, recalls a lesson that the world has never wholly forgotten. Wholesome fiction contributes to the interest of a capital number. Cassell and Co. have also commenced publishing in parts a revised edition of their valuable and instructive work on "Social England." A new work of theirs in parts is "The Book of the Cat," which promises to be a dainty and artistic publication.



TROOPER F. H. DAVIS,

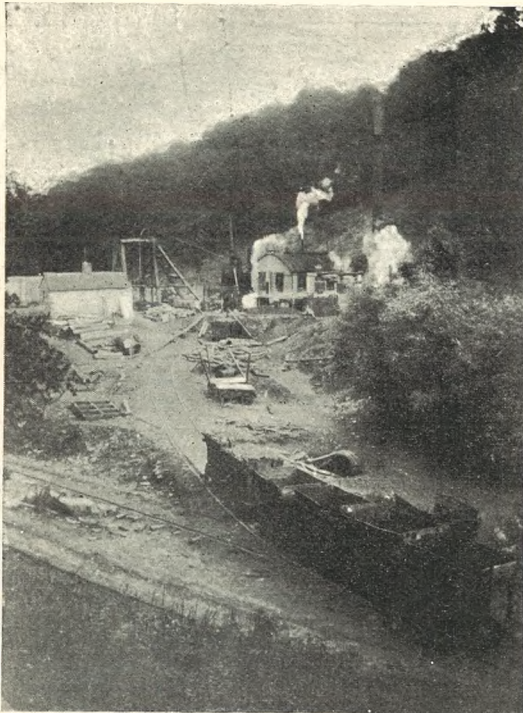
Who served in the second contingent of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and on his return home to Newent, on Sept. 1st last, was welcomed with public rejoicing.



FAC-SIMILE OF A WINCHCOMBE BANK NOTE.

Fisher and Ashmore's Winchcombe Bank failed some eighty years ago. Its business premises were in Hailes-street, in a part of the premises now occupied by Mr. H. Wood.

In these days of large bank amalgamations it is interesting to know that such a small town as Winchcombe formerly had a bank of its very own.

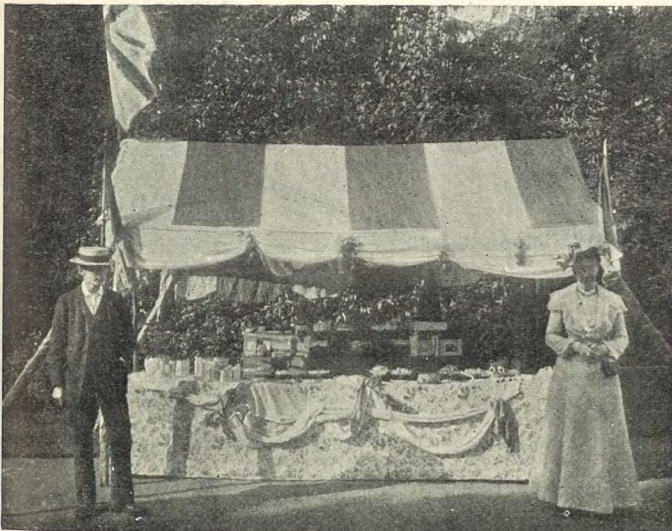


Union Pit of the Deep Navigation Coal Co Ltd., which was recently flooded and in which four miners were drowned.

Photos by W. Walton,

Gloucester.

\*\*\* THE PRIZE PICTURES. \*\*\*



SWEET STALL.

Photos by Wilfrid N. Unwin,



GROUP OF TEA GIRLS.

Dowdeswell.

Questioned at a Camberwell inquest upon the deceased's drinking habits, a witness said he was a moderate drinker, afterwards stating that he might have had as many as twenty half-pints of beer a day as well as a drop of gin.



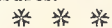
The General Purposes Committee of the Marylebone Borough Council have decided by a majority to recommend that Mr. Carnegie's offer of £30,000 on certain conditions for free library purposes in the borough be declined with thanks.

Lady Mary Lygon has been staying during the last fortnight at Abergeldie Castle as the Lady-in-Waiting on the Princess of Wales, and will be succeeded, when her term of duty expires, by Lady Bradford. Lady Mary Lygon has attended the Princess from Deeside to London.



Friends of the temperance cause will regret to learn that the wife of Mr. Tennyson Smith, the superintendent and founder of the Temperance Ironsides, is at present dangerously ill, and hardly expected to recover. She has travelled a great deal with her husband, and is well known and beloved by many people.

The Marquis of Salisbury, says "The Medical Press and Circular," has so far improved that his removal from Lucerne, it is hoped, may shortly be practicable. The venerable statesman has suffered for years with intestinal complaint, the effects of which have been mitigated by massage and appropriate measures.



Schilling, the world-walker, who was last heard of at Bloemfontein, has now reached Pretoria. He has still another 7,000 miles to walk within twelve months. Up to the present he has worn out ninety-eight pairs of shoes. From Pretoria he proceeds to Cairo.

CHELTENHAM  
HOME FOR SICK CHILDREN.

MASONRY (OPERATIVE AND SPECULATIVE) AT CHELTENHAM.

THE NEW BUILDING.

It is now more than five and twenty years since the need in this town and neighbourhood for a home for the reception and treatment of children of the poorer classes suffering from chronic bodily ailments was recognised, and a commencement made towards supplying the felt want. The initiative was taken in All Saints' parish, and the names of the Rev. Corbet Moore, the then vicar, and of Mrs. Moore will always be remembered in this connection.

Started in the first instance as a home for incurable children, and on a very modest scale, the scope of the charity was before long extended to cases not necessarily incurable. It was no doubt found difficult, if not impossible, to foretell what cases might prove curable and what not, while the rapid and remarkable advance made in medical and surgical science and practice had already shown that many cases theretofore deemed incurable were capable of cure, partial or material, if not complete; and the charity has for many years past been described in the annual reports as "intended to afford a home for sick children of the poorer classes whose ailments require long and patient nursing."

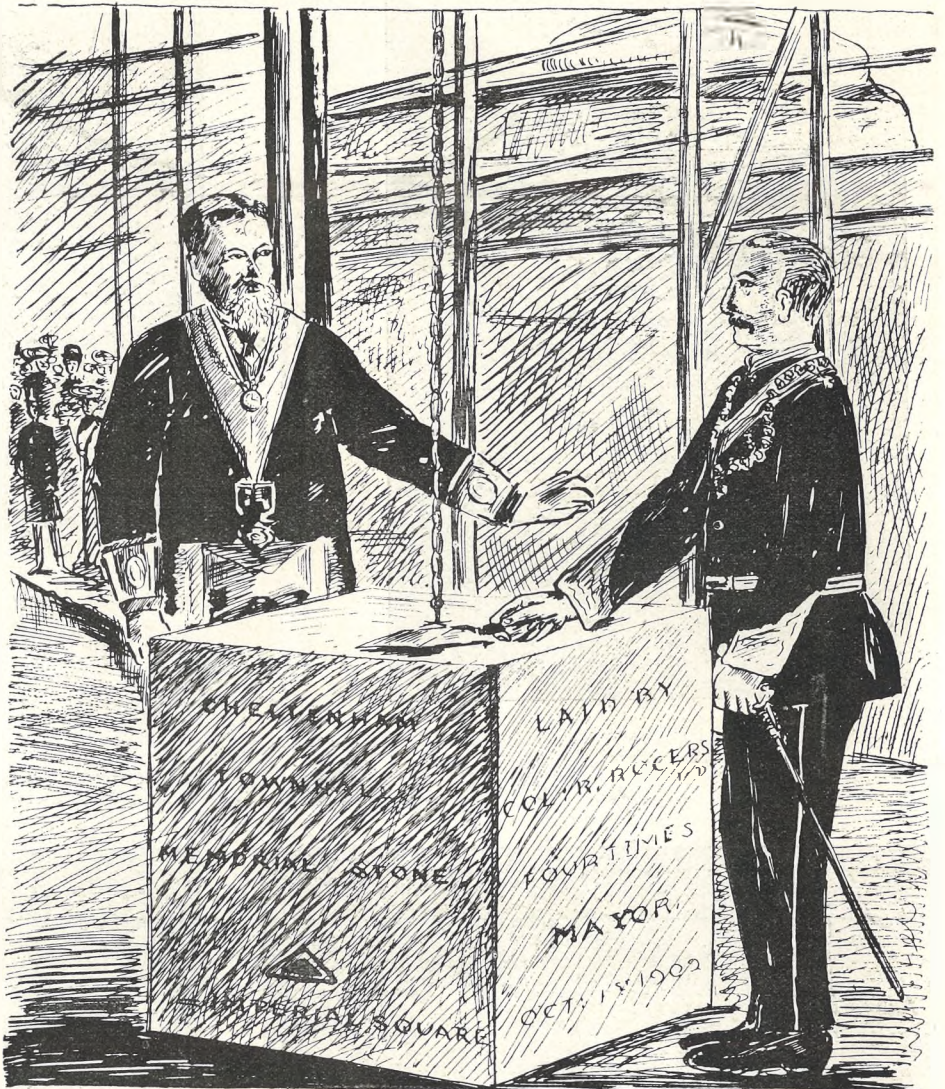
Conducted strictly in accordance with this expressed aim and intention, it is hoped and believed that this charity supplies a want which the General Hospital cannot ordinarily and does not profess under its rules to supply. For the rule of the latter institution is that "no person shall ordinarily be admitted as an in-patient whose case is apprehended to be chronic or incurable." The rule of the home is to admit such cases, and not to admit primarily with a view to surgical operations. It is the desire of the committee to work in harmony with and to supplement the good work done by the General Hospital.

As regards the local scope of the charity, the guiding rule and the practice has been to give preference to the children of poor parents resident in the borough of Cheltenham and its more immediate neighbourhood; application for admission of patients from other parts of the county of Gloucester naturally receive the next consideration.

In 1885 the committee were able, owing to a great extent to the generous assistance of the late Mr. Demainbray, to purchase the house and premises known as Belmont Lodge in Winchcombe-street, which for several years previously they had occupied on payment of rent, and a considerable sum was laid out in improvements and alterations, and the home was located in these premises until the present year. As years went by the desirability of having a building better adapted to the surgical requirements of a home like this, and situate amid more rural surroundings, was kept in view by the committee for the time being, and some eight or nine years ago a systematic effort was made by the ladies closely connected with the home to raise a special building fund for this purpose; but the amount realised never approached a figure that would have justified the committee in purchasing a new site and building thereon.

Two years ago the late Mrs. Marianne Louisa Hay, of Ashfield, Cheltenham, promised such pecuniary assistance towards a new building in a suitable position that the committee forthwith set about selecting a site, and eventually succeeded in purchasing an acre and a quarter of ground situate on the lower slope of Harp Hill, Battledown, payment for which was made out of the building fund. The first stone of the new building was laid in July, 1901, by Mrs. Hay, and the whole of the estimated cost of that building was given by the same generous lady, who unfortunately did not live to see the completion of her good work.

The new home contains two wards, each capable of accommodating twelve patients. The wards have a south and west aspect; and while they are open to receive the welcome warmth of the sun, they are protected from too great heat by spacious verandahs,



SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH: "CONGRATULATIONS, BROTHER MAYOR, ON THIS SPLENDID BIT OF OPERATIVE MASONRY. I CAN NOW "WATCH" ITS PROGRESS BETTER."  
THE MAYOR: "I AM SORRY, SIR MICHAEL, THIS TOWNHALL WAS NOT READY FOR THE SPECULATIVE MASONRY YESTERDAY. BUT I HOPE WE SHALL YET MAKE YOU A "FREEMAN", AND THAT YOU WILL BE SPARED TO CELEBRATE YOUR JUBILEE AS GRAND MASTER IN IT."

under which in almost all weather the little patients will have the benefit of the open-air treatment so beneficial in their case. All other necessary adjuncts to such a home are provided—bath-rooms, isolation ward, accommodation for the lady superintendent and staff of nurses, laundry, etc., etc., and while regard has been had in the first place to simplicity and efficiency, the architectural effect will, we think, be generally considered good and pleasing to the aesthetic eye, while the material and work is of the best throughout. To Messrs. Prothero and Phillott, the architects, and to Messrs. Collins and Godfrey, the contractors, the credit of the result is due.

This is not the place for, nor would space allow of, recounting in detail the indebtedness of the committee to all those who from the commencement have contributed to the success of the home, to all subscribers and donors, to the distinguished physicians and surgeons who have freely given their valuable services to it gratis, to the clergy who have ministered to the spiritual needs of the inmates, and to those who in former days have constituted the committee of management.

Removal to the new building has entailed heavy charges, which as regards new furni-

ture have to a great extent, but not entirely, been met by special contributions, for which the committee tender sincere thanks; but enlarged and improved accommodation entails increased expenditure, and it is earnestly hoped that there may be a corresponding increase in interest taken by the public in this institution, and in the annual subscriptions and in donations, on which it is almost entirely dependent.

Visitors are admitted to the home daily between 2 and 4 p.m., and further information may be obtained from the lady superintendent, or from the acting hon. secretary, Mr. H. H. Peet.

The new building is to be formally declared open on Friday next, October 10th, at 3 p.m., and invitations in the name of the committee have been issued to all subscribers, and to others interested or likely to be interested in the charity, to attend the opening ceremony, at which the member for the borough, Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, has kindly consented to preside.

Several pictures of the exterior and interior of the building will be found in our next issue, together with a report of the proceedings at the opening ceremony.



“Gloucestershire Graphic” introduces Art to Cheltenham,

(Represented by the fair and accomplished “Selina Jenkins”).

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

\*

Freemasonry is synonymous with charity and benevolence, the full extent of which, however, is not known to the world, although some sum totals of moneys raised occasionally get published. Provincial Grand Lodge of Gloucestershire does not forget, too, there is such a thing as operative masonry, as witness their splendid gifts of a reredos to the Cathedral and work in the cloisters. Funds with them appear to be inexhaustible, for I understand that the recent raising of some £650 to pay for the presentations to Sir Michael and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach has not affected the determination of the brethren to make their mark on the fabric of Tewkesbury Abbey, the restoration of a portion of the cloisters and of the wall there being the work they have undertaken, at an estimated cost of about £500.

\*

Time was when the very mention of “bow-wow pie” in Painswick by a stranger would bring personal chastisement upon him, but of late years the Painswickians have not been so sensitive, and this canine comestible has been caricatured in side shows at the floral fetes there. I hear that Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., the celebrated amateur Parliamentary photographer, has recently paid a visit to the town in order to get a few plates of old-world customs still kept up there. One of his takes was the ancient stocks, or “Old Squire’s Specs,” with a carefully arranged tableau of the Painswick banner with “bow-wow” device in the background, a leading tradesman sitting and resting his legs on the stocks, drinking from a pint mug served with beer from a watering pot held by a townsman also alive to the joke.

Bravo! Cheltenham. The last Friday in September this year should be memorable in its annals, for it was then that the townspeople gave public recognition to the returned Reservists and the second contingent of Volunteers who had been doing their country’s work. It was an inspiring sight to see some 165 gentlemen in khaki march through several of the streets, with the band playing the “British Grenadiers,” “See, the Conquering Hero comes,” and other martial tunes, to the Winter Garden, and there partake of a good square meal and receive presents of a “pipe of peace” and a civic certificate of thanks. I wish the funds would have run to a more costly present; but still, there was the kindly recognition, which, I am sure, the recipients fully appreciated. Mr. Councillor Packer proved himself a veritable organiser of entertainment victory, and our military Mayor, by inviting a number of representative men to the festive board, well did his part in the honouring of the brave. I was much struck by the list of the names of the latter, and I find that three-fourths of them belonged to the Gloucesters, Imperial Yeomanry, Royal Artillery, and Guards. Altogether, some forty regiments were represented.

\*

Cheltenham takes the palm in the county for having given not only a hospitable send-off, but a hospitable welcome home to the largest number of men who went forth to fight the country’s battles. Gloucester, although the county town, must take a back seat in this respect, and I am not surprised that at a recent dinner “on their own” of returned Yeomen one of the troopers, amidst applause, said it was a standing disgrace to the Gloucester civic body that men who had served their country well in a very trying and painful war should have been allowed to come back unrecognised. I wonder if the

apologists who assert that the matter has not been lost sight of are aware how many of the unrecognised ones there are in the Cathedral city? To say nothing of the Reservists, I can inform them that of Yeomen alone attested in Cheltenham in the winter of 1901 no fewer than 21 were Gloucester men who have come back. If the City Fathers won’t move, surely there is enough public spirit in Gloucester to arrange a welcome home on the lines of the one at Cheltenham.

\*

I trust that the Cheltenham authorities will put themselves on the right side and lodge a claim for some of the trophies captured in the recent war. The town can make out a very strong case by reason of the sacrifices her sons made. As I understand it, the Secretary of State for War has appointed a small committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Hardwicke, to consider the whole question of distribution. I notice that the total number of trophies available is strictly limited. No time, therefore, should be lost in applying, if this has not already been done. We can hardly expect a Long Tom to put between the two Russian cannon, but at least a vierkleur or two ought to be available to hang in our new Town-hall, the memorial stone of which was laid with such success last Wednesday.

GLEANER.

The petty officer who had charge of the party of sailors who were entrusted with the conveyance of the King during the earlier stages of his recent convalescence has left the Navy on pension and taken up a position in the household of the Prince of Wales. Besides receiving, in common with all the members of the party of sailors, a silver watch, engraved with the Crown and Royal monogram, from the King, the petty officer has been presented with the Coronation medal.



**THE SEASON'S CLOSE.**

A Persian saw has it that "when one door opens another shuts." The season of indoor and home amusement is opening; but the summer cycling and photographic season is practically at an end. There are not a few ardent spirits who cling to their wheels all through the winter days; but, for the many, regular riding is virtually over until spring comes again. The amateur photographer is, of course, not quite so restricted to season as the wheelman—he can be less dependent upon the state of the roads and the weather, and even if he is for the most part a fine-day enthusiast, the winter time affords him the pleasurable opportunity of making prints, lantern slides, or enlargements from his summer negatives. So that in a delightful sense he lives his holidays and country jaunts o'er again. But, when all is said, the regular season for camera and cycle must be regarded as now at its close, and accordingly with this week the "Wheel and Camera" column ceases, and we bid its readers farewell until 1903.

**EMBRACE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.**

But though an arbitrary division declares the season at an end, it must not be considered that October has no attractions as a cycling month. It may even be that some of the most enjoyable spins of the year will be possible in the next week or two. When the autumn tints suffuse the woodlands, the country wears, in the view of many, its most glorious garb.

For o'er the leaves before they fall

Such hues hath Nature thrown,

That the woods wear on sunless days

A sunlight of their own.

With dry, hard roads, a repose and softness over the landscape which is lacking in summer, and a crisp air that gives the wheeler zest in his ride, autumn is not a period to be altogether neglected by the rider who wants to derive the fullest enjoyment from the pastime. And to the amateur photographer also the time of year offers many pictorial inducements which he will be wise to embrace.

**THE BICYCLE AS "LUGGAGE."**

Is a railway company bound to carry a bicycle as a passenger's luggage? The answer is given in one of the best articles that have yet appeared on the vexed question of conveying the bicycle by rail, the writer being "Cyclex" who contributes to "Cycling." "No," is what he replies. The company is entitled to say, through the usually inactive mouth of a booking-clerk, to any cyclist:—"We will take you, but not your machine with you." A bicycle does not come within the category of "luggage." But a railway company, if it does give a cyclist a ticket for his machine in the ordinary course of travelling, cannot play fast and loose with him. There are limits even to the autocratic powers of a railway company. It is bound to carry the machine in the same train as the cyclist himself. The only thing that will excuse it is the absence of room in the train, and even this excuse will not avail if it can conveniently be put on another van. If, through the negligence or caprice of any of the officials, the machine, after its carriage has been paid for, is left behind, the company is responsible for any expenses to which the cyclist may be put by reason of the absence of his machine at his destination whether it has been booked at the "owner's risk" or not.

**A CYCLE LAMP STORY.**

A small boy cyclist was riding early in the evening without a light, and was stopped by a policeman, who asked him in gruff tones where his light was. "Why it's here," exclaimed the rider in surprise. "Yes, but it's out," solemnly asserted the man. "Well, it was lighted at that last turn." "Why, it's cold. Couldn't have been lighted this evening," triumphantly announced the officer.

"Pooh! That thin metal cools in a minute. I'll light that lamp and wait until it gets hot, put it out, then ride to the next corner and back, and when I return it'll be cold." "All right; try it," assented the acute policeman. The boy lighted the lantern, waited until it grew hot, turned it out, and started. And the policeman is still waiting for him.

**ONE-THOUSANDTH OF A SECOND.**

The ingenuity which has been brought to bear in the production of photographic apparatus is admirably shown in what is known as the focal plane shutter, by means of which rapidly moving objects can be taken at speeds varying from 1-20th to a thousandth of a second. The present popularity of high-speed focal-plane photography is largely due to the efforts of the Thornton-Pickard Company, who are acknowledged to be at the head of English manufacturers of roller blind shutters. The Thornton-Pickard instrument works upon the roller-blind principle. It is fitted at the back of the camera, and the dark slide goes into the back of the shutter, so that the blind passes immediately in front of the plate. To make the exposure, the blind has a narrow slit in it, the full width of the plate, which can be adjusted to give exposures of varying rapidity, with the aid of an easily-regulated driving spring. It is altogether a wonderful contrivance, and it is rendered complete by the speed calculator, which shows at once how to obtain any desired rate of speed. By a simple arrangement the shutter—which can be fitted to almost any kind of camera—is prevented from interfering with the employment of a lens cap for time exposures, or with any other shutter working on the lens. The usefulness of a camera can thus be immeasurably increased.

**A CLEVER ADJUSTMENT.**

One of the disadvantages of folding hand cameras in general is that, after pressing a spring and lowering the baseboard, you have to pull out the lens front, and then adjust it to the focussing scale. All this takes time, and carries with it the risk that the picture may after all be out of focus. In the new "Automan" hand camera, with which the employment of the focal plane shutter is especially to be recommended, one touch opens the camera and automatically brings the lens into the fixed focus position—the one most generally used. This adjustment is as clever a one as could be devised for the purpose, and its usefulness will be apparent to all hand-camera users. If near objects have to be focussed it is effected by means of a lever, another novel arrangement. The "Automan" is made for use with either glass plates or roll films, and when the focal plane shutter is fitted with a view to rapid work, there is also an iris shutter in front of the lens for longer exposures. No elaborate alterations are needed when changing from one shutter to another. The simple turning of a knob puts the focal plane shutter out of action, and the iris shutter can then be used in the ordinary way. With the daily-increasing vogue of photography of rapidly moving objects the "Automan" focal plane camera is destined to become a very familiar instrument at race-meetings, athletic gatherings, football and cricket matches, horse shows, by the seaside, and in fact, in every place where there are subjects possessing very rapid movement to be taken.

**CYCLING v. FOOTBALL.**

There are, of course, many who will not allow that cycling possesses any advantage over football as a pastime. But note the case as put by the editor of "Cycling." In the first place cycling is an all-the-year-round sport, with no weary months of enforced idleness, during which the sportsman is liable to lose all the benefit he has obtained from it. It is a sport which is not necessarily dependent upon the co-operation of a considerable number of one's fellows; nor, on the other hand, is it in its nature and essence a selfish game. Consider, too, how advantageously it will compare with other pastimes in respect of being both a sport and a spectacle. The footballer must either play the game or watch it; he cannot do both; whereas the cyclist may ride his machine six days in the week,

and watch races on the seventh. As a practical cyclist himself he is in a better position to criticise and to appreciate the skill and endurance of the expert cycle racer than are the spectators at a football match, a large proportion of whom have never kicked a ball in their lives. But, above and beyond such obvious advantages as these, is the fact that cycling is a pastime for both sexes and all ages.

**ROAD WARNING SIGNALS.**

A series of four warning signals has been adopted by the Ligue Internationale des Associations Tourists, which held its meeting at Geneva, and was attended by representatives of 19 cycling organisations. The signals are for International use, and will be of the greatest help to tourists not quite conversant with the language. The arrow has been chosen as the basis for the signal. Inclined, the arrow denotes RIDE WITH ATTENTION; inverted, it implies DANGER—DISMOUNT; a bent arrow suggests CAUTION—DANGEROUS CORNER; and a broken arrow CAUTION—OBSTRUCTION. The signals can be easily read even when cycling at a good speed, and their introduction should be hastened.

**DRYING PLATES OR FILMS.**

A new and simple dodge for drying prints or films is suggested by the "Amateur Photographer." Procure ordinary beer-bottle corks—used ones will do quite well. Split these into four. Rub the flat sides smooth on a piece of flat sand-paper, then, with Seccotine or other powerful adhesive, stick the corks on to the edges of shelves, door rails, window astragels, or other places where it is convenient to dry prints. It is much easier to pin wet prints on to cork than on to wood, and then not at all hard on the fingers. Ordinary dressmakers' pins can be used, and are on the whole handier and more satisfactory than the best dark-room pins. At all events they are less costly. Use the largest size. It is a good plan to place the corks on a strip of lath, about 1½ in. apart. The lath can be moved from place to place (according to what is going on in the household), and can be hung from ceiling or gas bracket, in a warm or dry room, and the wet prints or films pinned on and allowed to dry all night.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

Now that the dark evenings are here don't forget your lamp.

As a touring machine, when properly managed, the motor-bicycle is unrivalled. Considering that this has been really the first motor-cycle season, the number of successful tours accomplished is highly satisfactory and encouraging, says "Motor Cycling."

The mile cycling championship of Europe will be run at Cologne on October 5. The first prize is £50.

Not many cycle gymkhanas have been held this summer, probably owing to the weather.

Truly this is no age of chivalry. The other day a writer in "Cyclers' News" noticed a lady cyclist drawing a trailer in which reclined a mere male, presumably her husband.

According to revenue returns, there are at present in France 5,386 motor-cars, of which 2,893 can seat more than two passengers. Of these 1,149 are owned in Paris.

It was stated in a recent bicycle stealing case that prisoner had divided the machine into fifty different pieces, and these were found hidden under floors and up the chimney of the house.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her whole family are ardent cyclists. The Princess recently purchased a new tricycle for her own riding, and has become a convert to the free wheel.

"Cyclady" or "cycless" are suggested as distinctive names for lady cyclists.

A male cyclist asks if lady cyclists will be a little more circumspect in the manner in which they drop their hairpins about the roads. No less than four times lately has his tyres been punctured by these instruments.

M. Octave Greard, the eminent head of the Paris University, has resolved, at the age of 74, on retiring. He will be succeeded by M. Liard.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 92.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902

## THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night, the Greatest Comedy  
Drama of the Age,

**"A MESSAGE FROM MARS."**

NEXT WEEK—

**MICE & MEN.**

Times and Prices as Usual.

### 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.

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

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.

The winner of the 91st competition is Mr. H. Dyer, of Juniper Cottage, St. Mark's, Cheltenham, with his harvest festival photos.

Entries for the 92nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 11th, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

### Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

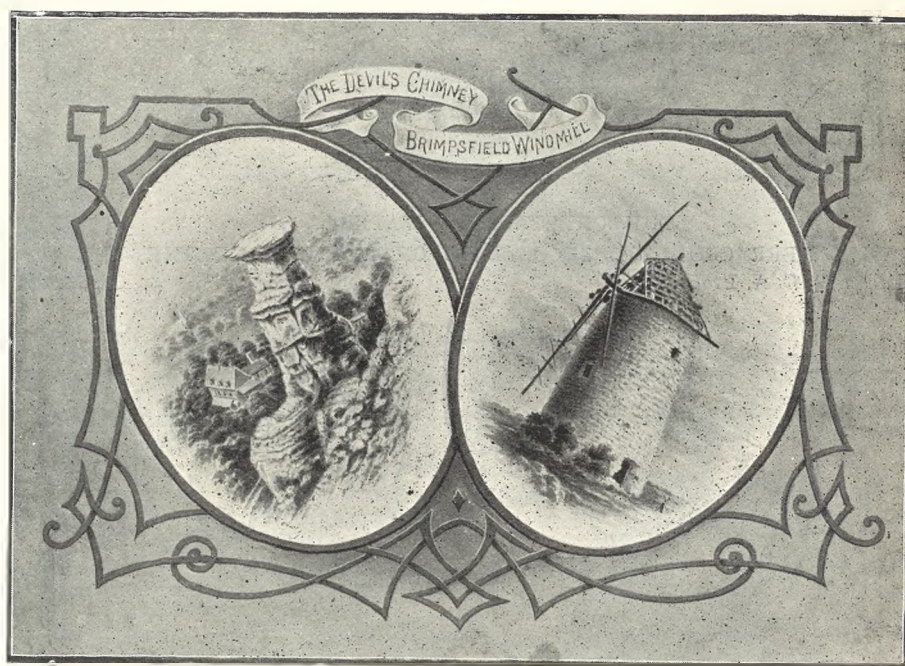
The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the second competition is Mr. John A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the third drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 11th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



From a water colour by John A. Probert,

Cheltenham.

Brimpsfield Windmill was Demolished in 1900.

The following choice piece of English comes from a Siamese paper, under the heading "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony": "Khoon Tong was a man of Lampon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their morne. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

From a modern novel.—"Her eyes fell," "Her hands dropped by her side." "He lost his tongue." "His jaw dropped." "She crushed him with a look." "His heart sank like lead." Then, one would suppose, the housemaid came with a broom and swept away the debris, but nothing of the kind appears in the story.—"Printers' Register."

There is one word in the English language which can appear six times consecutively in a sentence and make correct English. To illustrate:—A boy wrote on the blackboard: "The man that lies does wrong." The teacher objected to the word "that," so the word "who" was substituted. And yet it must be evident to the reader for all that, that that "that" that that teacher objected to was right, after all.

No man is at all times wise; he is often otherwise.

A small envelope filled with volcanic dust from Mont Pelee was sent by the proprietor of the "New York Evening World" to each of the readers of his paper.

The editor of a newspaper in Christian County, Ohio, intends to publish the Bible in instalments. His paper is not a large one, and the weekly instalments will be short, so that it will take 50 years to get from Genesis to Revelation.

A novel and effective means of getting even with their bosses for a cut in wages was resorted to recently by Italian labourers on a railway in Germany. Two gangs were engaged on the work, one German, the other Italian. When the reduction in wages was announced, the Germans struck. The Italians kept on working, but cut an inch off the end of their shovels. When this was discovered the ringleader was asked for an explanation, and said: "Not so much pay, not lift so much earth; so much longer last work."

“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY :

SELINA JENKINS PUTS UP FOR THE EAST WARD AS AN “HINDEPENDENT!”

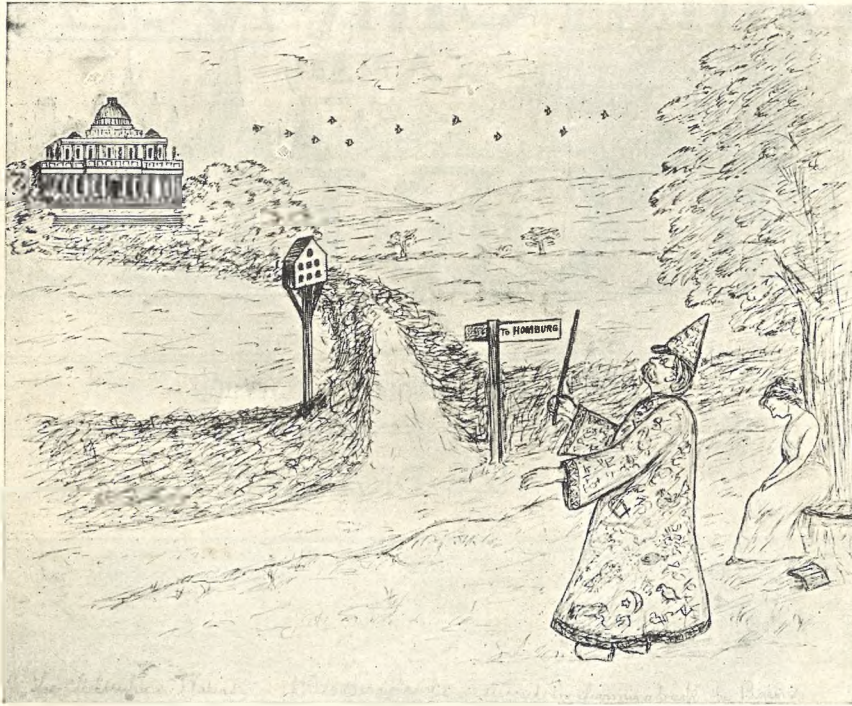
Yes, Mr. Editor, I been and gone and 'ad meself put up for the good of the cause. 'Pon me word, when I considers for a minute, I don't know what cause; but that don't matter, I've put up for the good of it!

You see, it come about like this: The other day I were a-setting in my back-kitchen, so as to save lighting the fire in the setting-room, the weather being what you may call betwixt and between, wich I was very busy peelin' a few onions to go in a bit of 'ash as were warmin' on the 'ob, and me eyes were a-waterin' somethink awful, when there comes the outdaciousest knock at my front door as you never 'eard! Who's this? thinks I to meself, sure-a-lie it can't be no real lady, as wouldn't never be so unpolite as to call of a Monday, wich everybody knows as Wednesday's my “at home” day, most of me friends being engaged in commershul pursuits, as the sayin' is.

'Owever, to come back to the knocker, I just puts me 'air-net straight and shets to the kitchen door to hide the smeech of the onions, wich I always goes on the text “Expression's better than valour.” So I takes a peep thro' the letter-box to see wot it mite be a-scrapin' its feet so 'andy on my front step, as I 'adn't long whitened down, and were as clean as a whited sepulker or the driven snow when I left it. So wot do you think I sees but a nice little crowd of men and women a-chattering away 13 to the 12, and one sayin' “I hope she's hin,” and another remarkin' in a loud tone of whisper “I think she must be, unless she've got a hawtomatic cooking derangement, wich there's a very strong whiff of onions just come out of the key-hole!”

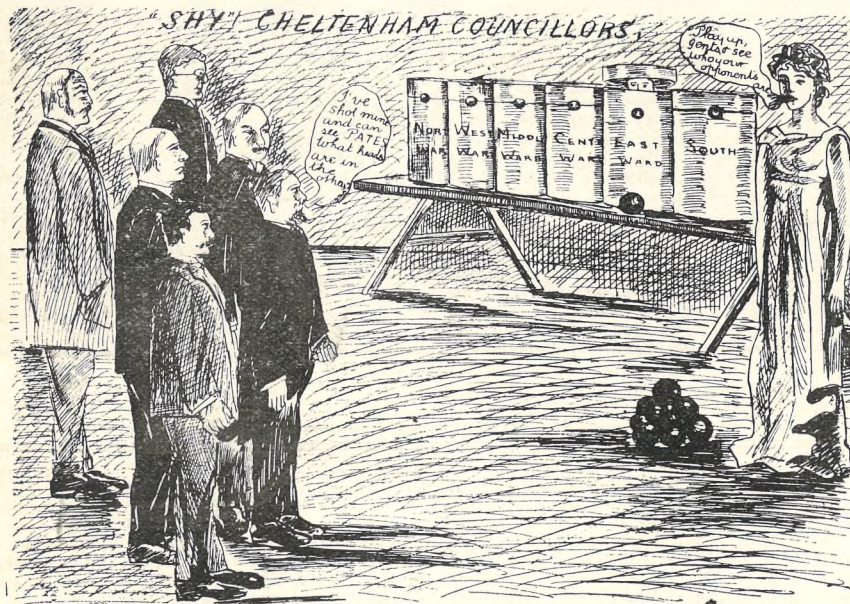
So I just rushes into the setting-room and puts the chairs a bit hartistic like, same as the gentlefolks does, and opens a copy of Sankey's hims on the old pyanna, and puts a match to the fire, as were already laid hin, and then daps hont so fresh as a lark to meet the gentry.

And WOT, in the name of fortin, DO you think they there people was come for? Why, to ask me, a lone widder like me, Selina J., to omit meself to be dominated as a candidate for the East Ward Poles to the 'Ustings to November the 1st next. Of course, wot with the honexpected honor and the honions and the wood being damp in the fire as I'd just litten, as made a 'orrible smoke and set heverybody a coffin'; wich the deppytation was so big I couldn't cram it all into the setting-room, and I 'ad to put 3 or 4 men out in the 'all and 2 young fellows on the stairs. 'Owever, it come to this: that they considered, me being a large propuppy owner, 'aving started to buy me “villa” in the building society, and not being the tool of any clicks and things, I should be more likely to do the rite thing by the ratepayers than others. So I hups and I says: “Look here, Mr. and Mrs. Deppytation and Co., I ain't lived to my time of life without finding out one thing, and that is that very often 'tis the littlest trumpet that makes the loudest noise, so I asks you wot you'm a-goin' to do with them 2 worthy men and true as is already dominated for the post, and both considers they'm just the one for the job, as means 'ard work at a salary of nothing a week! When I thinks of their feelin's if I turns 'em out, I weeps, that I does!” Really, it was them honions as made me weep at this junction; but, 'ow-somdever, they must 'ave thought I was very tender-'arted, wich the leader of the deppytation hups and says: “Respected madam! We 'ave long read your spirited and cultured harticles in the colms of the local press, hand—er—we admire you for your sterling silver—I mean British—hindependence, an hindependence wich will not be sat upon by any man, and is not afraid to call a spade a spade



THE CHELTENHAM WATERS.

WILL HERE CRONHEIM SUCCEED IN CHARMING BACK THE PIGEONS?  
Drawn by C. A. Probert, Cheltenham.



Drawn by Miss D. C. Aitken,

Gloucester.

General Booth had a hearty reception on his arrival in New York on Saturday.

Gen. John Augustus Fuller, R.E., C.I.E., died on Monday at his residence, 42 Courtfield-gardens, S.W. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Fitzherbert Fuller, rector of Chalvington, Sussex, and, joining the Army in 1846, he served in the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, and was present at the siege and surrender of Mooltan, being severely wounded by the explosion of a magazine in the town. For these services he received the medal and clasp. For some time Gen. Fuller was Political Resident at Kolhapur and was later, from 1850-82, connected with the Public Works Department in Bombay. He retired on a pension in 1883 with the rank of general.

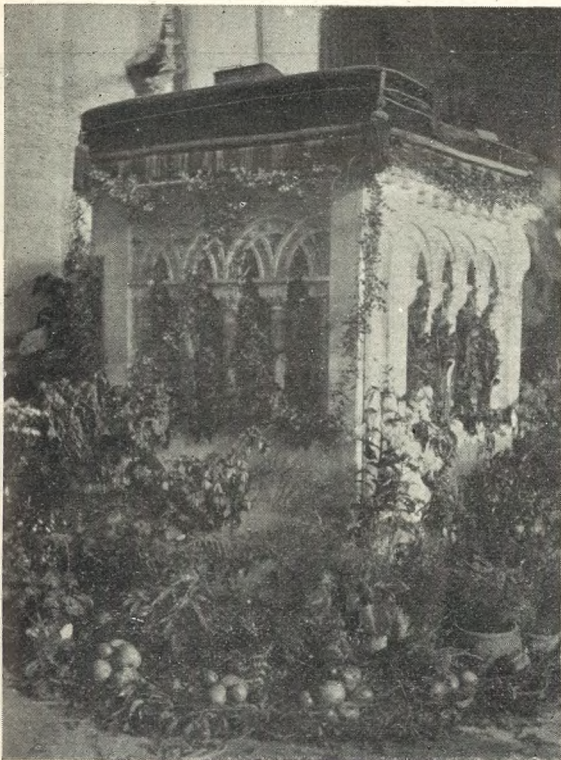
Major-General Sir Elliott Wood, K.C.B., has been appointed commanding officer of the Royal Engineers First Army Corps at Aldershot.

The luxurious Nazeing pig, which was formerly provided with a pink and white bed in its owner's drawing-room, has died in a sty, to which it had been removed by order of the sanitary authorities.

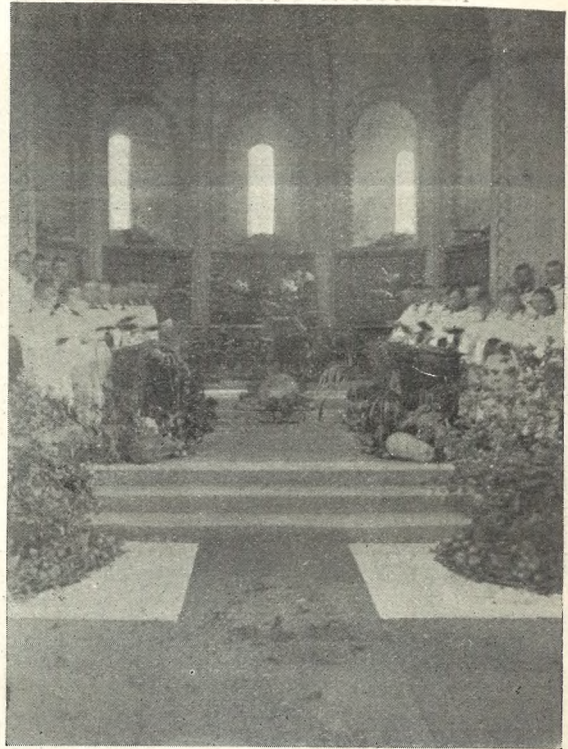
Lieut. F. T. Wogan-Browne, of the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians, was drowned on Sunday while bathing at Greystones, a small village south of Bray, co. Wicklow. The sea was very rough, but Lieut. Browne was a splendid swimmer, and no anxiety was felt for his safety. The body was recovered after the tide had ebbed.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

St. Peter's Church (Cheltenham) Harvest Decorations.



PULPIT.



CHOIR STALLS.

Photos by H. Dyer,

Cheltenham.

and to sift the cinder-heaps of municipal corruption of their chaff with an impartial pen, to wick Liberal and Conservative are but pegs to hang grievances upon.

"Has 2 the candidates now in the field or recreation ground, as the case may be, we consider they are both too good for the position of Councillor; their time would be better occupied on the 1 hand in conducting services, or on the other in carrying on the genteel and hinspiring occupation of a retired florist. So we consider it will be a real charity to prevent them from their mad course of throwing away their services on a thankless town!

"But you, honored and respected madam, will grace the Art Gallery with the chequered pattern of your shawl, and the nodding plumes of your bonnet will be the augur of a brighter and a happier era, when the present deadly dullness of the Council meetings will have returned to the exciting liveliness of the reign of the late H. G. Margrett."

"Thank you, kindly, sir, the same to you, and many of them," says I. "I'm sure I'm very sorry I can't ask you to stop to dinner, but I hadn't bargained on a Sunday school treat giving me a look in. I'm obliged to you for wot you says; but who's to stand the expense?"

"Oh, we'll see after that for you," says he, very social like. "I've taken the liberty to draw hup a card and a address for you."

"Thank you, sir," says I; "everybody knows my address. There ain't no need to put that in cold print, as the sayin' goes."

"No, madam," says he, "I refer to the election address it is customary to make to the electors, which I will take the profound liberty of reading to you." "Well, don't be long," says I, "I smells the 'ash a-catchin' a bit a'ready!" So the leading chap clears his throat and kicks one of my best chairs over with one breath, and proceeds thus:—

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE EAST WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

On Nov. 1st next you will be called upon to elect to the Council Chamber a representative for your IMPORTANT Ward. At the

request of a large number of East Ward Electors of all classes, ages, sexes, mental conditions, and religious beliefs, I have consented to be nominated as a Candidate for your suffrages ("Wait a minute, mister, you means 'suffrages,' doesn't you," says I)—suffrages, and although somewhat late in entering the contest, the hearty support recorded me ("Now, look here, Mr. Deppyttation," says I, "I'm very pertikler hindeed about my spellin', and I wouldn't 'ave no address go out over my name like that there. Why, you don't mean 'recorded'; you do mean 'accorded.'") "Quite right, madam," says he; "wot a brain you 'as; and if there's one thing I admires it's your spelling—you never knows wot you be going to meet next, a figger of speech or a ought or a 'postrophe. 'Owever, to proceed"). Being a real home-grown native. I am known to many of you ("Rather," says I, "too well; that's wot I says!"). I have resided in one house for upwards of 48 years, and never went on a train till I was 30 years of age, and therefore can claim to be thoroughly up to date! Should you do me the honor to elect me, I will look well after the Corporate expenditure of the town ("Tut, tut," says I, "they all says that afore they be elected. Wot we wants is they as looks into the expenses, not after 'em. Talk about expense, why, I shall vote to 'ave a special meeting of enquiry as to wot 'ave become of that there East Ward Recreation Ground—lost, stolen, or straved—nobody knows which; the whites the children gets run in for playing whip-top and tag in the streets. If that there Recreation Ground do exist, let's 'ave a look at it, or send round photographs of the caretaker's house, or do somethink just to let the ratepayers see summat for their money!") "Quite right, madam," says the deppyttation, "wot a hintellick you has to think of things like you does; you ought to 'ave been a schoolmaster or a magerstraight, that you ought; 'owsomdever, we'll start by putting you on the Town Council, as the first step." To proceed!) Should you so far forget yourself as to elect me, you may rely upon my doing whatever lies ("Just so," says I, "I

don't 'old with lies, you're quite right again there, mister") in my power to safeguard your principles and interests, and to faithfully sit round the board and vote for and against all measures for the well-being and comfort of my loyal subjects.

I am, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Ratepayers,  
Your Independent Slave,

SELINA JENKINS  
(retired widow).

"That's the address, honoured madam," says Mr. Deppyttation. "Thank you, Sir," says I, "I agrees with every word of it, altho' I won't say as I've a very clear idea as to whether it promises anything in pertikler or everythink in general. But wot about the public; the British public I do mean, not the one at the corner?"

"Ho!" says Mr. Deppyttation, "that'll be hallright; you leave it to me; we just calls a public meetin' to nominate a candidate for the post. I takes the chair, and we nominate and seconds and thirds you, then I asks if there's any hother name to be proposed. If hanybody's such a hass as to propose another name, well, it's a case of 'houf he goes,' and we votes you in as a candidate in the twinkling of a bull's eye, as the sayin' goes."

"That sounds very 'andy, Sir," says I, "and I don't know but wot it appeals to a pusson of my hintellick to 'ave sich trust reposed in 'er."

"But if you'll egscuse me, Mr. Deppyttation, Ladies, and Gentlemen, my bit of 'ash must be very nigh cooked to a cinder, and I must 'umbly beg you all good morning, and mind the step as you passes out!"

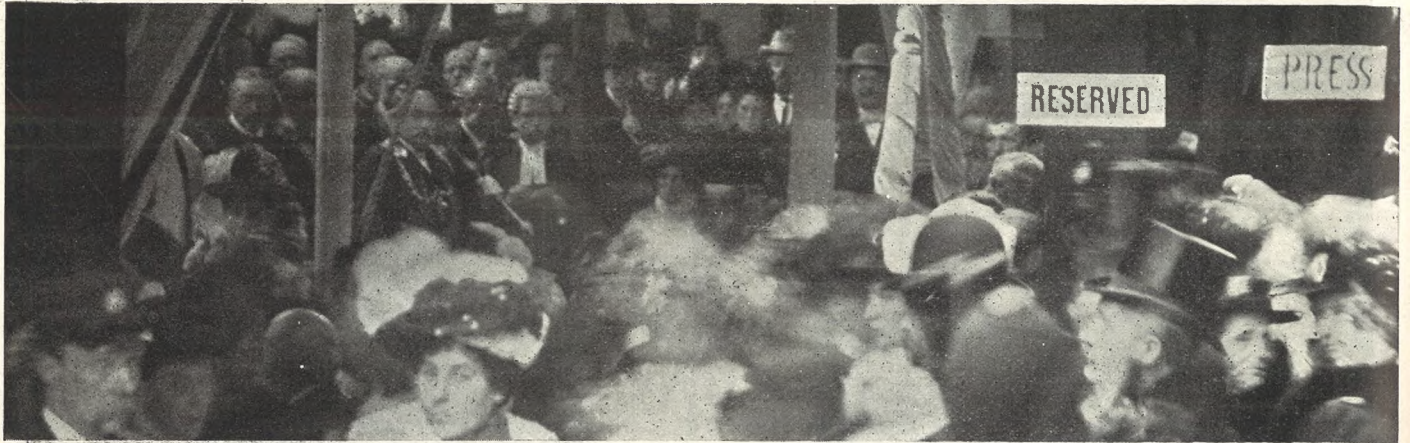
When they was all gone, laff! I thought I should 'ave died to think of it! Selina on the Town Council, hup with them lawyers and builders and generals and all manner. Laws-a-mussy me! Wot times we shall have! Well! well! to be sure; there now; well, we shall see; you never can't tell, can you, now! If only pore Jenkins could 'ave lived to see it!

SELINA JENKINS.

Next week:—"The Nomination Meeting."

❖ ❖ CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL. ❖ ❖

Memorial Stone Laying Oct. 1, 1902, by Col. Rogers, V.D., J.P., Mayor.



Photos by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham.

Princess Henry of Battenberg's Commemorative Coronation medals were distributed on Saturday at Cowes to two thousand children. A letter from her Royal Highness was read amid much enthusiasm. Cheers were given for the King and Princess Henry, and the singing of the National Anthem followed.

The Bishop of Colchester on Saturday dedicated a handsome new organ in Hatfield Broad Oak Parish Church, erected in memory of the late Lord Rookwood.

THE AMERICA CUP CHALLENGER.

Colonel Sharman Crawford, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, speaking to a press representative on Tuesday morning in reference to the proposed challenge for the America Cup, stated that no challenge had been issued by the club on Sir Thomas Lipton's behalf, but that it was hoped that within a few weeks the club would be in a position to make a definite announcement as to whether a challenge would be sent to the New York club or not.

SETTLERS WANTED FOR CANADA.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, on Tuesday opened a new provision exchange at Liverpool. After alluding to the expansion of Canadian trade, he said no effort would be spared to make their produce equal to any in the world. They had vast territories unpeopled, and what they wanted were men and women to occupy them. He appealed to young men with muscle and business capacity to make Canada their home, and success was assured.

Our Portrait Gallery.



LIEUT.-COL. ALEXANDER VAUGHAN PAYNE,  
Commanding 2nd Battalion Wilts Regiment,  
Pretoria.

Col. Payne is eldest son of the Rev. J. Vaughan Payne, of Gloucester. He was commissioned as 2nd lieut. in the 99th Regiment, January 30th, 1873, served in the Zulu War of 1879, and was present during the investment of Ekowe, receiving medal with clasp; his services also include the adjutancy of the 1st V.B. Wilts Regiment, under Colonel the Duke of Somerset, and special service in the Boer War 1901-2, one position being staff-commandant of Queenstown.

POETRY.



HARVEST.

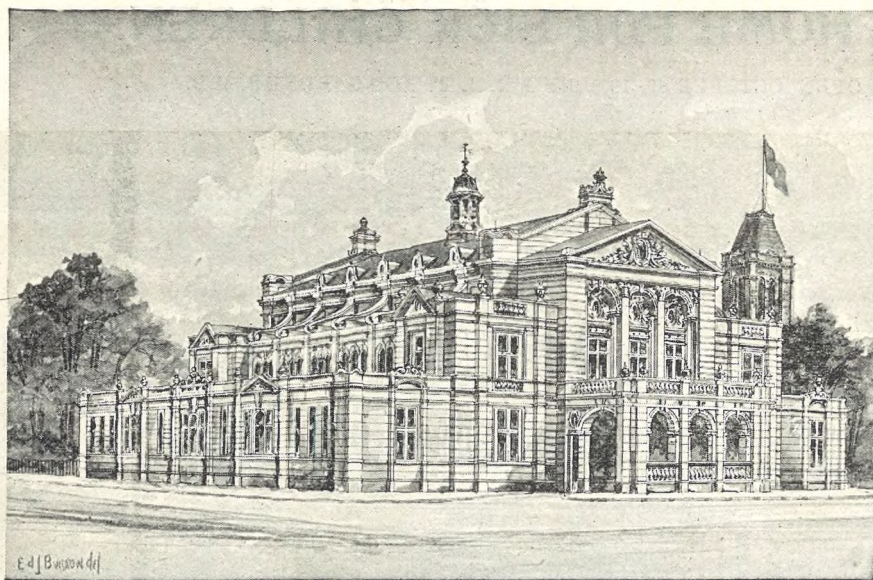
Harvest! And the crown of glory  
Of the yellow fields is shorn;  
And the nodding heads of corn  
Now their Maker's house adorn.  
Grey old stones their grimness lose,  
Clad in wreaths of rosetate hues,  
And the ancient yearly story  
Many raise,  
Full of praise.

Harvest! Autumn! Time of reaping!  
Reaping—all that has been sown!  
Ah, one thought weighs like a stone.  
How the days and hours have flown,  
Slid into the past for ever,  
Sown with halting, weak endeavour!  
And the harvest of our keeping  
Is but vain,  
Bitter pain.

It is strong determination  
Sows the seed that Time will yield—  
A most rich and plenteous field;  
But while still the plough we wield,  
Harvest's far, and ease alluring,  
Work is long, and stern enduring,  
Is the word for all occasion,  
If we'd see  
Harvests free.

D. Y. GOSTAGE.

October 6th has been a somewhat fateful day in the country's history during recent years. It was on that day in 1891 that the country was startled by the news that Charles Stewart Parnell was dead, and the very same day saw the death of Mr. W. H. Smith. Exactly a year later Tennyson passed away. And on October 6th, 1836, Lord Rosebery wrote the famous letter to Mr. Tom Ellis announcing his resignation of the leadership of the Liberal party.



CHELTENHAM'S NEW TOWN-HALL.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The "Echo" is to be congratulated on having again scored heavily off its contemporaries in first announcing the arrival in Gloucestershire of Lord Kitchener, whose advent had been kept very dark. The noble Viscount did not set foot in Stroud until 5.30 p.m. on the Wednesday, yet the news was in the "Extra" issued at six o'clock! I understand that his lordship was an old friend in Egypt of Lord Fitzhardinge, when the Hon. Charles Berkeley, and that bond of union between them eventuated in a mid-week visit to Berkeley Castle of the finisher-up of the war in South Africa. What with cub-hunting and shooting time did not hang heavily on Lord Kitchener's hands during the scarcely 48 hours that he was in our midst. There can be no exception to using the term "beg" in connection with the results of his exploits in the Vale of Berkeley. Rabbiting was the chief sport, and his lordship and four other guns bowled over some 850 bunnies and 17 pheasants. Fur and not feather was the quest this time. Of course, this is nothing compared with one of the records that I have in my mind, namely, a few years ago, when ten guns killed 5,011 rabbits in Hampshire in one day! Gloucestershire has been especially favoured by the chief heroes of the war coming here for a bit of sport soon after their return, for General Baden-Powell did some cub-hunting with the North Cotswold and Earl Roberts hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds last season, and now Lord Kitchener has done a little cubbing with the Berkeley pack.

The several vacant livings in the Diocese of Gloucester, to which I have previously referred, are being gradually filled up, but some others are falling in. Private patrons often find the bestowal of patronage, if conscientiously exercised, more plague than profit. And public bodies do not find it all plain sailing, as witness the complacency with which the Gloucester Charity Trustees had agreed to sell the advowson of the Kemerton rectory for £1,250, in order to divest themselves of the responsibility of presentation and to augment their charitable funds in lieu of this. The vicarage of Badgeworth is still in a state of suspended animation, and I understand the authorities of the College at Oxford to whom the living was left by will are not very keen on taking it over, as this would involve their paying succession duty

on its value. I suppose that if the vacancy is not filled up within the prescribed time the right of presentation will lapse to the Bishop.

The regretted death, at Amberley on Saturday last, of Mr. E. J. C. Morton, one of the M.P.'s for the dockyard borough of Devonport, reminds me that he was clearly of Gloucestershire extraction, as his grandfather started the Example Farm at Tortworth, there carrying out the new ideas in agriculture advocated by the 2nd Earl of Ducie, who was known as "the farmers' friend." Mr. Morton kept up political association with the county through the Liberals, and there was an element of pathos in his coming to die in his native province. It is really astonishing to find how many members of the present House of Commons are in some way or other, either directly or indirectly, connected with Gloucestershire. I remember that the "Chronicle," just after the general election, two years ago, showed that about one hundred of them were thus associated. Gloucestershire is generally in most things.

At the Mayor of Cheltenham's banquet the Gloucester Mayor, who was one of the entertained, was rather taken aback by the persistent laughter with which the company greeted his effusive congratulations to the town on being in the way to possess a building worthy of its civic life. No wonder, for he was quite at sea in assuming that the Town-hall will house municipal offices as well. And it was irony of fate that he should testify to the great benefit that Gloucester had reaped from its Guildhall, in the presence of some who well remembered how he opposed this building as totally unnecessary, and pointed out that the then mayor was content to carry on his business in a small shop. But, as a former mayor of the city once emphatically told the Corporation, we know that "Circumstances does alter cases."

GLEANER.

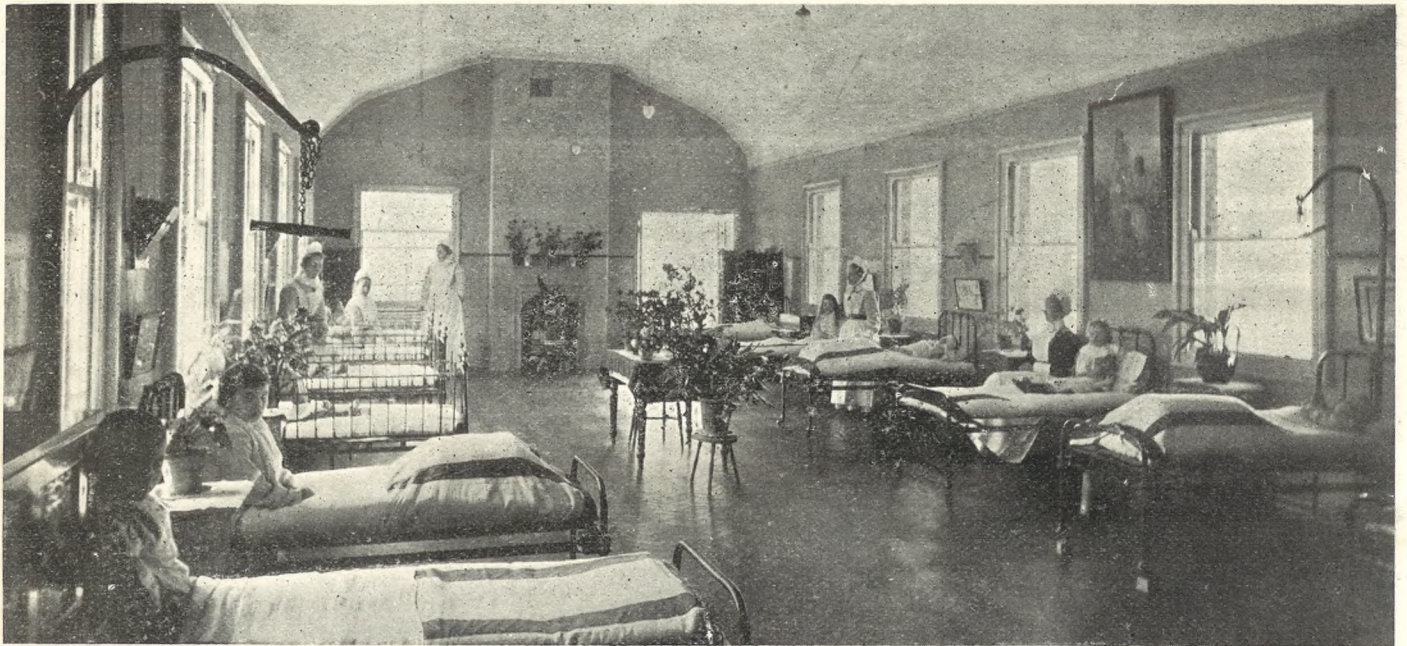
Bishop Kestell Cornish, formerly of Madagascar, has resigned the living of Dame St. Mary, Exeter.

A letter received at Liverpool says the King has referred Mr. John Kensit's appeal for his son's release to the Home Secretary.

Mr. A. W. Large, a well-known Leamington solicitor, and a champion of the Evangelical Church party in the town, has resolved to throw up his practice and start in November next for China as a missionary. Mr. Large will be attached to the China Inland Mission.

## CHELTENHAM HOME FOR SICK CHILDREN.

FORMALLY DECLARED OPEN OCTOBER 10, 1902, BY MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER, M.P.



Photos by H. W. Watson,

ONE OF THE WARDS.

Cheltenham.

**A GENEROUS OFFER.**  
Mr. James Joicey, who has twice been Conservative candidate for North-West Durham, has offered sixteen acres of ground as a public park for the Annfield Plain district, on condition that the ground is planted and laid out by means of voluntary subscriptions.

**WOMAN WITH BONES OF CHALK.**  
A case is reported from America of a woman who fractured her legs and arms whenever she made the slightest movement. Her bones, says "Health," changed to a chalky substance, and so brittle did her frame become before she died in a Philadelphia hospital that the doctors feared her neck might be dislocated, and she was placed in her bed in such a position that she could only move her head a few inches.

**SIR CONAN DOYLE.**  
A communication has been received from Sir Conan Doyle adhering to his decision not to contest Central Edinburgh in the Unionist interest.

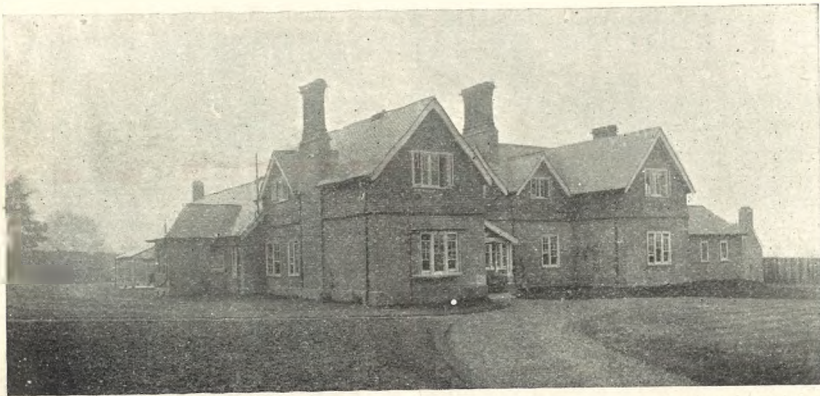
**BRITISH LINE TO CANADA.**  
Sir Wilfred Laurier, responding to the toast of his health at a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool on Tuesday, said the problem of a fast service between England and Canada had been under notice continually during his premiership. They had solved problems in Canada vastly more difficult, and he hoped they would be able to solve that one also. Sir Wilfred was accompanied by Lady Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance.

**INTERESTING RECORD OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE WEST INDIES, 1834.**  
The garden arch at Farmhill Park, Stroud, the residence of Mr. C. P. Allen, M.P., for Stroud, bears the following inscription in Roman letters:—

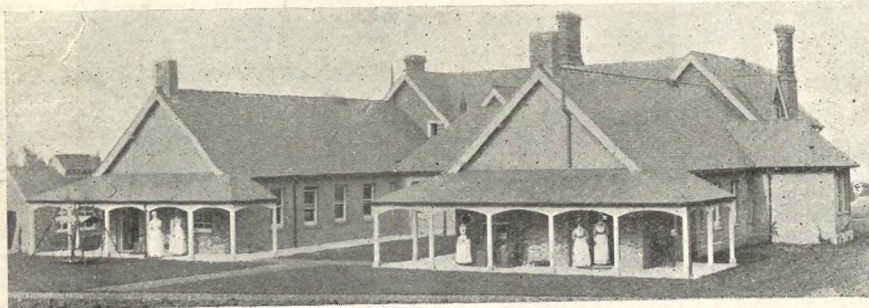
ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE  
ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE  
BRITISH COLONIES, THE FIRST OF AUGUST,  
A.D. MDCCCXXXIV.  
DEDIT DEUS LIBERTATEM.  
DETUR DEO GLORIA.

Martial law was abrogated in Natal on Saturday.

CHELTENHAM HOME FOR SICK CHILDREN.



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

**Humours of Gloucester  
Barton Fair.**

By JOSEPH MERRIN.

Glorious old Barton Fair, that grand annual carnival, when the county really shakes hands with its metropolis, seems to be inextinguishable. The sedate citizens and the quiet country folk, and especially the juveniles of both sections, seem alike determined to keep alive the good old merry-making. The Cattle Market, now of gigantic dimensions, from the meagre assemblage in former times of a few cattle in the streets, has been developed into a ready mart of wide celebrity for the sale of thousands of pounds worth of farming stock.

So firmly established an institution as Barton Fair, which figures in every list of markets in the country, deserves a brief reference to its antiquity; and we find that both the trade and the pleasure fair have been in continuous operation for many generations. Fairs and wakes were instituted in England by Alfred, among his many other beneficial measures, in 886. Wakes were established by order of Gregory VII. in 1078. At these assemblages the monks celebrated the festival of their patron saint, the appointed resorts of the people occasioning a great demand for goods, wares, etc. The establishment of these great gatherings was subsequently confirmed by successive Kings, who granted special privileges to certain towns and districts in return for services rendered. Their advantages becoming slowly recognised, they were established in France by Charlemagne, and encouraged in England about 1071 by William the Conqueror. Resting on such a wide basis of antiquity, we cannot wonder at the difficulty, if not impossibility, of suppressing the great annual gathering in Gloucester, which was attempted not long ago. Though foreign to the custom and spirit of the time to have our streets annually blocked for a time by a great gather-

ing for "the fun of the fair," the residents of the streets most affected have found their compensation in increased trade, while the juveniles of the city, if they could be polled, would be certain to vote for its continuance, if not even for its enlargement. The great cattle trade done in Gloucester's capacious market, with profit and reputation to the city, renders it unlikely to be disturbed; and the few abuses which have grown up with the pleasure fair are not sufficiently serious to justify any agitation for its suppression. Though these pleasure fairs originated in ages not far advanced in civilisation, they have been unable to resist the marked improvement in the condition and tastes of the people which time has brought about. If we look at what these fairs were a generation or two back, they seem to have been poor sources of merriment, despite the freedom in drinking intoxicants allowed without license to what were called bush houses on the exhibition of a bunch of greenery.

Poor waxwork and theatrical exhibitions, with abnormal phenomena in the shape of giants, dwarfs, a "living skeleton," a fat lady, or a learned pig, seemed to be the main attractions offered, with the accompaniment of dancing, noisy bands, swings, roundabouts, and "cock-shies." Greenwich Fair and Stepney Fair, the writer remembers, were fifty or sixty years ago glorious gatherings to the juvenile Cockneys, in which a good squeezing in the crowds was compensated for by slices of gilt gingerbread, music, stage and tight-rope dancing, and dramatic performances. Both these fairs have been long suppressed, chiefly owing to the increased value of the space they took up. Gloucestershire has managed to retain its Barton Fair with the appropriation of modern enterprise and the scientific appliance of electricity and steam-driven organs and switchbacks, while various kinds of showmen and tramping traders and "dodgers," by impudence, noise, and trickery, keep the fun alive. "The noble art of self-defence" continues to be taught by model Sandows. The "photographic artist" rears his frail structure by the side

of the modern Demosthenes, known as "Cheap Jack," who first gets a crowd together by scrambling cheap jewellery; the travelling quack palms off his "magic medicine that cures all diseases"; and the mystical lady, crowned with a classical "mortar-dabber," stands like a sphinx ready to tell your fortune; and other "products of civilisation" puff up their wares in stentorian tones, evidently believing in the apothegm—"Sure the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat."

The lives of these gentlemen who live on their wits, as well as those of the showmen proper, must, however, be something like that of the stage bobby—"not a happy one"—as they wander from one town to another in all winds and weathers, with no place worthy the name of a home. So far they must have our sympathy and the consolation that they deserve all they can get.

On the night before Barton Fair a strange scene is enacted in the appropriation of ground for the standings, etc., by the gaudily-painted caravans, which are drawn up and left horseless in the side streets. A large audience generally assembles to see the disputants staking out the spaces required, with a body of police to preserve order. As soon as the midnight hour has struck active operations begin; iron chisels are driven into the hard road and posts and roofs soon fixed; the wooden "roundy-horses" are galloped into position and the lofty swing-boats raised; the cocoanut man ropes off his agreed-upon boundaries, and makes his territory look smart with sprinkled sawdust; skeletons of rifle galleries are put into shape, and the necessary finishing touches are given to the gigantic switchbacks which have been erected on the space known as the Pavilion Ground, and at night these are ablaze with electric light and the flashing of moving mirrors. Steam is soon got up to drive the ponderous machine, freighted with a fresh batch of customers every few minutes, who seek and keenly enjoy the delirium of a rapid journey through the air, under the illumination of a palace brighter than Aladdin's, to the operative airs of the resounding steam-organ. Verily, this is a considerable touch beyond the swings and mean attractions of the old country fair.

Before midday the fair is in full swing. The rustics arrive at the railway station and quickly make for the enchanted street, now gay with brightly-painted vans and improvised shops and stalls, where wonderful contrivances and bargains are eloquently discoursed upon by voices well attuned to the open, amid the blaring of penny trumpets, the crash of contending music, and the wonders, inventions, curiosities, and exhibitions which the twentieth century has ripened to rare perfection, and offered to the expectant and smiling British public.



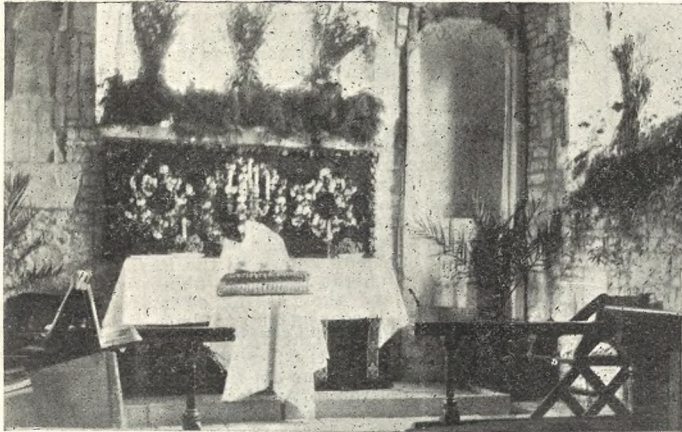
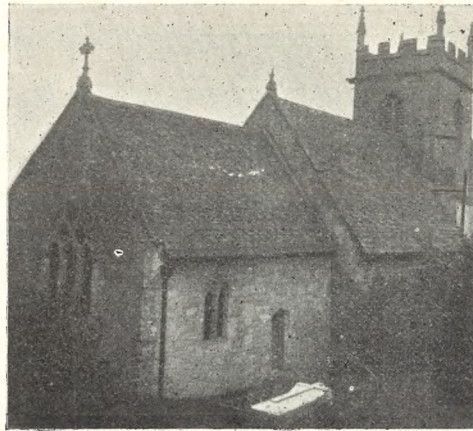
DEATH OF A RETURNED OFFICER.

Lieutenant Douglas John Dickinson, of the South Wales Borderers, died at Brecon Barracks on Tuesday, at the age of 24, from enteric fever. He saw considerable service in South Africa, where he commanded a section of Mounted Infantry, and was favourably mentioned by Lord Roberts in despatches. He belonged to one of the oldest Breconshire families, being the eldest son of the late Major J. D. Dickinson, of Glonhonddu, Brecon.

DEATH OF CANON HUTCHINSON.

The Rev. Canon Hutchinson, M.A., rector of Cleethorpes, died on Monday night at Leeds after a brief but painful illness. The whole of deceased's clerical life was spent at Grimsby, first as curate-in-charge of St. Barnabas, then as vicar of St. John's, and latterly as rector of Cleethorpes. In his younger days he was well known as a local cricketer, and for many years was a member of the Grimsby School Board. He was unmarried.

Woolstone Harvest Festival, Oct. 5, 1902.



Rev. G. G. Coventry (rector), Church Exterior, Font Decoration, Altar (showing large loaf), and General Interior.

Photos by

"Gloucestershire Graphic."

The pretty little church of St. Martin, Woolstone, was tastefully decorated on Sunday for the harvest festival services. We believe that Mr. Savory, gardener, and his staff were responsible for the scheme of decoration, which included a pleasing arrangement of wheat sheaves, autumnal

flowers and grasses, grapes, and a large loaf for the altar and chancel, and a profusion of the larger vegetables, fruit, flowers, etc., for the window recesses; while the font was hidden by moss and wheat, and crowned by an exotic plant. The pulpit and the lectern had also received suitable attention; and

the effect of the whole was extremely creditable. Sermons were preached to large congregations by the Rev. G. G. Coventry, vicar of Woolstone; and the evening service was especially bright and well attended.

## Tour of Our Churches.

\*

### ST. MARGARET'S, ALSTONE.

Eccelesiastically I was in Worcestershire on Sunday, though geographically I did not go out of the county of Gloucester. Alstone is attached to the living of Overbury, so that the Bishop of Worcester has not only jurisdiction over Warwickshire as well as his name county, but he has to see to some part of Gloucestershire as well. The Rector of Overbury has three churches, with four services on a Sunday, and he announced that in consequence of his absence on Sunday next there would be no service at Alstone that day. His curate, I presume, is unable to manage more than three services.

The Church of St. Margaret is an old building, in the Gothic style of architecture, believed to be of the 14th century. It was very sympathetically restored a score of years ago, all its main points being retained. It consists of chancel, nave, north aisle, south porch—over the entrance door of which is the date 1621, the porch having evidently been added at that date, when a previous restoration of the church was carried out. It has a plain bell turret, with clock. To the outside of the south wall is affixed a memorial tablet, which is rather an unusual place for such. There is also a stone let into the wall in memory of a woman who died in 170X,

whenever that was. There is a massive monument in the churchyard to the memory of members of the Dixton Manor Gist family, the father and eldest son being shown, pathetically, to have died within a few hours of each other.

The doorway inside the porch has some Norman carving around it, but it is not so good as in many churches in the neighbourhood. In the interior the sides of the chancel arch show traces of old carving, especially on the imposts, but the archway has probably been raised at some time, and the later work is not interesting. The east end is very plain, and the pulpit has little to relieve its "woodenness." There is a good, but not massive, eagle lectern. The seats are very plain. On the walls are several old mural tablets.

There was a small congregation on Sunday afternoon. The aged rector officiated, reading the prayers and exhortations in an impressive manner. The reading of the first lesson, Ezekiel, 18th chapter, was very good, notably in the assertions that "the soul that sinneth it shall die" and "he shall not live, he shall surely die." There was a poor choir, led by a lady instrumentalist on a harmonium. The Psalms, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis were fairly well chanted. The hymns sung were 223, 280, and 26 (A. and M.).

Ascending the pulpit, the aged minister took for his text the words "He that was dead sat up and began to speak" (St. Luke vii., 15). Leaning over the front of the low

pulpit, in a very conversational style, without notes of any kind, he spoke to his congregation for some twenty minutes, without any particular thread in his story, his theme being the power of our Saviour to raise even the material body from death. He said it must have been an astounding thing for a stranger to meet a funeral procession, stop the bearers, and say to the corpse "Young man, I say unto thee Arise." Christ raised this widow's son, Lazarus, and Jairus's daughter; but these rose to die again. Christ raised himself to die no more, and all should trust Him to raise them from death to everlasting life. The question must be, that on being raised from death, would it be to everlasting happiness or everlasting misery? That was worth thinking about. In the first lesson read that afternoon, God said, "Why will ye die, ye house of Israel?" God did not wish them to die; He did not leave them to themselves, but had sent His Holy Spirit to rightly counsel and guide them. Christ could, and would if they asked Him, raise them from the death of sin to a life of righteousness. They must not commit spiritual suicide, but must accept God's gift of the Holy Spirit to dwell in their hearts, to inspire them, to show them the way to the foot of the Cross, looking up to the Lord Jesus in penitence and faith, and giving heed to the words "I say unto thee Arise."

A discourse well worthy of attention, and deserving a larger number of listeners than it had.  
CHURCHMAN.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 94.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night,  
The latest Lyric Theatre  
success

**MICE & MEN.**

NEXT WEEK—

**HONOURS DIVIDED.**

Wednesday—Special Matinee—Sir Charles  
Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, &c., in  
"David Garrick."

## 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.

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

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.

The winner of the 92nd competition is Mr. W. Slatter, Rockingham Villa, Prestbury-road, Cheltenham, with his "Nomads."

Entries for the 93rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 18th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

## Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the third competition is Mr. E. Winslow Beckingsale, Bramleigh, Sydenham-road, Cheltenham. "Fido," the artist responsible for the political cartoon, wishes to remain "incog."

Entries for the fourth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 18th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



## SPORTING FRIENDS.

Taken outside the house of a well-known farmer at Farmcote, who hunts regularly with the North Cotswold Hounds, to which pack the two puppies in the picture, "Hercules" and "Heresy" belong.

Photo by Florence E. Holder,

Cheltenham.

The will of Mr. John Hyde (70), Southleigh, Cirencester, and of the Bon Marche, West Market-place, draper, and a justice of the peace for the county of Gloucester, has been proved under £16,041 5s. 9d.

\*\*\*  
Captain A. H. Bathurst, son of Mr. C. Bathurst, of Lydney Park, and son-in-law of Colonel W. B. Marling, of Clanna, was on Saturday appointed adjutant of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment at Knutsford. Captain Bathurst served in South Africa in the Royal Berkshire Regiment before and during the late war, and he was specially promoted into the 4th Manchester Regiment in Ireland for his services at the front.

## THE PREMIER'S CHURCH PATRONAGE.

\*  
The King has approved the appointment of the Rev. Canon Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D., to the Deanery of Westminster, vacated by the resignation of Dr. Bradley, and the appointment of the Rev. Professor Henry Charles Beeching to the Canonry of Westminster, vacated by the preferment of Canon Robinson. These appointments, says the Press Association, are specially interesting. They are the first instances of important Church patronage which have fallen to Mr. Balfour since he became Prime Minister. Both are conspicuously moderate Churchmen, and each is a great scholar.

[All Rights Reserved.]\*

## A Surprise Honeymoon.

[Edited by Mrs. C. N. Williamson from letters written by two passengers on a pleasure yacht, recounting a strange coincidence from which arose certain adventures.]

I.—FROM LADY NUGENT TO HER FRIEND, MISS COLLINGWOOD, OF NEW YORK.

On Board the s.y. Argonaut, off Catania, Sicily, Saturday.

My Dear Girl,—The most awful thing has happened. I hardly know how to begin. If I spring it on you suddenly, the way it was sprung upon me, you'll be dazed—as I was at first, and am still. Let me see; perhaps I'd better go back a little and work slowly up to the crash.

You know why I left England and came back to New York, and why I stopped in America for three whole, long years. You know it was because of a Man, and you know it wasn't one bit my fault, but all his. You warned me, dear, not to marry an Englishman. I admit that. You said, when I first told you I was engaged to a real, live, British baronet and the handsomest and most fascinating man on earth, that the best thing I could do was to break it off while there was time; that with my temper and the way I had been spoilt all my life, I should be wretched with an untamed Englishman. I wouldn't believe it then; and, really, dear, it wasn't my temper, but his, that finally made the trouble. Never was a girl more in love than I was four years ago, when I married Algernon Nugent, and for six months we were desperately happy, although even then we had disputes, and he began to show the cloven hoof. Why, an American simply wouldn't dare treat his wife as Algy Nugent treated me. And then, though it was entirely his fault that my whole life was ruined, instead of begging me to forgive him and imploring me to stay when I announced that I meant to leave him and go back to my mother in New York, he said: "Very well, my dear girl, do as you please." Of course that settled it; though if only he—but there's no use dwelling upon that.

I was quite happy without him, and mamma and I travelled about, as you know, and had a very good time. We were so seldom in New York that people were never sure Algy and I had parted for good. They thought I was just visiting mamma. But after she died a year ago things were different. I grew restless; the world was hollow, and my doll stuffed with the most obvious sawdust. I imagined that I was tired of America, and should be happier away, but naturally I didn't care about going back to England. In Switzerland last summer I did amuse myself, and the Italian lakes were divine; but the Riviera was a mistake. You see, Algy and I went there for our honeymoon, and being in the same places brought back things. Perhaps it was partly the climate, too, which got on my nerves; it is rather exciting. Anyhow, I couldn't stand it after the first four weeks, and decided to try something quite different.

Algy and I used to talk about Sicily. He had never been, and we were planning to go there together, to spend the first anniversary of our marriage, when, presto! we had our 365th (and worst) quarrel, and all our broken dreams of the future came rattling round our ears like bricks in an earthquake. Suddenly, at Cannes, I began thinking of Sicily, and couldn't get the pictures which my fancy kept painting out of my head. One day I heard some English people whom I'd chummed with at the hotel speaking of a tour they were going to take on a pleasure yacht, called the Argonaut. They intended to join her at Marseilles for a trip to Naples, Sicily, Malta, Algiers, Gibraltar, Tangier and Lisbon, and so back to England. I pricked up my ears at this, for the programme sounded attractive, and began to ask ques-

tions. They had been to the East on the same yacht the year before; but I had never had even a glimpse of the East; and what with the thought of Sicily, and the sound of Tangier ringing in my head like fairy bells, I could hardly wait till nice old Archdeacon Greenhough had written to see whether a cabin was obtainable for me. He asked for a wire in return, as the time was growing short, and I was perfectly enchanted when it arrived and was favourable.

You know how I love the sea, and Archdeacon and Mrs. Greenhough had praised the yacht tremendously. I don't know when I have ever looked forward to anything so much as I did to this trip. My maid and I were quite excited buying things for it. We shopped steadily for a week; in Cannes one finds such lovely trifles which one doesn't need but feels one must have, and luxuries are always so much more necessary than necessities. On the day before the yacht was to sail I travelled to Marseilles with the Greenhoughs. They'd taken a great fancy to me; and they really are dears, not a bit stiff or prim, and as full of fun as if they were twenty-five instead of sixty. But I couldn't help wondering what they would say if they knew what a rebel I was. I suppose they think I am a young widow, and they petted and mothered-and-fathered me so sweetly at Cannes that sometimes I could have howled with a sort of vague homesickness. I do hope they wouldn't be shocked if they knew all. But, anyway, why should they be, and what would it matter if they were? I was absolutely right to leave Algy. I'm positive we should have scratched each other's eyes out if we had stopped together another day.

Well, we came on board, and I was charmed with everything. My cabin is lovely. It is on deck, and I have it all to myself. Annette is far below somewhere, but is pleased with her quarters, and is always on hand when she's wanted. She is a bad sailor, but the weather appears to have been manufactured by angels instead of some old clerk who sits on a mountain-top sending out disagreeable prophecies about storms to the newspapers. The yacht simply walks through the water, thus far, and never so much as stumbles over a tiny wave, consequently even Annette has had no excuse to be ill. But, my dear, when I think what I have to tell you, weather at its best or worst seems a mere detail.

I was given a place at the captain's table, next to Archdeacon Greenhough. Almost all the seats at our table, and at the others too, were occupied for the first meal on board; there were heaps of people, a good many of them young and apparently interesting; but the three places next to me on my other side were empty. I didn't think anything of that, however, even though they stayed empty all the while the Argonaut was on her way from Marseilles to Naples. There we stopped for two days; and I had collected some very pleasant new acquaintances, and altogether I was having a heavenly time. We made up a party of six and "did" the glorious town thoroughly. Still, I was saving up most of my best adjectives for Sicily, because mamma and I once spent nearly a week in Naples on our way to Rome, just before I met Algy.

On an evening so blue that sky and sea melted into one, and were pinned together by diamond-headed stars, we sailed out of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius burning a torch to speed us away. Only fancy, mid-winter, and stories of storms on the British coast in the papers we'd seen that day; yet I was wearing a white serge frock without a coat, and the dear Mediterranean was smooth and glistening, like violet silk shot with silver.

You, poor girl, have not been to Italy, and so you have never really seen the moon. You think you have, but you haven't. It was wonderful that night, as it was born on the sea, its great mother. Everyone sat up late watching it, or flirting, or dancing (there was an impromptu dance on the quarter-deck, with music sweet to heart-breaking), and I ought to have been radiantly happy; nevertheless, I wasn't. The people I had met were awfully kind, and a good many men asked me

to dance, but I preferred to sit amidstships in my deck-chair, feeling quite old and out of everything. Lots of girls no younger than I were dancing and enjoying themselves. The world seemed just beginning for them. It was over for me—at twenty-four. The very beauty of the night and the poignant sweetness of the music made me more unhappy than it had been dull and rainy, with a fog-horn tooting; and I had hair a mind to go down into the saloon and play progressive waist or bridge with the fogies. But I went to bed at last, instead, and when I awoke early to look out of my porthole at a great sparkling, scintillating mountain of opal on the horizon, which was the island of Sicily, my spirits went up with a bound. After all, it's only on blue, moonlight evenings when other women are being made love to, with an accompaniment of your favourite music, that you mind being a lone female with no one to care for or to care for you. Morning is the good time for unhappy-ish people. Then you almost think that contentment isn't desperate resignation, but a very comfortable emotion to live with.

We all breakfasted early on board, and landed about eight o'clock at Catania. A special train was waiting to take us to Taormina, which I had often heard of as the "beauty spot" of Sicily, if not of the whole world, and just as we were about to start for our day's excursion, a handsome Sicilian youth, who looked as if he had Saracen blood in his veins, came under the carriage window from which I was gazing to ask in Italian if I would buy some amber. I don't know much Italian, and hardly understood half he said, but an Oxford don who sat beside me explained that the boy was advertising his wares as bestowing "luck" upon the possessor. He added, too, that this Sicilian amber, which can only be bought in Catania, is very peculiar and interesting, streaked green with sulphur which runs into the river where it's found. I was superstitious enough to yearn for some of the fortune-giving stuff, and bought several pieces. You shall hear presently how it served me.

Our journey, even in the train, was like a flight across fairyland. We ran first over billowing, chocolate-coloured lava-beds, which, since the day when they streamed down the side of distant Etna and cooled by the seashore, had acquired a marvellous ornamentation of rich and glowing flower-life. Yellow lichen had here and there turned the dead brown tint to living gold, and in all the crannies of the lava-beds blazed flowers that gleamed out like jewels. Everywhere pink geraniums grew wild; there was a sprinkling of scarlet poppies and vivid blue gentians. Beyond, dimpled the blue and glittering sea, and on our left there rose towards distant and still invisible Etna slope above slope of bosky, wooded land—shimmering grey-green olives, bright emerald almond trees, and dark cypresses that struck a note of sadness; acacias tossing their leaves in the whispering breeze like spray, and oaks that might have grown in Hampshire or Sussex. After a time the train plunged into the midst of a vast orange grove, the yellow globes hanging down from the rich green roof like myriads of golden lamps. You've no idea how lovely it was with that thick green and gold network against the background of blue sea and sky. For miles our way lay through the orange grove, and when we came out at last it was to see a cove, with dark, isolated rocks standing waist-deep in the silver-veined, cobalt waves, one or two crowned by half-ruined castles. What do you think they were? Why, according to my Oxford don, the very stones that enraged Polyphemus threw after Ulysses! I felt more than ever as if I were in fairyland, after hearing that—or Mythology-land, which is much the same thing, only better. And, of course, Sicily is the home of Mythology. All the things I like best in it happened there. The nearer we got towards Taormina, the more excited I became. There was one point where the train, after making a long ascent, bent off upon a curve which allowed one to look ahead, and what I saw brought instantly to my mind an old steel-engraving that

OUR PRIZE DRAWING.



FIRST PARTIZAN: Wot's this 'ere Kubelik?  
 SECOND DITTO: Why, another 'air restorer. Can't yer see!  
 FIRST DITTO: Oh! Ah!

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsaæ,

Cheltenham.

caught my fancy as a child—a picture of the Delectable Mountains in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The land sloped back from the sea, and ascended in one long and stately curve right up to the ethereal and majestic cone of Etna, which broke suddenly upon us, white with the winter's snows; and trailing from its topmost heights a lazy pennon of floating smoke—gentle reminder of a terrific slumbering force.

Beyond the majestic slope there was tumbled ground, ridge upon ridge, peak above peak; and on one high shelf there slept a little white town that I knew must be Taormina—the goal of our excursion. It was but a glimpse, for the train turned again to pass over the lower hills at Etna's foot; and soon we stopped at a modest little station called Giardini, on the edge of the sea.

Outside was a row of carriages, the harness decked with quaint effigies in brass—horns to avert the evil eye; the sea-lion rampant; a coiling snake; a curious bust—all, doubtless, signs deep-rooted in dead faiths of long-past centuries. In a jingling line, with much staccato cracking of whips, we started for the drive up to Taormina. The road was flung against the mountain side like a twisted ribbon. Seen from a point we presently reached above, it reminded me of the wormy twistings of the Furka. Up and up we mounted, along easily-engineered slopes. We could see now long stretches of the coast both north and south—north to Messina, south to Naxos, Catania, and Siracusa; and such a coast-line, so superbly shaped a line of cliffs, to be seen, I suppose, scarcely anywhere else in the world. Inland, we had a closer view of all those tumbled peaks that had enthralled me in the distant glimpse. So great was the variety of outline, so wanton the luxury of beautiful form, it seemed impossible coldly to look upon this picture as the result of long æons of geological forces. The imagination leaped back, to seek behind the great geological tools which had carved

out all this beauty the hand that had wielded them.

A little higher there came suddenly into view a distant ethereal coast, flushed with rose-pink light, which I knew must be the wild rocks of barren Calabria, on the mainland of Italy; and a moment later, looking up the steep slope along the breast of which our carriage rolled, I caught a glimpse of a building so magically beautiful that instinctively I knew it had sprung from the brain of a Greek architect in the golden age of Greece. It was the famous Greek theatre; but I saw no more of it then. Cracking his whip, our driver turned his horses smartly to the left, and passing under a sculptured gateway of stone, we clattered into the main street of Taormina—such a queer old village, every other house in which is a crumbling palace.

The Archdeacon and Mrs. Greenhough took me to a most wonderful hotel, which used to be a Dominican monastery, and stands in an exquisite garden with arbours of orange trees and bowers of roses on the verge of a great cliff, looking towards Etna. The windows are deep set, and on the walls of the corridors are paintings of saints. There are lovely cloisters, too, which the Greenhoughs particularly wanted me to see; but after wandering about there and in the garden a little (quite separated from the rest of the "Argonauts," who had scattered as the fancy pleased them), we decided to have iced coffee on the terrace. While it was being got ready, we amused ourselves by glancing over the names of the hotel guests, which were to be seen in a sort of frame. Can you imagine my sensations when my eyes fell upon that of Sir Algernon Nugent? My dear, I felt perfectly limp; and at that instant a still small voice inside whispered: "To-day is the fourth anniversary of your marriage."

Luckily the others noticed nothing strange in my behaviour, though I knew I was going from red to white and back again. I strolled off for a few yards and asked the hotel porter,

as carelessly as I could, whether Sir Algernon was still staying at the San Domenico. To my joy the man answered that he had left only that morning; otherwise I must at once have bolted leaving my poor friends to think me mad.

I was better again after a heavenly half-hour on the terrace, with Etna hanging like a great luminous, cone-shaped pearl half-way up the sky before my eyes; an intoxicating scent of orange-blossoms, stocks, and roses in my nostrils; and the taste of excellent iced coffee on my lips. Refreshed, we walked through the long, quaint village street, and so to the Greek theatre, which is the "gem of all creation." It is really supposed to be the most perfect thing of its kind in the world, and I am not surprised that people should come thousands of miles to see it. We lingered for nearly two hours, and even then we had to tear ourselves away, feeling as if we left a tiny part of our souls behind, to wait there for us, in the midst of that glorious beauty, in case we should ever come back again.

We lunched at another hotel—a pretty little pink house with a terrace directly under the theatre, and in the afternoon, after an inspiring mountain walk, returned by train to Catania and the yacht. I was a little tired when we got on board—seeing Algy's name and only just missing him had unnerved me—so I went straight to my cabin and lay down until I had to dress for dinner. By the time I came out on deck in a white crep-de-chine frock, which is rather a pet of mine (though it looks perhaps too "bridal" with its pearl embroidery), we were out of the harbour and away towards Malta.

The bugle had blown for dinner, and I went below to the saloon. Hardly had I taken my place when someone came to one of those chairs which, as I told you had thus far been empty. I looked up. It was Algy.

It has done me good to write you this, but I can't tell you any more to-night.

Your distracted friend,

MARGARET.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

\*

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Silently, steadily, down they come,  
 The pretty Autumn leaves;  
 Their work is over, their labour done,  
 Their little journey of life is run,  
 They lie unheeded 'neath Autumn's sun  
 Under the trees.  
 How glad we were when the baby-leaf  
 First show'd its little head!  
 The Mavis sang its welcome song—  
 The children wander'd the woods among—  
 And woke the echo's "with shout and song—  
 "'Tis Spring!" they said.  
 Now, with a voice both low and sad,  
 They crush them 'neath their feet;  
 The poor old leaves are dying fast,  
 And Winter will come when Autumn's past,  
 They'll flutter, and flutter, until at last  
 No leaves we greet.  
 Falling, falling, and fading away,  
 Only one life to live;  
 But God has given a promise sweet  
 Another Spring-time the trees shall greet,  
 And He will clothe them in garments, meet  
 New praise to give.  
 Learn we a lesson from Nature's book,  
 A lesson full of love;  
 Only one life to us here given—  
 Only one pathway leads to Heaven—  
 But, when our earthly ties are riven,  
 Comes life with God.  
 Wonderful, beautiful life with God;  
 Gift for the Master's sheaves:  
 Do we live by faith in our surety here?  
 (Shining as "Beacons" both far and near?)  
 If not we are worthless, and dead, and sere,  
 Like Autumn leaves.

MRS. PHILIPS PEARCE.

St. Paul's Vicarage, Cheltenham.



DOUGLAS SCHOOL (CHELTENHAM) FOOTBALL TEAMS.  
Photo by C. T. Deane, Cheltenham.



"ALLY SLOPER"—A VEGETABLE FREAK.  
Potato (Walker's Seedling), weight 2lbs., dug by Mr. Rattey in Naunton Allotments.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

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It must, I think, always be a satisfaction to one to find that one's suggestions have been adopted and one's expressed anticipations of a desirable character are brought about. I can certainly congratulate myself on two recent instances wherein "an intelligent anticipation of events" was verified. In August last I was the first to announce that Lieut.-Col. D. A. Campbell was resigning the hon. secretaryship of the Cheltenham Primrose League, owing to his leaving the town, and I expressed the hope "that he will not be allowed to give up the seals of office without receiving some tangible mark of appreciation of his signal services from the Habitation." That "tangible mark" was forthcoming in the Imperial Rooms last Friday in the shape of an illuminated valedictory address and a cheque for £50 for the gallant officer, whose work watchword was "Thorough." The Primroses have now speeded the parting guest, but have yet to welcome the coming one.

\* \* \*

In the other case, I am glad that my prediction, in February last, that the new Archdeacon of Gloucester was marked out for a living to compensate him for the loss of income through having to give up the Canon Missionership attached to the Cathedral, as endowed by the late Mr. John Walker, M.A., of Cheltenham, has been realised, as witness the exclusive bit of information in the "Echo," that the Archdeacon has been appointed by the Bishop to the vicarage of Sandhurst, near the city. There are ample precedents for the dual appointments, to wit, Archdeacon Sheringham was vicar of Standish-cum-Hardwicke, Archdeacon Sir George Prevost was vicar of Stinchcombe, and Archdeacon Thorp was rector of Kemerton. In neither case did the incumbent's duties prevent the archdeacon from thoroughly and faithfully fulfilling his archidiaconal functions, and I have every reason to believe that it will be no exception to this rule in the case of Archdeacon Bowers.

\* \* \*

In October, 1902, we have obtained in full detail the official census returns for the county of Gloucester, the census having been taken on March 31st, 1901, and the papers collected on the following day, April 1st. I can

easily understand that the Registrar-General and his staff had their work cut out in arranging, checking, and tabulating the figures and the hundred and one details, and then there was the printing to be done. But the chief totals given are really matters of ancient history, as they appeared approximately shortly after the numbering of the people. The actual figures are:—The geographical county contains an area of 795,709 acres and a population of 634,729 persons; the administrative county, together with two county boroughs, contains 805,482 acres and a population of 708,439, an increase of 8.2 per cent. since 1891; and the registration county contains 712,757 acres and a population of 648,627. The total population of urban districts, including county and municipal boroughs, is 478,739, and that of rural districts 229,700. These plainly show that, despite the withdrawals of population from the country into towns, Gloucestershire is not going back. Of course, it was tautalising to Cheltenham to fall just 561 short of the 50,000, which would have entitled it to the status of county borough. Among the peculiarities of the census in truly rural parishes are the facts that in Church Icomb and Lassington the respective populations are exactly alike, that in the latter village the "lads" outnumber the lasses by 31 to 26, and that Matson shows the smallest proportion of males to females in the Gloucester Union, it being 18 to 32.

\* \* \*

To the statistician the Blue Book would be a veritable mine of local information, but I don't think the volume would have much of a run in a circulating library. Still it is interesting to know that the females exceed the males by 45,323, that of the males 198,979 are unmarried, 121,049 married, and 11,531 widowed. Of the females 223,085 are unmarried, 124,615 are married, 29,181 widowed. The proportion of the married to the population at all ages is now higher than it was in 1891, owing to the decrease in the proportion of children through the decline in the birth rate. As showing the trend of officialism it is significant that those engaged in the general or local government increased by 25.2 per cent., from 2,390 to 2,992. Then schoolmasters, teachers, etc., clerks, and railway men also show increases, while persons engaged in agriculture are among the few decreases—14.1 per cent., or 21,233 decreased to 18,239.

GLEANER,

## Tour of Our Churches.

\*

### PARISH CHURCH, STANLEY PONTLARGE.

A parish church with only one service a year is a rarity; but there is one such within half-a-dozen miles of Cheltenham. Formerly the vicar of Toddington did duty there; but on getting on in years he could not well manage the awkward journey; and, moreover, with two services at his own church, the one at Stanley Pontlarge had to be brought in at an awkward hour. An arrangement was made whereby the vicar of Winchcombe should have spiritual care of the parish; and the chapel-of-ease at Gretton being near, the Stanley people of late years have attended there for Sunday worship. The annual service at Stanley is held about the beginning of October, and takes the form of a harvest festival.

I was there the other evening, and found the old extremely well preserved building very tastefully decorated with flowers, fruits, and general harvest and autumnal produce. The projecting Norman work of the arches is peculiarly well adapted for supporting light foliage, and these were made the most of; miniature sheaves and bunches of corn were there in plenty, and decorated sickles and other agricultural implements were hung here and there. The old font was completely hidden with greenery, relieved with white dahlia blooms.

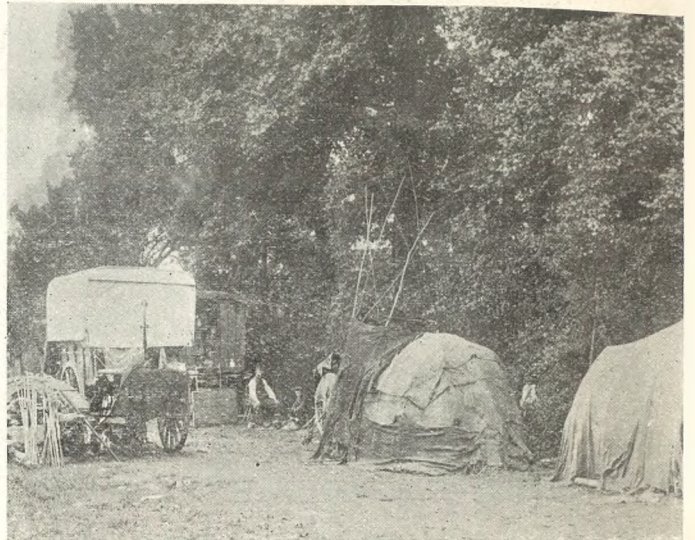
There was a very full congregation, the villagers being called upon to loan chairs to accommodate some of the worshippers. The vicar of Winchcombe conducted evensong, and he was assisted by the organist and choir of Gretton. Caleb Simper's Magnificat was sung, and the duet was well taken by two lady members of the choir. A bass singer took the opening solo in the Nunc Dimittis, and the singing was certainly better than one often hears in a little country place of worship. An anthem, "All Thy works praise Thee," was also sung, soprano, tenor, and bass solos coming in quite ambitiously. The congregation joined in in the several harvest hymns.

The preacher was the vicar of a neighbouring parish, and he took for his text "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth"—Proverbs xi., 24. After an exposition of the text in relation to agricultural pursuits—how it is the generous farmer, and not the nig-

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.



A NOONDAY MEAL.



CAMP NEAR CHELTENHAM.

Cheltenham.

Photos by W. Slatter,

NOMADS.

BOOK CHAT.

gardon, that has a plentiful harvest to gather in—the occupant of the pulpit touched upon the burning question of the day—education—but skilfully kept from any political application. He said certain foreigners, by their superior education, were ousting Englishmen in the commerce of the world. The Government voted more money than ever for education, and it was believed the large sums expended would produce a good return. It behoved all to see that this money was not wasted—to see that their children went to school with the same regularity their fathers went to work. But they must not forget that it was more important to teach religion than the “three R’s”—that a knowledge of the Bible should come before everything. It was better to build churches than prisons. If the new Education Bill increased taxation, it would be a good investment; the money thus spent would be of benefit to the people, and the nation would be the richer for the outlay. Improved national education increased the intelligence and happiness of the people, and led to an increase of national prosperity.

Stanley Pontlarge is said to be one of the oldest churches in the neighbourhood; but, as previously intimated, it is remarkably well preserved. It was erected about the year 1100. Externally, the most noticeable feature is the north doorway, which has some very fine Norman zig-zag work around it. Inside, the east end is very plain, there being three small windows, with wide splays. It has a piscina, but it is rather a poor one. The chancel arch is a very splendid one, bearing beautiful Norman work. Both sides are out of perpendicular, some averring that it was thus erected; but builders could certainly not have put it leaning so much as it does on the north, and that side of the arch must have slipped at some time. The inside of the south door is very good. The windows on this side and a good Perpendicular west window are “added” work. It has a very small and low pulpit, and a meagre reading desk. The sittings are substantial and plain. Formerly there was the inevitable west gallery, but this has been done away with, though the two massive beams that supported it still remain. It seems a pity that so interesting a church is so seldom used.

CHURCHMAN.

FREEDOM FOR LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts on Tuesday visited Croydon, was presented with the freedom of the borough, unveiled a tablet commemorative of Croydon men who fell in South Africa, distributed a number of war medals, and was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co.’s “English Men of Letters” series has recently been augmented by two new volumes on “Hazlett” and “George Eliot” respectively. The very names of those writers, bound up as they were with two of the greatest epochs of modern English literature, are full of delightful suggestion to the book-lover; while those of the authors of the new biographies, Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. Leslie Stephen, two of the most facile and cultured of our present-day writers of “books about books,” are in themselves a guarantee for the excellence and thoroughness with which they have been written.

Hazlett, the brilliant critic, with his polished literary style—dainty yet caustic, luminous yet fanciful—is in himself a fascinating personality, especially as painted for us by Mr. Birrell. But the charm of the book lies mainly in the numerous side-lights which it throws, often through the medium of Hazlett’s own letters and essays, upon the vivid age in which he lived—the age of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Byron and Shelley, of Scott and Charles Lamb, of Godwin, Malthus, and Jeremy Bentham, and of the beginnings of the great English and Scotch reviews. The chapters that describe the early years of Hazlett are particularly pleasing in their simplicity and directness; while his mental development and literary achievements are dealt with in a manner which, while scholarly, is happily free from pedantry.

The personality and work of George Eliot played a more striking part in the literary life of the middle of the last century than did those of Hazlett during the previous epoch; consequently, Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his critical study of the great novelist, has of necessity been more strictly confined to his subject than has Mr. Birrell in the companion work. We fear that in the face of the stream of up-to-date fiction pouring daily from the contemporary press there is some danger of the works of the giants of the past century not being studied as they deserve. A generation nurtured on Hall Caine and Marie Corelli may be inclined to reject, as unsuited to its palate, the sterner fare provided by those whom we already regard among “the classic novelists.” Happily, however, there will always be a strong minority of readers for whom the names of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot will never lose their charm, and to such we cordially commend Mr. Leslie Stephen’s little work as a literary analytical study in every way worthy of its subject.

The American writer of historical fiction

who seeks inspiration in the pages of his own country’s history labours under the disadvantage of a somewhat narrow field for selection of a subject. Fascinating as is the record of the struggles of each separate State of the Union, only two great national events—the War of Independence and the Civil War—stand boldly forth on the pages of American history; and of these the latter is an event almost too recent to provide a legitimate field for the historical novelist. But in the great War of Independence, affecting as it did men and areas widely divergent in character, there is still an abundance of unworked material. The broad outlines of the struggle are generally fairly well known; but there are numerous phases of a local and individual character, full of picturesque suggestion to the novelist, that are by no means familiar to the average reader, and it is with one of these phases, namely, the disgraceful attempt of a section of the loyalists to utilise the Mohawks and other Indian tribes against the patriotic settlers, that Mr. R. W. Chambers has dealt in his new novel, “The Maid-at-Arms,” recently published by Messrs. Constable and Co. Readers of “Cardigan” will naturally expect, in a new work by its author, a stirring narrative, vigorously unfolded in cultured and picturesque language; and they will not be disappointed. The love story of the high-spirited Dorothy Varick and her gallant lover and cousin, Captain George Ormond, fanciful though in many respects it may be, is a charming idyll, with a romantic old-world flavour, and it is never lost sight of amid the exciting incidents that follow each other in rapid succession throughout the story. The scene is laid in Tryon County, near the centre from which the pitiless Walter Butler and the half-caste Brandt (both historical characters) endeavoured to work their infamous scheme to overthrow the Dutch and English patriots by the aid of the Red Men. There is, of course, ample scope for variety of characterisation, and of this the author has fully availed himself, the pages of the book teeming with a host of figures, historical and imaginary, English, Dutch, and Indian, some elaborately studied with careful regard to detail, others sketched in with the broadest touches, but all strong, convincing, and thoroughly alive. A tendency to exuberance of language in both dialogue and descriptive passages is a fault which may be forgiven where all else is so good. “The Maid-at-Arms” will rank with the “Janice Meredith” of the late Paul Leicester Ford and Winston Churchill’s “Richard Carvel” as one of the best romantic studies of the epoch that witnessed the birth-throes of the American Republic.



THE DRIVE, BODDINGTON MANOR.

Photo by F. R. Willis,

Cheltenham.

## MOTHS.

### MOTH LURING AT NIGHT.

#### SOME CURIOUS ACCIDENTS.

While the student and the naturalist find their labours at collecting moths successful under the smiling conditions of sunshine, there are many species which fly in the evening, and many more, especially of the family known as the Noctue, which only fly at night. Moths, of which over two thousand species occur in this country, have a wonderful instinct for concealment, thus escaping their numerous enemies in the shape of birds, spiders, bats, and ichneumon flies. Besides hiding among the foliage on which the caterpillar has fed, moths have a curious habit of resting on substances closely allied to their own colour and markings. Hence they may be found resting on tree trunks, old wooden fences, posts, etc.

#### CAPTURES AT LIGHT.

So attractive to moths is light that their liability to be dazzled to death by it has become a proverb. Our lighthouses and electric light and other lights constantly draw hundreds of species to their destruction. No wonder, therefore, that the entomologist finds the lure of light an excellent means of capture. At dusk let him place a brilliant light close to an upper window, and raise the sash a few inches. If the weather is favourable, the season right, and the locality good, he will not have long to wait before some specimens begin to dash against the window, and entering by the inlet, make a few circuits of the ceiling, and settle for the night where there is the least light. As some species do not commence flying till late at night or towards the morning, the light may be left burning, and the chances are that after shutting the window many specimens may be captured with the aid of a pair of steps. By using a carriage or other good lantern in the open many species may be captured by the net, and quickly boxed. Some entomologists are happily gifted with such athletic legs and arms that they can mount a lamp-post in search of the moths which not infrequently hide inside the lamps, and thereby specimens are secured which are missed by the stiffer-jointed brethren of the net. This climbing power is happily often associated with an indifference to the jibes of passing boys at the folly of catching such "rubbish." The extension of electric lighting will facilitate the capture of night-flying moths, though often the specimens caught are found to be damaged by their giddy flight round the strangely attractive flame,

#### CAPTURES BY SWEETS.

Most of the Noctue family of moths are true night flyers, and these are the kinds which, though seldom or ever seen in the day time, are attracted by the solution of beer and sugar with a dash of rum mixed in a can, with which the collector paints the tree trunks in broad streaks just before dark. By dropping pieces of torn paper near the sugared trees he is able after lighting his lamp to readily find them in the dark for examination. On favourable nights and in a good district moths swarm in great numbers to this sugar supper; and if they have not been "moderate drinkers" some may be found fallen from the tree trunk to the ground quite intoxicated. As the light of the lamp is focussed upon them their eyes look like brilliant rubies, and if approached cautiously they can be easily boxed. Some species, however, must be killed in the poison bottle of cyanide the collector takes with him and pinned, as they will not remain quiet in a box.

In some localities Nature provides attractive sweets for the moths in the shape of honey-scented flowers, and these will, of course, require attention.

#### CAPTURES FROM THE IVY AND SALLOW BLOOM.

The most attractive of the natural sweets provided is the ivy bloom at night in October, and the willow bloom in March. In some odd corners in the country there are fine masses of ivy bloom climbing up old walls and roofs. These are a source of attraction in the day time to bees, flies, and butterflies, and at night to moths. Having marked down the localities for the best pieces of ivy bloom, the collector may take an umbrella or beating tray, or, better still, spread a sheet on the ground, and gently beat or shake the ivy bloom for the moths he will find sucking its honey. The stupefying effect of this honey is remarkable, the moths being found quite dazed, and therefore easily captured.

#### DAY CAPTURES.

The day capture of moths may also be often carried out with success by beating with a light stick trees, bushes, etc., while the right hand wields a net. A quick eye and a strong arm here stand the collector in good stead. The charm of hunting for sport is universally recognised by Englishmen, and there is much of the spirit of sport in entomologizing. We leave behind us the worries and stuffiness of the town, and in the charming freedom of the country get a keen taste of life in the open.

If the collector works as he ought, to get a thorough knowledge of the species he collects he will often be helped by specimens which have laid a number of eggs in the box in which they have been confined. When these hatch into caterpillars they can be fed

up on the plant they are known to select in a state of nature, being "sleeved" under muslin on their growing food-plant, or in cages, where they may spin their cocoons, or if the chrysalis is subterranean, bury in a layer of earth in the bottom of the cage. With attention many good species may be thus reared in all their full beauty.

As a general rule, the further the locality sought over is from "the haunts of men" the more likely are "good," that is, rare, species to be taken, though sometimes in suburban gardens good catches are effected. Lonely corners, where there is much undergrowth and rank herbage, often yield good results. Marsh land, heaths, waste places, woods, and forests each require the adoption of special "dodges" for successful working and each yield their characteristic species. To learn and enjoy these form an important element of interest in the work of the collector, and take him out into the health-giving open and far into the depths and secrets of nature, with the chance of being able to note some new fact connected with natural history. Botany and geology may be called twin sciences with entomology, as the geological formations of a locality, with the physical conformation, determine the flora, and the flora largely determines the fauna. The small area of England contains a wonderful variety of geological formation near its surface, and there is a consequent variety of insects to be found according to situation.

I will conclude this sketch with a short reference to two or three ludicrous interruptions to the sport sought after. They may each carry a moral desirable to be borne in mind, with which they are headed.

#### GET PERMISSION IN PRESERVED WOODS.

A splendid night's work at sugaring with a friend in a dark preserved wood was once suddenly interrupted by the appearance, as though they had sprung out of the ground, of a gamekeeper and his growling dog, menacingly showing his teeth. "What are you fellows doing here, disturbing the game?"

"Why, I was down at the head keeper's house last week tasting his capital cider with Captain Blank. Don't you remember?" (This luckily happened to be the fact).

"O, that may be, but you are frightening the game here."

"That will be all right. We're not beating, and we have the Squire's permission" (handing him a letter I had granted permission to search the wood).

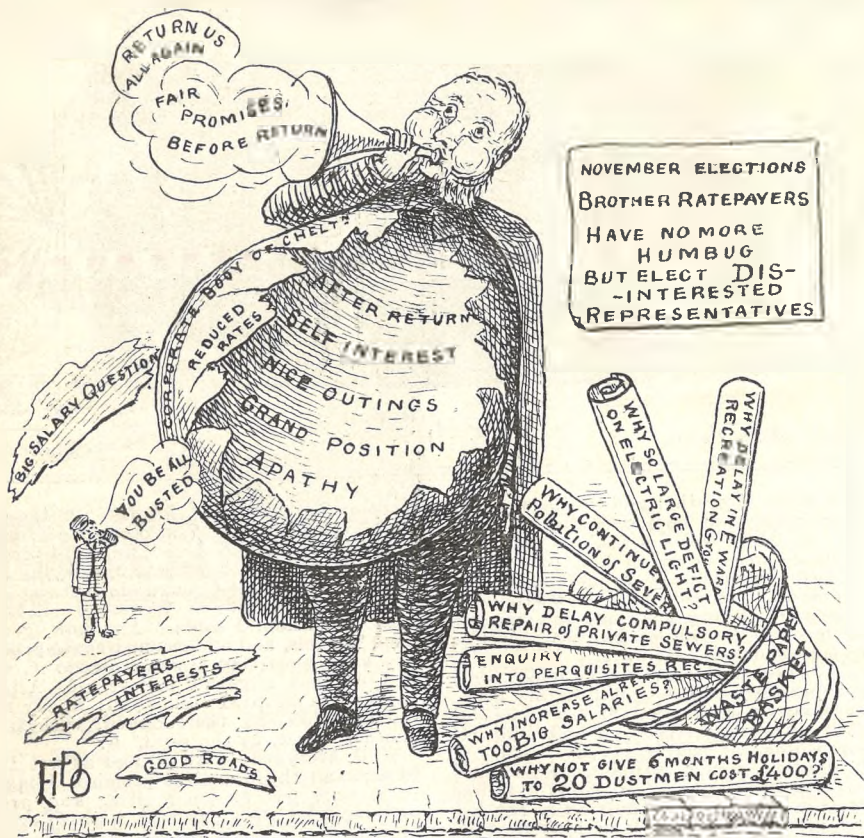
A glance at it was sufficient for the keeper, who left us with a growl at the impossibility of preserving game if strangers were allowed to trample about, and no doubt disappointed at neither capturing a poacher nor a silver tip.

#### AN IMPUDENT COW.

Another interruption to my sport was rather a curious one. I had marked down a large heap of well-settled manure, giving easy access to a fine piece of blooming ivy, overhanging the roof of an outbuilding. Mounting this, stick and open umbrella in hand, I was about to approach the ivy, when a something dark suddenly bounded up the sloping heap towards me. Acting on the well-recognised principle of the superior advantage of an attacking force over a defending one, I immediately pointed the ferrule of my open umbrella at the coming foe, and found it struck something hard, which proved to be a cow's head between the horns, and making a hideous noise at the same moment. I was relieved to see the cow's tail high in the air as the would-be fighter, astonished at the blow and the advance of the black disc of my umbrella, beat a hasty retreat down the sloping heap quicker than it came up. A rapid beating of the ivy followed, and I soon conveyed my unfolded umbrella with its treasures for inspection to a place safe from further interruption.

#### THE DANGER OF A WRAK FENCE.

My third *contretemps* also happened on an ivy-beating trip. It was a very dark night, but this time I had a companion, to whom the disaster to be recorded occurred. The stupid fellow, instead of following me and my lamp as I was approaching the pieces of ivy I had



INSIDE AND OUT.

RATEPAYER. VOTE FOR YOU EH!!! I'D LIKE TO KICK MOST ON YER OUT, YER BASKET SHOWS YER PAL TOGETHER TOO MUCH

wax is bought in long, thin slabs, stamped in hexagons the size of the bee's cell, but quite flat. Pieces are cut off and fixed into empty boxes or frames with a hot instrument which melts the wax and makes it stick. These prepared boxes are then put in the hive, when the bee immediately takes the matter in hand, and draws out the wax into complete cells, cements it firmly at the sides, makes it neat at the corners, mixes it with honey, seals each hole over, and leaves it. It is in this way that all the little pound boxes are made which are sold by the grocers in the autumn.

The bees are orderly and work according to method, and of this fact the apiarist takes advantage when collecting his honey harvest. The bees invariably go to the top first and work downwards, leaving the bottom of the hive as a nursery ground for the young bees. So all the bee-keeper has to do is to remove the top boxes directly they are filled and replace them with empty ones. The bees who go to the top to see that everything is nicely finished off get a shock at discovering the nakedness of the land. They summon the others, the working staff flock up, survey the rows of empty spaces, and begin in all haste to fill up the vacancies. Unremitting attention is needed on the part of the bee-keeper to keep the bees fully busy, and to impress them with the idea that their stock is woefully low. In this way he can double or treble his yield. But the bee-keeper, to get the greatest amount of produce out of his hard-worked servants, must prevent them from swarming. When a large number of bees leave it weakens the hive, and means fewer hands to the work. Now, bees will never swarm unless a queen accompanies them, for she lays all the eggs, and without her the whole community would eventually die out entirely. The bees know this, and will not stir without the mother of the future generations. The swarm which migrates is always led by the old queen, who leaves a successor on the point of hatching out. Unless the young queen were ready to appear the old queen would, in no circumstances, be permitted to depart, and there would be no swarm. Hence the bee-keeper who wishes to keep his hive at full strength uses all his endeavours to prevent the birth of young queens. This is by no means a complicated process. The queen bee is a larger and longer bee than the worker. She is matured as a grub in a bigger cell than the ordinary bee, and fed on special food. In appearance this cell is like an acorn, and it is quite easy to recognise on the comb. The bee-keeper will, accordingly, go through his hives at intervals and cut out all these queen cells, and thus check the migration of the workers. The bees usually make six or seven queens' cells in case anything should happen, and when these are destroyed will instantly begin to make more, so that here again constant watchfulness is necessary, as a queen only takes sixteen days to hatch out.

It is equally important to see that the queen in every hive is alive and active, for if she be dead the whole hive is paralysed, and will do no work. They store for posterity, and without the queen there can be no posterity, and the bees cease gathering. Accordingly, the bee-keeper occasionally looks over his bees to find the mother bee. In appearance she is so different from the others that she is not difficult to see, and as all the bees part and make way for her majesty as she approaches with her four little attendants, one can usually tell by the bustle on a comb where the queen is making her royal way. Another method of judging whether she is in evidence is by looking to see if there are any fresh eggs in the combs, for this long-suffering potentate lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day. If she does not seem to lay well and plentifully, her life is promptly ended by the bee-keeper, who conducts an execution with a pair of scissors, for the hive must be kept up to full strength if the harvest is to be good. The bees will then take an egg out of an ordinary cell, put it in a queen's cell, which is hastily made, feed it on queen-bee jelly instead of bee-bread—the food of the less aristocratic worker—and in about three weeks a young queen is ready to commence business.

### The Honey Harvest.

\* \* \*

With the blossoming of the heather the bee is stirred to her last great burst of activity before the winter. The final crop of honey is then gathered, and about the middle of September the careful bee-keeper goes through his hives, takes away most of the honey, and makes the bees ship-shape for the winter with warm blankets and little quilts. The chief honey harvest has previously been obtained off the clover and the lime trees, and their flowers make the best-flavoured honey. The heather honey is stronger in taste and brown in colour, and is therefore easily distinguishable from clover honey, which is a light golden. Each hive, if properly managed, ought to yield 100lb. of honey to its possessor, besides the 30lb. which must be left as food for the bees themselves during the winter. The bees will not of their own accord dream of making 130lb. of honey per hive. It is here (says the "Globe") that the skill of the bee-keeper comes in. They will gather enough for themselves and no more, and in order to cheat them into thinking their store insufficient the bee-keeper has to keep on constantly taking away the honey as fast as they make it. In the busy season, when the clover and the limes are in blossom, the hives have to be overhauled every day, in order to give the bees fresh supplies of empty boxes, and thereby stir them to fresh endeavours. The bees positively slave during this special season, and it is computed that the life of the working bee in summer lasts only six weeks. An economy in honey is obtained by giving the bees artificial wax to work with. To produce one pound of wax the bees have to eat from twelve to twenty pounds of honey, and thus the apiarist provides as much wax as he can, to save this consumption. The artificial

marked down, went to work on his own account, and, while beating the ivy some distance from him, I heard a great crash of glass. Where the deuce had my companion trespassed to? was the question I asked myself, with a fervent hope that no policeman was near to collar a couple of burglars. To my relief, however, I found that my companion had blundered in the dark through a broken fence into a nursery garden, and had trampled over some large glass frames in his frantic efforts to regain the road. He managed, however, to beat a hasty retreat, and I soon followed, happy when we reached the lights of our city home. The next day I found some very good captures quietly resting in my folded umbrella, some consolation for my friend's disaster. We heard a few days afterwards, with, of course, perfectly unconcerned countenances, that it was supposed some drunken rustic had sought quiet lodgings on a flower bed instead of a feather bed!

JOSEPH MERRIN.

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A correspondent thus addresses "Motor Cycling":—"Has the horse-power of the roadside or pestilential fly ever been discovered? I find it impossible to outpace these torments on my motor-bike! I have even discovered they can make rings round me on board a 50-h.p. car at top pace! I think therefore it safe to assume the fly's motive energy to work out at something like 90 horse power at the least!"

The contributions recently received by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution include £1,000 from the Misses Simpson to provide a lifeboat for the Berwick-on-Tweed Station, to be named the Matthew Simpson, after their late father, who was for many years honorary secretary of the Lancaster branch of the institution.

“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

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SELINA JENKINS “UP” FOR THE EAST WARD.

THE NOMINATION MEETING.

Not that I agrees with these 'ere wimmen's rites and such-like, as is always getting up meetings as nobody goes to and 'aving out-dacious long reports in the papers, as looks as if there couldn't 'ave been less than 90,000 people at the cornference; and I can't say as I should 'ave come forrard meself if I 'adn't considered it were for the good of the cause and a lot more likely to 'ave some real work done down to the Council if I gets on the Board; so last Monday night the deppytation comes to fetch me in a pony carriage, with real injrubber tires, and we drives down to the room together, me with me best shawl and bonnet and a bodice with a bit of real old lace around the collar, as were left me by Aunt Jane in 'er testament, with pertikler directions not to catch it on a nail and get it tored, and dozens of little boys and girls a-runnin' behind and 'ollerin' a good un, “Three cheers for Selina,” “Vote for S. J.,” wich I did consider it were very familiar taking sich liberties with a respectable body; but, wot with the parsons and the ministers a-fighting over wich shall pay this 'ere Eddication Bill and the schoolmasters a-riting long letters to the papers, the children is getting obstropilous and hout of 'and as you never knowed, wich a good many of 'em as can read a bit thiak the schools is going to be done away with haltogether if the Government is throwed hout and the Liberals gets in; and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see the school children come hout on strike, not meself, seein' as 'ow their “spiritooal governors and masters, as the Katecism do say, don't do nothink but fight about 'ow much religion they shall tell them the whites reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic 'as to wait until they've fought it hout.

Owever, let us perced. When we gets to the room there were a very big man a-standing at the door, as I found hout were put there to throw hout them as mite feel dispoed to propose somebody else than me for the post of Town Councillor or dare to 'ave anythink to say to the contrary. Inside the meeting the hatmosphere, as they do call the hair these times, were very thick indeed, there being a large assortment of people—some of them ratepayers and a good few not, I should think—crowded on to a lot of low forms without backs, the room being used in business hours for teaching a hinfant class.

After placing me behind a table and a glass of water, with 2 pens and a sheet of paper and a bottle of hink—for safety, I spose—the Chairman, as was the talkative gent. as 'eaded the deppytation last week, gets up and offers a few words to the men on the benches, sayin' that he and the deppytation considered that the time were now come when the battle-cry of “Liberty” should echo in the 'igh-street and the leaves on the trees in the Promenade whisper “Efficiency.” Never was there a time when we wasn't affronted with greater issues than to-day, with the Eddication Bill a-starin' us in the face, the Corporation wildly spending money on Assembly Rooms under the name of Town-halls, and the East Ward Recreation Ground still a 'owling wilderness, wich, 'aving in vain attempted to find a male man of the sterner sex able to give his time and services to grapplin' with this monster evil, he and the committee had decided to ask the honored madam a-setting behind the pen and bottle of hink to stand for the seat, although he would be one of the very last to ask a lady to stand while there were a seat about (wich were a very good joke, absolutely lost on the haudience, as never smiled a scrap, being a very middlin' lot and not over well off for brains, so it seemed to me. The Chairman then hups and asks if there is anybody who will support me, and immediately to onet a little man with a stubby beard and no collar, so far as could be seen, jumps up and actooally has the ondecency to propose

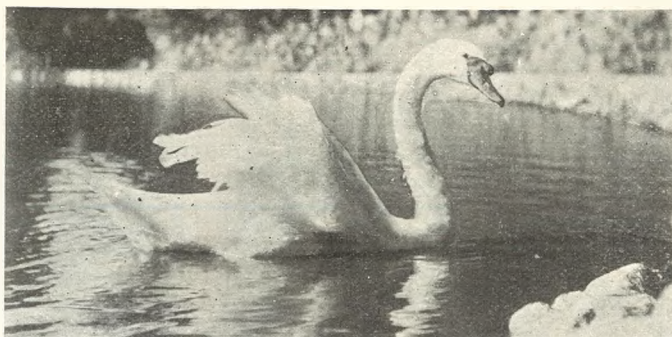


Photo by H. H. S. Escott,

A PITTVILLE FAVOURITE.

Cheltenham.

another name altogether and to run me down right and left; but no sooner did the large man at the door “smell a rat,” as the sayin' is, than he were down on him like one of these 'ere centurions or a 1,000 of bricks, wich, before I could say “Laws-a-mussy-me,” he were thrown hout into the street to think it over the whites hall the meeting yelled and shouted “Hooray,” “Liberty for ever,” ‘Owsomdever, when the noise were a bit supersided, a sort of millingitary gent., as were known as Kurnel Smythe-Whacker in daily intercourse, gets up and supports me—in words, of course, I do mean. I don't want no man o outpport me no other ways; and they'd 'ave a 'ard job if they was to try. I'm thinking—and goes on to say 'ow we 'ad just 'ad an example of hinfereference with our right of free speech by a dirty, unwashed scoundrel, as was now outside counting his many bruises (hear, hear). And thus will we serve all those who dare to stand between us and liberty. He considered, as a millingitary gentleman, who has also been a soldier for some part of his life, that our respected literature, Mrs. S. Jenkins, was just the man for the post (hear, hear).

The next supporter were a man by the name of Mister Tidley, as thought I were the right one for the post, but he 'ad his doubts 'ow it would answer to 'ave a female lady on the Council. At this there was shouts of “Wot do you mean?” to wich he answers “I don't mean anythink; I only says it,” as didn't seem very satisfactory, as you mite say, not to me.

Owever, at this junction I were asked to haddress the meeting in a few words, wich I does as follers:—

“Mr. Chairman, kurnels, and gentlemen,—I stand before you, surrounded by the hembles of progress, such as pens, ink, paper, etcettery, to champion the cause of hindependency, efficiency, and economy. I am prepared to support any scheme that's put forward by anybody in the East Ward division, if it has the approval of the whole of the ratepayers in the ward and most of the Town Council (hear, hear, and ‘Brayvo, Selina’).

“‘Aving read a number of addresses made by candidates for the Town Council, I find that it is my duty to cast truthfulness to the 17 winds of 'eaven and to promise everything you require, wich I am very pleased to do, gentlemen, seein' as promises don't cost much and is soon forgotten.

“If you returns me to power, I promise you I will reduce the hexpenditure of the Council from forty to thirty thousand a year; I promise that I will reduce all the salaries of the hofficials and double those of the Corporation workmen; I promise that there shall be free concerts for the working classes, with His Worm's Band in attendance all the year round; I promise that the Corporation shall buy up the trams and run them at a loss for the benefit of those who live outside the town; I promise that the Council shall build several avenues of cottages for working men, to become their property on payment of a deposit of 1s. 6d. per cottage, with weekly repayments of 1s. for 100 years, the

Corporation to take the risk of the subscribers not remaining in occupation for the full term of 100 years; and, finally, I promise that I will make enquiry as to how the East Ward Recreation Ground is getting forward.”

In conclusion, I said: “And now, gentlemen, kurnels, and chairmen, I could promise you a lot more, but I won't overdo it, wich if I did you mightn't believe me. All my promises is meant, I assure you; at any rate, until I gets on the Council, wich is up another street, as the sayin' is.”

Well, everybody were pleased at wot I 'ad to say and the beautiful promises I made; so it were put to the meeting and passed unanimoosly, wich one man were so egcited he started singing “Britons never shall be slaves”; and I won't say but wot I didn't get a bit breezy meself, as I knocked the hink over with me elbow unbeknownst, and as run all down the chairman's waistcoat into his lap. ‘Owever, he didn't mind, not he. “No,” says he, “we can get waistcoats and trousers any day, but 'tisin't often we gets a candidate like you.” Before the meeting broke up I 'ad to shake 'ands with everybody as was there, and I really thought me 'and would 'ave dropped hoff; but, there, 'twas all for the good of the cause, as the Chairman said, as he egscorted me 'ome; and I spose 'twas. But, for the life of me, in my calmer moments, I can't tell wich cause it's for the good of!

SELINA JENKINS.

The Rev. J. Baghot de la Bere, jun., was inducted as vicar of Bedminster at the parish church of St. John on Monday night, in the presence of a large congregation.

Col. Wyndham-Quin, M.P., formerly adjutant of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, announced at Barry on Monday evening that he had been chosen a member of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the subject of army reform.

A hunchbacked passenger arrived at Dover the other day on the Ostend boat. On being searched by the Customs officers, his “hump” was found to consist of 17lbs. of tobacco. Thereupon he was mulcted of £25, and, although he is now rid of his deformity, it is commonly believed that the baffled smuggler has “got the hump” worse than ever!

Since mice the plural is for mouse;  
And ox plus ox make oxen;  
Then grice should stand for many grouse,  
And boxes should be boxen.—“To-Day.”

DEANS' REVELRY AT MOP.

The annual statute fair or “Mop” at Stratford took place on Monday, and despite the rain thousands of visitors flocked into the borough. Eight oxen and twelve pigs were roasted in the streets. The Deans of Winchester and Chichester were to be seen walking round the fair in the morning in company with Mrs. Arbuthnot (wife of the vicar), and their skill with the rifle at the shooting galleries attracted attention.





THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night,  
**"HONOURS DIVIDED."**  
 NEXT WEEK—  
**"A COUNTRY MOUSE."**  
 Times and Prices as Usual.

**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.

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

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.

The winner of the 93rd competition is Mr. George Jolly, Shepscombe, near Stroud, with "Pretty Pastoral."

Entries for the 94th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Oct. 25th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

**Prize Drawing.**

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the fourth competition is Mr. E. W. Beckingsale, "Bransleigh," Sydenham-road, Cheltenham, with "Municipal Santos."

Entries for the fifth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, October 25th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.

No. 95. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1902

**Tour of Our Churches.**

PARISH CHURCH, TEDDINGTON.

Teddington Church stands a very little distance from the main road from Cheltenham to Evesham, but it is completely hidden from the public ken by surrounding eminences and trees. It is well worth a visit. Externally, the many massive supporting buttresses, and the old, substantial, battlemented tower, show strength and durability. Inside, the east end is very plain; but it is very interesting, because the old Norman character of the walls is retained, and anyone is enabled to see what early church builders did. The chancel arch is very Early Norman, and must have been erected before the workmen could hardly dress a stone, much less put any ornamental carving upon it. The opposite arch, at the west end, under the tower, is of completely different workmanship. It is of a beautiful elevated character, and much more pleasing to the eye; but it is certainly not so interesting architecturally as its early predecessor. The east and west windows have been added since the church was built. Two windows on the south side were inserted about the time of the Commonwealth, and bear a date which looks like 1654; but the figures are not distinct, and the 4 is carved backwards. One of these windows has some pretty bosses in the corners. With the exception of these windows, the whole of the south wall, from the top of the settings to the roof, is occupied with a painted royal coat of arms, with the initials "W.R.3, M.R.," and dated 1689. The animals have some particularly ferocious features. The painting is remarkably well preserved, and I have never seen a little parish church with such a prodigious mural painting. On the opposite wall, to match this, was apparently painted the Lord's Prayer and the Creed or Commandments, as portions of the lettering are still to be seen. There is a good oaken pulpit and sounding-board carved with the information that in 1655 Michael Tyller and William Attwood were churchwardens. The sittings are of good solid oak, well matching the early stone work. There is plenty of timber in the roof, but it is not of an interesting pattern, and was evidently put up at a comparatively recent date. The church was very sympathetically restored a few years ago.

I attended service there on a recent Sunday afternoon, and was agreeably surprised to find a larger congregation assembled than at many of the churches I had visited lately. The officiating minister and the choir robed at the west end under the tower, there being no vestry, and marched to the chancel whilst a voluntary was played on a harmonium by a lady instrumentalist. This clergyman had rather a singular way of reading the service. At some parts he was almost painfully slow and deliberate; in other places he rattled away at such a rate that one could hardly grasp what he was saying. The Psalms were read by the priest and people in alternate verses. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis

were fairly well chanted. Hymns A. and M. were used, the numbers being 536, 222, and 22.

Ascending the pulpit, the preacher took for his text the first three verses of the sixty-fifth Psalm. He said if anyone was asked why he came to church the answer would probably be: "To get good for my soul." But that was not the reason put first and foremost in the Prayer Book. In the opening of morning and evening prayer they were told they were assembled together to render thanks to God—they were there to give, not to obtain—to thank and praise Him. The 65th Psalm was essentially a psalm of thanksgiving and praise, poured forth in gratitude for an abundant harvest after three years' fighting with enemies, and it was a very proper psalm to use in the present year, after the war in South Africa. If their song of praise was to ring out sound and true, they themselves must be in harmony with God, or it would be mere discord. The Psalmist must have felt this very keenly when he exclaimed "Iniquities prevail against me"; he felt sin was the one obstacle between God and man. If a sinner approached God he must approach him with a confession of sin. God's forgiveness came to them through Christ, and carried with it grace to amend and lead a new life. The preacher begged his hearers to be always in time for the opening exhortations of praise and thanksgiving in the divine services.

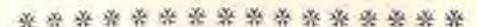
"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." If it were not for this promise, I am afraid many ministers would be disheartened at the kind of services over which they officiate, and the poor congregations often found in decadent rural England.

CHURCHMAN.



**POTATO-PULP IVORY.**

Not many years since the threatened ivory famine produced that remarkable preparation known as celluloid, which has been successfully employed for every possible use. To-day (says "Scientific News") the imitation has itself been imitated, and that, too, by a curious preparation of potato-pulp! The inventor is a Dutchman named Knipers. He treats the waste pulp, itself a residue from the manufacture of the artificial potato flour, with a solution of acid and glycerine. The resulting compound takes the form of a kind of stickfast, which is dried and ground to powder. This powder is moulded into blocks with the aid of water, very much as one uses plaster of Paris. There is, however, this important difference: the new compound can be cut and turned and bored and used for every purpose, from buttons upwards, in which it was customary to use bone and ivory.



Baron de Staal, the Russian Ambassador in London, will present his letters of recall to the King at Buckingham Palace towards the end of this month.

CRISIS IN THE EAST.



MRS. SELINA J. : You owdacious young rascals ; get away from my chair !  
 Drawn by Chas. A. Probert, Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

SELINA JENKINS “UP” FOR THE EAST WARD.  
 CANVASSING AND PROMISING.

Canvassing! eh! It's my opinyun there's a tidy bit more soft soap than canvassing about the job, wich I will say I found it a very 'ard job meself, being one of they as speaks their minds regardless of consequences, and finds it difficult to tell falsehoods (as comes natural to some of the people you meets nowadays), wich they do say there is a class of person as actooally do blush when they tells the truth, it being such a remarkable thing for them; not like George Washington, the American millionaire, as were like me, quite impossible to tell lies, so were no good for a public man, and 'ad to be content with being a Hindependent Minister, a thing I wouldn't be, not for a lot, meself, 'aving to stand up and say exactly wot everybody wants to be said of a Sunday, whether you believes it yourself or not, and all the week burying folks or taking the chair at meetings to contest against that there Eddication Bill, which is like a bran pie at a bazaar—we all stands around and fights about wot we thinks there must be in it, but we don't know, no more than the babe unborn, wot its contents is really compeged of or wot it's goin' to turn hout like! But, there! I were talking about canvassing, weren't I? Yes; well, me and the Major-Kurnel gentleman was told off for the job of going round promis'in' everythink us could think on, and actin' the “brotherood of man and woman” dodge to all the electors.

The first house we come to there were three dirty little boys out diggin' mud pies in the gutter, so black as sweeps. The Kurnel says to me, “You must kiss them children, madam! Wherever you goes canvassing always look for the children and kiss them. That's the only thing children is really useful for, in my opinion, to get votes out of their fathers and mothers with!”

“Well, sir,” says I, “I can't say that I relishes the job, not meself, but if you says it has to be did, duty's duty, and here goes,” sayin' wich I snatches 'em up one after the other and gives them a motherly embrace on the cleanest spot I could find. This was all right so far; but I were that wild, you can't

think, when we knocked to the door and the party come out to find that them there 3 little brats didn't belong to the 'ouse at all, wich all me perliteness 'ad been wasted on the desert hair, as you mite say!

This weren't wot you may call a good start, and the Kurnel were very Parliamentary in his remarks about people allowing other people's children to be 'anging about the front gate, etsettery, and so forth, and so on.

'Owsomdever, we perceeded down the street, and the next individooal as were at 'ome asked hus inside to sit down, wich he brought us hin three old newspapers and a “Cyclopaedia of Medicine,” and started to read no end of stuff about the 'orrible curse of vaccination, and 'ow it were contrary to science and art and religion and all manner and ought to be put down; so we hups and we says as 'ow it's very kind of 'im to invite us hin to a literary swaree or a debating class, but we wasn't come for that useful purpose; we was come to elicit the honor of his vote! At this he gets his 'air a bit hoff, as the sayin' is, and tells me I were no lady to hinterpup the drift of his ideas, wich was to the effect of—was I vaccinated (wich I 'appened to be in 5 places); if so, he weren't goin' to vote for me, not he! “But, my dear sir,” says the Kurnel, “wot on hearth is vaccination to do with municipal matters?” “I don't care,” says he, “I 'as my views, and I shan't change, so I wish you a good day; but you don't get my vote unless you joins the anti-vaccinators.” “Well,” says I, “you can propose me for a member to the next meeting, if you like. 'Ow much is the super-scription?” I can tell you that vote were all right, and there ain't no need to go into further pertiklers of wot 'appened there. The next party we called on was a deacon to a chapel with a stubby beard and strong opinyuns on the Eddication Bill. He were very vilent about the hawful hiniquity of the measurement, and 'ow he'd already put out the pieces of furniture as he 'oped would be seized by the murmidons of the law in default of the Eddication Rate, wich he whirled 'is arms about like a hanimated windmill, as he said he'd rather be thrown to the 7 winds of heaven than submit to such a wicked imposture as 'anding the eddication of the yung over to the priesteses; and he were goin' on to say a lot more, but I knows we 'adn't any too much time, so I pulls 'im hup by sayin', “Look 'ere, mister; come to

the point, if there his one in your discourse. Do you want me to promise I'll stop the 'Ouse of Commoners from passing that there Bill? Becos, if you do, it's only to say the word, and I promise you, on the word of a candidate, as I'll do it! All I wants is yer vote!” That settled him off; but the next, unfortnitly for my love of truth, were a strong Churchman and Conservative, as were equally vement on behalf of the Bill. 'Owsomdever, I gently removes the difficultness by promising Mr. Churchman to throw all the wait of my hinfuience into the weigh-ing-machine to get the Bill passed!

But all this weren't, as you may say, much to do with Town Council matters, 'ceps the love of truth, and I were beginning to wonder whether I were exactly the one for the post, until the Kurnel he hups and says, “Madam, you make an highdeal candidate; never 'ave I seen one whom I can so truthfully say I consider ought to be on the Town Council, if only for 'er consummat skill in promising things! Go on as you are going, madam, and you will yet be returned at the top of the pole.” “Well, sir—I mean, Major,” says I, “I always does me duty in wotever position I be placed; but I finds it very 'ard to run with the 'are and 'unt with the 'ounds, as the sayin' is, like I be doin' now. 'Ow- ever, I'll stick to it, bein' for the good of the cause, altho' I don't know wich cause!”

Well, you know, the above were only the fringe of the thing, as you mite say. I had to kiss 100's of other children (after making sure whose property they was in future) and go in and sympathise with old men with bad legs and middle-aged fieldmales with spectacles and a lot of grievances (as was a very 'ard nut to tackle); and, as for promises! why, if I lives to be as old as that there 'Thuselah and never goes to bed all the time I shan't never be able to work ½ of 'em off, that I shan't! I promised to always vote Liberal and Conservative, and to 'ave the Sunday trams stopped, and to 'ave more put on, and to re-start the Sunday concerts, and to do away with selling papers in the streets Sundays, and to reduce the hexpenditure of the town and to spend more on attractions, and to—well, wot's the good of mentioning any more? All I knows is that I got the promises of their votes, and they got the promises of anythink they liked to ask for, up to a £1 a week for life! After all, wot do it matter; promises don't cost anythink, and if they don't believe my promises, still, on the other 'and, I don't believe theirs, so there's no 'arm done and we're quits!

But wot a waste of valleyble time! I 'ave 'eard from good authority that half them people as promised me their votes so 'andy 'ave promised them over again to one of they as has the imperence to put up against me!

And I tell you wot it is, Mr. Heditor! this 'ere canvassing is one of the best skoolins for a body as can't tell a lie without showin' it in the face as were ever known. Wot's more, I don't believe it's a scrap of use one way or the other, and it's my firm opinyun it ought to be done away with, once and for all. It gives a chance for a candidate to pay hup little debts to voters as he'd forgot about and to satisfy claims from all sorts of quarters, wich wouldn't 'ave been paid otherwise, and sich like and so forth; but I do believe if it were stopped everybody would be better pleased and there'd be a tidy bit less lying done at election times, both by candidates and electors!

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Talk about Dr. Flecker and the Press! They ain't in it at such “promising” times as these.

The Duke of Norfolk nas consented to be nominated as the next Mayor of Arundel.

A memorial window to Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, is to be place in the parish church, Newchurch.

At a meeting of the governing body of Warwick School, the resignation of the Rev. R. Percival Brown, M.A., as headmaster, was accepted with regret.

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.  
I.—INTRODUCTORY:

SOME REFLECTIONS.

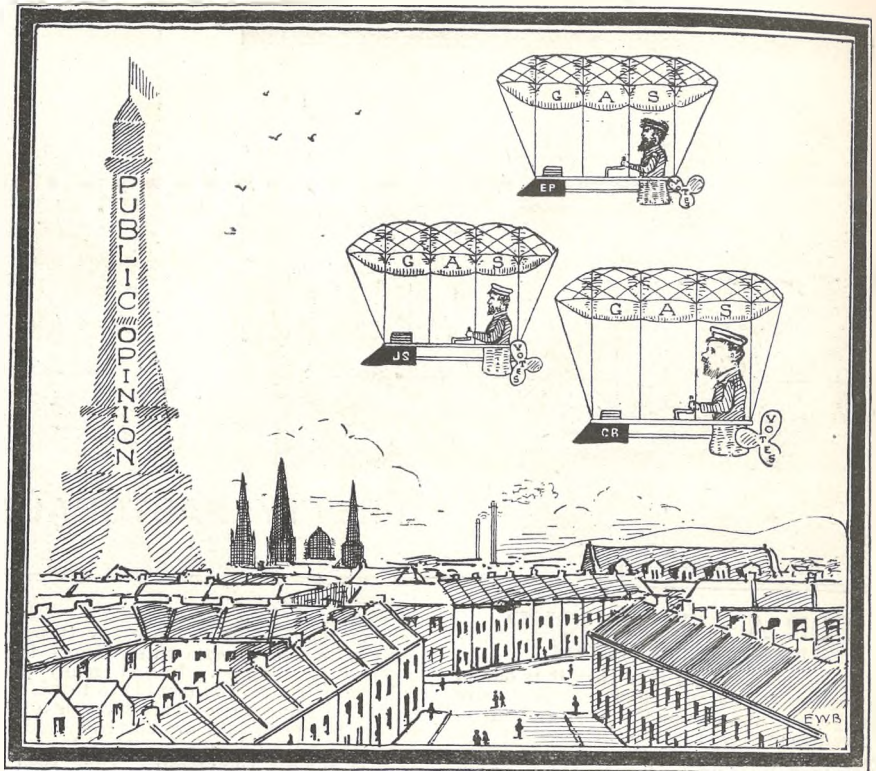
It is fitting that the nature of a country so full of poetical and historical memories as Morocco should be represented by a name so replete with suggestions of the beautiful as El Maghrib el Aksa, the Land of the Sunset. The Arabs in their wanderings west along the north coast of Africa had at length reached the country "farthest west," and as they looked out upon the Atlantic Ocean and saw the sun dip into the sea their utterance naturally clothed itself in poetry, and they gave to this new land of their adoption the fitting name The Land of the Setting Sun, Mauretania to the Romans, Barbary or Morocco to us.

The sunsets of Morocco might well have impressed its new occupiers, as they do us to-day. Last night, while churning our course along the coast of Portugal, one of these sunsets burst upon us in all its grandeur and simplicity. The sea was an expanse of indigo, darkening as the horizon was reached, and terminating in a clear-cut line almost of black; above it a sky of lurid orange melting into yellow, forming two bands of primary colour standing together in daring contrast, and giving us the joy of colour for colour's sake. In England we are so permeated by the spirit of compromise that even the sun bids us his nightly farewell in a nimbus of neutral tints. We are so unused to nature's whole-hearted work that when it bursts upon us in all its barbaric splendour we begin to feel that we have yet to know what the joy of living is. And even in the latitude where we now are we have the sunset with which the Moor identifies his native land. How typical of the disposition of this people it is!—the broad effects that come as the expression of primitive instincts; the absence of compromise and modulation in the corporate life by means of which societies are built up and individuals are rendered innocuous. There was no gentle passing from one strong colour to another in this sunset, but the two side by side in all their strength and purity. Morocco is the land of barbarism, which in the classification of nations means this and no more, namely, that Morocco is a land where the individual has developed at the expense of State, as with us the State has developed at the expense of the individual.

We are now fast entering the sea so full of classical associations, that tract of water where the Mediterranean and Atlantic join—a region which revives so many memories part and parcel of the growth of our nation. Yesterday we passed Cape Roca, and on the summit of the spur that juts into the sea and hides Lisbon from our view we saw the Palace of the King of Portugal silhouetted upon the very sky line. The full moon stood above it, and for some time her rays passed through a delicate tracery of cloud that looked for all the world like lace. On rounding the Cape and the flashlight at its head, a deep bay gradually unfolded itself, in the bosom of which Lisbon lies. We could not see it, as darkness had crept on, but numerous lights marked its position—possibly lights for the guidance of mariners entering the Tagus.

In the night we have passed Cape St. Vincent, and soon we shall enter Gibraltar, a name that almost spells the greatness of the British Empire, its palladium of naval supremacy. As one of the Pillars of Hercules, the ancient Calpe, it marked, with Abyla, the mount on the opposite African shore, the ends of the earth. It now marks the gateway between the new world and the old. It seems peculiarly fit that the present Governor of Gibraltar should be the heroic defender of Ladysmith. The post is invariably given to soldiers whom the nation desires to honour; but that Sir George White, who successfully resisted a siege which will ever hold a memorable place in our annals, should be in command of a station which was itself the scene of perhaps the greatest siege of our history, seems to satisfy the imagination and to be in harmony with the eternal fitness of things.

OUR PRIZE DRAWING.  
MUNICIPAL SANTOS.



WHO WILL ROUND IT?

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale,

Bransleigh, Cheltenham.

But Gibraltar has other memories that seem deserving of revival at this moment. There are early points in its history which seem to exemplify our national character of humanity and hero-worship that have not forsaken us at this day. It will be remembered how, at the famous siege, when the Spaniards were making their final assault on the Rock in boats specially constructed with heavy wooden roofs, "Old Elliott's" red-hot shot set many of them on fire, and the Spaniards were in imminent danger of destruction. Some were rescued by their fellow-countrymen, but the majority were left to their fate, and would have been blown up or drowned had not the brave Curtis, with a following of men, pushed out and saved nearly four hundred of them—and this after the defending garrison had endured three years of investment and the privations and hardships that attended it. This, of course, has its parallel in our conduct of the Boer war, in the way in which we have succoured and tended the wives and families of the men who have fought against us. But what is more remarkable, and which seems to mark certain qualities in our nature as permanent, is a further parallel in the two conflicts, the hero-worship to which the both gave rise on our part at their termination, and which, in both cases, was directed towards our opponents. The display of admiration that marked the arrival of the three Boer Generals in London found its counterpart in the ovation which greeted the Duc de Crillon when, upon the declaration of peace that relieved Gibraltar, he rode into the British lines to pay his respects to General Elliott. He was received with loud cheers on the part of the soldiers, and could not understand it, interpreting it as a psalm of triumph over a conquered enemy. But he was soon given to understand that it was the way in which British soldiers marked their esteem of a brave foe, and it is reported that he took the compliment with every mark of satisfaction.

No one can enter these regions without calling to mind the glory of the Moorish dominion of Spain, a dominion that lasted for seven or eight hundred years, and brought Spain to the pinnacle of real national greatness. The southern coast of

Spain is the country of Granada, Malaga, and Cordova, names that appeal to the imagination as those that were the scene and centre of a golden age. The Moors were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, and the period of expansion began, as also the period of religious intolerance; but though Spain from that time became an Empire, with the departure of the Moors she lost her true distinction, which she has never regained. Whether the Moors will some day return it is not given to us to know, but report has it that in many Moorish homes in Barbary are preserved the keys of the habitations from which they were driven on their dispersal.

Absorbing as is the interest of these parts by reason of its memories, it is of still greater interest by reason of its possibilities. Every century—nay, every decade, had added a fresh chapter to its history, and now a harvest of national issues is growing that may at any time be ripe for cutting. The boundaries that enclose Morocco and parcel it off as a nation are crumbling away, and sooner or later must give way before the pressure of civilisation. The conflict of interests amongst the nations of Europe that will then arise will carry on the history for a further period, but what will be written on its pages it is impossible to foresee. Morocco has been called the "land of mystery." The mystery extends to its political possibilities, and it is this mystery, this suspense and expectation of men who wait and watch in the dark, that adds another charm to the country, and which cannot help making a visit to it memorable.

But whatever may be its political associations and its historical memories, Morocco has this saving grace and final recommendation, that it is a land of health. It has a superb climate, and in Morocco men are strong, and know none of the ailments of civilisation. We are bound thither, coming out of the four walls of city life, a jaded company. For five days we have breathed the free air of the ocean, and are regaining some of our native vigour. Our spirits are reviving, and we are beginning to feel the influence of the approach to a country where people live a simple life and take things easily.



PRETTY PASTORALS.

Photos by George Jolly,

Shepscombe.

FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

Most people have an idea that it is one of the easiest things in the world to deceive other people, and one of the most difficult to deceive themselves. I cannot help feeling that this is a great fallacy. It is much easier, as a rule, for a man to deceive himself than it is for him to deceive other people. Self-deception is one of the commonest things in the world, and when people fancy that they are deceiving other people they are only deceiving themselves. Men reveal themselves in many ways—by their words as well as by their actions, by their manner of speech, by the way they express themselves, as well as by the character of the thought to which they give utterance. No man could talk for ten minutes on any given subject without revealing more or less the stuff of which he is made. "Thy speech bewrayeth thee" was the damning accusation brought against Peter by the serving-maid at Jerusalem. And that is true in a far broader sense than is covered by a man's accent or idiom. Faulty grammar or defective pronunciation may reveal a man's lack of education or provincial upbringing, but speech is more than grammar. Words are the vehicles of thought and ideas and truths and principles, and, however clumsily a man may express himself, he will not be able to hide or even to discount the moral and intellectual stuff of which he is made.

No man of culture will, of course, despise syntax, but polished sentences that mean nothing reveal poverty of intellect and poverty of heart. Let a man go into company he likes and sit and listen to the conversation, and he will soon find out the type of men of which the company is composed. Conversation reveals a man's personality; words are photographic, picturing the character and the temper and the disposition and the intellectual resources of the man behind. As he listens he says to himself this man is a thinker and yonder man is a pedant; this man has faced life's problems, and that is only an echo of other men's thoughts; this man is weak and flabby and sentimental, and that man is coarse and fleshly, while yonder man is strong and robust both morally and intellectually.

In listening to much of the conversation that goes on to-day one cannot help feeling that there is a great deal of loose and flabby and inconclusive thinking, and "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." We follow our thoughts for good or ill, our outward actions are but the expression of our inward thinking, and if that thinking is shallow and superficial and inconclusive we are likely to stray into wrong paths and to arrive at false

conclusions. This is particularly so in the case of religion. There are few things the rank-and-file of people think more loosely about than religion. Indeed, many people will scarcely take the trouble to think about it at all. They learn a catechism or a creed, it may be, when they are children, and then from the realm of intellect they banish the subject almost completely. They read the Bible as they read no other book in the world; they pick out a text here and there and build upon it some dogma of the most momentous character; they literalise the Psalms and spiritualise the Song of Solomon; they search for history in the Gospels and doctrine in the Book of Ezra and the result of all this is that the world is full of opposing sects, deafened and bewildered by contradictory shibboleths. People without learning or insight set up Bethels of their own on the plea of preaching what they call the simple Gospel.

I always feel amused when I hear shallow people talking fippantly about the "simple" Gospel. They seem to forget that the Gospel cannot be simple, that it does not even claim to be simple, and, seeing that it is the thought and utterance of the Almighty Himself, it never can be simple. As a matter of fact, the New Testament is the profoundest of all books, and the words of Christ the deepest of all utterances. The people who listened to Him said that never man spake like this Man, and even the learned people were astonished by His doctrine, for He spoke as one having authority. Hence all this talk about a simple Gospel, a Gospel so plain that it requires no mental effort to understand it; so literal that a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err in it as the result of loose and superficial thinking. Every man who thinks clearly knows better, and the more calmly and broadly he thinks the more vividly does he feel the importance and value of those great central facts and truths of religion upon which all the Churches are agreed, and the more vividly does he see the folly of the hair-splitting and wrangling and quarrelling that go on from year to year, and from generation to generation, and even from century to century, over matters which are of no real importance, and which do not touch in any way the interests of humanity.

It seems a very great pity that most of the thought given to the question of religion is devoted to what may be termed the millinery of the subject, the outside trimming, while the great questions which underlie all religion, the great truths and principles upon which all religions are built, are left very largely to look after themselves. Most of the discussions which go on in religious circles are devoted to side issues, to minor questions which do not touch in the remotest degree

the awful question of human destiny. It seems a very great pity that the thought of the Church and of its dignitaries should be frittered away over questions of chasubles and stoles and wafers and positions and the insignificant details of ecclesiastical millinery. One feels sometimes as though there was room for the taunt that ministers of religion have become incapable of thinking along the broad lines of duty and doctrine, and so perforce they turn away into side issues and unimportant details.

I was reading a story the other day which, as it tells against the cloth, I may be permitted to repeat. It was in an article on clerical hats. "Your head's grown, sir," said the hatter to his customer, as he manipulated his headgear with a foot-rule; and when the customer indignantly repudiated the soft impeachment the hatter observed: "All my customers' heads grow up to sixty-five, except the ecclesiastical gents, and their heads never grow after twenty-five." Well, that hatter was no doubt a wag, and yet there may have been some amount of truth in his joke. It is much to be feared that many ministers cease to grow after they are twenty-five or thirty. They go through their college course, take their degree, and then settle down to proclaim the shibboleths they have been taught; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that many people complain that they find food neither for heart nor intellect in many of the pulpit utterances of to-day. I think there was never more need than at the present time that men, and especially young men, should go down to the root of things, should discover for themselves the principles which underlie all true life and all-abiding prosperity.

Many people seem to overlook the fact that there is a moral order in the world. They are satisfied, of course, that there is a physical order—unfailing and inflexible. They know that physically whatsoever a man soweth that he will reap; that if he sows wheat he will reap wheat; that if he sows barley he will reap barley. The order of the physical universe reveals itself to them constantly, but they seem to overlook the fact that there is a moral order, just as certain and just as inflexible; that harvest follows seed time in precisely the same way, that conduct grows out of thought, and that consequences follow conduct. Men go on defying the moral order year after year, and fancy that they will escape the consequences, but if they only took the trouble to think about the matter they would know better.

It is surprising how few people take the trouble to think out the principles that underlie all life and all reform and all prosperity. They get a smattering of knowledge, they

LOCAL MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



COUNCILLOR MOSES DAVIS,  
Who has represented the West Ward of  
Cheltenham for nine years.



COUNCILLOR W. J. JOHNSTON-VAUGHAN.  
Who has represented the East Ward,  
Gloucester, since 1900. He is a native of the  
city, and was a pioneer of British enterprise in  
the diamond and gold fields of South Africa.



MR. JAMES STEWART,  
Conservative Candidate for the East Ward  
of Cheltenham.

think along the surface of things, they get a superficial view of the question; and with that they are content. How many people make a study of politics?—and yet they are interested in the question. They frequently look no further than their nose. How few working-men take the trouble to make a study of political economy, or make any earnest effort to understand the relation between labour and capital. There are few things more needed than careful thinking. People jump to conclusions on insufficient evidence, or they are carried away by passion and excitement, and when it is too late they wake up to the discovery that, in the language of Lord Salisbury, they have put their money on the wrong horse. It is to be feared that many people are too lazy to take the trouble to think; they let their newspaper editor think out their political creed, and their parson think out their theological creed, and their leader master the details of political economy for them. And so they follow like dumb dogs, having no clear perception why they follow this party or the other, and no vision as to what will be the final issue of their conduct. If a man will only think honestly and steadily he will never be an ignoramus nor a slave.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

I don't suppose that many of my readers saw the partial eclipse of the moon during the early hours of the morning of the 14th inst. I confess that I did not witness it, but perhaps the adventure of an ardent amateur astronomer, a relative of mine, who got up at half-past four o'clock and went out in quest of a good point of observation, may be of interest. In walking through some bye-streets he several times came across a lamplighter, or rather doubter, who eyed him suspiciously, and at last said in broad Gloucestershire, "Good morning, gov'nur; don't ee find it a bit cold?" My relative returned the salutation, and called the attention of the astonished gas company's employee to the moon, which was then of a coppery colour, owing to the shadow thrown on it by the

earth. "Oh! that be the size on it," was the stolid reply. Having elicited from the lamp man, who was making an eclipse on his own account, that he was the only person he (the man) had seen looking at the moon, my relative bade him "Good morning," and went home to bed again.

\* \* \*

It was nothing more than a coincidence—yet a curious one—that on the same afternoon, at the end of last week, a memorial to a couple of former commanding officers of the Gloucester City Rifles, and both original Volunteers, should have been dedicated in two churches. I allude to the private memorial to Captain T. de Winton in Sandhurst Church, and to the public one to Captain T. Nelson Foster, of Cheltenham, in the new church in St. Luke's parish, Gloucester, in which he had large business interests. I had the pleasure of knowing both these departed officers, and can testify to their splendid work as Volunteers and to the high esteem in which they were held in public and private life. One of the truest things ever said by the rev. gentleman who dedicated the Nelson Foster memorial was, I think, "Society needed more of such men as Mr. Foster at the present day to leaven its business and social activities." I cannot help pointing out that Colonel J. C. Griffith was inaccurate the other night at the dinner of the City Rifles in including the name of Captain Bontein in the list of its former officers. That smart Volunteer commanded the Dock Company.

\* \* \*

We have again to thank the "Echo" and "Chronicle" for having given us special articles dealing with the Gloucestershire census. The analysis is most interesting, but I can only refer to four or five points. There are six centenarians in the county, five of them being females, Cheltenham and Gloucester each having a couple of the latter. The ladies are keeping up their reputation for superior longevity to the sterner sex, as I find by a note written in November last that my record of deceased centenarians for the past seventy years gave twelve females to two males. According to the recent census, Cheltenham Union takes the lead with persons between 90 and 100 years, numbering

48, while Gloucester comes next with 38. The borough of Cheltenham is again proved to be "women's world," for the females outnumber the males by 29,172 to 20,267. It is satisfactory that 55.5 per cent. of the unmarried of the fair sex are in some kind of employment. There were 4,281 domestic servants, compared with 1,784 at Gloucester, Building absorbed the largest number (1,890) in one particular trade of men. Curiously enough, there were the same number (273) engaged in the printing, paper, and stationery trades in Cheltenham and Gloucester. Geographical Gloucestershire is cosmopolitan, for out of its population of 634,729, some 143,839 were not native and to the manner born, Somerset, Wilts, South Wales, and London being their chief places of origin.

\* \* \*

"Leckhampton, October 21st, 11 a.m." Many persons doubtless made a mental note of this, and a lesser number determined to be there, when they read in the broad sheet that the Quarries Company had invited the Rural District Council to attend there at that appointed time and see them erect barriers, so that the R.D.C. could knock them down. But the Council again wisely declined "to walk into the parlour" of the Quarries Company, and thus facilitate the action-at-law for which they are spoiling. The Council had official information that no obstructions then existed, and they had confidence in their surveyor to remove any when found. Consequently the Council were not represented at the formal setting up of the barriers, but the usual champions of the people's rights faithfully were, and a pair of strong arms and a good axe soon razed the fence that stopped the footpath. The cryptic reference at the Council meeting that the surveyor would be due somewhere else on the 21st is now explained by the fact that he was married on that day.

GLEANER.

It is rumoured that Mr. Justice Kekewich, the senior judge of the Chancery Division, who has completed sixteen years' service as a judge, will shortly resign his seat on the Bench. He is entitled to a retiring pension of £3,500 a year.

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## A Surprise Honeymoon.

[Edited by Mrs. C. N. Williamson from letters written by two passengers on a pleasure yacht, recounting a strange coincidence from which arose certain adventures.]

II.—FROM LADY NUGENT TO HER FRIEND, MISS COLLINGWOOD, OF NEW YORK.

On board the s.y. Argonaut, off Gibraltar, Friday.

My dear,—I meant to have written you from Malta, and then, when I didn't, I said to myself: "I will, after Algiers." I wonder if you've been impatient for developments? Well, there aren't any. That is, there aren't any real developments.

Of course, the first thought I had when I had got back a little breath and microscopic part of my senses after seeing a certain person plump into the seat beside me at dinner was, "Either he leaves this yacht to-morrow morning at Malta, or I must." When that was settled in my mind I felt a little bit better though it all happened in a lightning-flash, and before one could have counted six he and I were stealing a sly glance, each at the other, I, because I couldn't resist trying to see how he was taking it; he, if he's a normal man, for much the same reason—unless he was hoping to find that I had pined away and gone off in my looks since we parted. But if anything of that sort *was* in his head, he must, I flatter myself, have been disappointed. People say I haven't changed; and I had, at least, a colour! For that matter, so had he. He was crimson to the roots of his hair, which I used to think so nice; but during that one short instant when we were staring into each other's eyes as if we were magnetised, he turned as pale as he had been red.

I think he would actually have spoken if I had given him encouragement by so much as the flutter of an eyelash. But quickly I decided that the best thing would be to ignore him, and trust to his honour and chivalry to take himself away at Malta. He has plenty of both, I admit; it's his temper that one can't depend upon. That masterful sort of man that bends you to his will is all well enough in novels, but he doesn't do to marry—at least, for an American girl.

I ruthlessly turned a white crep-de-chine shoulder upon him, and began to eat my soup, though my hand was shaking. He gave his attention to the menu, or something; and there was a funny roaring in my ears, out of which suddenly came a voice. It was the voice of Mrs. Greenhough, who sat opposite to me, with the dear old Archdeacon. She was talking to some people who had, I now realised, come in at the same time with Algy. There was a young woman and a middle-aged one. The former sat next to him, and was leaning back, so that I could see her by darting a glance behind the chairs of the others. I did dart one, stealthily, and saw that she was pretty—that is, what a *man* calls pretty; you know the kind of little, childish, fluffy, blonde thing that men think so sweetly feminine. I can't define why, but I took a singular dislike to her.

"How charming that you should have come on board, and what a surprise!" Mrs. Greenhough was saying, and her husband was innocently echoing her, while both beamed with pleasure. The middle-aged woman, who was evidently the fluffy thing's mother, gabbled a few words which made known to the Greenhoughs that Algy was Sir Algernon Nugent. You can fancy I was on pins and needles; and in an instant my worst fears were realised.

"How odd!" the beaming Archdeacon exclaimed. "Sir Algernon Nugent and Lady Nugent. Is it possible there's any connection between you?"

Unless we wanted to make ourselves conspicuous, we had either to take that as an in-

roduction, or else to let it come out that we had met before. I hastily chose what I thought the lesser of two evils.

I bowed to Algy with an "If you dare!" sort of look in my eyes, murmuring that the Nugents were a large family. I then flung my whole soul, so to speak, upon my salmon and cucumber, which had just arrived; but I couldn't stop my ears, which were soon informed by means of the conversation going on around me that Sir Algernon Nugent and his friends, Mr. and Miss De Lacey, had long ago engaged their passage on the Argonaut from Cantania for all the rest of the trip, to Tilbury Dock itself.

This was, as the French say, "too strong." I feared that Algy would think he had a good excuse to stay on board, and I made up my mind that if he did not have the common decency to relieve my anxiety as to his intentions during dinner (as he easily might with a word, now that we had been "introduced"), I would have to take the matter into my own hands.

I had visions of his saying in a low, stern tone to me: "Have no fears. I shall be gone to-morrow." Then I would politely offer to sacrifice myself, and depart, whereupon he would assure me that such a thing was not to be thought of. But, my dear girl, the man was astounding! He turned to me with the air of a stranger who would fain make himself agreeable to a pretty woman, and, if you will believe me, actually began to make conversation! It was only the audacious—no, impudent—twinkle in his eyes which showed me that he appreciated the extraordinary situation. Put to him it was apparently piquant, while to me it was little less than tragic. It was only my pride and the necessity of answering his continually flowing questions which prevented me from having hysterics.

Somehow the dinner went on; and at last, after the dessert, came coffee. Now was my last chance, if I really meant to do anything desperate. "I suppose," I said, trying to keep up the same ordinary tone in which we had talked of the weather, "that you will be leaving us at Malta to-morrow?"

One would have fancied that the idea filled him with guileless surprise; and he did look so aggravatingly handsome as he gazed at me, wide-eyed, that I could have boxed his ears.

"But I have just come on," said he, "after a month's stay in Sicily—glorious Sicily, where I used always to say I should like to spend a honeymoon, or, at least, an anniversary of my marriage. I am now on my way home, as I was explaining to Archdeacon Greenhough. But perhaps you did not happen to be listening?"

"Yes, I was listening," I replied, veiling my fury, "but I supposed that now—you might have changed your mind."

The wicked wretch opened his eyes still more guilelessly. "But why," he breathed, "should I so suddenly change my mind? The dinner has been exceedingly good; and it seems to me that the company is altogether delightful, exactly what I should have selected, if I had been allowed to choose."

I was on the point of saying in a deadly voice that, since such was his opinion, I would finish my voyage at Malta, when I saw that fluffy little white girl looking at us. I didn't know who on earth Miss De Lacey was, or why she and her stout mother should be travelling with Algy Nugent; but Algy is fascinating, I can't deny it, and I wasn't at all sure that he hadn't added flirting to his other crimes. A picture passed before my eyes: I saw him, with her standing smiling beside him; gazing complacently over the rail of the Argonaut at my departure next morning, and the most awful feeling came upon me. I can't describe it to you, for I don't understand it myself. I only know I shook all over—I think, with rage; and—I didn't say a word about going. In fact, I made up my mind that I would stay and see this thing out to the bitter end, though a few minutes before I would either have laughed at or glared at a person who dared to tell me that I would deliberately stop on board a yacht for a long trip with Algy Nugent.

Still—isn't it braver to remain than to be driven away by him?

After dinner there was a concert on the quarter-deck. There was a vacant chair next the one where I sat down, with Mrs. Greenhough on the other side; and the man who has been nicest and kindest to me on board (a Major Swift, recruiting his health after three years in South Africa) was almost on the point of taking it, when—to my astonishment and horror—Algy dropped into it.

"He has repented, and wishes to tell me that, after all, he is going to leave the yacht," I said to myself. But, if you please, nothing of the kind! And if I had been a young girl whom he had met for the first time that night he would not have talked differently.

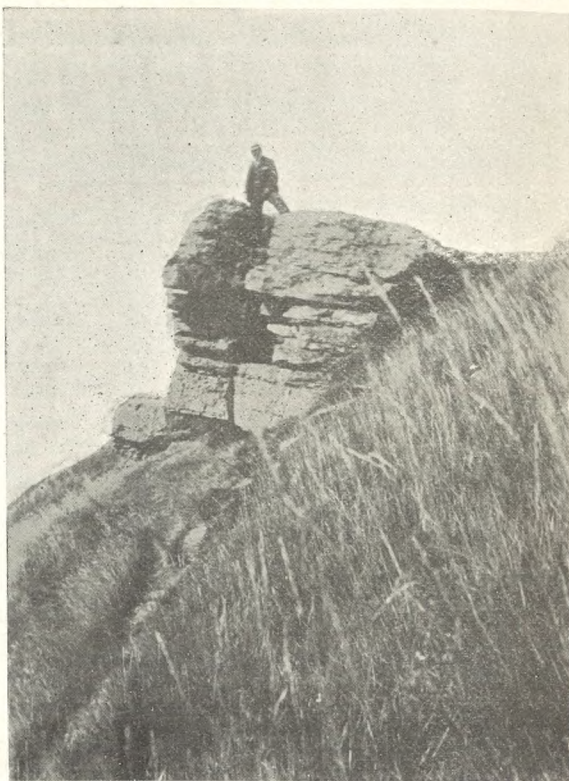
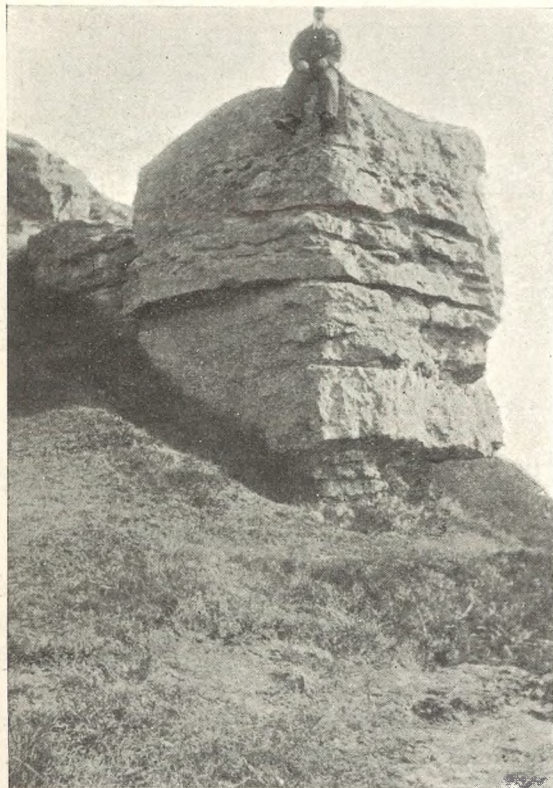
A sort of dogged stubbornness was born in me. "Oh, very well, my friend," I said in my own mind, "if this is your game, I will show you that two can play at it." My spirits and my courage rose. I began to feel excited with that curious, tingling excitement one has in amateur theatricals, when one is playing a big part, and it is one's cue to "go on." I felt my cheeks burn; I laughed and talked between the songs and recitations: I flung him answers which (I trust) were witty. But Major Swift had found a chair just behind. I fed him with crumbs of our conversation over my shoulder. I pretended to be more interested in his words than in Algy's. I wanted to show Algy, if there were any doubt in his mind on that point, that he was a mere shadow to me; that he had left no impression on my life, though the law would still say that we were husband and wife.

I didn't expect to sleep that night, but I did, and—I am ashamed to confess—dreamt continually of Algy. Early next morning confused sounds mingled with the dreams; short, sharp orders; the pattering of feet; a warning whistle; the r-r-rtch of the chain cable running out. "Vast heaving!" called a gruff voice; and this sea-phrase shook me thoroughly awake, bringing back all the old sea-stories I had ever read. For an instant I was a child again, under the spell of Capt. Marryat; then—I remembered everything. I jumped up, slipped on that lovely pink silk dressing-gown which you gave me as a parting present, and peeped out from behind the curtain which screened the doorway of my big deck-cabin.

The Argonaut was floating at rest in a great blue harbour. A few hundred yards away there rose from the water's edge terraces of white, flat-roofed, green-shuttered houses, piled one above the other up into the sky. All round us the harbour was alive with ships. Huge P. and O. liners, like floating cities, lay side by side with barbed battle-ships, battered "tramps," trading to Mediterranean ports, and low, vicious-looking torpedo-boats. Sailing boats with picturesque brown sails flashed through the glittering water, and small rowing-boats, with high, curved prows, darted hither and thither like by lithe rowers, standing to their oars. Over all shone a blazing sun, flooding the lively scene with transparent light. Taking in everything in one comprehensive glance, I said to myself: "I shall like Malta—in spite of all."

At breakfast, Algy for my neighbour again: I hurried back to my state-room to get ready for shore—it having been arranged over-night that Major Swift was to go with the Greenhoughs and me—and on the way there saw that a kind of bazaar had been established on the after-deck. It had been the same when we were at Naples; but here it seemed to me that the things were even prettier. Several Maltese and Singalese traders, known to the captain for their honesty, had been allowed to spread their wares on board, and I stopped, tempted by the most delicious Maltese lace flounces and fans you ever dreamt of. I considered the prices rather high, however, and was trying to bargain a little, when Algy sauntered by. I instantly "retired within myself," told the man that, after all, I would not have the pretty things, they were too expensive, and fled to my cabin.

Well, I thought no more of the matter till after we had sailed that night, when I found



ROCKS ON CRICKLEY HILL.

Photos by G. Millard,

Otago-terrace, Cheltenham.

a parcel in my state-room. Inside were the flounces and a fan—such a fan! and pinned into the lace was a sheet of Argonaut writing paper. "To Lady Nugent, as a souvenir of the fourth anniversary of her wedding," was written on it in a hand disguised, but too recognisable. There was no name signed, but of course I sent the parcel to Sir Algernon Nugent's cabin. Next morning it came back to mine; and so it continues to flit backward and forward in a way to make St. Simeon Stylites laugh. But to return to Malta.

It was fun going ashore; and when I set foot on the Custom House quay and walked with my friends towards Valetta I felt proud of being an Englishwoman by adoption, though I wished I hadn't to thank Algy for it. As I saw English red coats mingling with the crowd of Greeks, Levantines, Maltese and Jews, somehow dominating them all, I felt quite thrilled at the thought that Malta is but one of England's many stepping-stones on her way to far-off India.

Valetta is a little like a very clean, very white Naples. I liked it, and I loved the Church of the Knights of Malta. Major Swift kept near me, and explained everything; but in the Governor's picturesque and imposing house he was of no use. Algy's innings came there, for he knew the Governor himself, and brought him to be introduced while we were all admiring the wonderful hall of the Knights. Archdeacon and Mrs. Greenhough, knowing nothing of the "true inwardness," were delighted to have our party augmented by him and the De Lacey's. We went over to the officers' quarters, and saw the clever caricatures there, and while we were wandering from sketch to sketch, Mrs. Greenhough was whispering to me that she wondered if my namesake, Sir Algernon Nugent, was a bachelor, and whether he were in love with that "sweet little Miss De Lacey." I never liked poor Mrs. Greenhough less.

Late that evening we sailed for Algiers; and then I knew we had to expect forty-eight hours at sea. Unfortunately I had put down my name for a number of games, deck quoits, deck billiards, bull-board, cricket, and such things, and couldn't very well get out of them

now without seeming disagreeable, and perhaps arousing curiosity as to my reasons. This being the case, there was no escape from the enemy. Instead of showing a proper consideration for my feelings and effacing himself, Algy went in for everything, and I actually found myself playing wild games of "bean bags," with him as captain of my side. What a situation! If people only guessed. But so far from guessing, they merely chaff us a little sometimes about the similarity of name, and ask if we are long-lost cousins.

It was in the pearly dawn that we steamed into Algiers harbour, and at first sight of the white town, enriched by the green arms of darkly-wooded hills, I was so charmed that I thought I should like to live there always. I was enchanted with the villas set down in distractingly lovely gardens, in the direction of Mustapha Superieure; but when we had landed I began to think that the place was too European to satisfy my idea of an African town, delightful though it was. Save for the picturesque swarms of strangely-clad natives in the streets, I found new Algiers entirely French; but after a pilgrimage to the marvellous Botanical Gardens, and luncheon at one of the most fascinating hotels imaginable, with a glorious view over the city and the sea, we went sight-seeing in old Algiers, the native town. It is on a hill in the centre of the modern city, yet as separate and as different from it as if it were thousands of miles away across the yellow African desert. Threading up and down narrow, slippery streets, under the shadow of queer, projecting houses which looked as if anything might happen inside their strange, secretive doorways, with brown faces peering at me through mysterious grilles, curious gaudy wares exposed for sale under my eyes, I felt as if I must have stepped inside the covers of the Arabian Nights.

Altogether, it was a wonderful day. We stayed part of another day, too, in the harbour, and went on shore again for more sights and shopping; but the second glimpse had not quite the glamour of the first.

Now we've seen "Gib," as everyone on board familiarly calls it—seen it thoroughly and delightfully; but the first picture I re-

ceived of it will be the last to fade from my memory—that majestic, sphinx-like rock rising black against a sky of sunrise gold, out of a pale sea, strewn with roseleaf colours.

I should think it would be great fun to stay at "Gib," and the gardens are exquisite, full of variety and beauty. But I am in an extraordinary frame of mind. The most beautiful things, the most beautiful places, seem somehow irrelevant. I can't express the feeling by any other word. I am restless, unlike myself. I can settle to nothing. Whatever I do, I wish it had been something else. Often I make up my mind that I will leave the yacht at the next stop, and yet—I stay; merely out of pride and to show that I'm not to be beaten, of course. But the most curious part of all is, that I can't imagine this trip ever coming to an end, and my going back to life as it was before. I wish you were here. I'm sure your influence would be soothing. As it is, I don't see what is to be the end of it all. But, then, that is foolish. One will simply say "good morning" and melt into the background.—Your affectionate, but melancholy,

MARGARET.

(To be Concluded)

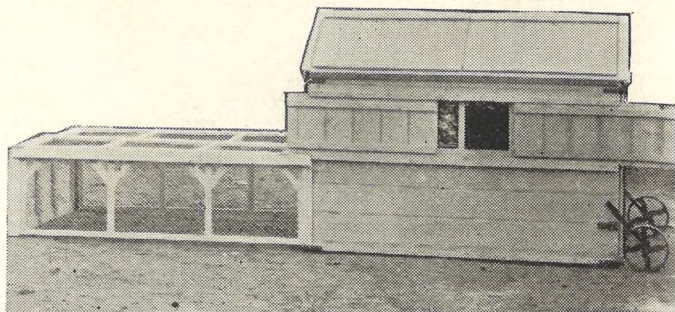
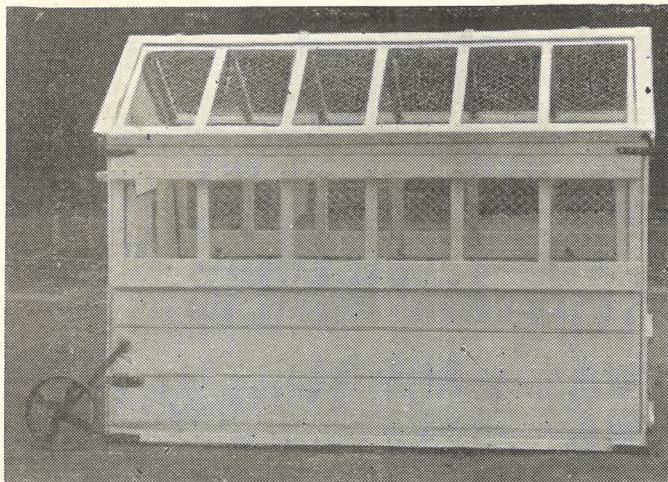
A house is being built for the Congregational minister of Swanscombe, Kent, by the free labour of young men members of his flock who are connected with the building trade.

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After the Delhi Durbar the Duke of Connaught will visit Peshawar, Lucknow, and the Kyber Pass, and later, when the maharajahs have returned to their homes, his Royal Highness will pay visits to some of them before he returns to England.

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Major-General Laurence James Oliphant, M.V.O., has been appointed to command the 9th (Foot Guards) Brigade of the Second Army Corps, and to succeed Major-General Sir Henry Trotter in the command of the Home District, both appointments being for three years from January 1, 1903.



William Cowley's  
Poultry Houses & Appliances

are the latest improved. The illustrations show a moveable house on lever wheels, and prepared to receive glass in the roof and front, making it convertible into a cold frame for Horticultural purposes. This was very highly commended by the Judge on appliances at the London Dairy Show, and certainly is the most unique house on the market. Lists of prices, &c., forwarded on application to Mr. Cowley, Gotherington, Cheltenham.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

MOUNTING GLAZED PRINTS.

It is often found that the ordinary mountants soon destroy a great deal of the gloss on glazed prints. If treated in the following manner the prints may be mounted without loss of gloss:—While the prints are on the glazing surface edge them with spirit-varnish. Allow the prints to dry, strip them off, and paste them over the varnish, which prevents the moisture from reaching and softening the gelatine surface of the print.

HINTS ON ACCUMULATORS.

(1) An accumulator can discharge its full complement of amperes, volts, etc., in thirty seconds. This can only occur if the switch and interrupter plug are in position and the platinum points at the contact-breaker touching.

(2) Avoid "flashing" the terminals of an accumulator with wire, etc. This practice soon runs an accumulator down and ruins it.

(3) If motor is not in use for a few days, disconnect the wires from the accumulator. This will prevent leakage.

(4) If the terminals of an accumulator get corroded with the acid, clean them with petrol, and then smear on a small quantity of vaseline. This being acid-proof, prevents the acid eating the brass of the terminals and spoiling the connection.

(5) To pack accumulator in its place use thick sheet rubber. If this is not obtainable, thick cardboard will do almost as well.

(6) Any moisture forming on the outside of the accumulator should be wiped off, using a damp rag for the purpose.

LOOK TO THE SPARKING-PLUG.

The writer recently had trouble with his motor-bicycle through misfiring. An examination of the likely parts to cause misfiring did not reveal the trouble. Taking out the sparking-plug once more, it was noticed that the part of the plug which screws into the motor was covered with a hard, sainy coating. This was cleaned off with some emery-cloth and petrol, the plug was screwed into its place, and on testing the machine on the road no more misfiring occurred. The coating of burnt oil on the plug must have caused a bad connection with the motor, resulting in misfiring.

DARK SLIDES.

If the shutters of dark slides are found to work stiffly, they can be made to work easily

in the following way:—With a fairly soft blacklead pencil well rub the tongue and groove of the slide until the shutter works easily. Do not on any account use soap, oil, etc. These substances would be absorbed by the wood, which would swell and make matters worse.

USES OF STALE PETROL.

Do not throw stale petrol away. It is nearly as valuable when it has lost its power of producing explosive vapour.

(1) Use it in preference to paraffin for injecting into the cylinder to free the piston rings. If paraffin is used in too liberal a dose it will, when ignited by the electric spark, burn up and cause a deposit of soot on the inlet valve and sparking-plug.

(2) It is useful to clean off any engine lubricating oil which may happen to get on the clothing.

(3) Petrol is the best substance to use for cleaning the belt.

(4) Use petrol to clean off any acid deposit on the terminals of the accumulator.

(5) Use petrol to clean points of the sparking-plug, using an old tooth brush for the purpose.

(6) Petrol will quickly arrest bleeding if a rag dipped in it is applied to the wound.

HAND CAMERA WORK IN WINTER.

Now that the dull days of winter are close upon us, it becomes very important to take more than ordinary care when making shutter exposures with a hand camera to avoid moving through the exposures having to be prolonged. Constant movement is one of the most marked features of a human being, and it is only by care and attention that sufficient steadiness can be obtained while an exposure of a quarter to half a second is being made. The best way of getting steadiness is to hold the breath, stand firmly on one leg, and use the other as a support.

ARIEL.

"Ariel" will be pleased to answer questions on motor-cycling and photography addressed to him at the "Chronicle and Graphic" Offices, Cheltenham.



DOCTOR'S BIG FEE.

Dr. Morrell, of St. Louis, is at present suing Mr. J. Lawrence, of New York City, for £3,250 for professional services to his son. The doctor visited the patient on thirty occasions.

Extraordinary Epitaphs.

The following is a further instalment to the list of extraordinary epitaphs to be found on tombstones in Gloucestershire:—

IN ALMONDSBURY CHURCH.

"Of all the creatures God has made, there is none so miserable as man.

"For all dumb creatures, have no misfortune do befall them, but what come by nature. But man, thro' his own folly and against his own inclination, brings himself into 1000 griefs both of body and soul, as for example—

"Our father had two children, and against his knowledge he committed the sin of Idolatry upon them.

"For had our father done his duty towards God 1 part in 1000 as he did towards us, when he prayed God to spare our lives God might have heard his prayer. But God is a jealous God for punishing the faults of parents upon the children.

"Tho' the sins of our father have deprived of the light of the sun, thanks be to God, we enjoy more great, more sweet, more blessed Light, which is the presence of God the maker of all lights to whom be honour and glory!"

IN MEMORIAM.

"Smith—In loving memory of my dear grandson, William Arthur Henry Wade Smith, aged 17 years. Killed on the Barry Line, July 20th, 1901; re-interred in Cheltenham Cemetery on 17th of May, 1902.

"Farewell dear grandmamma, father, sister dear,

I am not dead but sleepeth here,  
Death to me no warning gave  
But snatched me from an early grave.

"Death has been here and bore away  
A brother from our side,  
Just in the morning of his day  
As young as we he died;  
Not long ago he filled his place  
And sat with us to learn;  
Now he has ran his mortal race  
And never can return."

This brief epitaph is said to be in Cheltenham Churchyard:—

"Here lies the body of John Mound,  
Lost at sea, and never found."