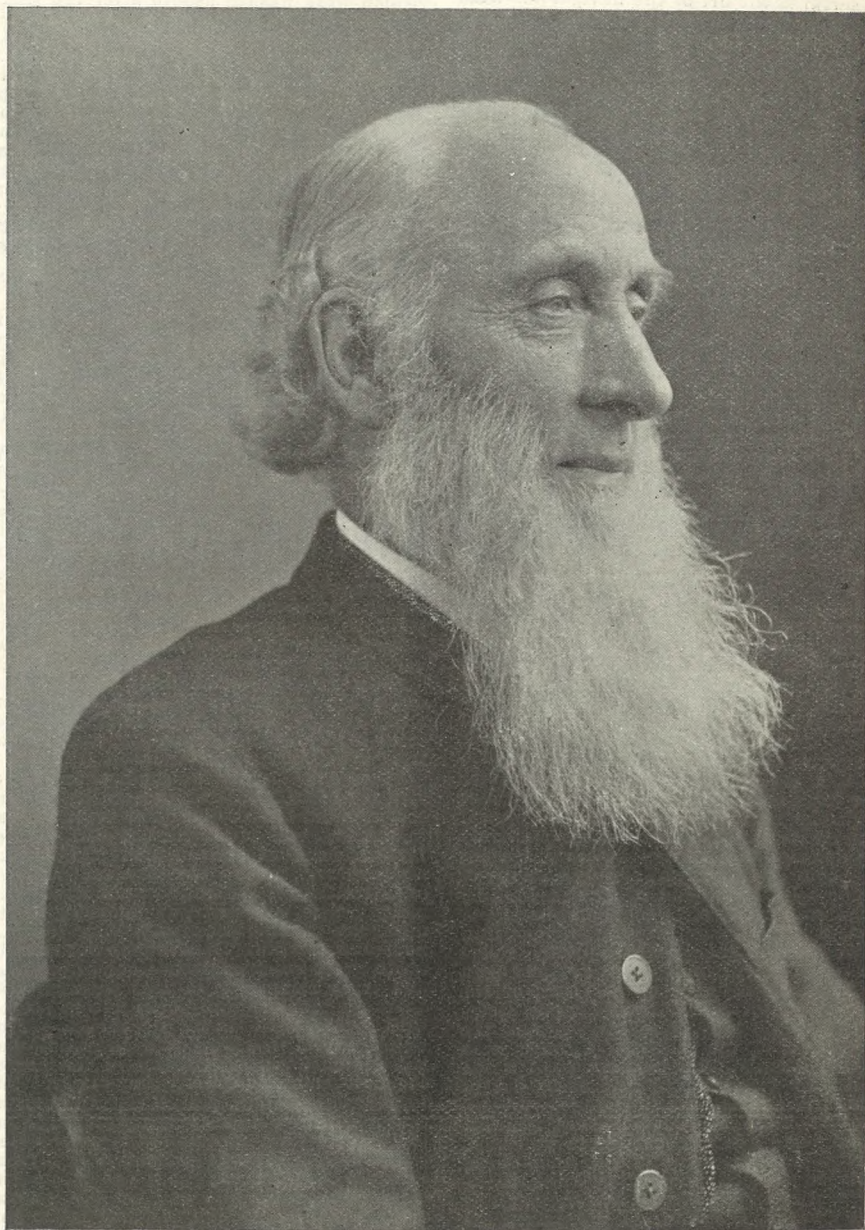


THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 101.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY



THE LATE MR. DAVID GRIFFIN.

A Scripture Reader for nearly 50 years, and a Teetotaler for 59 years. From 1865 till its dissolution he was engaged by the Gloucestershire Scripture Readers' Society at Stow-on-the-Wold and various parts of the county, and from 1870 till November 25th, 1902 (when he died, aged 79 years), he was reader for the Gloucester Scripture Readers' Society, and was truly one of the best known and most esteemed of men among the poor people of that city.

Photo by A. H. Pitcher, College-court, Gloucester.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-night,

"A ROYAL DIVORCE."

NEXT WEEK—

"BY THE HAND OF A WOMAN."

Times and Prices as Usual.

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TOY & DOLL DEPOT.

"Ye Noah's Ark,"

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New Games for Evening Parties. Ping Pong! Ping Pong Requisites.

Christmas Tree Decorations, Candles, Crackers, &c.

Rocking Horses, Mechanical Toys, &c.

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3d. in 1s. Cash Discount.

CHRISTMAS CARDS and CALENDARS.

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COSENS

AND

KNIGHT,

353 HIGH STREET,

CHELTENHAM.

Stationers and

Fancy . . .

Dealers,

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.

VII.—WHERE NELSON LOST HIS ARM.

In leaving Mogador we have said farewell to Morocco. For the last five days we have enjoyed a perfect debauch of sightseeing, beginning with Gibraltar and ending with the "Picture City," and taking Tangier, Casablanca, and Mazagan on the way. Now we have before us the interval of a quiet day at sea for rest and contemplation. We are bound for Teneriffe, a thirty-six hours' steam, but so delightful is the cruising in the North African waters that we are in no hurry to get there. The sunshine is perpetual, but never tropical. The sea is always calm, but never motionless. The air is warm, but, stirred by the north-east trades, is always invigorating. Seamanship on the coast of Morocco has something of romance in it. There are no lights on the coast, and so, on leaving port, to get out of danger, we steam right out to sea, and next morning at day-break sight land again and find ourselves—wonderful is the art of the navigator!—heading direct for the next port of call. We hear people say that life on board ship brings out our worst qualities. Take my word for it, it brings out our best. With a company of forty, now twelve days out from London, not one note of discord has come to my knowledge. Under the influence of improved health, the most delicious climate, a continuous round of sightseeing of the most varied and uncommon kind, with the comfort of a well-appointed boat in which to take refuge at the end of each day's excursion, only what is charming in the dispositions of my fellow-passengers has shown itself, and I am becoming more persuaded than ever that one's fellow-creatures have only to be known to be appreciated. And then, the mental atmosphere of a company of travelled men and women, the intellectual refection of the smoke-room, where the sights and doings of the day are discussed! What mines of knowledge are revealed, what clearness of judgment! On one thing we are agreed. We should not have missed the visit to Morocco. The spell of it grows upon us as we leave its shores. Its mystery increases as its wonders come under review. The shortcomings I have mentioned disappear before the enchantment of its strange scenes. But we are speeding on to Santa Cruz, where the telegraph will again bring us into touch with home, and where letters may be awaiting us; and, moreover, we must be up at five o'clock to see the sun rise on the Peak.

A traveller from London once remarked on reaching Teneriffe that it was like landing in Africa. We who have come from Africa think it is like landing in England, so broad and well-built do its streets appear, so fine its shops, so beautiful and healthy its women. This is a judgment by contrast merely, for Santa Cruz is not a remarkable town. But though the town itself calls for no special comment, its natural surroundings positively baffle description. Along the shore, leaving only a gap for the town, stands a range of volcanic hills, like a row of giant teeth seen on the concave side. They are bare and brown, and the water laves their very feet. Behind them higher peaks appear, range upon range, until, topmost of all, and seen only from the distance on this side of the island, emerges the illustrious Pico de Tiede, projecting its white cone far beyond the lower strata of the clouds. I have seen Tristan d'Acunha, that solitary peak which rises to its six thousand feet sheer out of the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean. Heavy clouds laid about its sides midway, but its white summit, bathed in sunshine, appeared above, seeming to rest upon them, and looked a celestial object. I knew, therefore, what to expect when I saw the sun rise on the Peak of Teneriffe. I understood the fascination of the writer who declared that he who had not seen the sun rise in Teneriffe had not lived. Imagine, then, my disappointment when, on this eventful morning, the East was veiled in clouds, and, though we watched the Peak until it sank behind the intervening mountains, its ghostly complexion did not change.

And here we are on shore, in the Plaza de la Constitucion, waiting for the new electric tram which will take us up the hills to Laguna. We stand on ground memorable in British annals, for this was the spot chosen by Nelson as the rendezvous for his men in their attack upon the town. Here Sir Thomas Troubridge rallied the few hundred who had landed in safety and passed the batteries alive, and awaited the arrival of his great commander. But Nelson never came, for though he and his party succeeded in carrying the mole, immediately afterwards a discharge of grapeshot shattered his right elbow, and he was taken back to the ship, where his arm was amputated. The square is a quiet, sleepy place, paved throughout, and surrounded by shops and drinking-bars. At one end is the famous Guanche monument, erected by the Spaniards to signalise their occupation of the island. The mole remains and has been extended; but last January a middle portion of it was carried away by the sea. The cathedral—the Church of the Conception—has the only live mementoes of the British assault—Nelson's two flags, which were washed ashore after the sinking of his boats. These are a sight for the eyes of British tourists! They are enclosed in boxes with glass fronts, and hung on the walls in a dark recess; a needful precaution, for relics my fellow-countrymen had no pretext for recovering whole and entire by force of arms they were regaining surreptitiously piecemeal. The presence of these flags, humiliating to us, but held with justifiable pride by the inhabitants as the memorial of a great and chivalrous defence, obscured, to my eyes at least, all else there was of interest in a cathedral imposing in its proportions and gorgeous in its decorations.

But the tram is starting, and we are off to the hills. Santa Cruz is left behind, and its fringe of cool, pleasant suburban dwellings with their flat roofs and green venetian shutters. A row of trees shelters the pathway on each side. We begin to rise, and the landscape grows in importance. The Plaza de Toros, in the rear of the town, is a prominent point. We see our ship lying in the blue, sunflecked waters of the Bay. We round a sharp corner, and zigzag we mount a spur. The scene changes with each curve. The atmosphere is light and exhilarating. The spirits of all are buoyant, and everything we see gives pleasure. The peasants look healthy and strong. As in Morocco, mules and donkeys are the carriers, and they pass us in numbers walking leisurely, their panniers heavily laden. Well-built, comely women carry heavy burdens on their heads with no appearance of fatigue. Once and again a camel limps nervously along. He is out of his element in Teneriffe, and has not many companions in the island. The street scene is bright and stimulating, and, by contrast with Morocco, is like home.

As we near Laguna we are approaching an altitude of 2,000ft., and the air has become cooler. Santa Cruz is a quiet town, at least in the daytime, but Laguna is still more so. It is a home of ecclesiastics, and has the atmosphere, much accentuated, of our cathedral towns. Its long straight streets with many a fine old mansion recalling better days, are all but deserted. Now that the houses are vacant. Heads peep out from beneath green shutters pushed out as you pass, and it is refreshing to look through open doorways into the cool *patios* within stocked with palms and flowering shrubs. Fine, richly-carved doorways and balconies meet the eye on every side. Some of the houses, the best amongst them, are empty. We wandered into one, a fine crusted mansion that might have its history, and passing along the cloister that surrounds the *patio* we entered the hall, a noble chamber with a grand staircase supporting a heavy carved balustrade, and walls and ceilings painted with allegorical figures. All had fallen into dilapidation. A few lilies alone remained in the spacious *patio* to tell what must have once been the glory of its garden in flower and leaf.

There is a magnificent pulpit of carved oak in the cathedral, and there is the famous Dragon Tree in the garden of a private house which may be view for the asking. It is not

the famous tree of Teneriffe. That was at Orotava, and on its destruction a few years ago it was said to have attained the ripe old age of 6,000 years. The tree at Laguna, however, has some 1,800 years to its credit, it is said, and is some thirty feet in height. Its smooth, drab trunk breaks out into numerous branches, each crowned with a tuft of long green blades, and each blade tinged at its base with the dragon's blood, the red liquid that drops from the tree when cut.

There are many English visitors in Laguna, and there is a capital English hotel, and there we go for lunch, and spend the remaining time until we start on our descent to Santa Cruz. And what a descent it was! The journey to Laguna had been ploughing uphill, uphill, all the way. Now we had our compensation—at least if only the brakes would hold till we reached the bottom. How we shot down the straight gradients, to pull up as a bend in the road was neared, and steer cautiously round. Then on again, whizzing through the air, the dust rising behind us in clouds, to slacken once more as we approached a new curve. It seemed a wild flight as, standing on the footboard, with the magnificent spectacle of Santa Cruz lying below, we from time to time watched the car creep over the edge of a declivity, the fall of which we could not see, and rush down its slope like a living thing. This was one of three similar experiences we had of mountain travel, and it was not the least exhilarating.

A PARSON AND THE STAGE.

The Vicar of St. John's, Sunderland (the Rev. F. Leake), in a paper on Monday night upon "The Church and the Stage," said the chief cause of stage evils was, perhaps, the fact that many theatres and companies were run by syndicates of money-grabbers, and not by those who had a love of art. He suggested, as a remedy, that amateur societies should combine for the production of old and modern dramas which made for art. "The Private Secretary" was a useful lesson against the absurdity of cultivating a clerical manner and a churchy voice. At the same time, any amusement made out of the priest's office and calling or from allusion to the Sacraments and ordinances of religion was an offence against good taste, an affront to public decency, and an insult to good civilisation. It was all nonsense to suppose that the whole atmosphere of a theatre was redolent of devilry and dissipation. He advocated the establishment of municipal theatres.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

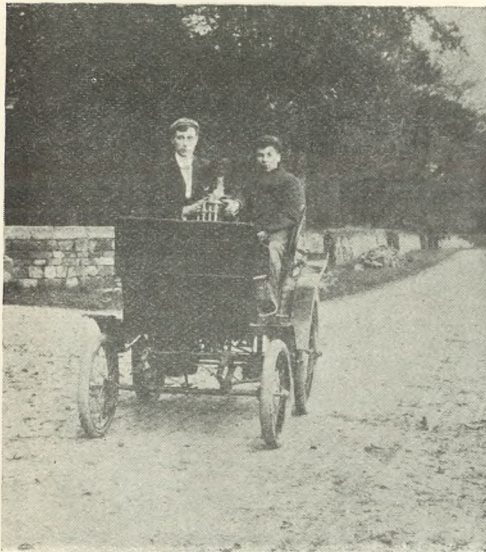
The Rev. Dr. Robertson, D.S.O., the distinguished chaplain of the Highland Brigade, was entertained to dinner in Edinburgh on Friday night by the Morayshire Club in recognition of the conspicuous part he played in the South African War during the past three years. Sir A. Conan Doyle proposed the memory of those who had died during the war. At best, he said, life was a small and a short thing. What was eternal were duty and honour—the noblest spiritual qualities. These things these men had won. There was many a cause in which men's lives might be said to be wasted, but that was not one. Already, though but a short year had passed, they saw a mighty monument being raised in South Africa to the memory of these men—the greatest monument ever erected in so short a time to commemorate the deeds of the men who had fallen. A great Commonwealth was being built up, founded under the flag of freedom, founded on the principle of the equality of all men, and if it was so it was because these men had laid down their lives to make it so.

Out of a population of 130,000, the number of persons who attended a place of worship last Sunday at Croydon was 14,079 in the morning and 16,770 in the evening.

Nurse Liell, the daughter of a Bow auctioneer, has received many gifts of gratitude from wounded soldiers in South Africa. The last mail brought her a gold brooch set with rubies and diamonds, with a letter of thanks, from a number of Tommies.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

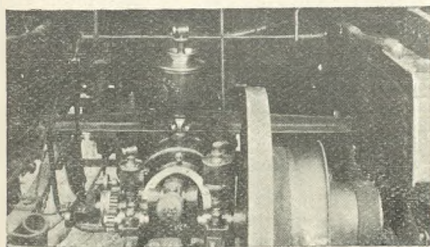


"OUT FOR A SPIN."

Photo by H. C. Morse, Barton-street, Gloucester.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Doubtless there are many people who would like to taste of the joys of motoring, and yet cannot afford the price asked for a modern car. In the advertisement columns of the motor papers can be seen every week cars for sale, which are two or three years old, and which can be bought for about £60 to £90. Many of these are in good condition and quite reliable. Such a car is the one below, the second illustration being a photograph of the engine and fittings. It is a Star car of 34 actual h.p. water-cooled. It will be noticed that the engine is belt driven. The engine fittings are very good, including drop-feed lubricators, spray carburetter, and electric ignition. Five gallons of petrol can be carried, which is sufficient to run the car 150 miles. The car is fitted with two speeds and Crypto gear, and will climb any hill. Diamond single tube pneumatics are fitted.



HOW TO MAKE THE STOCK SOLUTION OF GOLD CHLORIDE.

The chloride of gold can be bought at any photographic stores in the form of little glass tubes, containing 15 grains. They cost about 2s. each. To make up the solution, soak the glass tube in water for about ten minutes, when the paper label can be easily removed. Dry the tube with a cloth, wrap it in a clean piece of paper, and carefully break it. The piece of paper must be unwrapped very carefully, or some of the gold may be lost. Empty the contents of the paper—glass and gold—into a clean cup, measure out one ounce of pure water, and pour it into the cup. When the gold has dissolved, carefully pour the liquid into a stoppered bottle; the pieces of glass will remain at the bottom of the cup. Pour seven drams of water on to the glass left in the cup, and add it to the contents of the bottle. This method will give a solution containing the whole of the gold without any broken glass.

A GOOD TEST FOR HYPO IN WASHING WATER.

The following method of testing washing waters for hypo is given in "Photo Era":—Add to a small quantity of the washing water a piece of zinc and a dozen drops of hydrochloric acid. After a moment or two drop a little of the solution on a piece of filter paper which has been wetted with a solution of lead acetate. If the paper turns brown or black, the washing water contains hypo, and the plates or prints must be washed longer. The whole test requires little longer than a test for acidity with litmus paper.

OVERCROWDING IN COMPOSITION.

One of the most common faults made by the average amateur is that of crowding far too much subject, i.e., too many different objects of interest, into his picture. The novice is tempted—and usually yields to the temptation—of including as much as he possibly can. The old hand, on the contrary, is equally anxious to leave out as much as he can. If the amateur has had the good fortune to see the photographic shows of the year, he will doubtless remember that simplicity of arrangement and subject makes the deepest, and therefore the most lasting, impression on his mind.

TONING BROMIDE SOLUTION.

After some work with bromide paper, the amateur is apt to get tired of the sameness and cold appearance of the prints. They may be toned to a warm brown tone by the following simple method. The prints should in the first instance be rather deeply developed, as the toning reduces the image slightly:—Hyposulphite of soda 10ozs., ground alum 1oz., boiling water 70ozs. Dissolve the hypo in water first, afterwards gently stirring in the alum. The solution should now be milk white. The precipitate should not be filtered out, but allowed to remain in the solution. A strong point about this bath is that it improves with age: therefore it should never be thrown away, but fresh solution added as required. The prints which have been previously dried are placed in the toning bath, which should be kept at a temperature of about 120 degrees. The dish for toning should be of iron, so that a stove or bunsen burner can be placed underneath to keep up the temperature. The toning action should be complete in 20 to 30 minutes. The prints should now be thoroughly washed.

A WET WEATHER INCIDENT.

The wet weather of the last week was entirely against motor-cycling. I only ventured out once, and then did not get far. Just after starting, the motor began to misfire, and then suddenly stopped sparking altogether. I dismounted and tried to find out the cause. The battery was all right, so were the connections, wires, and trembler. There was, however, only a very feeble spark from the high tension wire leading from the coil to the sparking-plug. Not being able to discover the cause of this, I took the machine home. On testing the sparking in the dark, flashes of electricity were observed coming from several parts of the coil. On my machine the coil is clipped to the back stays, quite unprotected from the weather. The ebomite cover of the coil was quite wet. This

suggested the probable cause of the feeble spark. The cover of the coil was wiped quite dry, and on the sparking being tested again, it was found to be as good as ever. I am now going to try the effect of covering the coil with thin rubber, solutioned on.

A MOTOR CHASE.

To-day (Saturday) an interesting balloon hunt will be held, starting from Reading at 12 o'clock noon. It has been organised by Mr. Bucknall in connection with Lieutenant Mark Mayhew's Volunteer Automobile Corps. The balloon is a new one (being tested for the first time), named Vivienne II., and is of 50,000 cubic feet capacity. The occupants will be the Hon. C. Rolls, Mr. F. Butler, and Mr. Bucknall, who will carry dummy despatches, which it will be the duty of those taking part in the chase to capture. There is a prize of £10 in connection with the event. It will interest local Volunteer cyclists to know that any Volunteer cyclist can participate in the chase.

ODOURLESS MOTORS.

According to the "Motor-car Journal" an American inventor has devised a simple attachment which can be applied to any petrol motor, which, it is claimed, absolutely destroys the odour of the petrol or of any burning oil coming from the cylinder. It is automatic, and consists of a fluid which mixes with the exhaust from the exhaust pipe, leaving only a slight and pleasant odour.

HOW TO MAKE AN EXHAUST VALVE LIFTER.

A large number of the earlier motor-bicycles, etc., have not valve lifters fitted to them. Owners of these machines, if at all handy with tools, can make one quite easily. The first thing will be to make a lifting lever out of a strip of 1-16th inch thick steel. This will require to be cut and bent to such a shape that it can be pivoted at one end on one of the crank case bolts and pass directly under the valve lifter block, but not quite in a horizontal position. It will be necessary to file a shoulder on one of the nuts of the crank case bolts, so that the lever fits perfectly free when the nut is tightened up. A small hole can be made at the free end of the lever to take a wire or cord, which is to be fastened to the handle-bar by a small clip. A wire ring can be fixed to the cord for convenience in lifting the valve. It is a very simple matter to adjust the lever so that it just clears the lifting block by 1-16th of an inch when the valve is quite shut.

"Ariel" will be glad to answer questions addressed to him at this office.

MADAME PATTI'S EARNINGS.

Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, in a new edition of his book of musical anecdotes, states his belief that Madame Patti must have made a round million pounds with her wonderful voice. During one single year she netted £70,000. Day after day during one part of her career she made within two or three hours over £1,000. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of £9,600 paid to Madame Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or £600 for each appearance. During her American tours she obtained as much as £1,200 a night. Her fees for singing have certainly been "princely"; but she probably bears the palm in her profession for being paid for not singing, for at one season at Covent Garden, besides her £800 a performance, she was paid a retainer of £12,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period. Madame Patti's voice is "underwritten" for £1,000 a performance, or for £8,000 for total loss of voice. Only twice, it is stated, has she drawn the insurance.

A well-known officer of the mercantile marine, Captain Thomas Pearn, retired from the service of the Great Western Railway Company on Saturday. Since 1860 Captain Pearn has weathered the Irish Sea, making countless voyages between New Milford and Waterford, and throughout his long career he never lost a ship or turned back from the roughest storm. Last May Captain Pearn took charge of the Great Western Company's splendid new steamer Great Western, in which he made his last official trip on Saturday last.



At a school competition recently arranged by the Hon. Clifford Liffon, Canadian Minister of the Interior, a bronze medal was awarded Ellen Aubrey, pupil at St. Luke's Girls' School, Cheltenham, for an essay on the Dominion of Canada.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The initial month of the hunting season has now passed, and it was in agreeable contrast with the corresponding one last year, when fog and frost favoured foxes. There has not been a single day stopped for these reasons. But foxes, generally speaking, had the best of it, for they ran and got away, it is confidently hoped, to run another day. The longest and most satisfactory run was that of the Cotswold Hounds on November 24th, when after a chase lasting for the best part of two hours they bowled their quarry over at the bottom of Hanaker Bank. Untoward circumstances were the fatality to Lieut. F. B. Dugdale, V.C., and the accident to Dan Reid, kennel huntsman, whereby his collar-bone was put out. Both casualties were in the North Cotswold country, and as they occurred at newly-made fences it looks as if the hedging and ditching in those parts is very faulty. Then the killing of one of Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds on November 22nd, and of one of the Croome pack on November 29th, on the railway by trains are other fatalities, and they emphasise the danger that the iron road is to fox-hunting. December has opened badly, for on the second day Charles Travess, the popular huntsman of the Cotswold, was put hors de combat with a broken left ankle, through his horse coming to grief at a fence with unseen treacherous barbed wire up Boddington way.

Having on June 1st, 1901, alluded to the fact that Mr. Rider Haggard had been touring in Gloucestershire taking notes on the burning question of agricultural depression, I have naturally awaited with interest the publication of his impressions. These have recently been given in his book "Rural England." I see that his opinion is that the agricultural conditions of this county are not altogether unprosperous, and that the farmers do not seem to have lost hope of better days to come. Many, alas! I know lived in hope for years, but ultimately died in despair. Mr. Haggard has gleaned from Mr. H. J. Elwes, of Colesbourne Park, the information that agriculture is largely kept afloat by means of wealth made in towns. This fact is by no means new to local people, and I, myself, have referred in these columns to the changing of the old order, giving place to the new, in the ownership of a large number of the big estates. It is the plutocracy from the North and manufacturing towns that are sustaining agriculture to a great extent. We ought, therefore, to be grateful to them for becoming landed proprietors. Gloucesters-

trians will be interested to hear that Mr. Haggard noticed in the city streets a number of pretty young women, dark-eyed as the Celtic race, as he imagines they sprang from. I can only say that compliment from the author of "She" is compliment indeed.

While on the subject of land, I may narrate a curious case that has just come to my knowledge. A year or two ago the trustees of an estate on the borders of Gloucestershire agreed in consideration for a certain man clearing the undergrowth off a piece of land to let it to him rent free during such time that he planted it and took two crops from it. The trustees, of course, only contemplated two seasons, but the astute tenant first planted potatoes, and next acorns, and now he refuses to give up possession until the oak trees have grown and are felled. This, I am assured, is really no hoax.

A London contemporary a few days ago referred to the remarkable case of Dr. E. H. Bickersteth, who owed his promotion from the Deanery of Gloucester to the Bishopric of Exeter to a mistake in identifying him with Dean Bickersteth, of Lichfield, a High Churchman. It is alleged that "Mr. Gladstone had only recently appointed Dr. Bickersteth to the Deanery of Gloucester, when the See of Exeter fell vacant. He instructed his secretary to offer the bishopric to 'Dean Bickersteth.' The letter was sent to him of Gloucester, who accepted the honour." I know that on the same day (January 28th, 1885) that Dean Bickersteth was installed in Gloucester Cathedral he received an offer from Mr. Gladstone of the Bishopric of Exeter, which he subsequently accepted. Dean Bickersteth never went into residence at Gloucester, and he only preached a series of sermons there during Passion week. There is circumstantial evidence in favour of the contemporary's contention, for the rapid promotion of Dr. E. H. Bickersteth, an Evangelical, by Mr. Gladstone caused much surprise at the time.

The revelations concerning fast life at betting in Cheltenham about fifteen years ago that were extracted in the cross-examination of the discomfited plaintiff in a recent sporting libel case in London were not matters of surprise to the cognoscenti of the Garden Town. I am told that the person who, it was alleged, impersonated a farmer from Birmingham to do a bit of rooking at pigeon shooting was, in reality, a crack shot from the Forest of Dean way. Then the plaintiff is immortalised in an election cartoon hanging on the walls of the Liberal Club: he is

depicted as drawing a well-known clergyman in a wheelchair, alongside of which the Parliamentary candidate is walking. I am glad to be assured that betting and gambling at pigeon shooting is not carried on to the great extent that it used to be. The days of the rich young Russian Prince and of the decadent and impecunious peer who used to draw cash when he won and give I.O.U.'s when he lost, and others of that ilk are mere memories. The plungers evidently go elsewhere.

GLEANER.

FUNERAL OF MR. J. M. CHEETHAM.

On Tuesday the interment took place at Shaw Parish Church, near Oldham, Lancashire, of the late Mr. Joshua Milne Cheetham, J.P., of Eyford Park, Stow-on-the-Wold. Mr. Cheetham, who left his native place about twenty years ago to take up his residence at Eyford Park, was a practical business man, whose interest in the cotton trade was hereditary. His grandfather was amongst the earliest cotton manufacturers in the country, and began business before the introduction of steam and machinery. As a young man Mr. Cheetham gained a knowledge of the cotton spinning trade with his father, after whose death he became sole owner of Clough Mills, Shaw. He was connected with several other business undertakings, and was a director of the London City and Midland Bank. He was the Member of Parliament for Oldham from 1892 to 1895 in the Liberal interest. The Rev. F. E. Broome-Witts, of Upper Slaughter, was the officiating minister. The servants at Eyford Park sent a beautiful wreath.

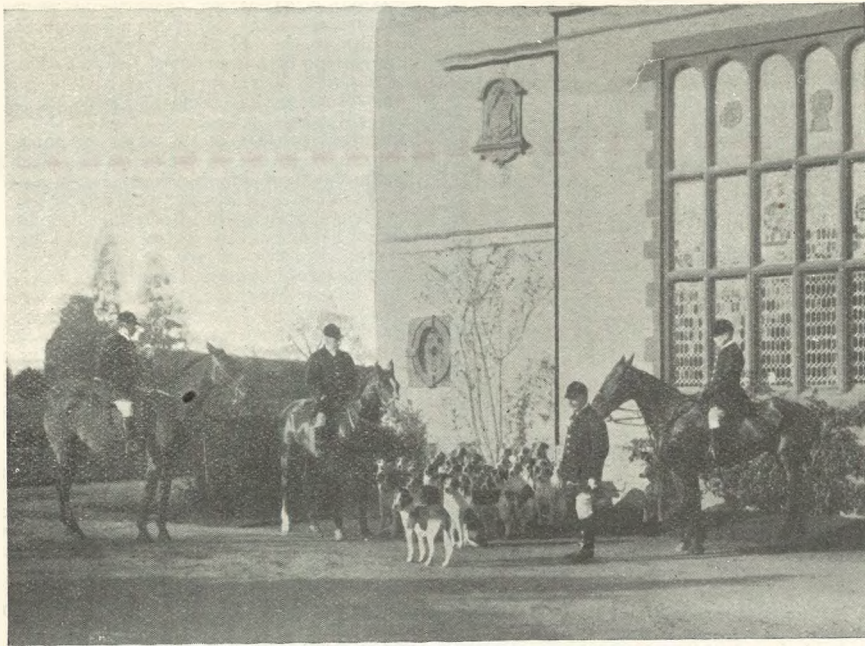
A NEW INDIAN BISHOPRIC.

The King has approved the creation of a new bishopric in the Central Provinces in India to be called the Bishopric of Nagpur. His Majesty has been further pleased to approve the appointment of the Rev. Eyre Chatterton, B.D., to be the first bishop of the new see. Mr. Chatterton was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a highly successful career. He became a deacon in 1887 and a priest in the following year, and after four years' curacy at Stockton-on-Tees he went out to India as head of the Dublin University Mission at Chota, Nagpur, and examining chaplain to the Bishop of Chota, Nagpur. He remained in India nine years, and on his return home accepted a curacy at Richmond, Surrey.

TO HELP AFRICAN LOYALISTS.

Lord Salisbury has contributed £100 to the Globe Fund in aid of the South African loyalists.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Cotswold Hounds at Badgeworth Court, Nov. 18, 1902.

Photo by J. Johnson, Cheltenham.

"The New Woman."

We are so frequently reminded of the presence of the female who is boldly labelled as the "New Woman" that we are driven to muse on her metamorphosis from the dame of our great grandmother's days. What mark and likelihood does this fresh butterfly, evolved from the ancient chrysalis, go to show? In diagnosing the New Woman, the literary physician must mind what he is about, or he may find his subject considerably in advance of him in insight and adaptability, and even in accomplishments. While the New Woman seems to have sprung from the literary free lance section, which has long been growingly asserting itself, she seems deserving of attentive study and kindly guidance, which, let us hope, she will not be unwilling to accept.

The old lady presiding in the mansion of the past no doubt exercised a vital influence in her own immediate circle, especially in her sympathy and charities to the poor, who were always grateful for doles, but found it difficult to learn therefrom the many little arts which lead to self-dependence. The brocaded fine Old English gentlewoman was doubtless a picturesque and peculiar figure; totally different, however, to the contemporary mesdames of neighbouring France, with their literary and political coteries, where brilliant conversation was aroused and politics and personalities were handled with such dangerous freedom as to bring in the peril of the cruel guillotine. Mrs. John Bull was prodigal of her hospitalities and "roués," but she mostly left high politics alone, while her patronage of the drama and opera was more prompted by fashion than congenial taste. These gatherings, of course, afforded admirable means for becoming familiar with titled or wealthy notabilities, for which designing mammas have always the reputation of having a keen eye. These coteries, too, served a useful purpose in keeping many from a too liberal indulgence in foreign travel, while they afforded young people an opportunity of taking stock of each other; and the little vices of drinking, gaming, and flirtation could be freely indulged in by the men, while scandal and gossip were left to the women. Female ambition influencing outside opinion

scarcely went beyond starting or following the changes of fashion.

Here was, indeed, little scope for the exercise of the nobler duties of life. The woman of rank paid little regard to the hard lot of the toiling poor, or to the building up in the rising generation of nobility of character. In the lower circles, woman's influence was still less marked. The education and prospects of the well-off woman were largely narrowed down to her immediate home circle. Her attempts to take a wider view of life and to raise the status of female thought were discouraged and kept back by reproaches that she was becoming "a busybody" or "a blue-stocking," to be relegated, as time went on, to the shelf as the sour and be-spectacled old maid.

But time is bringing its revenges, and we are fast entering on brighter days and the consideration of sweeter themes, as we are being cheered by the prospect of the advent of more womanly women, more capable and better equipped to play a higher part in life, and to influence future generations in developing better environments and more hopeful and higher views of life. The Promethean fire of thought is brightening Woman's eye and energising her soul to new fields of influence and work. Though it may be rightly claimed that she is not so richly endowed with the genius for invention as Man, yet her expansion is making her a sweeter—because a brighter—being, a better helpmate, a more daring voyager with her life-partner, a more resourceful, a healthier, stronger creature than her dear old grandam, with her toothless gums, her incurable prejudices, her short insight, her homage to old fashions, her self-abnegation, her narrow religion, and her empty denunciation of "the wicked world."

The athletics and activity of thought engaged in by the woman of to-day would have shocked the old wearer of ringlets and drawn down her condemnation of such degeneracy and impropriety. As women acquire a closer knowledge of themselves, they learn how to estimate the value of the flatterer, be he the fashionable youth who makes himself universally agreeable, or the "fine writer" who finds it pay to flatter his reader. The sound judgment which comes with full-developed character will keep down excess and become the governor of the machine whose pace and

power have been so much accelerated by the electric thought which now fills the air. This has largely resulted from the wider recognition of woman's influence in her efforts to cast off the shackles which bound her predecessors and shut her out from the training and equipment long monopolised by men, and from the bracing atmosphere of achievement now allowed to be blown upon her. Men will cease to disparage women when they see women can clearly distinguish between fact and fiction, between opinion and demonstration, and when they reason on logical bases with fulness of knowledge but undogmatic iteration.

Woman, indeed, is the hope of the world, for, as she rises in the scale, so will her children more clearly reach the ideal of purity, love, and excellence. With new worlds to conquer, her capacities will still further expand. The scouting and skirmishing of the inventive and prospecting male will be followed as his shadow by the adventurous New Woman, bearing the Red Cross appliances of kindly sympathy and timely aid, ushering in an assured victory. The activities of the past are focussed in the present; be it our part to direct their rays into the most beneficent channels.

Ever since Britain took the lead in the emancipation of woman from the thralldom of the sphynx-like East she has been advancing in the social scale. Old religions may impose their ceremonials, old tyrannies may drill their armies for the maintenance of effete civilisations; but the edict of a brighter time has gone forth. It is unheeded by many, but in the end it will bear down all opposition, because it is backed by higher powers than man can wield. It is an edict of growth, of advance, of new developments and possibilities; and the Anglo-Saxon races will yet show the nations how to appropriate for good the best achievements of the past, how to mitigate the evils, and how to make the best of life. We look to the New Woman to help forward this grand work, and we feel certain she will cheerfully and successfully respond. Accumulated wealth must more carefully study its near relationship with labour, both of mind and muscle. The commercial race in life must not be so much directed to "getting on" in the sense of pecuniary accumulation as in the sense of higher excellence of thought and work, higher ideals of character and achievement. All earnest work in this direction will bring its own reward. Hope meets the toiling angel of to-day, and "Hope ever" must be the motto on our flag, the lesson of our schools, the consolation of our solitude, the whisperings of our hearts. If man will remain true to himself, and will cordially accept woman's aid in working out the problems of life, we are bound to succeed.

England has been often reproached for the slowness with which she adopts desirable reforms and the enormous amount of agitation which it is necessary to put into the advocacy of changes which time proves to be most beneficial. The tardy recognition of the value of woman's services in local government affords another instance of the difficulty of bringing about radical changes. Happily, progress has been made, and still is being made, in this direction, contemporaneously with another desirable change in the shape of an extension of female employments. Though the difficulty of getting and keeping good domestic servants is still on the increase, there is a bright side even to this reluctance to enter upon what is often a kind of unfeeling servitude, for the hope may be cherished that more sympathy may be developed between employer and employed. Employers may have been too exacting, and "helps," the American equivalent for servants, may have been too indifferent to the true interests of their employers. While girls continue to prefer the freedom of factory or shop work, with better pay and evening liberty, to domestic service, the servant difficulty will continue to be chronic. Mistresses will find they must relax somewhat their hold on the time and work of their domestic servants and take more interest in their welfare. The mother of a girl, rather than her mistress, ought to do her best to qualify her daughter

either for service or for domestic life, and we must hope that in time this will be more widely recognised.

In the meantime, the influence of the New Woman in local government, on boards of guardians, parish councils, school boards, and other ruling bodies, it is hoped, will become more generally welcomed, as it will be found that such influence must necessarily work in the direction of good results to the community at large.

Four years ago, "Ignota," in the "Westminster Review," in treating the question of women in local government, gave some statistics which clearly showed that the movement in favour of electing women to posts of local government was making progress. "Ignota" stated that in the late elections 29 unions returned women for the first time; but in 25 others no women had been re-elected in place of those falling out through illness, death, or removal. Besides the women guardians in England and Wales, there were 17 women guardians in Ireland, and in Scotland 40 women parish councillors. In the United Kingdom there were as many as 1,040 women fulfilling the duties of Poor-Law guardians, and in England and Wales about 200 women members of school boards; and many unions had elected women overseers.

As an increased and increasing number of women are elected by popular vote to positions of trust and authority, and it is found the efficiency of the bodies thus recruited is materially increased, so will the popular demand for female representatives increase. The croakers, who insisted that the home only was the proper sphere for women, will gradually be out-voted, and women will take their place beside men in the management of trusts and the organisation of good management, in which the female voice is equally entitled to be heard. As a nation we are slow to adopt radical changes, but the trend of the times to the achievement of better work and the influence of example, often where least expected, will gradually break down many barriers which have only been maintained from the fear, found to be groundless, that it would be unsafe to remove them.

Let women, in the advocacy of what they deem their rights, be but reasonable in their demands and fully qualify themselves to fill the positions they aspire to, and their victory will be assured.

While noting with satisfaction the promise of a race of more robust and increasingly alert women, we must not forget that there are influences at work in an opposite direction, and these, if not bravely met and remedied, may land us much further in the rear of other countries than will be flattering to our patriotism. We must not suppose that the New Woman, by her improved physical stamina, assures to us a healthier and stronger race of mothers, as there are many debasing influences at work to increase the number of what may be called ineffective women. It is most desirable that this dark side of woman's life should be faced and brightened.

It is generally admitted that from various causes our town populations are on the down grade, while our rural populations are flocking to the towns, thereby increasing the struggle for existence and the multiplication of unhealthy conditions of life. Recent recruiting statistics show that of 75,750 men medically examined last year, as many as 22,286 were rejected for various ailments or want of physical development. Factory labour is most unfavourably affecting the mothers and children of the poor, especially in the larger towns of the North, where, through poverty, they are obliged to be engaged in it. From the neglect and under-feeding resulting, the infant mortality is increasing at an alarming rate. We thus cannot fail to recognise that life carried on under these unhealthy conditions must in time, unless ameliorative measures are put in force, produce physical decadence and the undermining of our national stamina.

J. MERRIN.

An enormous sunfish, weighing 1½ cwt., has been left stranded by the tide at Blakeney, Norfolk.

Strange Stories of the Australian Bush.

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By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED
(Author of "My Australian Girlhood," etc.).

Strange stories of the Bush! Fearsome indeed would these be, could the Great Grim Wild give up all its secrets. Australia is old—old—in the second childhood of its hoar antiquity. But of the peoples that dwell there in ancient days, and of the cataclysms which have made the land what it is, no history has been written save such as may be found in its extinct volcanoes, its strange mammals, its weird-looking gum-trees, and the legends of the Blacks.

The civilising Englishman marches with long steps when once he sets foot on the soil. He is an iconoclast, and an instrument of fate, tending to the survival of the fittest. He brings firearms, reach-me-downs, railways, the penny post, the beautiful workings of civil law, and, worst of all, grog. Under his influence, Bush romance of the old wild sort must needs die quickly, and there is small hope, in a brand new Commonwealth, that anything will be left of the peculiar poetry of the Bush.

When I was young, imagination had yet a chance of rioting among the possibilities of unexplored wastes. Now, the explorer has but an undistinguished vocation, and little remains to be learned behind even the fastnesses of the north-coast range or below the Carpentaria Bight. The Barcoo district is not now an unattainable, uninhabitable terror. You can't stretch a line eighty miles without touching a piano or a sewing-machine. Bushmen grumble, for ladies and babies are as thick as handcoats, while it is a quarter of a century or over since the old Never-Never Country ceased to be the white man's grave. This shunts things back to the beginning, when cannibals held their orgies within forty miles of where Brisbane Government House stands, and wild white men still roamed the bush.

Convicts, these, mostly, as long as penal settlements lasted; and afterwards—within my own time—occasional escapees from New Caledonia. One of such—an ex-chef—did for nearly a year provide Palais-Royal fare for a squatter in the coast blocks, who till then had cheerfully subsisted on salt junk and damper, and who afterwards, as far as his palate went, was a spoiled man. How the French cook concocted those dainty dishes, I know not. Brunton Stephens, the Australian poet, tells the tale of how a Chinaman wrought succulent pies out of a litter of new-born puppies. It is certain, however, that for those who look, the Bush has delicacies to furnish forth a Roman banquet. I can with personal knowledge speak of the excellence of iguana flesh; also of a sort of truffle fungus to be dug in the scrub, and of weird but toothsome larvæ, pouched mice, and eggs of a monster ant—all of which require initiation to be appreciated.

WILD WHITE MEN.

The wild white men make a chapter of their own in the strange romance of the Bush. I remember a certain goblin terror of my nursery days, taking rank with *Debil-debil* of the blacks' camp—the wild white man of Bribie Island—who could be whistled for by the authorities to carry us away and eat us if we were naughty. The Bribie Island Marooner—a shipwrecked seaman who had cast in his lot with the Blacks, and would not be persuaded to leave them—was before my time, however. So was William Bulkley, the first runaway from Governor Phillips' convict station—a giant in stature, and in the astonished eyes of the natives beholding a white man for the first time—a supernatural visitant. They took him to be a re-incarnation of one of their own chiefs, or, as they put it, "one fellow black, gone bong (dead), and jumped up white man."

This superstition has saved the life of more than one Australian castaway. Perhaps in the case of Barbara Thompson—which no

doubt suggested the most powerful of the late Grant Allen's short stories—the native belief in re-incarnation was not an altogether welcome means of salvation. One can well imagine a delicately brought up young girl preferring to die rather than become the wife of Boroto, her black rescuer. But Pinguai, an ancient brave, declared her to be the ghost of his dead daughter, Giom, and so Barbara was taken to the bosom of the tribe, learned the Blacks' language, which she spoke fluently, conformed to their customs, and bore children to her dusky spouse, wandering with him and his brethren for nearly five years, when she was rescued and taken back to her parents in Sydney. Imagination shrinks before the horror which that five years' interlude of savagery must have imported into Barbara Thompson's life. That was not so long ago, nor was the rescue of Murrell, whom I remember being lionised in Brisbane when he was brought into civilisation after seventeen years of nomadic existence with the Blacks. Murrell had been shipwrecked and reached the coast with a small party of survivors from the grisly experience of forty days upon a raft, when a shark, baited with the limb of a dead comrade, provided the wretched party with food. A white woman and her husband were cast away with Murrell, and the Blacks hailed the three as spirits of the tribe, "jumped up white fellow," according to the formula, and danced corroborees round them, and fed them and handled them as though they had been new toys. Some of the natives would have carried away the woman, had not the white men bought her off by giving up their clothing and knives to the Blacks. Poor Mrs. Pitkethly!—that was her name. She endured her lot for two years. Her husband died first, and death mercifully released her four days later.

BUSH SUPERSTITIONS.

Bush romance tends to the tragic. It is elemental, terrible, grotesque. An Australian sculptress spoke to me once of fixing in marble the Genius of the Bush. In what guise should he be represented? To my thinking, as a grand monster, with a beautiful human head, and limbs uncouth, embryonic, even revolting—a Being, fascinating, mysterious, abnormal, with the sad, wild eyes of one who has gazed since the beginning of creation upon strange things. How else embody a spirit of the Bush who would be in harmony with the desolation of this wilderness—with the gaunt, twisted gum-trees, the lightning-blasted rocks, the great queer grass tufts with blackened stems and giant spikes, like specimens of some primordial growth, the gloomy scrubs, the lonely water-holes shadowed by leprous she-oaks, the huge gorges riven in pre-historic cataclysms, the vast plains over which Droucht, the spectre, always hovers, changing them into arid deserts? What place would be here for graceful Oread, merry Faun, or the good old piping Pan? *Debil-debil* and the *Bunyip* come nearer to the mark, as tutelary divinities of the Bush.

I never saw the *Bunyip*, but I have met people who said they had, though they could give no satisfactory description of this legendary monster; and I have in memory lagoons which no black would swim across, and where even bullock-drivers with their teams preferred not to choose their camping-ground.

As for *Debil-debil*, his shapes are various. Sometimes he is a bird, never seen, but uttering a doleful wail which has the effect of clearing from the spot all black humanity. Or he is a fire-god, fierce and vengeful, sending madness upon those dwelling in the scrubs—presumably because in such moist regions his powers are limited. Or he is a gigantic kangaroo, or the monstrous snake *Wa-wi*, large as a gum-tree, or *Murriula*, prototype of the dingo, or native dog. Now he is the shapeless and invisible spirit haunting a black's burial-place and causing the tribe to migrate; and again the terrible deity sending swift punishment on some hapless gin or lubra (a black maiden) who has violated the aboriginal code of laws, in some respects curiously Mosaic. The metamor-

phoses of Debil-debil are numerous as the avatars of Vishnu, and his power to kill un-circumscribed. When a black fellow wants to treacherously do away with a foe, he secretly cuts off a lock of the foe's hair and buries it, invoking Debil-debil, who speedily brings it about that the enemy gives up the ghost. Another method equally efficacious is to point at the intended victim a bone prepared by a native doctor, soaked in human blood and dried over the smoke of certain wood, after which soon the tribe knows that man no more. There is no end to the superstitions concerning Debil-debil—a European graft upon aboriginal mythology.

There are spirits, too, who inhabit caves, and others that glide above, from tree to tree. Riding through the Bush on a moonlight night, with the eerie shadows, the monstrous shapes of vegetation, the uncanny cries and creepy mutterings of bird, beast, and reptile, any legend might seem to have its foundation in reality. More especially, if the bush be a gidya scrub in a drought. Then the grey ghostly foliage and black trunks rise from a bare white ground on which the shadows look like moving things, while a faint sickly odour, resembling that of a corpse, comes from the trees, for the gidya poisons the ground, so that only salt bush grows beneath it. I know a road through such a gidya scrub, beside which is a rude bush grave, and I have heard the most matter-of-fact stockmen say they didn't like riding along that road on a moonlight night.

TRAGEDIES OF THE BUSH.

Found dead in the Bush! How many a nameless grave has been dug by passing stockriders, into which have been put the grisly remains of some poor wretch, who has laid down under a gum-tree and breathed his last breath. Occasionally, such a one may be identified by his clothes, his pocket-knife, a strap, or what not, or maybe he has managed to carve his initials on the bark, but most often hawks and dingoes have left little means of telling who and what he was. "Lost in the bush" is a pitiful requiem—most pitiful when the victim is a child; a fencer's boy, perhaps, or the hut-keeper's little girl. Then all the station hands turn out; the black trackers are set to work, and sometimes the child is found alive, but generally it is sleeping its last sleep. Most gruesome fate, too, is it to be thrown from horseback in the bush, and to lie helpless, unable to move or stave off the horrors stealthily approaching—the hawks swooping ever lower and nearer; the soldier-ants crawling on their prey. I have heard a man who was thrown and injured while out on the run describe such slow torture endured before the rescuers came.

Some of these dead waifs were turned out of a grog-shanty when the cheque began to run low. In old days, shepherds and stockmen would take their year's cheque, give it to the keeper of the shanty, and drink doctored rum steadily till the landlord said there was no more money, or, afraid of the law, would put the poor wretch upon his horse, give him a bottle of spirits, and send him into the bush, where delirium tremens usually overtook him, and he might, or might not, escape doom.

Such tragedies happen again and again. Many an Englishman—a college graduate, the scapegrace of some noble family, sent as a last hope to the colonies—has gone under thus. "A man dead in the Bush!" the news goes, brought in by shepherd or black boy. The nearest magistrate is summoned. A hasty inquest follows, and a rude burying in a grave beneath a gum-tree. Neither Prayer-book nor Bible is forthcoming, and memory fails to recall sacred words. But something must be said. Once, a hut-keeper produced a tattered volume of "Gulliver's Travels"—oh! shade of Dean Swift!—and a paragraph gabbled therefrom concluded the ceremonial. Pray Heaven that a soul thus ushered without benefit of clergy across the Big Border may meet with tenderer treatment than has been accorded it here! Says Webster's Duchess of Malfi:

"I know Death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits."

The last Earl of Stafford was not the only one in the old roaring days who lost his kingdom by the "knocking down of the cheque," as Bush slang puts it. He was a strange, mad creature—William Stafford Perrot he called himself—one time superintendent on a station, and afterwards an ostler in an inn—I have heard my father tell the story—who drank, gambled, joked, and adventured, and had even then a wild career behind him. He had been shipwrecked originally on the South American coast, had lived among wandering Indians, conveyed llamas to port, worked in a copper mine, and learned the art of throwing the machete—it was not safe to be with him and his Mexican knife during a drinking bout. Then, hey for the diggings, when the rush started for the Australian gold-fields! But Perrot was unlucky, and took to odd trades. One day, a squatter met him waiting at the post-office for the English mail. His letters brought him unlooked-for news, and the Crown Prosecutor confirmed them. Perrot was ostler then, and had blacked the Crown Prosecutor's boots. The Crown Prosecutor told him that he was indubitably Earl of Stafford, gave him a cheque for £100, and took his passage home. £100 is a big sum for even an earl, a shanty-keeper, and a crowd of thirsty diggers to change into grog. But our new peer managed to dispose of a good part of it, and before the ship sailed which was to bear him to his kingdom, the last Earl of Stafford had drunk himself to death.

One might prate for hours about the old gruesome facts of the Bush. Robbery under arms, like the wild white men, the cannibal blacks, and the tally of murdered explorers, has become almost a thing of the past. There is romance and to spare in the stories of the bushrangers. Ned Kelly was the last of the grand highwaymen, and the rest seem common or garden miscreants in comparison. Gardiner, however, who robbed the gold escort, and held New South Wales in terror for a time, had a story behind his name, and, it was whispered, was released, after having been sentenced to thirty-two years' penal servitude, in consequence of influential pressure brought to bear from England upon the Governor and Executive. Other small fry of bushranger contented themselves with bailing up stations, frightening the women, and helping themselves from the store, generally after ascertaining that the menkind were away. Now Labour Unionists have taken the place of the traditional bushranger, and are less gallant and more of a nuisance. If they don't stick up for gold escorts they make themselves obnoxious in a more homely way, and the labour problem is the crux upon which political parties split, and the pivot upon which Australia's future turns.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

Still as of yore, the romance of gold holds undisputed sway. One never wearies of the enthralling tale of prospecting in the wilds—millions depending upon the upthrow of a pick, and upon the direction of a boot-toe which may bring to light a lump of quartz or the matrix of opal. The gold story is never ending, and will never cease to interest as long as human greed endures. And there must ever be the same eager quest, the excitement of the fossicker who cares nothing for miseries of tick-infested scrubs and fever-haunted swamps, for the spear that flieth by day and the terror of the night,—for who can say that to-morrow he may not find a lead, and a year hence be marching through Melbourne streets with what is called the millionaire strut?

Life can never be dull in the Bush. The very skies overhead are the harbinger of fortune or the foreteller of ruin. Rains may flood the rivers, drown the plains, and destroy the fruits of a year's lambing. Or a long spell of drought may mean the bankruptcy court. A debt on the station and no rain for two years, with gaunt, famine-stricken cattle, and piteously-bleating sheep gazing from the banks of dry waterholes, may well drive the unfortunate squatter to madness, suicide, or perhaps worse—dishonour. It's a bad business for the sheep-owner when wool goes down a penny a pound, and there comes a poor shearing—when grass fails, and the creeks and lagoons are a loathly bog. Bad, too, for

the man of cattle, should pleuro take his stock, and a mining boom bring reactionary desolation and the closing of meat-preserving establishments. No, it's not all beer and skittles in the Bush.

But when seasons are good and kine well favoured, when lilies float on the waterholes, and the rivers run to Kingsley's song, "Clear and Cool," when sheep are smothered in healthy fleeces, and the big booms are going steady, and you've sold out enough to clear yourself, and are only holding on to something out west or up north, or down south, or in a mine, just for the fun of bossing a show,—well, then you may see and enjoy the lighter side of bush romance;—the race meetings, the picnics; the mustering parties when friendly neighbours congregate at the head station to run up cattle, square-tail and brand during the day, while dance and gentle dalliance are the occupation of restful hours. It is then that the sweet Bush-girl—and, speaking dispassionately, I know of no more dainty, clever, and adaptable maiden—has her innings; and marriages are made, it may be with some son of toil, it may be with some titled globe-trotter, who, armed with introductions, has come out to see the Bush, much as he would have gone to shoot in the Rockies or on the Himalayan slopes. Only, instead of a tiger or bear-skin trophy of his prowess, he brings home a pretty, charming, and eminently helpful Australian wife.

Next week: "Strange Stories from the French Courts," by R. H. Sherard.

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PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

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 99th competition is Mr. J. Johnson, 16 Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham, with his picture of "The Cotswold Hounds at Badgeworth."

Entries for the 100th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 6th, 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.

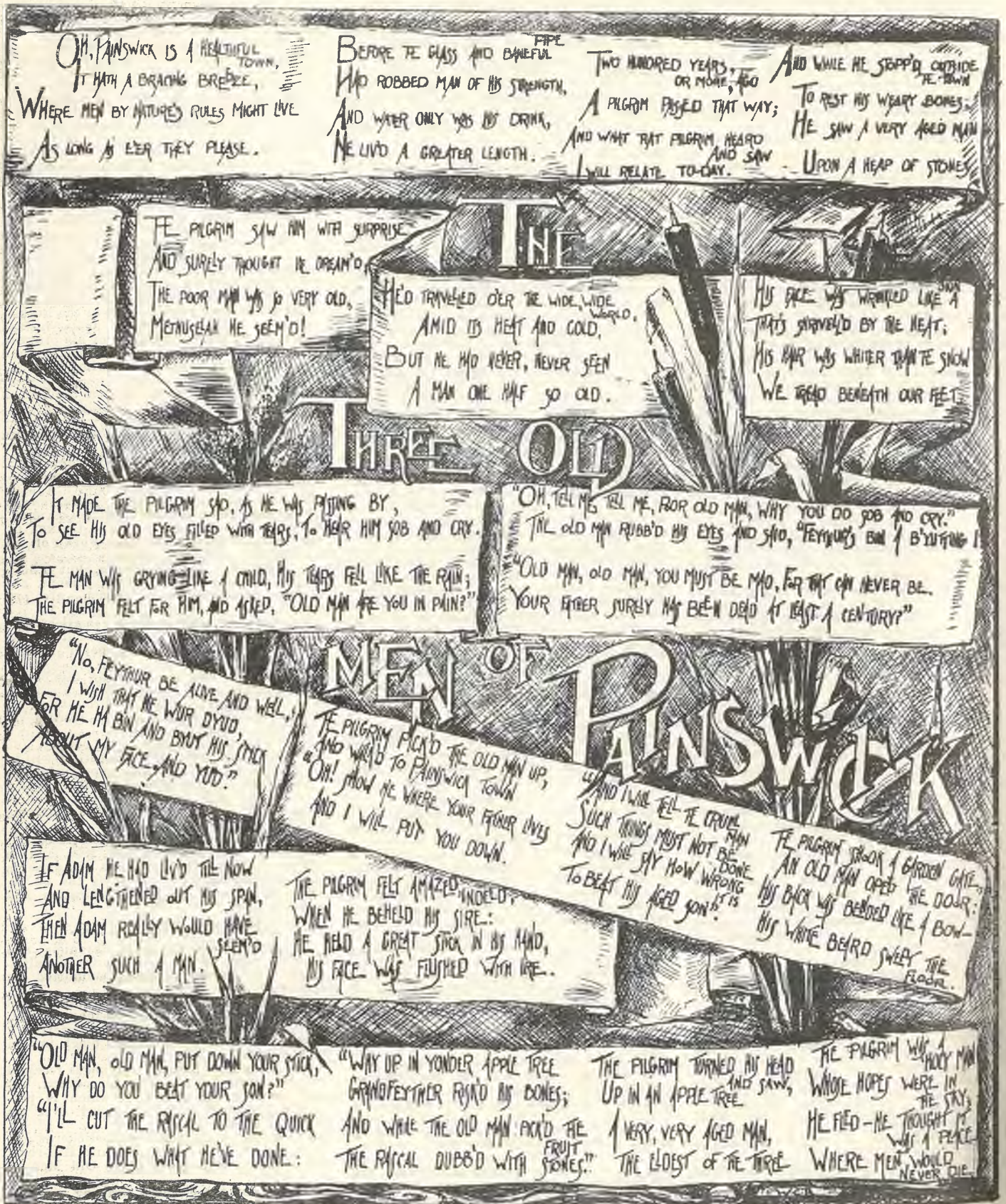
Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

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 tenth competition is Mr. W. C. Robson, "Veraville," Marle Hill-road, Cheltenham, with his "Three Old Men of Painswick."

Entries for the eleventh drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 6th, 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.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 102.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-day—Afternoon 2.30, "My Artful Valet";
evening 7.45, "By the Hand of a Woman." Monday,
Dec. 15, Mrs. Langtry in her New Play, "The Cross
Ways." Friday, Dec. 19 (Afternoon and Evening),
Mr. Redford's Benefit.

Don't Forget the Old-Established
TOY & DOLL DEPOT.

"Ye Noah's Ark,"
353 High Street.

The Show Rooms are filled
with Dolls, Dolls' Prams,
Dolls' Hats, Shoes, Stock-
ings, &c.

New Games for Evening
Parties. Ping Pong! Ping
Pong Requisites.

Christmas Tree Decorations,
Candles, Crackers, &c.

Rocking Horses,
Mechanical Toys, &c.

Books and Diaries.

3d. in 1s. Cash Discount.

CHRISTMAS CARDS
and CALENDARS.

Orders per Post promptly attended to.

COSENS

AND

KNIGHT,

353 HIGH STREET,

CHELTENHAM.

Stationers and

Fancy . . .

Dealers,



The North Wind doth blow + we shall have snow

The oldest Volunteer in the United Kingdom is Mr. W. A. Longmore, F.R.I.B.A., who was enrolled in the Honourable Artillery Company in the year 1851. This was nine years before the establishment of any other Volunteer regiment. Mr. Longmore was for more than twenty years architect to the Walthamstow School Board, from which post he retired two years ago.

An act of sacrilege is reported from Berwick. While St. Mary's Church, Castlegate, was open on Tuesday night, someone apparently concealed himself beneath the altar. On Wednesday morning it was discovered that 4s. or 5s. had been abstracted from the poor-box, whilst, in order to effect his escape, the thief had broken a valuable stained-glass window in the chancel.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS TRIES SKATING.

I knows very well as I ought to be ashamed of myself taking hup new pursoots like skating at my age, but I wasn't a-going to be done by that there Mary Ann Tompkins, as come to see me with a bran new pair of skates on her harm, glittering like a 'lectro-plated teapot, and said she were on 'er way to a very select brick-pond as she knowed, where the company was sure to be very refined; and, if the hicc were to give in, it weren't very deep and a good clay bottom to 'old a body hup till 'elp came, wich last were a very himportant hitem to me, and quite rite, too, as it turned out, seein' as 'ow the papers is full of hawful haccidents and things day by day, thro' people popping thro' the hicc, as is a very severe shock to the system, egspesshully in a elderly fieldmale, wich I can vouch for meself, 'aving 'ad the misfortin to go through! But, there! I'll tell you hall about it, and them as laffs as they reads I considers is very 'artless and brazen in their feelin's, wich I only askes for a bit of sympathy! The first thing was to purchase a pair of skates, so I goes to a place where I seed a lot hanging in the window, marked hup cheap (left over from last season, so it turned out). But, there! I didn't know a good pair of the things from a bad one, so I picked out 2 of 'em, as looked more shaney than the rest, and put on a hominous hair, like as if I knowed all about them sort of things, and, in fact, as if I was brought up on them and 'ad lived in their sassiety since childhood!

So I takes them 'ome and tries 'em on in the back-kitchen. 'Owsomdever, I can't say as 'ow I made much of a fist of it, as you mite say, this being a sort of patent skate, as you 'ave to put yer foot onto and step down 'ard, wich it then clips you like a vice or a rat-trap all round your foot, so as you can't get away from the clutches of the thing.

I can tell you I was about the space of a hour fixing on they skates. First they was all of one side, and then they was back-afore, and every now and then there was a little screw or summat dropped out onto the floor, and took me a tidy bit of time hunting for it with a candle, these winter afternoons bein' so dark to the eyesight.

Well, so soon as I'd got the blessed things on me feet there come a ring to the front door bell, and I started to make for the passage—I beg parding, 'all—but, you mark my words, I'd got them skates on, and, you believe me, I couldn't get 'em off for love or money. In me 'aste, I'd clean forgot to ask the young man down to the shop 'ow you made 'em un-clapse their grip; and, as for walking on 'em, you mite just so well 'ave tried to 'ave stood on the top of a telegraph pole! 'Ere was a pretty fix! Wot was I to do? If there's one thing I 'ates, it's to keep a body waitin' at the door; but I were so good as a prisoner in me own back-kitchen! So I, so to say, takes the bull by the 'orns, and, being a woman of resource, as a good many of 'em tells me, and partly pulls meself and partly slides and tumbles 'alf-way along the passage, and calls out pretty loud, "Hif it's the baker, please to leave a stale one on the doorstep"; wich, immediately to onct, the door opened, and you could 'ave knocked me down with a feather (if I 'adn't already been in a sitting hattitude, thro' them there 'retched skates) when Mary Ann Tompkins walked hin, sayin' as 'ow she thought I sounded as if I were in distress, and she thought perhaps the copper 'ad burst or the water 'ad come thro' the sitting-room ceiling again, as were all her bunkum, wich I knows very well she wanted to see what I were doin' of in that there anxious tone of voice as I spoked in; and downrite ashamed of meself I were for 'er, of hall persons, to find me there, on the floor, bound 'and and foot, as the sayin' is, by a pair of skates, as couldn't be took hoff!

'Owsomdever, I will say she come to the rescue, altho' she laffed very 'artless, as I considers, at my dilemmar; and after a bit of groping about she finds the springs you 'ad to touch to open these 'ere sort of skates, and I were a free woman once more!

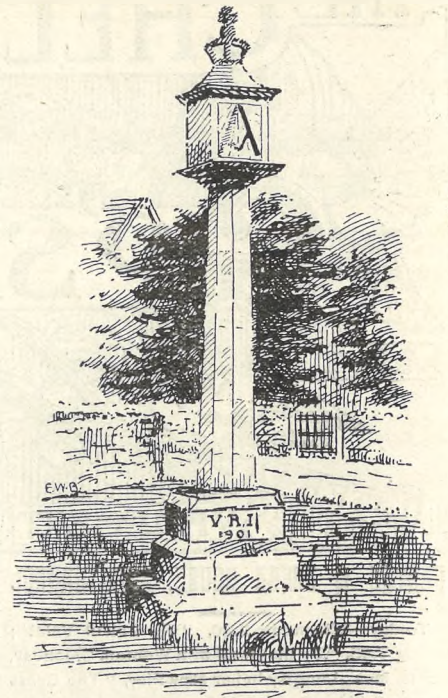
This were a nice little escapade to start with, weren't it; but "yet there's more to foller," as the hymn tune says, for that there Mary Ann persuaded me to come along with 'er on the morrow to the same select brick-pond as I 'ave referred to; and a very refined spot it were when we arrives at the brink and gazes round us at the frozen lumps of clay and the square thing where they cooks the bricks. Two or three little boys was the only spectators, besides a young man, as 'ad the look of a bank clerk about the collar and cuffs, and were evidently a hexpert at the game from the way as he were gliding about in hall directions, first on one leg and then on another, just like one of these 'ere little clockwork images you winds up, as runs about the floor, bowing to one side or the other all the time.

'Owsomdever, it were mitey cold standing there, so we perceeds to put on our skates, as were greatly 'elped by the presence of them little boys, as only asked 1d. for the job, and well worth it, 2, so I says, it being altogether beyond me to bend down for so long, and to stand on one leg, like a pelican in the wilderness, while you be fixing 'em on.

I must tell you that Mary Ann were a middlin' good skater, 'er father 'aving been in the ironmongery line of business before he died, and 'aving found 'er skates free gratis for nothink; not that you can consider skating to be no sort of a accomplishment, seein' as 'ow you only gets about 2 days of it every 10 years nowadays, the weather 'aving been altered by changin' the meatologist, so they tells me!

Well, she says to me, "Selina," says she, "you gently grasp my arm, and we'll soon be glidin' gracefully over the service of this 'ere pond," wich, 'aving said, she starts hoff with me in toe; and I will say it were a very nice feelin' for a few moments, sommat atween flying and riding a cicycle, as I should think. But, in a honguarded moment, I lets go me holt (in order to push in a 'air pin as were droppin' out), and before I could gaps for breath one foot goes one way and the other another, and that there hicc come hup and 'it me sich a whack on the back of the 'ead as you never 'eard. It did seem to me as if all my brains were shook loose inside me 'ead; and, as for gettin' hup from my not very graceful reclining on the hicc, it were quite onpossible, me feet give way every time, and I went down worse than ever!

'Owsomdever, Mary Ann 'elped me hup, sayin' as it were one of the egscitements of the skating pastime that you never knowed when sich things mite 'appen, to wich, says I, "Well, Mary Ann, all I can say is, let them as likes sich egscitement 'ave it; just you 'elp me to the edge of this 'ere brick-pond, and I'll go 'ome and sell them skates forth-with." Wich it weren't to end so easy for me, unfortunately, for as we was making our way to the banks, all of a suddint there were a sort of a kind of a crackling, tearing noise, and down went one of my feet into the hicc-cold water, as were like one of them there refrigerators I've 'eard tell on for chilliness; wich I never gave a thought to the depth of the water, and I will say I lost me nerve for a bit, shouting "Murder! Thieves! Fire! Help, somebody! I'm drowned!" thinking me last moments was come for certain this time; and wot a hend to 'appen to a lady of my accomplishments—to be drowned while skating on a brick-pond! 'Owsomdever, fortunately for me, as it turned out, the pond were only about 6 inches deep just where I went in; but the clay at the bottom were that sticky I couldn't get me foot out, not for love or money, not even when Mary Ann Tompkins and the 3 little boys and the young banking chap and the man as owned the brick-yard come to my existance and pulled with all their might and mane, as nearly took me arm hout by the roots. So 'ere was I fixed for ever, so it seemed, with one leg hin and one hout of this 'ere hicc-hole, all thro' they outdacious skates, wich I mite so well 'ave been hup in the Artist regions round the North Pole for the cold I felt all hup my limb; and it were a 'orrible sivation for me, a respectable helderly fieldmale, to be hin, as you can think. I should 'ave fainted, only there wasn't no room to do it graceful;



MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT CUBBERLEY.

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

and if I'd a-gone down flump on that there hicc, nobody knows wot the consequences mite 'ave been! Me and my rescuers mite 'ave all went into together! Well, after a lot of pulling and "heaving ho," as the brick-yard man did say every time he pulled, something gave way, and me foot come to the service, but without ne'er a boot nor a skate on it, as remains in the muddy clay, without no opes of finding of them till next spring, and perhaps not then; wich I 'ad to walk 'ome in a hodd old boot as the brickyard man lent me; and, all things considered, and when I feels that there bump on the back of me 'ead, I don't 'old with skating as a pastime, not meself. It's all very well for young people, as likes falling about—some of 'em appears to thrive on it—but I shan't venture on the hicc again, not meself, 'aving severely shook me constitution and spoilt as good a pair of 'lastic-side boots as was ever wored.

SELINA JENKINS.

POETRY.

HOME TO ATHLONE.

Soft are the skies above, sweet blows the breeze,
Flowers that we used to love, wake on the leas;
Birds in their greenwood bowers, no longer dumb,
Filling with song the hours, say spring is come!
Ah! but my heart is sad, how can it sang,
Though all the world is glad, greeting the spring!
Though skies are clear and blue, tho' clouds depart,
Ever our last adieu dwells in my heart.

Winter will not be o'er, nor its gloom flown,
Till you come home, Asthore, home to Athlone!

All the long winter through, when days were drear,
Love, I have thought of you, wanted you here;
Now the bright sunrays shine on the old shore,
This lonely heart of mine wants you the more!
Ah! if my words could say all its deep need,
Your heart, though far away, surely would heed;
Could you its longing learn, where'er you roam,
Your steps would surely turn once again home!

Winter will not be o'er, nor its gloom flown,
Till you come home, Asthore, home to Athlone!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

TO INSURE ONLY CHRISTIANS.
The Rev. C. M. Sheldon is at the head of a movement to establish at Topeka, Kansas, a life insurance company that will only issue policies on the lives of Christians and total abstainers. All the churches of the United States are to be asked to assist the organization. Rates will be from 10 to 20 per cent. lower than in other companies.

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.

VIII.—A MOUNTAIN TRIP IN GRAND CANARY.

Grand Canary was our new destination, a run of about five or six hours from Teneriffe. We weighed anchor at midnight, and arrived off the capital at daybreak. Las Palmas is a noble city, built upon the rising shore, with the two towers of its cathedral standing out above the surrounding buildings like minarets. Puerto de la Luz, the port, is three miles beyond. It has a harbour formed by the dip in the land, and a substantial mole. Shipping of moderate tonnage can enter, and at the time of our visit it was nearly full. A Union-Castle liner lay outside; she had called there for coal.

It is curious that British mail-boats (to make a momentary excursion into politics) should habitually call at Spanish ports for coal. I mean, it is curious that our mail-boats should be obliged to call at Spanish ports for coal, and more especially the ships that ply upon our great trade route to South Africa. Is our connection with Cape Colony dependent upon facilities given by Spain? We who hold Gibraltar, a part of her territory, for the maintenance of our Eastern thoroughfare, have we to rely upon her good graces for the preservation of our Southern? The Boer war was fought because Cape Colony was our only sure means of access to India and Australasia, and we could not afford to have our occupation menaced. Have we yet to realise that, though our hold upon South Africa is established, our means of access to it is not? I know that ships can reach the Cape by storing coal where they should place cargo. I know there is Madeira, a Portuguese possession, St. Vincent of the Cape de Verde Isles, and, on our own territory, Freetown of Sierra Leone, and St. Helena. But Funchal has no harbour, St. Vincent is an international coal depot, and Freetown and St. Helena are off the route and do not commend themselves to mariners. In times of peace this defect in our communication matters little, but it is otherwise in time of war. If, as was said, South Africa means existence to us as an Empire, it follows that our means of access to it will, in any naval conflict in the future, be a point of attack. A war with France might be waged on the old battle-ground of the Mediterranean, but a war with America—possibly, too, a war with Germany—might take the wider field of the Atlantic, in which case no more vital blow could be dealt us than the interruption of our passage south. And there might be none easier to inflict, with a line of communications 6,000 miles in length, with Spanish ports closed to our warships, and none of our own to take their place. It is curious that the whole question of the strengthening of our lines of communication is in the hands of two nations—Spain and ourselves; and, in view of this fact, we cannot refrain from asking the question whether Gibraltar is, after all, so great that Great Britain is as strong with it as she would be without it if she had in its place Ceuta in the Mediterranean and Teneriffe in the Atlantic? But to return.

Our excursion in Grand Canary took the form of a delightful drive up the hills to Santa Brigida, and thence a journey on mules, for those inclined, to the Caldera, or extinct volcano, at Monte, and to Atalaya, a settlement of cavemen, the potters of the island. After a brief survey of the cathedral—not memorable as an architectural specimen, yet withal massive and imposing, and possessing at least two relics of interest, a candelabrum over the altar given by Cardinal Ximenes, and, amongst the church plate, a small sample of the work of Benvenuto Cellini—I took my place on the box-seat of a wagonette and our journey began. The view of the town from the hill side, even more than from the long road we have traversed from the Port, impressed me with its African character. Morocco has set its seal upon Las Palmas. Not only are all the houses flat-roofed, not only are the domes and minarets of mosques to be seen upon hotels and public buildings, but on this journey

to Santa Brigida I saw women shrouded in white garments, for all the world like Moorish women, save only their faces were less covered.

This was the dry season, and the roads were thick with dust and the hills parched. Prickly pear and the deadly Euphorbia seemed the only wild vegetation, and in their midst, seeking their near companionship, as is its wont, the giant groundsel found a place secure from attack. Presently plantations appeared, and cool stretches of banana and maize—bananas, not growing as in India, tall and solitary, but in diminutive forests, with short trunks, squat and top-heavy, yet withal a delightful patch of green. Vineyards are passed, vineyards which at other seasons are white with the Madonna lily; fields of sugarcane, too, and all along the roadway the ubiquitous aloe, white with the dust. As we get higher the country is greener, especially in the neighbourhood of villages. At times the road is embowered in trees, and plantations fringe it on either side for long distances. Plumbago riots in the gardens. The villagers look contented, and not too energetic. They are trustworthy people, and in Grand Canary I hear the servant question has no difficulties. The children are the realisation of an artist's dream, the most beautiful things in a region of many beauties. You see them grouped round the doors of cottages in ascending ages. The memory of one fragrant little soul, with wide-open, pensive eyes of blue, haunts me as I write. Here and there are caves in the hillsides, whether tenanted or not I do not know. The country gives the impression of being most productive, and it now only wants water.

In Werter, Goethe, speaking of the elegant garden of the Marquis of Mobeley, remarked that at first sight it must convince us that not a mere gardener, but a man of feeling, had been the chief cultivator. This passage occurred to me when I saw, not one but two gardens in Santa Brigida; the first new, the garden of the Santa Brigida Hotel, an hotel with a magnificent outlook of mountain scenery; the second mature, a bower of palms, the garden of Count Filippi Massieu, Deputy of the Island. The one was luxuriant in its variety of colour; the other in its wealth of green. Few things in my tour have given me more pleasure than these two gardens. Mr. Delmard, of the hotel, in addition to being an artist, a musician, and a scholar, is a botanist, a lover of flowers, and a valued correspondent of several of the horticultural societies of Europe. I mention this, as from the culture of the gardener may be inferred the culture of the garden. Amongst much of interest I noticed in the verandah a magnificent flycatcher, with a saucer-shaped flower of purple and white, the *Aristolochia elegans*.

The Caldera is a two hours' journey on mules, and apart from some rather narrow squeezes round mountain passes, with chasms yawning below you, is a pleasant excursion. The crater itself is well worth the visit. It is said to be the most perfect one known. As you stand on its rim and look into the cavity your eyes carry you to a depth of six or seven hundred feet, and lo! what do you see? Not a basin of lava and ashes, but a green expanse some nine acres in area, with a farm, a tenanted farm, in their midst. When it is considered that this mountain was in eruption so recently as 1816, and the immediate neighbourhood still shows the remains of its activity, and that during the recent eruptions in the West Indies the Peak of Teneriffe was seen to smoke, the base of the Caldera should not command a high rent. The caves at Atalaya are a disappointment to visitors who expect to see a settlement of the ancient Guanches of the island. The inhabitants are some of the less civil members of the general community, who, or whose ancestors, have congregated in caves which no doubt had earlier denizens, and who live by making earthenware (pottery is too fine a term) without a wheel, and carry it down into the town for sale. The caves themselves, arranged in terraces up the hillside, deserve a visit on account of their antiquity and the charm of the surrounding landscape.

As we drove down the hills in the cool of

the evening, with three trotting ponies abreast and a dexterous driver, the whole distance without one stop, I saw the coast lie below me like a map. Beyond the mainland stretched a narrow isthmus, at the end of which was the Isleta, a bold promontory of land—a miniature Teneriffe. Puerto de la Luz lay on its chin. The long, narrow street that connects it with the city ran like a gullet down one side of the isthmus. It was lined with houses, and the two fine hotels, the Santa Catalina and the Metropole, were prominent features midway. Las Palmas was on the mainland at its base. I saw the whole plan at a glance. Presently the scene was lost to view, and we forgot the town until we found ourselves once more on paved streets, with three miles before us to the Port through clouds of dust raised by banana wagons hurrying to the wharveside.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ACTRESS.

"Gossip" has a little story of Queen Victoria and a young and beautiful actress. The company had received a command to perform at Windsor, and Miss X., the actress in question, said to the manager's wife—leading lady in the company: "What shall I do if her Majesty speaks to me? I shan't in the least know how to answer her." "Oh," replied madam, "you need not concern yourself about that, my dear; the Queen is not very likely to send for you." As it happened the Queen did send for Miss X., who was so extremely agitated that the first thing she did was to seize the royal hand and cover it with kisses. This simple and natural act of mingled trepidation and devotion so touched and delighted her Majesty that she sent her charming young subject a few days later an elegant bracelet of gold and brilliants.

THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

One of the chief sights at the great Delhi assemblage will be the procession of elephant, says a writer in "Gossip." Every native Prince will bring his elephants, and the British Raj will bring theirs. Some from distant parts of India have already started, and are on the march, in order to arrive at Delhi by Christmas. The largest elephant in India is said to be that belonging to the Rajah of Surguia, in the Bengal Tributary Mahals, and that is also to figure at Delhi. The animal is believed to be of princely breed, and is worshipped by the Gondo as a personification of Ganesh (the elephant-headed God of Wisdom) himself. Apparently, there will be the largest display of elephants ever yet seen in any one pageant in modern days; for, apart from the princes, every Indian who can at all afford the enormous expense of these huge beasts is taking one. Many are, however, discovering that it is sometimes easier to get an animal than a howdah.

SOMETHING ABOUT VEILS.

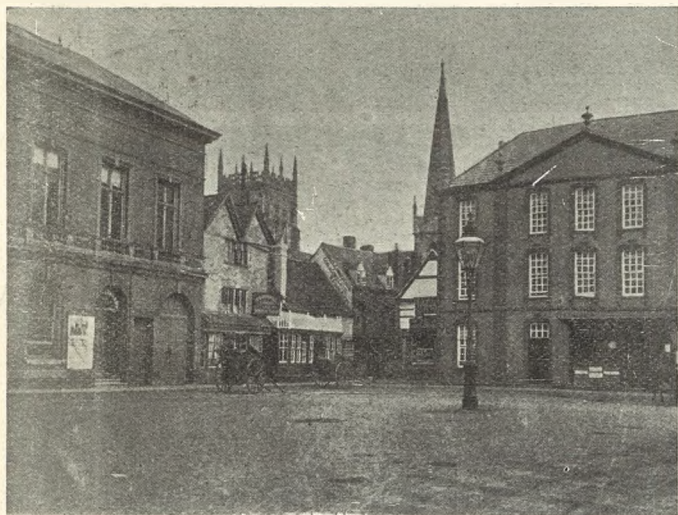
In "Gossip" we are told that among the many new fancies of the moment is one mentioned by a friend lately returned from Paris, which relates to veils. The idea is truly Parisian, and although simple and easily carried out, does not appear to have attracted general attention, so perhaps an explanation, or rather the suggestion, may please the fancy of our readers.

A becoming veil is not to be despised, at this season especially; so now for the idea. Buy a length of the palest rose-tinted tulle it is possible to get, and another of large but fine mesh net in black, with large spots in black chenille. Lay the tulle out flat, place the black net on top of this, and tack lightly round the edges with very fine silk. The tulle is, of course, worn next to the face, and has a beautiful softening and becoming effect. White is often used to line black veils, but this really gives an unfortunate grey effect, not nearly so becoming as the rose.

Col. Calver, M.V.O., on Monday succeeded Col. Miles, C.B., in command of the 1st Life Guards.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

AN AFTERNOON IN EVESHAM.



LIBRARY, POST-OFFICE, BELL TOWER, &c.



TOWN-HALL, BOOTH-HALL, &c.



VEGETABLE MARKET.

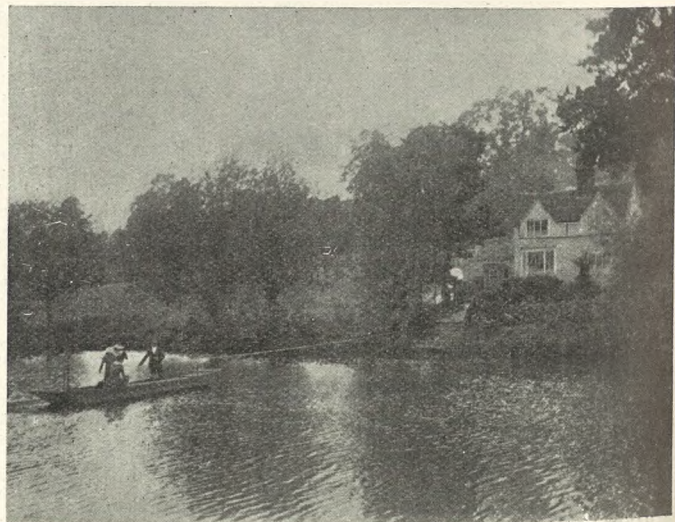


ALMONRY (NOW OFFICES).



ABBOT'S GATEWAY AND OLD VICARAGE.

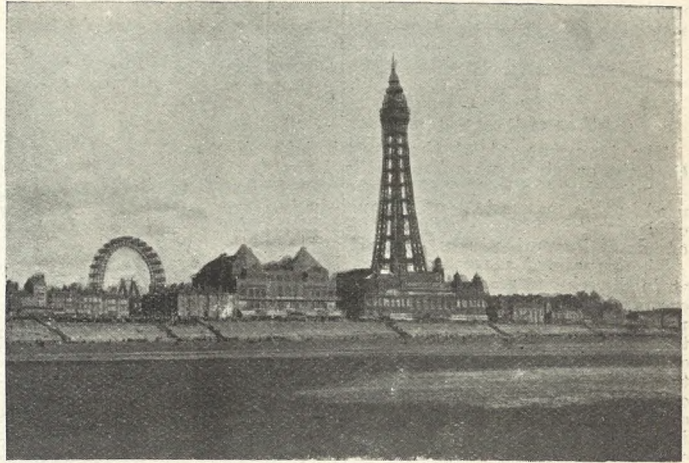
Photos by A. Bamber, Cheltenham.



HAMPTON FERRY.



HOTEL METROPOLE AND NORTH PIER.



TOWER (560FT.) AND BIG WHEEL (200FT.).



PADDLING.

Photos by George Jolly, Shepscomba.



VIEW OF SANDS AND NORTH PIER.

IEWS OF BLACKPOOL.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Frost brings with it some compensations. To frozen-out foxhunters it is anathema, but skaters hail a spell of it with keen delight. And they have been able to indulge in the fascinating and exhilarating pastime of skating in the first week of the last month of this autumn. Gloucester has been the Mecca of the many votaries of the graceful art, for the Severn flood came at an opportune time, and one handy submerged riverside meadow, almost under the shadow of the Cathedral, found itself firmly caught in the embraces of King Frost and afterwards the free course for thousands of steel-shod skidders. Charlton Park lakes also have been a favourite rendezvous for Cheltonians.

It is just over a year ago that I was the first to allude in print to the project for a new church down in the village of Churchdown. In the intervening twelve months progress, slow but sure, has been made towards the realisation of the scheme. A subscription list has been opened, plans prepared for the building, the Churchdown Land Co. has given a large site for it on Chaps' Hay, successful sales of work and concerts have taken place in aid, and last, but by no means least, a builder's contract for the erection of the first portion of the edifice is settled. The promoters, with the energetic vicar at their head, have scarcely as yet £1,000 towards the estimated cost of about £3,000, but I doubt not that their perseverance will be rewarded in

due time. I am glad to hear that a reproduction of a model of the new chapel-of-ease will shortly appear in the "Graphic."

A number of my friends, knowing that I possess an unique assortment of mistakes and blunders in newspapers, as the result of careful collection, have urged me from time to time to give my readers the benefit of a perusal of some of them. I feel that I can no longer resist their solicitations, and I herewith venture to submit a judicious selection in the hope that they may prove entertaining to a much wider circle than the little one that is already conversant with them. I may say that the cuttings are both from Metropolitan and provincial journals, but chiefly the latter.

First place to Royalty. In regard to the young Dutch Queen it was stated "that this charming lady becomes more unattractive as she grows older"; of the Duke and Duchess of York that "the faces of both the Duke and Dutchess," etc.; and the appointment of the German Emperor as a British Field-Marshal was recorded as "Field-Martial." With reference to the Church, in the report of the wedding of a Gloucestershire vicar, a paragraph stated "the sermon was choral"; a clergyman at the Diocesan Conference was made to allude to the "Prayer Cook"; the Archdeacon of Gloucester was called "Archbishop"; Tallis's responses were printed as "respondents"; a clerical schoolmaster was reported to have appealed for "more pulpits," instead of more pupils; in the report of the induction of a Gloucester vicar it stated that

"at the same court" a certain prisoner was remanded on a charge of theft; the Bishop of Sodor and Man was called "Sodom"; and a portrait of the Archbishop of York was indicated as "the Coronation spoon used to anoint the King."

And in the cricket season, in the announcement of the death of a widow at Quedgeley, she was said to be "aged 76 runs"; and in the football time "where the football would not awaken the echoes" should have been "football." Musical items include "valse chromatique," "solvists," "altos," and "Three Chairs Festival." Among the miscellaneous peculiarities are the statements that "one of the animals was burnt to death and had to be slaughtered," the "crimes" for "cries" of a young woman on fire, the "dramatic" for "dramatic" critic, "I am afraid some of my readers will smile at some of my phraseology," "May he live long to enjoy a well-earned pension and life of care and comfort," "a small-pox patient arrived at Glasgow a-cutting his throat," "fool-makers" for "toolmakers," the doctor "administered the proper anecdotes," "the managers consider that this reflects great credit on the teaching staff" for staff, "wilful damage to a widow" for window, "he asked the Sheriff to declare the shop open" for show, "a talented musician who formed the acquaintance of his finance" for fiancée, and "he offered not to address the fury further" for jury. I, too, must not now address my readers further.

GLEANER.

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Strange Stories from the French Courts.

By R. H. SHERRARD

(Author of "The Iron Cross," etc.)

The temperament of the French is such that the courts of no other civilised country—a pity that the word "civilised" should be used in this connection—afford such instances of depravity in the conception of crime and of horrid ingenuity in carrying it out.

The annals of many countries have been stained with the records of diabolical poisoners, and Italy has not yet outlived the evil reputation which in this respect she got in the Middle Ages. But here also France holds a shameful supremacy. Nor is reference intended to the exploits of the notorious Marquise de Brinvilliers, for it is now fairly well established that that wretched woman was insane and altogether irresponsible. But even if, as her judges at the time decided, she had been entirely rational, and her actions had been deliberate and wilful, what comparison could be established between her guilt her guilt and the infernal wickedness of Doctor Couty de la Pommerais, who was executed in 1867, in spite of the fact that the Empress Eugenie, moved by the supplications of his young wife, implored Napoleon III. to relieve him?

THE KING OF POISONERS.

The only parallel that one can find to la Pommerais is that English doctor, Palmer, known as the Rugeley murderer. In both cases love of lucre was the ignoble incentive; in both cases the hellish design upon a confiding victim was carried out with the most cynical and unrelenting composure, but in point of ingenuity, as well as in point of cruelty, the French criminal far exceeded his fellow-murderer. William Palmer almost inspires sympathy when one contrasts him with Couty de la Pommerais. Palmer used strychnine, which, if it tortures, kills fast; la Pommerais, more cunning, used digitaline, which tortures also but kills so slowly that suspicion of poison is hardly aroused. This la Pommerais may be described as the king of poisoners. He took a delight in the sense of power which the possession of lethal drugs gave him. When, after his arrest, his consulting room in the rue des Saints-Peres, Paris, was searched by the police no less than thirty-seven bottles of poison were discovered in a secret cupboard. Of digitaline alone a quantity was found sufficient to kill a thousand people. The number of his victims was never known, nor indeed closely inquired into. The actual murder for which he paid the forfeit under the knife of the guillotine was abundantly proved. Having insured the life of a wretched woman, a Madame Pauw, for £20,000, he paid one premium on this sum, and then began to doctor her with digitaline, a poison never used before by criminals. It produces the symptoms of acute heart disease, and his calculation was that her death would be attributed to this. He had taken all precautions, but in his cunning over-reached himself. A batch of letters written by Madame Pauw, in which she described her malady, and in which she thanked him pathetically for his benevolent attendance on her, were proved to have been dictated by him to his victim. He had relied on these letters to prove his good faith. They were the worst charge against him. There were twenty letters, but he could not produce a single envelope to show that they had passed through the post. To save a few pence in postage he had carried home each letter as it was written. In playing for a stake of £20,000 he had refused to risk half-a-crown, and so lost the fortune and his life with it. A peculiar interest attaches to the story of his execution, for if Villiers de Lisle-Adam's narrative is correct an attempt was made, with his co-operation, to solve the question which has often puzzled scientists: "Does the brain retain its faculties for any time after the head has been cut off by the guillotine?" It was agreed between the convict and another doctor that immediately after the knife had fallen, he should, if he could, wink thrice in obedience to an order.



RABBIT COURSING.

Match at Kayte Farm for £20 between Mr. Bradley's "Sympathy" and Mr. Taylor's "Cloudy Day." "Sympathy" won.

Photo by W. Ornsby, Cheltenham.

The experiment was tried and failed. The lids closed once and opened, but not again.

CRIMES COMMITTED BY WOMEN.

If la Pommerais may be styled the King of Poisoners, the title of Queen may well be given to the Breton woman, Helene Jegado, who was tried at the Assize Court of Rennes, and executed in that town. She was a cook by profession, and killed for sheer love of killing, mixing arsenic in the dishes which she served to her various employers. She went from situation to situation, leaving a trail of desolation and death behind her. Some forty murders were charged upon her.

In those days women were still executed in France. Now-a-days sentimentality reigns supreme, and women are hardly ever sentenced to death, however atrocious their crimes may be. One may except from this charge of sentimentality the Versailles jury, which is dreaded for its severity. Of this severity a woman now in prison had the experience last year under curious circumstances. Her name is Madame Gruitlinger, who murdered her husband by shooting him while he slept. She was tried in Paris, and being found guilty on a minor charge only, the verdict being further mitigated by an admission of "extenuating circumstances," she was sentenced but to five years' solitary confinement. She considered this sentence much too severe, and appealed. The case was retried at Versailles. The jury here very properly convicted her on the capital charge, finding no extenuating circumstances whatever, for indeed none existed. On this verdict she was sentenced to death. President Loubet, however, reprieved her, and fixed her sentence at the penalty inflicted by the judges of the Paris court. Appeal in criminal cases is a two-edged sword, a fact which sentimentalists in England seem to forget. However, I do not suppose that Madame Gruitlinger was ever in terror of death, for it is now nearly sixteen years since a convicted murderer was put to death. This execution took place at Romorantin, when three prisoners suffered. They were three peasants, a woman, her husband, and his brother. They had been tried at Blois Assizes for the murder of the woman's mother. She had made over all her property to her children, and they were tired of feeding her. So one day they threw her into the hearth, poured petroleum over her, and kept her in the flames with pitchforks until she died. The woman was considered so much the most guilty of the three that she was guillotined last, that is to say she was forced to look on whilst her husband and his brother were being executed. The strange point about this case was that the conviction of the murderer was secured mainly owing to the indiscretion of the parish priest. Almost immediately

after the murder, the woman, to ease her conscience, went to confession and detailed her crime to the horrified priest. He was so overcome that, forgetting his oath and the inviolable sanctity of the confessional, he that evening related what he had heard. The story reached the ears of the authorities, and the culprits were arrested. But for the priest's involuntary betrayal of his sacred trust, immunity was assured to them, for everybody had believed their story that the old woman had fallen into the fire, as old women often do. The tears of the daughter had been so convincing.

"TENDER HEARTED" CRIMINALS.

The French courts, by the way, afford abundant proof of the fact that the most atrocious criminals, apparently as dead to feeling as a jungle tiger, may be prompted to tears at the sufferings of others than their selected victims. We still talk to-day in Paris of Lacenaire, the poet murderer, though it is sixty years since his head fell at the Barriere St. Jacques. He was guilty of many murders of so deep a dye of turpitude that to mark his abhorrence of the man, King Louis-Philippe, who by the way was a firm adversary of capital punishment, wrote his full name at the top of Lacenaire's death-warrant, instead of only initialling the fatal document, as was his invariable custom. Well, it was urged on the prisoner's behalf at his trial that he could not possibly be guilty of the cruel crimes with which he was charged, that he had once fainted on seeing a kitten drown, and that after the murder, passing the evening at a boulevard theatre, he had wept copiously at the sufferings of the heroine of the play.

Juries in those days in France were, no doubt, made of sterner stuff, for nowadays such evidence skilfully put forward might have saved the man's life. A few years ago a man, whom I knew very well, escaped the richly-deserved death-penalty on a similar appeal to the sentimentality of the jury. This was Joseph Aubert, of notorious memory. If I refer to his case it is mainly because his story illustrates the mysterious power of presentiment, the foreboding of danger which is given to some persons, and thanks to which a worthy young man now living in Paris escaped a cruel death. He was the victim originally selected by Joseph Aubert to plunder and kill. Like the unfortunate Delahaet, whom Aubert lured into his house on the Avenue de Versailles, and there treacherously despatched with an axe, he was a philatelist, and possessed a valuable collection of foreign stamps. Aubert had a mania for stamps, but solely for their commercial value. He knew that there was money in stamps, and this incited him to get possession of them at any

cost of crime. A few days before Delahaef was murdered, Aubert called on an old friend of his named Dames at his rooms and almost at once began to ask him about his collection. At the same time he inquired with friendly solicitude about his friend's savings, what amount he had accumulated, and how it was invested. When Dames had told him that the bonds which represented his "economies" were in the trunk by his bedside, Aubert expostulated with him on the imprudence of keeping such valuables as a collection of rare stamps and negotiable securities in so unsafe a place. "Time went on," said Dames, in relating the incident to me, "and he kept on talking. At last he pulled out his watch, and with a gesture of irritation, cried out: 'Why, it's nearly midnight. The last omnibus is gone, and I can't get home. You must let me sleep here, old fellow. Anything will do for me. I can pass the night very comfortably in your arm-chair.' Now how it was I do not know. I had no suspicion of Aubert, whom I had known and looked upon as a friend for many years, but as he spoke an invincible feeling came over me urging me to get rid of him at any cost, on no account whatever to yield to his request to pass the night with me. 'No, no,' I cried, 'I can't do that. I can't sleep with another person in my room. You must go home.' He protested, argued, begged, urging that it was impossible for him to walk home that night with so many bad characters about. To put a stop to this, I gave him three francs, and told him to take a cab. After I had locked the door upon him I gave a great sigh of relief. The next day, whilst I was away at my office, he broke into my room, and stole my trunk, and some days later to secure further plunder he murdered that unfortunate young man. I have no doubt whatever as to what my fate would have been if I had not been warned of the impending danger in the mysterious manner which I have described." This affair caused a great sensation in France because of the means which Aubert took to dispose of his victim. He packed the body in a trunk, travelled down to a station on the Cherbourg line and left his sinister luggage at the cloak-room there. Naturally enough when a week later he came to claim it he found the gendarmes waiting for him, for in the meanwhile the body had revealed its presence. Criminal psychologists pointed to his amazing folly in returning to throw himself into the lion's mouth, as a striking instance of the irresistible force which drives murderers back to where their victims are interred. He was ably defended, and escaped with transportation for life, but died shortly after being landed at the Iles du Salut.

MYSTERIES IN CRIME.

In removing the body in a trunk he was imitating the exploit of Eyraud, the murderer of Gouffe, the tipstaff, one of the most sensational cases which has ever been tried in the Paris court. Eyraud was the inventor of this method of disposing of the corpus delicti, and so carefully had he taken his precautions, that it was by a mere chance that the crime was traced home to him and his female associate, Gabrielle Bompard. Chance is after all the best ally of the police, and this is exemplified almost every time that the criminal court sits in Paris; for, much as has been said about the superior astuteness of French detectives, the courts afford abundant evidence that but for sheer luck many crimes would go unpunished by reason of the real incapacity of the police. I remember two trials in which, although the prisoners were convicted—in each case of murder—their identity never was and never has been established. As far as the police and the public are concerned, the men Campi and Prado are as much a mystery as the Man with the Iron Mask. Both steadfastly refused to lift the veil which hid their real personality, and every effort of the police to trace their past failed. It was afterwards bruited abroad that Campi was a brother of General Boulanger; whilst of Prado it was asserted that he was the son of General Prado, the Peruvian dictator. But, though still to-day these murderers' identity is discussed in the Paris papers, their shameful graves keep the secret close.

A similar veil of mystery hangs over the personality of the man Vacher, whom one



P.C.: Well, Turnip-tops, what are you lookin' for?
Countryman: I be waitin' for the Woodmuckut buzz.
P.C.: Then you'll have to wait for the Mil-hen-e-hum.
Countryman: Oh! What toime do ee kum by, then?

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

may perhaps describe as the wickedest man who ever lived. The strange story of the latter part of his life was told in the Assize Court of Montpellier, in which city he afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes. He was convicted of ten murders, but confessed to twenty more. In fact, it was established that for some years previous to his arrest he had made a profession of murder. His victims were all shepherd boys and girls, or peasants in lonely fields. He killed for killing's sake, and travelled on foot all over France to indulge his sanguinary frenzy. A remarkable fact that transpired during the trial was the description of the cunning method he had devised and practised to escape pursuit. He, too, invariably returned to the scene of his crime; but not from the motive or under the impulse which criminal psychologists have analysed. "He killed, by preference, towards the evening"—I am quoting his own words in court—"and hastened away in a given direction. Immediately at nightfall he doubled back at full speed, passed the spot where he had killed, and then straight on in a direction opposite to the one which he had first taken. The morrow morning found him miles away from the spot where he had last been seen, and to which the gendarmes, following his daylight flight, had traced him. By this system," he said, "while the police went in one direction, I went in the other. The world being round, it is strange that we never met."

Next week: "Things Seen on the Trunk Road," by Mrs. B. M. Croker.

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

Mr. Hanbury, President of the Board of Agriculture, speaking at Chester on Saturday, enumerated the practical measures which he is taking in the interests of farmers, and reiterated that he was anxious to keep politics outside his department. He wanted to be a business Minister of Agriculture, and not a mere party Minister, and to undertake his work in such a spirit that it would be quite possible, whoever his successor might be, and to whatever party he might belong, for the work to be continuous (applause).

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 100th competition is Mr. A. Bamber, of Leckhampton, with his Evesham series.

Entries for the 101st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 13th, 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 eleventh competition is Mr. E. W. Beckingsale, Bransleigh, Sydenham-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the twelfth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 13th, 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.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By ARIEL.]

A CURIOUS CAUSE WHY ENGINE STOPPED.

An acquaintance of mine who owns a motor-bicycle had recently some trouble with his engine. The sparking was perfect, and yet it refused to work. The cause was not discovered until the spray carburetter was examined. In this was found the reason for the engine refusing to work. A small piece of solder had stopped up the petrol supply pipe from the petrol tank to the carburetter; consequently no gas could be drawn into the engine. On this piece of solder being removed, the engine worked as well as ever.

AN EXHAUST VALVE LIFTER OF LOCAL MANUFACTURE.

Motor-cyclists who are on the look-out for a good exhaust valve lifter should inspect the one invented by Strettons Ltd. I have had an opportunity of inspecting the device, and can recommend it. It can be fitted practically to any motor-bicycle, and can also be fitted to cars. A good feature is that when the valve is lifted it is held in this position as long as desired, without the hand remaining on the lever which operates it. This is a distinct improvement. The only fault I have to find with the Bowden exhaust valve lifter, as fitted to my machine, is that to keep the valve up it is necessary to hold up the lever. This is very tiring when it is required to keep the valve open for any length of time. The weight of the complete apparatus is only about six ounces, so it will not materially add weight to a machine. It may be mentioned that the device is patented.

A USEFUL HINT.

One often hears of the tripod-head screw being forgotten or lost. The best way to prevent this occurring is the following:—Drill a hole in the thumb-end of the screw, and attach a small chain (with a swivel to it, if possible) to the screw. Attach the other end of the chain to the tripod-head by means of a small staple if of wood, or by drilling a hole in it of metal.

THE VIRTUES OF A BIT OF STRING.

(1) Fastened to the lens, and then threaded through a pinhole in the rim of the lens cap, will prevent the latter from being lost at a most critical time.

(2) To tie the screw to the tripod-head will save much annoyance; but it must be tied loosely round the screw-head, so as not to interfere with it when it is being screwed up.

(3) Thirty-nine inches long, with a bunch of keys tied to the end, will give a beat, if swung, of one second's duration, which will be of use in timing exposures.

(4) Tied to the tripod-head, with a loop at the lower end to insert the foot, will steady the camera during a high wind.

(5) Carried in the pocket will be found extremely useful in tying back intrusive branches of trees which are not wanted, or in arranging a foreground by "clumping up" a bunch of grasses or reeds, and, if necessary, adding a few borrowed ones.

(6) It may also be used to tie open a gate which would otherwise insist in shutting itself, and so cut the picture in half.

(7) To tie the cork or stopper to the bottle neck in the dark room will prevent the former being lost or mixed.

HOW TO CLOUD NEGATIVES.

The majority of landscape negatives, when developed, show scarcely any signs of clouds. The addition of the beautiful cloud forms often observed in the sky gives added interest to a landscape photograph. Cloud negatives can easily be made by the amateur photographer, but they can now be obtained so cheaply at any photo stores that it is scarcely worth the trouble to make them. The following is the method which I adopt in using these:—First print out the view in the ordinary manner, taking care to keep the sky quite white by masking. Place the print face up on the hinged back of a printing frame, adjust the cloud negative on top of the print, and place a piece of glass over all. Expose in the sun, screening the already printed portion by means of cardboard, which



SELINA'S DREAM AFTER VISITING THE CAT, POULTRY, AND MOUSE SHOW.
 "Which I attributes it to my nerves being shook by that there revoluting door (drat it), and not to a bit of pickled pork as I 'ad for me supper."

Drawn by Herbert T. Rainger, Cheltenham.

must be kept in motion to prevent a hard line being formed. The progress of printing can be observed by the tinting down of the transparent portions of the clouds, or the print can be examined, without disturbing its position, by folding back one end of the hinged board.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Z. Y. X. SENDS THE FOLLOWING QUERIES:—

(1) In what proportion does air and petrol explode?

(2) Is there a governor to regulate it according to the speed at which the machine is travelling?

(3) In starting a motor, is it advisable to start with petrol only, or with a mixture of air?

ANSWERS:—

(1) Petrol vapour requires to be mixed with about 8½ times its volume of air to form an explosive mixture; but in actual work the amount of air admitted depends on the temperature. On a warm day more air is required than is the case on a cold day.

(2) On most machines the amount of air admitted can be regulated, but the speed of the machine is not regulated by the amount of air admitted. This is done by advancing the sparking or admitting more gas to the engine.

(3) The motor will not start without a proper mixture of air and petrol.

"Ariel" will be glad to answer questions addressed to him at this office.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."

Sir,—I saw a reproduction in Saturday's "Graphic" of the ballad of "The Three Old Men of Painswick." Readers of the present day may be under the impression that Mr. Robson is the author of the lines. "H.Y.J.T." wrote this ballad, and it was inserted in a Gloucester paper nearly forty years ago. I have not time to refer, or I could give you exact date of its insertion. F. P.

[We have every reason to believe our correspondent is correct. We would be the last to deprive our old friend H.Y.J.T. of any honour that is justly his. We were not concerned with the ballad as a ballad last week, but only with its artistic reproduction.]

We have pleasure in giving our musical readers the words of a new song written by our old friend Clifton Bingham, set to music by our fellow townsman Edwin Greene. We have been favoured by a perusal of the MSS., and have no doubt that this song will be Mr. Greene's greatest success. It is of course in the Irish vein and style; and so charming and fascinating is it that we predict a greater success for it than even "Sing Me to Sleep," which has been quite the song of 1902, and has reached an enormous sale (approaching 17,000 copies). We congratulate our townsman. He is an exception to the Bible statement that "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." There are few in Cheltenham who have never heard the graceful song, "Sing Me to Sleep."



No. 103.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

CLOSED.

RE-OPENS BOXING DAY at 2 and 7.30.

Pantomime—"Sinbad the Sailor."

Are You Looking For

Xmas Cards

OR SUITABLE

Xmas Presents?

THEN TRY

COSENS & KNIGHT,

353 HIGH STREET,

CHELTENHAM.

See Advertisement on Page 4.

Christmas.

It seems but just the other day—
So rapidly existence passes!—
That Christmas found us all, a gay
Young group of merry lads and lasses,
At Grandmama's together met
To spend the Holiday of Holly—
A rampant and uproarious set,
To whom all Christmas things were "jolly"!

How many years are gone since then!
How many a Christmas bloom'd and faded!
We're grown to women and to men,
All, more or less, world-worn and jaded;
And some our Grandmama have met
Where, long ago, she went before us;
And many more of us have yet
To feel death's curtain closing o'er us.

We now have grown to sober age,
With troops of little Toms and Annies—
All new editions of life's page,
With modern Grandpapas and Grannies.
How strange it seems to look ahead,
And think of when these little people
Will reckon us among the dead
Who rest beside the village steeple!

Just so our Grandmama, perhaps,
Once thought of us, when tiny creatures,
And wondered how small rosy chaps
Would look when beards hide half their features!
How pouting, little saucy maids
Would change to quiet, happy mothers,
Forgetting all the vanished shades
Of parents, sisters, friends, and brothers!

But Christmas is a time of joy,
And promises of future pleasures;
Its peace the past should ne'er destroy
With thoughts of all our vanished treasures.
'Tis for the coming time we live—
Yet, still, however merry-hearted,
Some sweet remembrance we may give
To friends and Christmases departed!

An Old Christmas Ballad.

THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh, the mistletoe-bough! Oh, the mistletoe-bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now!" she cried,
"There, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding-place."

Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
While young Lovel cried, "Oh, where dost thou
hide?"

I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride!"

Oh, the mistletoe-bough! Oh, the mistletoe-bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her
next day,

They sought her in vain, and a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovel sought wildly, and found her not;
And years passed away, and their grief at last
Appeared as a sorrowful dream long past;
And when Lovel appeared the children cried
"The old man weeps for his fairy bride!"

Oh, the mistletoe-bough! Oh, the mistletoe-bough!

At length an old chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Oh, sad was her fate! In sportive jest
She had hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

Oh, the mistletoe-bough! Oh, the mistletoe-bough!

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Seen on the Grand Trunk Road.

By B. M. CROKER

(Author of "Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies").

Oh, grand Trunk-road, that lies like a cross on the length and breadth of India, were you a living thing, what stories you could relate, what strange scenes have been enacted beneath your dusty trees and within view of your grim old milestones! They have seen wedding parties—all gay colours and glittering tinsel, with ponies and flowers and tomtoms conducting the bedizened bridegroom—magnificent temple processions escorting the jewelled idols, acclaiming crowds accompanying the drugged and half-frenzied girl to the wood-pile, there to perform the immortal act of suttee.

Refugees from the massacres of Delhi and Cawnpore have fled for their lives along the Grand Trunk-road, and, by the same route, have marched at the rate of thirty miles a day European battalions to relieve their countrymen. At a certain halting-place on the route from Madras are buried forty men of one gallant regiment, who succumbed to the heat and haste.

The Grand Trunk-road is wide and liberally planned. In the middle is the hard metal track, whereon the Sahibs ride and drive and armies tramp; at either side runs a dusty, rutty strip, frequented by country carts, ponies, and bare-footed pedestrians. The thoroughfare is lined with immense and ancient trees of mango or shesum or banyan, according to the locality, and these afford a shade and shelter which is grateful alike to man and beast.

A TRULY REMARKABLE HIGHWAY.

Let us, as it were, travel from the north by this truly remarkable highway, the most frequented and best-known in Asia. Leaving the Himalayas behind, we journey from Peshawar to Attock, with its grand old fortress, once commanding the bridge of boats, now superseded by that marvellous triumph of engineering, the railway bridge, supported by piles sunk in the rock of the river bed. Here the Indus flows between cliff-like banks, and at times of the snow melting rises as much as forty feet in a night! Further on, at Hassan Abdul, in a lovely garden, lie the mortal remains of the celebrated Lalla Rookh; and on a pass through the hill stands a tall pillar, with an inscription carved in the rock, to the memory of that idol of his Sepoys, the hero of the Punjab, Jani Ki Sang, known to us as John Nicholson, to whom, even in his lifetime, his Pathans erected a shrine, and would have worshipped there but that, it is said, their lord interfered with expostulations and blows.

Next comes Rawal Pindi, the Aldershot of India and starting point for Murree and Kashmir. Then the road passes through countries famous in the Sikh Wars, by the cities of Jhelum and Googerat, and the hills of Kashmir, which have hitherto been in sight, fade away as Lahore, the ancient capital of the Sikh country, is approached.

As the road winds south, with every few hundred miles there is a change in the climate, vegetation, language, and type of people; even the vehicles and beasts of burden are different. North are strings of camels, pacing noiselessly along, aloof and supercilious, and the redoubtable Ekka pony, with its inevitable necklace of blue beads—a sure warrant to avert the evil eye. For endurance, these hardy, unkempt animals are unsurpassed. Two ladies who, during a cholera panic, were anxious to flee out of Kashmir, and tongas being in great demand, were compelled to charter the lowly Ekka. Their pony did fifty miles without more than one brief halt, and they arrived at a resting-stage, expecting to find a fresh dak. None was forthcoming, and their driver volunteered for a good sum to hurry on into Murree with the same animal. This he plied well with some native drug, which had a most stimulating effect; and the distance this Ekka

pony accomplished, over the most abominable roads, was no less than ninety miles! Ekka ponies do not seem to flourish much below Jubbulpore, in the Central Provinces; and here we are in the land of tongas and trotting bullocks, profanely called "cow carts"—nevertheless an extremely useful means of locomotion. The little country cattle cover the roads at a brisk pace, but object to being driven on a strange track. They like to journey the same road daily, and preferably to the same house. A certain Mem Sahib in Kamptee had a capital pair of trotting bullocks, and within a fixed radius they were unequalled for speed and docility. But on her departure she was obliged to sell them at a distressing sacrifice, as it was well known that nothing short of death would induce them to leave the station, the Post-office and the church being their limit.

To attempt to relate some of the events that have happened on the Grand Trunk-road during the last two hundred years would be to write the history of India. Battles, processions, invasions, pilgrimages, festivals, and famines have each passed along in turn. There is something in the very name of the Grand Trunk-road that to an Anglo-Indian recalls a picture of an ancient, typical highway, along which all traffic, east, west, north, and south, was once compelled to pass, now thrown into the background by the numerous railway lines, and in some places falling into disuse and decay. It was on the Grand Trunk-road, in the Central Provinces, that a certain notorious man-eating tiger "held up" all would-be travellers for more than two years, until the track was absolutely deserted. His victims were many, his daring boundless, and his cunning seemed superhuman. All efforts to trap this terror of the road having failed, at last a bold and inventive sportsman dressed up a dummy figure, which he despatched along the road tied on a bullock cart (this tiger, being a confirmed man-eater, scorned horned cattle), and when the cart jogged by his lair he sprang out on his supposed prey, and the shikarri, who followed on another vehicle, grasped the long-hoped-for chance, and shot him dead, thus securing a reward of five hundred rupees and the gratitude of many wayfarers.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY ORDER.

Close by the Grand Trunk-road, and not a hundred miles from the city of Delhi, is an imposing house of European architecture, which was built by a general officer, who had married a native lady connected with the royal family of Oude, and of great wealth. Since then it has had many vicissitudes and some strange tenants, and much of its ancient glory has departed. The house became dilapidated, and had a bad name; in other words, the reputation of being haunted. The once renowned gardens were overgrown and neglected. Nevertheless, not long ago an engineer, whose work lay in the immediate neighbourhood, rented the bungalow for a mere song, and established his family under its somewhat leaky roof. Being an officer, with an unlimited supply of coolies, he set to work to restore his spacious but tumble-down residence. The roof was repaired, the rooms were whitewashed, the garden was put in order, and he began to sink a well. One evening his overseer came to him in a state of suppressed excitement and told him that in digging the coolies had come upon an old house underground. He hurried to the spot, and discovered the walls of a subterranean apartment formed of black and white marble, and then immediately remembered that the bungalow was supposed to be founded on the site of a palace once inhabited by people of the highest rank. This underground house was no doubt the place where treasure was stored or buried. Every great family possessed a secret "Tosha Khana," or treasurestore; what luck it would be if he were to find a horde of gold mohurs and jewels! The following morning he set forty coolies to work to evacuate, hoping to make some splendid discovery. The earth was cleared away in all directions in order to reach the bottom of the apartment. This proved to be a lengthy operation, and after six or seven hours' hard labour the engineer and his wife (who were naturally interested)

were invited to inspect the new room. It was about thirty feet square and paved with marble, there were lamps in the niches of the walls, but there was nothing to be found in the shape of treasure; all that the coolies had come upon was a mason's trowel and a woman's bangle. At one end of the room the wall was merely brick and plaster, and the engineer took up a coolie's pick and began to dig out a portion, when, to his horror, he found himself confronted with a frightful human figure, which had evidently been bricked up alive! The skin was still upon the bones, and resembled parchment; the features were delicate, and were those of a girl of about seventeen years of age. Long black hair was still attached to the scalp and adorned with massive gold bessees. The form was covered by a dress of costly white and silver embroidery, there were jewelled bangles round the wrist and ankles, jewels in the ears, and on the bony fingers.

It was a ghastly sight; the engineer stood appalled, and his wife shrieked aloud, but the head workman remained comparatively unmoved.

"I have seen such things before," he remarked. "The cause was jealousy. Mahomedans used to punish their wives thus."

They all stood staring at the weird sight, and the sun, so long banished, shone down mercifully on the remains covered with embroideries and precious stones. As the on-lookers gazed the air began to take effect, and presently the figure rose, forming a heap of skin and bones and hair and jewels. The latter were gathered up and transmitted to the Government authorities. The bones received decent burial in the garden, the secret room was filled in, and the new well sunk elsewhere.

The pearls and emeralds on the unhappy victim were probably worth a large sum, but the engineer and his wife could not endure to profit by this dreadful treasure trove, or make money by the trinkets of the wretched girl who had met with such a terrible death two hundred years previously. The stones and pearls were disposed of to a well-known Delhi jeweller, who broke them up, refashioned them into modern shapes, and for all a wearer may know to the contrary that emerald clasp, or this ruby ring, may have been worn by a skeleton for two centuries.

In the North-West Provinces a high way-side cross standing amongst the sugar cane crop marks the spot where a crowd of men, women, and children, escaping from a sacked cantonment, encountered a regiment which had mutinied, and were marching to join their confederates. The unfortunate people were thus, as it were, caught between two fires. Some vainly endeavoured to hide among the crops, but they were all dragged out, forced to stand in rows, and were shot down in turn. Two beautiful sisters were offered their lives by the son of a neighbouring small rajah, but they refused to exist on such terms, and preferred to take their places in that ghastly company and face death hand in hand.

AN OFFERING TO THE WILD BEASTS.

These are some of the tragedies which the grey old road has witnessed, but there are other events of a different nature. An officer and his wife were once travelling between Seoni and Jubbulpore, driving their own horses by easy stages, and putting up for the night at rest-house bungalows. One evening, just at sunset, they happened to be passing along a road bordered by a dense jungle; they had brought their carriers to a standstill in order to admire a river scene and truly gorgeous sunset. The scarlet blaze had almost faded behind the horizon, and the hasty Indian twilight was already beginning to spread her grey mantle over the world. The couple were about to move on when they heard a pitiful wailing cry. It came from somewhere in the undergrowth, and at no great distance.

"What can that be?" the lady exclaimed. "Did you hear it?"

"Yes, only an early jackal—surely you know a Jack by this time?" responded her husband, and he was about to whip up the horses.

"Stop! there it is again," she said. "Listen! is it not like a child crying?"

"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "there is not a village within miles."

"Robert, I must see what it is," she urged. "If I drive away without making a search that cry will haunt me all my life!"

"What rubbish!" he protested, "don't be absurd. We have a good seven miles before we reach Dassi Dak Bungalow."

"Let me out," persisted the lady "I won't be long."

"Oh, well, if it comes to that I will go myself," grumbled Robert in a sulky voice. "Here, you take the reins."

"No, I am coming with you, the syces will see to the horses. I may be wrong, still I will give this cry to the benefit of the doubt," and as she spoke she alighted.

It took the kind-hearted woman and her husband some time to scramble over various obstacles and to penetrate into the wood, which was here intersected by a river. Again they heard the cry, and guided by it, discovered by the water's edge a pretty little girl of about eight months old, almost as fair as an English child. She was wrapped in the finest of muslin, and wore gold bangles on her wrists and ankles, but though undoubtedly an infant of high caste and wealthy parentage, she had been left at the river side, an offering for wild beasts.

Only that her cry caught the ear of a passing traveller her fate would have been terrible. When darkness falls the creatures of the jungle come to the water side to drink, and the pretty little baby would have afforded a welcome meal to the first famishing hyena, or prowling panther, with which the neighbourhood swarmed.

The officer and his wife carried the foundling on to the Dak Bungalow, and made searching enquiries all through the district, but without avail, no trace of any claimant was to be found, and they having no children decided to keep the jungle baby and to adopt her as their own.

The infant threw well, and was ultimately taken to England. She is now a remarkably pretty, sweet tempered girl, the pride and delight of her supposed parents. She has a pale olive skin, dark hair, glorious dark eyes, and delicately cut features, but it is merely her extraordinarily supple and graceful movements that indicate her Eastern origin. Very few are in the secret of Mary Lindsay's birth, or dream even in their most imaginative moments that Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay found her by the Grand Trunk-road.

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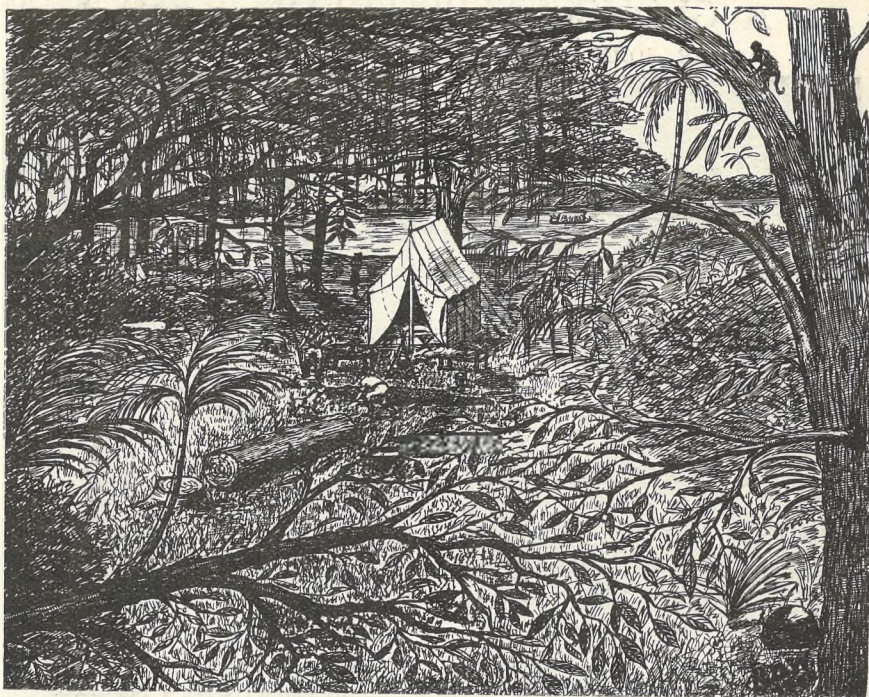
VEXED QUESTIONS.

By RACHEL CHALLICE.

VII.—HUSBANDS' HOBBIES.

"Lucky he who has a hobby!" is a familiar saying, but it is a general experience that a hobby ridden without the rein of reason lays wide the door of the home to selfishness and extravagance, as the soldiers concealed in the wooden horse admitted into Troy opened the gates of the citadel to the besieging army. When mounted on the hobby-horse of orchids, how often do we see a husband spend large sums on any rare specimens of the class, whilst other necessary home claims have to remain unsettled? Old books are another favourite hobby which, when ridden to excess, often cause heart-burning and indignation to wives. For it is trying when a husband says he has no money for his son's schooling, nor for a doctor's bill, whilst he gladly pays a fabulous price for some old "black letter" book.

Pictures, prints, old silver, and rare china are only a few of the hobbies which, when unbridled, trample Reason under foot. Once a man is marked as a rider of any of these steeds, he is, to his wife's despair, incessantly allured by notices of sales of his particular fancy to which he gladly trots. On his return home with his high-priced, if not price-less, purchase, he excuses himself by saying: "Well, you know, it is a great bargain; I could get double for it to-morrow"—however, he never does. When the hobby-horse for old oak leads a husband whose current expenses



CAMPING OUT ON ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA, SOUTH AMERICA.

Drawn on the spot by Mr. Wintle, late of Gloucester. The alligator (very indistinct, we are afraid) represented as stretched out in front of the tent as the largest he shot, and was 12ft. 6in. long. The streaks depending from the branches of the trees are meant to represent Spanish moss, which is of a greyish colour, and grows in great abundance in long tresses upon the oak trees.

can barely be met, to buy the carved rails of a staircase on the chance of using them some day, one is reminded of the character in Dickens who bought a door-plate engraved with a strange name, on the plea that his daughter, when she grew up, might marry a man of that name.

A lady the other day told me an amusing story of hobby-riding. It seems that a friend of hers went in for coffee-pots—coffee-pots of every form, colour, and age filled the house. So precious were these coffee-pots to the possessor that he declined to have them touched or used. At last when this hobby-rider was away from home, the wife, in a wild fit of revolt against the cumbering of the house with these countless coffee-pots, passed them over to the vendor of such stock in the neighbourhood, bidding him sell them for what he could. The husband returned home a few days later. The wife met him in trepidation at having parted with his treasures, when lo and behold he entered the house, radiant with delight. "Hurry up," he said, "and make way for a lovely collection of coffee-pots I have bought near here." And thus were the old unwelcome treasures returned to the house.

I once attended a sale with a wife, who had accompanied her husband in the hope of dragging him off the steed of his fancy before it became too wild. However, when a picture was put up as a probable Vandvke, he, goaded on by counter bids, went rashly on in the contest, until somebody showed me he was being lured on by the auctioneer's man, who in apron and shirt sleeves, was standing behind the door and shouting through the crack. Such is the machinery which works some of the hobbies!

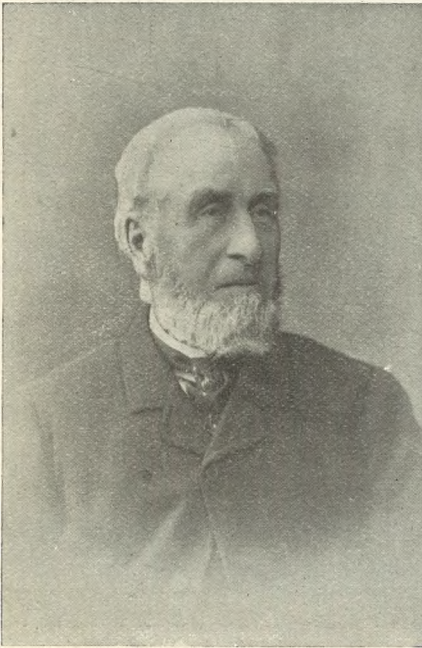
But the hobby most hated by the housewife is that of building. All domestic comfort is then over: chaos reigns! The drawing-room is to be thrown out; so the outside wall has to be taken down, and the place is uninhabitable, whilst the corners of the dining-room are packed with the potatoes from the ground on to which the building is to extend. And pleased with the prosecution of his plans, the husband rarely dismounts from this hobby, and the wife daily fears some fresh upset and dismantlement. As Cassandra was jeered at of old, when warning the Trojans not to admit the wooden horse of the enemy within the

gates, so many a wife is called a "kill-joy," when imploring her husband not to be carried away by his hobby, instead of riding it with the curb of reason. But as the consequences proved the prophetic to be right, so experiences show that a wife is not wrong in pointing out the dangers of a hobby when ridden to excess.

SUNDAY LABOUR.

Whether Sunday newspapers be pronounced illegal or not, it is certain that few people observe the whole law of the Sabbath. Any person whatsoever who does or exercises any worldly labour or work of his ordinary calling on the Lord's Day is liable to a fine of 5s. Works of charity and necessity are alone excepted; a Bolton barber successfully pleaded "necessity" for his Sunday shaving, but in the Westminster County Court a claim for a tooth drawn on Sunday was upheld. The omnibus companies defy the law, and so do their passengers. To take a drive or to take a walk on Sunday is forbidden. Sweethearts are strictly prohibited from walking "during sermon time," and a quiet game of cards at home is a crime against the morality of the realm. Every absentee from his parish church ought to be fined a shilling, and all haunters of alehouses during service hours should be mulcted of 3s. 4d. Contrary as are these laws to modern sentiment, prosecutions under the Sunday Trading Act are increasing. Twenty years ago they numbered 1,100 per annum; now 4,000 cases are dealt with, but the areas of Sabbatarianism are few, if persistent. Hull is responsible for 3,500 summonses. The Third Port has always had a strict code of morals. Bismarck landed there on a Sunday, and whistled cheerily as he walked to his hotel. A grave Hull worthy reproached him for his ungodly whistling, and Bismarck left immediately for Edinburgh—of all places! Yarmouth is also severe on Sabbath traders, while Cardiff and High Wycombe follow close in zeal. At Hull the same tradesmen are summoned week by week, and the 5s. fine now constitutes a regular feature in their business expenses. At Halifax the added costs make the penalty 13s. 6d., as also at Grimsby.

MR. JOHN BURROWS, YATES FARM, NEWENT.



Present Day.

Mr. John Burrows, Yates Farm, near Newent, can probably remember more of old Cheltenham and its surroundings than any other man living. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. William Burrows, farmer, of Shurdington. He can give a graphic description of Cheltenham as it was over seventy-three years ago. He served his apprenticeship as plumber and glazier to Mr. Philip Thomas, then of Regent-street, Cheltenham, seventy years ago. His vivid recollections of Queen Victoria's Coronation and the festivities in Cheltenham are rare indeed. One is that the inhabitants on Coronation Day were expected to decorate or illuminate with what we now call half-penny dips or candles ("Sixteens"), and every window was expected to be lit up. But a few were not, notably those of a firm of tailors named Colt and Bastard, in High-street, near Pittville-street. This was too much for the loyalty of the loyal Cheltonians of those days, and every pane in the building was smashed by the crowd, who had only respect for the loyal. He also tells what apprentices were expected to do—6 a.m. till 6 p.m. for



His Portrait When a Boy (1831).

six days (no half-days Saturdays); and when his parents removed to near Upton St. Leonards, many times on Saturday nights after closing shop he walked to Upton (no bikes then), and had to walk back to Cheltenham and open shop on Monday morning by six o'clock—winter and summer. When out of his apprenticeship he worked for Mr. Copnor, then in Longsmith street, Gloucester, and was on his own account in St. Mary-square, Gloucester, during the fifties, and afterwards at Eastington, near Stonehouse, for twenty-three years. Much of his work done during the late Sir Lionel Darell's time still remains at Pretherne Court. Twenty years ago he retired, and has since resided on a small farm with one of the quaintest and prettiest little homesteads in the county. He has a very large circle of friends, who are all well acquainted with his generous hospitality. He married Mary Bullock Loveridge (an aunt of the late Mr. Peter B. Loveridge), who died at Eastington twenty-four years ago this month. The first portrait was taken in 1831, and the last is of quite recent date.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By ARIEL.]

"Motor Cycling" gives the following good hint on replacing broken piston rings:—To replace a ring it is never necessary to dismantle the engine. Simply remove the cylinder by taking off the nuts at the crank-case or unfasten the cylinder bolts. The new ring should be carefully selected—one with plenty of spring in it and of the proper shape—that is the thick part of the ring should be diametrically opposite the split ends. Then it must be carefully sprung over the piston, which must be previously well greased. If the ring is over-sprung it will take a "set" and lose its shape. The slots of the three rings must be fixed at 120 degrees apart; if they should come in line, or nearly so, a loss of compression and firing in crank-case is almost sure to result, hence the importance of care in setting the rings.

THE CONNECTING PLUG.

With continued use this may get to have an easy fit in its springs, thus causing a bad connection, and possibly misfiring. A pair of pliers can be used to press the springs closer together. Keep the plug quite bright. If it is lost, a brass screw will serve the purpose, or connect the springs up with copper wire.

VALVE TROUBLES.

In a motor there are two valves—the inlet valve, which, as its name implies, lets in the mixture of gas and air from the carburetter, and the exhaust valve, which lets out the exploded charge. Either of these not working will cause the engine to stop. It can be easily found out if anything has gone wrong with the exhaust valve. The machine can be easily wheeled along with the compression tap

shut. If this is the case, be certain that the valve stem clears the top of the valve lifter 1/32nd of an inch. If the stem has lengthened, file a little bit off the top. If the inlet valve is not working, the air is forced back along the inlet pipe. The valve sticks on its seat sometimes through over lubrication. Some petrol run into it will soon put matters right. The valve springs require attention. If the exhaust valve is too strong, the full exploded charge will not be ejected into the exhaust box, and consequently the cylinder head will get nearly red hot. If the inlet valve spring is too weak, some of the charge drawn in will escape, through the valve not closing quick enough. On the other hand, if the spring is too strong, the suction stroke of the piston will not open the valve wide enough to draw in the full charge of gas, and thus power will be lost that way.

THE COMPRESSION OF THE ENGINE.

The motor-cyclist is sometimes troubled by an unaccountable loss of power in his engine. This is due to bad compression, which can be easily tested by removing the belt and turning the motor pulley round by hand. If the compression of the engine is good, it should be very difficult to get over the compression stroke of the piston. The following are some of the causes of bad compression:—

- (1) The joints of the cylinder head leaking. This can be easily tested for by wetting round the washers, when the leaking air will blow bubbles.—Remedy: Tighten the nuts or insert new washers.
- (2) The valves requiring re-grinding. If the faces of the valves look rough and pitted, they should be re-ground. This can be

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easily performed by smearing fine emery powder on the faces, and grinding the valves firmly on their seats till quite bright.

(3) Compression tap requiring re-grinding. This can be re-ground in the same manner as the valves. Take care to see that all the emery powder is cleaned off.

(4) Sparking-plug causing loss of compression. This is sometimes the case with a new plug, and I have experienced the same with an E.I.C. plug. The reason is probably that the plug is not pressure-tight. This can be tested in the same way as the cylinder head, by wetting round the porcelain and packing nut, and then turning the motor pulley round.

THE E.I.C. SPARKING-PLUG.

I should be pleased to hear from anyone who has tried the E.I.C. plug as to its action and reliability.

LIQUID GLUE.

This is perhaps as handy an article as any that can find a place on a photographer's shelf. Perhaps its absence is usually caused through insufficient knowledge of its preparation, which is very simple. After having broken the glue into as many small pieces as possible, place it in a wide-mouthed bottle or jar, and add a sufficient quantity of ordinary methylated spirits to cover the glue. The mixture should then be well corked, and placed in a fairly warm place, as (say) the kitchen, for a few hours, shaking and stirring frequently. If the glue is not entirely dissolved in a day or two, a little more methylated spirits should be added.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions.]



MANOR HOUSE.



SWINDON COTTAGE (BUILT 1611).



MILLPOND.

Photos by Miss A. Gertrude Humpidge, Swindon.



MANOR AVENUE.

Cycles and Motors.

By J. MERRIN.

The English love of locomotion has been strikingly shown in the history of the velocipede, tricycle, and bicycle. Besides the immense good done in this connection by the profitable occupation of large numbers of smiths, wire-drawers, fitters, etc., in the construction of these machines, the community at large has benefited by the cheap and rapid means of locomotion thereby afforded. England ably took the lead in this matter, as she did in perfecting the steam-engine and constructing tramways and railways.

First came the "dandy-horse," or velocipede, which certainly carried the operator along at a good speed, though the exercise imposed upon the legs was about the same as running on foot, as the ground was touched at each step, the weight of the body only being somewhat relieved by the seat. The reader will see from the sketch below what sort of a machine was

THE OLD VELOCIPED.

or Swift-foot, if we seek for the root of the word. This was certainly a cheap form of running machine; but it was very soon overtaken by the tall racing bicycle, and tricycle, and finally by the modern rubber-tired bicycle, in which are embodied numerous patents, increasing the ease and safety of riding, taken out by ingenious inventors and

manufacturers. Some of these started extensive works, creating a "boom," and flooding the market beyond all reasonable demand for present domestic movement, followed by depression and disaster. The market has happily now become more settled, and it is hoped that the trade will revive, and the availability of the machine for safe and rapid transit will continue to increase. The machines now turned out have become more fixed, and consequently cheaper in their manufacture, and they are now really models of ingenuity, beauty, and efficiency. So universal has the bicycle become for both sexes that we are tempted to wonder how we should be able to get along at all without it. The expeditious conveyance, unlike the horse, does not consume any hay or oats, but only a little lubricating oil and cleaning up after a muddy journey. And we find that it is largely used by the postmen and telegraph boys, by journalists, by policemen, by workmen, and even by students of natural history, who often, day or night, race to their happy hunting grounds, leave their machines at a cottage, or hide it in the herbage while they work at their favourite hobby, leaving the old spectacled naturalist of the past a long way behind in working out the natural history of his district.

The adoption of lamps enables the work of locomotion to be carried on equally well at night as day. It is true that there is often

danger in driving along at a rapid rate in towns, unless due caution is used, and accidents have frequently occurred through reckless riding, especially in turning corners, even sometimes with fatal results.

The bicycle, however, is becoming ignored by the wealthy and lazy in favour of the motor, whose only bar to wide adoption is its excessive cost.



When a new caretaker was being appointed for a graveyard at Limerick it was stated that the late custodian had been married five times, and that he was the fourth husband of his last wife.

The death is announced of Canon Henry Footman, of Nocton, near Lincoln, aged 71. He had been in a critical state for some months. Deceased had done considerable duty in London parishes, and was the author of well-known religious works.



• THE • LEGENDARY •

Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.



• THE • REAL •

Gloucestershire Gossip.

By the lamented death of Mr. W. Killigrew Wait Lord Fitzhardinge becomes the solitary living representative of the ex-M.P.'s for Gloucester, as the fact is not generally known that his lordship, when the Hon. Charles Berkeley, sat for the Cathedral city from 1862 to 1865. Really it does not seem nearly thirty years ago since Mr. Wait won his famous victory at Gloucester, which, with the subsequent win by Mr. (now Sir) John Dorington of a seat at Stroud, was a prelude to the great Conservative reaction and triumph at the polls at the general election in February, 1874. I have a special reason for remembering Mr. Wait's first election, as it was the primary occasion when I had the right to exercise the franchise; but, as it was under the ballot, I suppose I must not disclose the secret of how I voted. One enthusiastic citizen (Mr. Matthew Cross) composed the "Wait Valse" in honour of his return. I wonder if the present Lord Chancellor remembers that he was the leading counsel for Mr. Wait who successfully defended the hon. member's seat when challenged on petition before Mr. Justice Blackburn, and also the Conservative fete held shortly afterwards in the Sophia Gardens at Cardiff, for which borough he was then the candidate, and whereat one of the items on the variety programme was the gendarmes' song, of which this was a topical verse:—

Thanks to Giffard's skill and bravery
The Gloucester Rads. are foiled,
And here, despite their knavery,
Their precious game will be spoiled,
We'll run him in, you know, etc.

But Mr. Hardinge Giffard had rank bad luck in his subsequent contest at Cardiff, as he was not "run in," but counted out, I believe, by 19 votes. Mr. Wait sat for Gloucester during an important period of its history, and few boroughs had a more attentive and liberal member than he was.

Although the connection of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont with this county was but a passing one, I venture to think that it was not without interest. Shortly after he purchased the Bishopswood estate, near the western borders of Gloucestershire, he put on the "Comet" four-in-hand coach to run daily between Ross and Gloucester, and the first run was on November 3rd, 1830. Captains W. Partridge was generally the whip of it. And in the same year, on April 17th, a coach belonging to Mr. McCalmont was driven through Gloucester, from London to Ross, in 11 hours 50 minutes, there being a change of horses at thirteen stations; and the return journey, on the 19th, was accomplished in even quicker time—11 hours 35 minutes. The march of the late colonel's regiment through the county will doubtless be fresh in the minds of some of my readers. It was on Saturday, July 9th, 1838, that the 6th Battalion Warwickshire Regiment (Militia) started from Ross, where they had been in

camp, to march back to their headquarters at Warwick, a distance of 60 miles. The first stage of the journey, with a short halt at Huntley for "bait," was to Gloucester, where they arrived about 1 p.m.. It was a terribly hot day, and the battalion arrived fatigued and dust stained, being led into the city by Colonel (then Major) McCalmont, mounted on a splendid black charger, quite equal to his great weight. They encamped on the Oxleaze till the 11th, attending the Cathedral on the Sunday, then leaving early in the morning for Cheltenham. Here they arrived about 10 a.m., having marched an average of 3½ miles per hour. They pitched their tents on the Naunton Park Recreation Ground till the following morning, then leaving at 6 a.m. on their longest day's march, namely to Broadway. I wish we could get more of these regimental marches through the county.

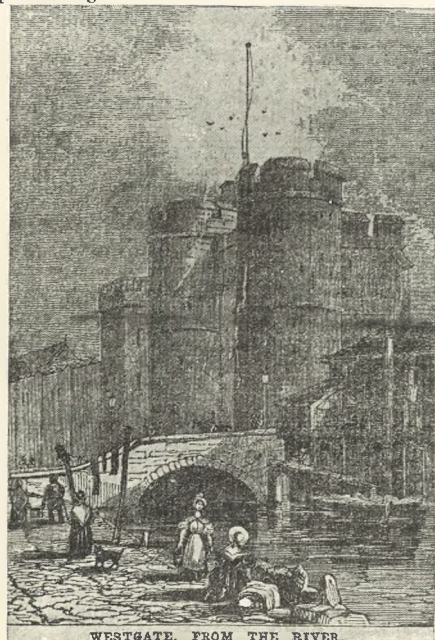
I have just come across this item of local interest, reproduced from a Bristol newspaper of a hundred years ago:—"Yesterday se'night as Mr. Heane's Gloucester waggon was returning from London about five miles this side Burford, at the end of Lord Sherborne's park-wall, the fore horses took fright, and, turning short of the road, the waggon, horse, and man, who was endeavouring to stop them, were precipitated into a stone quarry; providentially, though the place is nearly 20 feet deep, the waggon neither overturned, nor was the man, or any of the horses, in the least injured." A wonderful escape, indeed!
GLENER.

Some of England's Last Smugglers.

Smugglers for a long time figured on the stage as picturesque and dramatic heroes. With pistols holstered in the belt with the glittering dagger, he was represented as ever ready to shoot down the enemy or rifle a sleeper of his belongings, while escape from justice and safe lodgment was assured him in the seaside cliff-cave, inaccessible to those who knew not the mysterious entrance. The old smuggler of real life was even a more detestable desperado, for he did not hesitate to lure ships to wreckage and loot, drowning remorse in the illicit still or the smuggled spirits and tobacco from La Belle France. By great efforts and the services of notable Jack Ketch, we have got rid of these pests of civilisation, who are now only represented by the workers of the few surviving illicit stills in the lonely fastnesses of Ireland and Scotland, whose redoubtable whiskies are so widely appreciated. The original villainous type of smuggler is still flagrantly represented by the few Oriental pirates, who occasionally give a little lively exercise to our gallant gunboats.

As a boy, I found a great charm in witnessing the stage-personified smuggler in his cleverness in evading the Inland Revenue menials, leading to desperate encounters with swords and pistols, pictorially reproduced in the present day "penny horribles," so keenly relished by "fast" boys in the intervals of cigarette smoking.

Reverting to the old smuggler, we find there was long a difficulty in first catching him, and then as to what to do with him when caught. Repressive laws were at first directed against pirates to preserve the Customs duties, which were instituted to enable the King to afford protection to trade, and these afterwards became a branch of public revenue. The improved organisation of the coastguard service and the licensing laws at length depleted the ranks of the smugglers. The trade, however, long hung about some of our coasts, notably that of Kent; and there, as a boy, I found my grandfather one of a smuggler gang, into whose charmed circle I was occasionally taken, under the strict promise of secrecy. I was found useful in throwing off suspicion in the conveyance of messages and directions, and it was only gradually I got initiated into the secrets of the trade, as I was made an innocent vehicle in promoting it.



WESTGATE, FROM THE RIVER.

The old west gate of the city of Canterbury has had an eventful life. Built in the Mediæval past to present an impregnable front to the foe and to protect the old city and its grand Cathedral from robber barons and filching ecclesiastics, it was long true

to its destiny. The sluggish little river that skirted it, which had been deepened on each side of its hanging drawbridge, long formed an effective bar against sudden assault. Its underground dungeons often lodged a pining prisoner, who looked in vain for kindness from his pitiless jailers, and was only reminded of the charms of the outside world by the pleasant chimes of the Cathedral bells and the sonorous signalling of the passing hour. The iron-bound oaken gates were flung open for the processions of pilgrims from distant towns, who came to worship at the shrine of Thomas a Beckett, little dreaming, as time went on, that the stage representation of the martyr would draw vastly larger audiences to see England's finest actor personify the character so deeply marked in history.

I became deeply interested in the frowning old pile on learning that my grandfather was its tenant, and I gladly took up my quarters within its six-feet-thick walls on an inquisitive visit. The copy of an old print, accompanying this paper, will give the reader a very good idea of the massive structure and its picturesque surroundings.

"This is no crib for you, young man," said my granddad. "The old place is going to be turned into a new prison, and I shall have to clear out my belongings in a few months." The more reason, thought I, for my exploring the picturesque old place. "I know something of your business arrangements here," I went on, "but shall, of course, keep dark; and if you don't mind I'll help you in clearing out when the time comes."

"It's a bargain, if you are a good boy and will keep mum."

"All right, I promise you"; and then I was taken down into the regions below to taste the spirituous tap and seal the bargain, and down the dark dungeon's steps, innocent of daylight since their fixture, we went. "It will be all up before long with the business at Dover," explained my grandfather, for that was the port where the illicit casks of brandy, etc., were interned until they could be shifted to the west gate, and thence, under various disguises, to the Metropolis. "But I and my mates want to clear off a few cargoes soon, and we shall have to adopt some new dodges. A country wagon of empty cider hogsheads well packed with our little kegs or covered with half a load of hay is easily managed to be taken to London, but we're going to work out some other tricks to clear out our store at Dover. Old Squire Bounce, of Dover, has died at last, and we shall hire some mourning coaches to swell the funeral procession. These coaches, my boy, will be well stored with our tubs, and, returning along the road with blinds down, will be all in proper order. On reaching here they will be drawn into our back-yard, and emptied when all is quiet."

It was a pleasing change to go to breezy Dover and pass pleasant evenings with the smuggling cronies in the back-parlour of the Smack Inn, where confidences were exchanged and "yarns" spun with Jack Tar exaggeration, for most of these fellows had been sailors, and had been driven by hardship into the ranks of the smugglers. My grandfather was often a leading orator at these gatherings; and the company had a special relish in condemning the rich and glorifying the poor.

"I don't see why a poor man should be taxed so much as a rich man," some of them argued. "His work shows all over the place, while the rich man goes about with his hands in his pockets—to take care of the money in them, I suppose—while he gives his orders for such and such to be done. That's why I was drove into smuggling, and to fight agin the press-gang. If the Government robs the poor man, I see no harm in his robbing the Government of the duty they claps on good grog, which is often the only comfort a poor fellow has. The French mossuz were delighted to fall in with the schemes we poor chaps proposed as to both sides of the Channel, pretending to work at fishing, but leaving us to fish up from secret buoys what was worth a tidy lot more than a shining fish or two."

"Don't be letting out too much, mate; someone may be listening."

"No fear, my boy; I know the coast is

clear. Fork us out some more of that baccy; I can taste it's the real Virginny. We must get some of this sort up to town and draw the tin for it."

The undertaker having been duly fee'd, all the necessary arrangements were made for a hearse and three mourning coaches to proceed to Dover. The funeral having been duly carried out, the hearse and coaches were put up for the night in the back-yard of the Dover Inn, where they were quietly loaded with the contraband stuff, and the next morning performed the return journey, drawing up in the Westgate covered back-yard, from whence the tubs, etc., were transferred to the cellars to await conveyance to London in vans or carts, apparently loaded with farm produce and one or two small casks of cider. Thus ended a profitable trade, which had been carried on for years, the contrabandists being well satisfied with their last deception practised on the somewhat lax Revenue officials of those days.

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 101st competition is Miss A. Gertrude Humpidge, of Swindon, near Cheltenham, with her Swindon series.

Entries for the 102nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 20th, 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 twelfth competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with the admirable Christmas card that forms the title to this number. Of course the great Selina Jenkins figures prominently in the design. "I won't stay behind!" she says. "I wants to see 'em to wish 'em the same and many of 'em."

Entries for the thirteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 20th, 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.

Visitor: Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?—Dicky: No, she gives it me when I ain't!

In a printed reply to Dr. Macnamara Sir William Anson says neither the existence nor the powers and duties of the Central Welsh Board are directly affected by the Education Bill.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON ADVERTISING.

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement" sings the poet, so I 'ears, although I will say I don't know what 'e do sing it for, being just so well spoke in ordinary language as I considers; but these poets is a odd sort of chaps, and is mostly recruited from the ranks of them as 'ave their top-stories a bit out of repair or else unemployed!

'Owsomdever, the sum and substance of it's rite, this time, for a advertisement's a very useful thing in case of 'aving lost yer umbrella, wich I've lost mine 2 or 3 times to my knowledge and 'ad it brought back in answer to a reward as was advertised, being thruppence, as one individual were that aboosive I thought I should 'ave lost me temper with 'im sayin' as he wouldn't 'ave brought the "gamp," as 'e 'ad the impudence to call it, all hup the street if 'e'd a thought 'e was goin' to be insulted with thruppence, as turned out afterwards to be a wife-beater and a Social Free-thinker, whatever that may be; but I knowed he were a bad lot by 'is neckerchief, as were greenery-red, with blue spots, as is a certain index of character, as I always noticed.

But there is some that considers advertisements is to be used in all manner of ways and without no regard to times and seasons, wich is as much out of place as the donkey-cart with "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," etcettery, and other texteses, wrote on in white letters, that parades our streets. Fr-istance, there was a chapel in America wich started putting advertisements of pills and bitters and monkey brands all round the panels of the gallery, the proceeds to be gave to the Sabbath school fund, but it didn't answer, for when the children was catechised by the minister "What is man's chief need?" they all answered "Shaker oats," and when he asked them which was the first of the plagues of Egypt a little girl 'olds up 'er 'and and says "Bungles's Bitters is sold only in pint bottles"; after which it was considered well by the deacons to 'ave the advertisements painted out as not being suitable to the position.

Then there was another man I knowed of hired a large number of girls and boys to go round to 'ouses just before Christmas and to sing—

"Ark, the 'Erald Angels sing,
Thompson's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
2 for a man and 1 for a child."

instead of the usual words; and, you mark my words, this didn't answer a bit, for there was a reg'lar scandal, and a depytation of the inhabitants of the town, 'eaded with a man carrying a large stick, and the Congregational minister, waited upon the magistrates, and asked to 'ave this "ryebald parridee," as they did call it, put a stop to, as 'ad corrupted the whole neighbourhood and were a disgrace to the town at large; and the advertising gentleman very near 'ad to shut up shop through it, not to speak of the Salvation Army band playing outside 'is shop every evening for a fortnight and a speshul meting to convert the honbeliever.

So that them that advertises ought to, and has to, advertise so as not to upset other people's feelin's no more than they can 'elp. And I can't say that I altogether likes the style of the parties as tells you such a pretty tale in the papers, about a man who "invented a clock that never wanted winding, and afterwards was married happily and 'ad three charming daughters, all girls, and joined the Army, and become a soldier, and eventooally were ordered off to the front, from which he do return with 3 medals and an arm missing, and after 6 months' home life again gets a fit of the indigestions, and is gave up by 4 doctors and a herbalist, and couldn't put his foot to the ground—in large type—until a friend says, "Try Eagle's Syrup." 'Aving bought wich, the very look of the bottle 'alf cured him, and after 3 doses he were a new man, and his missing arm grew again. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; double the quantity in the 4s. 6d. bottle. See you get it, and refuse imitations." When I comes to the 1s. 1½d., I always says to myself, says I, "Selina, you've been 'ad; next time the next thing you reads you look at the end first, for fear of its being just a mere 'oax and a snare, as this 'ave been!"

But I s'pose the most difficiltest part of



OLD · TIME · WAITS

Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.

advertisement is what's called self-advertisement. Some folks says I advertises meself by me spelling; others says I advertises meself by me literary style. I don't know nothink about that; I writes becous I considers I 'as a place to fill and becous there's a good many as appreciates a bit wrote by me for the sense that's in it, letting alone the spelling and grammar and French and things, as all costs money. But the funny thing about it to me is that half the people I meets says they likes the sense of wot I writes, and the other half says they likes the nonsense. I ain't going to say wich it's intended to be; but you see how obliging I be: you can take it as sense or nonsense; you "pays your money and you takes your choice," as the sayin' is.

But I don't think nearly not so much of my little suffusions as some people does of theirs, wich I used to know a Baptist minister down to the Forest of Dean, as told me he were quite sure, if he'd only jined the Church instead of Dissent, he would 'ave been the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he a married man with 5 children under 10 years of age, and two of them down with the mumps at that moment; yet he could talk like that, and mean it!

Still, for a downright, knock-you-silly, chase-me sort of self-advertisement, recommend me to them there Scarlet Mr. Ease, as 'ave been with us "all too short a time, halass!" The agony were worked up well, that I will say. Wot with, first, millions of people 'aving gone and begged to be allowed to see their faces, and refuged; and nobody knows who they are. Then, we hear, a lady (rich, brilliant, accomplished, titled, and everything like the Princess novelette) dresses like the coachman and tries to drive them home to discover their faces, but fruitless. Then there is a penalty of money, more than we've ever 'eard tell of in our lives, if either of the Mr. Ease should give themselves away, so to speak; after wich it turns out some of them be noblemen and peers in their own right, and one is a millionaire's son, and one, at least, is reported to be the Prince of Wales in ordinary life. I've no doubt large crowds of the aristocracy of Cheltenham will go and pretend to know the Scarlet Mr. Ease very well indeed, just like they went in crowds to see Mrs. Langtry, because she 'ad just acted before 'is Majesty, as put the price of the stalls up to 7s. 6d. at once, she still 'aving a little of the royal approval 'angin' about 'er 'andsome brow!

But, 'aving a bit of a cold, and not thinking very much of the voices of the blue-blood aristocrats I've 'eard at bazaars and mothers' meetin's and sich-like, meself, I stays away. I don't see no particular reason why a man should be able to play the fool more silly or sing a better song because he's related to the peirage or a millionaire's son. That kind of self-advertisement is a little bit roundabout and lop-sided to me, anyhow; wich it do strike me that the "son of a belted earl" and the "multi-millionaire" businesses must be paying badly just along now to come down to doin' "extra turns" at 6d. each to go in and 1d. for the programme, week in, week out, dry or wet, cold or warm!

"Selina," says I to meself, says I, "you'd better keep a hopen mind about it. There's a good many as believes it, and perhaps there's no 'arm in their doin' so, if it amuses them. Anyhow, I expect it amuses the Mr. Ease, wich is all that's required!" 'Aving said wich, I closes my few remarks on advertisement.

SELINA JENKINS.

A LITERARY BLACKSMITH.

The artist policeman and the literary shoemaker of England have a rival in Wales. He is a literary blacksmith, known by his bardic name of Myrddin Fardd—certainly a more distinctive title than his baptismal name of John Jones. He plies his forge at Swilog, Carnarvonshire, and in the intervals of his trade has been for forty years an active worker in the field of Welsh literature. He has written many books in Welsh, and many poems of considerable merit. But his chief literary work is that of searching for old manuscripts in country and farmhouses throughout Wales. He had collected a great quantity of these, but has recently been compelled to sell them to pay the expenses of the illness of his son, who has recently died of consumption. He has picked up enough Latin to be able to read the Classics with comparative ease, and he is perhaps the best living authority in his own peculiar subject of the old Welsh bards.

Two butterflies have just been caught at Pulborough, Sussex.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 104.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

Till Saturday, January 9, inclusive,
Pantomime

"SINBAD THE SAILOR."

Morning performance at 2 p.m. every Monday,
Thursday, and Saturday.

Time and Prices as Usual.

Don't Forget the Old-Established

TOY & DOLL DEPOT.

"Ye Noah's Ark,"

353 High Street.

The Show Rooms are filled
with Dolls, Dolls' Prams,
Dolls' Hats, Shoes, Stock-
ings, &c.

New Games for Evening
Parties. Ping Pong! Ping
Pong Requisites.

Christmas Tree Decorations,
Candles, Crackers, &c.

Rocking Horses,
Mechanical Toys, &c.

Books and Diaries.

3d. in 1s. Cash Discount.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS
and CALENDARS.

Orders per Post promptly attended to.

COSENS

Stationers and

AND

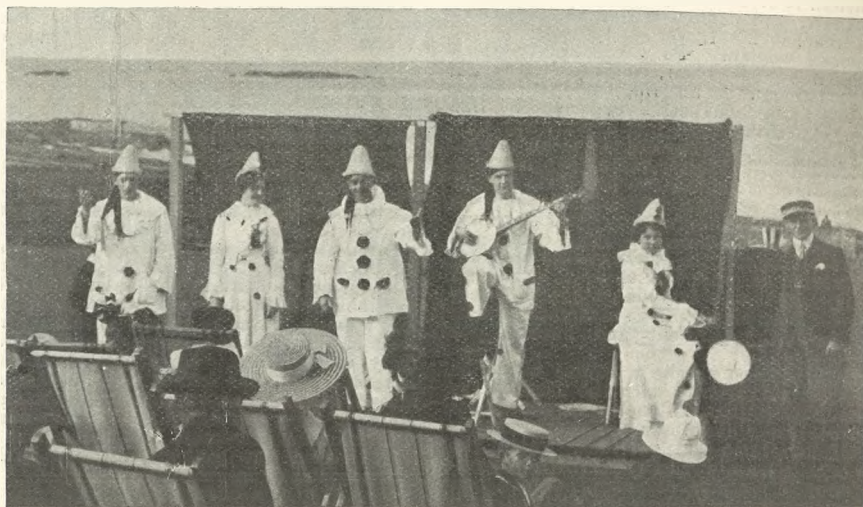
Fancy . . .

KNIGHT,

Dealers,

353 HIGH STREET,

CHELTENHAM.



ROYAL PAVILION PIERROTS IN NORTHERN COUNTIES PLEASURE GROUNDS,
PORTRUSH, NORTH IRELAND.

Miss Kitty Tremaine, Miss Clara Mawson,
Mr. Sydney Boulton, Mr. Percy Challenger, and Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

AT LAW FOR TRIFLES.

The public-spirited lawyer who has spent fourteen shillings on a summons to recover the cost of a tram-ticket, and may spend many pounds before he recovers his three-half-pence, has many precedents on his side (says the St. James's Gazette). A fare on a South London tramway some years ago led to litigation which involved an expenditure of hundreds of pounds, and Mr. Cunningham Graham once went to law with a water company for the recovery of two penny stamps. He lost, and his twopence cost him many pounds. A canon of the Church of England once initiated a "two-penny" action which cost him 168,000 twopences. The canon spent £1,400 in his efforts to secure the twopence, but the coppers were never forthcoming, and the canon has had a lesson in law which is likely to last him as long as he has twopence left. A peer who is now dead fought a railway company for ten years and was rewarded at the end of that time £6,245—nearly four thousands pounds less than his costs; and a duke who is still alive has spent three thousand pounds in an unsuccessful attempt to secure an annual toll of five pounds. It seems almost trivial after these examples to recall the case of the Scottish lady, whose claim for a shilling article ran up a bill of fifty pounds, but the case is interesting because it called forth from the judge a protest against the "deplorable" waste. It was beyond the Tweed, too, that a farmer waged a legal duel against the Customs for a penny unlawfully levied upon him, and though he won the penny his costs ran up to quite £300.

MATCHMAKING IN IRELAND.

Judge Adams, the County Court Judge of Limerick, in presiding at a lecture on Irish humour at the Irish Social Club on Friday night, spoke of the humours of Irish match-making. According to the well-known proverb marriages were made in heaven, but anybody who knew rural Ireland knew that very often marriages were made in public-houses. They were generally made on Shrove Monday, and the talk between the parties concerned was not of love, or constancy, or of blue eyes and golden hair, but mostly about cows and sheep, pigs and feather beds. It often happened that a bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar. A young girl once rushed into the house of a girl friend of hers and said, "Mar' Mary, I'm to be married in the morning!" "Yerrah, to whom?" inquired her friend. "To one of the boys of the Donovans." "To which of them?" asked her friend. "Well," said the bride, "'twas rather dark near the fireplace, and I didn't rightly know which." The judge mentioned another case where a woman called out to her daughter an hour earlier than usual of a morning: "Mollie, get up at once." "Yerrah, for what, mother?" "You're to be married to-day, Mollie." "Indeed, and to whom?" inquired Mollie. "Now, what's that to you," replied the mother.



At the last meeting of the Vienna Society of Physicians, Dr. Reitter introduced a woman exhibiting the remarkable phenomenon of a heart which, in its pulsations, emits sounds of a musical character.

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Brother Jonathan—as others see him.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

(Author of "The Barn Stormers," etc.)

The savage races express themselves and may be described in positive terms; to the effete European nations belong comparatives; but Brother Jonathan knows nothing but superlatives, for the reasons we are going to suggest.

In the first place he is always in a hurry. He lives at motor-car speed. He gets through twice as much in a day as an Englishman accomplishes in a week. It is a constant trial to the American over here to find how leisurely and deliberate the Englishman can be, while the American's mental energy, ebullition, and promptitude of decision are equally irritating and incomprehensible to the Englishman.

SISTER JONATHAN SHOPPING IN ENGLAND.

Europeans are prone to think that Sister Jonathan is of more importance than Brother Jonathan; and it may be that the American man reaches his truest expression in the American woman. To watch an American woman newly come over, endeavouring to put things through at an English shop, is an amusing and instructive experience. She wants something done just right away now while she waits, and she doesn't mean to wait very long for it either. Let us suppose it is the collar of a mantle she has bought that doesn't quite fit, or a bodice that has been sent home minus its proper number of hooks. She knows that above the show-rooms are work-rooms filled with workers, and she cannot understand why the elegant but inert "young lady" who attends on her, and sees what is amiss, shouldn't go straight upstairs with the faulty garment and have it put right.

But to take so simple a course would be completely at variance with the ideas of the English tradesman. In such a supposed case the procedure is as follows:—The customer is invited to resume the garment, which the shop begs to be allowed the privilege of sending for next morning. Name, address, and all particulars are elaborately entered in a book, and as much time is lost over this as would have sufficed to sew one hook at least. The order to call for the cloak passes through many hands, and finally a cart, horse, and two men are got ready, and go forth to seek it. Twenty-four hours or more elapse between the customer's visit to the shop and the arrival of the cloak in the work-room, but once there it is merely laid aside, with many other jobs, for an indefinite time, because the dignity of shop-keeping does not permit work to be done at once, lest it should appear that there was not very much work to do. Probably the best part of a week will elapse before the two men, the horse, and cart are again got out to take the cloak home.

Now the American woman, being the spoiled child of the "slickest" race on earth, does not appreciate this fine flower of British dilatoriness, and she is apt to express herself on the subject to the shop assistants and others in language more pointed than flattering.

The other night I heard an American woman, waiting outside a theatre for a cab which didn't come, inveigh in pungent terms against the want of chivalry of the entire British race which could thus neglect a woman's wants, for she simply *couldn't* grasp the idea that it was mere helplessness, mere ineptitude on the part of the cab-seeker. She knew that, had it been her own business to go into the streets to find a vehicle, she would have got one somehow. Nine Englishmen out of ten let themselves be outpaced.

Brother Jonathan never does. He sees himself as the smartest, cutest, most go-ahead, and therefore the most deservedly successful of the earth's denizens, and it is for these reasons that he expresses himself always in superlatives.

Besides, does he not live in the biggest country, with the highest mountains, the largest rivers, and the most extraordinary natural features in the whole world? Are not his houses the tallest, his railroads the longest, and his roses the stalkiest ever seen?

One of the worst quarters of an hour which

an American girl lives through on first coming to Europe, is when some European admirer presents her with a bouquet. The shortness of the rose stems seems to her of the nature of a personal insult, and she forms forthwith the most unflattering picture of the generosity of the giver. For over in "God's country," no self-respecting man would dream of presenting roses to a girl with stalks less than a yard long.

BROTHER JONATHAN IN CARICATURE AND FACT.

Brother Jonathan's less favoured cousins, naturally disgusted at having to take back places, seek consolation at the hands of the caricaturist, and we all know Brother Jonathan as shown by the pen and pencil of this gentleman; the lean-visaged, long-limbed individual in a starred waistcoat and striped pants, wearing a Panama hat and a goatee beard, who sits with his feet on the mantelpiece, sending expectorations at distant objects with deadly accuracy of aim.

But the actual fact is, that we Europeans see him in far pleasanter fashion than this. We see him for the most part through the seductive personality of his womankind. While he stays at home to toil at hard pressure, his wife and daughter come abroad to amuse themselves.

They don't come in family parties by any means, and no sight is more familiar on the continent than that of two or three young American women-friends—driving up by themselves, each with two huge boxes, to the hotel of their choice.

Sister Jonathan at her best is daintily pretty and well-dressed. The young globe-trotter is often only nineteen or twenty years of age, but seems older, for she has been required to take an active part in the entertainment of her mother's guests since before she put on long dresses. She is always absolutely mistress of the situation, she is always refreshingly self-sufficing. Spectators do not embarrass her. She knows her charms, and accepts admiration as a just tribute to them. Many a man, mistaking her independence and innocent frankness for levity, has received from the young American girl a salutary lesson in manners.

A GOOD STORY.

I remember a charming Philadelphia girl in Florence, where she was studying singing at the School of Music, and living in an Italian family at the other end of the town. She had naturally to walk to and fro very often, unattended, and she thus attracted the notice of one of the many Italian officers who, wrapped in their pale blue cloaks, form such picturesque patches of colour in the old Florentine streets.

He took to following the girl everywhere, and to complimenting her frequently, as the Italian habit is, on her beauty and grace. "Heavens! How beautiful you are!" an Italian will say as he passes a pretty woman, and sometimes he will fall upon his knees in the middle of the path before her, and say it from that posture.

Our young officer did not go to this length with the Philadelphia damsel, but he went for enough to bore her, and she begged him, in very unambiguous language, for the future to leave her alone. However, by this time, his vanity was piqued, and it had now become with him almost a point of honour to win her favour.

She, being an American girl, was not in the least alarmed by his persistence, and she could even have pardoned an infatuation so flattering to herself, but she could not pardon his disobedience. She, "who must be obeyed" in America at any rate, had told him that he was not to follow her or address her any more, and nevertheless he continued to do so. Such conduct deserved severe treatment. So she contrived to lead him one day in front of the Club at the hour when the Club was most crowded, and the windows stood open to the hot April sun; there she turned, and said in her clear, musical voice and faultless Italian, while she took from her purse a lira and pressed it into his hand; "Here, my good man, here's a franc for you. Now go away, and don't worry me any more."

The poor young man never heard the end of this story from his brother officers, but he had the wit to take his punishment smiling, and the happy thought of having the coin pierced and wearing it henceforth on his

chain as a souvenir. It was just so much saved, he said, from the shipwreck of his hopes, for he had looked to receive many hundreds and thousands of lire with the young beauty's hand.

The American woman takes very kindly to foreign titles over here, and "away home" in New York has created an aristocracy of her own. Some years ago the cream or good society there consisted of four hundred families only, and lately, I understand, these have been so weeded out that only seventy-five remain. The extraordinary acquisition of huge fortunes by mere nobodies during the last twenty years has, I suppose, made the New York *elite* even more particular than it used to be. But, in spite of the struggles of the noble seventy-five, wealth will always have its way and way in New York, where a host thinks nothing of spending £1,500 in the flower decorations for a single dinner.

"BRAINY MEN."

In Boston, pronounced by Americans "Bawston," it is not money but brains which rule the roost. Or rather it is not the possession of brain so much as the affectation of culture which is there the passport to good society. The result of this affectation almost justifies the current mispronunciation of the city's name.

But, to be honest, it must be confessed that brains are more appreciated all over America than here in England. Even a New Yorker will talk of a "brainless man" in the same tone or approval that an Englishman mentions "a keen sportsman." To do Brother Jonathan justice, he should be visited on his native heath, where the most incredulous will admit that there is no better, warmer hearted, more tactful, amusing, and humorous fellow on earth.

Boston is a literary centre, or, in the words of the Bostonians, the literary "hub of the universe." Its quiet streets and stately red-brick eighteenth century houses give it, in parts, the air of an English town, of Winchester say, or old Portsmouth. Most of the great literary men of America have lived here: Whittier, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow. Emerson and Hawthorne knew it well, and so did the eccentric, loveable Thosau.

The Bostonians have far less of what English people call "accent" in speaking than have the inhabitants of the rest of the States, and between the language of a really educated Bostonian and a really educated Englishman there is little difference, while it is a truism to state that the manners and customs of the well-educated person are precisely the same all the world over.

But the pleasantest part of the States, the part where you will find the most beautiful climate, the finest scenery (save for the splendid "Far West"), and the most charming and hospitable people, is the least visited by the British globe-trotter. It is to Kentucky, Virginia, the two Carolinas and the South generally, that you should go if you wish to see the American folk at their best.

"AS NEAR HEAVEN AS YOU CAN BE."

Here in the towns or country districts lives a sweet and kindly, lazy, and cultivated set of people, all poor more or less, all living in spacious old mansions which their forbears have owned since the land was settled, all knowing each other personally, and all about each other for generations and generations. People such as these constitute the First Families of Virginia, spoken of by the Yankees in a sort of kindly derision, as the F.F.V. The stranger, who is admitted into the society of one of these F.F.V., finds himself as near heaven as he can ever hope to be on earth, and he may fancy himself back again in the golden age, among these captivating women who all are pretty, these chivalrous men who are kindly and brave.

The hospitality is the open-hearted, unostentatious hospitality of the olden time. Few Kentucky or Virginian hosts could spend £1,500 on roses for their dinner tables, nor would one among them do anything so vulgar if he had the power; but the Virginian hostess will go out and gather the very best roses from her garden, and mixing them with feathery Traveller's Joy or crimson maple leaves, fill old bowls of blue and white china for the decoration of guest chambers, dining-room, and hall. The Virginian does not feed



A BODDINGTONIAN'S DREAM.

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

you on terrapins and hot-house grapes at five dollars the pound, but he would literally share with you his last crust, do it in so charming a way that you would feel no sense of obligation at all, and have it cooked so well that you could fancy it the triumph of a French chef.

The tide of progress, of wealth, of fashion flows round the world from east to west, from west to east with a curious persistency. New York has outshone London, San Francisco will one day outshine New York, the coast towns of Japan and China are probably destined to be the homes of wealth and fashion in the future. But while the river thus rushes seaward in fret and turmoil, nevertheless it leaves pleasant backwaters where the ripple still laps lazily against the flowery shore, and the silence permits the birds to hear each other sing. Such backwaters are these Southern states, and to anyone having leisure, some money, a cultured mind, and a kindly heart, I can give no better advice than a warm recommendation to visit them. In Italy, it is true, the traveller finds a climate even better than in Virginia, equal natural beauties, and artistic glories which cannot be found elsewhere; but if he sets the finest type of human soul above canvas and stone, let him seek it in the southern states of America, and he will not be disappointed.

[End of the Series.]

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XERXES'S LOST FLEET.

A search is to be made for the lost fleet of Xerxes, the ships of which have lain at the bottom of the sea for something like 2,300 years. According to an Athens correspondent arrangements have been made by which search is to be made along the sea's bed with a newly invented marine instrument of great power, which is named the hydroscope. By means of the same instrument search is to be made for the ship chartered by Pompey to convey to Rome art treasures which he had seized at Athens. This ship was wrecked in the Archipelago about 1,950 years ago. These researches have been instituted as the result of the great success achieved in recovering antique treasures from wreckage two years ago.



PUDDING SUNDAY.

On the Sunday before Christmas, the congregation at St. Mary at Hill Church, in the City, are being asked to bring plum puddings, which will be distributed among the poor of the East End. Although no communication has passed, it is understood that the Bishop would prefer that the puddings are not presented at the altar, and they will therefore be received and stored in the vestibule, as in the case of dolls on "Doll Sunday." It is hoped that a good number of puddings will be brought, or sent by friends in the country, that something of the Christmas festivities may come into dark East End homes, and the poor taught that the Church cares for them in Christ's name.

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Some curious Christmas customs are given in "Gossip."

In the Isle of Man a very curious custom is still kept up in the inland villages. On Christmas Eve the servants all have a holiday, and ramble about the country until midnight, when the church bells begin to chime. Then they proceed in parties to "hunt the wren." After having found one of these birds, they kill it and lay it on a bier with the utmost solemnity. It is then taken to the Parish Church and is buried with a whimsical kind of solemnity, the while dirges are sung over the grave in the Manx language, which is called the knell—"after which Christmas begins."

A very peculiar superstition prevails in the western parts of Devonshire. At twelve o'clock on the night of Christmas Eve the oxen, it is said, are always found on their knees in their stalls, "as in the attitude of devotion, and they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas Day." A countryman, with others, once put to the test the truth of the above, it is on record, and, watch several oxen in their stalls at the bewitching hour of midnight, observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, made "a cruel moan like Christian creatures." The Devonshire folk still hold to this superstition, one of the most curious of the many which prevail amongst the inhabitants of the Devonshire hills.

Cheltenham Rugby Football Teams.



CHELTHENHAM GORDON LEAGUE.



CHARLTON ROVERS.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By ARIEL.]

DEFECTS IN WIRES.

If stranded wire is used, the risk of breakage is greatly minimised. The method of finding out a breakage is by connecting the two ends of the suspected wire for an instant to the accumulator. If there is no spark at the terminals, the wire is sure to be broken. This test is bad for the accumulator, so the wire should not be held to the terminals longer than is absolutely necessary. If you have at any time short circuiting troubles, look first of all to the accumulator wires. The insulation may have given way, allowing the wires to touch the frame or case. If so, to remedy wrap some pure rubber tape round the ends of the wires and terminals. The wire of highest importance on a motor bicycle is the high tension wire leading from the coil to the sparking-plug. This wire should be as highly insulated as possible, or else the current will leak through to the frame in preference to causing a spark at the plug. It is of no use to try the insulation of this wire by testing at the plug, because the resistance of the compressed gases in the cylinder is so great that the current will be certain to find a weak place in the wire to escape through in preference to firing the charge.

LUBRICATION IN WINTER.

During winter it is advisable to use thinner cylinder lubricating oil than is used in summer. In cold weather the ordinary lubricant becomes too thick to be effectually thrown up by the fly-wheels, and thus may cause the piston to stick fast in the cylinder. It will help considerably if a small quantity of paraffin is added to the oil so as to lighten it. If the piston jams at any time, always clean out the cylinder with paraffin before injecting any fresh lubricating oil.

TESTING ACCUMULATORS.

If an electrician be asked which are the proper instruments to use in testing accumulators, he will answer that a voltmeter and an ammetre are the proper instruments. This is all very well for the man who knows the different between current pressure and quantity. In the hands of the average motor cyclist they are likely to give trouble, perhaps some time leaving him stranded by the roadside with a discharged accumulator. The instrument most suitable for the novice who knows little of the theory of electricity is the four-volt testing lamp, which can be obtained with holder and flexible wire ready for use for a few shillings. To use, simply connect the ends of the wire to the accumulator terminals. If the accumulator contains a good charge, the lamp will glow brightly; the lamp should be left on for a minute, so as to make certain of a good charge. If the light dies away to a red heat, the battery needs recharging, and should be seen to at once. A voltmeter very often is a delusion. It will frequently show four volts with the accumu-

lator nearly discharged. The reason for this is that the coils used in the meter have so great a resistance that hardly any current is needed to move the needle. Another very important use for the glow-lamp is for inspecting the motor in the dark, where an ordinary lamp would be dangerous. The light given is ample for ordinary purposes, and at the same time is absolutely safe.

HOW TO MAKE A NEGATIVE FROM A NEWS-PAPER ILLUSTRATION.

Amateurs may perhaps like to know of a method of obtaining negatives from illustrations in newspapers for the purpose of making lantern slides. It is an operation which is by no means as simple as it might appear. Pin the sheet of paper on which is the illustration to be copied to a board; see that the print is brightly and equally lighted, but in such a manner that there can be no reflection from the shiny surface of the printing ink into the lens. Use as large a stop as is compatible with good definition; use photo-mechanical plates; develop with hydro-quinone; and be very careful not to over-expose. Remember, the quality to be arrived at is absolutely clear glass lines on a dense black ground. Continue development only so long as the lines remain absolutely clear as the plate lies in the dish; then immediately stop, and further density must be obtained by after-intensification.

RAPID FILTRATION.

A piece of chamois leather forms one of the quickest filters for straining thick solutions that would refuse to pass through ordinary filter paper. The leather should be well washed in a weak solution of soda, to free it from grease, and then rinsed thoroughly in clean cold water. A pint of the thickest solution will run through a wash leather filter in less than five minutes. It should be well washed after use, and will then last almost indefinitely.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION TO MEET IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

An interesting experience lies ahead of those members of the British Association who can afford the time for a jaunt to South Africa. We understand that the association "has accepted the invitation of the Chartered Company to hold its annual meeting in 1905 at Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi river." The arrangements for the reception of the members are already in progress, as the authorities in Rhodesia have decided to offer the fullest measure of hospitality to the visitors. No less than £7,000 is to be set aside to defray their expenses from London and back and for their entertainment while in South Africa. A saloon train will convey them from Capetown to their destination, and a stop will be made at all places of interest near the railway. A fine hotel, to be erected at the Falls, will accommodate the travellers during their stay.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTHENHAM 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 102nd competition is Mr. Fred Littley, of "Holditch," Naunton-road, Cheltenham, with his photos of Cornish scenery.

Entries for the 103rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 27th, 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.

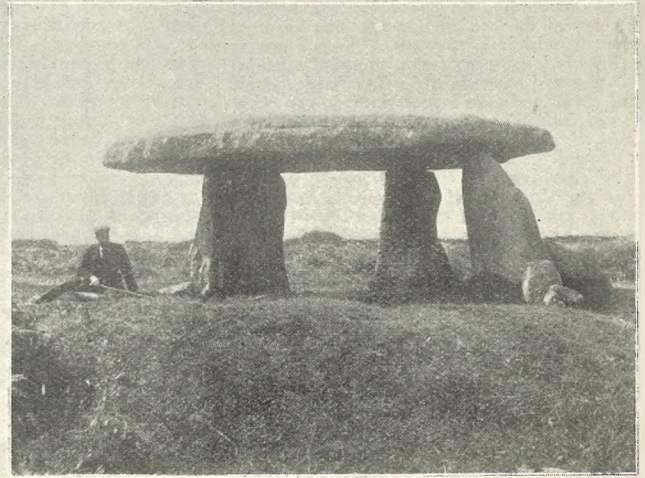
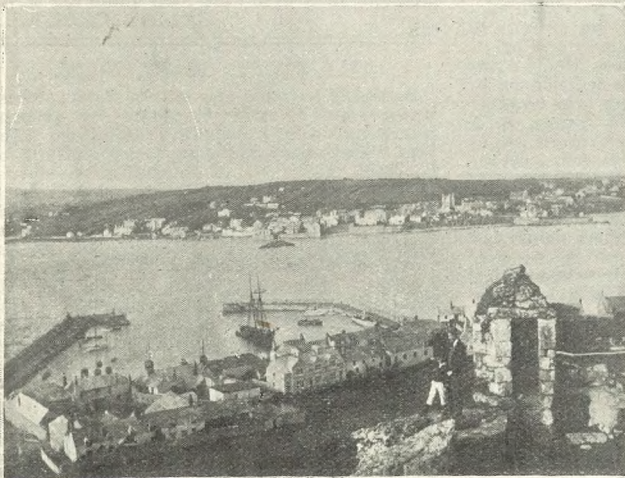
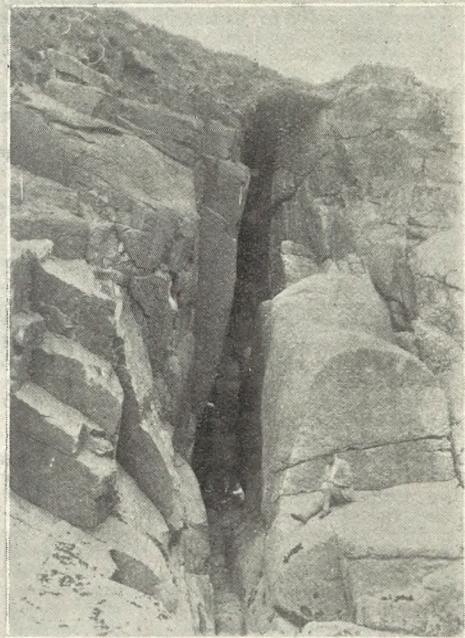
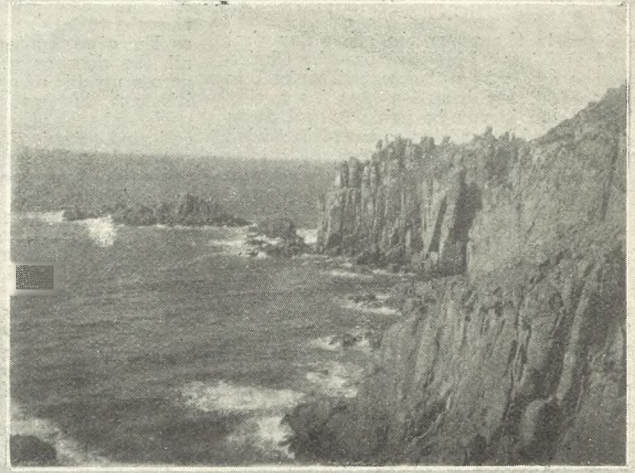
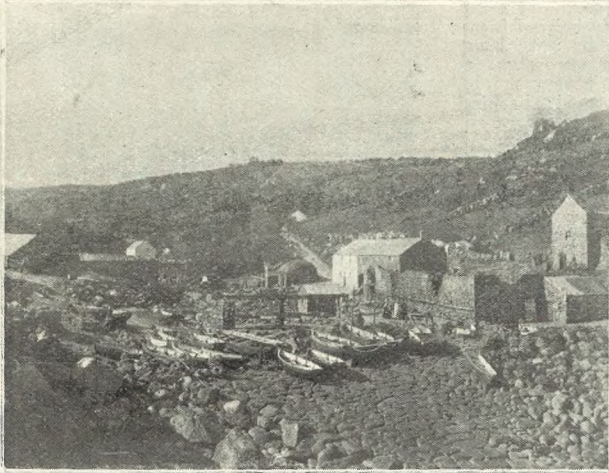
Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

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 thirteenth competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, 18 St. Paul-street North, Cheltenham, with his "Selina Jenkins" cartoon.

Entries for the fourteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Dec. 27th, 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.

Mr. Michael Davitt arrived at Queenstown from New York on Saturday. He estimates the amount collected by the Irish delegates in the United States at £10,000.



1.—PENBERTH COVE.
3.—CORNISH CROSS.
5.—MARAZION FROM THE MOUNT.
Photos by F. Littley, Cheltenham.

Cornish Scenery.

2.—LAND'S END.
4.—CHASM NEAR PENZANCE.
6.—LANYON CROMLECH.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON CHRISTMAS BOXES.

I did see in the paper the other day that that old and 'oary hinstitootion—the Christmas box—were to be put down. Thinks I to myself "Well, my beauties, you 'as a tidy job before you if you be going to put down this celerbrated imposition so easy-like; wich givin' the Outlanders their votes, or taking over the Tivoli drains, is mere child's play to sich a gigantic task as you 'ave before you. You can put it down so much as you like, but like them there Hirish 'Ome Ruler Fenians, they takes a lot of putting down, and the more you puts 'em down the more they seems to thrive."

'Owsomdever, I was about to remark that the Christmas box season is now upon us again, as comes on so regular as the mumps and the 'ooping-cough, and is in the nature of a very bad hapedemic this year, so I finds it meself.

You can halways tell when the disease 'ave a sort of a holt on people, seem' as 'ow they all gets so surprising perlite all of a suddint; why there's the milkman, now—as a general rule 'e's about so surly as they makes 'em, and as for giving a drop over: well, there—I should so soon espect miracles to 'appen as for 'e to be took generous. But just about Christmas time he got that affable it were a treat to do a bit of business with 'im, that it were; as filled my little jug hup to the brim and run over all down the area steps without extry charge, not forgetting to give me two farthings amongst the change, too, as I always finds useful for collections and tramps as can't be got rid of, wich the best way is to wrap the farthing hup in a bit of tissue paper so as he do think it mite be a sixpenny bit, and clears off for lone enuff to give you time to bolt the door. 'Owever, that don't always do, for I had one come back onct, and pushed a note hunder the door wich I wouldn't open that time, enclosin' the farthin', and sayin' as 'ow "I must 'ave made a mistake and he wouldn't deprive me of so much all to onct, not for worlds," wich was, I considers, like 'is outdacious impurence.

But, as I was a-sayin', about these 'ere Christmas boxes, the chap as delivers the bread, he, too, got so perlite as a Spanish count, askin' me if I'd like the loaf stale or new, or crusty or crummy, and ran pretty-well 'alf-way down the street after my old Tom cat, as is a fair caution for wandering off on his hown account, and 'ave been known to go gallivanting off for a fortnight to a time, and me 'home breakin' me 'art all the time, a-wonderin' wot disasters and things mite 'ave 'appened to 'im, as is a very venturesome cat, and sure to come to a vi'lent end some day! This 'ere baker's chap, however, 'e brought it to a 'ead (after he'd changed a week-old loaf for a moderate-stale one) by sayin' as 'ow things was very quiet just now, to which I answers, "Yes, I can't say as I finds 'em extry noisy meself." So 'e stands there, a-scratchin' 'is 'ead, and standin' fust on one leg and then on the other, and lookin' at me very knowing-like; wich, not wishin' to be behind-'and in civiltv, I says, "And 'ow's Mrs. Baker and the little bakers?" So says 'e, "Tol'ble well, thank you, ma'am, 'ceps that the missis 'as the hinfuenza, and I've got two of 'em down with the mumps and a little boy sickening for the measles. But I wishes you a 'appy Xmas, ma'am, and many of 'em," saying wich, he touches 'is cap, and looks more knowin' than ever. 'Owsomdever, I pertended to be hinner-cent and not to know wot 'e did mean, so I just says, "The same to you, baker," when 'e hups and 'e says in a hinged tone of voice, "Xmas box, ma'am," as esplined just why he'd been so appalling perlite, and just wot it were he were after! So I 'ad to give 'im a few coppers; but that wasn't the end of it, for everybody was alike, very civil and social like and leadin' up to the one great question of the hage, "Christmas box, please." Some of 'em didn't say "Xmas box" with their lips, I will say that, but they uttered it so plain as could be with their eyes, so's a

body really couldn't refuge them. There was the butcher boy, as actooally went away without addin' anythink more to the literatoor as 'ave been wrote by boys of 'is class on the new painted area door, and even thought to latch the gardin gate behind him, as I'm always a-tellin' 'im of, me not liking all the dogs as passes coming trapesing in across my bit of gardin, as isn't very much, it's true, but wot there is, is good; besides wich, only the other day, I 'ad a reg'lar crowd collected thro' a dog 'aving got 'imself repealed on the spikes of the railings, thro' trying to jump over them instead of going out the same way as 'e'd come in, thro' the gate, and I don't care for episodes like that, not meself, you know, being very trying to the nerves, as 'ad to be tooked off the railings by main force, and by a member of the force, too!

There was the boy as brings the papers of a hevening, too, instead of cramming it into the letter-box so as you can't read the front page for smudginess, he rang to the bell and waited for me to take it hin in the right way, and passed me the time of day and the compliments of the season like any Hearl or a Scarlett Mr. Ease!

The Perleiceman down to the corner, too, when I were crossin' the bar, as the sayin' is, and 'ad more parcels than I could 'old, as meant lettin' fall as nice a cut of 'addick as ever was bought through me fingers bein' scrambled with the cold, this 'ere constable 'e come to me rescue like a gardian Hangle, and picked up the 'addick, and said a few 'omforting words very generous like to me, as finished up with "The compliments of the season to you, ma'am, and a 'Appy New Year," of course.

Well, I don't know as I objects to give 'im and the Postman summat. I considers as they deserves it; they 'as to work mitey 'ard for little pav, and when we'm a-settin' toastin' our knees over a roarin' fire, or warm and snug in bed of a mornin' afore it's properly light, there's the "bobbies" and the postmen out tramping through the wet and the cold a-looking after hus. It's true the constables does 'ave a tin mug of coffee 'anded round to them while on night duty, but wot's that to great strappin' fellows like they be? All 'onner to them as thinks of the perlicemen, says I, and this Christmas time all I asks my readers to do is to remember them two, the perlicemen and the postmen, afore they throws away their money on uselessness as doesn't want it.

The impurence of some of the folks is outdacious; 'ere, Boxing Day morning there come a ring at the bell, and who do you think it were? Why a little bundle of children as wanted me to give them a penny each; for why? Becos they asked for it! as were about the coolest thing I've 'eard this long time, 'ceps, perhaps, wot 'appened to Mrs. 'Awkins, just down the street, she 'aving 'ad a slight dispute with 'er landlord, as summoned 'er for rent due, and you mark my words if the chap as served the summons on 'er didn't ask for a Xmas box! I knows the sort of Christmas box I should 'ave gave 'im, if I'd been 'er. But, Lor' bless you, she's a little milk-and-water thing, always busting into tears at the first opportunity, as isn't 'uman, as I considers, being more like them there crocodiles, as simply lies and weeps for want of nothink better to do, so I 'ave 'eard tell!

As reminds me of a Christmas I spent in the country a few years back, wich I were hup and down afore anyone else, and no sooner 'ad I hopped the door to look out to see wot weather it were goin' to be, than hup walks a helderly hindividool and says, "A merry Christmas to you, ma'am." Says I, "Lor', 'ow you did frighten me! You be hout powerful early just to tell me that!" "You mistake me, ma'am," says he, "I be the bell-ringers, as 'ave been ringin' a joyful peel on the church bell, to usher in this 'appy morn." "You don't say," says I; "well, there now, to think of it! 'Ere've I been asleep all the time, and never 'eard a word of it all." "But, madam," says 'e, "surely you'll support the ringers! True, there's only one bell in the tower, but I've rang it in 41 different ways, so I considers it's your privilege and dooty to support me." Well, after



A SEPTEMBER SNAPSHOT ON CLEEVE HILL.

The lamb, though so tame, was not a pet lamb, but one of the flock grazing on the common.

this, what was a body to do? I just looked out a 3d. bit as I weren't quite sure of through the Queen's 'ead 'aving been rubbed out, as I'd tried to pass and couldn't, and 'anded it over to this 'ere campanolickle gent, as 'e did call 'isself, and thought it were a job well over; but I could 'ave bit the tongue huff with execeration, when later on in the day there come the real ringers—three of them—as was in a nice little tantrum over the 'ent as 'ad been round fust and collected all the contributions they considered they was entitled to!

They 'as a good few little ways in the country as is a bit too smart for town life; but there, you know, they only 'as about one perliceman to the whole town, and 'e is generally gone off somewhere else to be inspected, or else is 'elping the missis 'ang out the clothes or diggin' a few potatoes for hisself, so that 'e can't be bothered with sich items as comprehending malefactors and frauds. Whereas, in towns like Cheltenham the perlice 'as to give their whole attention to their business, so that it takes a much cleverer man to be a rogue in Cheltenham than it do in sich places as Puddlecobber-Cockbury.

But, 'ere 'ave I wandered away from Xmas boxes to perlicemen and rogues, wich I 'adn't meant to 'ave siled me pen with them when I started; but one's thoughts do run on so, don't they?

One thing I 'ad to mention tho', before that there boy comes worritin' for the "copy," and that is: "I wishes every one of my readers, great and small, a very Happy New Year, strewed with laffer all along the way." SELINA JENKINS.

THE STORY OF ST. LUCY.

Saturday was the day of St. Lucy, whose intercession is still implored by persons labouring under ophthalmic affliction. She was a native of Syracuse, who, in spite of the fact that she had determined to devote herself to a religious life, was wooed by a young nobleman of the city. She much exasperated him by giving her large fortune to the poor, and he accused her to the Governor of belonging to the Christian community. Hence the martyrdom in 304. It is said that when her lover complained that her beautiful eyes haunted him, St. Lucy cut them out, and sent them to him, with the hope that he would now leave her alone; and that Heaven recompensed the act by restoring them and making them even more beautiful than before. At any rate, St. Lucy is represented on Church windows bearing a platter on which two eyes are laid. The legend is a curious, and, to this squeamish generation, rather ghastly one.

The proposed monument to Dante in Rome will cost £40,000.



"SELINA JENKINS" GOES SKATING ON THE BRICK POND.

Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

If the sharp weather that prevailed in the early part of December was but a sample of what is to follow later on, I sincerely hope it will not be so bad as that which this prophecy of old would indicate:—

"If Christmas on a Thursday be,
A windy winter ye shall see,
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests strong and thick."

There is, however, this saving clause, which may reconcile some people to grin and bear it, looking hopefully for the good time for them to come next summer:—

"The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply,
The year is good for land to till,
Kings and Princes shall die by skill."

A few nights ago I was in a room upon the wall of which was an engraving of the famous picture of the gallant and successful stand made by the 1st Gloucesters, then the 28th Foot, at Quatre Bras in 1815, and one of the company, an officer of the Royal Engineers, mentioned to me an interesting fact in connection with its preparation by the artist, of which I was not hitherto aware. My informant, who is a Gloucestershire man, stated that on one occasion, years ago, when he was stationed at Chatham, his battalion was suddenly ordered by their commandant, who was accompanied by a young lady, to form a square, with fixed bayonets, and for some of the men to lie down. The lady then rapidly sketched them in this position, and she was

found to be none other than Miss Thompson, the artist, and for years past the wife of Gen. Sir William Butler. A few of the clean-shaven men, to suit the period, were chosen as models. Good old Gloucestershire again.

Better later than never. The civic authorities at Gloucester, who have been very remiss in not recognising in any way the many returned soldiers from the front during the present year, are, I see, going to do something to-day, for the Mayor and the local committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association have arranged to give a tea and entertainment at the Guildhall to those of the men residing within the city or Gloucester petty sessional division of the county who have received or are entitled to receive the South African or China medal. I hope they will all enjoy themselves, and that, if there be any of the gallant fellows wanting employment, they will not hesitate to make their position known, with a view to its being speedily met.

I was recently glancing through the list of persons licensed to kill game in this county during the current year, and saw there the names of H.R.H. Prince Yugala and H.R.H. Prince Swinjing, of Westbury Court. These are two of the young Siamese Princes domiciled in the big parish of Westbury-on-Severn, and who used to make frequent visits to Cheltenham to take lessons in equestrianism. They are being well brought up in the manly pursuits of an English country gentleman, and their names are duly published amongst the other game-killing licen-

sees who in this way, at least, contribute to the British revenue. The Princes are certainly well qualifying themselves for a sporting return to Bangkok!

I was very glad to see that advertisement in the "Echo," calling the attention of the owners and occupiers of land in the Cotswold Hunt that the Wire Committee will pay the expense of removing barbed wire or of putting up danger posts. There is, unfortunately, too much "birdcage hunting" nowadays. Even the Duke of Beaufort has had to issue a protest in his country, for a few nights ago, speaking at the Malmesbury fat stock dinner, his Grace complained in emphatic terms of a horse having been killed that day through wire, and he was very thankful to say it was not a man. I trust that "Ware wire" will soon be no longer heard in the land.

So the Archbishop of Canterbury is dead. Peace be to his ashes. The only time I saw his Grace in this county was on Feb. 3rd, 1899, when he strode, full of vigour, into the Shire-hall to address a temperance meeting, and, noticing the Church Lads' Brigade drawn up at the entrance as a guard of honour to him, he paused for a moment and exclaimed, "Ah! here are the dear boys."
GLENER.

"Expenses of the funerals of my six children," has been stated as one of the causes of his insolvency by a debtor at Merthyr Tydvil.

Boots and stockings are to be given to all the barefooted children in Leith this winter.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. BARBARA, ASHTON-UNDER-HILL.

All the local guide-books speak of picturesque Ashton. Situated on the lower slope of a hill, it is a pretty place, though care noticeable in some villages does not seem to be bestowed upon it. Its restored cross, with sundial on top, is an object of interest to all visitors. It is in old-fashioned plain style, and is near the gates of the ascending pathway to the church. This building is in the Early English style of architecture, with traces of the Perpendicular. The south entrance porch has always been admired, but just now this portion of the sacred edifice is undergoing repair. The front of it was cracking, and it was feared it would fall if not taken in hand. The builders, I noticed on my visit last Sunday, are endeavouring to keep to its original features, marking every stone that has been taken out, and putting them back in their proper places. Many people will be anxious to have a look at the porch on the completion of its restoration.

The plaster outside the south wall of the nave is falling away in places, and I could not help thinking it would be a good thing if this were all cleared off and the stones pointed. It would be a great improvement to the old building. There is a good embattled tower, with pinnacles. In the stone carving on the outside of the east window are some fishes, which is not common on inland churches. Over a rather pretty chancel door appears the inscription "Anno Domini, 1624," the date when this part was built or rebuilt. The north aisle is "added" work. The church has plenty of large windows—I have never seen an old place so well lighted.

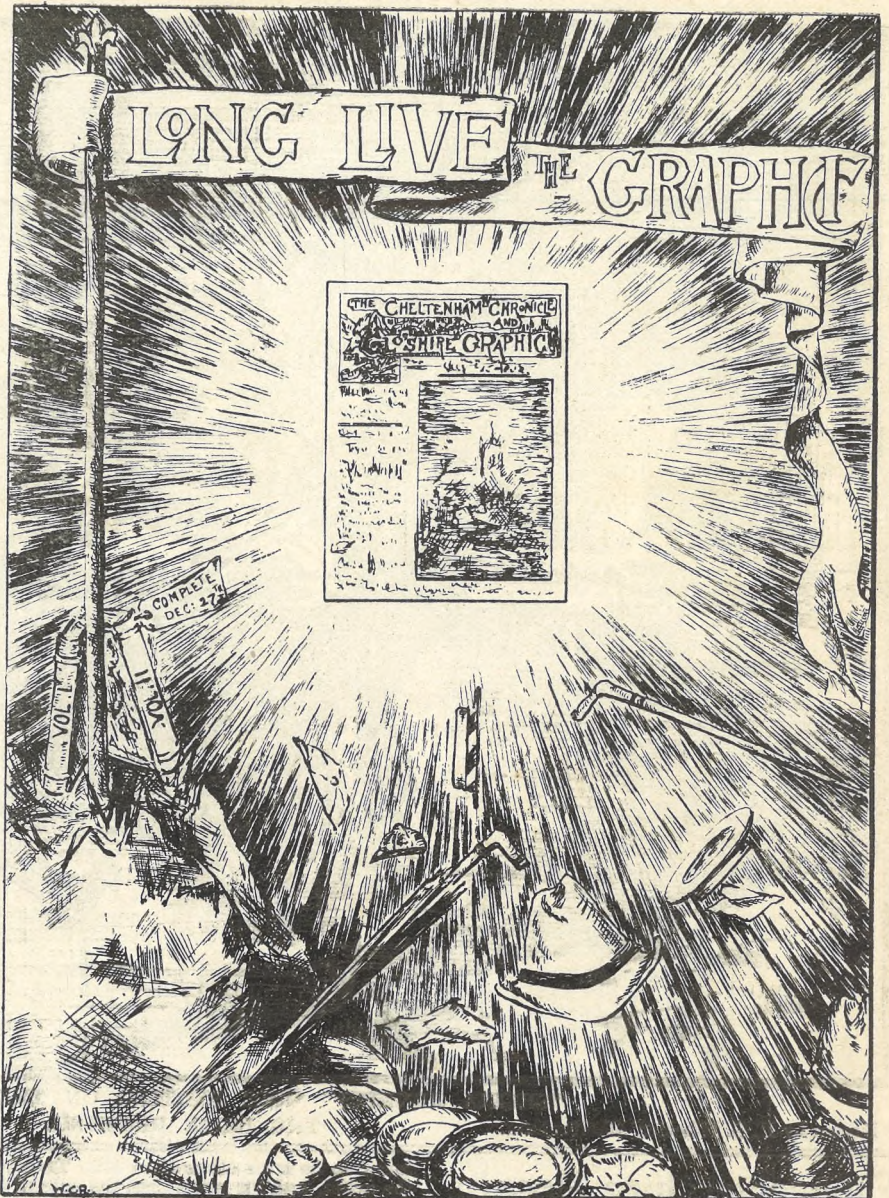
The interior of the building is very plain, and there are few noticeable features. Near the reading-desk is an interesting squint looking out of the north aisle into the chancel. The three-light east window is stained with a splendid picture of Christ on the Cross, and one of the Marys on either side. Near the altar is a tablet with a curious inscription, commencing—

"Reader! What needs of pencey Garick skill,
The limner's pencil, or the poet's quill?
They are but miserable comforters,
When bad ones die that penned their sepulchres."

and concluding—
"Live! Live thyself both tomb and epitaph."
The last line certainly contains the gist of the whole rhyming. There is a rather good old font, and if it was only taken a little care of it would be a beautiful feature in the church. All the fittings are plain, but good.

There was a fairly good congregation there on Sunday afternoon last. The Vicar read the service well, without any pretence at elocution or dramaticisms. The Psalms were read, and the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" chanted, a young man being at the harmonium. The lessons were for St. Thomas's Day, Isaiah xxxii., and St. John xiv. The hymns were 53, 51, and 363. A. and M. I was sitting in the choir, and could not help noticing that the organist did not trouble to take the singers into his confidence, either in the chants or the hymn tunes. To not one of the hymns did he use the tune set to it, and he did not let the choir know what melody he was going to play. Indeed, for one or two of the hymns he used quite a different book, so I suppose the singers could not have found themselves the music had they known where it was.

Ascending the pulpit, the preacher took for his text, "The Lord is at hand" (Philippians iv., 5), and his sermon was divided into two subjects, first a short appeal on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (to whose funds the offertory was to be handed), and secondly, a more lengthened appeal to all Church people to be present at the Christmas Communion. He sketched the miserable condition of some heathen nations, and maintained that the bare statement of such facts should stir up Christians to do all they could for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, and they could best do this by supporting the society, which had been working for more than two hundred years. He spoke of



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

the services of the Church on the four Sundays in Advent, and showed how clearly they paved the way for the Christmas Communion. "The Lord is at hand!" God was very nigh to every one of them, for in Him they lived and moved and had their being. Their bodies were the temple of God. The Lord's Table, he said, would be better furnished if the Church Catechism were more studied and better understood. This told them that the object of the Holy Institution, to which the preacher invited them, was a continual remembrance of the death of Christ. They were invited not only to fix their eyes upon Him, but to open their hearts and receive Him. All who had been confirmed should come; the wicked, repenting of their sins, should come; parents should come, that they might have strength given them to train up their children in the right way; the young should come, that they might have grace to live aright.

At the close of the sermon the minister read the lengthy homily from the Communion Service, which is not often used nowadays, exhorting his parishioners to come to the early celebration on Christmas morning.

I hope the worthy clergyman's special efforts secured a good number of devoted Christians at the Holy Table.

CHURCHMAN.

FLOWERS OF FASHION.

It is the passion for fashionable novelties—a passion which characterises almost every phase of modern existence, and has relegated the cultivation of homely comfort in life to remote country places—which prevents us from enjoying our gardens as our grandparents used to enjoy theirs. The owner of a modern garden, unless he be a scientific florist himself, can never feel at home in his garden. He is surrounded by beauties; but most are comparative strangers to him, and of many he cannot remember the names. They are fashionable and expensive, and undeniably handsome; but so are the contents of a West End shop window, whether you see them draped on dummies or displayed later upon the living article at a garden party. Yet there are still men who feel happy among their own familiar friends in simpler clothing; and the parallel would hold good in the garden if we did not allow our hired gardeners to drive thence all the simple old flowers that our fathers loved and called by pet names which were familiar to us all in nursery days.—"The Garden."

New half-crowns have been presented at several Chichester schools to those pupils who have not been absent or late once this year.