

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 169.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

GRAND RE-OPENING ON EASTER MONDAY.

Miss Ellen Terry & Co.

In the following plays:—

Monday and Tuesday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday (7.45) and Saturday (2.30 and 7.45), "Much Ado About Nothing"; Thursday, triple bill—"Punchinello," two scenes from "Henry VIII.," and "Nance Oldfield"; Friday, the new and original comedy, "Mistress of the Robes."

FOR SPECIAL PRICES SEE BILLS.

Chandos Grammar School,

Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training. Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders. Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. THE TERM BEGAN ON JAN. 18th.—Prospectus &c. from T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

The last days of entry for forthcoming Examinations at the CHELTENHAM CENTRE are as under, viz.:—

MAY 25TH for M.K. (Theory), June, 1904.
JUNE 20TH, for "Practical," July, 1904.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from whom the Current Syllabus may be obtained.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILFRED J. CRIPPS, C.B.

After morning service at Cirencester Parish Church on Sunday the East window, which has been restored in memory of the late Mr. Wilfred J. Cripps, C.B., was dedicated. Rev. Canon Sinclair, who performed the interesting ceremony, said he was sure they all felt glad to be able to associate this work with the name of Wilfred Cripps. Those who knew him loved him, and in the memorial window they would have something which those of this and future generations could look back upon. Might it be an incentive to them to carry out the duties of this life as he (Mr. Cripps) had done, each in his or her own sphere. To the greater glory of the Lord and to the memory of Wilfred Joseph Cripps he dedicated the window.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy of India, has been appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in the room of the late Marquis of Salisbury.

An American engineer has invented a moving railway station platform, which will glide at the same speed as a passing train and enable passengers to alight without the train stopping.



Photo by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF MR. W. G. HEALING, J.P., OF TEWKESBURY.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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.

The winner of the 168th competition is Mrs. Ernest Turner, of Shipton Manor, Andoversford.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 79th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 61st prize has been divided between Mr. Edward A. R. Llewellyn, 27 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, and Mr. Morton Jewell, 3 Exeter-place, Cheltenham, for their respective reports of sermons by the Rev. A. C. Turberville at Wesley Church and the Rev. F. B. Macnutt, at St. John's Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The contributions for the literary prize are steadily increasing in number; and this week

the fifth competition is so keen that we have decided to divide the prize of 10s. 6d. between E. M. Humphris, of "Avening," Leckhampton, Cheltenham, for "The Boxer's Revenge," and W. B. Coopey (Bentham), for "The Village Med'sin Man." Bright short stories were also sent in by W. C. Robson ("The Tithe Baby"), A. T. Stamford ("Vendetta"), and Marie Noyes ("The Imagination of the Editor"). G. Bigwood (Tetbury) sends a well-written sketch of "A Hunt Meet," and J. R. Dixon's account of "People with Curious Missions" is amusing and to the point; while another commendable sketch is by T. R. Parker ("The Coming of the Brown Rat"). We have also received a number of essays, etc., some of them of considerable merit.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 9in. by 7in. Half-plate photos are best.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

An artesian well, 1,515 feet deep, which is to assist in supplying Gainsborough with water was formally opened on Saturday. The well is the deepest in England, and the boring took six years.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE BOXER'S REVENGE.

[By E. M. HUMPHREYS.]

Two out of every three, they say, die of the plague, and one recovers. And I am that miserable one; and Ellie, my wife, and Laura, my little sister, they, alas! are the two. And out there, at the quarantine station, side by side with that murderer's other victims, they lie peacefully asleep at last, and I, miserable wretch, went with them up to the very gates of death, only to be thrown back, a stranded wreck on the barren shores of life.

Ellie and I were married in the Cathedral in Sydney a few short months ago, and sailed for India a few days afterwards. In September, 1900, I was ordered on service to China, and leaving Ellie in Calcutta with some friends, I left Rittapone Docks in the Arabia on the 6th of October in charge of a draft for the —th Regiment. We put in at Singapore for a few hours to get orders, and then sailed for Hong-Kong. It seems years, instead of months, since we had our first experience of a typhoon. We steamed into the outskirts of it, and had to reduce our speed to three knots so as not to get right into it. As it was we had a bad time, and I was thankful Ellie was safe in Calcutta. Now I am sorry she was not there, and that we did not go down together in the very midst of the boiling seas.

We got safely through the storm, and our next port was Hong-Kong, and I wandered about the beautiful city buying quaint curios for Ellie and my little sister in Sydney. Thence we sailed for Taku, taking Wei-hai-Wei and Chefu en route, and at Wei-hai-Wei we got into another typhoon worse than the first; but far more misery was in store for me than death by drowning. At Taku, I remember, we saw the Allied Fleets—a glorious sight in the morning sunshine. There we transhipped into a light draught vessel, and steamed up the Peiho River. Contrary winds delayed us 24 hours at the bar, and then we went on and passed the famous Taku Forts. At a place called Linho, three miles up the river, we disembarked, and the next day the Russians gave us a train, and we railed up to Tientsin in open cattle trucks. We were there five days—it was horribly cold, I remember—and then we began the march to Pekin. Perhaps it seems heartless of me to remember all these trivial details now that my life has been wrecked by one supreme misfortune; but somehow it is a comfort to go over all the events that led up to the tragedy; it is an employment for my harrowed mind.

We marched along the river bank, as all our kit was carried up in junks. Every night we slept in the junks, and the men ashore in tents or billeted in a deserted Chinese village. Every morning the junks were frozen to the banks. A forlorn, unshaven-looking crew we were, half frozen, and we always slept in our clothes. It took us ten days to march to Pekin, stopping at Tung Chow a day, where a detachment of our regiment were. There we got a bath and a shave and a change of raiment, and felt very much better. On arrival at Pekin we found the regiment settled in winter quarters. In our first expedition we were very successful. There were 72 of us, and we stormed a walled temple with 40 armed Boxers inside, escalading the walls with ladders. We surprised them at dawn, and it was a fight at close quarters. Two men fired at me ten yards off and missed. I emptied my revolver at them, and got four of them. We killed the whole lot, and burned their temple and some other Boxer houses. This all seems very bloodthirsty, but these were the brutes who tortured to death the poor missionaries and their wives and bairns.

The next expedition was not so exciting, but we accomplished our object, capturing the town and destroying some enormous temples, in which were about 500 gods and figures of sorts. We had great fun preparing for the burning, making the Chinese bring grass to put in them and pouring kerosene over them. We blew up a lot of ancient tablets with gun-cotton, and I cut off ever so many gods' ears with an axe. While this was going on I saw a Chinaman standing in a corner of the temple glaring at me with a

look of intense hatred. If one Chinaman were not so like another, I should have said it was Ah Lee, who used to bring vegetables every morning to Ellie's old home in Sydney. Well, we finished our work of destruction, and marched back to Pekin, where we stayed until April, as the ports were frost-bound.

Soon after the Peace terms were signed Ellie and I sailed for Sydney, for I was very ill in Calcutta. Looking down into the steerage of the Joppa one afternoon I saw a Chinaman leaning against the side of the ship and gazing at me with the same expression of malignant hatred which I had seen on the man's face in the temple. Under his arm he carried a little box, and whenever I saw him afterwards the box was always with him.

On our arrival in Sydney we went to stay at Ellie's old home. Daily, as usual, Ah Lee came with vegetables; and I soon thought it was pure imagination which made me think I had seen him in the Chinese temple, his bland face distorted by hatred. Yet, my mother-in-law told me, Ah Lee had been away for some time, and another Chinaman had come with vegetables in his place. When we had been home about ten days Ellie was suddenly taken ill, and two days afterwards my sister Laura, who was staying in the house. The old doctor, who had been in India many years, came, and looked more and more perturbed as the days went on. At last he told us beyond all doubt they were both stricken down by bubonic plague, and must be taken to the quarantine station. These were the first two cases of the outbreak in Sydney, and the Government took immense precautions. All the other inmates of the home were taken to the quarantine station, and two or three days later I had developed the disease. I never saw my wife and sister again, and when first I was conscious and asked for them, I was put off with excuses that they were not well enough to see me. Not well enough, indeed, for their graves were growing green in the little cemetery outside the quarantine building. Many others had died of plague when at last I was allowed to leave the quarantine station, an old man before my time, broken by illness and grief, and leaving behind me my wife and my last near relation, the little sister so much younger than myself. One night, when the plague outbreak was still at its height, I was sitting alone on some rocks at Manby. In the heavens above me blazed that weirdly beautiful comet about which people talked so much. It seemed like a sword of flame in the hand of an avenging spirit pointing over a doomed city. Suddenly on the rocks beside me stood Ah Lee, his face transfigured by hatred as I had seen it in the Boxer temple and on the Joppa. He pointed to the comet, and then across to the white-roofed quarantine station. I sat as if paralysed. I could not have moved if he had been there to kill me. "You killee my blotcher allee in nee temple; you burnee our papers; you killee our gods"—his voice rising higher and clearer as he reached the climax of my sins against him and his religion. "You allee in Sydney samee hate Chinaman, you yourself"; and he went through the catalogue of my crimes again. "Me once helpee plague doctor, me stealee plague, shut up in box, me learnee give plague to rats; me blingee box of plague to Sydney, let loose rats allee in your garden, in your home; your wife die, your sister die, many people die, you mislabe; me punishee you for burning gods, for burning temple; you suffer allee samee me." The monotonous voice died out, and Ah Lee disappeared in the darkness. He was never traced, though there was a report that he shipped as a dead Chinaman from Cairns and came to life on the voyage. And so the plague came to Sydney and the Chinese priests were avenged.

A HUNT MEET.

[By G. BRGWOOD.]

I am no great enthusiast in hunting matters. If a meet comes near me, and the morning is fine, and business and health permit, and so on, with a number of other "ifs," I go to it; though, truth to tell, with but languid interest. A meet is a common occurrence enough in country districts, and especially in Gloucestershire country districts; and, as I say, I personally am not

over keen on them. My friends and neighbours about me, however, are on this score differently minded. They are all agog at the idea of a meet being within get-at-able distance. They go wild over it, as I tell them; and the women and girls ten times more so than the men and boys.

Well, we had a meet about a mile out of town on a recent fine March Monday morning. "Fine," I called it: the term is not strong enough to do it justice. It was beautifully magnificently fine; indeed in every way an ideal March spring morning. The sun shone bright golden and warm, the sweet fresh spring air wafted over field and woodland, bringing gladsome health and exhilaration to every nostril that breathed it. Roads were in perfect condition, and there was nothing wanting in the prospect of a couple of hours' outdoor enjoyment. So, throwing the morning papers aside for the afternoon, we were soon off to the meet.

There were plenty of companions—afoot, on horseback, and in carriages—with us on the road; and plenty of merry chat, banter, and repartee.

Arrived at the trysting place, we found that many—quite a hundred or more—had preceded us. Within five minutes, will it be believed? my recreant companions had left me, gadding here, gapping there and everywhere, and I found myself alone. Very well, thought I, eyes, ears, and thoughts will be my own to use as I like.

The locale of the meet had a good deal to do with its enjoyment. It was a corner of a broad park-like expanse of greensward, dotted here and there with groups of trees and bushes. In the distance were hills clothed with woods, appearing a beautiful rich brown colour in the March sun.

There were new arrivals every moment, and it was pleasant to witness the cheery greetings of friends and acquaintances as they met. Everything and everybody seemed free and easy. Shyness, stiffness, and ceremonial politeness had not so much as a look-in in the gay promiscuous party that spread itself picturesquely in groups over that pretty greensward enclosure. Good humour, cheery affability, though withal good manners, permeated it throughout. Everybody seemed on the best of terms one with another, with themselves individually, and with the world in general. There is, some tell us, a sympathy in numbers, a kind of spiritual and social electricity generated in assemblies of human beings met together for a common object. Unmistakeably this element was present with its quickening enlivening influence at this hunt meet. And I thought, as I looked at the pretty scene being enacted before me, apart from the active health-giving exercise of fox-hunting, the social qualities fostered by it are not its least recommendation. There we were, some three or four hundred of us—equestrians, pedestrians, carriage folk, perambulator and mail-cart folk, high and low, gentle and simple, old and young, from tottering age to puling babyhood, truly a mixed medley and motley lot; but all moved by the same kindly friendly spirit, all willing, nay eager, to give or receive pleasure, and, as not a sour face, so, one could believe, not a mean selfish heart among the lot of us. Socially, for the time being, it was a half-hour of bright keen enjoyment; and, as regards the outward scene which met the eye, no prettier country sight could be presented in this sweet pastoral England of ours.

The very horses all caught the infection of the prevailing animating spirit. They champed their bits, their eyes gleamed, and their ears twitched and quavered as who should say—"Isn't it jolly?" and "Oh, for a ramping mad career over the fields to the tootle of the horn and the baying of the hounds." No doubt by about four o'clock in the afternoon, these jubilant sentiments would be materially modified; but, for the moment, these noble animals were as eagerly alert and as keenly enjoying the meet as any human being on the ground. As for the dogs—the inevitable visitor dogs—I mean, they were beside themselves with joy and excitement, scampering here, there, and everywhere, with apparently overflowing animal spirits, and in fullest sympathy with the human element around them.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

But, as I stood there eagerly watching and intensely interested in the moving panorama around me, I noticed that the hounds with their master and attendant whips had arrived on the scene, and were waiting for the start just on the fringe of the gay company.

I walked towards them. Very different was their bearing and aspect to their wild free-lance confreres who were gambolling about in the enjoyment of unrestrained license and liberty. The clean spare-bodied lady pack looked the very embodiment of stern business and grave responsibility. Some few, evidently the youngsters of the pack, were rolling and stretching themselves on the grass, but most of them sat gravely and pensively on their haunches, surveying the scene around, though, as I noticed, ever with one eye on the whips. What they thought of the levity and frivolity of the errant cuns wandering aimlessly and recklessly about in all directions, while the boldest and most daring of them would come up to themselves for a curious gape or an inquisitive sniff, was best known to themselves. No very exalted idea, it may be presumed, was entertained of them, if one may judge by the attitude of grave responsibility assumed by the professional hounds.

The Master sat astride his horse overlooking his hounds and whips, and not mixing with the general company. He, too, was, as became his position, evidently intent on the business in hand. He, of course, exchanged with good humoured cordiality the personal recognition of friends. He would not have been the well-bred English gentleman that he was had he failed to do this. But duty, and not pleasure only—that is to say, his own personal pleasure—had called him there; and again with true English instinct, he made pleasure subservient to the higher call of duty.

As he sat there contemplating with cheerful complacency what met his eyes on every side he seemed, so I thought, perhaps mistakenly, loth to break up the party.

But the meet fixture hour had been passed by several minutes, and punctuality as he well knew is a cardinal virtue with every business man: with master of hounds as well as with master of works or workshops.

So, at a nod from him, whips and hounds make a start, he in close attendance upon them; the company mounted and in vehicles follow; they emerge from the meet ground on to the high road; then away up a green lane for the nearest gorse—a mile away.

And I, now rejoined by my deserters, trudge off homewards, full of what we had seen, and hoping for another hunt meet easily accessible before the season is over.

PEOPLE WITH CURIOUS MISSIONS.

[BY JOHN R. DIXON.]

Imbued with greater zeal than the Yankee commercial working on commission, and endowed with a superabundance of pertinacity which, if directed into proper channels, would make him a multi-millionaire in record time, is the individual with a mission. As a rule, he contents himself with button-holing his friends until they begin to dread his appearance more than that of the tax collector, then he bombards the luckless editor with effusions setting forth his theories.

But sometimes the disease is so deeply seated that these methods do not provide sufficient outlet for his energies, and hence other means are resorted to.

There recently died in a state of abject poverty an old gentleman who had spent nearly fifty years in trying to convince a heedless public of the utility of the phonetic system of spelling. In this herculean task he travelled some fifty thousand miles, interviewed almost every schoolmaster in Great Britain, in addition to giving hundreds of lectures before every section of the community.

Cranks innumerable have endeavoured to convince mankind of the various absurdities of modern civilisation, but few have practised the theories they taught more assiduously than did an old bachelor who, coming to the conclusion that houses as now constructed were a snare and a delusion, bought a plot of ground, in which was a large cave, on the Cornish coast. This he furnished



Photo by Mrs. Turner, Shipton Manor.

MARKET DAY AT ANDOVERSFORD.

according to his own peculiar fancies, and then took up his residence there. For seven years he sang the praises of his primitive dwelling to all with whom he came in contact, proclaiming its salubrity in glowing terms, and urging his hearers to do likewise. But a sharp attack of rheumatism, brought on by the dampness of the cave, speedily calmed his enthusiasm, and he is now content to reside in one of the ordinary modern houses which he formerly so despised.

A French schoolmaster has devoted the leisure moments of a lifetime to a somewhat singular task. He considers that, seeing that France has no monarch, therefore kings and queens should cease to be portrayed on playing-cards manufactured in that country, and urges that these representations should be replaced by portraits of Grevey, Carnot, and other noted Republicans. Not long ago he presented a petition on the subject signed by some thousands of sympathisers, to the Government, and his perseverance was rewarded by a small committee being appointed to consider the question. But the decision arrived at was fatal to his hopes, for investigation showed that the change was impossible owing to disorganisation it would cause in the playing-card trade.

A certain wealthy Lancashire gentleman has the utmost abhorrence towards the dense smoke too often emitted by factory chimneys. Although most local authorities have bye-laws under which this nuisance can be dealt with, they are rarely put in force, the powers that be usually winking at the offence. This individual has, however, no such compunction in bringing offenders to book, and has initiated over two hundred prosecutions, securing convictions in almost every case, thus earning the gratitude of the dwellers in the smoky districts of the north. It should be added that he defrays the whole cost of the legal proceedings out of his own pocket.

Nowadays there seems a very prevalent yearning to get things as cheaply as possible, but the palm in this direction must surely be awarded to an old lady of the writer's acquaintance residing in a southern watering place.

Although possessed of ample means, she has a craving for obtaining things for nothing. Accordingly every advertisement offering free samples she replies to, and it is safe to say that she must have spent a large sum in stamps in this way.

The habit of invariably treating dumb animals with kindness is a commendable trait, but it is singular how in many cases it develops into a craze to the exclusion of all other interests. Here is a case in point. For many years there resided in Paris a lady, the widow of an English clergyman, whose sole object in life was to secure amelioration in the lot of dumb creation. To this end she used to wander early and late through the streets and boulevards on the look out for pieces of broken glass, nails, and other articles which might injure the feet of her four-footed proteges. Dogs and cats which she saw being ill used she secured, often at exorbitant prices, and had them destroyed as painlessly as possible. Broken down and over-worked horses she also purchased with the same view, and she must have spent a small fortune in this direction alone.

In her will she directed that the whole of her possessions be devoted to the erection and endowment of a home of rest for horses, but unfortunately for the object in view, it was found that owing to her lavish expenditure but little remained, far too insignificant for the project she had desired.

Fanatics innumerable have made it their object in life to circulate their own particular views on the subject of human diet. A wealthy northern manufacturer, recently deceased, was never tired of singing the praises of fruit as an article of food, writing a book and many magazine articles advocating its universal use, and that this meagre diet did not disagree with him is evidenced by the fact that he reached the advanced age of eighty nine.

Far different was the aim of an epicure who, on being left a fortune of nearly a quarter of a million, set off on a tour round the world for the sole purpose of discovering the most luxurious methods of eating and drinking. After a tour of nearly four years' duration, he returned to England with the intention of putting the result of his researches to a practical test. Three chefs were engaged direct from Paris, as well as one from Italy and a cook from Germany. The latter was engaged chiefly on account of her ability in dressing wild turkeys, of which he was passionately fond.

So extravagant was his style of living, that in a few years he had spent the whole of his fortune, and an inglorious but unique career ended in the workhouse.



Photos by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH AT TWYNING FLEET

BETWEEN W. G. SMITH, OF TEWKESBURY, AND J. SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM, FOR £10 A SIDE.
GROUP OF COMPETITORS AND SPECTATORS.

THE VILLAGE MED'SIN MAN, 1875.

[By W. B. COOPEY.]

Bin' yo' knaw an' that ther' why I dwon't b'leeve in doctors' stuff, no nor I never did, nor my feyther afore me, but what I do b'leeve in is a good owd fash'nd ramady as come down as mwost o' mine a' vrom my gran'parents. Wall, zo bein' as yo'll make a good use on 'em I'll tell ye a veaw.

Bin', zo knaw an' that ther' why traacle be a mwost won'erful cure for rheumatiz an' the rheumatics. What, meyster! bwoth on 'em the zame. No, no; why ther' yo' be, altogether o' the wrong track, I can tell ye. Now rheumatiz is when yo' gets it red an' swelled; but rheumatics is when yo' gets it into yer bwones an' joints, an' it makes yo' screech an' holler out when yo' moaves. Now traacle to do any good yo' shu'd take half-a-gallon water pwot to yer grocer's an' get 'e to 'vill 'un wi' good owd-fash'ned brown traacle, none o' yer golden serup, vor two shillin's, and take it every day, ate it on yer bread at every male an' between males, and dwon't 'ee be afeard on't. Get tired on't? Wall, I s'pose yo' 'ood, but what o' that if 'tis to do yo' good. Yo' get yer traacle an' yo' stick to't and t'll be sure to cure 'ee o' the rheumatiz, if it dwon't o' the rheumatics. Now if yo' shu'd be onlucky eruff to get hold o' the rheumatic faver, get a good big red salt 'yerrin', split 'im open an' tie 'im under the zoles o' yer 'vit, an' wear 'im as long as ever yo' can ber 'im. He'll draa' all the faver out on ye, never fear. What, meyster? Rather smelly d'ye zay. Ah! ah! ah! that ain't quite the word; for't stinks 'a fernally is nearer the mark.

Bin' yo' knaw an' that ther' now 'vor consumption there's nuthin' like turfin' if yo' taakes it in time. What's turfin'? Why, yo'

gets up yarly 'uv a bright spring marnin', yo' taakes a long knife wi' yo' an' goes into a nice sweet loamy meadow, an' up yo' digs a nice sweet raund turve, then down o' yer 'ands an' knees an' breathes the smell 'uv the fresh mew yearth into yer lungs for ten minits or a quarter 'uv an' 'our, an' if yo' ses a prayer or two while yo' be doin' on't twon't do yo' no 'arm. Then up yo' gets, 'ave a good sharp walk, an' go whoam to breksfuss—an' if that dwon't cure yo', no doctor's stuff 'ool. Aye, an' vollarin the plough 'drough the fresh turned yearth be purty nigh as good, only vokes 'on't do't.

Bin' yo' knaw, an' that ther' wall, vor biles there's Burgundy pitch. Arter the doctor 'a gin' yo' all the messes yo' likes to take, go to the chimmists an' get two pennor'th o' Burgundy pitch, make it into pills, an' take two or'dree every day, an' in a 'veaw days yo'll pitch the doctor's fizzic out o' winda', zee if yo' dwon't.

Bin' yo' knaw an' that ther' now, squitch tay be a mwost 'markable ramady 'vur bad lege, an' many a one I a' cured, not forgettin' an' ow'd aunt o' mine, who was to 'a left me a small fortin', but w'en all come to all, 'twas a second-and bed an' bedstead, an' thuck 'uns the lawyer chaps done I out on arter all. Wall, my ow'd aunt wer' over seventy years old w'en Doctor Abbey zent 'er to me, an' ses 'er, "I be a come to stop wi' yo' 'vor six weeks, an' to lie abed an' rest me leg, an' live on squitch tay and milk all the time. Dr. Abbey 'e zes as if the 'varmers knowed the valley o' squitch vor med'sin they's cultivate instead o' destroyin' on't." Wall, to bed 'er gooes, an' I and the ow'd 'ooman waited on 'er, an' I washed 'er bad leg wi' zum o' the squitch tay wi' a bit o' alum in't, an' 'er zut an' drunk nuthin' but squitch tay an' bread an' milk, an' if yo'll b'leeve me at the end o' six wicks 'er got up wi' never a speck nor blemish, an' 'er lived to be ninety years old, an' no bad leg did 'er ever 'a agen.

Then there's 'ile o' whate 'vur shingles. What's 'ile o' whate? Yo' gets a pint o' good sound whate an' takes it to the smithy, puts it in a smith's shool an' holds it over the 'vire till the 'ile runs out, then scrape that off very keerfully, put it in a box, an' wen yo' goes to bed, an' wen yo' gets up, rub it in well round yer body wer' the shingles be, an' t'll be sure to cure 'ee. But mind 'ee if the shingles do ever meet round yer body why a goner yo' be.

Bin' yo' knaw an' that ther' now, there's nobuddy knaws the valley o' mash mallards ("marsh mallows") ef yo' a got any inflammation abowt 'ee, it dwon't matter where, or your 'orses, or cows, or ship, why get zum mash mallards, stew 'um up well in a sasspan, an' bathe the place well wi' it. Aye, an' if 'tis winter time dig up the roots and stew they an' they be purty nigh as good.

Aye, then, besides, there's agrimony, centiary, wood betonny, ayriffe, sage, ground ivy, an' purty nigh every plant as grows be good for zummat or 'mother; but the doctors they dwon't want 'ee to knaw, an' they tries to pwizen 'ee purty nigh wi' theyer mixters made out o' drugs an' chimmicals, while all the while God's good yearth a got zummat ready vor 'ee if yee'll only look arter it.

Bin' yo' knaw and that there's yo' wants a Culpepper Yarbal Book to gather yer yarbs by, becos every yarb a got a rulin' planet, an' if yo' dwon't get 'um under the right planet they w'unt do 'ee haalf as much good. I der' zaay yo' dwon't b'leeve the stars o' 'eaven a got ennythin' to do wi' yarbs o' the yearth. Oh no, that's the wust on 'ee: I dwon't b'leeve this an' I dwon't b'leeve that, an' yo' be a zight too proud to larn. But I spakes from experiance, that's what I do, an' I 'vinds that's a lot better than dwon't b'leeve. But, ther', I ain't got a Culpepper, 'vor I lend 'im out, an' I lend 'im out, till at last 'e never come back, an' I dwon't knaw wer' 'e went too.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.



MR. J. SMITH SHOOTING.



MR. W. G. SMITH (WINNER) SHOOTING.

I have from time to time alluded to the great work on which Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., is busily engaged in painting, namely the Coronation picture, and I observe that the King recently gave the eminent artist another sitting, and the "Westminster Gazette" makes this very interesting reference to it:—It is a huge work, on which Mr. Abbey has been continuously engaged since 1902, and one of his chief difficulties has been in getting sitters to keep their appointments. Measuring 15 feet by 9 feet, his canvas is crowded, of course, with heads, practically every one of which will be a portrait. But Mr. Abbey is used to big canvases, and knows how to handle them. In one respect, however, his experience of very large pictures is rather curious. After several weeks' painting he finds that the canvas appears to him not like a picture in perspective, but simply like a flat surface covered with elaborate designs in colour. He cures this optical illusion usually by turning the picture to the wall for a month and taking plentiful exercise on the cycle or with the bat. For though he hails from the States, Mr. Abbey is one of the keenest members of the Artists' Cricket Club. Mr. Abbey has two studios—one at Tite-street, and the other at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. "But," he says, "I prefer the latter for its quiet freedom from interruption. There I painted the majority of my 'Grail' panels and the bulk of my other work. But Fairford has one drawback in the difficulty experienced in getting hold of suitable models down there, so that often as not I have to get them all the way from Town." Mr. Abbey's Fairford studio, by the way, measures seventy feet by forty.

The death of Mr. Frederick Gordon at Monte Carlo reminds me that he was a native of Ross, a little town just beyond the western confines of Gloucestershire, and that he was one of three men of Ross who made piles in hotels and restaurants in the latter end of last century. He was brought up to law, but some forty years ago luckily forsook his birthplace and the legal profession and joined his brother Alexander, who had been a clerk in the Gloucestershire Bank at Gloucester, in running the Crosby Hall restaurant in London. Their relative, the late Mr. Thomas Blake, for some time Liberal M.P. for the Dean Forest Division, I have always understood was financially associated with them. At all events, Frederick was the leading spirit in the formation and conduct of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, and also in the Frederick Hotels, Limited, whose houses are quite luxurious public palaces in several parts of the world. Mr. Alexander Gordon (who died a few years ago) did not in his prosperity forget his association with Gloucester and its City Rifles, of which he was once a member. This I know, for I was one of the first who saw in Gloucester the challenge cup that he, when colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, kindly sent for the annual shooting competition by his old corps. It happened that I was spending the evening with the captain of the corps at his house when the box containing the cup arrived and I have a lively recollection of the gallant officer's expressions of delight and gratitude at unexpectedly receiving so handsome a trophy.

I must express my regret that the Lord Chancellor has not sanctioned the excellent proposal that was submitted to him for an amalgamation of the two small livings of Elmore and Longney, near the county town. The latter, which is a Crown benefice, fell vacant through the resignation of the Rev. E. R. Nussey, after holding it since 1865. The net annual income is £120, and the population numbers 313. The living of Elmore, the adjoining parish, is £100 a year and the population 340. There was thought to be an excellent opportunity to join these two parishes together with advantage for Church purposes and also provide the vicar of Elmore with a more decent income. I understand that Sir William Guise, the patron of Elmore, was strongly in favour of the union.

GLEANNER.

An example of how to take advantage of the opportunities which fate presents was afforded at West Bromwich last Friday by Mrs. Jane Whetstone, the widow who appeared as the plaintiff at the Birmingham Assizes in a breach of promise action, and was awarded a farthing damages. In the window of her tobacco shop was displayed the victorious farthing, with the "Mizpah" ring presented by the widower, and by way of warning were the words—"Ladies, beware. 'Mizpah' is an unlucky name for engagement rings." On the window was a large poster with the injunction, "Try our breach of promise cigars, threepence." The police had to clear the pavement of the amused crowd, and there was a great run on the breach of promise cigars. Mrs. Whetstone, at the instigation of the police, removed the articles and papers from her window and closed the shop at an early hour. On Saturday morning, when the place was opened, it presented its ordinary appearance.



Great alarm has been caused at the Delph, Brierley-hill, Staffs., by a serious mining subsidence, part of a laundry attached to a main building being engulfed to a depth of six yards. Only a few days ago a horse and cart were swallowed up in the same locality.

Oscar Leonard, of Philadelphia, who was born without a nose, has submitted to a remarkable operation to replace the missing feature. After the anæsthetics had been administered, Leonard's face was laid open in triangular shape from a point between the eyes. Then the nail of his little finger was removed, the skin lifted, and the finger inserted in the opening in the face at an angle which would provide a base for the building of a new nose. As soon as the skin of the finger had been fastened to the skin of the face, Leonard's body was put in a grip-like plaster of Paris cast, so that the finger would not be jarred out of place. The first part of the operation was then complete. In a sitting position Leonard is immovable, and in that position he will remain for three weeks. Then, if the grafting is a success, the finger will be amputated, Leonard's arm liberated, and the new nose built over the grafted finger. The nostrils will be made over a frame of silver tubes inserted under the fingerbone frame.



Preaching on Sunday to members of the Church Army in Brunswick Chapel, the Warden of the Settlement in South London for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals said cruelty to an animal was a sin of greater heinousness than drunkenness or thieving.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

◆ ◆ ◆
[By "ARIEL."]

SIDE-SLIP TRIALS.

One of the most interesting tests in connection with the side-slip trials that are being promoted by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland will be the running of the competing cars down hill by gravity, both with and without the devices fitted, and then measuring the distances between the stopping places in each case. Points will be given for ease of attachment and for price. The device which gives the best control of a car, whether against side-slipping of the front or back wheels, or against forward skidding, will be deemed the best.

HINTS FOR THE NOVICE ON SELECTING A SECOND-HAND MOTOR-BICYCLE.

There are always at this time of the year a large number of people who invest in second-hand motors. Also there are people who possess motors which are not altogether in good condition, and which the owners desire to part from. An expert's advice is really necessary when even a bicycle is purchased; how much more so then when a motor-propelled vehicle is purchased. An expert's advice is, however, not always obtainable, so I give the following hints, in the hope that they will be found useful to cyclists who are taking a step upward and investing in second-hand motor-cycles. The engine is of course the most important point, and should be tested first. The driving belt should be removed, and the motor pulley turned round by hand. It should prove a difficult matter to overcome the compression on the upward stroke of the piston. If the motor pulley can be quite easily turned round again and again, the compression of the engine is bad. Next the pulley should be tried for up and down movement. This should be scarcely noticeable if the bearings are in good condition. If the movement up and down is great, the motor is probably an old one, and should be rejected. A small amount of side-play is allowable. The two foregoing tests will satisfy the prospective purchaser as to the condition of the engine. The electrical details of the machine should now be looked at. The coil should be tested for its spark-producing power. To do this, detach the high-tension wire (which can always be known from its size) from the sparking plug, remove the cover from the contact-breaker, insert the plug in its socket, and move the trembler-blade up and down, at the same time holding the high-tension wire close to some part of the engine. A stream of sparks should pass between the end of the wire and the metal of the engine. This test will show that the coil is working satisfactorily. The accumulator should be examined, also the sparking-plug. A good test of the condition of the machine can be made by trying the wheel bearings for looseness and rattle. This point is very important. The condition of the tyres should be noted. This is not so very essential, as it is easy to have the tyres re-rubbered if worn badly. Finally, a word of warning about horse-power. When motor-cycles were first introduced, 1½ h.-p. was the standard. Now we have motor-bicycles fitted with engines of from 2 h.-p. to 6 h.-p. I would strongly advise the prospective motor-cyclist to be content, at least until experience has been gained, with at most 2 h.-p. This will take him along on the level at more than legal limit, and it will be rare to find a hill insurmountable with slight pedal assistance. This power will also tow a trailer. I have travelled many miles on a 2 h.-p. machine towing a trailer and passenger. It is no joke to put a novice on a 3 h.-p. machine capable of its 35 miles an hour. The worst point about these high-powered machines is the weight. I weighed recently a well-known machine of 2½ h.-p. Its weight came out at slightly over 182lbs. A machine of this weight can be troublesome. A good number of people have given up the sport in disgust owing solely to the fact of starting with high-powered heavy machines. The novice will be well advised to leave these monsters to the experienced motor-cyclist. I should be only too pleased to be of any assistance to the novice in the selection of a suitable mount.



MISS ELLEN TERRY,
AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

CARRYING SPARE PLUGS.

It is a great mistake to carry spare sparking-plugs loose in the tool bag. When needed they will probably be found to have the porcelain cracked or the points broken. Each plug should be carried in its proper case.

POSITION OF THE SILENCER.

We hear a great deal of discussion as to the best position for a motor-cycle engine, but not much as regards the best position for the silencer. In my opinion it should be as near the engine as possible, should be of large dimensions, should be as subdivided as possible, and should have the outlet holes pointing in the opposite direction to which the machine is travelling. It is a curious thing that so little attention should be paid to this most important question of silencing. It is simply the awful noise some machines make which renders motors so obnoxious to the non-motoring public.

LIGHT AND THE LENS.

The amateur should always be very careful to select the best position as regards lighting when taking ordinary outdoor photographs. If the light is directly in front of the lens, the plate on development will be found to be fogged. A means of preventing this is by the employment of some form of sky shade to the lens. Many photographers often obtain very fine photographs with a front light. A plate should never be exposed with the light coming from behind the camera. This position will give a very flat picture, the same all over, with no variety of light and shade. For all ordinary work the camera should be so placed that the light comes from either the right or left side. This is the first point to look for when erecting the camera.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on this subject.]

Miss Eyres, of Dumbleton Hall, has recently acquired the Great Washbourne estate in Gloucestershire, adjoining her Dumbleton property.

POETRY.

SPRING.

Hail to the Spring! let the glad welcome ring,
Over moorland, wood, meadow, and dale;
Wave a parting farewell to bleak winter's chill
spell,
With its frost, snow, and blustering gale.
List to the song, softest breeze bears along,
Of the lark and the thrush on yon tree.
Do their hearts leap for joy, sordid care cannot
cloy?
May they drive it from you and from me.
Beautiful flowers, come forth from your bowers,
Where imprisoned too long ye have stayed;
And ye varied-hued buds, burst your green, leafy
hoods,
We would see you in beauty arrayed.
Stroll by the stream, watch it sparkle and gleam,
As the sunlight flits, dances, and plays
O'er its clear, limpid breast—on each tiny wave
crest
Dropping bright liquid gems, while it stays.
Hail balmy Spring! let the welcome we sing
Be re-echoed with answering call,
And thy coming inspire my soul with desire
To praise the Great Giver of all.

—J. Greaves.

Colesborne, March 21, 1904.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OF HIS YOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir, The enclosed extract from a letter from E. K. Robinson, the talented author of "To-day with Nature" in "Daily Mail" and projector of the "Countryside" penny paper, will interest many Cheltonians;—"Gloucestershire, especially Leckhampton and Birdlip, was the happy hunting ground of my youth. I love every milestone on the road from Cheltenham to Birdlip. In my book 'To-day with Nature' there is a chapter on Birdlip, revisited after thirty years."

W. B. STRUGNELL.

Co-Ed. "Fauna and Flora of Gloucestershire," March 27, 1904.

VENDETTA.

* * *

[By A. T. STAMFORD.]

My name is Owen—Edgar Owen; my profession barrister-at-law. The incident I am about to relate happened many years ago, but for reasons which will shortly become obvious, I have refrained from any mention of it all the while.

I was staying at the time in question in Switzerland—at the Hotel Mont Rosa—recruiting after an unusually long spell of hard work. I had been there several times before, it being, in fact, my favourite summer resort, and I should have enjoyed my visit as much as ever but for the event I shall now endeavour to describe, which cast a gloom over the latter part of it.

The guests at the hotel were as usual numerous and varied, and a description of most of them would be of little interest. Two only I shall introduce as being of chief importance, without whom this story would never have been written.

One of these two, tall, well-built, sturdy, and vigorous, with a hard, brutal cast of features; the other, shorter, less broad, and generally of much slighter build, with glossy black hair, and a countenance almost feminine.

The first (Hunt was his name) possessed of great wealth—exaggerated by the gossips into millions—and assuming a lofty air and condescending manner; the other (whose name I have never learnt) quiet, unpretentious, apparently owning but a modest income; always, in fact, suggesting to me the idea of a poet, come to seek inspiration from the Alps. Yet these two men became associated one with the other in such a way as to cause to be played the strange drama with which I have become connected.

I was seated on the lawn one evening, quite alone, devouring a novel which had aroused my interest, when, happening to look up for a moment, my eyes turned in the direction of the hotel. Upon one of the verandahs, with his back to me, was standing a figure I could not mistake, none other, in fact, than the young "poet." He was, as far as I could see, fingering abstractedly a syphon of soda water on one of the small tables, and, as I looked, he turned, and went indoors through one of the open windows. I was about to return to my novel when I observed another form appear at another window and advance on to the verandah; and I saw at once that it was Hunt, the millionaire, in person. He walked to the table above mentioned and sat down. There was certainly nothing extraordinary about this, so, without taking any more notice of the verandah and its occupant, I continued reading. I little thought that, even as I read, a tragedy was being enacted within so short a distance of me. I will not devote time and space to details, most of them of little importance: suffice it that after reading for about half an hour my attention was again attracted to the verandah by reason of a great noise which suddenly arose in that direction. I looked up, and beheld people rushing through the windows and crowding around some object I could not see, while waiters and servants were hurrying frantically to and fro. I immediately hastened indoors to ascertain what was the matter, and at last managed to gather from the agitated domestics that the dead body of Hunt, the millionaire, had been found extended on the floor of the verandah. A doctor soon arrived upon the scene, and after a brief examination declared that death was due to poison, which had been administered in a glass of soda water found on the table near which the dead man had fallen.

That night the "suicide at the Hotel Mont Rosa" caused general consternation, especially among the guests, who were all much affected by it. For myself, words cannot describe my agitation. An idea had taken possession of me, a vague and terrible suspicion haunted me, and allowed me no rest. That night I had not a moment's sleep, and the next day my thoughts still centred on that one idea, so that in the evening I determined to ascertain whether or no my suspicion was justifiable. After dinner I singled out my young fellow guest, and casually requesting a moment's conversation led the way to my room.

I entered last, and, turning round, not only shut the door, but locked it. My companion naturally looked surprised and, I thought, rather alarmed.

"It is necessary to take this precaution, sir," I explained, "I should not wish our conversation to be interrupted."

"By all means," he replied quietly, "but may I inquire your motive for all this?" "I will soon explain it, sir," I answered. "You are, of course, aware of the cause of the general confusion now prevalent at this house?"

"You refer to the death of our wealthy visitor, Signor Hunt?"

"Exactly, and you are also, I presume, in full possession of the details."

"Certainly." "It is generally recognised that Mr. Hunt died of poison, self-administered, but I, to come to the point, have reason to think otherwise; I believe him to have been a victim to another's design, in short, I believe he was murdered."

Really, Signor," replied the youth, "but how does this affect me?"

"In this way, sir; I happened to be seated on the lawn last night, and distinctly beheld you standing on the verandah beside the table on which the fatal sodawater stood, not five minutes before Mr. Hunt came to the same place."

My companion, who had hitherto been calm and collected, now turned very pale, and I feared he was going to faint. I continued:—

"I have brought you here to-night, sir, to beg of you to give me some explanation which shall free my mind from a terrible suspicion."

For a while the youth stood still, no doubt unable to speak. Then, in a hoarse voice, he said, "And if I cannot give one, Signor, what then?"

It was, then, as I feared, this being a tacit acknowledgment of guilt.

"In that case, sir," I replied, "my duty is clear, namely to report the matter to the authorities, and let them deal with it."

"Signor," cried the youth huskily, "I implore you to revoke that decision. This deed of mine is no murder, it is but justice. There are circumstances—"

"All this," I interrupted, "you may explain to the proper persons, and all will doubtless be given due consideration."

"But hear me, Signor, let me narrate some part of my story to you—"

I again interrupted him. It may appear cold-hearted to many, but the youth was certainly a murderer, and I had little respect for such, having come in contact with several. He, however, finding he could gain nothing by argument, resolved to act. He raised his hands, and rapidly ran them through his hair, when, to my utter amazement, thick luxuriant, black tresses fell upon his shoulders, and he stood there in the light, his sex revealed to my astonished eyes.

"A woman!" was all I could ejaculate. "Yes, signor," replied the apparition before me, "a woman; and one who begs that you will listen to her history, before harshly condemning her actions."

The whole face of things seemed to be changed. With an effort I begged her to proceed.

"Signor," she said, "I will but give you a brief outline of the events which lead to the late tragedy, but I am sure it will be sufficient. I am by parentage a Corsican, though born in one of the wildest parts of Brazil, where my father owned a small sugar plantation. My mother died during my infancy, and I and my father were thus left alone to each other. One day, one fatal day—although we little thought so at the time—my father discovered at a place not far from the plantation, a large and glittering diamond, and on digging still further at the same spot, he unearthed a number of others. Delighted with this good fortune, he set out at once in a caravan, with six stalwart men as guard, to the nearest town to deposit the diamonds in a safe place, leaving his overseer in charge of the plantation. He left me at 5 o'clock in the evening, his usual hour for starting for the town, and I little thought as I said 'Good-bye' to him, that I should never see him alive



Drawn by Frank H. Keveren, Charlton Kings.

NO POLL.

"Ugh! wot shall us poor 'ard-workin' chaps do for a free drink?"

again. It was about 8 o'clock that night, when I came down from my room, where I had been all the time, and walked out of doors. I passed through the yard, and was surprised at finding it empty—no one about. I walked on and on, still encountering nobody, and I began to feel uneasy. I quickened my step and soon reached the plantation. Imagine my horror at finding it quite deserted! I realised everything—all was plain; the overseer had incited the blacks to follow my father in a body and obtain possession of the diamonds! I stayed no longer, but turning, fled in the direction he had gone. I might be in time to warn him! There was a chance, though a small one, that he might be saved. I flew over the ground; I knew a footpath across the vast swampy district which he, with the caravan, would have to go round, and along this path I hastened at the top of my speed. Ah! signor, it was all in vain; I only found the caravan torn, wrecked completely, and around it the bodies of my father, his guard, and a score of blacks whom they had killed."

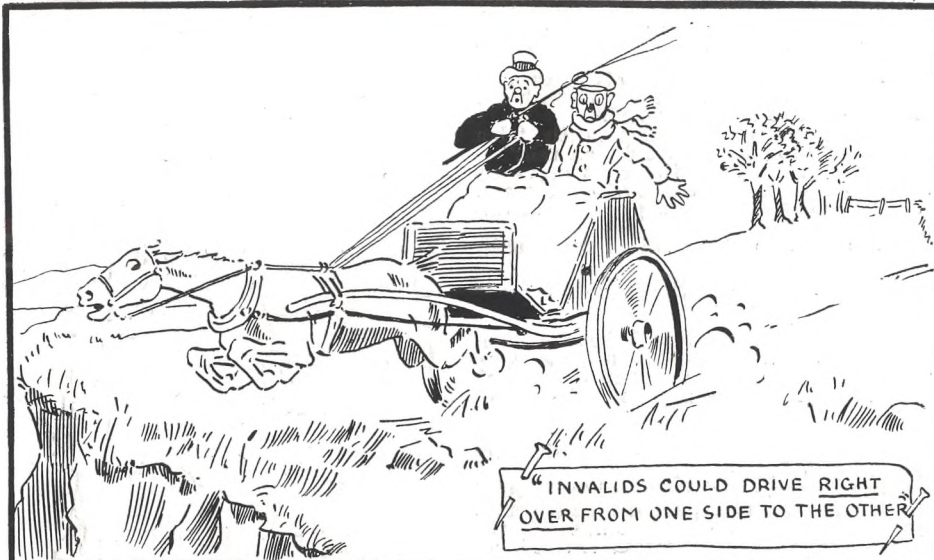
My companion paused, as if overcome by the recital. After a while she continued, "Little more need be told. All the murderers were soon captured—save one, and he—the overseer—escaped with all the treasure that had caused the tragedy. He escaped; but not for ever. I have sought for him twelve long months, and in masculine attire have wandered from place to place, until at last I found him here. The rest, signor, you know; I, a Corsican, have carried out my vendetta against him! Now, signor; do you condemn me, do you still call me murderess?"

The recital had greatly affected me. "No," I answered huskily, "a thousand times no."

"Then, signor, permit me to depart. I have resolved to enter a convent, and devote the rest of my life to religion. Let me go, signor, and you nor anyone else shall ever see me again."

I knew not what to say, therefore I said nothing, but merely unlocked the door, and allowed her to pass.

To-day I have received a telegram informing me of her death within the walls of a convent, and thus it is I am at last presenting my story to the world.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

"IF THE CORPORATION WERE TO BUY LECKHAMPTON HILL!"

SOME OF THE PLEASURES SUGGESTED IN A RECENT LETTER IN THE "GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO."

"The law is a wonderful thing," philosophised a City man as he alighted from a train at Waterloo the other morning. "It qualifies him who knows to disorganise even the working of a great railway." And he gazed admiringly at a squat little man who tripped nimbly along the platform by the side of a harassed-looking inspector. When the two reached the barrier the little man handed the inspector a first-class ticket, bowed gravely, and hailed a hansom. "He has done that every week-day morning for two years," said the official, drawing a hand wearily across his brow. "Done what?" he was asked. "Refused to give up his ticket at Vauxhall," he explained. "You see the gentleman is a lawyer. We collect the tickets of all 'up' passengers at Vauxhall, but he knows that we are not legally entitled to claim them until the passengers have completed the journey for which they have paid. 'Suppose,' he argues, 'an accident happened to the train between Vauxhall and Waterloo and I was injured or killed. Having no ticket I should be legally a trespasser on the railway, and the company could refuse to pay compensation.' So," added the inspector, "I have to travel up with him every morning to Waterloo to collect his ticket when he alights. Nor will he part with it until he reaches the barrier. He refuses to take a season ticket in order that he can teach us the law," as he puts it. I am thankful that all our passengers are not lawyers."

"Public Opinion" gives a story which shows that Admiral Alexeieff is not deficient in the art of repartee. In 1880 the Admiral was captain in command of the cruiser Africa, and the raconteur tells how he was permitted by the Russian Government to accompany the vessel to England.

"The desired information having been given him, the man glanced round with admiration at the spotless decks and perfect appointments of the ship; then suddenly turning to me in a confidential whisper (pointing to the crew) said: 'They're Rooshians, ain't they?' I answered 'Yes,' and inquired how he guessed the fact. 'By the smell of 'em!' he replied, stolidly. Seeing me smile, Captain Alexeieff begged me to explain what had transpired, and on my interpreting, laughed heartily (as did also the other officers grouped around), and remarking that, 'as the British Lion had such a nice sense of smell, it should surely be allied to an equally critical sense of taste,' sent the young giant on his way rejoicing with a jar of vodka to drink the health of the Russian Bear."

The rest of the story may be told in the narrator's own words: "On getting into British waters we were overtaken by a dense fog, necessitating our remaining almost stationary. When the fog lifted we discovered a small fishing smack, manned by two typical

North Sea fishermen, who signalled their wish to be taken aboard. The order was at once given, and one of the men was speedily taken on deck. As I was the only one on the Africa who could speak English, I was called upon to act as interpreter, and learnt that in the fog they had become separated from the rest of the fleet, and wanted to study the chart to ascertain their bearings.

A postcard, posted in Swindon on April 16, 1872, has just reached the addressee's son, having taken thirty-two years to arrive at its destination, which is considerably less than a mile from the place where it was posted. Both sender and the man to whom the letter was addressed have been dead for many years.

General Macdonald's column, in its advance through Tibet, has reached Phari. The advance to Gyantse will be carried out by about 3,500 men, with six guns.

On Saturday, at the Doré Gallery, was exhibited for the first time to the public the largest photograph in the world. It depicts a panorama of the Bay of Naples, and is the largest picture ever produced by the agency of light on a single sheet of paper. It measures 39ft. in length and five feet in height, printed on a single piece of bromide paper.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 170.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:

Miss Ellen Terry & Co.

IN

"Much Ado About Nothing."

NEXT WEEK:

MR. WILFRID COTTON'S COMPANY IN

"The Light That Failed" and

"Mice and Men."

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS ON MAY 2nd.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

The last days of entry for forthcoming Examinations at the CHELTENHAM CENTRE are as under, viz.:—

MAY 25TH for M.K. (Theory), June, 1904.

JUNE 20TH, for "Practical," July, 1904.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham, from whom the Current Syllabus may be obtained.

The visit to Cheltenham this week of the Chaplain-General of the Forces (Bishop Taylor-Smith) for the purpose of unveiling in the College Chapel a reredos erected to the memory of old Cheltonians who fell in South Africa is a reminder that since its foundation, sixty-four years ago, this famous educational establishment has supplied the army with many officers of distinction. During the second Afghan war, for example, no fewer than sixteen Cheltenham boys lost their lives; whilst among those spared throughout the campaign was Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Baker, one of Lord Roberts's most intimate friends. Speaking at a College function in 1894, our gallant Field-Marshal described Sir Thomas Baker as a very able officer, and one of his most trusted commanders; and, proceeding to refer to Lieutenant-General Sir James Browne, who was also educated at Cheltenham, as another old friend, his lordship added: "He did most excellent work at Candahar, and this he was enabled to do by being extremely well informed on most subjects, and particularly by his being a remarkable linguist. So well did he speak the language that many Afghans firmly believed that he had lived among them in disguise."

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Photo by Russell and Sons, Windsor and London.

BISHOP TAYLOR-SMITH,

Chaplain-General of the Forces,

WHO UNVEILED THE REREDOS AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.



CAXTON.



CHANTREY.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



HANDEL.



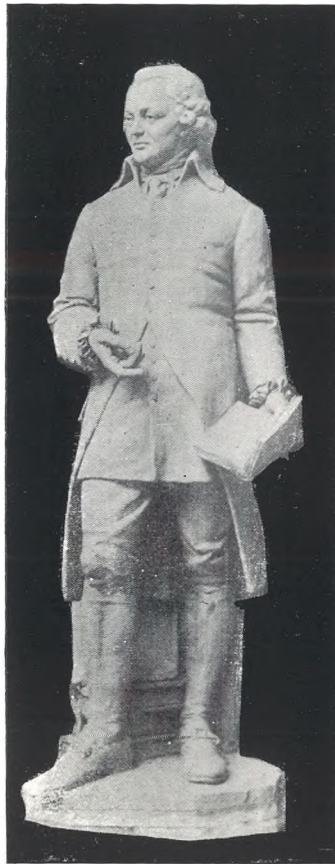
SHAKESPEARE



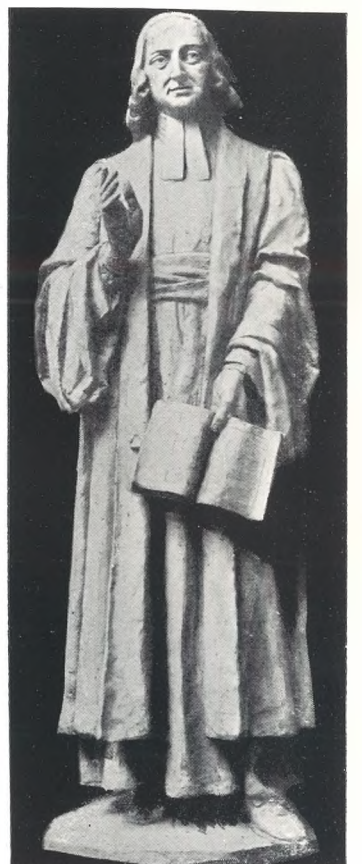
SIR ISAAC NEWTON



JOHN KEBLE.



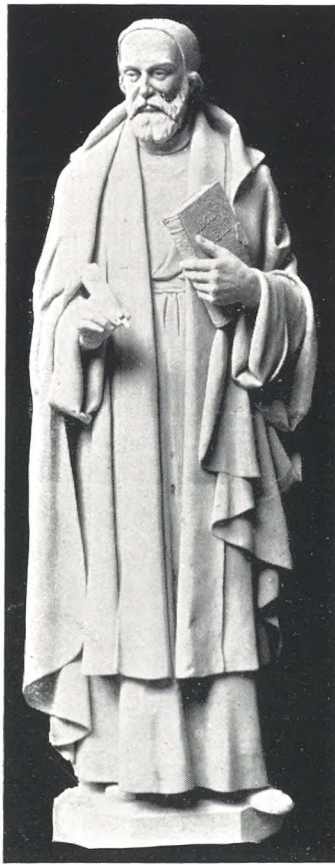
ROBERT RAIKES.



JOHN WESLEY.



THOMAS A BECKET.



WILLIAM TYNDALE.



DR. ARNOLD.



Photo by Parsons, Cheltenham. NEW REREDOS IN CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL (Completion of the O.C. South African War Memorial).



GENERAL GORDON.



LIVINGSTONE.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.



KING ALFRED.



SIMON DE MONTFORT.



DR. JENNER.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



A HARNET ZET IN A HOLLUR TREE,
 A PROPER SPITEFUL TSWOD WAS HE;
 AND A MERRILY ZUNG WHILE HE DID ZET
 HIS STINGE AS SHEARP AS A BAGGANET,
 "OH, WHO SO VINE AND BOWLD AS I,
 I VEARS NOT BEE, NOR WASPE, NOR VLY!"

A BITTLE UP THUCK TREE DID CLIM,
 AND SKORNFULLY DID LOOK AT HIM;
 ZAYS HE, "ZUR HARNET, WHO GIV THEE
 A RIGHT TO ZET IN THUCK THERE TREE?
 VOR AEL YOU ZENGES ZO NATION VINE,
 I TELL 'E 'TIS A HOUSE O' MINE."



THE HARNETS CONSCIENCE
 FELT A TWINGE,
 BUT GRAWIN' BOWLD W
 HIS LONG STINGE,
 ZAYS HE "POSSESSIONS THE
 BEST LAAW;
 ZO HERE TH' SMA'SNT PUT
 A CLAAW!
 BE OFF, AND LEAVE THE TREE
 TO ME,
 THE MIXEN'S GOOD ENOUGH
 FOR THEE!"

JUST THEN A YUCKLE
 PASSING BY
 WAS AXED BY THEM THE
 CAUSE TO TRY:
 "HA! HA! I ZEE HOW 'TIS!"
 ZAYS HE,
 "THEY'LL MAKE A VAMOUS
 MUNCH VOR ME."
 HIS BILL WAS SHEARP, HIS
 STOMACH LEAR,
 ZO UP A SNAPPED THE
 CADDLIN PAIR!

MORAL
 YOU'LL VIND THY'LL ALLUS ZAR'E ZO;
 YOU'LL MEET THE VATE O THESE HERE TWO
 THEY'LL TAKE YOUR CWOAT AND CARCASS TO

Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

Words taken from legends, tales, and songs in the dialect of the peasantry of Gloucestershire.

Note.—A yuckle is a green woodpecker.

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.

The winner of the 169th competition is Mr. T. Pounsett, 22 Naunton Park-terrace, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 80th competition is Mr. W. C. Robson, of Beverley, Langdon-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 62nd prize has been awarded to Miss Marie Noyes, 15 Lansdown-crescent, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. P. Cox at Christ Church.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

We have received a considerable number of "literary efforts" for our "original composition" prize; but probably owing to the lassitude caused by the holidays they do not attain a particularly high standard of merit or interest. We have decided to divide the prize between Miss Thomson, Bilbrook House, Cheltenham, for her short story "An Easter Incident," and Mr. J. R. Dixon, Field Lodge, College-road, Cheltenham, for his "Side-lights on a Unique Profession." Contributors of short stories should strive after greater "point" in their narratives; some of them begin fairly well, but they generally come to a weak climax.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

PICTURE POST-CARD OF REREDOS AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A splendid picture post-card of the above is now on sale at the "Echo" and "Chronicle" Offices, Cheltenham. Price—One Penny Each.



CHELTENHAM . . .
 COLLEGE—Eleanor
 Cross (First portion
 of the South African
 War Memorial, un-
 veiled by the late
 Gen. Sir. A. Power
 Palmer on June 26,
 1903).

The Chaplain-General to the Forces, the Right Rev. Bishop J. Taylor-Smith, D.D., was formerly Canon and Sub-Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Sierra Leone, and afterwards succeeded Bishop Ingham as Bishop of Sierra Leone, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) conferring upon him the Lambeth degree of D.D. Bishop Taylor-Smith accompanied General Sir Francis Scott to Kumassi (Ashanti Bronze Star) and brought home messages to the Queen from Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died from the effects of the climate. He was afterwards made Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, and her Majesty personally conferred on him the Jubilee Medal during his stay at Windsor.



MAJOR A. K. ABBOTT, of Cheltenham,
DIED MARCH 19, 1904, AGED 59.



MR. GEORGE D. HAWLING, of Cheltenham.
DIED MARCH 26, 1904, AGED 34.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Photo by T. Pounsett, Cheltenham

THE MILL INN, PRESTBURY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the great number of pictures in this week's Art Supplement, all the usual special literary articles are transferred to the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

The Rev. Canon Rivington, vicar of St. Mary's, Warwick, and formerly a curate of Tewkesbury Abbey, writing to the "Musical Times" concerning the Milton organ, one of the most prized reliques in that ancient fabric, says: "After the organ was removed from the screen across the Abbey—in which position the famous Dr. S. S. Wesley had played upon it—it was first set up on the north side of the nave in the aisle. The Abbey, at that time being under restoration, was divided into two by a boarding which reached from the ground to the roof of the church. The choir was restored first, and then the organ was placed against the south wall of the south transept. When the choir stalls were to be set in their place, across the entrance to the north and south transepts from the choir, the organ had to be again moved to a more suitable position. Mr. Thomas Collins, the well-known builder at Tewkesbury, now passed away, moved the organ bodily across the Abbey from the south transept wall to its *then* position just above the north choir stalls. It was most cleverly done by means of screw-jacks, a wonderful feat on the part of Mr. Collins. I remember seeing the organ at rest in the very centre of the choir, all crooked as regards its position, like a piece of furniture which had been moved to be dusted!"

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 171.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
MR. WILFORD COTTON'S COMPANY IN
"Mice and Men" and
"The Light that Failed."
NEXT WEEK:—
MR. H. ARTHUR JONES'S Brilliant Comedy,
"JOSEPH ENTANGLED."
USUAL PRICES.

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS ON MAY 2nd.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

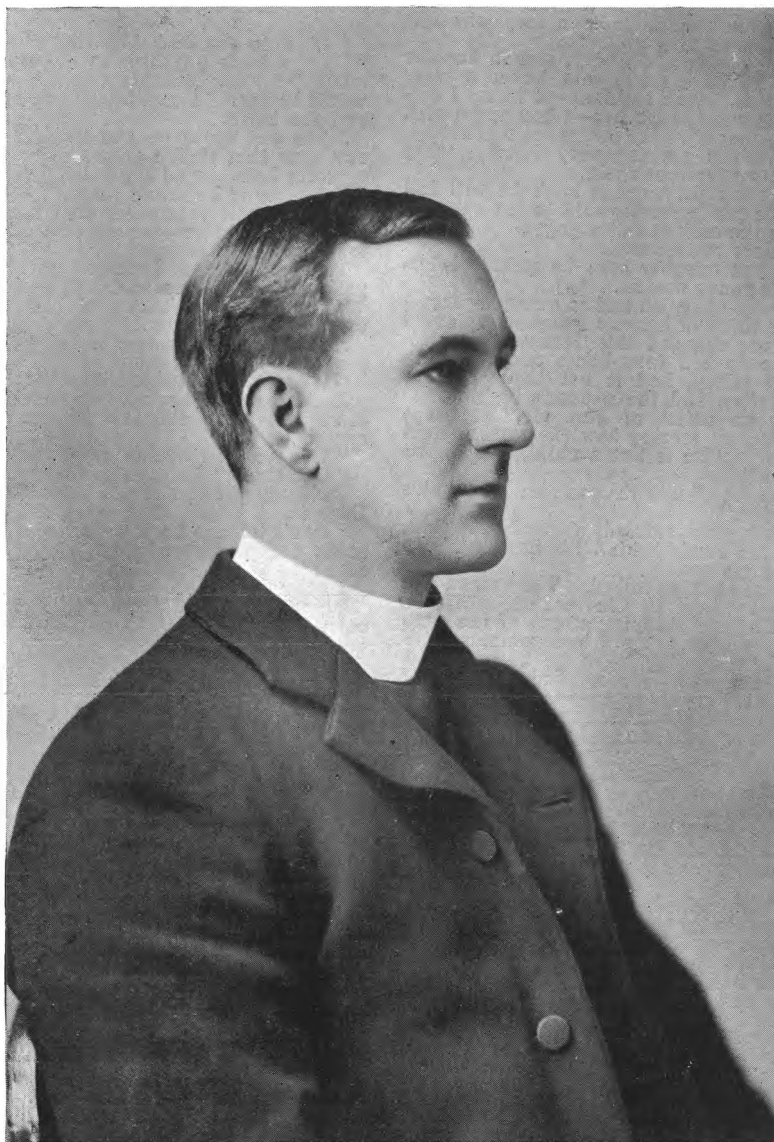
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.
The last days of entry for forthcoming Examinations at the CHELTENHAM CENTRE are as under, viz.:—

MAY 25TH for M.K. (Theory), June, 1904.
JUNE 20TH, for "Practical," July, 1904.

Local Secretary, Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS, 7
Clarence Square Cheltenham, from whom the
Current Syllabus may be obtained.

When the war broke out the Japanese had already engaged transports to the number of 110, with a tonnage exceeding 400,000. These were mostly vessels belonging to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha or smaller Japanese shipping companies. Since then numerous foreign steamships have been purchased outright, and most of the British lines trading to the Far East have seized the opportunity to weed out the older boats in their fleets, greatly to the advantage of their shareholders. Some of these under a Japanese name will no doubt be used to complete the "bottling" of Port Arthur.

• * •
They had been to see Sandow, had missed the train, and were walking home along the canal bank. "Duw, an' he is a wonderful man. I believe, Dai, he could chuck me right over the cut, if he tried." Nothing wonderful about that. I could do that," replied Dai. "Bet you a bob you can't." "Bet you a bob I can." Done. So Dai rolled up his sleeves and, catching hold of Billa, made a gallant attempt. Result: Billa fell into the middle of the canal and came out spluttering and exclaiming: "You've lost, Dai. Where's the bob?" "No fear," replied Dai, "I'll do it if I try all night." Left trying.



REV. F. B. MACNUTT, M.A.,
THE NEW VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, CHELTENHAM.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE BREAD OF HIS ENEMY.

A WAR VIGNETTE.

[BY RICHARD GLOUCESTER.]

We had at last succeeded in breaking up the gang of daring train-wreckers who had for so long played havoc with our lines of communication. Having caught sight of them, the captain of our troop spared neither horse nor man till he had ridden them down. They had died game, every man of them; and in a hot fight the captain himself had shot their leader through the head. But now, after sleeping on it, we found ourselves miles from anywhere and just dying for a square meal. However, there was none to be had, so we tightened our belts instead, and rode away under a blazing sun, keeping a keen look-out for a village we had passed the previous day.

Eventually it rose into sight, and we soon scattered ourselves among the different houses in search of food, of which there seemed to be no lack here. Four of us, including the captain, struck the same place—the two men and I sat down at once to what was to be had, but for him the woman very willingly prepared something more tasty.

She was young and pretty, and in happier times must have made this home a very happy place. Two children—of whom I surmised she was the mother—a boy and a girl, had disappeared in the corners as we entered. Seeing we did nothing very terrible, they began to venture out again.

"When my papa comes back he will kill you!" the boy presently said to the captain, who was the only one disengaged.

The officer was amused.

"Jan, you naughty boy; be quiet!" interposed the young woman.

The words—English and so common-place—made me think of home. Imagination could easily have changed this Transvaal habitation into an old farm-house nestling in a Cotswold valley, had it not been for our khaki clothes and the weapons beside us.

"Take no notice of him, sir," said the young woman, fearing how the words would be taken. "He is but a child, and knows no better."

"Never fear," was the answer; "I admire his courage."

The youngster refused a proffered coin, putting his hands behind his back with an emphatic gesture.

While we ate they talked. The woman had met her husband in Cheltenham, while he was in England studying at one of the agricultural colleges. Love and marriage followed their meeting, then he had brought her out here, where they had lived very happily until red war began to stalk ferociously through the land.

"Where is your husband now?" asked the captain.

The woman looked at him with frightened eyes. Her position as an Englishwoman having a husband fighting against her native country possessed untold danger in her sight.

"On commando, sir," she said at last, with quivering lips, and in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"Ah!" he replied.

The meal being then ready, he set to without further remark.

For quite a time there was no other sound to be heard in the house but the noise made by knife and fork. However, as all good things—and I number this meal among the good things of my life—come sooner or later to an end, so did this.

We took our rifles and went out. I remained at the door. I heard them talking about the price of the food.

In answer to the captain, the woman said she made no charge, she gave all freely for love of the old country.

"No, no, my good woman," was the reply. "We prefer to pay for what we take, and thus destroy the bad opinions of us that seem to prevail."

"I have a price I would gladly fix—a price greater to me than gold and silver—but perhaps you—"

"Name it," he interrupted.

"Out there," she said, waving her hand to the far-spreading veldt with a pathetic movement, "I have a—is my husband."

"Yes."

"If you should meet him—if he should fall into your hands, remember this day. I feel sure that, in the end, you must win. I don't wish you to do anything counter to your duty as a loyal soldier," she added quickly. "I only ask, should he come into your hands, that you will not forget you have this day eaten his bread."

"I gladly promise you this," said the captain. Then he added—

"But the country is large—I may never meet him; and I should not know him if I did."

"There he is," said the woman.

I swung round into the room at these words, to find that, instead of the man in the flesh, it was his portrait of which she was speaking—a life-size picture that hung over the fireplace. The sun was throwing a strong reflected light into the room, and every line of the framed head and shoulders seemed full of life.

The captain glanced at it, then went one step nearer. He stood gazing for a moment, then turned away. Picking up his helmet he came to the door, with the woman close behind.

"Why do you look like that?" she cried. "Do you know anything of him?"

Did he know anything of him? What would he say? I could have wept for him—and for her.

Again and again we had heard from their own men that their authorities never issued casualty lists. And I wondered if he would tell her, or if he would keep silence and let her wait—wait year after year for one who would never return—for one who would never take her in his arms again.

The woman and I waited painfully and patiently for his answer. It came.

"I do know something of him," he said very slowly. "I saw him yesterday."

He had not the courage to tell her—he was postponing the evil moment.

"Where?" she asked, impatiently.

Brushing past her almost rudely, he put some money on the table, then came out again.

"Where?" the woman asked once more.

"Out there," he answered vaguely.

Suddenly she saw it all, but could not believe it.

"Don't tell me he is dead," she implored, going a step nearer. "He can't be dead so soon!"

I turned away.

"Yes, he is dead," the captain said, very calmly. Then he burst out in a voice that made me start—

"May God forgive me, woman, I shot him dead yesterday. But I didn't know—how could I?"

She made him no answer, but reaching out her hands to the rolling veldt that stretched away to the sky-line, cried—

"Joel, my beloved, will you never come back to me?" Then almost in a whisper, the intense pathos of which made my heart ache—"Never, never, never!"

"Sergeant," said the captain to me, as he watched the woman enter the house, "this isn't war—it's hell, it's hell!"

I saw tears in his eyes as he lifted himself into the saddle, but there was no time for sentiment. In a few minutes we were riding away to join the main column.



A FATAL MISTAKE.

[BY A. T. STAMFORD.]

The battle was over, and the wild and rugged expanse of Marston Moor was covered with the bodies of men, wounded, dying, or dead. Except for them the place was all deserted; 'tis true the soldiers of the Parliament were encamped but a short distance off, but on the battlefield itself no warrior stood, no grim combatant flourished sword or spear, and no fierce war-cry sounded in the air, as it had done a little while before. All had departed now, leaving the stricken heroes there alone; and a death-like stillness hung over all.



A VEGETABLE FREAK.

This is a picture of a turnip dug, stripped of its greens, and photographed by Mr. H. Hawkes, of 1 Woodbine-cottages, Fairview-road, Cheltenham.

In one part of the field, where the fallen were most numerous, a form, which had been extended motionless on the ground, and had been taken for dead, began to show some signs of life. It soon recovered strength sufficiently to rise on its elbow, and then to sit up. Then, with a great effort, the figure rose to its feet, and after swaying unsteadily to and fro for some time at last stood upright and firm. The face was handsome, although besmeared with blood, and the fine, silken locks that covered the neck, were rather limp and disorderly. The splendid suit of armour, too, had lost some of its magnificence, being dull and indented in many places. However, these were the natural results of a combat, and everything betokened the young man who had risen from the ground to be a Cavalier of rank and fortune. Such, indeed, he was, for Norman Malmesbury's ancestors were among the greatest barons of earlier times, and he himself was lord of many broad acres, and many stout yeomen obeyed his commands.

He had been, as usual, foremost in the fight that day, but had been felled to the ground by a blow on the helmet, which rendered him insensible, but did him little harm beside. On recovering consciousness, his first thought was of escape. Upon the ground near him lay a Roundhead soldier of very similar proportions to himself. This suggested an idea to him; without a moment's hesitation he clipped his moustache, cut off the long and flowing hair with his sword, and taking off his armour and outer garments donned those of the fallen foe.

"I' faith," he muttered, "there is no one surely who would recognise me thus. I will depart at once, and, except my strength fail me on the way, I shall reach the Grange by dark."

With this mental soliloquy, he carefully picked his way among the bodies on the ground, and walked on in search of rest and safety.

Meanwhile, at Winton Grange, another scene was being enacted. Sir Henry Winton the owner, Marian, his daughter, and several friends and retainers, were all assembled in the great hall to hear the tidings brought by a messenger who had just arrived. His story was one of trouble and disaster, and one which required all the fortitude and resignation of brave men to hear with patience.

"All is lost," he said. "As I left the fray Prince Rupert and our forces were flying in all directions, and the enemy were everywhere successful. I, too, have learnt that, flushed with victory, they are coming here to-night, and intend to lay siege to this place. Be warned, Sir Henry; arm you, and prepare to resist whoever comes against you."



Photos by Mrs. Fleming, Swindon, near Cheltenham.

BODDINGTON HARRIERS' RACES.

Well-known sportsman and some of the crowd.

Mr. L. P. Gibbons, Mr. H. de Winton, and Mr. J. S. Gibbons (Master).

"We will do so, most certainly," replied the knight, "but tell us now, what news of him our kinsman, he that should have become my son e'en now had fate permitted?"

The messenger glanced at Marion, and hesitated. The young girl understood his look, and said, "Speak on, sir, and fear not for me. I see your news is ill, but I am well prepared to hear the worst. Tell us, then, I pray you, how fares Lord Malmesbury?"

"Madame," replied the messenger, "I fought beside him in the battle until I was forced away. Twice I saw him fall, and each time he quickly rose, fighting with greater ardour than before. But he fell a third time, and I have seen him no more."

A deep silence greeted these words. The daughter of the house stood still, with pale, set face and gleaming eyes—her sorrow was too great for tears. Sir Henry raised his eyes above, and hoarsely murmured, "The will of God be done. Long live the King!" His words were echoed by the whole assembly. Then Marian spoke again.

"Father," she said, "do you examine the defences and prepare to meet the foe, and when all is ready retire you to rest until their coming. I will keep watch here at the casement with this in my hand (she displayed a jewelled pistol), and woe betide the first Roundhead knave that comes in view. My head is cool and my hand steady, and this weapon is sufficient. The first foeman who appears within range shall return to his fellows no more; and thus Robert shall be avenged. You will permit me this, sir?"

"Aye, my child," answered the old Royalist; "it is a noble wish, and shall have its course."

And thus, an hour afterwards, the great house was dark and silent. No guard was there, no sentinel even was apparent; but there was one who watched and waited, rigid, immovable as though carved of stone, beside an open window.

The gloom became denser, the shadows deepened, the air grew chill, and the night slowly but surely drew near. As yet no sound of arms, no clasp of steel, no report of musket had aroused the inhabitants of the Grange to warlike activity. So far all was peaceful and secure. But still the figure at the window remained motionless as ever, gazing out into the fading light beyond, eye and ear on the alert to catch the slightest sound which should break the stillness.

Then, suddenly, the lone guardian of the house started to her feet with a low exclamation, and for a moment listened intently. Yes, she was not mistaken; the noise that had aroused her was repeated, and this time much plainer than before. With feverish excitement she fiercely gripped the small yet deadly weapon in her hand; then with an effort controlled herself, and waited a while longer. She did not stay for long. Almost immediately above the courtyard wall appeared a helmet, then a head of closely-cropped hair, then the whole body and figure of a man, who quickly sprang on the other side of the wall

and cautiously advanced towards the house. There could be no doubt about the matter. The first foeman was undoubtedly in sight, and would soon be within range. The young girl waited a moment more.

"For Norman's sake," she murmured, and at the same instant fired.

The shot rang out clear in the silence of the night. The sleeping warriors sprang to their feet, the servitors illumined the scene with torches; and at the window stood Marian, exultingly waving her pistolet in the direction of the courtyard.

"I have slain him," she cried; "I fired, and he fell immediately. Now is Norman in part avenged."

They waited, but no foe appeared. They threw open the great doors and sallied forth; but none opposed their progress. Then they returned, wondering. They raised the body of the stricken soldier, the Roundhead whom they detested and despised, and carried it within. They laid it on a table in the great hall, intending to examine it closely. The servitors applied their torches to the great candelabras, and then—

Sir Henry was the first to gaze upon the fallen foe, and his countenance became troubled and anxious.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is surely some great mistake. This is no enemy; the countenance is well known to me. Good God! Who can it be?"

Then a thought struck him, and he staggered to a seat. In a second his daughter, prompted by some mysterious instinct, had rushed to the place he had just vacated, and in her turn gazed upon the dead. Then a cry rang out—a terrible shriek, that chilled the blood of all who stood by—and a voice, in tones of fearful agony and despair, cried,

"Norman, my own, my love; and I have killed thee!"

It was Marian who spoke—she who had discovered at a glance the fatal mistake that had been made—and the revelation was more than she could bear. A strange light came into her eyes, she swayed unsteadily to and fro, then fell heavily across the body on the table.

That night Sir Henry Winton, the true and faithful servant of the King, mourned not only for a son, but for a daughter also.

The American boy sees things for himself, as the following story proves. A New York clergyman was recently giving a lesson on the Prodigal Son of Scripture. He described to the assembled children the joy of the father over the return of the prodigal, and the deplorable state of the reformed penitent. But he called particular attention to the fact that there was one person who failed to share in the joy over the return of the wanderer, who looked with disagreeable eyes on the preparations for the feast. "Who was this one who failed to rejoice?" he asked. A little boy, who had been listening with great interest, promptly shot up his hand, and called out jubilantly, "Say, I know, it was the fatted calf."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



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.

The winner of the 170th competition is Mr. G. S. Heaven, of 5 Templemead, Old Bath-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 81st competition is Miss V. S. Jopp, of 10 Suffolk-square, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 63rd prize has been divided between Mr. A. D. Jenkins, St. Tudno, London-road, Cheltenham, and Miss A. Mabson, The Bridge, Tewkesbury-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons at Cambray and Holy Trinity Churches respectively.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the seventh literary competition has been divided between Mr. Richard Gloucester, care of W. Warner, Belle Vue, Stroud, and Mr. A. T. Stamford, 32 Suffolk-parade, for their short stories—"The Bread of his Enemy" and "A Fatal Mistake." The best of the other contributions is Miss E. M. Humphris's "Dawn at Nanima."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

In view of the agreement which has recently been made between the Post-office authorities and the Marconi Company, it is of much interest to be able to state, on the authority of a prominent official correspondent in Paris, that arrangements have been made by the French Postal Department for the taking over from the 1st of May of all the wireless telegraph stations on the French coast. Various small details have still to be settled, but the particulars of the agreement are expected to be published before the end of the present month.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

GROUP AT THE WEDDING OF MISS KATHLEEN LUCE

(daughter of the Rev. J. J. Luce, vicar of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, formerly curate of St. John's, Cheltenham) and the Rev. F. E. Warner (curate-in-charge of Summerfield Mission Church, Birmingham) on Easter Tuesday. The figures include the bride's father and mother (immediately behind the happy pair), Lady Robinson, the Rev. Canon H. C. and Mrs. Foster (sitting next to the bride's sister, on her left), and the Rev. S. E. Bartleet, rector of Dursley (sitting third from the left).



Photo by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

GLOUCESTER CITY CYCLING CLUB.

GOOD FRIDAY RUN TO TEWKESBURY. A REST AT THE BELL HOTEL.

A death claim on an insurance company does not, perhaps, appear as a subject likely to furnish humour. The possibility does exist, however, as is shown by a story told by the Birmingham manager of a well-known company. A policy-holder had died soon after coming on the books, and the next-of-kin, in making the claim, added the apologetic sentence: "We cannot at all explain why she should have had appendicitis, as she was a very religious woman."



"Died smoking"—and why not? The record is made of an Indian chief just immolated in an Illinois railway smash, and is made, as it were, with a mark of moral exclamation. To die naturally is at least as great an art as to live so. This was felt alike by White Horse and by a great saint of the Roman Catholic Church, who was, besides, an Archbishop, and who, one day, was playing cards with two priests, after the manner of the Milanese in the seventeenth century. Then somebody started the question: "What should we do if we now knew we had only a minute to live?" One priest said he would pray, and the other that he would run into the church. "And I," said St. Charles, "would go on with the game."

From May 1 every cyclist in France will not only have paid his wheel tax, but his machine will bear the official receipt. A special type of plaque has been manufactured in thousands, and is now in the hands of fiscal officials throughout the country. The cycle owner has nothing to do but pay his tax and receive the plaque, which will thenceforward become his passport from one end of France to the other. As the absence of these fiscal talismans is likely to attract notice from revenue officers, some form of official pass will be needful if tourists are to escape annoyance.



Admiral Sir John Fisher (writes Arlington in "London Opinion") is undoubtedly the strongest member of the Esher Committee, who have now finished their report in three volumes on War Office reform. He was appointed to "Pompey," as the Portsmouth Command is called, last year—the crown of a marvellous career, which has owed nothing at all to influence. The son of an obscure captain in the 78th Highlanders, he entered the navy fifty years ago, at the age of thirteen, and sheer brain power has pushed him to the top. You would think to look at his thick-set frame and bluff simple countenance that he was merely an honest English country gentleman.

The prizes given by the Worcester Church Education Society to pupil teachers and day scholars were distributed in the Chapter House on Saturday by Mrs. Littleton Wheeler. St. Stephen's (Worcester), Redditch, Stratford-on-Avon, Upton-on-Severn, and North Malvern were schools specially mentioned by the inspector.

The late Duke of Cambridge's Field-Marshal's baton and the uniform he wore in the Crimea, together with his medals and other decorations, have been offered to the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall, where they will shortly be exhibited. The museum already contains the baton and other relics of Lord Raglan, who first commanded in the Crimea, and the baton of Sir Patrick Grant, who was governor of Chelsea Hospital at the time of his death; but the addition to the collection of the late Duke of Cambridge's military appurtenances is particularly interesting in view of his long official connection with the institution, dating back as far as 1852, when he became one of its vice-presidents. The medals and decorations of his Royal Highness include the Crimean medal, with four clasps, and various insignia of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael, and St. George, the Indian Empire, and the Royal Victorian.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

I know several persons who, living beside one of the great high roads of this county, now take a more intelligent interest than before in motor-cars as they dart by, since they have possessed a list of the distinguishing marks officially assigned to the counties and boroughs from whence cars emanate. I myself have during the past Easter week spotted cars hailing from such comparatively distant counties as Essex, Glamorgan-shire, Pembrokeshire, West Riding of Yorkshire, and Kent passing through this district. I don't know if there are many people who think that A.D., the Gloucestershire letters stand for Anno Domini, but I have certainly come across one or two unsophisticated persons with that idea in their heads. The allocation of the letters to the various localities must have entailed considerable thought on the part of the Local Government Board officials responsible. The adoption of the initials of the counties, it may be pointed out, was impracticable, considering that there are so many places commencing with an identical letter or letters. Four places could have claimed C.A.R., while O.X. and M.A.N. for Oxford and Manchester, would have looked incongruous on motor-cars.

Sir George Higginson's statement that, of the thirty-five officers in the Household Brigade who embarked for the Crimea, in February, 1854, only five survive—Sir James Fergusson, Sir J. Burgoyne, Sir Campbell Munro, Sir W. Cameron, and himself—reminds me that a brother of one of these gallant officers, Col. J. A. Fergusson, is now resident in Cheltenham; and that a living Gloucestershire man in the person of Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote has been overlooked as a Crimean hero of the Household Brigade. Sir Nigel was in the Scots Fusiliers, and he served as aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief, who left England for the front just fifty years ago last Sunday. Col. Kingscote was present at Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and at the siege of Sevastopol, receiving for his services a medal with four clasps, and the Turkish medal.

Another man who made his mark in the railway world after being closely associated with this county has lately died. I allude to Mr. James Staats Forbes. In an interview with reference to his connection with the Great Western Railway he once said:—"I went to Holland in 1857 to manage the Dutch-Rhenish Railway. After I left Maidenhead I went to Reading, and I was made use of by the manager at Paddington to travel from place to place to look after irregularities, to fill up gaps, and eventually to open stations. I opened the station at Gloucester and the one at Cheltenham. By degrees I became local superintendent of the line. Then I was promoted to be goods manager at Paddington, until there was a rearrangement of rates, and we opened to the North, when I was sent to take charge of the whole of the railway west of Swindon to Bristol. It was while I was in that position I had an invitation to go to Holland." Mr. Forbes was also the first station-master at Cirencester, and he paid the Gloucestershire ladies the highest compliment he could by making one of them his wife. When he went to Holland he took with him a very promising Cirencester lad, Mr. D. G. Bingham, and while Mr. Forbes came home again to take over the management of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, Mr. Bingham remained engaged in railway work, and made a big fortune. Mr. Bingham now pays periodical visits to this country, and he has just presented Cirencester with a handsome free library expected to run into about £30,000 cost. And in the Boer war Mr. Bingham gave generously to the Yeomanry Hospitals and comforts for the British troops.

A striking instance of how ratepayers' money is squandered in municipal trading is just forthcoming at Gloucester. The 14 trams valued in to the Corporation at



Photo by J. Bell, Frome.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY HOCKEY TEAM,

WHICH DEFEATED SOMERSET, AT FROME, BY 3 GOALS TO 1.

Names of players (from left to right):—C. Gerrish (West Gloucester), A. M. Tyndall (West Gloucester), H. S. Thynne (West Gloucester), A. W. R. Cheales (East Gloucester), A. E. Beauchamp (Northcote), Referee, A. L. Jenkins (Redland Park), H. A. M. Parker (Northcote), hon. sec., A. Taylor (Bristol), captain, C. R. Cole (Old Redland Hilliams), R. L. Jenkins (Redland Park), and H. W. Brown (East Gloucester).



Photos by Mrs. Turner, Shipton Manor, Andoversford.

BODDINGTON HARRIERS' RACES.

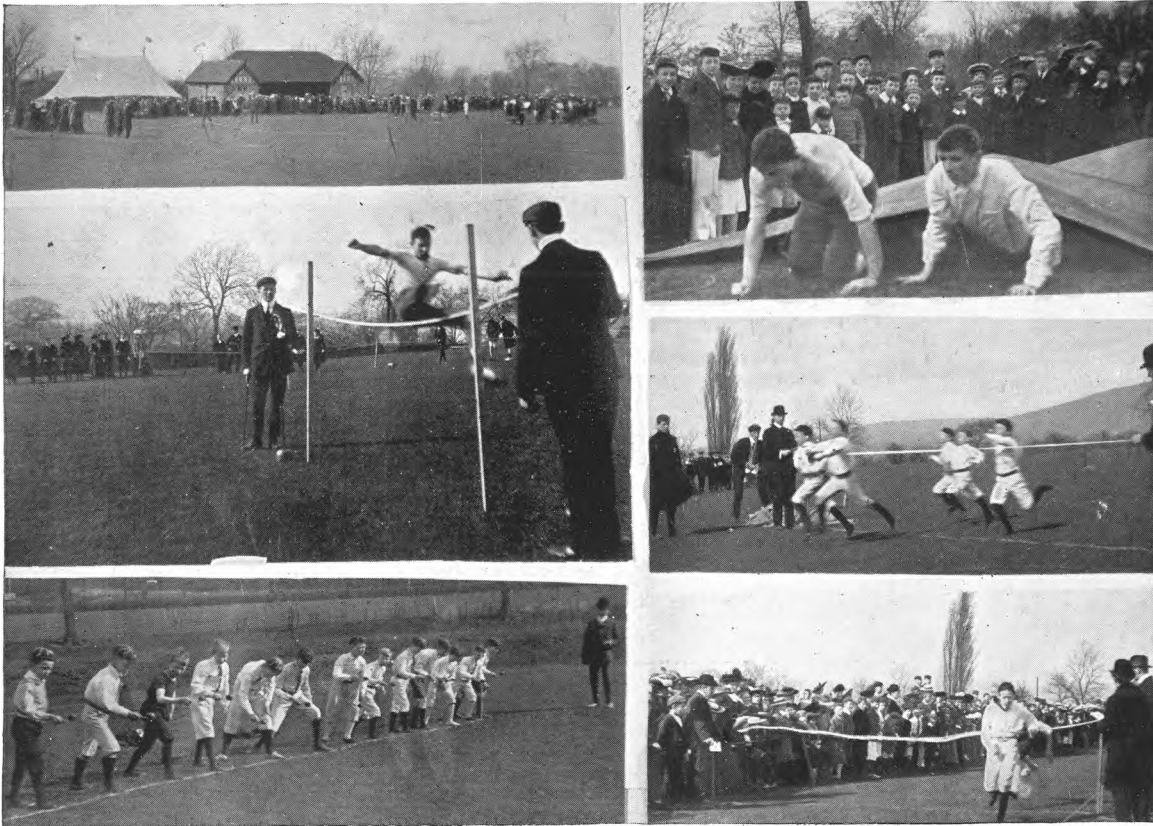
- 1. Crowd outside the weighing tent.
- 2. Conveyances near the winning-post.

£85 each when it bought the horse tramways as a "going concern" two years ago were sold by auction at £85 15s. for the lot, thus showing a loss of £1,104. They were advertised as suitable for summer and green-houses, and among the purchasers was at least one "city father," while another missed his chance of a bargain by going to the wrong sale place.

Mr. J. W. Mahony is making a speaking tour from Land's End to John O'Groats on behalf of the Imperial Trade Defence League.

◆◆◆
"Please receive £10 towards the rates from Anonymous," was the brief message accompanying two £5 notes which have been received by the Birmingham city treasurer.

GLEANER.



THE PRIZE PICTURES.

Cheltenham . . .
Grammar School .
Athletic Sports. .

1.—General View of Ground at Battle-down. 2.—High Jump. 3.—Start of Lemon & Spoon Racc. 4.—Under the Tarpaulin, Obstacle Race. 5.—75 Yards, under 10. 6.—880 Yards, Open.

Photos by G. S. Heaven, Cheltenham.

MR. BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

• * •

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT UNDERTAKING.

"We'll take the current, as it serves."
—Shakespeare.

I was jist a looking down me "Echo" the other night, and all of a suddint wandered into collums after collums of remarks about somethink gone wrong somewheres, mismanagement, bad management, over-management, and all manner of management of various varieties bein' the cause, and the result a loss of ten thousand a year, so a gentleman said in the paper. Thinks I to meself "Sure-a-lie! Daniel! this must be the examination of bankrupts collum, for sure; and I wonder who it may be as 'ave been a'goin' the pace in sich style with other people's money?" So I looks up to the top, and, bless me soul! if it weren't our Corporation Electric Light Undertaking, and not no bankrupt at all, altho' anybody might be egsused for the mistake without seein' the cont'st, as they calls it.

I ain't got no head for figgers, not since I fall down the cellar steps back'ards, and mite 'ave been the death of me, 'ceps for a few seed pertatas as was spread out on the floor to dry, and one of wich was seriously injured by me a falling on to it; but there, as I was remarking, I ain't no 'ead for figgers; so I can't reckon out about they there kilowhats and eunuchs and the like (being the way they serves out the current), but I can tell this much when I sees it down in black and white, that the whole business don't pay, and can't be made to pay, not by some of the grandest efforts that 'ave been efforted. Anyhow, there's a huge great loss—you can look at it through non-magnifyin' glasses, and call it about £1,000 a year, or you can look at it thro' Mr. Ley Wood's 10-horse power magnifiers and it's a loss of £10,000 a year—wichever it is, it's a loss.

I think somewheres about in the country there are one or two silly corporations and a few more private companies who actually make a profit on electric light undertakin's; but, of course, they're idiots to do sich a on-called for thing, it bein' the understood arrangement that corporations and the like

are to spend money—the faster the better—and not to try no silly tricks sich as savin' and other old wives' fables.

But the Cheltenham ratepayers—a hawful onthoughtful lot when you come to think of it, to worry their glorious representatives to make ends meet, when they ought to be admirin' the beautiful light wich "illuminates the 'eavens," as Mr. Bence puts it, in 'is picturesque way, and ought, too, to be backin' up Mr. Kilgour in 'is endeavours to make this the most lightest spot on earth, regardless of the (ratepayers') cost—I say, the Cheltenham ratepayers actually 'ad the outdaciousness to demand that the thing should be made to pay, somehow.

So everything was overhauled and gone into, jest to see where a 'onest penny could be earned.

Well, first there was the meters; they 'aven't never been charged any hire for, so the people as are so extravagant as to use electric light must now pay 1s. a quarter for their meter, and well worth that it is, to be sure, to look at the little silver balls that drop down when so many pints of current is used up. This will bring in the huge great sum of £50 a year, which was a good beginnin' towards the £10,000.

Next it was discovered that we ratepayers was only chargin' ourselves half-price for the current used in the street lamps, so it was decided that in future we was to charge ourselves more; then we should be that much better off! See!

This was like the baker I 'eard tell on, who, when bizness was bad, made all 'is fambly live on bread, so as to put down so many more loaves sold to fambly each day; or like the lady with an overdrawn banking account, who was asked polibely by the bank manager to pay some money in. On wich madam jest out with her cheque-book, wrote a cheque on the account that wasn't there, and 'anded that in, smilin' and as hinnercent as lamb and mint-sauce!

Of course, it 'as its advantages for us to be able to charge ourselves more for street-lightin'! If there's a loss it comes out of the rates, and if the price is raised to make a profit that also comes out of the rates. Only a private company wouldn't be allowed to find out after running 7 or 8 years that it 'ad

added the figgers up 'rong, and there must be a little difference in the charge to the ratepayers just a trifle of double the amount. 'Tisn't a private company, tho'; so we feel proud of somebody's cleverness in makin' things so well (all 'ceps a few grumblers, of course).

Then, again, thro' jest a difference of a decimal point or so it 'ave been discovered at this comparatively early stage of the proceedings that supplyin' the current to the Tramway Co. don't pay, altho' most of us was under the mistaken impression that as we were groamin' thro' the streets and squealin' past the corners we were earnin' money for our electric works, and puttin' it on a sound financial basis, as the sayin' is.

Why, many a time and oft, 'ave I gone all the length of the railway jest to encourage our noble Corporation in their generous task of pervidin' electric current to the tram cars at a profit, whereas 'ere are all our 'opes quickly dashed to the ground, as we find that the whole thing is a loss to the Corporation at present!

Wich means the tram car people will 'ave to pay more! But, s'posin' they get rusty, and put up their own electric light works, what shall we do with our spesshull plant then? Things is very complicated, as you can see!

Also, again and moreover, a good few of us 'ave replenished our dustbins with all manner of inflammable articles, sich as rags, cats, dogs, bottles, etc., so as to 'elp on the makin' of the electric light, thinkin' it were done with the ash-destroyer chimbley. But no! Even that is taken away from us, and we find it isn't used at all for this purpose, bein' base ingratitude of the deepest dye, so I considers, not to speak of the way our tins 'ave been battered and bent out of all knowledge by the dustmen, one of wich was that rude when I gently remarked that the tin cost money and wasn't a football or a punchin' apparatus, as remarked that we ought to put our dustbin on the mantelpiece for a hornament under a glass case, if it were too helegant to stand bashin' about a bit.

Now, this 'ere impudence is all of a piece with the electric light department policy, so I 'olds; as jumped on that there Ley Wood somethink dreadful when 'e dared to state

that there was somethin' wrong somewhere, and that it wanted a few business men on board, and 6d. worth of good management now and again, as reminded me of the time when James Grinter, jest for a lark, shouted out "Hooray" during prayers at school, upon wick sich a strappin' ensued as was remembered by all, 'speshully the one as received it, bein' considered very impudent by the schoolmaster; the same way the chairman of committee and the Mayor and other friends of Mr. Kilgour's simply "Ow-dare you-sir'd" poor Mr. Ley Wood off his legs, 'orrified at the outdaciousness of a 6-months-old member actooally daring to suggest that things mite be better.

But there there, we none of us likes to 'ave to admit our mistakes, 'ceps in the form of a general confession at church Sundays, and I s'pose we should most of us turn round on anyone who tackled us with not knowin' 'ow to manage our bizness with "'Ow dare you, sir!" When you come to think of it that's about the only thing you can say, in sich awkward circumstances, more espeshully if it's true that we 'ave been messing things a bit.

I reckon if Mr. Ley Wood had that electric light undertaking on for a year or two he'd make somethink out of it, even if he had to turn the whole concern into a chocolate factory; but, in coorse, you can't be a company promoter without knowin' somethink about how companies should be run, and all I hope is that, in spite of the "'Ow dare you, sir," the Electric Light Committee will jest set about to mend their ways and methods, and give us Light without Loss.

But I don't see much in starting away to save ourselves money by charging ourselves more for street lighting. It may look very nice on paper, but the hole in my small change isn't a scrap less. If we could all put money matters straight jest in the same easy way, by sayin' to ourselves, "Now, old chap, money's short, so please consider yourself indebted to yourself in the sum of 5 guineas, which will about put matters straight," it would be a very nice way out of little difficulties, in theory, but in practice there's nothing like a good solid income to splash around with.

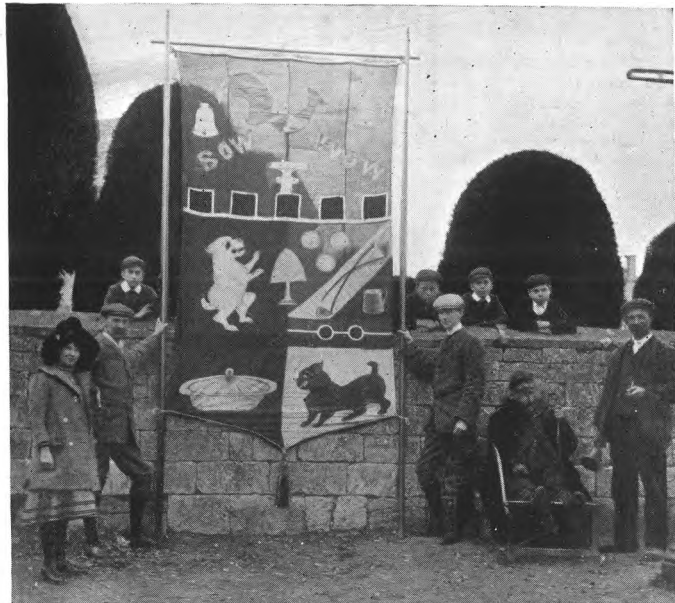
And that income the electric light undertaking will only secure by giving opportunities such as they do in other towns for free wiring, and in fact anythink that will increase the bona fide sale—over the counter, so to speak—of the light.

Them's my sentiments. D. T. BRIGGS.

If we are to have a black list of members who know nothing of colonies south of the equator (says S. L. H. in the current "By-stander") common justice demands that there should be black lists of members without knowledge of other subjects. A careful and rigid system of inquiry would no doubt lead to the discovery that there are many gentlemen on both sides of the House who know nothing of at all about anything. Would I have such gentlemen excluded? Certainly not! I would like to form them into a great party in the State and lead them. There was once a school of thought known as the Anythingarian, and I have no doubt that if all the choicer spirits in the House of Commons were surprised into candour they would own that they belong to the Nothingarians—those who know nothing, and who care less.



In a review of American schools, Mr. Henry Armstrong, professor of chemistry in the City and Guilds of London Institute, is severe upon women's claims to compete on equal terms with men. Nowhere, he says, is the claim so strongly urged as in the United States; nowhere is it so completely disproved. The professor devotes a lengthy argument to showing that woman is lacking in creative and imaginative power, that education can do little to modify her nature, and that there is no reasonable ground for believing that she can even recover from the effect of her long period of subjection to man.



COLLECTION OF PAINSWICK CURIOS AND CURIOSOS
(IRON STOCKS, TOWN CRIER, AND BOW-WOW BANNER).

The man in the stocks is "Gipsy Ryalls," who owns a house on wheels that has come to a final anchorage near the Common.



THE ORIGINAL IMPERIAL PIERROTS,
AS APPEARING AT THE VICTORIA ROOMS ON SATURDAY NEXT.

NAMES:

Mr. Will Bell. Mr. Fred. R. Bell (Manager).

Mr. Harry Waghorne, junr. Miss Dorothy Channon, Miss Daisy Holtam, Mr. Fred. T. Carroll (Musical Director).

The company will also include Miss Lollie Bick, who, by kind permission of the composer, will sing, for the first time of performance, Edwin Greene's latest song, "The Music that Came with May."

A writer in the "Sheffield Independent" gives some interesting details as to the romance of Harlech, which, in sober truth, is very old. The castle was built by Edward I. It was as early as 1468 that the fighting took place which gave birth to the national song, "The March of the Men of Harlech," and the castle was in a strongly defensive condition in the time of the Cromwellian Revolution. It is a very substantial-looking ruin now, though the view of the mountains is the most interesting of its attractions.

The new fiscal conundrum—"If a herring and a half cost threeha'pence, what will a loaf of bread cost when you've no money to buy it with?"—has inspired one laconic genius. His solution is, "Seven days." Correct.

A telegraph messenger in the provinces gave the following explanation, says "St. Martin's-le-Grand," a Post-office journal, of his refusal to deliver a telegram at about 6 p.m.:—"The Postmaster. Sir,—I ham afraid of the dark."

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

WHICH IS THE BETTER METHOD?

I had an argument recently with a motor-cyclist friend as to which was the best method of cooling the engine when running downhill. Every motor-cyclist, considerate of his engine, releases it from duty on down gradients where the machine will run by force of gravity. The method which is most general is to switch off the current, which stops the firing in the engine, raise the exhaust valve, and close the throttle. My friend considered the foregoing was the only satisfactory method of cooling the engine running downhill. Certainly it is very economical in petrol and electricity, and allows the engine to run remarkably free; but I have one objection to this raising of the exhaust valve and shutting off the petrol vapour, viz. when the valve is raised the piston forces in and out of the cylinder and combustion head the hot air from the exhaust box and pipe. This hot air is of about the same temperature as the cylinder walls, consequently no cooling is effected. The better plan to pursue is to cut off the current only. The engine will then be performing its cycle of operations with the exception that no firing will take place. At every suction stroke a charge of cold vapour is drawn in through the inlet valve, assisting materially in the cooling of the engine. Beginners may think the foregoing a very unnecessary proceeding; but on a long run it may mean all the difference between an overheated engine, with the enforced wait to allow for cooling, and a non-stop.

LOCATING TROUBLES WHEN RIDING AT NIGHT.

Sometimes when riding at night the motor strikes work. Even the novice knows the danger of bringing a light, such as an oil lamp or match, in contact with the vapour from petrol. Some form of light, however, must be used to indicate the part of the motor, etc., requiring attention. One of the very best appliances for this purpose is the ordinary 4-volt lamp generally used for testing the accumulators for a charge. A suitable length of wiring should be carried, and then any part of the machine can be inspected in absolute safety. It is not at all necessary to join up the lamp wires to the accumulator. One wire should be connected to the insulated terminal of the contact-breaker and the other to a convenient part of the frame.

FORECARRIAGE AND TRAILER.

It is certainly surprising how much more engine power is required to push a fore-carriage than to draw a trailer. At first sight it would appear that as it is a question of three wheels against four, the fore-carriage would be easier to propel. But this is not the case, as every motorist knows who has tried the two different attachments. A 2h.-p. machine will satisfactorily draw a trailer over average roads, but 3-h.p. is the least power required to propel a fore-carriage at a fair rate of speed and give good hill climbing power. The distribution of weight has a great deal to do with the power required to drive a fore-carriage. Heavier tyres are usually fitted to the fore-carriage wheels as against the comparatively light tyres fitted to trailers. The wheels being out of the parallel frequently causes a using up of power with the fore-carriage. The stays which are absolutely necessary to give the required strength and rigidity also add to the weight.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

The beginner very often gets hold of the idea that because a motor-cycle or car is partly worked by electricity, the details of this part of the mechanism are mysterious and only understandable by the electrician. This idea is quite wrong. Of course, there are some people to whom the bicycle is a mystery, and this class would never understand the motor. As soon as the beginner is the proud owner of a machine, he should set about learning the why and wherefore of the accumulator, coil, contact-breaker, and sparking-plug. Once understand the electrical system, and all, or nearly all, difficulties will be over.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



MAGNETO OR ACCUMULATOR, &C.

The novice is apt to be misled re the above. He notices that with the magneto machine a good many of the electrical fittings, such as coil and accumulators, are done away with, and he hears that with the magneto you have nothing to learn, and that there is nothing to go wrong, and therefore he jumps to the conclusion that the magneto is the better system. The answer to this is that in a few particulars the magneto does score over the accumulator and coil, but it also is not infallible. When a defect occurs on the accumulator and coil system it can be quickly put right on the road, whereas if a defect occurs on the magneto it is a task beyond the amateur frequently to repair it. The majority of motor-cycle manufacturers still

continue to fit the coil system, therefore we may reasonably conclude that they think the coil and accumulator system of ignition preferable to the magneto.

A COMBINED FIXING AND HARDENING BATH FOR PLATES OR FILMS.

The alum bath for hardening the film can be very easily combined with the fixing bath, so that the double operation can be carried on at the same time. The following are the proportions:—Common alum, 1 part; water, 40 parts. Let the above dissolve, and then add 1 part of sodium sulphate. When this is dissolved add 8 parts of hypo.

[“Ariel” will be glad to answer questions on these subjects.]

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 172.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1904.

THE RED CONCERT PARTY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S COMEDY,
"JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

NEXT WEEK:—

MR. GEORGE DANCE'S COMPANY
in the first performances in Cheltenham of the
latest musical success,
"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."
USUAL PRICES.

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS ON MAY 2nd.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB. Headmaster.

Eton House, Wellington Street,
Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten
PRINCIPAL - MISS LLOYD, M.O.
Assisted by an efficient staff of Mistresses and Masters.
Thorough education at moderate fees.
Prospectus on Application.
The Term begins on Tuesday, May 10th.

A good story, which was quite new to me (says the "Club Chatterer," in "To-Day"), came to my ears the other day. Two gay young men had been dining with an acquaintance who, they found to their horror, had turned teetotaler, and kept not a drop of drink in the house. When they at last found an opportunity to slip away, it was already late. They contrived, however, to have quite as much liquor as was good for them before the bars closed. Still they had not had enough to quench a thirst that had been pent up all the evening. For a time they searched their intoxicated brains to discover some way of getting more liquor. A brilliant idea at length struck one of them. They were to represent a husband whose life was on the point of death and his medical adviser, and in this guise they would knock-up a publican, who dared not see a woman die for want of a drop of brandy. With this resolve they hammered on the door of a darkened public-house. On the owner showing himself, they, breathless, poured out their tale as to the poor woman with nothing between her and death but brandy. The publican waited quietly till the close of the tale. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," he declared, preparing to close the door on them, "that I cannot oblige you, as I have only a beer license." "Beer?" they yelled. "Beer will do! Beer will do!" But the door was already closed.



Henry Parker. Will Pearman.
Tod Pearman. Henry Evans. Nora Wintle.
Vic Richards. Sidney Beaufort.

Many and sensational (writes W. Humphrys in "To-day") are the stories told of the lengths to which owners of automobiles have gone to serve them up attractively to buyers, and hide their weak points. The motor that jibs at hills is a luxury known to many who regret the time when in trying their car they let pass unnoticed the fact that the driver stopped his car at the foot of a hill, or halfway up it, ostensibly to explain the mechanism of the motor and the beauties of the car, but in reality, as they afterwards learnt, to cool the engine.

Mgr. Emanuestian, the Armenian Catholic patriarch (says a Constantinople telegram), died on Monday, aged 75.

Sir Charles Scott, the retiring British Ambassador to the Russian Court, on Monday afternoon presented his letters of recall to the Czar.

According to Mr. H. W. Lucy, the Prime Minister will not introduce the Licensing Bill himself, but will entrust the measure to Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE WOLF OF CISMON.

[BY ALBERT YIEND.]

Leopardi, the bandit, was to die. Venice heard the news on the 2nd of March, 1704. For ten years Leopardi had been the terror of the mountain towns from Iseo to Mestre. The "Wolf of Cismon" they called him in the mountains. "The Devil of the Hills" was the title the police of Venice gave to him.

He had sworn a rash oath that he would steal the gold chain from the neck of Mocenigo, the judge, and he had kept his words. But, the guards of Venice. He had forgotten to reckon with them. Many had pleaded for him; amongst them was the powerful Giovanni. But the Council would not pardon such a rogue; and the decree went forth that he was to be strangled by the executioner and his body to be cast into the lagoon.

In spite of this there were plenty in the city to declare that Leopardi would cheat the executioner even yet—aye, would cheat the very devil with a rope in his hand.

Leopardi sat on his bed of straw, thinking of Fra Giovanni, who had promised him he should not die. He had not eaten since the Court had condemned him.

At last the gaoler came for him, and Leopardi said, "Come, a cup of wine in charity. A thirsty saint would never do." Then he added, "Come, old friend, let us see this peep-show of yours."

Pietro, the gaoler, flung open the door of the cell. "God have mercy on your soul, Leopardi," he said devoutly.

There were half-a-dozen soldiers in the corridor of the prison, standing with drawn swords, and a quick eye would have seen Leopardi stagger against the wall.

"Courage," whispered the gaoler. "A true word, old Pietro," he said, recovering himself by a great effort.

"Signior," said the executioner, as he slipped a cord tightly over the prisoner's ankles and another about his wrists, "I ask your forgiveness."

"You are forgiven, signior," he replied with the air of a prince.

It was the last words he spoke in the dungeons of the city. Scarcely had it left his lips when the rope tightened about his neck with a horrid jerk, and he was hauled from his feet upward to the roof. For long minutes as it seemed to him his very heart threatened to burst. Then there was a rush of waters in his ears—

"Was he dead?" asked the captain of the guard, as the body of the robber fell heavily into the dark water of the canal. "You were quick to-night, Gerardo." And through all the city there went the word that Leopardi of Cismon was dead.

At last Leopardi opened his eyes, and beheld strange green lights flashing before him. It was a terrible struggle, a battle with death. He sank twice deep down into the mud and slime.

Minutes passed, and still the drowning man knew nothing of what was happening to him. When he rose to the surface the second time nature gained a little strength and began to befriend him. He heard voices and the splashing of oars. Reason returned to him—he cried aloud with joy of life given back, of death defeated. "Great God—I live, I live," he said, "I shall see my home again; Heaven give me strength."

He lay on his back, washed here and there by the tide. At last he made a bold effort and reached a ledge and rested.

"I will cheat them yet," he muttered. "When next the 'Wolf of Cismon' barks, let Venice take care of her judges."

As he was sitting there he beheld a gondola pass, and determined that this boat should be his haven.

Signior, for the love of God, help a drowning man."

"Who is there?" the gondolier cried, stopping the boat.

"Signior, a thousand pardons for the liberty. I am a stranger, and have been

robbed here. They threw me from the quay yonder."

Just at that moment out stepped from the cabin a beautiful lady, robed in gold brocade and glittering with diamonds. She dragged him into the boat, and made him sit down. "Signorina," he said, "I kiss the hand of my benefactress."

"I will set you down at Rialto," she said. "Thank you, signorina; I owe you yet another apology for all the water I bring into the boat."

She laughed, and said, "It will save Dominici washing the gondola to-morrow, signior. Do you know my name?" she asked.

"I am a stranger in the city, signorina." "And you have not heard of Gabriella, of the Opera?"

Leopardi suppressed an exclamation. The name of Gabriella, the singer, of Milano, was known throughout Europe. He could have danced for joy when he heard it. Neither had the straw of the prison, nor the mud of the canal ruined his velvet clothes, trimmed with gold brocade. This made Gabriella think that he must be some noble.

"Lord Count," said she, "we are now at Rialto; but if you desire to go further you are welcome. I am going to the Opera of San Samuele."

At last the gondola touched the quay, and Leopardi again kissed her hand, and then darted amongst the shadows of the narrow streets by the bridge. At a gloomy casino an old man named Paolo stood by his door with a lamp.

"Quick, a message from Fra Giovanni, and the best suit in your wardrobe, old Paolo; it is I—Leopardi."

The man let the lamp fall with a loud crash. "Great God!" he said; "the dead come to life, then."

Some time after a superbly-dressed noble passed from the house. No one would have recognised him as the once wet and bedraggled Leopardi. A gondola waited for him.

Leopardi spoke to the oarsman, "Take me to the Opera of San Samuele, and I will pay you well."

"What!" cried the gondolier; "you will hang after all."

It had been a brilliant night at the Opera, for this was the zenith of Carnival, and all the princes, nobles, counts, rich merchants, and everyone was there. Everyone had the name of Leopardi on his lips. "He is dead," men said. "The 'Wolf of Cismon' barked at Venice, and she has answered him."

"He is dead, my friends," said Mocenigo, the judge who had condemned him, "and to-morrow his body shall hang between the columns of the piazzetta."

Leopardi approached him. "My lord," he whispered to him, "the Council awaits you. The robber has fled the prison, and is now on the hills." He thereupon disappeared amongst the crowd.

The music had swelled out to a superb crescendo, and Gabriella held the audience in a trance.

Next day the common people went to look for his body hanging between the columns. But they beheld instead the body of Mocenigo, the judge, limp and cold, and to it was pinned a sheet of paper with the words:—

"The answer of Leopardi to the city of Venice."

A LEGEND OF KIAMA.

[BY E. M. HUMPHRIS.]

There was trouble in the air at Calamia, Peter Graham's station, for the ne'er-do-well Englishman, FitzRoy, had proposed to Graham's only daughter, and Graham would have none of him for a son-in-law. Lenore was of a different opinion—she had had her way all her life, and she meant to have it now. A delicate child, she had had all she wanted always, even before she asked for it, and it was hard indeed that when she was grown up she should stoop to beg and entreat this thing of her father, and her prayers and tears be quite unavailing. Not even the tendency to melancholia which

Lenore had inherited from her dead mother had weight to move the squabber from his decision. Lenore's Aunt Jenny urged it as a reason for giving Lenore her way at all costs, but Graham was still like adamant. A man, he said, who had reached the age of 39 without attempting to earn an honest living, whose handsome face and a talent for waiting for dead men's shoes were his only stock-in-trade, would be no fit guardian in the future for Lenore and Lenore's fortune. How could Graham know that love, the magician, had really worked a miracle in FitzRoy, and that for the sake of beautiful Lenore he had resolved to turn from the old ways and work for his living and the girl he loved. But Graham had never believed in sudden conversions, and he would hold out no hopes for the future. If a man could not keep himself at 39 he would never keep a wife at any age, and Calamia should never be wasted by a spendthrift. Lenore had never disobeyed her father, and Graham knew she would not disobey him now, though it broke his heart to see her misery. FitzRoy went away, forbidden to see or write to Lenore, to seek his fortune at Kalgoodie, and Lenore was sent to Kiama to stay with the clergyman and his wife, who was her distant cousin. There after a time, the girl seemed to recover her spirits. She played tennis at the club courts near the Lighthouse. She went to picnics and for long rides along the sands and played with the Parsonage children. Only the old Lighthouse keeper saw Lenore sometimes sitting by the blowhole looking sadly out over the wide Pacific or gazing as if fascinated into the awful depths of the blowhole. Especially she would sit there on the days when the little steamer passed, in which FitzRoy had sailed for Perth. Even to the strong and happy among mankind the blowhole has a wondrous fascination. The sea, apparently calm, comes swirling up a narrow passage and passes out of sight under the cliff. The calm brown depths of the blowhole suddenly boil into seething life and the glittering cloud of spray shoots up suddenly into the cloudless blue of the sky, higher than the Lighthouse on the highest point of the cliff. For an instant the rainbow colours dazzle the beholder's eyes, then clouds of spray fall glistening on the green grass and trees which fringe the yawning blowhole; and suddenly there is silence and the brown depths of the pool lie still once more. Then there is a long pause and then a rushing sound and the waters can be heard gathering themselves together for another plunge, and so on day and night the wonderful column shoots up to sun or stars with occasional intervals of repose. One day Lenore went out at the back-door of the Parsonage. The cook saw her go, hatless, and with a letter in her hand. She told her mistress Miss Lenore looked a bit upset, and was rather snubbed for her pains. No one ever saw Lenore again, but the old Lighthouse keeper heard she was missing, and went to the blowhole, and there at the top was Lenore's handkerchief and the torn-up fragments of a letter wedged under a stone.

A few years afterwards the old Lighthouse keeper was passing the blowhole when he saw a man sitting by it gazing out to sea as Lenore had so often done. The man turned and spoke to him. "Do you remember Miss Graham who threw herself down here?" "Aye, sir, well," said the old sailor. "Well I am the man who was engaged to her. For her sake I pulled myself together, and I have made a fortune to match even Graham's thousands, but what good is it all to me now, old man; answer me that? Lenore is gone, and her father has died of grief, and I am left here who caused all their troubles and wrecked the happiest home in the colony." He got up and walked slowly away, and he also passed out of the old Lighthouse keeper's sight—and out of the sight of all mankind. An hour after his lifeless body was found in his room at the hotel. A bullet had ended the life of which only the last few years had not been wasted, and even in them he and the girl he loved had reaped to the full the harvest of wild oats sown in the days when he cared for no one but himself.

FORTUNES LOST IN AN HOUR.

[By JOHN R. DIXON.]

In these days of what may be termed speculative insanity, when fortunes are often lost in a day on the Stock Exchange, it is interesting to note that the father of Stock Exchange gambling, Baron Grant, lost nearly the whole of his immense riches in a day by an unfortunate speculation just at the moment when apparently he was at the height of his prosperity.

Parallel instances have occurred in recent years, for it is not very long ago that the failure of the "Copper King" brought to the verge of ruin one of the wealthiest of the financiers of France. He took his losses so much to heart that his mind became unhinged, and in a fit of temporary insanity he shot himself.

The whole of the columns of this journal would not suffice to relate the number of instances where gamblers, having lost their all at cards, have sought oblivion in suicide. A peculiarly sad case was related in the Australian papers not many months ago. A youthful scion of a noble but none too wealthy house, having received his portion, went out to the Antipodean colony to seek the proverbial fortune. He took up his abode at the house of a large sheep farmer, who, by the way, was also a younger son of an impoverished blue-blooded family, intending to gain a little insight into practical farming before embarking in any enterprise on his own account. Soon after his arrival his host invited a few of the "boys" to a social gathering to welcome the new-comer. During the course of the evening cards were produced, and when morning broke the youth was penniless. Need we say more? Once again the familiar tragedy was enacted, and another was added to the long list of gamblers' suicides.

Country house parties have furnished not a few instances of fortunes lost in a night. Perhaps the most noteworthy case is that of the notorious Sir William Norwich, who is said to have lost the whole of his immense fortune in a single sitting, playing cards with the Duchess of Marlborough.

The annals of the racecourse are even more prolific of analogous instances; in fact scarcely a season passes but some plunger on the turf is totally ruined either by a run of ill-luck or, as is more frequently the case, by sheer recklessness. In the latter category may be placed the once famed and popular Marquis of Hastings. This reckless and unfortunate youth on attaining his majority at once entered on his brief but inglorious career on the turf by purchasing a much fancied horse at an enormous figure. The animal proved a dead failure, and by him he lost a large sum of money. One reverse was succeeded by another, and then he determined on a desperate course.

It was the year that Hermit ran for the Derby. This horse was a favourite for the classical race, and upon him he ventured every penny he could procure—in all a hundred thousand pounds. Then a rumour went the round of racing circles that the great horse had gone wrong. The foolish youth, led away by this trick, for such it eventually proved to be, cancelled all his bets, of course at a great sacrifice, and then bet heavily against his former fancy. When the race came off Hermit ran according to his great reputation; in fact there was only one runner in the race, and that was he. The shock proved the death-blow to the youthful plunger, and in a little more than twelve months he died of a broken heart.

But what strange irony of fortune is it when a man, after spending many laborious years in amassing wealth, and then when he has achieved his ambition and is anticipating the remainder of his days in restful luxury, has his hard-earned fortune snatched from his grasp ere he has reaped the slightest advantage from its possession?

A very pathetic incident occurred not long ago. After vainly endeavouring to "strike oil" in the gold diggings of Ballarat, a miner of the name of James, after about seven years of continued disappointments, resolved to forsake the alluring pursuits of gold digging and devote his attentions to the



CHELTENHAM STEEPLECHASES.

MR. F. G. PAGE

(Clerk of the Course)

AND

MR. CHARLES C. CASTLE

(Secretary and Auctioneer).



SEAL HOUSES.

HOW THE MOTHER SEAL BUILDS A COMFORTABLE HOME.

Although the seal spends its life in and under the water, it is an air-breathing animal and cannot live for any length of time without air, says "St. Nicholas Magazine." As winter spreads sheets of ice over the fast-freezing Arctic Sea, the seal breaks a hole in the ice over the water where it lives. This hole it is very careful to keep open all winter long, breaking away each new crust as it forms, so that, no matter how thick the ice becomes, the animal always finds there a breathing place and a passage to the surface of the ice above, where it can get fresh air and take a nap, for it does not sleep in the water. Then, again, although the seal can exist for a time out of the water, it has to seek its food in the sea; so that without both land (or ice) and water it could not survive the Arctic winter. How, after once leaving its breathing-hole in search of the fish upon which it feeds, the seal can find its way in the dark under the ice, a yard in thickness, and spreading over many miles, back again to its hole no one knows; but it is not the less certain that when it needs air it swims as straight to its breathing place as a bird could fly through the air to its nest.

When the seal is about to build her house she first makes the breathing hole larger, and then, by means of her strong claws and flippers or fore-paws, scoops out the snow, taking it down with her through the ice until she has made a dome-like apartment of the same shape though not the same size as that built by the Eskimo. Unlike the huts built by man, however, it cannot be seen from without, for above it stretches the long slope of untrodden snow, and the baby seal, for whose comfort the house was built, and its mother, are safe from any foes that cannot find where the house is by the sense of smell.

The house, however, is sometimes discovered by the great polar bear, who, when his nose has told him that he is upon the top of the seal house, leaps into the air and, bringing his feet together, comes down with all his great weight, breaking through the roof and catching the baby seal before it can get away. Hooking one of his sharp claws into its little flipper, the bear then does a very cruel thing. He lets the cub down the breathing hole, so as to lead the anxious mother to come to it as it struggles in the water. When she does so, he slowly draws it up again, and, as she follows it, strikes her with his great paw.—New York "Sun."

The Dowager Marchioness of Exeter has been elected churchwarden at Market Deeping, Lincolnshire.

THE BONDAGE OF CUSTOM.

In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, everyone lives as under the eye of a dread censorship. Few people have any inclination except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of. They exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes, until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow, and become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures.



There has been some discussion of late as to who invented the picture postcard (says the "Daily Chronicle"), and the fad has been traced back to a German, who first gave it to the world, it is said, in 1872. But the idea of the thing is very much older than that, and even some of its modern manifestations seem to have been forestalled 150 years ago. Lecky says that "political caricatures, which were probably Italian in their origin, came into fashion in England during the South Sea panic. Caricatures on cards, which were for a time exceedingly popular, were invented by George Townshend in 1756"; and he recalls the anxiety of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough to find an artist who will "make me a caricature of Lady Masham, describing her covered with running sores and ulcers, that I may send it to the Queen to give her a right idea of her new favourite."

COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT RISING SUN, MARCH 29, 1904.



HON. SEC. (MR. G. B. WITTS), MOUNTED, ALONGSIDE LADY ON WHITE HORSE.



FOLLOWERS ON WHEELS.



Photos by A. Bamber, Cheltenham.
WAITING.—WHERE WILL THEY DRAW?



ADMIRING THE PACK.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE INLAND REVENUE LICENSE.

The Auto-Cycle Club (which is the controlling body for motor-cycling) announces its intention of bringing the matter of the license paid by motor-cyclists before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to securing, if possible, a remission of the tax. It is very doubtful, however, considering the fact that the authorities will require all the money they can get through taxation to make a balance on the right side, as to whether any remission will be made. No doubt there are motor-cyclists who do not object to paying a license of 15s. per annum for the right to own a motor-cycle; but these are in the minority. Motor-cycles can now be obtained second-hand for a little more than the price of good bicycles, and can be acquired by men of quite meagre means. Doubtless many more cyclists would take an upward step but for the taxes. A man buys a second-hand motor-bicycle for say £20. Before he can ride it he has to spend 25s. on licenses. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The amount of the license paid for a motor-cycle is out of all proportion to the amount of tax paid for a car—two guineas. This is, however, only typical of British legislation, which always puts restrictions in the way of any new industry that springs up. The various taxations, etc., are doing a great deal to hinder the advance of motor-cycling in Great Britain. Our foreign competitors go on their way unrestricted by absurd legislation. It is therefore all the more to the credit of our motor-cycle makers that English motor-cycles are some of the finest in the world.

BENEFACTORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Motorists are being shown up in quite a new light. The "Law Times" says:—"The ordinary user of the road, whether on foot or on horseback, on cycle or in carriage, will have largely to thank the motorist for bringing about a more wholesome regard for the public safety in the matter of unlighted vehicles left in obstructive positions, projecting and invisible loads, and gross negligence on the part of local authorities. It is a somewhat absurd anomaly that the fastest vehicles on the road should be the only ones compelled to show a rear red light. A succession of cases has also revealed the fact that, whatever may or may not have been the speed at which a motor was being driven, the stop-watch appliances served out to the police were far from being accurate."

MOTORS IN WAR.

The Russian Government is sending out a number of fast motor-cars for the use of the scouts acting over the Manchurian Railway. They are constructed to run on the rails, and may easily be removed in order to allow trains to pass.

MORE EFFECTIVE THAN TORPEDOES.

"Queer that no one has thought of the only way that war can be settled."

Why, what's that?"

"One side or the other should hire New York's chauffeurs to annihilate its opponent."

—New York Herald.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE A.C.

The above club opened its season with a run at Easter. A large number of members and friends were present. Last week-end a meet was held at the favourite spot on the Severn for club meets, the Lower Lode. There was a fair attendance. The new club committee is very representative of the county, most of the larger towns being represented. Some of

the general meetings of the members are now held in Gloucester. Since the club has affiliated with the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland many new members have joined. General meetings are held as a rule on the first day of the month, and the committee is always pleased to see at the meetings persons interested in motoring.

A USEFUL FITMENT.

A permanent turntable fitted to a stand camera is a most useful fitment. With one of my stand cameras I have to carry not only the stand and camera, but also a tripod top and screw. It is most annoying to find when about to make a sun picture that either of these small but necessary articles is missing. A half-plate camera I own is fitted with a turntable to the camera, and a very useful fitment I find it. A good number of people do not recommend having the turntable a part of the camera, on the ground that it forms a source of weakness. This may be the case with cheap, badly-constructed cameras, and also with large sizes, but up to half-plate size I have found it perfectly satisfactory, and quite as rigid as the older form of detachable top and screw. It is a good plan, in order to avoid leaving necessary articles at home, to write a list of all the articles required for use with the camera. This list should be sewn inside the flap of the camera carrying case, and the list of articles verified before leaving home.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on these subjects.]

After being overhauled, the turbine steamer Queen has again resumed the ten o'clock service, and made a record passage from Calais to Dover on Monday in 53½ min. Madame Patti was among the passengers.



Photo by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH AT TEWKESBURY
(IN AID OF TEWKESBURY HOSPITAL).—G.P.O. v. M.R. Co.

CHELTENHAM FOOTBALL LEAGUE.



CHARLTON RANGERS, WINNERS OF THE LEAGUE, DIV. I., 1903-4.
Top Row.—W. J. Lawrence (League secretary), A. A. Braine (linesman), W. Williams, H. T. Blake, E. D. Ricketts (linesman), H. D. Wooster, T. Glover, W. Haden (referee), E. Eves, W. Hall (Chairman Charlton Rangers Committee), H. Seabright, D. Mobley, W. Hemmings.
Second Row.—H. S. Marshall, F. Brewster, E. P. Hancocks, G. Cima, F. Young.



REST OF LEAGUE TEAM WHICH OPPOSED WINNERS DIV. I.
Top Row.—W. J. Lawrence, A. A. Braine, J. Preece (St. Paul's United), J. Shurmer (St. Paul's United), R. A. C. Webb (Cavendish), W. Haffner (St. Paul's College), A. Oakey (Christ Church), F. C. Broad (Christ Church), E. D. Ricketts, and W. Haden.
Kneeling.—C. Brunwell (Cavendish), B. Denton (St. Paul's United).
Sitting.—F. J. T. Cook (St. Paul's United), F. Troughton (Crosby), and T. Johnson (St. Paul's United).



ST. JOHN'S F.C., WINNERS OF THE LEAGUE, DIV. II., 1903-4.
Top Row.—A. A. Braine (referee), W. J. Lawrence (League secretary), B. Butler, F. Johnson, J. Roberts, H. Meek, S. Mountain, J. Preece (linesman), White, G. Hart, and F. Eager (linesman).
Bottom Row.—B. Dyer, B. James, R. Bowen, and W. Waller.



REST OF LEAGUE TEAM WHICH OPPOSED WINNERS DIV. II.
Top Row.—A. A. Braine, W. J. Lawrence, F. Challenger (St. Mark's), J. Phillips (St. Paul's United II.), F. Carpenter (St. Paul's United II.), R. G. Barnett, capt. (Lyefield Old Boys), W. Brown (Martyn's Athletic), B. Lockley (Martyn's Athletic), W. Vicary (Lyefield Old Boys), J. Priest (linesman), and F. Eager (linesman).
Second Row.—R. A. Godman (Charlton Rangers II.), W. Ward (Gas Green United), B. Long (Martyn's Athletic), and E. Field (Martyn's Athletic).

DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

* * *
THE "BAXTER MILLENNIUM ATROCITIES."

I noticed the other day in the paper that the lunatic asylums in this favoured land of ours are, like most things and people nowadays, taxed to the uttermost of their resources!

In the same paper was the announcement of a visit from the renowned "Christian Herald" of the 20th century, the very Reverend Mr. Baxter, wick was a remarkable coincidence of the 1st water. If you don't know wot I do mean—well, there, least said, soonest mended; and if you'd 'ad to sit under up'ards of a hour and a quarter of bloodthirsty remarks as to the approachin' egsplosion of the Age last Sunday hevning you'd most likely say a *bit* more, if not a good deal more, than I've ventured to whisper!

The great man himself, from a casual acquaintance gleamed from a distance of 7 rows of empty chains and about 12 foot 10 of floor space, 'ave at some long distant period gave up all interest in life of any sort except in the pertikler variety of dynimmite egsplosion wick is necessary in order to fit in with his arrangements to let down the curtain on this world's stage with proper ceremony.

The Very Rev. Mr. B. looks terrible bored all the time he's talking—I s'pose it must be very worriting and tiresome to listen to one's own voice for hours and hours, trudging thro' miles of figgers, and little 'orns, and scarlet women, and fiery locusts, and sich like, as is a lot more egsciting to talk about the 1st time you makes their acquaintance, but must come very dry to a lecturer, even if he is a "Christian Herald," after the 2,432nd performance.

'Owver, to come to the pint, as the sayin' is, seein' as 'ow my letter-box was crammed full to the brim with little books containing devils and dragons, and scorpion locusts, and other cheerful illustrations of the same style, I thought it were returnin' good for evil to go and take a look at the Very Rev. Gentleman himself, who claims to 'ave a spershull wire laid on, with full pertiklers of all them kind of things and their future operations, not being things I cares for, not meself, only of course we all likes to see if there's anythink in it for ourselves, being British fair play to hear wot the man may have to say for himself and his demon scorpions, etcetera, and so 4th.

I don't know wot our Corporation, with so many debts in hand, and the Electric Light Department very shaky on its legs, think about 'aving to put everythink in apple-pie order in the short space of 15 years at their disposal before the Millennium; but this I do know—that they don't thank the Very Rev. Mr. Baxter for throwin' about 'is little books of scorpions, etc., so free, wick they do say it took about 15 men up'ards of half a day to onstop the drain pipes of Monday mornin', the same bein' utterly choked up with fragments of the said picture-books! Every Sunday school child was supplied with several, as will keep them awake o' nights for the next six months, and as you came out of the churches you was urged to accept of one, wick shows enterprise worthy of a waxworks or a Baring Bros. on the part of the Very Rev. Mr. Baxter.

On Sunday evening, as I sauntered gently along the spacious and echoing havenue wick leads to the Victoria Rooms, I passed a card wick asked the question in large print:—"HELL; is it a fact or a fiction?" bein' the very interesting and highly hinstuctive and peacefull subject selected by the Christadelfurians for meditation on in the hupstairs room. The answer, 'owever, was not far to seek, for as I entered the Victoria Rooms I was fairly struck dum and speechless with the site of the most orful collection of painted 'orors as were ever encountered outside that there Madame Tussaud's Chamber of 'Orrors.

There were skellingtons on 'orseback, oceans of blood, corpses risin' out of their coughings, 'orrible snakes and dragons with scores of 'eads, lions with 'orns, stars droppin' down, earthquakes blowin' hup, bumble bees as big as cats attackin' 'uman beins, and in

front of all this the Very Rev. Mr. Baxter engaged in prayer! This prayer was of the kind wick you can't follow, both becos of its longness, and also becos of not bein' able to keep hup with the speed of the words, as come out like a motor-car with a pleeceman after it. Following this the same gentleman read a passage out of Revelations, fillin' in a remark here and there where the Bible didn't seem complete enuff for his purpose. After this it was gently egspained to us that the little book, same as 'ad been crammed into our letter boxes, was only an hextract from a much nicer one, in wick the 'orrible torments and sufferins we was to all pass thro'—espeshully the Christians amongst us—was all set forth at one shilling per copy, to be 'ad at the dores.

We were then requested to join in singin' "Old the Fort for I am coming" the whiles the assistant profit took hup a collection for the egspenses of the hall. The singin' of that him was a thing to be remembered, bein' done to the time of the "Dead March in Saul" without any instrument, and every verse read out by the chief profit in the same tired kind of voice as he'd prayed and read the piece in.

After this, the address. And of all the addresses I ever 'eard—well, there. I've been to a tidy few things in my time; once I was barked into a Mormon meeting, where they talked about the profit John Smith all the time; but then, they 'as their lucid moments now and again; whereas this—well, there; when it were hover I felt as if I'd just 'ad a shampoo, and they'd turned on the bilin' water by mistake, my pore 'ead was that addled! Wot with dates, and dragons, and viols, and Napoleons, and little horns, and plagues, and "666" (wick is supposed to be very wickid figgers, altho I don't see it, not meself), I was fairly staggered! From wot my shattered brain can recollect of the remarks wick fell from the profit's lips, it seems that the Very Rev. Mr. Baxter have picked out a gent by the name of Napoleon, now serving as a general in the Russian army, as the coming Antichrist—he didn't mention as to whether he'd asked Nap's permission before draggin' his name into the controversy, but I s'pose that don't matter. Baxter knows best, so it's no good for Napoleon to fight shy of the job, becos he's got to take it on, or else 'twould upset all the kalkilations—as would be a pity, wouldn't it, now?—besides wasting all them vallyble paintings! Then it seems that on Thursday, February 26th, 1924, at 22 minutes to 1 o'clock, 144,000 people will be found to be missing—as the Very Rev. Mr. Baxter put it: "2 men will be at the plough, and all of a sudden one will vanish, just leavin' his smock frock and his hob-nailed boots to show where he has been!" Following this event, all true Christians will be carried away into a wilderness and fed on bread and water for 3½ years, wick, the Rev. B. kindly remarked, would probably be hard fare for most of us—no luxuries, not even a bit of 'am sandwich; no stimulants, or anything of that sort; on hearing wick a red-faced hindividual on a front seat got hup and went hout, disgusted with the "no stimulants" clause, so I egspicks.

After all this egscitement the wicked people wick remain, such as Socialists, Radicals, Roman Catholics, Democrats, Pierpont Morgans, and the like, would be beheaded by the 100 million unless they 'ad the mystick mark "666" chalked on their foreheads, and bowed down to a statute of Napoleon, as would be erected in every town, including Cheltenham and the United States.

The Rev. B. mentioned 'ow awkward it would be to carry on bizness in such a town as Cheltenham, with a 1,000 or 2 heads bein' took huff every day or two becos of this 'ere "666," as don't seem to me worth makin' all the fuss about, wick it struck me that a lot of things 'll 'ave to 'appen in the next 25 years before they take to worshippin' statues of Napoleon in either this country or the United States!

Those that are left over after the beheadings will have to go thro' the following egperiences:—1st, famine for 17 months; 2nd, pestilence and war for 16 months; 3rd, more beheadings for 7 months; 4th, darkness for 4 months; after wick the demon scorpion locusts, as advertised, will be turned on for 10 months; the few human beings that

are left alive or in their right censuses will then be swooped down upon by the 200 million and three brimstone-breathing demon horses, killing huff the third part of the pore wretches that remain for 13 months.

After this is a religious reformation; but it isn't quite clear where the people would come from to be reformed after all the above interludes. 'Owver, per'aps it's like army reform—on paper only!

But stop a minnit—I've lost count somewhere. I know that at one place in the programme all the demons, wick are now, according to the Rev. B., shut into a pit in the centre of the earth, are to be let loose just to 'elp matters on a bit, droppin' around pestilences and other unkind things. I think the above is somewhere about all the programme, but if I've left out a few 'orriblenesses as would add to the effect a bit, I guess the Rev. B. will egscuse me, not bein' used to describin' so much slaughter.

You asks me wot I do think of it all? Well, now, let me see! I can't help thinkin', funstly, wot a loss to the grocery trade the Rev. B. is! If he'd only 'ad a few cheeses or a chest of tea up there sellin', he'd 'ave done well for all concerned; but as a profit he's a failure! He don't sparkle, and shout, and bang the table enuff; seems to me if I thought all these 'ere atrocities was about to 'appen to my nearest and dearest I should make the welking ring afore I'd let any of them sit and listen to me as quietly as if I were givin' a prize recitation or recitin' "Little Jim." Secondly, I've discovered wot the Bible was given us for, namely for the Rev. Mr. B. to prove his atrocities out of. I shall never listen to they as says the Bible's out of date again. Just a word here and half a sentence there and the Rev. B. can prove any mortal thing out of Holy Writ, wick I've heard him do it, so I knows! Thirdly, I've discovered that we've made a huge mistake in our religion all these years. When I was a little 'un I learnt a text called "God is Love." According to the Rev. B. this text is a great mistake—for "Love" read "Cruelty," and then you have the Rev. B.'s gospel in brief!

DANIEL I. BRIGGS.

* * *
PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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.

The winner of the 171st competition is Mr. W. Hewitt, of "Eskdale," All Saints'-road, Cheltenham, with his football series (page 5).

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The 82nd competition did not fill.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 64th prize has been divided between Miss Maud M. Lyne, of "Ryecote," St. Luke's, Cheltenham, and Mr. Edward A. R. Llewellyn, 27 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons at St. Matthew's Church and Wesley Church respectively.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the eighth literary competition is divided between Mr. Albert Yiend Gloucester-street, Winchcombe, for "The Wolf of Cismon," and Miss E. M. Humphris, "Avening," Leckhampton, for "A Legend of Kiama."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Gloucester is still in the throes of light railway construction. Ever since November 9th last the main thoroughfares have been more or less—very much more—"up," thus blocking vehicular traffic or rendering it dangerous, and seriously incommoding foot-passengers, while shopkeepers have been almost driven to despair through the resultant interferences with business. And I cannot help contrasting the systematic and expeditious methods adopted by the late Mr. Nevins when making his light railway in Cheltenham with the contrary actions of the track contractor at Gloucester. There, instead of being compelled to begin and finish off definite short lengths of track, the contractor has been allowed to go on and on ripping up the roadways and laying rails and concrete, regardless of the all-important consideration of when it would suit the pleasure or convenience of the limited in number but easy-going band of pavious to set to and lay the granite sets or wood blocks, so as to re-instate the roadways into highways. Small wonder it is that even among some of the enthusiasts in favour of the scheme at the start there is a growing fear whether the tramways will pay, having regard to the big outlay that is ever on the upward grade. Many essential works that one would have expected included in the original contract are ever and anon coming in as "extras," and it is a revelation to find no arrangement was made by the Corporation to meet the very proper and necessary requirements of the Midland Company that signals shall be erected in the streets some 80 yards distance from and on either side of the level crossings over their main line and the Dock branch, and that the company's servants shall be able to temporarily sever the electrical power, so as to guard against the fearful possibility of the cars rushing the crossings and colliding with any trains that might be passing. The Board of Trade will have to settle this serious matter.

If any evidences beyond the beautiful weather and nature's own visible works were required to prove that spring is with us, I might refer to two of a local character, namely, that the elvers now come up the Severn on the tides and that the cuckoo was not only heard on Chosen Hill as early as April 13th, but feathered "poachers" were noted about the same day in the vale, at Slimbridge and Brookthorpe. I have not yet heard any elvers being hawked about Cheltenham, but it may be that when the gourmets of the Cathedral city have become satiated with feeding on these fry of eels those who like them in the Garden Town will have the chance of buying at a cheaper rate than they are at present.

Having from its inception taken an interest in the new chapel-of-ease to the church on Chosen Hill, to be dedicated next Monday, and remembering that the "Graphic" has from time to time helped on the cause, I may be permitted to express a hope that the debt upon it, about £750, will speedily disappear. It certainly speaks volumes for the piety and liberality of local people chiefly in these times, when money is none too plentiful, that some £2,500 should have been raised since the building scheme was vigorously taken in hand by the new vicar of the parish, the Rev. J. J. D. Cooke. I am sure it would make many more than the Chosen people joyful if the venerable Bishop of Gloucester is able to keep his engagement to attend and dedicate (consecration not being necessary) this—St. Andrew's—church, for it so happens that the day fixed for the ceremony will be his lordship's 85th birthday, and it will be in the last week of April, corresponding to the time last year when the new Wesleyan Church, built on the other end of the Chapel Hay piece, on a site also given by the Land Co., was opened.

GLEANER.

Mrs Pirrie, wife of the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, was on Wednesday presented with the freedom of Belfast in recognition of her philanthropic efforts on behalf of the city.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

REOPENED AFTER RENOVATION, APRIL 17, 1904.



Photo by H. H. S. Escott, Cheltenham.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE NEW PEIR.
(FIRST SECTION).

POETRY.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

There are three lessons I would write;
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracing eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy barque is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But men, as men, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—SCHILLER.

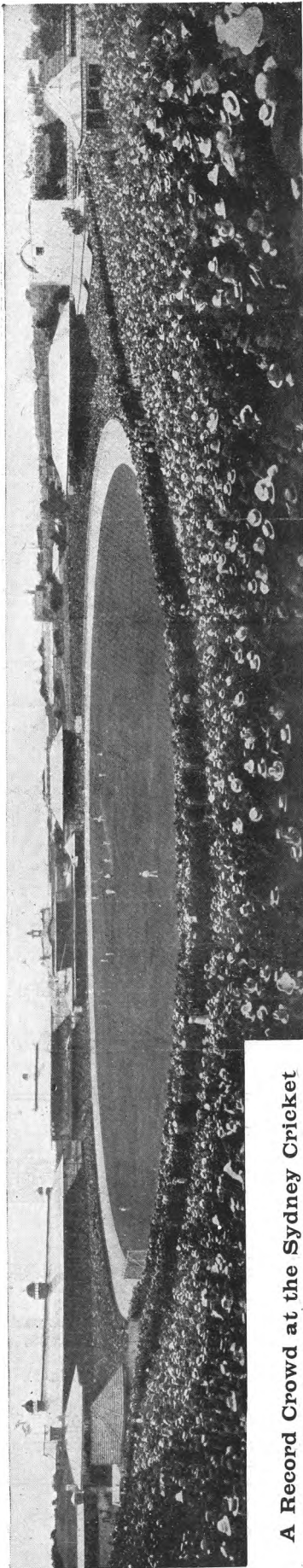
THE MUSIC THAT CAME WITH MAY.

Lie still, lie still, oh my heart, beating heart;
The Summer is ended and over;
Tho' Autumn begins to decay and depart,
Tho' gone is the scent of the clover,
Sigh not, sigh not, though the leaf turns gold,
And the sweet of the year at its close is;
For love is a tale that is never quite told,
And dies not, tho' dead the last rose is.

Lie still, lie still, oh my heart, happy heart;
The earth cannot always be vernal;
The world runs away, and the seasons depart;
But love is a song that's eternal;
Then rejoice, for the music that came with May,
December can rob us of never;
'Twas not for a season, a month, or a day,
But for ever, and ever, and ever!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

(Set to Music by Edwin Greene).



A Record Crowd at the Sydney Cricket Ground—First Test Match.

ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN AUSTRALIA.



AN OLD HUNTER.



* COTSWOLD HOUNDS *

* * at Foston's Ash, * *

* * April 8, 1904. * * *



Photos by George Jolly, Shepscombe.

APRIL.

"For now the heavenly power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flowers with dew.
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too."

This is th' poets month. Some folk turn up their nose at poets an' poetry; but a chap 'at's no poetry in his soul must find this world a dry unprofitable place. "A poet's a fool," as chap said to me 'tother day, an' aw couldn't deny it, so far as mi personal knowledge went. But allowing it to be true 'at all poets are fools, all fools arnt poets, and there's a bit o' consolation in that. "But poets are poor," says another. Well, they mayn't have much brass, but what bi that? Brass is worth nowt except for th' pleasure it can bring, an' there's many a poet has had more pleasure out o' th' sight of a bunch of wild flowers than a banker could get out of his thousands. There's nobody as independent as a poor man. It makes no difference to him what rate of interest th' Bank of England pays; you can always get a penny cake for a penny—an' if there's no butter on it, never heed! A chap 'at's hungry can eat it dry. There are times when poverty means misery, but wealth doesn't always mean happiness. Where there's wealth there's risk, an' where there's risk there's anxiety.

"The man whose worldly wealth is small
Should hesitate to risk it all;
While he who riches hath in store
With firmer foot may venture more;
But he that hath no goods at all
May climb at will, nor fear to fall.
And of the three I'd sooner choose
His lot who nothing has to lose."

So now all you poor folk may find some consolation in that. Whether this is th' month for poets or not, it's acknowledged 'at it's th' month for fools, so we can all lay claim to a share in it, for everybody's foolish sometimes. He's a fool 'at axes a woman to sharpen a

lead pencil. He's a fool 'at fancies his wife believes all he says because she never calls him a liar. But th' biggest fool is that chap 'at simpers and smiles all day when he's away from home, an' grumbles and growls all th' time he is there. There's not many wed couples but have a disagreement sometimes, but them 'at have th' fewest are th' best off. Aw heard of a couple 'at hadn't had a wrong word for six year. "Very likely they're deaf and dumb," aw said to th' chap 'at told me. "No," he said, "they're as right as you and me." "That's a curiosity," aw thought, an' as aw'm fond of owt curious, aw determined aw'd pay 'em a visit. Aw saw th' husband, an' aw told him what aw'd come for. He smiled in a sickly sort of way, an' he said, "Well, it's true. Mi wife goes out washin' every day but Sunday, an' Sundays she spends at her mother's; an' aw'm th' watchman at a mill; an' as she goes to work in a morning before aw get home, an' aw go to mi work at night before she gets home, we haven't much chance to fall out." But although aw value peace an' quietness as much as anyone, sometimes even that can be bought too dear.

[Adapted from "The Original Clock Almanack," 1885.]

A certain magistrate had to try a man for exceeding twelve miles an hour on a motor-car, and on the day of trial he overslept himself. The court was 25 miles from his house. He hired a motor, started off, and reached the court well inside the hour, in excellent time to fine the twelve-mile-an-hour desperado five pounds.

Considering the thousands of virtuous and delightful people who make London their home (says the "Spectator"), it is a little odd that the eyes of the modern novelist seem fixed on that small section who (the information is solely derived from the writings of these autho's) live only for the enjoyment of "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 173.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY,
"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."
NEXT WEEK (MATINEE ON SATURDAY),
Mr. H. Arthur Jones's Brilliant Comedy,
"WHITEWASHING JULIA."
USUAL PRICES.

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINNS ON MAY 2nd.—Prospectus &c. from
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

Eton House, Wellington Street,
Cheltenham.

Girls' School & Kindergarten
PRINCIPAL - MISS LLOYD.

Assisted by an efficient staff of Mistresses and Masters.
Thorough education at moderate fees.
Prospectus on Application.
The Term begins on Tuesday, May 10th.

The announcement that a play by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton will shortly be produced at a London theatre suggests (says the "Daily Chronicle") the possibility of some dramatic germ existing in the atmosphere of the Colonial Office. A few years ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in his spare time, wrote a three-act comedy which those few of his intimate friends who were allowed to read it pronounced to be distinctly clever work. It has never been produced, mainly because the author had no desire that it should be; he wrote it merely to see what playwriting felt like

Mr. Quiller-Couch, one of our novelists to whom the life of London does not appeal, and who comes but rarely from his Cornish retreat to mingle with his friends of Fleet-street, told an amusing story against himself the other night (says J. A. H. in the current "Bystander"). In a little shop at Fowey, where the products of the press are mingled with pipes and tobacco, he was buying some of the latter commodity one day, when the good lady who kept the shop said to him: "You'd be surprised, Mr. Couch, to know how many people ask for your books." The novelist admitted that he was at once surprised and gratified, and wondered why his works could be in demand. "Well, I suppose," said the old lady, "when folks is staying down here they wants to read something local."



COUNCILLOR W. A. BAKER

(NEW VICE-CHAIRMAN OF CHELTENHAM BOARD OF GUARDIANS).

There are two schools of mind engaged in the present fiscal controversy, says the "Magazine of Commerce." There is the old school, which dwells fondly on the past, and soothes us with sweet incantations of "Fifty Years of Progress." There is the new school, which fully admits all that the old school says, but denies that finality has been attained, and insists upon making entirely fresh experiments. The controversy is a new phase of perpetual struggle between conservatism and progressivism. It is one of the many paradoxes of our party system that, on this occasion, progressivism happens to be flying under Conservative colours.

GRANDMOTHERLY LAW.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Freedom of Labour Defence, on Monday, in London, Lady Frances Balfour expressed her admiration of the research work of the society—all too little known—which exists as a defence to workers against the sentimental philanthropist and the attacks of the male trade unionist; in other words, it aims at protecting persons in gaining a livelihood. This led her on to speak of barmaids, whom she declared that she intended to defend as long as their liberty was threatened by grandmotherly legislation.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE CHAPLAIN.

[By A. T. STAMFORD.]

The Chaplain of the Seamen's Institute was seated in the reading-room one Sunday afternoon, and about a score of sailors, young and old, were gathered around him. For some time they chatted on topics of interest, with occasional religious references, but at last when conversation grew rather dull, the Chaplain commenced to tell them a tale; a tale which he declared was in every particular a true one.

"It is about six years ago," he said, "when the 'Cambria' left Liverpool on a long voyage to Australia, calling at Capetown and Bombay on the way. She was a fine vessel, and carried a valuable and heavy cargo. Her captain was one of the best, and first and second mates were well qualified men who thoroughly understood their work. The third mate was only about twenty-two years of age but had been considered fully competent by the owners; his name was Ralph Seymour. The crew were about an average, except perhaps for one man, an Italian named Giosco, a man of unprepossessing appearance and manner who very soon became the pet aversion of the officers and was regarded unfavourably by most of the men. He was, however, an excellent sailor, and was tolerated on that account.

"Seymour, the third mate, was the son of a sailor, his father being captain of a merchant vessel; but he had not seen him for more than two years, their various cruises keeping them continually apart.

"Giosco began to acquire a strange influence over the young officer. At night when the two were together on deck, the Italian would start away with yarn after yarn of peril and adventure, narrating them in a wonderful way, and imparting a semblance of truth to all of them. Seymour was of a romantic disposition, and these tales seemed to rouse his excitement to a remarkable pitch every time he listened to them. He really hated Giosco as much as the others, but yet he always felt drawn towards him—the man fascinated him.

"By degrees, slowly but surely, that same influence extended from him to others; one by one the crew began to feel it, to be affected by it. Giosco told them tales of treasure, of wealth beyond imagination, and then he related the manner in which this wealth had been acquired. A change seemed to come over everybody, and each man began to think things that he had never thought before. Then questions were asked, dark hints were conveyed in whispers, and in process of time it became evident that something unusual was afoot. The ship carried a valuable cargo, the officers were few, what was to prevent that cargo from changing hands? One night, in the midst of the ocean, with Africa many miles behind and India far away in the front, the officers and such of the crew as were faithful were thrown into an open boat, and set adrift on that almost illimitable expanse of water. And when the sun rose next day, the 'Cambria' was sailing in a different direction, Giosco was her captain, Seymour her mate, and the cargo was divided in fixed proportions. The beginning had been made, and the men were launched into a new life, a life of villainy and crime. For their leader was not satisfied, no mutiny could satisfy him, one stolen cargo was by no means sufficient. His designs would carry them much further, from mutiny to piracy, and as he told them of the riches to be obtained, whatever hesitation they may have had disappeared immediately, and they resolved to follow him wherever he might lead them.

"But with Seymour it was very different. The temporary enthusiasm and excitement which had induced him to join the mutineers had all gone, and in its place deep heavy remorse filled his mind; he bitterly regretted the step he had taken, and each day became more and more sorrowful.

"Three days had passed when a sail was

descried, which in a short time proved to be a merchant vessel, surely a suitable victim for a first attempt. So thought the captain, and so thought the crew, and thus firearms, knives, and cutlasses (all of which had been smuggled on board at the last port) were handed round, ammunition was served out, and everything made ready.

"The two ships approached one another, the merchant, careless and without suspicion, preparing to give a friendly hail as soon as they were near enough.

"Then, suddenly, to the 'Cambria's' mast-head a flag was sent flying—a flag that in olden times has often struck terror into the hearts of peaceful voyagers; a black flag embroidered with a skull. Then the pirate ship drew alongside and a swarm of ruffians headed by Giosco and the mate sprang from her deck on to that of the other vessel, whose astonished crew were speedily overpowered, all who resisted being mercilessly slaughtered. Among these was the captain, a fine broad-shouldered man of middle age, who, with a revolver and an iron bar, gallantly defended himself for some time. Seymour pressed forward among those who were attacking him, not to join them in the fight, but rather to keep up appearances. Man after man went down before the stout arm of the captain, but suddenly a pistol cracked, a low cry came from the brave man's lips, and he sank to the deck. At that moment Seymour was able to see his face, and the effect was wonderful. Hurling aside all those who stood in his way he rushed to the place where the wounded man had fallen, knelt down beside him, seized his hand, and gazed horror-stricken upon him. Then, in a voice of fearful agony and despair, he cried: 'My father—villains, you have killed my father!'

The Chaplain paused; his hearers were deeply interested. He seemed strangely agitated, apparently much moved by his recital.

"The pirates," he continued, "were completely astounded at this revelation. Hardened as they were, they were yet sufficiently humane to feel for their companion, and it was with something like tenderness that they dragged him away at last, and brought him back to their own ship, leaving the ill-fated vessel and its dead to sink into the vast cemetery of the ocean."

Again the speaker paused.

"And what," asked one of the seamen, "became of the mate afterwards?"

"Oh, that," replied the Chaplain, "is another story. His wavering was gone, he hesitated no longer. He had fallen once, and he resolved to devote the rest of his life to atoning for that fall. At the first port they sighted he escaped by night in a boat and gained the shore in safety. Assisted by a clergyman with whom he became acquainted, he entered the mission field, rose to some prominence, and now, thanks to God, who has continually aided him in his work, he stands before you, trusting that this short story of his life has interested all of you to whom he has told it."

With one impulse all the listeners sprang to their feet.

"You! You!"—they cried with one breath.

The Chaplain smiled.

"Yes, my friends," he said, "you may well be astonished. But it is so; I am indeed that same Ralph Seymour who was mate on the 'Cambria' six years ago."



ST. MARK'S DAY.



[By E. M. HUMPHRIS.]

It is St. Mark's Day—nearly two years since I married off my sister to Doctor Mackenzie, and quite two years since my grand ghost effect. I was 15 then, and she and I were staying with some cousins in a Norfolk village while I got over the effects of measles, which conveniently lengthened my Easter holidays. Valerie was 22, and as thorough a prig then as you would meet in a day's march, though even I thought her passable-looking, and Mackenzie thought her a presentation

copy of a goddess. She was lecturer at a girls' college and president of a society for hunting out ghosts—I forget the right name. Now Mackenzie had proposed to Valerie twice to my certain knowledge, and was changing rapidly from a sensible doctor and a pleasant companion for birds'-nesting expeditions into a mawkish drivelling idiot. I saw Valerie one day poring over a History of Norfolk Superstition in 14 volumes, and she left one open on the table when she went up to dress for dinner on that memorable 24th of April. I looked down the page to see what rubbish she had got hold of now, and read this important piece of information:—"On St. Mark's Eve whoever goes into the church porch at midnight will see passing before him the spirits of those who will die within a year. See page 85 and Notes Vol. III." Now, Valerie had not looked at the Notes; she had not had time or curiosity to get down Volume III. I had both, and the Notes made it clear to me that the people who "walked" on St. Mark's Eve were both those who should die in the following year and those who should be married. A plan rapidly matured itself in my brain, and I went and found my cousin Jim and confided it to him. Valerie would undoubtedly go out ghost-hunting at midnight. The churchyard was just across the road—a big rambling place, with a path through it leading to the village; one whole sound church and one ruined church standing side by side, and countless yew trees and tombstones; while on one side of the churchyard was an inlet of the Broad, which shone whitely in the moonlight, and gave a beautiful ghostly effect to the whole scene. Now the family likeness between Valerie and me is very strong; indeed, many people say I am a bad caricature of her. I searched out a box of amateur theatrical remains, and found a yellow wig just the colour of Valerie's hair; I fetched her best frock and hat and one of those spotty white veils which tie down over your face (I fancy ghosts are always dressed in their Sunday best), and put them in the cupboard in my bedroom. Jim and I arranged to go round to the village by another path than the churchyard one a little before midnight; I was to dress up in Valerie's things in the wood by the Broad, while Jim went and knocked up Mackenzie and told him that I was very ill and seemed to have a kind of fit. Mackenzie would take a few minutes to dress himself, and then hurry through the churchyard to his patient's abode; I should follow him at a discreet distance. All fell out as I had expected; unlike the immature plans of most men and mice, my plans worked out all right. Valerie, looking fairly frightened, went out at midnight and stood in the old church porch, awaiting events. I expect Dr. Mackenzie's ghost upset her a bit (for she hadn't read the part of the book about the people who were to be married), but when she saw her own ghost sailing majestically up the path she fairly yelled. I think she was afraid to move for a bit, so I had time to get comfortably into the house and my bed before Mackenzie got the front door unlocked. Jim told him to be very quiet, as there was no need to wake up the household until my fit took a fatal turn. I think Mackenzie began to suspect that I was shamming, but he dared not say much to Valerie's brother, and we got rid of him quietly, after we were sure Valerie had slunk in. The next morning I went round and told Mackenzie I wasn't really ill, and we had only fetched him out of bed for a lark. He was rather waxy, but finally promised to say nothing about the affair. Later on in the day, Val looked very washed out, and by-and-bye I saw her get Vol. I. and Vol. III of "Norfolk Superstitions" out of the bookcase, and when she got to the St. Mark's Eve notes in Vol. III. she began to look a bit less dismal. Next time Mackenzie proposed to her she accepted him with cheerful alacrity, and was married without undue delay. I expect she thought it better to be a live dog than a dead lion, and perhaps she had a sneaking likeness for Mackenzie, and wanted to save his life too. I am going to tell her some day that she and Mackenzie were not real ghosts. It will be one in the eye for the ghost-hunters, but I fancy it will be a relief to Val, she has more sense now. I shall write and tell her about it when I am at a safe distance.

CHELTENHAM TRADES EXHIBITION.

ONE OF THE STALLS.



E. J. C. Palmer, maker of the "Health" Self-Raising Flour, Steam Mills, Hopewell-street, Gloucester.

HIS WORD OF HONOUR.

[BY ALBERT YIEND.]

He was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but they were going to shoot him. The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the army, and he had been conducted to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement. At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk, who had apprenticed him to a printer. It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering where she lay dying. As he was digging potatoes one day in the Plain of St. Denis a Prussian bullet had broken his shoulder, and through his companions' threats he had enlisted in the army. He hated to think of leaving his mother, who had been so good to him.

"Kiss me again, dear—again," she had said, "for I feel that I shall never see you more." As he was sitting in the cell, reflecting how he could see his mother, the commandant entered. "Now, my fine fellow, you know what awaits you?"

"Yes, mon commandant; I am ready!"

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot forward, and show me how soon you could be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

"Try me, mon commandant; try me! Put me to the proof! One hour of freedom and I will keep my word, and you shall see whether I am afraid to die."

"Boy, I am no fool. Once free and far away—you will not get me to swallow that!"



CHELTENHAM PARISH ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB, SEASON 1903-4.

Back row:—Mr. S. J. Norris (vice-president), F. Webb, A. Denchfield, E. Wheatley, and W. Morgan (hon. sec.)
 Second row:—F. Evans, G. Hayns, E. Stanton (captain), F. Willis, and J. Purveur.
 First row:—S. Fisher and G. Jones.
 Club's record:—Played 20, won 12, Lost 4, Drawn 4. Goals for 55; against 18.

He stopped abruptly in front of the prisoner, and asked in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the 15th of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you follow the commune?"

"The neighbours and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

"Well, then, it is understood," the officer said. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honour to be back in an hour. C'est bien. I give you till evening. Allons! Quick march!"

"I thank you, mon commandant. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

Victor ran home like a hare. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door. The person who was minding her opened the door. "Go very quietly," she said in a low voice, "she is asleep. Poor thing! She will be glad to see you."

He moved on tip-toe towards his mother's bed. "Victor, my boy!" she cried. Without a word he lay down beside her. He sobbed aloud. "Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best-loved?" she asked. "You will never leave me again. We will throw that hateful uniform away. I never want to see it more."

She soon fell asleep, and, slipping away quietly, he started back to the camp.

"What! So soon?" the commandant cried, astonished.

"But I had promised!"

"Well, you could have stayed with your mother much longer, and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! She fell asleep after a flood of tears, so calmly and happily, so I kissed her and slipped away like a thief; and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. Mon commandant, I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears. "You are quite resigned then—death does not frighten you?" he asked.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

"Allons! You are a plucky lad. You shall go. Embrace me first—bien! Now go quickly."

"It really would have been a pity," he said, half apologetically, to his staff, as he turned towards them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He lay down again beside her. Suddenly she sat up, crying. "Mercy! Victor, my child! Oh! Mercy!—Ah! you are here. Is it really you?"

she asked, waking. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs, which Victor could not calm. "Oh! my boy! my boy!" she moaned.

"I dreamt they were going to shoot you!"

WHISKERS AND WEALTH.

It has been pointed out that whiskers are, as a rule, worn only by people who have amassed great wealth, and that therefore in them lies the secret of money making, as in Samson's locks lay the source of his strength. To those who, holding this view, instance W. H. Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor as whisker-wearing plutocrats, it may be pointed out that only very rich men can afford these curious luxuries. Though Messrs. Vanderbilt and Astor wore whiskers, Croesus did not. And genius, which may, even in the twentieth century, be placed almost on a par with money-making, can develop without their aid. Cæsar, Napoleon, Littré, Renan, Oliver Cromwell, the Duke of Marlborough, and Milton have made their marks, devoid of whiskers. Peter the Great, when he taxed beards, incurred whiskers. So, even for economy's sake, little at that period could be said in their favour. The only instance of their commercial value dates from many centuries ago. When Juan de Castro sought to borrow 1,000 pistoles from the city of Goa he was in no position to offer security, but he offered in pledge one of his whiskers, making the extraordinary statement, "All the gold in the world cannot equal these natural ornaments of my features." In spite of the fact that he had grossly over-capitalised his face-fungus, the security seems to have been accepted. However, in our time no pawnbroker would advance fourpence on a complete set.—"The Folly of Face-fittings," in the "Cornhill Magazine."

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos by W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court.

**COTSWOLD HOUNDS (LAST MEET OF SEASON)
AT WITHINGTON.**



Photos by B. Mills, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE MUSEUM

A story is told in the new number of the "Cornhill Magazine" of a peer who, driving from St. Stephen's to the Embankment to attend a Moderate party meeting, dismissed the hansom with the legal fare, when the cabby, contemptuously jerking his thumb at the retreating form of the nobleman, shouted to a brother of the whip, "You can allays tell them Progressives by their bobs!"

There is at Bingham, near Nottingham, a postman who is computed to have walked 250,000 miles. He is now retiring on a pension.

Mr. Edward Jeal, head booking-clerk at Hastings South-Eastern Station, will retire this week after forty-seven years' service. Mr. Jeal calculates that he has taken over £1,000,000 in fares.

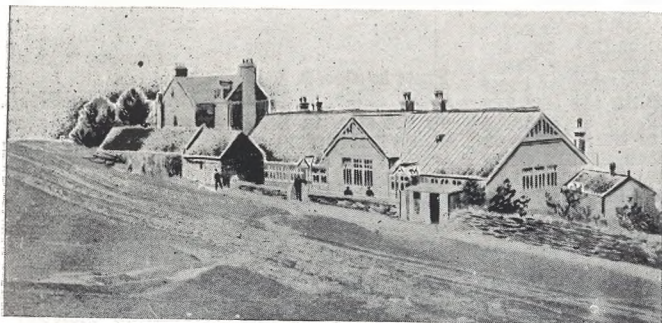
A porpoise, about 4ft. in length, 27in. in girth, and weighing 40lb., has been shot in the Nene at Peterborough.

"The Church of England is at present trying to do the work of the twentieth century with machinery devised for the sixteenth." So said the Rev. Canon Hodgson, vicar of Berwick, in a sermon preached at Berwick Parish Church.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

This match ("Rugger" and "Socket") was played on April 21st between the "Passive Resisters" and "Free Traders," captained respectively by Messrs. T. B. Phillips and J. T. Morris as "Devils." The gentlemen named are sitting on either side of the Mayor (Ald. T. Blinkhorn), who kicked off. The characters were diversified, and included those of "Farmer Giles" (Mr. George Romans), who refereed, and is on the left, with hobby horse; an inflated "P.C. Windbag" (Mr. John Poole); and a number of clowns, coons, costers, pierrots, etc.



CHELTENHAM GOLF CLUB HOUSE ON CLEEVE HILL.
 FRONT VIEW, SHOWING ROCK HOUSE ON LEFT,
 RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE CLUB.



THE NEW "WINGS" AT THE BACK OF CLUB
 HOUSE.



Drawn by Frank H. Keveren, Cheltenham.

Anachronism Extraordinary.

Rustle Antiquarian (observing for the first time our district automobile registration: "Bless me! A.D. 104! 1800 years old! Bless me! Bless me! Seems impossible.")

Picture postcards have become so extraordinarily popular at Paris that a special salon devoted to them has been opened in the immense municipal conservatories near the Place de l'Alma. A very large number of cards is exhibited, prizes having been awarded by a jury with conspicuous generosity. Those illustrated by photography are, on the whole, the most artistic, though some landscape views printed in colours are remarkably good, a few being as effective as hand-painted water-colours. A machine is exhibited printing 2,000 postcards an hour in several colours, both recto and verso receiving the impression simultaneously.

There are many notices in the shop windows just now respecting the price of tea, but none is more ingeniously worded than the celebrated shop bill of Thomas Garway, who was the first to sell tea in England, in 1657. Having set forth that "tea, in England, hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight," it goes on to say that "to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen, and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice, that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound." Twopence extra on the pound of tea would have made very little difference to the said Thomas Garway—whatever effect it is now going to have upon the "gentlemen and others."

The least obtrusive and most honest of tradesmen has to learn nowadays (says the "Manchester Guardian") that without some kind of advertisement he must be submerged, and if he accepts the principle it is useless to do things by halves.

His Honour Judge Wills was chosen on Monday as vice-president of the Baptist Union. This election carries with it the presidency for next year. The union, on the motion of Mr. George White, M.P., passed a resolution condemning the employment of Chinese labour in the Transvaal.

The tide of municipal trading has set in, and it is mere futility to think that, Canute-like, we can stop it by hard words, says the journal quoted in the foregoing paragraph. We must reason, and the more we reason the more it is apparent that there are instances in which municipal trading offers advantages against private trading. There remains the difficulty of drawing the line where private trading shall end and municipal trading begin. The fact also remains that to appreciate fully municipal trading we must wear the spectacles of the socialist. We must have strong faith in human nature, as exemplified in the public servant with a safe berth and an easy taskmaster; we must deny that the average man needs the spur of competition and the desire of wealth to maintain his efficiency; we must regard the drone as the exception and not the rule.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Baron Estcourt's application to the High Court of Justice for relief from pains and penalties, in having omitted inadvertently to make within the specified time the prescribed return and declaration of the expenses (amounting to the magnificent sum of 6s. 6d.) incurred by him in his recent election as County Councillor for Tetbury, reminds me that he is not the only noble lord from Gloucestershire who has had to throw himself on the mercy of this court. For, in 1901, Earl Bathurst sought for and immediately obtained relief because, by the good and sufficient reason of his absence from England in command of the 4th Gloucesters at St. Helena, he had not made his declaration of expenses in respect of his re-election as County Councillor for North Cerney. I should say that to the noble Earl and the Hon. Ben. Bathurst belong the unique distinction of being not only brothers by birth, but brothers in arms, each elected unopposed to a public elective office in the identical Parliamentary division of the county when on active service in the same regiment abroad, for Mr. Bathurst's return as M.P. for Cirencester was within a few months of the North Cerney election. I am afraid these unopposed elections often engender apathy and forgetfulness in more than one respect among persons concerned, and the probability now is that in the case of Baron Estcourt his lordship will find his walk-over at Tetbury cost him more money than if he had had to fight for his seat.

On December 26th last I opined that time alone would tell on what date the clock would be added to the carved wood frame circle that had just been placed in the north transept of Gloucester Cathedral by the family of the late Canon Bartholomew Price, as a commencement of the erection of their memorial to him. Now, within the last few days, the face of the clock, of dull green metal, bearing an allegory of time, has been fixed. There is no likelihood of the devotions of the congregations being disturbed by the ticking of the timepiece, for the hands will be worked by electric communication with Sir Thomas Bazley's clock up in the tower. The Price clock, which is of remarkable design, and the cost of which will run into nearly a thousand pounds, must be seen to be even but slightly understood.

Foxhunting is over till next autumn. The past season will be rightly remembered as the wet one, when the sodden state of the ground for several months made it extremely difficult going and often impracticable for the field, but easy for the foxes to elude hounds. Towards the close of the season the ground regained its elasticity, and there were some particularly good runs in March, Earl Bathurst's Hounds having the longest—2½ hours, with a kill, on the 25th; and the Ledbury a bloodless run of 2½ hours on the 5th. An unusual incident was that of the North Cotswold and Heythrop packs accidentally meeting at Evenlode, on the 9th, and running until they had killed their fox. On one of the bye-days that the Cotswold had, on April 2nd, they killed after two hours, at Rendcombe Park. All through the season foxes were plentiful, and it is satisfactory that, despite adverse circumstances, the kills were generally above the average number. One must be thankful that no fatal accident occurred. Really, the only serious casualty was that to Col. Heyworth Savage, on April 7th, when out with the North Cotswold Hounds; his thigh was broken, and he received other injuries, and he is still unable to be removed from Lord Gainsborough's residence, whither he was taken from the field. So far as my records go, the longest runs were those in which foxes beat hounds, and to the Ledbury must be credited one of three hours and ten minutes, on December 21st; to the Cotswold one of three hours on December 15th, from Stoke Orchard to Bredon Hill; to the Duke of Beaufort's a three hours' chase, on January 16; and to Lord Fitzhardinge's one of 2½ hours, on February 16th, winding up with a kill in a short second spin.

GLEANER.



Photo by G. H. B., Gloucester.

FATHER IGNATIUS,

who held a mission in Cheltenham last week. This portrait was taken in August, 1903, while the photographer was on a visit to Llanthony. The doorway is that in which the Father was standing when he experienced his reputed visions some years ago.

THE CITY CLERK.

Fluctuations in bank rates, the recovery of markets, the increased traffic of railways, and other signs and portents of commercial activity, must possess a curiously flavourless interest for the City clerk with a fixed salary. There is no "boom" for him, except the boom of the office clock. In the heart of the richest city in the world, there can be little comfort in feeling that his worldly possessions are girdled by a regular payment of five shillings a day. On that sum the wife and the children and himself, and the little home in the suburbs, must be kept going year in and year out. The daily coat must be—nominally—black, and there is an unwritten understanding that the face must be always cheerful.

I consider there is something very pathetic in the spectacle of the City clerk strolling listlessly about during the luncheon hour, picking up pieces of sandwiches or biscuits wrapped up in his tail pockets. Consols may be up, or Consols may be down; people may make fortunes or lose them. It is all the same to him. His cheerless line of life is definitely laid down, and the only capital he has is his health, which the Grim Enemy—that relentless official liquidator—may "call up" any day.—T. McDonald Rendle in "London Opinion."

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Nothing more astonishes, perhaps I should say shocks, French notions than the English habit of making a cheque do duty for a bridal gift. Our neighbours cannot bring themselves to condone what in their eyes appears little short of indelicacy. Wedding presents in France have generally some specific or intrinsic value apart from cost; they should suggest the donor, rather the offerer, for note the fine shade of meaning, the verbal nicety. A French friend never gives, always offers you a present. Again, bridal gifts should hit the taste, meet some want or maybe whim, of the recipient, no amount of time or thought being grudged upon the selection.—"French Brides and Bridegrooms," in "Cornhill Magazine."

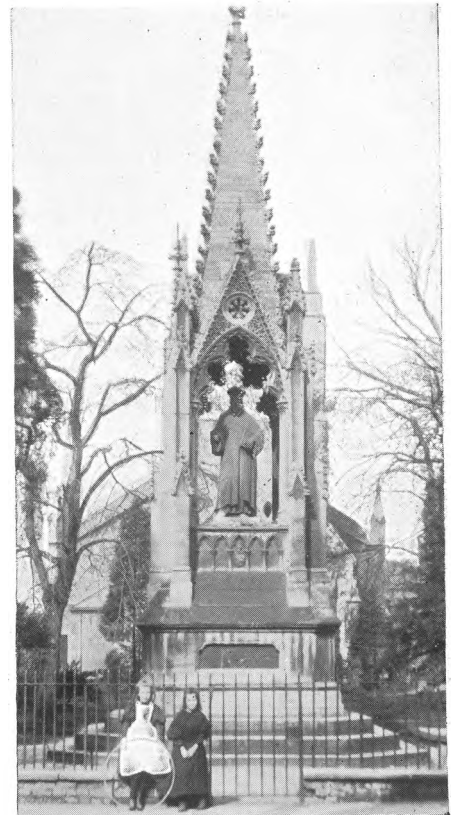


Photo by Geo. S. Vicker, Gloucester.

BISHOP HOOPER MEMORIAL

on the site, in St. Mary-square, Gloucester, of his martyrdom at the stake. As the stonework shows signs of decay, it is to be restored, at a cost of about £400. The canopy will be relieved of surplus ornamentation to reduce its weight.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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.

The winner of the 172nd competition is Mr. W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

The winner of the 83rd competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Summary not exceeding five hundred words of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 65th prize has been divided between Miss Edith Weaver, Repton, Hewlett-road, and E. A. B. Llewellyn, 27 Clarence-square, for their reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt, M.A., at St. John's, and the Rev. A. Llewellyn, M.A., at Wesley Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the ninth literary competition has been awarded to Mr. A. T. Stamford, 32 Suffolk-parade, for his short story "The Chaplain."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning, and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and literary contributions sent in become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.



Photo by Sergt. Harris, Cheltenham.

PRESENTATION INKSTAND

to Capt. Cave-Moyle (Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle, Vicar of St. Paul's, Cheltenham) by 1st Cheltenham Company (Parish Church) Boys' Brigade.



Photo by Flora Tanner, Gloucester.

RAILWAY RECONSTRUCTION

over M.R. Subway between Parkend-road and Midland-road, Gloucester, Sunday, April 17, 1904.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.
The membership of the above club continues to increase in a most satisfactory manner, six new members being admitted at the last general meeting. The plan of holding some of the meetings in other towns in the county has met with great success. The next general meeting will be held at Tewkesbury at the Swan Hotel, on Saturday, May 7th, at 3.30 p.m. All motorists are invited to attend. There will be a club motor meet to-morrow at Nailsworth, near Stroud. It is expected that a large number of motorists will be present. The members and their friends are looking forward to May 14th, when there will be an inter-club meet at Monmouth of the Gloucestershire A.C. and the South Wales and Monmouthshire A.C. It is expected to be the largest gathering of motors ever held in the district. An invitation has been extended to the club to enter six cars in a hill-climbing contest to be organised shortly by the Midland Automobile Club, which is, by the way, one of the largest provincial clubs.
A CAUSE OF MISFIRING.

I have been troubled recently with a mysterious misfiring on the part of the motor. At first the accumulator was suspected to be the cause of the trouble, but on testing with the voltmeter, over four volts were registered. The trembler and platinum screw were most carefully adjusted to give best results, and the sparking-plug examined, but all to no purpose; the misfiring still continued. A systematic examination of the electric ignition system revealed the cause of the trouble; the high-tension wire connecting the coil to the sparking-plug was hanging to the coil terminal by only one strand of wire. This was soon remedied, and the motor fired perfectly once again.

VALVE STUMPS.

A good deal of the inefficient working of an engine can be frequently traced to the condition of the stems of the inlet and exhaust valves. These are frequently left to take care of themselves for long periods, and frequently become too tight a fit in the guides. They will in consequence work so slowly that a considerable amount of engine power is lost. The valves should be taken out occasionally and touched up with fine emery cloth. They should then be rubbed over with blacklead. This is an ideal lubricant for valves. No oil, however thick, will stand the heat.

AN EASY METHOD OF FINDING OUT THE GEAR.
When motor-cyclists meet, and the machines are examined, the question is often asked, "What is the gear of your machine?" Therefore every motor-cyclist likes to know the gear of his machine. There are several methods of finding this out; but for simplicity the following takes some beating:—

Wheel your machine along, and count the number of revolutions of the crankshaft for one revolution of the road wheel. This will give the gearing ratio.

MOTOR-CYCLES AND REAR LIGHTS.

A recent decision rules that motor-cycles are not bound to carry rear red lights, but only to show a light in the direction in which the machine is travelling.

A HAPPY TIME COMING.

It is reported that rubber has been successfully extracted from the American greasewood tree. Experiments have been conducted in Ohio, U.S.A., as a result of which a plant for rubber manufacture will be established in Southern California, where the trees grow. The product is said to have all the qualities of Para rubber, and costs but 1s. 5d. a pound, compared with over 4s. for the real rubber.

SPARKING PLUG AND COMPRESSION.

A frequently unsuspected cause of loss of compression is the use of a sparking plug which is not pressure tight, and which allows the gas to blow through. There are two points where leakage can occur, viz. round the packing nut and where the plug is screwed into the combustion head. When the compression of the engine is not all that it should be, the sparking plug should be tested first for leakage. This can be easily done as follows:—Smear some cylinder oil round the joints, and turn the engine pulley round by hand. Any leakage will soon be apparent by the gas blowing bubbles at the joint which is not pressure tight. The remedy is obvious.

INLET VALVE SPRINGS.

To get best results with a motor fitted with an automatic inlet valve, the spring of the valve should be just at the right tension, neither too weak nor too strong. A slack spring can easily be discovered by the engine misfiring when running at high speeds, also by popping in the carburetter. The better the compression of an engine the stronger can be the inlet valve spring, as a greater force will be exercised by the suction stroke of the engine. It is surprising the difference the strength of the inlet spring can produce in the running of the engine. To test this, compare the running of the engine with a new spring and one that has been in use for some time.

[“Ariel” will be glad to answer questions on these subject.]

A Queenstown correspondent telegraphs that the White Star mail steamer Cedric, from New York, arrived there on Wednesday evening after a record passage. She brought 375 cabin and 221 steerage passengers. Among the cabin passengers was Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neill, of the United States Navy, who has been commissioned to make investigation of navy ordnance matters in England and on the Continent.

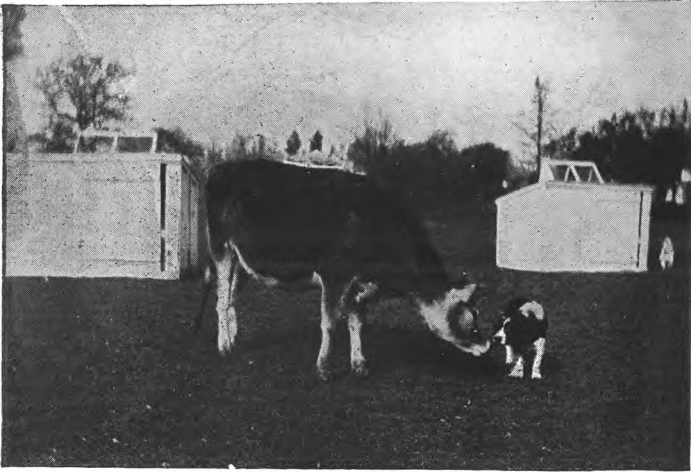
POETRY.

A PRAYER.

O God, whose laws I cannot hear, but feel;
Sweet Nature-Spirit, unto Thee I kneel.
I crave not luxury: the hardest fare
Sustains if one poor guerdon Thou wilt spare.
Deny me all that can the heart control;
But, let me save the temple of my soul!
In beauty fair, of marble white it's wrought,
And crowns the highest peak in realms of thought.
All silent, cold, and empty is that shrine,
Yet lit with some faint glow of light divine.
By law, that shrine shall be by me defamed:
A rebel, I will keep it all unshamed.
A suit of snow-white armour hangs within,
And I will wear it for the battle's din.
In that dread strife my blood with tears will flow—
For what? To save this shed of empty snow?
For crownless victory? For famine's crust,
Instead of all the easy joys of—dust?
Yes! Yes! Sweet Nature, owning all control;
O save! It is the temple of my soul! X.

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes planned to accomplish a great deal after death by the provisions of his remarkable will; but the supplanting of a public-house in his native town was not among his schemes. That, however, is what he, or his memorial, is doing. The Rhodes Memorial Committee has purchased a central site in Market-square, Bishop's Stortford, formerly known as the Carriers' Arms Inn, the license of which has been surrendered, for the purpose of erecting the memorial.

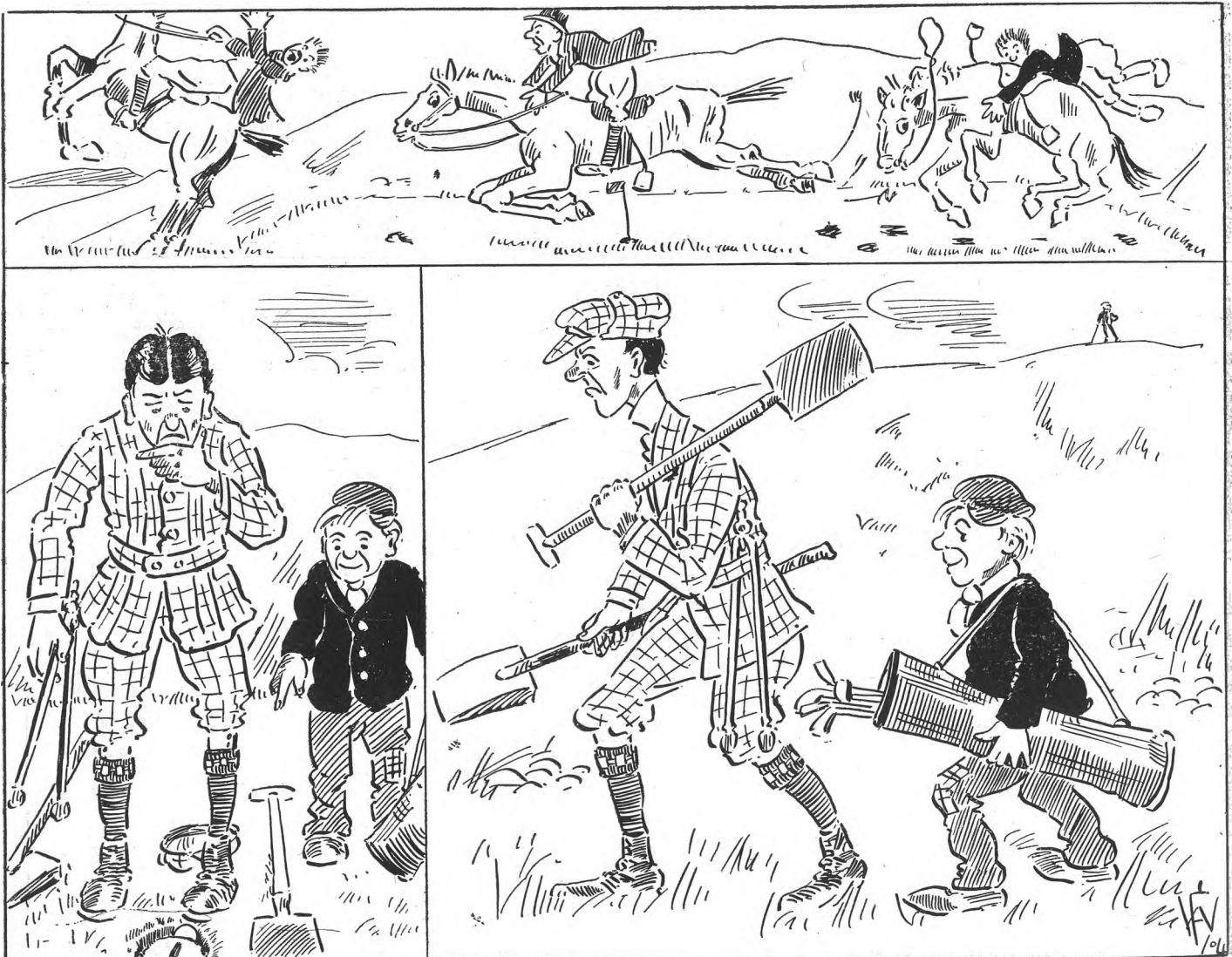
PRINTING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Artistically and
Cheaply Executed
AT THE
"Echo" & "Chronicle" Offices.
Estimates and Specimens
on Application.
TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.



Photos by C. G. McIlquham, Hayden Court.
"SUSPICION."

"FRIENDSHIP."

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

LATEST ADDITIONS TO A GOLFER'S OUTFIT!

"Owing to the way horsemen have cut up the Cleeve Hill course, players at the Cotswold Hills Golf Club Spring Meeting were frequently in want of spades and firetongs to get a ball from a good drive on to the turf again."—*Gloucestershire Echo*, April 16.