

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC



No. 178.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS EVENING:
THE NEW EXCITING MELODRAMA,
"WHAT MEN CALL LOVE."

NEXT WEEK:
Mr. Charles France's London Company in
"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST,"
recently revived with enormous success by Mr.
Geo. Alexander at St. James's Theatre.
USUAL TIMES AND PRICES.

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Rev. R. G. Fairbairn's Chapel
at Reading.

Photo by J. B. Smith, Cheltenham.

"DOG WHIPPERS."

Danby Parish Church, which has just been restored as a memorial to Canon Atkinson, the author of "Fifty Years in a Moorland Parish," must have been almost the last church which possessed an official "dog-whipper" In his diverting book, Dr. Atkinson states that this singular office was hereditary, but the parish dogs by a Darwinian process of the "survival of the fittest" had "developed a faculty of upsetting their persecutor by darting between his legs when he disturbed their Sabbath devotions." In those brave days many moorland parishes possessed "dog-tongs," with long handles and wooden teeth, which were used by the churchwardens to capture dogs that had taken refuge in some inaccessible stronghold. But the task of extracting an indignant bulldog from under a pew seat with the "dog-tongs" must have required considerable courage and strategic ability.

WHEN YOU DON'T WANT TO SNEEZE.

"There are times when to sneeze is to be embarrassed," Mr. T. B. Blanchard confided to me: "at a dinner table, a social function of some sort, or in the theatre, for example; but most people console themselves with the thought that it is something that can't be prevented. They are mistaken in this belief, however, for it can be prevented, and by a very simple expedient. When one feels the premonitory symptoms of a sneeze coming on, if he will just press firmly down on the lip on either side of and a little below the nostrils, the symptoms will never cash in and the sneeze will be avoided. A doctor told me about this trick several years ago, and on a number of occasions since I have had opportunity to test its efficacy. It has never yet failed me."

St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

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 177th prize has been won by Mr. F. Palmer, Montpellier-avenue, Cheltenham.

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

For the 88th prize there was no competition worthy the name.

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 70th prize has been divided between Miss F. Winter, 15 Cambray, and Mrs. Ruth Mills, Lowmandale, Leckhampton, for reports of Sermons by the Rev. C. F. Bickmore, at St. James's Church, and the Rev. J. Fisher Jones, at Bayshill Unitarian 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 14th literary competition has been divided between Miss Daisy K. Boileau, 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, and Mr. Samuel Brooks, of "Khandalla," Sydenham Villas-road, Cheltenham.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.

A JOWETT TRADITION REVISED.

Most of the stories of the great Dr. Jowett's sayings are cruel libels, representing him as a rude, snappy old man. One in particular comes to my mind. It is said that an undergraduate was asked to walk with him in the afternoon. Silence reigned supreme between them, the young man's bashfulness growing the while. As they turned towards home again, he at length mustered up courage to say that it was a fine day. The Master made no reply until they reached college. Then he said (says the story): "I didn't see much in that remark of yours." This is pointless, except as an instance of incivility. As a matter of fact, once the silence had been broken, the Master took part in the conversation, and at the end of the walk said, in utter kindness: "It is a mistake to make unmeaning remarks merely for the sake of saying something. It is better to be silent than to say that which can only appear foolish to your companion." Here is the Master's manner—drawing a lesson for the government of one's every-day outward conduct from a trivial incident.

THE MUD IN LONDON STREETS.

Many foot passengers in London streets must from time to time have wondered at the extraordinary abundance of the mud supply, at the mere quantity of it, which, after even a moderate rainfall, is lying in the carriage ways ready to be splashed over clothes, to be carried about on boots, and to be thrown, from time to time, over the faces and into the eyes and mouths of passers-by. Such wonder is diminished when we learn that a cubic foot of what is called "dry" dust, and which is estimated to contain 30 per cent. of water, is converted by a sufficient shower into no less than seven cubic feet of mud, which must be left—as it too often is—to be a public nuisance, or must be washed down the gullies, or must be carted away at much expenditure of the labour of men and horses.—"The Hospital."

THE QUESTION OF DRESS ALLOWANCE.

A girl of the period on her travels resembles Queen Elizabeth on a royal progress, judging by the number and variety of her belongings. First and indispensable (says a writer in this week's "Hearth and Home") are a couple of huge compressed can trunks containing the bulk of her possessions, two more full-length skirt-baskets and a ball dress trunk, a monumental hat-box or two, a large flat leather boot-box, a dressing-case, which it takes a stout porter to move, and, finally, a jewel-case, in the exclusive care of her maid, completes more or less the list of her luggage.

When it is borne in mind that to be really well turned out in these extravagant days a special costume is required for almost every occupation, it will be a matter of surprise that girls can keep within reasonable limits at all as regards an allowance. But the modern girl is nothing if not ingenious, and she and her maid between them do wonders to solve the problem of keeping pace with the fashions—and out of the County Court.

Literary Miscellany.

THE STORY OF GRISELDA.

[By Miss Daisy K. Boileau.]

Long years ago there dwelt in the western part of Italy a young Marquis named Walter, who ruled over the territory of Valuzzo, in Lombardy. He was more beloved by his people than any previous ruler had been, for he was more beautiful in person and more gentle and courteous in manner than any they had ever had before. They were proud of his tall figure, his dark eyes, his merry smile, and they loved him for his kindness and his chivalry.

But one fault he had, and that, in the eyes of his people, was a very serious one—he loved pleasure and enjoyment, and for the sake of it he would neglect his duties and anything that came in the way of it. In addition to this, he was unmarried; nor could anything induce him to think of taking a wife. When urged to it he laughed his gay laugh, saying carelessly that he preferred his liberty to the bondage and tie of married life.

At length, however, his people resolved to tell him for themselves of their earnest wish, and beseech him to take a wife fitted to his high rank and noble birth. One day, therefore, as he and his knights were riding through the village on a hunting expedition, they gathered round him, and, with many eager entreaties and arguments, besought him to listen to their request. At first he appeared to listen with a half-mocking carelessness, but at length he consented, at the same time warning his people that he should make his own choice, and whoever it was, they must consent to honour and reverence her as though she were the daughter of an Empress. To this his overjoyed subjects willingly assented, little dreaming, however, on whom the choice would fall.

Now, it chanced that in the village there lived a beautiful young maiden named Griselda, with her old father Janicula. She was lovelier far than any of the village maidens, being tall and slender as a willow-wand, with dreamy, tender eyes and thick brown wavy hair and a skin as white as the blossom upon the trees in spring. They were poorer than any else in the village; yet Griselda, with her brave eyes and sunny face, was the light of her poor home; and as she sang about her toilsome work with all the glad joyousness with which her nature overflowed, she was indeed the comforter and stay of her poor old father's life.

The young Marquis had often noticed her when riding through the village, and she it was to whom his thoughts turned instantly when he made his promise to the citizens. At present, however, he revealed nothing of his intentions, but merely ordered that gorgeous dresses and magnificent jewels should be prepared for the lady who was to become his wife.

When all was ready for the wedding and the guests assembled at the Castle, Lord Walter, accompanied by his knights, rode down to the village to seek Griselda.

She, knowing nothing of the wonderful change that was about to come over her life, was busy with her washing at the water side, singing to herself as she worked, and hurrying as much as possible so that she might join the other maidens to watch the marriage procession go by.

Suddenly she heard her name called softly, and, glancing up with a startled look in her beautiful eyes, she saw the young Marquis himself standing before her. He bade her call her father, and when the old man came Lord Walter took him aside and told him of his wish to make Griselda his wife.

The old man, startled and amazed, trembled from head to foot, but immediately consented, and, obeying the command of his lord, he called Griselda to come and listen to the Marquis for herself. Griselda was no less confused than her old father had been, but a beautiful rose colour flooded her sweet face as with shining eyes she swore to do his bid-

ding in will and deed in all things, even unto death, when she should be his wife.

Then the delighted Marquis drew her close in a passionate embrace, and, taking her hand, led her to the waiting knights and presented her to them as his bride.

Mounted on a snow-white steed, Griselda rode with Lord Walter to the Castle, where she was robed and crowned by her waiting ladies for her bridal, and came forth to meet her husband looking more wondrously lovely, with the love-light shining in her eyes and that flush of her new-found happiness in her cheeks, than he had ever seen her before.

With her marriage a new dignity and graciousness seemed to come upon Griselda, till it was hard to believe that this queenly, noble woman was the same village girl who had come to the Castle months before; and as the days went on she grew even more and more beloved and honoured by all who knew her.

Thus, quietly and happily, a year of her married life had come and gone, and now a sweet baby daughter came to gladden the hearts of Walter and Griselda. For Griselda, however, the happiness in her new treasure was short-lived, for a strange and most inexplicable curiosity to test the obedience and courage of his young wife took possession of Lord Walter.

One day, as she was sitting in the Castle gardens rocking her babe to sleep, he came up to her with a strange and stern expression on his handsome face, and began to tell her that the people were angry at his choice of a wife, and because her child was a daughter when they had all wished for a son, so to pacify them he had resolved to put the child to death. He wished, however, to have her full consent, and he would now see whether she would keep her promise of absolute and unflinching obedience.

Griselda, sitting clasping her darling to her breast, heard him with a white and stricken face; but when the lord whom Walter had sent to take the babe came to her and seized it from her arms she yielded it unresistingly to him, only imploring, in a voice broken with anguish, that she might press one last kiss on the little face.

Walter was delighted with the success of his plan, but resolved not to tell her at present of his real intentions, and when, some years later, a little son was born, he repeated the cruel test of her love and faithfulness.

Again his sweet wife yielded to the torture of seeing her baby dragged from her arms and carried, as she supposed, to a cruel death, only begging, amid her fast-falling tears, that he would bury her darlings deep, where no bird or beast of prey might find them.

Meanwhile Walter had ordered the man to take the children safely to his sister, the Countess in Bologna, who would rear them as her own till the time came for revealing their identity. Not yet, however, was Walter's cruelty satisfied; and when some years had passed and he found that Griselda never wept nor mentioned her lost little ones, he resolved to try her yet further. He arranged first of all, however, that the lord who had taken the children to Bologna should bring them again, in state, without revealing their identity, telling all enquirers that the maiden was the Marquis's new bride.

Then one day he sought her out and told her that he had determined, for the sake of his people, to put her away and marry a new wife suited to his rank, for which purpose he had obtained a bull from Rome giving him the necessary sanction.

In spite of his harshness to her, Griselda still loved him with an unwavering devotion, and this blow fell upon her more heavily than any of her previous trials had done. Rising up, she answered humbly, though with quivering lips, that she had never deemed herself worthy to be his wife, and herewith she restored to him all the rich robes and jewels that he had given her. Then, with bare head and feet, and dressed only in the poor garment in which she had come to him long years before, Griselda went home to her father's cottage, letting no one see how deeply her faithful, tender heart was torn.

Before long it began to be moised abroad that Lord Walter's bride was travelling in state from Bologna, and Griselda was summoned to the Castle by the Marquis to make

the necessary preparations for her successor. Humbly she obeyed the command, performing the lowliest tasks with a cheerfulness and courage that amazed all who saw her. At last the wedding day arrived, and Lord Walter led his young bride into the great hall where, among the waiting maidens, stood Griselda, beautiful as in the days of her girlhood, with her deep love and trust shining in her eyes.

Calling her out from among the others, Lord Walter asked whether she liked and admired his new bride. Griselda knelt before him, and replied that the maiden was indeed marvellously lovely; but as she looked up at the fair young face before her a falter of uncontrollable pain came into her voice as she begged him not to try this new wife as she had been tried, for that one, so young and gently nurtured, would soon sink under such a burden. Satisfied at last of her perfect devotion, Lord Walter raised her to her feet, and, putting his arm round her, he told her that she was indeed his own true wife, and none else. The children before her were her own children, taken from her in their infancy; and all this he had done, not out of malice, but to test her obedience and her love.

Griselda, who had borne suffering and shame with such loyal courage, was utterly overwhelmed by the sudden joy that had come upon her. At first she stood as one dreaming, hardly conscious of what her husband was saying to her; then, as she realised more intensely her wonderful happiness, a change came over the white sweet face, and with a smothered cry she fell senseless at her husband's feet.

At last consciousness began to return, and she called her long-lost darlings to her arms, and, embracing them, with tears she thanked her husband for preserving their lives and restoring them to her. With rapture-lighted eyes she listened to his earnest protestations of love, and amid great rejoicings her ladies came forward and robed and crowned her as Walter's honoured wife once more.

It seemed to him as she stood there in her diadem and flashing jewels, with her long robes falling round her, that never in the days of her girlish loveliness had Griselda looked more queenly or more beautiful than now, the lines that suffering had made upon the brow and round the tender mouth and shining eyes only enhancing its sweetness.

Thus, amid clanging joy-bells and the shouts of the rejoicing people, did Griselda's sorrows end and her reward come to her.



A STORY WITH POINT.



[By Samuel Brooks.]

"My seat will be No. 22, and I hope you will be able to sit near it."

For the twentieth time Dick Charlton read these words, in dainty feminine penmanship, as he sat in the club smoking-room, regardless of his hated rival, Captain Morrall, who occupied the armchair opposite to him.

"She's a daisy!" he thought. "How kind of her to tell me her number, so that I may get the seat next to her, or just behind, where I can whisper in her ear!"

So elated was he that in springing to his feet he seriously disturbed the gallant officer in his perusal of the "Miggletoman Recorder or Saints' Guide to Grace." The captain had long ago laid aside the weapons of the flesh, of which he had been very careful not to make a dangerous use, and having retired on half-pay had devoted himself to the moral improvement and well-being of his fellow men and women.

"A worldling!" he sighed, as he watched Dick's departure and appearance of elation. "No sense of his moral responsibilities, not the least bit."

So grieved was the good man at symptoms of depravity in one so young, that he ordered himself an especially good lunch as the reward of virtue, and went to sleep for one solid hour afterwards. The fact that his daughters had to dine off cold mutton in no-wise disturbed his slumbers.

"Give me Dress-circles No. 21 or 23," said Dick to the man at the box-office.

"Yes, sir; Numbers twenty-one and twenty-three. Six shillings, please."

Charlton did not want both, and was about to say so, when he suddenly bethought himself that if he took the other seat he would be able to exclude any possible rival (especially the Captain) from proximity to his sweetheart. It seemed worth the money.

"So glad to see you here," remarked Dora Twell, the fair object of his affections, a few hours later as he sank into the seat beside her and warmly grasped her hand.

"Did you think I could stay away after the hint you gave me in your note?" he enquired in tender tones.

Then, of course, Dora disclaimed any intention of giving him any hint, declared she was quite surprised to see him, fanned herself carelessly as she glanced round the house, and generally drove him to distraction and dispersion, as the way of woman is.

"If," she remarked, after a long pause, "you are willing to oblige me you might procure a programme. Those stupid attendants failed to offer me one."

"With—!" The second word was almost inaudible, but Dora was almost sure it was not a nice word—not a polite word at all.

"What did you say?" she enquired.
"Meant to say they will be around presently. I have a fearful twinge of neuro-sciatica in both knees, and cannot get up for a minute or two. Wish I could."

Dora was full of sympathy, offered to abandon the evening's entertainment, and see him home as soon as he felt able to walk; in fact, was kindness itself.

Dick's difficulty lay in the fact that the cause of his sudden exclamation and the reason of his retaining his seat was no nervous affection, but a very sharp nail in the back of his chair, which had penetrated his clothing and now held him fast.

"Do let me try to help you," murmured Dora. "You can lean on me as we go down the stairs. Make an effort to rise."

Under ordinary circumstances to lean on Dora would have been perfect bliss to Dick, but he felt unpleasantly certain that making an effort would have such a scarecrow result that no young lady would look at him, much less afford him support.

Meanwhile the orchestra was playing away a lively overture, as if in derision of his misery, and Miss Twell was rapidly becoming less kind and more cross.

"Here are some programmes, old man. Saw you had not got any. Suppose you don't mind my taking your other seat till your friend comes? Chap told me you booked a couple."

The Captain, of course, who sat himself down on the other side of Dick's lady-love and at once entered into animated conversation with her. Dick assiduously devoted himself to very suppressed acrobatic feats, scuffed himself most unmercifully, but entirely failed to get free from the tormenting point.

"This music," remarked Dora at the end of the first act, "fairly carries me away. Do you not find it so?"

"Wish it would!—I mean yes, certainly it is. Exactly so."

"How strange you speak. Ah! pardon me; I forgot you were in pain. Do let the Captain help you downstairs and into a cab. I am sure he would be delighted."

"So am I," growled Dick in so ferocious a tone that his pretty sweetheart was quite frightened.

At the conclusion of the next act the Captain had the handihood to take Miss Twell away in order that she might select the kind of chocolate creams which she liked best, leaving a human volcano behind them to heave and surge in fruitless efforts to burst its bondage.

"Won't you have some?" said Dora on her return, tendering the box as a peace-offering.

"Eh! Where's that other chap gone?"
"Captain Morrall cannot remain any longer. He has a meeting to attend. Something to do with the missionaries, I think."

These words acted as a balm to the wounded spirit (and back) of Dick Charlton, and caused him to show his satisfaction by taking so large a handful of sweetmeats that a single word escaped his lady-love's ruby lips.

No doubt it was some term of endearment, but it sounded remarkably like "Pig!"

The curtain fell at the conclusion of the piece, and Dick's inventive faculties were again called into full play.

"I say, you know," he murmured, "the Browns or the Smiths or somebody are here, and they will see you home. I shall get better as soon as the lights are out. This neuro-sciatica always gets well in the dark; and I will take a cab, and, if I may, will call to-morrow and try to explain; it will take a long time. Do go now, for goodness sake."

Sorely puzzled and a little bit offended, she wished him good-night; and, most of the lights being out and the people in his vicinity having disappeared, he began to make vigorous efforts to free himself.

With a wrench and a harsh ripping sound he fell from his seat to the floor, but as he was in the act of rising he heard the swish of a woman's skirts and the deep voice of a man.

I assure you, dear, I was only amusing myself with her and trying to make you jealous. My heart holds your image, and yours alone."

"Ah! you men. I believe that of all deceivers you are the most deceptive."

Dick could scarcely believe his ears or eyes; but there was that shining light, Captain Morrall, arm in arm with little Fifi Leyramd, the French dancer, escorting her out the front way so as not to be seen emerging from the stage door.

"I'll help him out!" exclaimed another voice, and an instant later Major Twell hurried in, closely followed by his daughter, and came face to face with the astonished Captain.

"Bless my soul!" cried the Major, who had easily recognised the dancer, in spite of her veil. "What is this?"

"A missionary meeting!" cried Dick, rising and forgetting his appearance, and everything else except his love for Dora. "He's a base deceiver, who first tried to flirt with Dora—Miss Twell, I mean—and has just told that other lady that he loves her alone. It is I who love your daughter, Major; and if I only dared turn round I'd come and tell you so."

The old warrior was very kind, lent the young man his own great coat to get home in, received him most kindly next day, and the wedding will take place very shortly.

Dick says that if women cannot see the point of a joke, they can see the joke of a point, and he wishes they would not.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

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SPARE PARTS.

The careful motorist, who does not wish to risk the misfortune of being "hung up" on the road, of course carries spare parts, such as inlet valves, exhaust valves, sparking-plugs, etc.; but he may not perhaps be careful enough to actually test the way these spares fit in the engine. It is frequently the case that when a spare part is put into position it will not fit. In my own experience I have found the need of being careful enough to see that spare parts are absolutely interchangeable with those in the engine. Especially is this so in the case of tremblers and exhaust valves. It is very annoying to find after carrying a duplicate fitting for months perhaps that when the occasion arises for its use it will not fit. My advice to motorists is to test at once all spare parts, especially valves, as to cut off (say) half-an-inch from the stem of an exhaust valve is not a very pleasant experience by the roadside.

THE TRAILER.

In spite of the competition of the fore-car and the side-car, the trailer still very well holds its own amongst motor-cyclists. The trailer will never be driven out of the field by the newer forms of attachment, as there will always be a class of motor-cyclists to whom the trailing-car will appeal, since as

regards ease of attachment and detachment, and ease of storage, it is still a long way ahead of its rivals. It also has one great recommendation—it requires very little extra power to propel.

THE RELIABILITY OF THE MODERN MOTOR-CYCLE.

The long run of 400 miles between London and Edinburgh, promoted by the Motor-Cycling Club, has been a conspicuous success, and shows the reliability of the present-day motor-cycle. No less than twenty-two out of the forty-six riders who left London won the gold medal offered by the club to all who completed the journey of 400 miles in twenty-four hours. The riders stated that riding at high speed in the darkness was a very thrilling experience, and was the cause of several accidents of a slight nature.

GORDON-BENNETT RACE SANCTIONED.

Despite all the preparations for the running of the Gordon-Bennett race in Germany, formal sanction for holding the race was not given to the German Automobile Club until last week. The official permit has now been given, and in addition the Ministers of Public Works and of the Interior have made a very careful inspection of the course and all plans for the race, and have expressed their satisfaction. The competing cars are to be started at five-minute intervals. America will not be represented in the international race, not a single car having been found capable of meeting the cars of the other countries competing. The fact is rather surprising that in the country of great undertakings manufacturers cannot build satisfactory racing cars. The Americans appear to have "climbed down" since the fiasco they made with their cars in Ireland last year. Before that race they were quite confident of taking the cup to America, but now their confidence appears to be all gone. A writer in the "New York Automobile Magazine" says "it will take a mighty good driver to bring that Gordon-Bennett Cup to America. The man to lift that cup must have a thorough knowledge of European road riding. Driving a car on a race track or beach is quite a different matter from turning corners on those narrow lanes called roads in the Old Country. It requires skill and nerve of the highest order to pilot a racing car around their tortuous twists and turns, and it seems that America will have to send drivers over to get acquainted with road conditions before they can hope to win the cup. It is a question whether the Gordon-Bennett Cup is worth striving for if to win it we must sacrifice so much of our manufacturing prestige. Why should we not offer a cup for competition in this country on a track or beach as an off-set to the Gordon-Bennett bauble?" The above makes one recall to mind the old fable of the fox and the grapes.

A TIP.

Motorists who use De Dion or Dion pattern engines know that the small thumb screws holding on the aluminium case of the contact-breaker frequently shake loose with the vibration and drop off. An excellent substitute will be found in the terminals fitted to De Dion or pattern sparking-plugs. They fit the screws of the contact-breaker splendidly.

A ROADSIDE REPAIR.

It fell to my lot to perform a roadside repair to my engine last week. The machine had been running splendidly for some time, but suddenly the engine struck work. Dis-mounting, I had a look over to find out the cause of this sudden stop. I very soon observed that the exhaust valve was not moving, so concluded that something was wrong with the tappet which lifts up the valve. I removed the contact-breaker and exposed the timing-gear to view. The cause of the trouble became at once apparent. The pin holding the small pinion of the two-to-one gear on its shaft had broken and fallen out, so that the shaft was revolving, and not the gear. I began to look round for something which would act as a pin to hold the pinion fast on its shaft. I discovered a French nail in my tool-bag, which fortunately just fitted. The nail was cut through to size and driven in. The large gear wheel and contact-breaker were once more replaced, and the engine started first push. The nail is still in its position and is acting splendidly.



Photos by G. Hailing, Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY IN CAMP, CHEDDAR, 1904.

1. Sir Evelyn Wood inspecting mounted troops. Colonel Calvert, Lieut. Talbot, the Adjutant (Capt. Darrell, 1st Life Guards), and other officers in foreground.
2. Baggage. Lieutenant Talbot and Quartermaster-Sergeant Bastin (Cheltenham) in foreground.
3. Clothes Inspection.
4. Lieutenant Talbot, Sergeant Lloyd-Baker, and Sergeant-Major Heather, of "A" Squadron, in council.

GOLF AND CHARACTER.

There are a good many people who think that golf is just foolishness. These are generally people who have watched one or two games without really understanding them, and have never taken driver, loft, or putter into their own hands and played. There is no game that grows in fascination more rapidly than does golf. The peculiar sense of freedom that it gives, the constant yet not violent exercise, the beauty of the long stretch of greensward resting town-tired eyes, and the spaciousness that belongs in equal measure to few other common sports are recommendations that need only to be known once to be forever enjoyed.

But there is more in golf than exercise and recreation. There is moral training of a very high sort. For one thing, it is a game that keeps the conscience tender. Who is ever to know if the solitary player lifts his ball over the exasperating bunker that he has tried unsuccessfully a dozen times to strike over? Or, if he move it out just an inch or so from the tall, uncut grass at the side of the links, what difference will it make if he does not count this a stroke in his score? Golf is, in fact, largely between a man and his Maker. The most striking disciplinary lesson in golf, however, is the one driven home at every tee, "Keep your eye on the ball." The beginner learns that in addressing the ball as it is called, this is the all-essential thing to remember. The club must be properly grasped, the important shoulder-swing must be mastered, but never at any moment must the player's eye wander from the little white ball. It reminds one of the old story of the lawyer who was looking for an office boy to train. He was invited to address a Sunday-school, and in the course of his remarks told the children a story. The chief figure in the story was an old man, "Dad,"

who went out behind the woodshed with a gun to shoot an owl. At this point in the story the lawyer wandered into generalities. He rambled on for a time, but finally returned unexpectedly to his story. "And now, children," he asked, "who shot the owl?" There was great perplexity and silence. One boy's hand went up. "Please, sir, Dad shot the owl." "My boy," answered the lawyer, "he did. And you will make a judge." This boy, who kept his mind on the main point, one may conjecture, would have made a capital golf player. He would have kept his eye on the ball every time. Other players might be standing about to distract his attention and make him miss his play. Not he. He would look at this ball as if his life depended on it, and when he drove off his ball would soar high and far. Golf is a great game. It is a deep, canny game, like the Scotchman who originated it. And the boy or girl who plays it well gains more than fresh air or good fun.

Indianapolis "News."



MONEY IN RAILWAYS.

In round figures, one thousand million sovereigns have been sunk in the railway system of the United Kingdom, and were the British Government to decide to buy up the companies' properties as going concerns—under the terms of the Railway Regulation Act of 1844—the price fixed would probably considerably exceed that sum.

The railway capital of the United Kingdom is divided into about 800,000 shareholdings, the owners of which are the rulers of this vast national property. The theory is that two-thirds of the money spent upon a railway goes in the construction of the permanent way, stations, etc., and the other third in the purchase of the equipment; and Parli-

ament allows loans to be raised to the extent of the value of the latter. The people who provide these loans—known as the debenture holders—can, of course, foreclose if their interest be not paid, and put in a receiver to intercept the revenue, but, apart from such extreme measures, they have no control over the administration. This rests with the "preferential" and "ordinary" shareholders, who, in theory, govern our railways as completely as the Houses of Parliament govern the country.—"The Ways of our Railways" in the "Windsor Magazine."

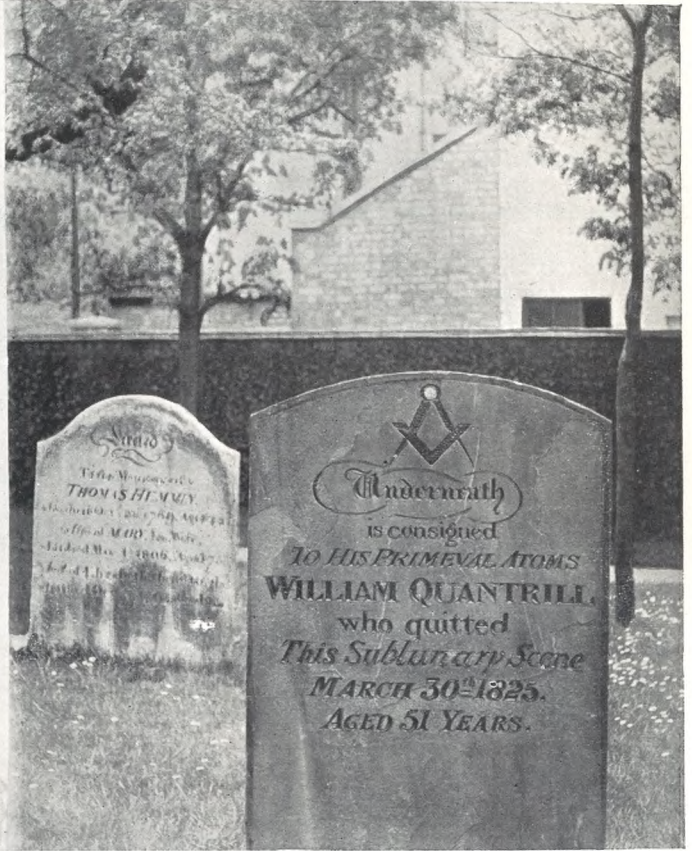
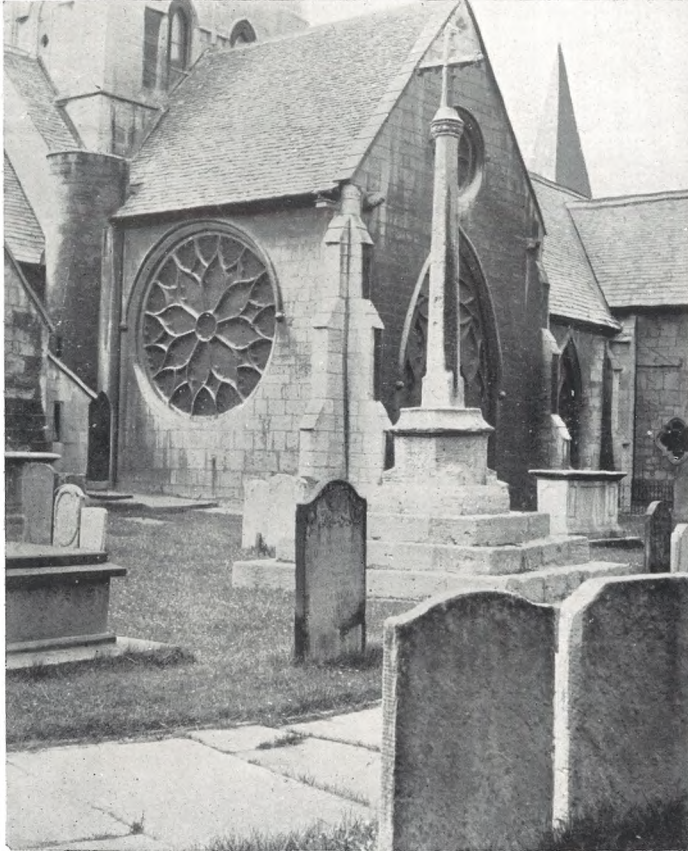


A SMALL BIG MAN.

Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a London Club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent patronisingly to his Lordship and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you." Everyone present was delighted with Lord Roberts' reply, and the "wit" soon afterwards disappeared. The man effectively crushed was a small big man.—"Some Big Little Men," by Harry Furniss, in the June "Windsor Magazine."



Mr. Percy Parsons, of Portishead, recently set a hen with seventeen eggs. The hen, however, has hatched out eighteen chickens, one egg having been double-yolked.



Photos by F. Palmer, Cheltenham

CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH.

CHURCHYARD CROSS AND ROSE WINDOW.

A MASONIC TOMBSTONE.

One of the most curious inscriptions in St. Mary's Churchyard has been recently again made decipherable to the passer-by. The epitaph alluded to is on a tombstone almost facing the south door of the church.

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

ST. MICHAEL, BULLEY.

Bulley is a parish near Gloucester, on the highway from Monmouth to Hereford, and its church, dedicated to St. Michael, is a stone edifice in the Norman and Early English styles of architecture. It consists of chancel, nave, south porch, and a small western bell turret. Originally it was an ancient edifice, but it has been practically rebuilt within recent years to plans by Mr. Sidney Gambier Parry, son of the late Mr. Thomas Gambier Parry. The chancel arch and south doorway contain some good Norman work. The porch is new. The living is a chapelry annexed to the vicarage of Churcham.

I was one of a fairly good congregation at Bulley on Trinity Sunday morning. The minister sang the preces, and a surpliced choir of some half-dozen young men sang the responses. The Psalms were read, but the Canticles were chanted. The singing was principally in unison, and therefore was not so effective as if more harmony had been introduced, but members of the congregation joined in the singing more than is customary in many places of worship. The lady organist played a nice accompaniment to the Lord's Prayer. Some girls in the congregation had good voices, and one could not help thinking that if these were trained and placed in the choir the singing might be improved. The St. Athanasius Creed seemed to take the congregation by surprise, as none joined in it for the first few verses. There was an entire absence of anything approaching High Church practices.

The Vicar of Churcham and Bulley took for his text "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord" (Deuteronomy vi., 4). At the outset he remarked that Trinity Sunday was one of the most difficult days in the

year for a preacher to speak to people about, because the Trinity in Unity and the Unity in Trinity was one of those things no person could fully understand; and yet they must all believe it. Although there were three persons, yet there was only one God, and on that subject they had heard that morning a wonderful discourse in the St. Athanasius Creed. After referring to texts in different parts of the Bible bearing on the Three Persons and one God, the preacher said it was impossible for his hearers to understand the full meaning of it because they were human beings, and He was God. Yet that should not produce any doubt in their minds as to the existence of God, the greatest proof of which was the fact that they could not understand Him. They should have faith and knowledge, and remember how far God was above them all, and that he was the Lord of Light, and the Giver of Eternal Life.

The churchyard at Bulley is rich with curious epitaphs, many of which are almost undecipherable by reason of the great age of the stones on which they are cut. Here is one worth rescuing; it is on a stone immediately facing the doorway:—

"Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans my devotion,
Drugs did me no good.
Christ my Redeemer know what was my best,
To ease my pain, and set my soul at rest."

CHURCHMAN.

In order to deal more thoroughly with truancy, the Richmond Education Committee has decided to provide its attendance officer with a bicycle.

"It is a husband's right to chastise his wife," was a recent ruling of Judge Mandell in the Circuit Court of Detroit, in the American State of Michigan.

SALTS AND SEA WATER ON DUSTY ROADS.

Some of our readers may remember an experiment which was conducted, now a good many years ago, in the borough of Paddington, and which was said at the time to be exceedingly successful. The streets were watered during nearly the whole of one summer with water holding in solution what were called, from the name of the patentee, "Cooper's Salts," and which were, we believe, a mixture of equal parts of chloride of calcium and chloride of sodium. The general result was excellent, for in dry weather the saline material formed over the road surfaces a sort of cake, which did not readily crumble into powder, and which so quickly absorbed moisture from the atmosphere that it was seldom or never quite dry. The shopkeepers in the Harrow-road declared that the diminution of dust greatly diminished the injury previously suffered by goods exposed for sale, and the chlorides appeared to exert a distinctly antiseptic influence upon organic matter. Notwithstanding these advantages, the use of the salts was discontinued, in consequence, we believe, of some uncertainty concerning the rights of the patentee; but it seems probable that by this time any such question must be at an end and that other trials in the same direction might be instituted. Something of the same effect would possibly be produced by that watering with sea water which has more than once been proposed for inland towns, but never, so far as we know, carried into effect. It is evident that reforms in the present methods of street cleansing are called for, and the whole question deserves the attention of enlightened municipalities.—"The Hospital."

Mrs. Gerding, of New York, who on her wedding day 25 years ago received a plot of land worth £50 as a present, sold it a few days ago for £20,000.

JACOBAN ARCHITECTURE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

• * •

We present herewith an illustration of a very interesting sixteenth century house front in Gloucester. It is a subject worthy the attention of Gloucestershire antiquarians. The county abounds in fine examples of the period, which as yet have not been systematically studied, tabulated, or illustrated.



Close at hand to our own town there are numerous excellent specimens in the best preservation, notably at Stanway, with its celebrated gateway designed by Inigo Jones, and the Jacobean house at Winchcombe. Much is to be learnt from mural monuments and the old table tombs in our parish churches; indeed, there is sufficient material within the county for the compilation of a grammar of the style as it developed in Shakespeare's England.

During the eighty years that elapsed from the death of Henry VIII. to the accession of Charles I. the Transition style from the Gothic to the Classical of the Renaissance left its traces in every corner of England—in the mansions of the nobility and gentry and in the colleges and grammar schools which were erected out of the confiscated funds of the monasteries.

The term loosely applied to it is Jacobean, as it is markedly characteristic of the age of James I., and in all probability followed him from Scotland, where it is met with in immense profusion, having been imported there from its true home in Denmark and Northern Germany. It may reasonably be dubbed the Inigo Jonesish as we find it in England, and pertains to the late 16th and up to the middle of the 17th century.

Unfortunately for its dignity, no church or regal palace was erected in the style.

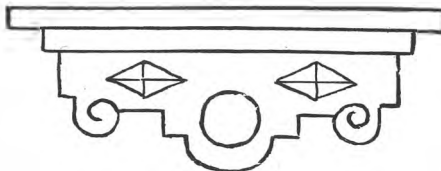
Taking it altogether, we have much reason to be proud of this Transition style of ours. It has not the grandeur of the Italian, the picturesqueness of the French, nor the richness of detail which characterises the corresponding style in Spain, but it is original and it might have resulted in something very beautiful; long before arriving at that stage, however, it was entirely superseded by the importation of the newly-perfected Italian style, which in the 17th century had pervaded all European nations.

A leading characteristic of the style is the profuse employment of a very peculiar and much-complicated description of blind tracery—not exactly graceful, often grotesque, but admitting of infinite variety of detail; combined with strap ornamentation, faceted parallelograms, and lozenges, the whole mixed up with classical shafting and shell-shaped finials. There is scarcely a Scotch house of the early 17th century which has not specimens to contribute. It is a style which well illustrates the aesthetic feeling of the age in its queer love of quirks and quibbles which pervade its literature. At the same time it shows the prevailing love of the cheap, which was the aim of the builder of the Transitional period then, as alas! it is also now—a point which would form a very interesting comparative study. In place of the deep mouldings of shaft and mullion which characterise the pure Gothic, the Jacobean architect employed square sinkings such as might have been cut out of deal with a saw; and though it produces much effect at small cost, it does not reach the elegance of the Classical, and is far inferior to the Gothic it superseded, and it is further debased by the addition of garlands and floral fantasies introduced in the panelling and within the pediments, combined also with flat fluted pilaster work, the forerunner of the Classical columns of the completed Renaissance.

Among the best known buildings of the style are:—In Denmark (Copenhagen), The Castle of Elsinore, The Exchange, 1624, and the Castle of Fredericksburg, 1624. The Castle of Elsinore is architecturally an exact counterpart of that found in Scotland at the same period. Some parts of the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling appear to have been built actually by the same architects, and Heriot's Hospital and many other buildings might be quoted as proving an almost exact similarity of style between Denmark and Scotland during the Jacobean period of Art. Westwood, 1509; Holland House, Kensington, 1607; Hatfield House, 1611; Bolsover, 1613; Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire; Heidelberg Castle; the Otto-Heinrichsbau; the Friedrichsbau; the Gasthaus Zum Ritter, at Heidelberg (French Renaissance style, built by a French emigrant architect, Charles Belier, in 1592).

The photograph of Clark's tea shop at Gloucester is the work of Mr. A. H. Pitcher, College-court, Gloucester, who is deserving of great credit and the thanks of the artistic and antiquarian world for his presentations of bits of old Gloucester.

TYPICAL FINIAL COLOPHON.



ST. KILDA.

A CHICKEN FOR THE EDITOR.

A fine, plump chicken was received at a newspaper office the other day, and the editor, supposing that it came from some delighted reader of his paper, took it home and enjoyed it very much for dinner. Next day, however, a letter came: "Dear Mr. Editor,—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. Can you tell us what the chicken died of?" It is needless to add that after that there was a considerable commotion in the editorial system.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

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During the 47 years that the Earl of Ducie has been Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire—which term, I should say, is of record length for this county—he has practically reconstituted the local magistracy over and over again. Although I am not prepared to maintain that this system of nomination is a perfect one, yet I should contend that it is far preferable to the general custom that obtains in boroughs, under which no magistrates are appointed without they are on the select list of the heads of the political party with which the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury and the Lord Chancellor for the time being are associated. These, therefore, are purely political appointments, whereas they are not so with the Lord-Lieutenant. But I am glad to see a growing tendency on the part of local authorities to memorialise Lord Ducie on the subject of magistrates. And only recently the Lord-Lieutenant replied to the Kingswood Council that its representations as to the need of magistrates in this district should receive his early attention. When one remembers that a considerable number of county magistrates have died this year, particularly in the Tewkesbury Petty Sessional Division, I should think that the question of refilling the vacant places might fittingly form the subject of a representation to the "magistrate-maker" by its Rural District Council.

•••••

Who said "Rats"? Why, the persons who had charge of the threshing operations on Cowley Manor Farm last week did, and in two days they, without the help of trusty terriers, but with hunting crops and sticks, accounted for 637. Talking of rats reminds me that a certain large establishment in the Promenade is infested with rodents, which the periodical Sunday visits there of professional rat-catchers, with terriers and ferrets, and the laying of concrete floors, have failed to exterminate. There is evidently a vocation for a "Pied Piper of Hamelin" in these parts. But rats are not so wantonly destructive and wasteful as are mice. The latter I put in the same category as hares and rabbits. And in reference to hares, I was much struck a few years ago by the remarks to me of an old hedger, who, referring to the Longford Harriers being at fault one day, quaintly said, "That old Jack hare boffled the dogs. And he be a mischievous varmint—he be always over on them 'lotments, and it's not what he 'yuts, but what he spoils."

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If the Bishop of Worcester were its Dean there would be trouble ahead for the next Three Choirs Festival due in its Cathedral, for the occupant of the "Red See" has intimated to the Gloucester stewards that he cannot accept a vice-presidency because he is not disposed to think these festivals in cathedrals the best way of using these places of worship. Some twenty-five years ago, I remember, there was a Dean of Worcester of the same mind, and a chastened form of festival was held there during his regime. But, as the present Bishop has no control over the edifice, his opinion must not be taken as 'ex cathedra'."

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If there be persons who think that Chosen Church is disestablished by reason of the chapel-of-ease having been opened down in the village, I am glad to be able to disabuse their minds of the idea, for I was present at a very hearty service, with crowded congregation, thereon on the evening of Trinity Sunday. A curious incident occurred. A swift flew about from pillar to post and around the pipes of the organ, and when the vicar came to that part in the lesson referring to "every winged fowl of its kind," it was noticed that the bird was particularly noisy in fluttering against a window through which the setting sun was streaming. These evening services are held on every alternate Sunday, and I think it would be helpful to the many dwellers in the fertile valley if the flag were hoisted on the tower for all services at this "high"—not in ritual—church. GLEANER.

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

By THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.

(Author of "How To Be Happy Though Married," etc.)

Two great novelists have answered for us the question "What is it to be a gentleman?" Thackeray replies as follows: "It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. He should be a loyal son and a true husband; his life should be decent, his bills should be paid, his tastes should be elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble. He should have the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the love of his fireside; he should bear good fortune, suffer evil with constancy, and through good or evil always maintain truth."

Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge," has contrasted a gentleman in sorrow and persecution and a cad in sensuality and sloth; Haredale who lived up to his rule that no man should deviate from the path of honour, and Chester, who never did an "ungentlemanly" action, according to his own definitions, and never did a manly one. In the same social position, no two men could be more unlike. Haredale, severe in his self-restraint, was tender in his compassion for others and always ready to help them; Chester, never denying himself an indulgence, was pitiless and vindictive.

The true gentleman is tested not in a yacht, but in a lifeboat, not on parade, but on active service. When Lord Roberts was speaking of the conduct even of the private soldiers under his command in South Africa, he said that they behaved like gentlemen. They had learned self-restraint, they had learned to suffer and be strong. And if the officers were not as well educated in a technical sense as their critics think they should have been, at least they showed that they knew how to die like gentlemen and make no fuss about it.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DRESS.

At one of the oldest social clubs of Oxford the qualification for membership was to be "bene natus, bene vestitus, moderate doctus," which means, of course, that the new comer must be well born, well dressed, and moderately, not oppressively learned. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," and still more the gentleman. One of the right sort scorns to wear false fronts or cuffs or mock jewellery, or indeed any lie. The ideal gentleman never over-dresses. His dress is like himself, unassuming and in harmony with his doings and surroundings. People call him a well-dressed man, but no one remembers what on any particular occasion he wears.

Refinement in dress is generally associated with refinement in manners. The innate sensitive feeling which rejects the unbecoming in the one will be quick to avoid it in the other; it will regulate dress and carriage, spirit and speech. Gentlemen do not now use "language" such as they did in days in which a Primate said to a Premier, "It may save time, my lord, if we assume before we commence our discussion that everybody and everything is damned."

There was a time, we are told, when before an election to a fellowship in All Souls' College at Oxford was made, the selected persons were invited to dine with the electors; a cherry pie formed part of the meal, and he who ate it most like a gentleman got the fellowship. It is said that the reason why those who were to be called to the Irish bar used to have to eat dinners in Inns of Court in London was because it was desired to see if they understood the management of their knives and forks. A true gentleman is not greedy. At breakfast in a country house an elderly lady was asked what she thought of the man who had taken her into dinner on the night preceding. She replied that he was not a gentleman. "Oh, grandma, why do you think so?" asked a youth from Oxford. "Because," was the reply, "he scooped all the oysters he could find out of the sauce and appropriated half of the forced strawberries at the dessert." Upon this someone at the table remarked that the old lady should not speak in that way of one who left so little to be wished.

THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF ANCESTRY.

In China long nails on the fingers are considered as gentlemanly as they are slovenly in England, because they show that the possessor of them does no manual labour. The Chinese notion of a gentleman is very much what used to prevail in Ireland, where a gentleman was one who never did anything for himself or for anyone else since he came into the world.

The term "gentleman" is sometimes only given to one who is said to "know his grandfathers," but the man who has this knowledge only differs from the man who has it not in this, that the former knows that many of his ancestors deserved to be hanged while the other remains in blissful ignorance of the probable fact. To a British snob an American said, "Sir, my family began where yours ended."

Two servant maids were discussing a new lodger who had come to a boarding-house. "He's a very nice man" one said to the other, "but he's not a gentleman," and then gave her reason for thinking so. "Yesterday morning," she said, "I was carrying up a heavy bucket of coal, and he took it and carried it for me, and you know no gentleman would do that." This is just what one of God Almighty's gentlemen would do. "Bear ye one another's burdens," said St. Paul, "and so fulfil the law of Christ"—the law that is of Him who has been called "the first true Gentleman that ever breathed."

AN AMERICAN DEFINITION.

The term "walking gentleman" is sometimes given to a man who does nothing but walk about and amuse himself, but a very different name should be given to this sort of character. An American young lady asked an Englishman who was travelling in the States what his father was, to what business or profession he belonged. "To none," was the reply; "But I suppose that you have none of that class of people?" "Why, certainly," replied the lady, "we have lots of them; they are here called tramps." A man who does not do his share of the world's work, either with head or with hands, is a thief or tramp rather than a gentleman. Even the South Sea Islanders who murdered Bishop Patterson understood that every true gentleman is a worker. When the bishop first went amongst them he surprised them by being ready to put his hand to anything. He would do a bit of carpentering, wash up the things after meals, teach the young blacks to wash and dress themselves. Other white men seen by the natives were lazy, and wanted to put all the work on them, so to distinguish the bishop from these they called him "a gentleman gentleman" and the others "pig gentlemen."

Two working men were discussing the other day what it is to be a gentleman. One said that money made a gentleman. "But," said the other, "if you saw a donkey laden with gold and were told that it belonged to him, would you say that he was a gentleman?" Of the same kind is the error of associating gentlemanliness with money-giving; which in many cases is no better than snobbishness. When Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland, and went to see St. Kevin's Bed, near Glendalough a Mr. Plunkett, who accompanied him, told a female guide that the visitor was a poet. "Poet?" said she; "sorra bit of him but an honourable gentleman; he gave me half-a-crown!" So cabby thinks that anyone who gives him double his fare is "a real gentleman." Others, deceived by appearances, fancy that clothes make a gentleman. A friend of mine told me that coming over in a steamer from Ireland, he heard two men talking of a third. "Who, or what, is he?" one of them asked. "I don't know," was the reply, "but he is a gentleman: he always wears a tall hat."

A GENTLEMAN VENERED.

One certain mark of a true gentleman is that he respects and controls himself. The phrase "as drunk as a lord," points to the time when public opinion did not expect lords and gentlemen to control their passions, but happily this state of things has ceased. No one would now say "As drunk as a gentleman," for if a man drinks he is not considered a gentleman.

"Once a gentleman always a gentleman" is a true saying. Wellington used to say

of George IV. that no one could act the part of a gentleman better than he could for ten minutes. This sort of man, even though he be a King, is an amateur gentleman, that is, one who only plays at the thing, rather than a real one. Manners of the right sort cannot be put off any more than can the skin. A true gentleman is gentle not only to his superiors, but to those who are considered below him in the social scale; not only to strangers, but in the privacy of his home to his wife, his children, his servants, yes, even to his horse, his dog, his cat. "The love and admiration," says Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sydney Smith, won from everyone, rich and poor, with whom he came into contact, seems to have arisen from the fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen, his guests, alike; and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately, so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went." The Christian gentleman in this way respects the image of God in every man, and treats all his inferiors as well as all his equals and superiors as he himself would like to be treated. When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the Papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his Court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also; on which the master of the ceremonies told his Holiness that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the Pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Having seen what a gentleman is not, let us now ask ourselves what he is. He is a man who is gentle in thought, word, and deed. He is a good son, husband, father, friend, and is generally true and just in all his dealings. "He back-biteth not with his tongue," as the fifteenth Psalm says, "nor doeth evil to his neighbour, but maketh much of them that fear the Lord." What a good description of a true gentleman is that which St. Paul gives in the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians, "Charity or love suffereth long and is kind." It has been said that the test of good manners is to be able to put up pleasantly with the bad manners of others. Charity "envieth not"; charity "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Snobs unduly depreciate others and unduly appreciate themselves. Charity "doth not behave itself unseemly"—that is to say, a true gentleman studies the feelings of others, and tries not to give pain. Charity "seeketh not her own"; only vulgarities are grasping. Charity "is not easily provoked." The word "easily" has no place in the text and was inserted by some copyist who did not understand. He is a foolish and vulgar person who is easily provoked, touchy and prone to take offence; the Christian gentleman is not provoked at all, or if he is he manages to hide it. "Charity thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity." The Christian gentleman turns a deaf ear to scandal, and puts the best construction possible upon people's actions. Sometimes we are surprised to find people with no advantages of birth, money, or position exhibiting in their manner the sympathetic tact and delicacy of feeling that belong to real gentlefolk. They may well be called God Almighty's gentlemen, for it is He who has made them what they are. We hear much now of schemes for refining and beautifying the lives of the dim millions, but nothing can really do this except true religion. Christianity aims at making them all gentlemen in the proper sense of that much-abused word. If anybody says that it is absurd to expect the masses ever to attain to such refinement and elevation, we reply by asking—Is it absurd to expect that they may become Christian, and if Christian can they be anything else than true gentlemen and gentlewomen?

Next week: "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott," by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.

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CAN A WOMAN LOVE MORE THAN ONCE?

A DEBATABLE PROBLEM.

Well-known women have been asked to express their views on this question by the "Lady's Realm." Lady Arabella Romilly says:

"Probably very few women could truthfully say (if anyone ever tells the truth on such a subject) that she has loved but once. Because, what is love? Are there any great passions now like the historical passions of Paolo and Francesca, or, to go back to far remoter times, the love of Jacob and Rachel? And even when their love was crowned by marriage, Leah was there, too, and the mother of many sons. Who shall define love, sweet, elusive? When you think it is fancy, you find it is love; when you believe it is love, behold it is fancy. No absolutely love-inspiring woman loves but once. Sometimes she loves the man because he loves her; sometimes she loves the man because she is tired of another man whom she had loved—and who, of course, loved her. The habit of love is very imitative to those who love readily, whose temperament is amorous. Love has counterfeits, and it is not always easy to discern the true from the unreal."

"Rita" takes a very similar view: "There is a poetic fallacy existent that would limit woman to one love in a lifetime. It is a fallacy. No self-respecting woman would so curtail the bounty of her nature—the merits of her beauty or the possible excitements of her life! Of course there are certain hum-drum, goody-goody creatures—feminine by nature and accident—who are only capable of loving one man and holding him as hero, idol, and ruler of their life from the first hour they have loved him until the last hour of natural existence. But such cases are rare and only owe constancy to some flaw in mental (or semi-mental) construction."

Fidelity is a pure matter of temperament. It cannot be taught, it cannot be bought, it cannot be acquired—it is there, or it is not

there. Usually it bores the recipient to death and consigns the giver to misery.

SOME SOCIAL CRAZES OF THE DAY.

One of the funniest crazes of high life—for it is not confined to the smart set—is that of having china birds in every possible position all over the house. Gorgeous parrots, parakeets, macaws, and cockatoos are perched on every bracket and adorn every chimneypiece. But this is a harmless fancy (says Mrs. Humphrey in "The Boudoir"), and after all much to be preferred to the real birds, with their ugly screams and cruel beaks.

The smart set, with its utter irresponsibility, its debt, its extravagance, its non-morality, is too often confounded with high Society in the true sense of the word "high." It is true that a few members of the latter have identified themselves with the former, but these are exceptions. High Society looks on at the aberrations of the whirling atoms in their midst, just as the calm waters may be imagined to gaze upon the geyser that spouts and sprays. It is by no means faultless, our high Society; but what society is? And as compared with the "smart" section it is almost ideal.

DEATH FOR GAMBLING.

The quaint old city of Rothenburg, says Mr. G. E. Thompson, writing in "Photography," is hardly so much like a real city as a stage scene in an old German play. Yet beautiful as it is, it has not been without its tragedies, the most disgraceful of which perhaps was that of Heinrich Tappler, its burgo-master, in the early part of the thirteenth century. His administrative talents brought Rothenburg to the highest pitch of power and prosperity, and the city still contains many relics of the greatest of its governors. Such success was sure to make enemies, and the mind of the Emperor Wenzel was inflamed against Tappler. The monarch, an inveterate gambler, came to stay at Tappler's country house, and insisted on play, which his subject was unable to refuse. The penalty for

gambling was death, and Tappler was condemned to death by starvation, and was bricked up. Efforts were made to liberate him by stealth, and also to secure a pardon, but by the time they succeeded in opening his cell the greatest citizen of Rothenburg was a corpse.

BOY IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

"Sharp as a needle, isn't he?" says Paterfamilias, his face beaming with delight, apropos of one of his six-year-old son's personal remarks.

But his friend, the subject of the remark, is far more inclined to hold that view which a really most benevolent doctor lately put on paper when writing about a very ungracious boy-patient. "If I had had the training of the young ruffian, Burnham Beeches would long ago have been a barren wilderness." "Isn't he a manly little chap?" remarks the host, whose son and heir has wrecked a visitor's best umbrella in the attempt to ride cock-horse upon it.

"Mischievous little devil!" is the sotto-voce verdict of the owner of the damaged article.

Some years ago a deputation of aggrieved ladies, residing in a quiet suburb that shall be nameless, waited upon the mother of a large and somewhat rowdy family with the modest request that "Tommy" should be requested to abstain from the rather alarming practice of taking pot-shots at their windows with a saloon pistol.

"Has he really broken two of your windows, Miss —?" inquired the mother with a sweet smile.

The answer was in the affirmative.

"And two of yours?" turning to another lady.

"Yes."

"And one of yours, Mrs. —?" to the third member of the deputation.

"Yes."

"Dear, me!" chirped the proud mother; "how very like dear Tommy!"—From "Boy in the Home Circle," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for June, 1904.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
 AND
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 179.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING
 Revival of the Comedy,

"The Importance of Being Earnest."

NEXT WEEK (LAST WEEK OF THE
 SEASON),

The new Farical Comedy,

"TROOPER HUNT'S WIDOW."

USUAL TIMES AND PRICES.

Direct from Colliery to Consumer.—
HIGH GRADE COALS supplied by
W. SAWYER & Co., Colliery Agents and
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As an advertisement of their thread, a
 well-known firm have, after several attempts,
 connected Europe and Asia across the Bos-
 phorus, says the "Financial Times," by
 about 1,250 yards of cotton.

A slight knowledge of the meaning of com-
 mon Chinese and Japanese words is of great
 assistance to the intelligent reader of the
 war news. Indeed, for the proper under-
 standing of current events at the theatre of
 war it is almost an essential. To bear in
 mind the crack-jaw names with which we
 are confronted every morning when we turn
 to the telegrams from the Far East is almost
 impossible, but with a knowledge of the
 meaning of the various syllables of which
 they are made up comes a grip of the situa-
 tion which is otherwise completely lacking.
 For example, Chiu or Kiu is Chinese for
 nine, lien for a series, and cheng for a small
 stream. Thus Kiu-lien-cheng, where the
 great battle of the Yalu was fought, means
 the town of the nine consecutive streams.

Again, Kin in Chinese means gold, and chau
 signifies province; therefore Kinchau, the
 scene of the great battle before Port Arthur,
 means the town in the gold province. Ti
 means iron, shan mountain, and thus the
 great promontory to the south of Port
 Arthur is the iron mountain of Liau. Yang
 means sunny-side, and thus the Russian posi-
 tion at Liaoyang is on the sunny side of the
 river Liao. The following words given by
 the "Daily Chronicle" will help readers to
 translate many of the names of places for
 themselves, and thus, perhaps, to bear them
 in mind with greater facility:—Japanese:
 Gawa, river; hira, plain; kami, above; ko,
 small; mura, village; shima, island; shiro,
 castle; tani, valley; wan, gulf; yama, moun-
 tain. Chinese: Cheng, castle; chia or kia,
 house; hai, sea; ho, river; hsi, four; kao,
 mouth; lin, mountain range; ling, moun-
 tain; miaou, burial place; nan, south; shan,
 mountain; wu, five; tzu or tse, child.

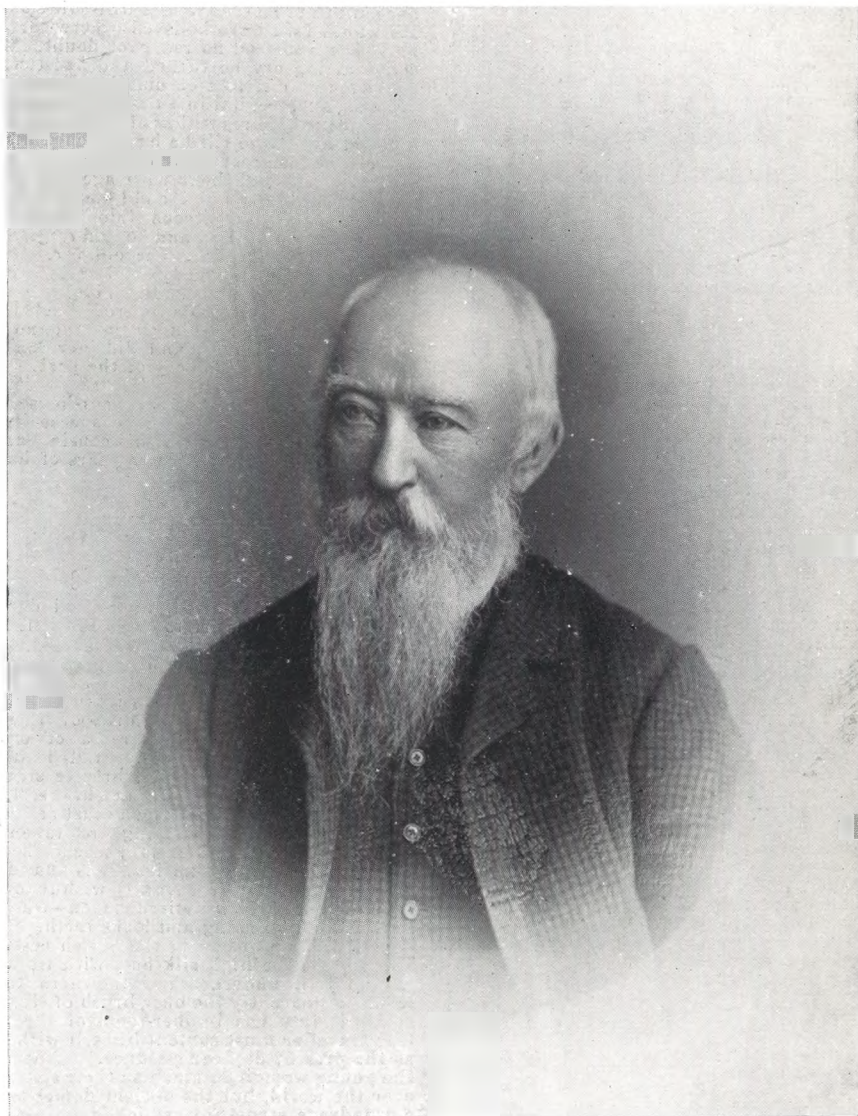


Photo by Ernest E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.

MR. JAMES MOSS,
 ONE OF CHELTENHAM'S OLDEST CITIZENS.
 Died June 5th, 1904, aged 93 years.



LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE NYMPH OF THE CHELT.

[BY CHARLES A. PROBERT.]

In olden times, before the discovery of the mineral waters, Cheltenham was a mere village, with one long street or highway, down the centre of which flowed a purling stream, an off-shoot of the river Chelt. A number of thatched cottages skirted the road, and half-a-dozen farms and mills were dotted about the landscape, while in the midst of this peaceful scene rose the graceful spire of the old Parish Church. No stately mansions or busy streets had as yet sprung up to shut out the view of the surrounding hills; but the drowsy cattle cropped at the rich pasturage, and the husbandman plied his laborious task in many a broad acre long since given over to the builder of fashionable squares and terraces.

At the time of our story, when Cheltenham might still have claimed to be "the loveliest village of the plain," there dwelt in one of the cottages in the High-street a sweet young damsel named Mollie Brown, whose simple charms were the envy of the other girls and the admiration of all the village swains. To have seen her at early morn standing with bare feet at the edge of the stream braiding her lovely hair one might well have taken her for a water nymph just stepped out of some old fairy story. Many an ardent lover had cast himself at her dainty feet, but Mollie was too modest and simple-minded to be spoilt by the attentions of rival suitors; and when it became known that she had bestowed her affections upon Harry Reeves, the son of Farmer Reeves, of the Home Farm, the other candidates for her hand soon realised the hopelessness of their position, and withdrew.

For a time all went pleasantly with the young couple; each summer evening found them wandering side by side through dewy mead or by the gently murmuring stream, breathing those honeyed words of love and adoration that have had such deep meaning for countless lovers throughout the ages. But, alas! evil days were in store, for when Farmer Reeves came to hear of the attachment his rage knew no bounds, and he vowed that his son should never marry the daughter of one of his own labourers. Although he loved the youth and humoured him in most things, his pride would not brook this indignity, besides which a long-cherished plan of his was seriously imperilled. He had a favourite niece, Rachel Barnes, whose amiability and skill about the house and dairy more than compensated (in the farmer's opinion, at least) for her homely appearance; and it had long been his ambition that she and Harry should one day wed each other. Summoning the young man to his presence, he upbraided him for his folly, and commanded him either to give up Mollie or quit his home for ever. Harry had no intention of abandoning his charmer, and knowing that his father was not likely to be moved by tears and entreaties, he accepted the alternative, and prepared to leave the village which held all that was dear to him in life.

There is no need to dwell on the lovers' parting, the hopes and fears for the future, the renewed vows of constancy and undying devotion, the last embrace, and the tearful farewell. Mollie was well-nigh heart broken, for though Harry had promised to return some day and claim her as his bride, what if fate should decree otherwise; and in any case their separation must needs be a long and painful one.

Years passed by, during which Harry had struggled manfully against adverse circumstances that would have crushed many another man; but borne up and fortified by the remembrance of that simple village maiden in distant Cheltenham, he had triumphed over fearful odds, and was now in a position to return and claim the reward of his devotion. How strange it all seemed to him as he journeyed to his native place. He had left it a penniless outcast; now bronzed and bearded he was returning well endowed with worldly possessions. How would he find things? Was Mollie alive or dead? This last question tortured him, for having spent the

first year or two of his absence in wandering from place to place in search of employment, he had not been able to hear from her, and when finally he had settled down in one spot his letters to her had remained unanswered.

Now at last he would learn the truth, for after a long and wearisome journey he saw once more the old familiar landmarks—the old church spire, the Home Farm, and the ancient mill on the banks of the dear old Chelt. Leaving his luggage at the Plough Inn, without even waiting for the repast that was being served, he hastened down the street in quest of the object of his affections. In a few minutes he reached the well-known row of cottages, and seeing two women gossiping in one of the doorways, while several dirty children were playing around, he went up to them and enquired if Mollie Brown still lived there. "Mollie Brown," said one of the women in a tone of astonishment. "Why, that used to be my name, but I've been Mrs. Grimes this five year." Harry gazed at her for a moment in utter stupefaction. Could this coarse, bedraggled creature, with a squalling infant clinging to her skirts, be the sylph-like maiden of his dreams, who had once sworn to be true to him while life lasted? He would fain have believed otherwise; but, alas! there seemed no room for doubt. With a despairing cry he turned and fled towards the stream as if to seek oblivion beneath its rippling surface, but in a moment he bounded to the other side regardless of stepping-stones, and did not pause till he had reached his old home. To his great relief he found his father still alive, though bent with age and grief; and casting himself at the old man's feet, the prodigal told his piteous tale in a voice choking with emotion, and begged forgiveness for his waywardness. The old farmer had long repented of his hasty conduct in driving his only son from home, and had never ceased to hope and pray for his return. Rachel was keeping house for the old gentleman, and she, too, welcomed Harry, and did her best to obliterate the sad memory of the past.

Little remains to be told. The faithless Mollie ended her days in the poor-house near the church, whilst Harry, on succeeding to his father's farm, married his cousin Rachel, with whom he shared many years of happiness and prosperity.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

[BY MRS. RUTH MILLS.]

Does any smoke-dried, high-dried denizen of our big cities desire to clean himself, both morally and physically, from the dust of business life? Then let him go and wash, not in the pool of Siloam, but in the briny waters of Cardigan Bay. On its coast let him saturate himself with the glories of time and sense, drinking in the panorama of craggy heights, velvet slopes, ferny and heathery glens, flying cloud-shadows, breezes straight from the vaulted heavens. Let him seek out a tiny cranny on the southern coast of Wales, by name Llangranag, having first taken his ticket by G.W.R. to Henllan, whence he will drive to his final destination. His final destination indeed he will devoutly wish it to be—his *ultima thule*—his desired haven—when he awakes next morning and looks forth.

And now a word as to the Welsh costume. Unhappily, the high silk hat, with its white muslin frill underneath, is nowhere to be seen. Apparently the busy brush of time has swept it into the lumber-room of the past. Our traveller must content himself with such as the present day can produce. Naturally the young women do much as their sisters all over the world, but the ancient dames mount a wondrous structure, which requires considerable study before its details can be fully mastered. A cap; but what a cap! An Oxford-street milliner would stand a-gaze at such a *rara avis*. To its owner the very apple of her eye and pride of her innocent heart! A sober black, with isettes of narrow ribbon on either side, loops, and ends hanging out behind, with much lace, until the width of the back of that matronly head measures certainly not less than ten inches. Fearfully and wonderfully made, truly, and being tied beneath the chin, is crowned by a mussel-shaped hat of black straw. Next comes a dark shawl, and below that a short and very full

skirt, sometimes finished off by a snowy apron. Perpetually knitting, their eyes resting on the sea, these women sit through the evening hours on the benches out of doors, and gossip with their neighbours.

A merry brook, coming on by leaps and bounds, races down the glen in a hurry to join the tide, giving a friendly twinkle at the cottages which stand dotted upon the green banks. Modest dwellings these for the most part, and dazzlingly white, roofs, chimneys, and all. But the brook has serious work to do, and cannot afford to trifle with time. At one spot it casts itself down headlong from a height of about fifteen feet, forming a deep pool, then races onward to turn an over-shot wheel. This energy results in the weaving of native wool into flannel, cloth, and what is called Welsh homespun. Let our traveller visit this hive of industry. The working staff consists of a man and a girl, both toiling in such close proximity to the revolving wheels that one feels "creepy" for their safety. On a second visit the writer noticed that the damsel had profited by a friendly hint and confined her flowing locks into an uncompromising knot—safer, if less picturesque.

If after a few weeks' stay at Llangranag that charming spot could ever fade from the visitor's memory, he is to be pitied, and words need not be wasted upon him. But, giving him credit for better things, we will venture upon one more hint. It is that he should range far and wide, caring nothing the live-long day for landladies or their culinary experiments, but living as the fowls of the air. In plain words, carrying his scrip with him, and armed with a trusty walking-stick, let him wander hatless (save during tropical heat), coatless, stockingless, yea, even shoeless, on grass or sea shore. The oftener his feet are wet the better, given the opportunity of drying themselves in the absence of their leather prisons. Climbing, resting, sprawling, sometimes in the water, sometimes among the heather, on hot rock or in patches of grateful shade; thus will he soak in all that nature offers him. Air-bath, sun-bath, brine-bath—these three combined cannot fail to cleanse away the cobwebs and purify both body and mind, and our friend will return to the beaten tracks a cleaner, a healthier, and a happier man.

IVAN'S DAUGHTER.

[BY HENRY F. BARNETT, JUNIOR (AGE 17).]
"Bravo, Katrina, bravo; truly thou art brave!"

Thus spoke the head of the Society to Katrina, the beautiful daughter of old Ivan Feelovitch. A fierce face had Katrina, with eyes shining angrily at everyone, rosy cheeks, black hair scattered untidily aside, and a general look of independence. Ivan and his daughter were two of the leading Anarchists of the day. Even now the chief was congratulating her on having attempted the life of old Colonel Kerosif.

"Did you not all see me fire at him, and did you not all see me escape when that puny cobbler knocked my arm aside and prevented my killing him?" shouted Katrina, "and did I not do what others were afraid to do?" "You did, you did, Katrina," exclaimed the others.

"Then can you trust me to do your work?"

"We can," they answered.

"Then give it me to do and I will do it."

With this Katrina glared proudly at them. Her father, old Ivan, a thorough coward, who allowed his daughter to get into untold dangers and cared not—save that he himself was safe, next spoke—

"Katrina, we have tried you, and we know you to be brave and true. Come, prove yourself the bravest woman in Russia. Remove one whom we all hate, one who can do us harm.

"If you remove him," he went on, "not only will your name be known all over Russia, but money, funds, everything we can give, shall be yours."

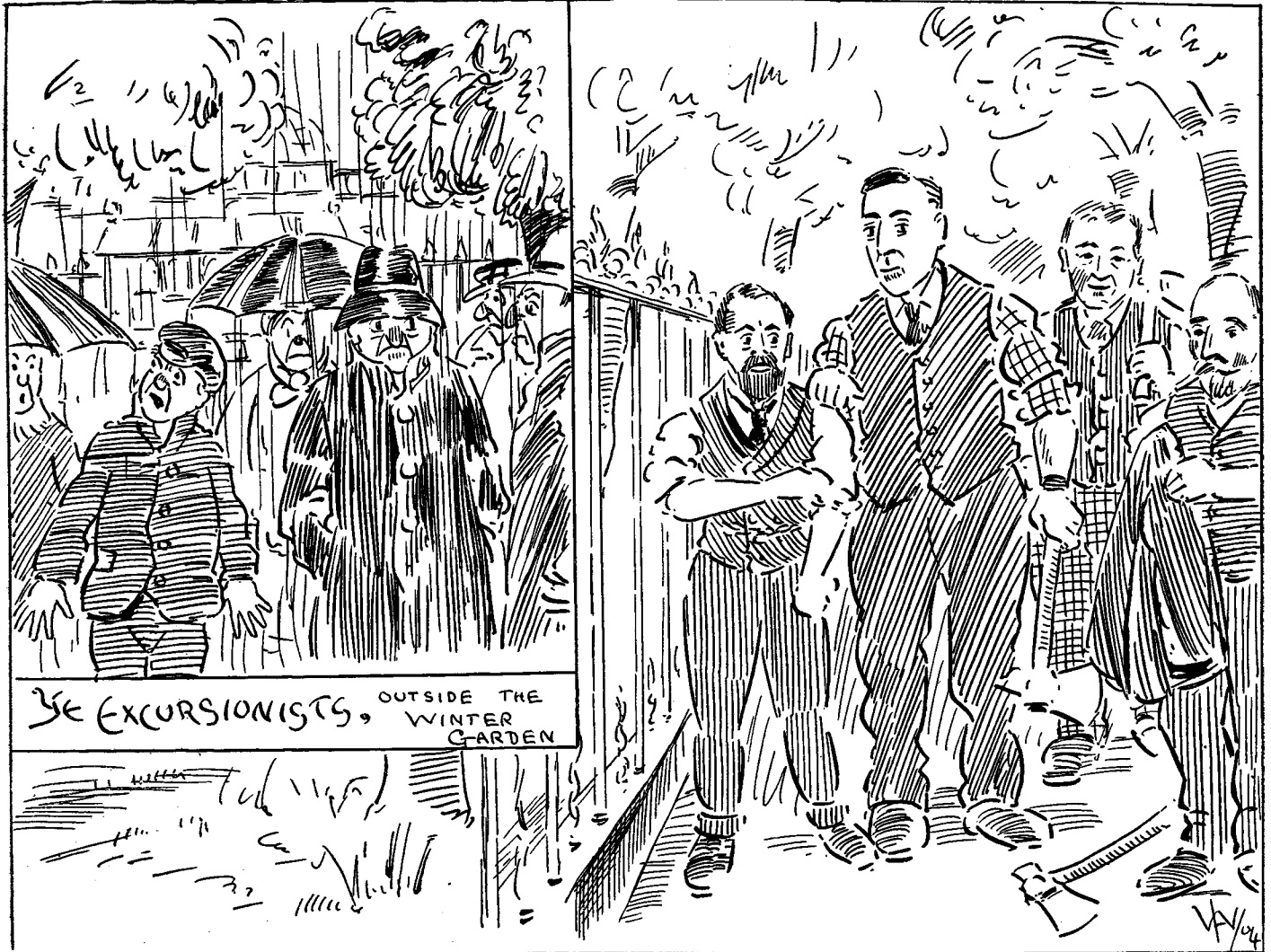
"Who is it, who is it?" cried Katrina, impatiently.

Katrina's eyes sparkled.

"His name?" she inquired.

"Is — Vivian Montrose."

Slowly and deliberately she replied— "I will not kill him."



Ye EXCURSIONISTS, OUTSIDE THE WINTER GARDEN

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

ANOTHER "SKEW PATH!"

On May 27th a large party of trippers from Lancashire visited the town, and had nowhere to go out of the rain. Letters from Cheltonians appeared in the "Echo" urging that Pittville, Montpellier, and the Winter Gardens should be open free, and one correspondent said he thought there was a right of way across Montpellier, and suggested that the Leckhampton stalwarts see into the matter.

A great change had suddenly come over the girl. The look of daring had vanished, and a softer one had taken its place.

"You-will-not-kill-him" Ivan and his comrades looked fearfully at one another. "Why?"

The brave look returned to Katrina's face as she fearlessly answered—"No, I will not kill him, because—I love him."

"You—Katrina—you love that accursed Englishman. You know the penalty!"

"I do." Katrina knew only too well their methods. One of them, her father perhaps, would go to the police and give information about one of the many crimes she had committed. She would be imprisoned for several years. What cared she what they did if Montrose loved her. She could not kill him. He was an officer in the Russian army, and had discovered a secret of the Society. He guessed that Katrina was an Anarchist, but if she was, he still loved her.

The other Anarchists have now left the room. Katrina knows the police will soon come to fetch her. She will never disclose the secrets of the Society. Hark! They are coming. She walks to the door and calmly surrenders to them—

"You need no handcuffs," she says. The officers of justice are amazed. Is this the Katrina of whom they have heard? Can this be the woman who braved the police? Impossible!

So Katrina is taken to prison, tried, and sentenced to remain there for ten years.

A woman kneeling at her evening's devotions in a convent. Who would recognise in her the Katrina of fifteen years ago; and yet it is her. What a change has taken place! Instead of the fierce and angry face here is a calm and peaceful one. The eyes are full of sadness, the cheeks are pale. Such a sweet patient face it is; far more beautiful than the old one.

For ten long years she was imprisoned, and then she entered a convent. It is just fifteen years since last she saw Montrose. Even now she may be praying for him!

The convent bell strikes slowly—it is nine o'clock. Suddenly shouts mingled with the discharge of guns fall on her ear. A tapping at the window and a hoarse voice—

"For God's sake, open!" She starts, and goes to the window; a man slowly and painfully enters. It is her father! He does not recognise her—

"For pity's sake, save me—hide me. The soldiers are after me; and if they—what!—you—Katrina!"

"Yes, it is Katrina, father! Not the old Katrina, but a new one."

"Save me! Katrina, save me! I did not betray you;" and the wretched man grovels at her feet, kissing them in his despair.

Not a word does she utter. "They are here, they are here!" he cries. "Katrina, protect me!" Now he clings to her.

"Come," she says slowly. Her father hastily follows her, and she leads him to a

door made in the wall—"Go through there. It leads out under the convent."

He looks at her distrustfully. "Quick, you can trust me now."

Without a word of thanks he enters just as the soldiers arrive at the convent. Katrina rushes from the room, locks the door, and stands in the corridor against it. The soldiers enter. "There he is," shouts their commander; "there, against that door—shoot!" Several guns speak out, and Katrina falls. The officer rushes up—

"Is he dead?" he inquires. "Merciful Heavens—Katrina!"

"Vivian?" she whispers. Yes it is he. Oh! what anguish and grief are his. He curses his men; and, as he does so, Katrina slowly raises herself. "Do not curse them, Vivian. They only did their duty. It is so dark."

The end is near. Other nuns mingle with the soldiers.

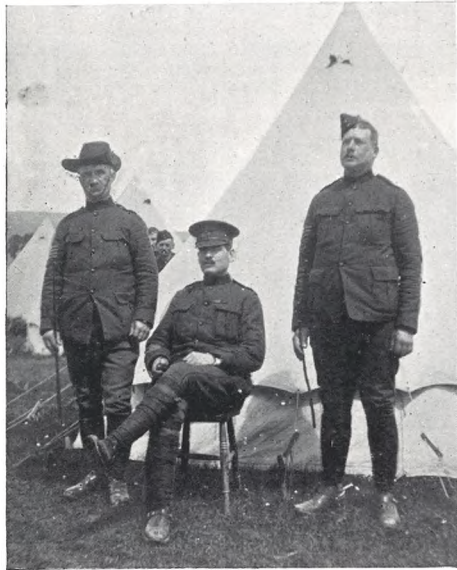
"Vivian—always remember Katrina!" she mutters.

He groans with agony at the thought of losing her.

"If she could but be spared, how happy we could be."

Once more a great stillness falls on the little group. Suddenly Katrina staggers to her feet—

"The night is fading fast! How light it is getting!" she cries—and falls dead at the feet of the man she loved!



Photos by F. Welch, Cheltenham.

YEOMANRY CAMP AT CHEDDAR.

Blanketing.

Sergt.-Majors Davis (Newent) and Heather and Sergeant Welch.

Two troopers (Big Ben on left, 17-2 high).

Caught Napping.

Corporal Gallop's Section.



Photo by N. C. Bloodworth, Cheltenham.

NORMAN GATEWAY AT EVESHAM.

The room above is in two parishes—St. Lawrence and All Saints'.



Photo by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.

Laying the tramway over the Midland Railway level crossing at Sudbrook on Sunday, June 5, 1904. The picture shows the City Surveyor and other officials trying the gauge of the tram-track.



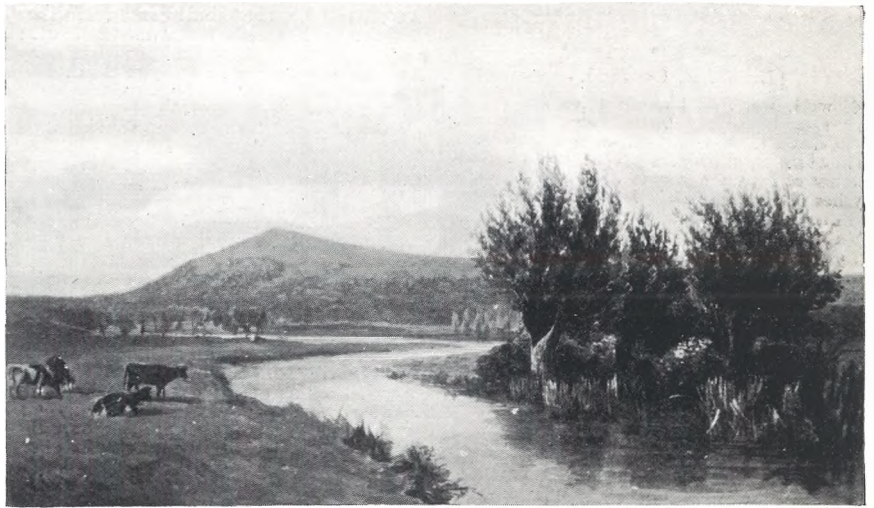
Photo by H. Edwards, Seymour-road, Glo'ster.

Police-Sergt. Frederick Hale,

found drowned in the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal on June 6th. The late sergeant, who was a native of Thornbury, was born in 1862, and entered the force in 1882, his promotion to the first class coming in 1891. For some years he acted as groom to the Chief Constable, and afterwards was put in charge of the Churchdown sub-district. When the extension of the Gloucester city boundaries took place in 1901 he was promoted to be sergeant and placed in charge of the Bristol-road sub-station. A strange coincidence was that the unfortunate officer was drowned on May 31st, the third anniversary of his appointment as sergeant.

CRINOLINE REDIVIVUS.

Is it really coming, that infliction of our mothers' youth? (asks "Betty Modish" in this week's "Hearth and Home"). It has often threatened to return, and we have warded it off; shall we do so again? I doubt it, for the crinoline has arrived in Paris, though in a very modified form; and with pleated, gauged, and gathered skirts gaining a firmer hold on our affections every day, there will come a moment when—wary of grappling with the holding up of so much material—we shall be glad to call in friendly whalebone to our aid. Already one up-to-date woman has whispered to me that she has three steels in her skirt, and I had my suspicions as to the cause of the intense voluminosity of some taffeta and glace silk gowns which I met the other day. Well, who knows? Perhaps in a few short months we shall pique ourselves on the hang of our crinolines, and look back in scorn on the days when our skirts sheathed our figures and clung to us as we took our walks abroad.



BREDON HILL FROM THE AVON, A LITTLE ABOVE TEWKESBURY.

(Photographed from a Water-colour Drawing.)

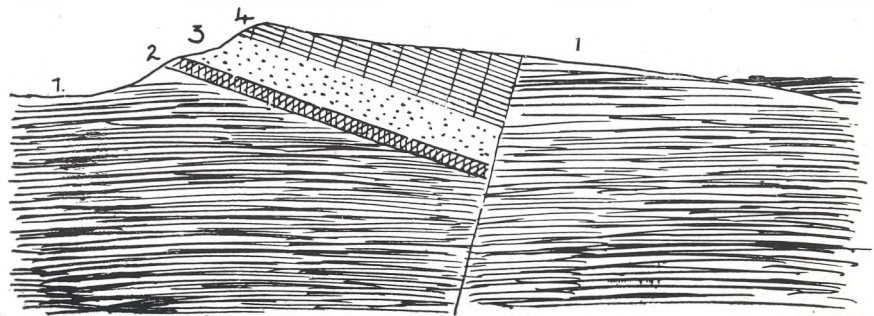


DIAGRAM-SECTION OF BREDON HILL.

- 1. Lower Lias clay,
- 2. Marlstone,
- 3. Upper Lias clay and sand,
- 4. Inferior Oolite.



Photo by Whalley, Cheltenham.

EDGAR E. BARNETT,

The young Cheltenham Cricketer who has this week been representing his county at Gloucester.

THE RELATION OF GEOLOGY TO SCENERY.

BREDON HILL.

Lord Avebury, in his "Scenery of Switzerland," has translated a passage from a German writer—"We do not really know a mountain until its interior is to our mental eye as clear as crystal."*

The principle applies to Bredon Hill, whose profile, familiar to travellers by the Midland Railway, tells to those who know the Cotswold Hills, of which this is an "outlier," that the top is really a head of Inferior Oolite stone; that the slight depression below is, so to speak, a neck of now easily worn-away Upper Lias clay and sand; while the shoulder-like projection below this is the out-crop of the hard Marlstone, from which the Lower Lias clay slopes down to the plain.

This is illustrated in a water-colour drawing made years ago by a lady who had certainly no idea that she was illustrating the relation of geology to scenery.

A photograph of the drawing, with the hill itself in view, was shown to some of the members of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society at the meeting on the 7th inst., together with an explanatory diagram and the coloured map of the geological survey.

The map shows that the hill is formed by the projection upwards, and to the North, of hard strata, due to a "down throw" along a line of "fault" while these strata, left exposed above this line on the Southern side, have been swept away or "denuded"; so that, as seen in the diagram, one may step off the Oolite on to the Lower Lias clay.

In looking at the profile of the hill itself, trees can in some places be seen growing on the soft soil of the Upper Lias while absent on the Marlstone below and on the Oolite above.

T. S. E.

*Erst denn haben wir ein Gebirg erkannt, wenn sein Inneres durchsichtig wie Glas vor unserm geistigen Auge erscheint.—Theobald.

AN ANCIENT ZIONIST—1878.

•||••
[By W. B. COOPEY].

Aye, well, well, as I a-tell'd 'ee afore, 'ee dwoon't rade the Scriptures 'alf enuff; no, no, that 'ee dwoon't. 'Avever, if 'ee did, ther' 'tis all laid down as plain as a pikestaff 'ow as the ten tribes o' Israel was carr'd away into captivity bee the King o' Babylon an' never come back to the'r own country not no more. Now, w'er did 'em goo to? Aye, ther's the rub. Why, onto the uttermost parts o' the yearth; an' that was this yer country, ther' byunt a doubt on't, I tell 'ee. This country them was vurdere away, aye, an' tuck longer to go to, than Ostrelior or Van Dimon's Land do now. An', I tell 'ee, we be descended, vrom the lost ten tribes, ivery one on us. O' quorse, we be got mixed wi' Danes an' Romans an' Saxons, an' sich like. Us comed 'ere 'unders an' 'unders o' years ago, an' zum on 'em zettled down an' zum on 'em inter-married wi' the lost childern o' Zion, an' zo we ben't the true owd stock; but you go down into Welch Wales an' into Cornull, an' ther', in the wild parts, you'll find 'em now; aye, an' a-spakin' the owd langwidje, too, which none but the'r selves do understand. Aye, an' they be the Lard's speshul pepple, too; an' zum on 'ee, mebbe med come in yi' 'em to the promised land, but I doubt it, I doubt it, speshully among you young 'uns, vor, as I sed—aye, mayny an' mayny a time—yo' puts yer newspaper afore yer Bible, an' yo' knows all about wars an' roomers o' wars an' what 'oss won the last race, but the deuce a bit do 'ee take notice o' the signs an' wonders around ye; aye, an' revealed onto 'ee if 'ee study the Good Book. Aye, aye, aye; an' I'll tell 'ee what I do b'leeve, an' that is as these 'ere drie counties o' Gloucester, Wooster, an' Herefud be the promised land; an' if yo' young voke as lives 'ere dwoon't lead better lives than yo' do now, zummat'll 'appen. I dwoon't rightly know what; and, be gum, ye'll all be turned out, an' zumbuddy else'll come in an' take yer pwotion vrom 'ee. Why do I b'leeve this is the promised land? Why, I'll tell 'ee. I a-bin as vur no'th—an', as vur as I could gwo—an' I a-bin as vur south as Cornull, w'er Land's Ind be—an' zo yo' cou'dn't gwo no vurdere—when I was a young mon; an' thow it be main purty down ther' 'tain't to be menshunned vor fruitfulness an' good livin' wi' these 'ere drie counties. Why, away up no'th tha' du mainly live o' parritch, wesh'd down wi' skim milk or butter milk, sech as we do gi' to pegs, an' whisky, as do burn yer innards as it gwoes down an' 'll make a stranger, aye, as drunk as vorty wheelborrows in no time. No good 'olesome zider an' bread an' skim-dick, as do vill up warm an' comfotable, an' 'ee can get a quart or two downe 'ee, an' 't'll do 'ee good. Aw, no, no; the promised land bain't no'th o' thuck, I be purty sure. Wal', then, down south tha' do still drink butter milk an' weshy stuff, as tha' calls zider—more'n 'alf on't water, an' gwoes down 'ee, aye, as cow'd as charity; while for yutbin', tha' meakes what 'um do call pastys. Aye, ther' be fish pastys an' fruit pastys an' yarb pastys, an' what not. Aye, an' the zayin' down ther' is as Owd Nick be afeard to gwo ther' for woonce when 'e did gwo tha' tried to kill 'e an' put'n in a pasty; but I dwoon't know about that, vor now tha' be main quiet an' laa-abidin' voke, and gurt Methodies, an' miles an' miles they'll walk to hear any gurt praycher, an' I wun't zay as tha' be any the wusser vor that. But I was a-givin' 'ee my raysons vor a-zayin' as thuck drie counties wer' the promised land. Wal' the langwidje o' Scriptor do be figgerative, zo to spake, an' it ses in the promised land ivery mon shall zit under 'is own vine tree an' under 'is own fig tree. Wal', yo' mustn't take that to be azact. No, no; it do myun under 'is own fruit tree—'is apple tree, 'is pur tree, 'is plum tree, or even 'is goosebury or curren' bush—an' wer' else but in these drie counties do 'ee vind it as ivery mon 'a got the chance o' doin' that there. Aye, aye, aye; that is zo, 'awever, an' yo' med grin an' snicker, but yo' can't alter't, an' I knaws it be true; an' the ways o' the Lard be grate an' mysterious, an' onto the un'armed an' 'german' an' foolish o' this world 'tis give to be understood, an' not onto the vain an' the proud and the 'aughty an' book-l'arned in this world's 'nolledge.

An', I tell 'ee, tha' shall come from the 'aste an' the west an' the no'th an' the south, aye, the pepple onto whom tha' promises wer' med, an' tha' shall walk in an' possess this beautiful land, an' you! you!—the Cannyanites, zo to spake—shall be druv' out an' yer possessions giv' onto the voke appointed vrom the day ther' or onto whom it wer' to be giv'. W'en 'ull it 'appen? Wal', I dwoon't rightly know; mebbe not in my time—most likely not—vor I a-cum'ered the feace o' this yearth vor aytey odd years; aye, aye, aye, I dwoon't know 'ow many, vor I a-lived zo long all me vriends be dyud an' gone an' I be quite stranded an' vorgotten, like a rotten owd bwoat, as I 'a zeed many a time down on the saashore in Cornull. Yo' thowt as 'ow the promised land wer' the land o' Cannyan. Wal', then, 'tain't, an' I'll gi' 'ee my raysons vor a-zayin' zo. Mind yo' arter the thousand years, they as be alive 'll gwo ther', but vor a thousand years as'll begin at the appointed time, w'en yer cup o' iniquity be vull—and that'll be shortly, or I be much mistaken—an' I do count as mwost likely yo'll be in't, a-grimmin' an' a-snickerin' at tha' as be owder than yerzef, an' onto whom tha' promises 'ave bin revealed. Why, all as ain't got the Lard's mark on the'r forrud, an' onto on'y a feaw is it gi'n to zee 't, why, all sech as tha'll be destroyed. I dwoon't rightly know 'ow nor w'en 't'll 'appen, but 'appen it sewerly, sewerly 'ool; an' all as I can zay is, med yo' zee the error o' yer ways an' repent; but I be much afeard yo' be a pore, vayn critter, vore-doomed vrom yer very birth to etarnal destruction. Aye, an' that's what I myunt be yer avin yer pwotion took vrom 'ee, vor all tha' as 'a got the Lard's mark 'll walk in an' possess the good land, an' all yo' on-b'leevers 'ull be committed to brimstun an' vire an' flames; aye, in this wurrd an' the next. No, no, no; I dwoon't wish 'ee no 'arm, but if yo' be to be lost, why, lost 'ee 'ool be, an' if 'tis vore-ordained nuthin' can alter't; an' be the way, I 'a ketch'd 'ee a-grimmin' an' a-snickerin'. Why, sewerly as eggs be eggs, yo' do show as yo' be one o' the very wust o' the on-b'leevers, an' zo I'll wish 'ee good marnin', an' 'ope, if 'tis possible, as yo' med be j'ined onto the elect, but I doubt; aye, aye, aye, I doubt it! Good marnin'.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTHENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

The 178th prize has been won by Mr. F. Welch, 15 Clarence-street, Cheltenham.

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

For the 89th prize the best contribution was that of Mr. Wilson Fenning, of Leckhampton.

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 71st prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, of Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. Julian Harvey at Emmanuel Church and Rev. A. Beynon Phillips 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 15th literary competition has been divided between Mr. W. B. Coopey, Benthams, and Mr. C. A. Probert, 58 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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.

POETRY.

♦ ♦ ♦
SUMMER VISITORS.

My garden guests have all arrived again,
To stay with me the summer.
The streams of golden sunshine and the rain
Have brought each winsome comer.
I do not know what swift and secret way
Has brought them to my door;
I only know I find them here to-day,
Dearer than e'er before.

Laburnum sways its pendant golden chains
High in the mellow air,
And, stooping lower, sometimes even deigns
Caress the maiden's hair.
Their azure eyes of touching innocence,
Forget-me-nots upturn,
While 'midst their cooler hues and blossoms dense
The crimson daisies burn.

Some of the pansies look so strangely solemn;
But others wear a smile,
With wide-ope'd eyes. Upon its slender column,
Narcissus, poised awhile
Like resting bird, in dazzling snow-white trim,
A "pheasant's eye" displays,
Yellow and unabashed, with scarlet rim
And discomposing gaze.

The wallflowers grand, each in her velvet gown,
And one a "Primrose Dame,"
Seem stately ladies newly come from town,
With fair and fragrant fame.
I wonder, are the cowslips worth their knowing,
Just there across the way?
For these, tho' golden, sweet, and tall, were
growing
In fields but yesterday.

A fairy commonwealth of clematis
About the window dwells.
Beneath the sun the apple-blossoms kiss,
And cherries ring their bells.
These friends of mine, alas! must say good-bye;
But some will leave behind them
Most gracious children, 'Neath the autumn sky
In beauty we shall find them.

The primroses so pure and pale, look sad—
Their time will soon be done,
The cool green ferns unroll in haste so glad
To shield them from the sun.
A thousand hawthorn flowers their buds have sent
Just to announce their coming;
The lilacs, too, are back, and well content;
Round them the bees are humming.

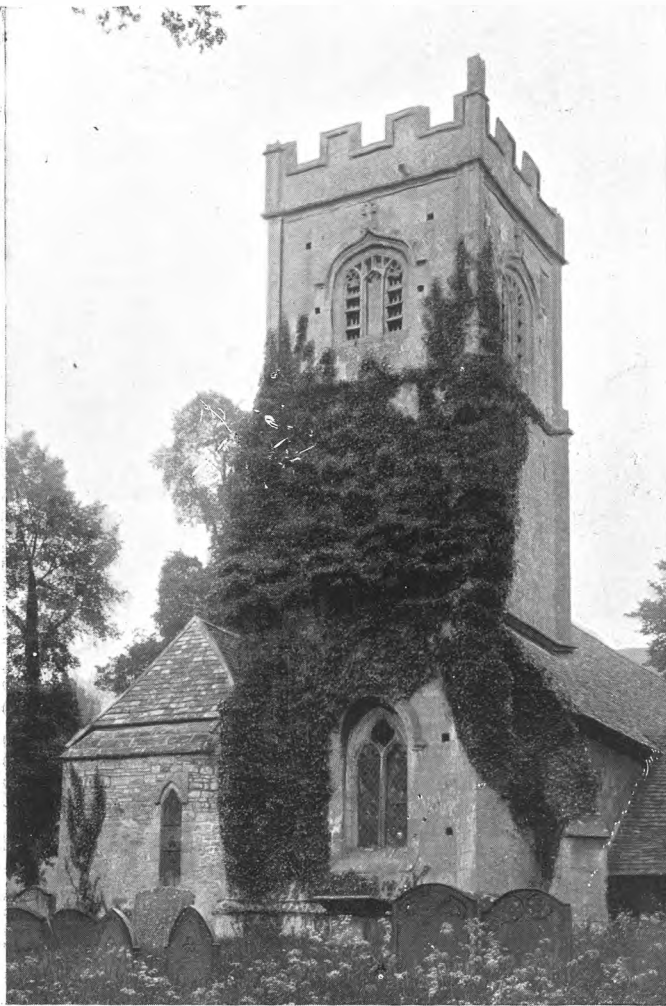
You dear fair-weather friends, with look express-
ing
More than I well can say,
So long old Mother Nature kept you dressing,
No wonder you are gay.
Out of the mysteries you come to me,
O strangers unto sorrow,
With joy in hand, to bear me company.
Give you good morrow!
THEODORA MILLS.
Lowmandale, Leckhampton.

The people of Chapeltown (Yorks) combined business with sentiment when they approached the Duke of Norfolk on the occasion of his recent marriage. They sent him a letter congratulating his Grace upon that event, and suggested that an interesting and lasting reminder of it would be the giving by the Duke of a piece of land as a public recreation ground for the inhabitants of the place. The Duke, through his secretary, has replied with an acknowledgment of the kind wishes expressed for himself and the Duchess, and his regret that he cannot see his way to give the land asked for at present.

There is an unspeakable horror at large in Burton-on-Trent. On Sunday morning, at St. Margaret's Church, four Wycliffe Preachers attended in the front seats. What followed is thus described by "The Sheffield Daily Independent":

During the celebration of Holy Communion they rose and prepared beofiohg nrrintoehtradowomod womad womad to leave, as a protest at the ceremonial observed. Before they left the church a scuffle took place, one of the Wycliffe Preachers being struck on the nose and mouth. Several ladies in the congregation fainted.

No wonder, with beofiohg nrrintoeh, etc., loose about the place, striking people on the nose and mouth. These creatures, when removed from their native haunts among the Welsh hills, are liable to such sudden and causeless outbreaks of ferocity. Beofiohg can only be taken about in towns at great risk to their owners.



OXENTON CHURCH.



Photos by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

OXENTON VILLAGE.



Photo by J. Maybrey, Cheltenham.

CRANHAM VILLAGE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

The recent flying visit of the Way and Works Committee of the Midland Railway Board of Directors, with the heads of the Engineering Department, to several of the principal stations on their lines in Gloucestershire has caused some speculation in local circles as to whether there is any ulterior object beyond a mere periodical inspection of way and works. I should say that the company cannot regard with indifference the enterprise in the past few years of the Great Western Railway in the shape of making new lines and extensions in this county, which must result in a great deal of fresh traffic falling into the hands of that company, and not a little of it, too, passing over at mileage rates the Midland and Western lines, already congested with trains. At all events, the Derby officials must have realised when at Lansdown the necessity for a new or much improved station worthy of a progressive company like the Midland. I have little hope for the scheme propounded at the Chamber of Commerce for a central station with the Great Western. In fact, it has about as much chance of being entertained as a misunderstood suggestion at Gloucester had a few years ago. Then, when a deputation from the Corporation was discussing with Midland directors the best position for the proposed station in the Cathedral city, one of the city fathers, wandering from the subject, suggested that the company should run its intended Dock branch through the Podsmead meadows and round "by the gasworks." "What!" ejaculated a deaf railway magnate,

"buy the gasworks! Certainly not." Directors' visits are on the cards now, for yesterday representatives of the Midland and Great Western Boards were in this county inspecting the joint stations and lines, and they stayed at the Speech House Hotel for the night.



"To be sent to Gloucester" is an euphemism in magisterial and police parlance in this county for committal to H.M. Prison there. Henceforth, owing to the decision to close the female side of that "Government office with a very high wall," prisoners of the gentler sex from Gloucestershire petty sessional divisions will have to be sent elsewhere. From Cheltenham they will go to Worcester, from Stroud to Lawford's Gate, and so forth. For years past Gloucester Prison has really not been "self-supporting," and its considerable excess of accommodation has been wisely utilised by the Commissioners of Prisons for gaol-birds from big centres, such as Birmingham, London, and Bristol, where the prisons were too full. And when one also realises that the old county gaols at Northleach, Littledean, and Horsley have been disestablished, these facts speak volumes for the immense decrease of crime in Gloucestershire within the last thirty or forty years. Apropos of Horsley Gaol, I remember it was bought "lock, stock, and barrel" by a general dealer, of whom it was rightly said that he was "open to purchase anything, from a church, gaol, wrecked ship, or parcel of rags and bones."



The mysterious disappearance in the county

town of Sergeant Hale, of the Gloucestershire Constabulary, gave rise to a plentiful crop of rumours, to publicly record which no useful purpose would be served. Suffice it to say the prevailing impression that his body was in the canal turned out to be correct, although it was not discovered for six days, and then not until after incessant dragging. A somewhat parallel case is furnished in that of Mr. W. C. Evans, the Gloucester auctioneer, who suddenly disappeared on January 22nd, 1886, after being seen on a skating field on the opposite bank of the canal to where the sergeant's body was found, and whose corpse, despite much dragging, did not come to the surface until the following March 5th, or some six weeks after his being missed. There is no doubt that the canal wharves are dangerous to pedestrians. GLEANER.

The "Times of India" has received a letter in which the writer says:—"I shall not waste your time nor mine own by many preliminary remarks as to my extensive education and versatile talents. Nor am I going to tax you with a glorious and pathetic description of appendages of my noble family connections. I am a plain, blunt man, coached in a school of piety and simplicity, and I have no pretensions to the breeding of the so-called 'upper classes.' I am not a pet with 'Old Dame Fortuna,' and I never court this old spinster, who flirts with her select paragons, and so every curmudgeon of a relative ignores me and leaves me alone. Had I some cool thousands in my pocket I would not have bothered you. Should you think I would be of use to you in your line I shall be obliged."



This Picture represents one of the **NEW FURNITURE SHOWROOMS** just opened by **DICKS & SONS Ltd.** If you are wanting Furniture of any kind it will pay you to look through these Showrooms, where you will see the largest and most complete Assortment of Artistic, Inexpensive, and Modern Furniture in Cheltenham.



Photo by H. Dyer, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Automobile Club Meet at Malmesbury, June 5, 1904.

A WAYSIDE REPAIR AT CALLOW HILL, BRINKWORTH, CHIPPENHAM.

AFTER READING A POPULAR NOVEL.

What was it that she swept out of the room?

Why did she never look more strangely beautiful than upon that evening?

How long did her heart stand still?

Why did it seem to her as if all the light had gone out of her young life?

What made the house stiller than death that night?

Why was she the life of the whole gathering, when her heart told her that she was lost?

Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail, as if he, too, understood her?

Why were her hands so nerveless when she let the telegram drop?

Why did he clutch the photograph so wildly?

Tom Masson. in "Life."

A CURIOUS FACT.

It is believed by some people that the human eye does not read the whole of a line of type, but only the top half of the letters. At a recent lecture on "Book Printing," by Mr. C. T. Jacobi, an experiment which he submitted, showing the bottom half of a line cut away, certainly went far to justify this conclusion.

A South of Scotland newspaper, giving particulars of the death of a well-known landowner in Kircudbrightshire, announced that "deceased was predeceased by his widow."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 180.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON!
TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

THE NEW FARCICAL COMEDY:
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Next Week (until August Bank Holiday) the Theatre will be closed for the summer vacation.

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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 179th prize has been divided between Miss F. Agg, Denton Lodge, Cheltenham, and Mr. W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court Andoversford.

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

For the 90th prize the best contribution was that of Mr. H. W. Hartnell, of 8 Carlton-street, 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 72nd prize has been divided between Miss M. Williams, 12 Rodney-terrace, and Mrs. Hellings, 40 Clarence-square, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. P. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church and the Rev. Hugh Falconer at St. Andrew's Presbyterian 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.

The prize in the 16th literary competition has been divided between Miss D. K. Boileau, 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, and Miss E. M. Humphris, South Walsham Rectory, Norwich.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

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Photo by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

A GOLDEN WEDDING PAIR.

Mr. and Mrs. Harding, of Hewlett-road, Cheltenham, who celebrated their golden wedding on Sunday, June 5th, 1904. Mrs. Harding is wearing her wedding shawl.

IS IT A CRIME TO BE POOR?

This question has been discussed by the readers of "Hearth and Home," and the conclusion at which they arrived is reflected in the letter of one correspondent.

"The reason it is considered a social crime to confess straitened circumstances is probably because they are unpleasant, and society is on the look out for pleasure; they are not luxurious, and society loves luxury; they suggest the necessity for simplicity, and society adores ostentatious display. Straitened circumstances prohibit entertaining, and people wish to be entertained, but it is curious to observe if people really are poor they must not say so; whereas if they are rich their parade of poverty is thought nothing of, and if they are very rich indeed, they may with impunity plead inability to incur even the most trifling expenses."

Other letters expound the same ideas, and the Editor, commenting on the correspondence, points out that it is not a crime for, say, the thousands of Board School teachers, to have a moderate income in their circle or in that of hundreds of others; but, as Mr.

H. G. Wells says, the class of "villadom" that borrows their tradition and social procedure from the territorial county families are indeed disappointed with their relation to the life of the community; they have, in fact, no real place, just because they are taken up with pretending to what they can never achieve and what they need never want to achieve.

Luckily for the many, the wisdom of one set in society is the foolishness of the next; and, for example, it is vulgar for "society" women not to be dressed in the exact nicety of an occasion. But it is not at all vulgar to leave your bills unpaid, whereas debt in another section is felt to be unpardonable. The real difficulty lies in not cutting our coat according to our cloth, and in trying to keep up social procedures and conventions impossible on a small income.

* * *

A perfect copy of Browning's "Pauline" has been sold at Sotheby's for £325—more than £4 a page. The work is very rare, owing to the poet having destroyed every copy he could lay his hands on.

Literary Miscellany.

"A SNAASTY FULE WI' HALF A TILE OFF."

[By E. M. HUMPHRIS.]

"A snaasty fule, wi' half a tile off," that's what they call me hereabout, and that's what I've been since Tom Marjoram found me one morning among the reeds of Ranworth Broad, More'n half drowned and a screw loose, as the foreigners and folk from the sheres say. John Jarmany, my naame is, and ten year ago I druv my dickey (donkey) cart home from North Walsham market one moonlight evening, none the worse for drink was I, for, look-a-haar, I am none o' your slussy hounds (drunkards). As I come to Rammer Bridge, there on the side o' it sit a pratty mawkin (girl) in a white gown and a frill round her neck, and a pearl necklace just like a pratty gay (picture). "A fair good even to you," saay she, an' then she take a good look at me, an' she saay, sad like, "Here, where I meet this!" and she point contemptuous-like wi' her finger at me and the dickey-cart. And she stand and look across the moon-lit Broad, and she say, "Here I throw my true-lover over, and I tell him I fly at higher game. Aye," saay she, "the hawk despised the harnser (heron) and tried to bring down the royal eagle, and she was rent to pieces. Ah! but my heart, I tear out myself," saay she, "when I bid good-bye to my Lord Percy on this very bridge." And a say, "Look-a-haar, mawkin, I rackon I know who you be; and me and my dickey-cart mayn't be royalty, but we a brought home fower pound ten from Walsham Market, and we 'ave done what we fared to do, which is more than you allus did from all accounts; so don't yer come any o' yer nonsense wi' me, for if y'are not that shanny-brained hussy Anne Bullen as 'walks' haar, then my name is not John Jarmany, and this is not my dickey-cart. Ghost or no ghost, I'm not afraid o' you." Her little dark face gits all angry-like, and she saay, "Have I not walked here these four centuries, and is it not decreed that with none but fools and innocents may I hold converse? And I have much to ask o' you, John Jarmany, for it is long, yea very long, since I met one who fared to be so innocent as you." And she sit down on the other side o' th' bridge, smack in front o' me, and she saay, "Wouldn't not like a coach and four good Flemish horses to drive to Walsham Market, instead of thy dickey-cart?" saay she. And I saay, "Aye, for sartin; but I like the Suffolk horses better, if it please your Majesty." I got more civil-like when I hear o' coach and horses. "Then," saay she, "go you to Lunnon-town, and to the Tower o' Lunnon, and ask to see the Governor, and saay, The bones of Anne Bullen cannot rest in the deen and duller (noise) of Lunnon; grant that they may be taken and buried at Blickling, where she lived in childhood, and where she sacrificed her love to her ambition." Then, saay she, "shall the moving coffins of Blickling lie still in their vault, and the unquiet spirit of Anne Bullen shall rest for ever. Meet me," saay she, "a month from now, when the mune is at the full, and bring the bones." An' wi' that she go scrappin' (hurrying) away, an' I get into my dickey-cart an' go home, an' I saay to myself, "Innocent or no innocent, if I can't take in a dead ghost, my name isn't John Jarmany, of Horming Ferry. An' that next day I go to Sexton, an' I say, say I, 'Gi' me that 'ere skeleton as you hull out o' graveyard the other day, and I'll give yar five shillim' for it.'" I triculates up a old box, and puts that skeleton in, hull it into the dickey-cart, an' that day month I go to th' bridge wi' it. In a few minutes up scraps Anne. "Hast brought th' bones?" saay she. "Aye," say I, "an' 'ave triculated up this box to bury 'em in respectable." Anne, she scraps into th' dickey-cart, takes th' whip, and Ned he goes faster than ever mortal dickey afore or since, and we drive in silence for hours until we turns into Blickling

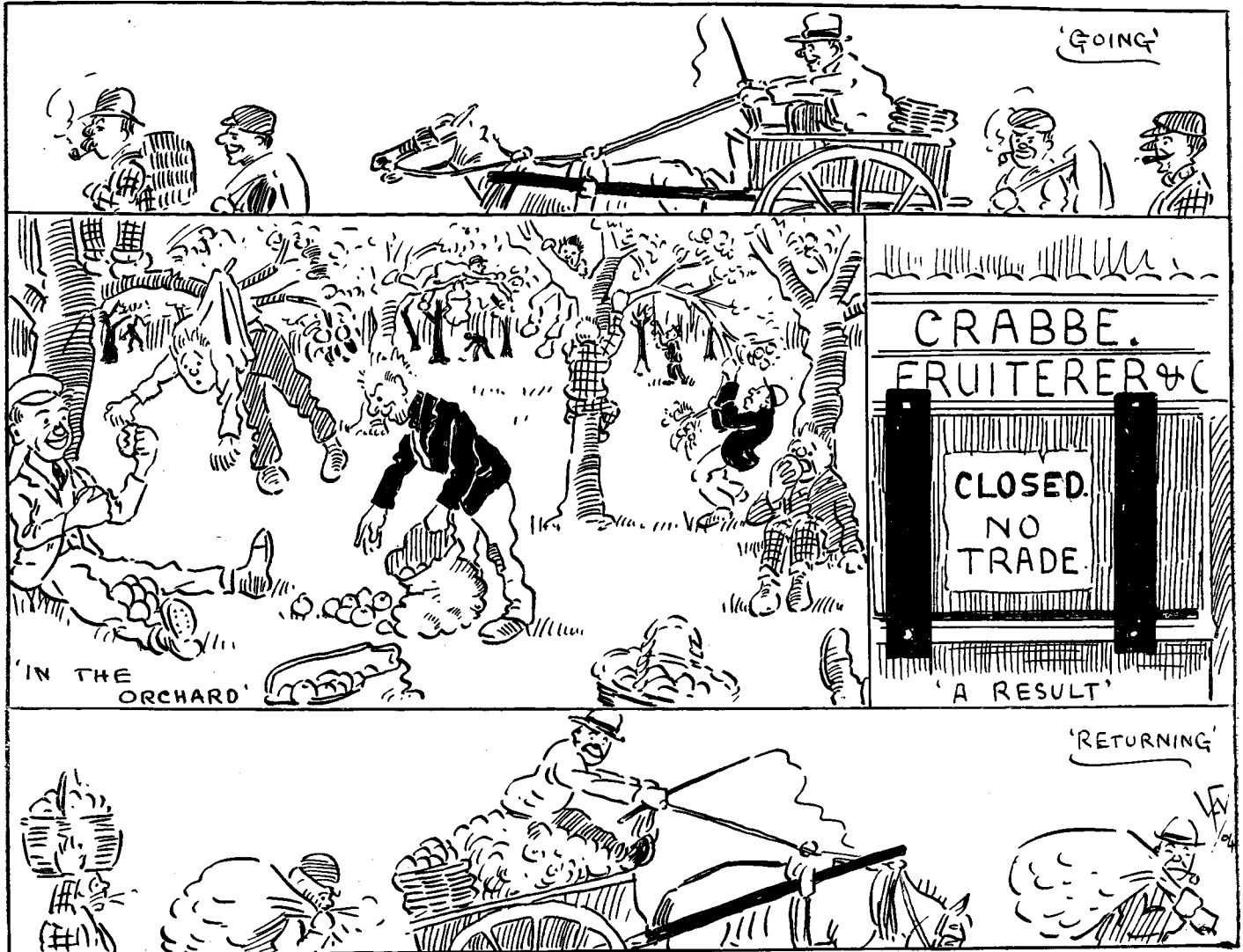
Avenue. At th' door of the hall stand the coach and four, and on the trostle a coachman, an' my spirits rise very much. "Ah!" Anne saay, saay she, "As soon as my bones are buried this coach is yours, for in it once a year I drive from Blickling, and when once my bones are at rest my spirit shall have no more need of coach and horses. Hull out the box! and you shall bury it under the oak where Lord Percy plighted me his troth, and King Henry too, alas!" I open the box to show her the bones, and that shruck (she shrieked) an' saay, "Those are never my bones; didn't you know I was beheaded! You snaasty fule, you shall indeed ride in the coach, but one only—only once. She taakes my 'and, an' drags me to the coach, hulls me in, shuts the door, and disappears. Soon after that she comes back, carrying her head! under her arm; a headless footman opens the door, Anne gets in, and off we go. Over bridges and dikes we go, and through woods, and ever Anne sits smack in front o' me wi' her starin' head on her knee; an' my blood runs cold. "You stingy little warmin," say I, and then the look of those cold eyes hulls me into a sweat, an' bye-and-bye, I think, I faint, an' I know no more until I open my eyes an' Tom Marjoram has just dragged me out o' th' reeds by Runner Broad, a' Sunday mornin', and a saay, saay he, "Don't come home drunk again from Walsham Maarket," saay he.

THE CHASTENING OF THE BOY.

[By D. K. BOILEAU.]

Young Wyndham was undoubtedly head over ears in love with Miss Maisie Gordon; there could be no two opinions on the subject. The fact was patent to all beholders, and not least to his brother officers in the regiment. Young Wyndham was very young and very foolish, and he had not been out in India a season, but tougher and wiser men than he had fallen victims to Miss Gordon's charms in as short a time. There was some excuse for him, too, for Miss Gordon had shown certain unmistakable signs of favour towards this, her latest and most fervent adorer. She had ridden with him, danced with him, smiled at him as only Maisie Gordon could smile out of the biggest and softest eyes in the world, from under most alluring dark lashes, so there was certainly cause for the jealousy of those who had been supplanted by this pretty cherub-faced boy from England. Young Wyndham was wandering down the bazaar, wrapped in pensive thought. The evening before had been spent in the company of his goddess at the most delightful moonlight picnic of the season, during which he had advanced further into the realms of friendly intimacy with Miss Gordon than he had ever before dreamed possible. Now he was in search of some fresh votive offering to lay at her shrine. At length he came to a standstill before a stall on which were displayed some tempting-looking boxes filled with a sort of delicious black grape, neatly packed in rows, which made his mouth water as he looked at them. He would send her one of these, he thought, he had sent flowers so often, and the other men sent her flowers every day, so she must be pretty well supplied with them by this time. He spent some time in selecting the best box to be had, and spoke seriously with much forcible language to the native seller for his good, on the corrupt but common practice of putting the choicest fruit on the top, and underneath that which was fit only for jacals and crows. Back in his quarters, he spent still further time in writing an elaborate epistle to accompany the gift, which he tied up elegantly with pale pink ribbon (Miss Gordon's favourite colour). Then he suddenly recollected a court-martial which he was obliged to attend, and hastily calling his bearer, he commended the parcel and "chit" to his care, ordering him to take it without delay to Miss Gordon's bungalow. The orderly, however, having watched his sahib safely out of sight, put off the duty till a more convenient season, and wandering off into the servants' quarters, was no more seen.

A few minutes later in came Ratcliffe, one of young Wyndham's brother officers. He sauntered into the boy's quarters without ceremony, and seeing no one there, proceeded to make a minute personal survey of that young gentleman's belongings. Presently his eye alighted on the parcel and note lying where young Wyndham had left them on the table. "Hullo! what's Child Harold up to now?" (for this was the humiliating soubriquet by which the boy was known in the regiment). "Hum, present for Miss Maisie, I see." Then, untying the pink ribbons, "By jove! what ripping fruit—think I'll sample one. Here goes for another! By George! that space looks empty! May as well finish the top layer. Wonder if there's another underneath? Rather, and not the rotten stuff you usually find there either. Wall, now what's to be done? Can't leave the box empty. I know! By jove! the very thing!" Then having accomplished his wicked work to his satisfaction, Ratcliffe once more tied up the pink ribbons and departed on his evil way, careless and light-hearted as ever. His exit was quickly followed by the entrance of the orderly, who, all unsuspecting, picked up box and note and shortly afterwards delivered them safely at Miss Gordon's abode. Young Wyndham's tender soul was much harrassed when a couple of days passed without a word or sign from Miss Maisie. However, on the third a big polo match was to take place, at which Miss Gordon was certain to be present, so he would seek her out and discover if possible the reason for her silence. Arrived at the polo match, the boy's eager eyes scanned the field, and soon caught sight of Miss Gordon's slender figure, robed in snowy muslin, and with the daintiest of shady hats crowning her fair hair. He hurried up, but to his dismay was received only by the iciest of bows, Miss Gordon turning away instantly to talk to a stout little major on her other side. However, the boy was not to be thus summarily dismissed. Seizing the first opportunity that presented itself, he asked boldly, "Miss Gordon, excuse my mentioning it, but did you receive a box of fruit from me three days ago? My orderly swears he took it to your bungalow." Miss Gordon drew herself up stiffly and replied in tones of frigid politeness, "I don't know whether you are aware, Mr. Wyndham, that I have the very strongest aversion to practical jokes!" "I don't understand you," answered the boy bluntly. She turned on him with an expression of scorn in her beautiful eyes. "Do you mean to tell me," she said scathingly, "that you are really unaware that the box you sent me contained only mud pellets!" "Mud pellets!" cried the boy, aghast with horror and amazement. "Mud pellets. Its impossible! I chose the box myself—" Miss Gordon gazed searchingly into the boy's face of amazed innocence. Then, ere she could speak he began again— "I swear to you, Miss Gordon, I know nothing about it. When I left the box on my table ready for the orderly to take, the fruit was there all right—" Then breaking off suddenly he exclaimed, "By jove, I know who it is! It's that beast Ratcliffe. He told me he'd been in to see me and found me out. I'll make him smart for this. By jove I will!" Miss Gordon laid her hand soothingly on his arm. "It's a shame," she said; "it was a mean trick to play on you, and he shall suffer for his crime"; then with her sweetest smile, "but come along with me, I want to introduce you to my future husband; he only arrived yesterday from England." "Future what!" gasped the boy, as he followed Miss Gordon, feeling that many more such shocks would prematurely end his days. He submitted in silence to an introduction to the finest specimen of six-foot manhood in the person of Captain McIvor that he had ever been privileged to see, and shortly afterwards left the field wearing an expression of chastened meekness very edifying to behold.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

"THE FRUIT CROP."

In a recent letter to the "Gloucestershire Echo," a correspondent, remarking that the fruit season this year promises to be a record one, suggests that, to prevent waste, gentlemen owning fruit gardens should invite their friends and neighbours, and owners of orchards open their grounds to the public, allowing them to take baskets to carry away what they do not care to eat.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Fancy! 12,100 guineas for a Duchess of Gloucester. Yes, that was the price fetched on Saturday last, not for the lady in flesh and blood, but for her painted counterfeit presentment by Gainsborough. And several other Dukes and Princesses and Duchesses of Gloucester were knocked down at the same sale—under the auctioneer's hammer. That was at the dispensal of the artistic treasures of the late Duke of Cambridge, which his Royal Highness had inherited from his aunt, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who on her death, in 1857, left him Gloucester House and its valuable contents. This collection was principally formed by the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duchess increased it with a number of valuable pictures (principally portraits) which had been given to her by her parents, George III. and Queen Charlotte, and by George IV. The Duchess picture which fetched the 12,100 guineas, constituting an auction record, was that of Maria Walpole, in gold-tinted dress with pearl ornaments, leaning her head upon her left arm. Her Hoppner portrait fetched 420, the Reynolds one 1,400, and that by Zoffany 400 guineas. It is interesting also to note that the Romney portrait of Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester was sold at 4,100 guineas, and a miniature of H.R.H. William Frederick, 2nd Duke of Gloucester, was bought at as low as 60 guineas. The latter Prince, who formed the nucleus of the dispersed collection, was Lord High Steward of Gloucester from 1805 to 1834,

and his portrait in oils graces the walls of the Guildhall of the city. Although he was known as "Silly Billy," the dead Duke was evidently a connoisseur in art matters.

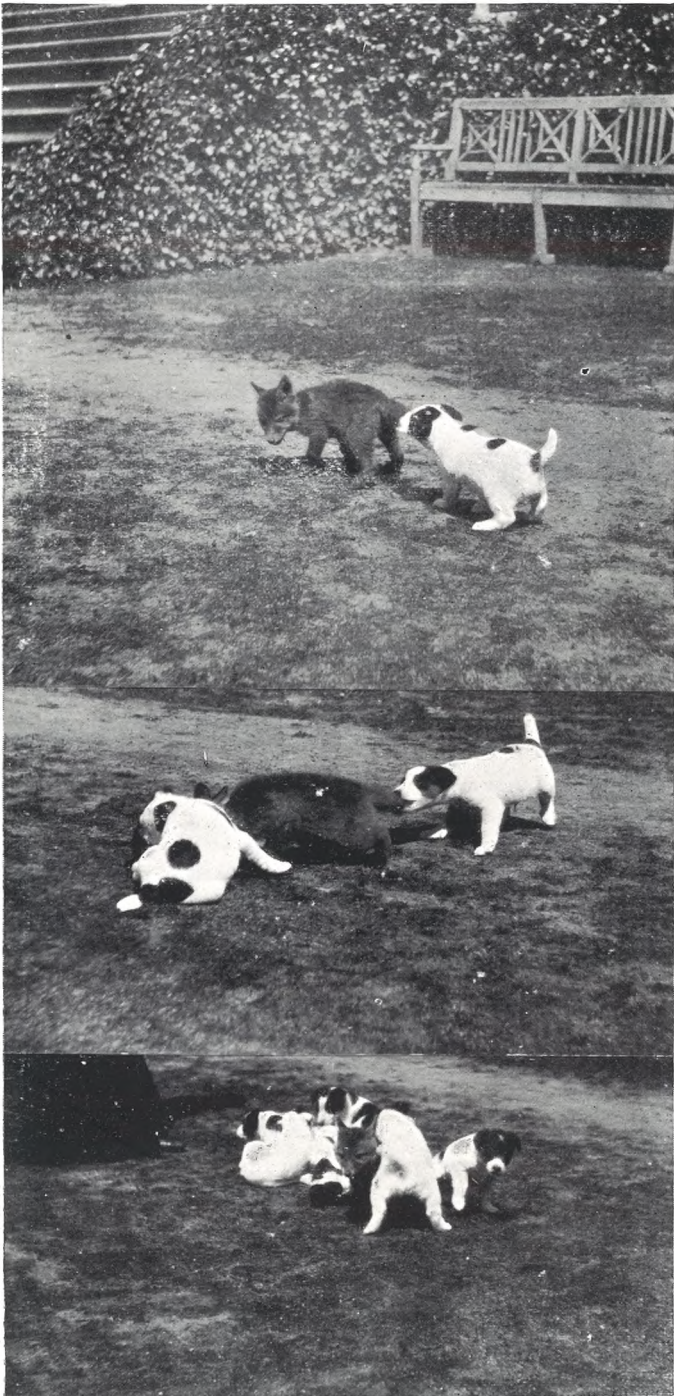
I was slightly elevated a few days ago. I mean that I stood on a scaffold up which I had been invited to ascend in order to get a close view of the costly clock that the family of the late Rev. Canon Bartholomew Price have had placed in memory of him on the wall of the north transept of Gloucester Cathedral, and to which I have previously referred. The clock is now ready with the exception of the simple works which will move the hands by electric attachment to Sir T. Bazley's clock in the tower above. It is of unique design, by Mr. H. Wilson, architect, of London, and consists of a bronze face bearing an allegory of Time and the legend "Porta mortis iam acoeli"; this is encircled by a wood frame, on which vine leaves are carved; and there is a corresponding outer circle displaying the hours, divided by the signs of the zodiac. With the exception of the bronze, the clock is richly gilded and decorated in azure blue colour, and the effect is decidedly striking. The pity is that it has not been given a more prominent place—say in the nave.

The fact that the residentiary canonry in the Cathedral vacant by the death of Archdeacon Sheringham on February 6th last has not yet been filled up fortifies me in my belief, expressed on March 19th, that the

efforts made to get the canonry suspended in order that the income attached to the office may be applied to swell the diminishing funds for the very necessary work of repairing the fabric will be successful. I then said, "Canons may come and canons may go, but the historic fame must be preserved to go on for ever," and I wish to emphasise this. There is really no occasion for the appointment to be made, as the present four canons could, and doubtless are willing to, do the duty between them. An Act of Parliament would be required to abolish the canonry; but as it is a Crown living and no one could proceed against the patron for default of appointment, a suspension of the patronage, even with a time-limit, would quite meet the practical requirements of the case.

It appears that the rumours that have been afloat about the rights of the public on Cooper's Hill have a substratum of truth, for I observe that at a recent dinner at Brockworth Mr. William Friday (the chairman of the Parish Council) said he ought not to let the occasion pass without referring to the gathering on the hill on Whit-Monday, which was one of the best attended that he had witnessed. Since they had met there had been some little trouble owing to a particular gentleman taking turf off the top of the hill. They did not intend to allow that, and if they had anything more of that sort he should, as one of its correspondents, write to the Board of Agriculture asking it to stop this. I am glad applause greeted this declaration.

GLEANER.



Photos by W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court, Andoversford.

COTSWOLD CUB AND PUPPIES AT PLAY.



ST. GEORGE'S-STREET.



TOP OF BATH-ROAD.

Photos by F. E. Pearce, Cheltenham.

1st G.R.E.V. ROUTE MARCH

to Seven Springs, via Leckhampton Hill and Hartley Bottom, on Saturday, June 4th, 1904.



"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF."
Do not believe the man who says "The memory loves to be trusted." It doesn't. The memory loves to play tricks on us, and no mental faculty is more unfeeling when we find ourselves in a hole. It positively derides us. We always feel that judgment does its best, but memory is criminally lazy and inconsequent. So use your note-book freely. The best ideas only visit us once, and if no record be kept, the chances are you will lose sight of even the very best idea, until you see it embodied in the policy of a competitor. It is useless then to say: "I once thought of that myself." Your competitor thought of it, and "nailed it down," to be used the first opportunity. There is an affectation among certain circles that

note-books belong to the junior-clerk stage of a man's career. This is mere pride. More men than two lose hundreds a year through the want of a well-kept note-book. —T. Sharper Knowlson in "London Opinion."
* * *
Mr. Charles Harding Firth has been appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in succession to the late Mr. Frederick York Powell. Mr. Firth was born at Sheffield in 1857.
•||•||•
"For God, Home, and Glory. Not once or twice in our rough island story, the prison cell has been the path of glory," was the inscription emblazoned on the scarlet jersey of a passive resister who appeared at Norwich Police-court on Saturday.

The first annual report of the Semi-Total Pledge Association states that during the year 50,000 pledge forms were applied for.
•••
In Bernstein's new German weekly paper Edmund Fischer complains that ordinary members of Parliament have to put up with "wretched German steel pens," whereas Count Bulow and the rest of the "great guns" use pens of British make. Time was when the "good English" article stood at the disposal of the members, but some ardent patriot took exception to British pens being utilised to make German laws, so out they had to go. The Government, however, stuck to the British pen.



Photo by Duncan and Moore,

CHELTENHAM'S SOLDIER SONS.

1st Gloucester Regiment.

In a letter dated May 19, 1904, No. 4914 G. Knight, Drums 1st Gloucester Regiment, Lucknow, India, writes:—"I am sending you a photo of thirteen men, all of whom are Cheltonians. With one exception, these all belong to the Gloucester Regiment, now stationed in Lucknow. All these men are time-expired, and the total completed service

amounts to over 103 years. We shall esteem it an honour if you will reproduce this photo in your paper. These men are well known in the town, having resided there up till the time of their enlistment. We are all readers of the 'Gloucestershire Graphic,' and that is what prompted me to forward the photo." The exception referred to is No. 32864 Gunner

Charles Averiss, 79th Battery Royal Artillery, Cawnpore, India, who, however, is also a Cheltonian, and who appears to have been on a visit to his comrades at Lucknow at the time the photo was taken, as we received by the same post a letter from him dated Lucknow, May 24th.



Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

WINCHCOMBE WORKHOUSE AND ITS OLDEST INMATE.

Betty Hall was born in 1828, has been an inmate of Winchcombe Union Workhouse since 7th May, 1836, a period of 68 years, and is still able to work. She is one of the oldest workhouse inmates in Great Britain.



POETRY.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THE NEW NOVELIST.

A white sheet and a fountain pen
And words that follow fast;
He fills the paper full of lines,
His brow is overcast;
His brow is overcast, my boys,
While many a fearsome fight,
He deftly brings about to fill
His readers with delight.

"Ho, for another gory page,"
He cries, and then proceeds
To send his hacked-up hero forth
To do prodigious deeds;
To do prodigious deeds, my boys,
His pages drip with gore,
Each thrilling chapter must contain
A dozen fights or more.

The bloody business ends at last,
The book then goes to press;
Two hundred thousand copies sell
In seven weeks or less;
In seven weeks or less, my boys,
His fortune's made, and he
Rents some Italian villa and
From worldly care is free.

—S. E. Kiser in the Chicago "Record-Herald."

PARENTHETICAL REMARKS.

A well-known Indiana man
One dark night last week
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it).

John Welsh, by curiosity
(Despatches state), was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was).

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't).

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't).

—San Francisco "Bulletin."

There is much Bad in the Best of us,
And so much Good in the Worst of us,
That it hardly behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.



Drawn by H. W. Hartnell, Cheltenham.

DE MORTUIS, &c.

"Got moth in it! Well, and vot more do you exthpect—'ummin' birds?"



Drawn by A. G. Fergusson, Cheltenham.

A STOKE ORCHARD COTTAGE.



Photo by F. Eager, Cheltenham.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH CHOIR CRICKET CLUB.

Top row (standing): W. Hart, A. Fry, C. Mullinger, B. Parker, O. Parker.

Second row (sitting): E. Lansdown, W. Tymms (captain), Rev. C. Page (vice-president), Miss Matthews, W. Watt (hon. sec.)

Third row: H. Tymms (sub-captain), W. Cheshire, R. Gregory, A. Norman.



New China Showroom JUST OPENED BY Dicks & Sons, Ltd.

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HOME OF REST FOR LADIES.

A PLEASANT PICTURE.



[BY MINNIE HOOPER.]

I do not think it is widely known among the business ladies of Cheltenham and district of the lovely House of Rest situated on the Babbacombe Downs, about a mile and a half from Torquay. It is a delightful spot; one can stand on the lawns and see for miles around—Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, and on a clear day as far as Portland. Everything is provided for one's pleasure—a lovely large drawing-room hung with choice pictures and furnished with all kinds of easy chairs, a gymnasium, tennis, golf, hammocks, swings, summer-houses, &c. The dining-rooms are overlooking the lawns; there is also a very large library and museum. There are cheap boating and driving for the visitors. It was founded several years ago by two sisters, who devote all their time to the comfort of the visitors. The two houses have about a hundred beds. There is also a turret at the top with chair, where one can have a quiet hour to read and see out a great distance over the sea. I am enclosing photographs, including one of the founders at their own home. There is a lovely hall for dancing, for those who like it, or they can remain in the drawing-room to read or sew, &c.; but some of us get up different entertainments. I have been for about fourteen years now, and still

enjoy it, and meet some of the same visitors again and again; they come from all parts; but I have scarcely ever met any from Cheltenham or district, and I am sure it is because they do not know of such a place. The terms are 12s. per week for board and lodgings, and 9d. extra for washing. There are only a few rules. Those not able to pay 12s. can get a subscriber's ticket and go for 5s., and share just the same. If any are undecided where to go this year, I would like them to try it. It is open all the year round. I have been in January, February, March, August, and September. Ordinary railway fare from Cheltenham to Bristol, then 8s. 6d. return from Bristol to Torquay. The ticket lasts a month, and you can go any day by any train. There is always a 'bus or carriage to

run you up to the home for 1s. For particulars, apply to Miss E. Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, Torquay, South Devon.



Photos by Minnie Hooper.
MISSES C. AND E. SKINNER,
ITS FOUNDERS.



FERNY BANK HOME OF REST.

"Do you believe," a lady asked, "that a genius can possibly be a good husband?" "Well," was the modest reply, "I would prefer not to answer that question; but my wife ought to be able to tell you!"



A London cabman was recently having his first-born baby christened. Clergyman: "What name shall I give this child?" Cabby (through sheer force of habit): "Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir."



THE WINCHCOMBE TRAGEDY.

Front of Robins's house, showing entrance to alley.

View of Hailes-street, with Robins's house in centre, with bedroom windows open.

Back of Robins's house. Mr. and Mrs. Robins, with policeman between. Mrs. Nash by doorway, at step of which murder was committed. The patch in front of doorway is a pool of blood. The table close by is that over which Wallins was bending when he cut his own throat.

An old house in Hailes-street.



IS THRIFT A DANGER?

It is customary to regard the working classes of England and America—in fact, all English-speaking countries—as thriftless and as extravagant, and little lessons inculcating habits of saving are constantly taught. And yet it is this very habit of spending which makes the markets of these nations by far the best in the world, and it is their saving habits which make the commerce of other countries so small in comparison. Stop consuming and you kill demand, and trade becomes paralysed. Teach the people to consume half the amount of food, clothes, and shoes, and you shut up half your factories and ruin half your agriculturists. Saving is not a national virtue. What we need is the knowledge of how to use wealth properly—how and what to buy and consume, which will make us stronger, healthier, and happier. Arthur Kitson in "London Opinion."

Lady Maurice Fitzgerald and two other ladies have been elected "chairman," "vice-chairman," and "deputy-vice-chairman" respectively, of Wexford Board of Guardians.



The "Guardian" points out what compulsory militarism might mean:—"At twenty years of age the bulk of the male population is at work in shop, office, or factory, and serious industrial disturbance would necessarily attend the annual removal from civil employment of 190,000 young men to military service. The tone of the barrack-room and the atmosphere of a garrison town, with its many dangers and temptations to young men taken away from home influences and accustomed restraints, and with probably more money in their pocket than the average recruit possesses, would be fraught with obvious and most serious possibilities of evil. To take a youth away for a soldier and to send him back a dissolute young man would be to create a new and grave national danger."

It was on Tuesday decided by the Bristol City Council to open the new art gallery on alternate Sundays for three years as an experiment.



Our historic oaks are with every great storm diminishing in number (says the "Daily Chronicle"). Dumorey's Oak, in Dorsetshire, 2,000 years old, disappeared from this cause in 1703. Wallace's Oak, at Ellerslie, was 700 years old when it was blown down some fifty years ago. We have still, however, the Cowthorpe Oak, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, estimated to be over 1,600 years old, and William the Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor Great Park, has attained the ripe age of 1,200 years. Perhaps the finest oaks of great antiquity in the land are to be found in the Dukeries. About half a mile from Welbeck Abbey is Greendale Oak, credited with 1,500 summers, and now a mere ruin sustained by props. Through its hollow interior a coach and four has been driven.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 181.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904.

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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 180th prize has been won by Mr. S. Sheen, of 2 Alpine-villas, Cheltenham.

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

For the 91st prize the best contribution was that of Mr. Wilson Fenning, of Ewlyu-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 73rd prize has been divided between Miss F. Gregory, Norwood House, and Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, for reports respectively of sermons by the Rev. Canon Alexander at St. James's Church and the Rev. R. H. Consterdine at Leckhampton.

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 17th literary competition has been divided between Miss D. K. Boileau, 6 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, and Dora M. Ford, of 18 Lansdown, Stroud.

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) 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 Porth, Cornwall, resides Mr. James Carne, verger and parish clerk, who is a descendant of Cornish kings, and has had his descent traced by Sir Paul Molesworth to Clemens up Blodre of the fifth century.

A Bristol lady recently lost a diamond ring, and a sweeper who found it was rewarded by the owner with 5s. The owner further wrote to the man's employers, praising his honesty. The outcome was that the sweeper and his companion were stopped a day's pay for not reporting the matter.



Photo by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.

PRESIDED AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SPEECH DAY, JUNE 24, 1904.

After a hill-climbing competition at Sheff-
field on Saturday a motor-car burst into
flames and was completely destroyed.

"You policemen will have to learn to run.
Surely big men ought to catch little nip-
pers," said the Stratford magistrate in a
"pitch-and-toss" case on Saturday.

"Cross-examination does not mean that
you are to examine crossly," said Coroner
Troutbeck to a juror on Tuesday.

"Wives who make home a hell are one of
the most prolific causes of men frequenting
public-houses," said Dr. Torrey, the Ameri-
can evangelist, speaking at Brighton.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE ROMANCE OF A BEAD RING.

[BY D. K. BOILEAU.]

Would she never come!

He stood disconsolately kicking the pebbles on the beach with a gloomy countenance, for watching is weary work. At length a smothered exclamation of delight broke from him as a fairy vision fluttered into sight, radiant in the daintiest of pink frocks and big picture hats. She hardly glanced at him as she tripped past him by her nurse's side, but his small soul was filled with gladness, for what were the pleasures of the shore to him when she was not there to delight his eyes and heart with her loveliness.

He had infinite hopes of getting up an acquaintance with her, but so far no opportunity had presented itself, and he paddled at a short distance from her, rewarded by no friendly glance from under the long lashes. Presently he heard her nurse's voice calling to her, "Come out of the water now, miss, it's time we went home."

Obediently the little maiden picked up her spade and bucket and scampered off up the beach. But when she had seated herself on the shingle in order that her nurse might put on her shoes and stockings, she suddenly recollected that she had brought no water from the sea to wash the sand off her feet, and then, oh, what a fuss the little lady was in. Nurse must fetch some at once. But nurse had no notion of wetting her clean skirts and smart shoes with going into the sea to get water for her young lady's feet.

The opportunity had come at last!

With the air of a small prince he stepped forward, and raising his straw hat politely he asked, "Would you allow me to fetch you some water to wash your toes?"

The permission, so prettily asked, was graciously given, accompanied by the sweetest of shy smiles.

The acquaintance thus begun, progressed rapidly. Next day he was welcomed by another of those entrancing smiles from the grey eyes, and they paddled together all morning. Presently he flew to his mother, his small brown face flushed, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Mother," he shouted, "her name is Joan."

The nurse looked round startled, but seeing only the little boy who had been so polite the day before, turned back with a smile to her book. Then the pair came and seated themselves side by side on the shingle, and his mother watching saw him pull a tiny red note book from his pocket, and handing it to the little lady begged her to write her name therein.

Then he wrote his below it and joined the two names with a bracket.

On the way home he had copious information to impart to his mother regarding his lady-love.

"She is six years old, just a year younger than me," he announced, "and her birthday is the day after mine. I think her," he added with decision, "quite the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

A week later they plighted their troth.

"You see, Joan darling," he explained as they sat hand in hand under the shadow of an old boat on the shore, "I am going to be a soldier like my father, an' when we are both quite grown-up, an' I have been to Sandhurst, an' fought a few battles an' got a V.C., then I shall come back and marry you. You won't mind waiting till then, will you?"

"Oh no, Jack dear," replied the small maiden lovingly. "I will wait a thousand years if you like, but you won't get killed in any battles will you, because that would make me so very unhappy that I think I should die!"

"Oh! I'll take care of myself and come back safe and sound, dear, so don't you worry, and here's the 'gagement ring.'" Here he produced a ring of gold beads, which he made for the purpose with much pains the evening before, and fitted it on to her finger with all the pride in the world.

At last the morning came when Jack and his mother must bid farewell to the beach where they had been so happy. They were to

start early next morning, so this was the last day he and Joan would have together. She was wearing the pink frock in which he had first seen her when she met him, but her grey eyes were swimming in tears, and the sweet mouth had a most pathetic droop.

"I must say good-bye to you at the end of the morning, Jack," she sobbed, "cause we are going for a horrid picnic this afternoon, and I shan't never see you again."

"Oh, yes you will, darling," he answered cheerily, mopping away her tears with his handkerchief, but his heart sank at the thought that their last afternoon would not be spent together.

"I shall certainly come and marry you when I am a man."

Very long and tender were their farewells at parting. Joan sobbed bitterly, and even Jack had hard work to keep back his tears. In the evening, however, as Jack and his mother and aunt and uncle were walking on the parade, two ladies and a gentleman in evening dress, accompanied by a little girl, stepped out of one of the houses on the Parade and crossed over to watch a fishing boat unload.

In a flash Jack had recognised the grey eyes and golden curls of his small friend, and hastily crying out "Please 'scuse me mother, I see Joan, I must go," he dashed off.

Joan, however, had not seen him, and not liking to rush up to her in the presence of her friends, she skirted round the party, in the hope that she might see him and come to him. His efforts were in vain, so putting on a bold front he crossed directly in front of them, and raising his hat with a quaint old-world courtesy he held out his hand to her saying, "Good-bye Joan once again," greatly to the amusement of all the onlookers.

Joan turned to him with a radiant smile and vivid blush, and showed him the little bead ring safe on her tiny finger. Then he flew after his mother, and bore in dignified silence his uncle's chaffing remarks.

Sixteen years had come and gone, and Lieut. Jack Vandaleur was on his way to join Lady D.'s house party at their place in Devonshire. He was late in arriving, for he had missed his train, and when he entered the drawing-room in his rough tweed shooting suit, everyone save himself was in evening dress.

"We will excuse evening dress to-night Mr. Vandaleur, as I hear you have lost your luggage and I am sure you must be very tired," said his hostess smilingly after the usual preliminary remarks had been exchanged.

Standing by her side was a tall, graceful girl, dressed in a gown of softest rose-pink, which suited to perfection her brown-gold hair and deep grey eyes.

Turning towards her, Lady D went on, "Allow me to introduce you to Miss Delauncey, Mr. Vandaleur."

The girl moved forward with a dazzling smile and a faint flush on her cheeks. "I think," she said, "Mr. Vandaleur and I have met before, though it is so long ago that he would hardly remember it."

Meanwhile Jack was struggling with a crowd of thick-coming memories. Where had he seen that smile and those grey eyes before? Suddenly, like a flash, came before him a vision of two small children on the beach of a fashionable watering place. The boy, blue-eyed and sunburnt, in a white sailor suit, the girl, grey-eyed and golden-haired, in a dainty pink frock and big picture hat.

He stretched out his hand and grasped hers with the sunniest of smiles, throwing back his handsome head with the gesture she remembered so well.

"Of course I remember you; to think of our meeting again after all these years," he said. Then he looked down at her dress and laughed. "You had on a pink dress the last time I saw you, and you are wearing one when we meet again."

"How can you remember the colour of the frock I wore," she answered, laughing, but at that moment someone else came up and carried her off, greatly to Jack's disgust.

Two days later Jack and she were resting under the trees after a game of tennis, while Mr. Cartwright, one of her numerous admirers, sat on the arm of the seat playing with the charms on her watch-chain.

"What is this?" he asked after a moment's silence, holding up a tiny ring of gold beads.

"That," answered Jack Vandaleur, with a mischievous smile, before Joan could frame a reply, "is an engagement ring." Then his eyes met Joan's and he laughed.

"Come, Miss Delauncey, I want to show you the fernery if you are not too tired."

"Oh, not at all, thanks," answered Joan, springing up with very pink cheeks and following him hastily.

The moment they were out of sight of the unhappy Mr. Cartwright she turned on him. "Jack, how could you?" she cried.

"You don't wear that ring now?" he said, half-laughing, half-serious.

"My dear boy, I couldn't possibly get it on to my little finger now," she answered scornfully.

"Then will you wear this one instead of it? It is more your size I think," and he drew a ring from his pocket in which five magnificent diamonds flashed and sparkled. She gave a cry of delight! "Oh, Jack, how lovely." Then poutingly, "We can't be engaged after two days' acquaintance, Jack, everyone will think it so sudden."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Jack, "we have been engaged fifteen years." Then he slipped the ring on her finger. "It fits exactly," she said, smiling up at him.

He stooped and raised the small fingers, diamond-circled, to his lips.

THE TOMBS OF THE DAMERS.

[BY DORA M. FORD.]

"Mother! Mother! Here's a lady outside. She wants the keys of the church to see the tombs."

"All right, child," cried an irate voice from the wash-house at the back. "Don't screech in that fashion. One 'ud think 'twas the crack of doom."

The owner of the voice hurried into the front kitchen to wipe her steaming fingers and snatch the big keys from their nail by the door.

"I wish folks 'ud stay away on washin' days. Yer father ain't never about when's wanted—men never are. Out of my way Betty, child."

The next moment she was off down the garden path to the tall stranger standing in the road outside.

"You wished to see the church, ma'am, and the Burying Chapel with the tombs of the Damers?" asked Betty's mother. "This way." " 'Tis a pretty lady," soliloquised Betty, watching as they disappeared through the wicket gate leading into the churchyard.

Mrs. Bounce fitted the key into the oaken door and jingled the bunch impatiently, for the strange lady had moved away to gaze down the village street towards the green with its quaint well overshadowed by elms.

Jingling had no effect. Mrs. Bounce snorted and threw wide the church door.

The stranger turned, and when she spoke her voice was sweet and soft, but very weary.

"I have kept you waiting. I beg your pardon. I was seeing if the place had changed."

She stole softly up the aisles, and whilst the verger's wife commenced the customary guide-book eulogies with practised tongue, her dark eyes roamed restlessly about the ancient building till they paused at the iron grating which separated the Damer Chapel from the body of the church.

"Here, ma'am," announced her guide dramatically, noting the direction of the stranger's eyes, "is where every Damer is brought to 'is last long 'ome."

"May we go inside?"

"The Rector don't allow it ma'am," was the firm reply, "and the family don't like it, neither."

"Oh! but you will let me," pleaded the visitor in her sad, sweet voice. "I—I used to know some of the Damers when I was a girl, and I have always had a fancy to see their chapel again."

Thus advised, Mrs. Bounce parted with some portion of her pomposity, and forthwith unlocking the iron gates, preceded her visitor over the marble floor.

The noontide sun flashed through the coloured memorial windows, and threw glints of purple and gold and blue over each cold effigy with hands conventionally clasped. It

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

played upon the crumbling flags suspended in the richly carved roof. It lighted up the philosophic motto—"Che Sara Sara"—inscribed on each tablet and tomb, and everywhere the name of Lamer was restored in the living gold.

Mrs. Bounce mentally "dratted" the sun, for it shone into her eyes and somewhat stemmed the eloquence of her tongue. The stranger stood silently in the full glory of its rays, her tall black figure and pale proud face illuminated by the flood of light. Her eyes still roamed wistfully, as if seeking some respite from the pain in their hidden depths. Nevertheless, she listened patiently whilst the verger's wife recited in turn the virtues, with sometimes the vices, of each representative Damer, from the earliest scions down to those of the present day.

The narrative lasted until they again stood outside in the road, for Mrs. Bounce had caught the gleam of a gold coin in the stranger's hand.

"Lord Maurice Damer, as was rector here, he lies buried in the new churchyard," she finally concluded, pointing over the wall. "He died when the fever came eleven years and more ago, but they will have it down in the village as he died of a broken heart. Married an Irish Countess—beautiful as the day, I've heard, for 'twas before we came to these parts; but gay—my word! never happy but in the midst of a crowd. And Lord Maurice always so studious like and quiet. Never was such opposites. He wasn't turned clergyman then, but they say he was thinking of it. Then one day there was a big house party at the hall. He up and argued with her about some of the grandees she had invited down—no better than they ought to have been, by all accounts—and they two had high words—and not the first, I've heard tell. And then, if you'll believe me, the party was all scattered to the winds, and the village in an uproar like. My lady had run off with an army gentleman as used to stay frequent at the house. Ah! no wonder if it broke Lord Damer's heart—the jade! Seems to me it turned his brain, too, a bit, for folks say when he lay dying he talked so strangely about her ladyship towards the last—that she was coming back to him again! He made his brother—the present Lord, ma'am—promise to bury him in the new churchyard close to the road, so as she would make no mistake when she came along. He wouldn't die quiet till they had promised; but for my part I'd have laid him yonder in the church in his rightful place, and not taken his poor mad words so literal. Thank you, ma'am, indeed. Good day."

That night a tremendous gale swept round the verger's cottage by the church. The great elms on the green cracked and groaned. Storms of rain dashed against the panes, and the children stirred uneasily in their sleep.

The next morning it was reported that the tallest elm had fallen in the night, and after breakfast there was a general scamper to the green. Presently Betty came back alone.

"Mother, I've seen the pretty lady again. She's in the new churchyard, lying by the Rector's grave. She seems as if she'd been out in the rain a long time, but she looks ever so much happier than she did yesterday. I tried to wake her and to give her this. I think she must have dropped it, for I found it in the path."

And Betty put a golden locket bearing the arms of the Damers into her mother's hand, and then, child-like, ran off to play.

Two hundred and forty Indian camels have been bought by the Transvaal Government at a cost of £40 each for transport work in that Colony.

Great efficiency is expected from the new motor steam-pump which is to be used at fires by the Paris pompiers, says the "Daily Telegraph's" Paris correspondent. The first of the new machines of this sort has been tried by the city fire brigade authorities, and its working gave great satisfaction. It will replace the two-horse vehicles which have been used, for it carries both men and material. It also enables the firemen to manipulate three hose-pipes at the same time instead of two. It moves and works with great rapidity.



Photos by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

BISHOP'S CLEEVE.

Mr. G. G. Payne Cook, exhibitor of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, son of Mr. John Payne Cook, of Cheltenham, was placed in the honours list at the recent Historical Tripos, Part I. He also obtained the College English reading prize. In athletics he headed the batting averages, and won the silver challenge cup as the best single tennis player of his college.

The visit of bluejackets at the Vatican must have caused almost a commotion of surprise to the Roman man in the street. To him England stands for Protestantism, and he can hardly believe in the orthodoxy of the English travelling priest who says Mass in St. Peter's. Yet in all ranks of the navy Roman Catholics abound. One of their number, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, has been First Sea Lord of the Admiralty these five years; another, Vice-Admiral Sir Hilary Andoe, has been Admiral-Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard; a third, Rear-Admiral Bickford, is, by the way, that "nice Captain Bickford" whom R. L. Stevenson mentions in the Vailima Letters. Notoriously a great number of the coastguards of England are what Disraeli once called "Irish followers of the Pope."

The Rev. Compton Reade writes to the "Times" from Kenchester Rectory, Hereford, on June 9th:—"It is generally believed that records of a very early civilisation have been preserved at Lhasa by the Buddhist monks, among others MSS. relating, or alleged to relate, to the boyhood and young manhood of our Lord. I have never come across 'The Unknown Life of Christ,' published by Nicholas Notovitch, inasmuch as, like the rest of Anglicans, I am 'ascriptus glebe,' and have few opportunities for research. Nevertheless, I believe I am correct in affirming that the author bases his work on certain original MSS. which he discovered in Tibet, and that hitherto all attempts at verifying his statements have been resisted by the Buddhist monks, in the supposed interests of the Buddhist creed. It has even been stated that they have destroyed the documents to which Notovitch obtained access, in which case that author's account will remain for ever of little value. There may, however, exist other documents bearing on the Founder of Christianity, and unquestionably the monks have preserved the sacred writings of Buddha and his followers." Mr. Compton Reade expresses the hope that care will be taken to safeguard these records if our troops reach Lhasa.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BIRDLIP LODGE ANNIVERSARY, JUNE 15TH, 1904.

Sitting under the banner: Mr. James Horlick, D.L. (Grand Master), having close on his right Mr. County Councillor R. D. Cumberland Jones, Dr. W. B. Fergusson, and Mr. W. H. Hitch; and on his left Mr. Walter Madge, J.P. (Chief Secretary), and Mr. A. Sadler (Lodge Secretary).



Photo by H. J. Austin, Cheltenham.

ROSELEIGH WEDNESDAY XI. CRICKET CLUB TEAM.

Top row, from left: Mr. Grubb, F. Sollors, A. Woodward, F. Matthews, and Mr. Kimber.

Middle row: E. Webb, H. Elmes, W. D. Steppings, F. Pleydell, C. Febrey (captain).

Bottom row: A. Sheppard and A. K. Smith.



Photo by Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

EARL ROBERTS.

Passengers at Waterloo Station on Tuesday morning were startled by seeing on the platform a ferocious-looking lion standing unattended, with tail erect and teeth bared, but their apprehensions were subdued by the discovery that it was merely stuffed.

Lieut.-Col. G. N. Mayne (O.C.), C.B., York and Lancaster Regiment, is granted the brevet rank of colonel.

The King has granted Sir Gainsford Bruce, late one of the justices of the High Court of Justice, an annuity of £3,500.

The pastor and deacons of a church at Logansport, Indiana, have been pained to learn that a tin ball on the top of the church flagstaff contains a half-pint of whisky and a pack of cards. Practical jokers placed them there fifty years ago, with the church records.

"MR. BRIGGS'S" LETTERS.

THE RATEPAYERS' PROTEST.

Well, about this yer meetin' up to Town—all last Monday evenin'; 'pon my word, you know, I never hegspected to see sich a galagsy of England, 'Ome, and Beauty hout on the grumblin' expedition; why talk about a crush, it were very nigh so bad as a hanniversary service for the crowded state of the nobel building. The pressure round the door was somethink to be enjoyed in horder to be depreciated, and there was ladies—bless 'em—as sat thro' terrible long lists of figgers like Christyunn martyrs of the 'ighest character, not so much as even yawning, altho' they must 'ave been bored to death to a tidy bit of the time, ladies not bein', as a general rule, over-good at figgers, although they gives a good deal of attention to their own figgers; still, we all knows when we've been had thro' the nose, as the sayin' is, and whatever the Corporation may think of themselves it's a gone job that the people they represent don't think a lot of them.

As I gazed round upon the manly forms reclining upon our luxurious red plush couches, and saw the honest hobnails making their mark on the floor as cost £14 to wax, as I 'eard the shouts and other yells which rose from many a stalwart throat, I was impelled to say onto myself, 'Daniel,' says I, 'wotever you does, don't you never be sich a double-dyed fule as to go trying to get on the Council—going into public life and all that kind of nonsense. Here s a man, as shall be nameless, altho' I won't say but wot I don't mean Alderman Norman, as 'ave gave a good slice of his life to shovin' along the wheels of public affairs; up to a certain point everythink goes well, and when he's mayor we all says wot a great, and good, and nobel, etcetera, etcetera, mayor we 'ave, as must 'ave been sent speshull by Providence to fill the post; and now here's a vast, steamin', shoutin' meetin' of very nigh 4,000 of the ratepayers of Cheltenham demandin' his blood, so to say, right here without a moment's delay, and all becoss he's been too 'opeful—'Opeful George I 'eard 'im called during the evening's performance, wich all goes for to prove that public life is a thankless job—bein' 20 committee meetin's a week while you're alive, and 6 lines of additional poetical remarks on yer tombstone, as ain't much advantage to the man underneath, wotever good it may do to the passers-by!'

And when you comes to think of it, that was the tex, and the 1stly, 2ndly, 3rdly, and 'finally brethren' of the whole meetin' of Monday—that 'Opeful George' ad been 'opeful about the electric light fiasco a bit too long for we folks as 'ave to pay the piper, and it was considered desirable to let somebody helse 'ave a chance to waste our money as chairman of the Electric Light Committee who wasn't quite so 'opeful a disposition.

The style of harchitecker of all the speeches was anti-Norman of the deepest dye; the demand was made for a reg'lar throw-out—a rooting-up—a root-and-branch upset wich would remove us free-born Britishers from our long, long thraldom under the cast-iron nail of the Norman Conqueror, who stood with one foot on our necks (so to speak) and in the other an electric standard (so to say), and with a voice of thunder spent our money without so much as "by yer leave."

As Mr. Miles ellyquently and scripturally sand, "Britons never shall be slaves," not even to the Corporation. We had been told that "if we jest keep quiet for a time the town would flow with milk and 'oney; but where was the milk, let alone the 'oney? Here were we at the beginnin' of the 20th century, and where were we?"

"I dunno," says I, thinkin' it were a question directed to me; but it weren't, and a few silly folk near by laffed, thinkin' it were a joke.

But you must know that we'd been told at the beginning of the service that the time for jokes was gone by—this was no laffin' matter; Mr. Ansell said this, but I don't know as 'e can 'ave considered the ser'ousness of sich a remark to sich as me, as lives and grows fat by laffin' and makin' others laff. But I s'pose 'e only meant it hallegorical, like as they says the story of Hadam and Heve is nowadays.

The speeches of the evenin' was very exten-

sive. The Chairman, the Rev. Mr. Lochhead, was cheered at very nigh every word, in the wrong places and the right ones; but, there, it didn't matter; we come there to cheer and use our lungs, and we 'ad to do it. During his little address a dog walked about the platform and put in a bark here and there, when he caught the spirit of the thing, wich is wonderful as showin' 'ow even the dogs of Cheltenham 'ave the sens' to know that somethink's wrong, and sent a representative!

But Mr. Ansell's speech was the centerpiece of the hevening's performance. Upon my word, the figgers that young man gave 4th to the long-suffering ratepayers of this worried town was a site to behold. The figgers poured out and poured out till the air was thick with them and the light had to be turned on (the very light in question). Then, with just a sip of Cheltonia's purest (Severn) water, the lecturer perceded on his thorny path, and out came more figgers and statistics, till 3 ladies 'ad to go out faint and a workin' man fell down in a fit. Another sip of aqua pura, as the chemists calls it (or would call it if 'twas pure), and out come vast clouds of more figgers, until the corridor doors 'ad to be opened wide to give 'em room to circulate round the nobel building. And still there was more and more and MORE, till everybody in the room 'ad a head like a building society advertisement. But, eh, mon! I didn't hunderstand it a bit; but it were wonderful, and does him proud to 'ave got all they figgers together in sich a ship-shape form. 'Owsomedever, the protesters didn't applaud the figgers much. They didn't come requirin' proof of the 'ideous crimes of the Carparation. All proof required was on the rate demand papers as is now in our persession, and is beyond a joke, even to me. But wot we all come pining for was a real bit of aboose, straight from the shoulder; and when Mr. Ansell interdooced this as a interlooc the house thundered and stamped a good 'un.

The resolution was seconded by General Babbage, who we all know as our greatest letter-writer in the local press. He didn't 'ave much to say, but smiled very sweetly at the multitude, wich pleased them.

Mr. Edwinton Green followed as a support, and a fine figger of a man he looked, as would 'ave made a site better millingitary man, so far as appearances go, than some of the others on the platform. He was very threatening in his remarks, and stated that if Alderman Norman did not resign, well—there was more cartridges in the locker, and firing would take place. But this, again, was only to be took hallegorical, I s'pose, bein' spoken more in the way of bizness than anythink else!

The Chairman next asked if any individoal, of wotever position in life—even a town councillor wouldn't be refooced—would like to speak, and immediately to once up walked somebody who'd got all they figgers on the brain, I guess, as must 'ave been very trying, and started off to remark that he was "unaccustomed, unused, and unhabituated" (and a lot of other words to numerous to mention) to public speakin'. This gent spoke very well, only it wasn't at all possible to diskiver jest wot he was talking about. The words was all right, but it was the way they went was so puzzling. For a minnit or two some of us thought he was going to stand up for Alderman Norman; then, a bit later, it seemed as if he was goin' to conduct a sort of enquiry into wot is electricity and who knows anythink about it; then, again, it looked as if we was to be favored with a few reminiscences of his private career, as didn't altogether worry us. At last the multitude got impatient, and stated that they wish him to "Sit down," "Dry up," "Vamoosh," "Get out," "Come to the point," "Go home to bed," and other encouraging remarks. The gent didn't mind, however, but kept the even tenor of his way, consulting Mr. Ley Wood now and then as to whether he was legally in his right—position.

During one of these little consultations the Chairman managed to put the resolution asking Alderman Norman to "remove himself," wich was carried by sich a crowd of hands that it looked like a forest of palms. The gent without a point then cleared off the platform; and I s'pose, to our dying days, we shan't rightly know wot the point was that he didn't come to becoss of the interruptions!

The next bizness was to demand a Govern-

ment auditor. Mr. Miles and Col. Graham both spoke with Scriptural remarks on this subject, followed by Mr. Ley Wood in his fiercest vein, who ended up by remarking that he had kindly decided not to go to Derby at the expense of the ratepayers, wich was received with thundrous applause.

Guardian George Bradfield then followed, denouncing the "3-men-bossed" Corporation, and the auditor resolution was put, and also carried. There were a few more little speeches made by military gents, but the audience by this time considered they 'ad nobly done their duty by passing the resolutions, and deserved to be allowed to go home to supper, 'aving sat or stood or crouched there for 2 mortal hours. So the 2 last speakers wasted their military sweetness on the midnight air, so to say, as they was only heard by themselves. But enuff's as good as a feast, and we jest come there to enjoy a bit of abuse and to egspress our disapproval of the rates goin' hup so, but not to hear horatory.

But, now, jokin' aside, we've got a practically bankrupt concern, about 19 or 20 thousand the wrong side, and we've suddenly woke up to the fact that we have to pay that money somehow. S'posin' we set to work to reform matters to once, it'll be 10 years before we see any benefit; so we musn't think a new chairman will make much difference for a while, and we must remember that this 'ere heduca-tion fizzle is meaning a rise in the rates of—d. a pound; and extravagance in heduca-tion of the sort our youngsters get in Cheltenham is as bad as extravagance on electric light, wich, after all, is something to show for our money.

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

P.S.—Accordin' to the "Echo," I see that Mr. J. Chamberlain was on the platform. I s'pose he was there for Protection to the Chairman and Retaliation on the Norman Conquest party. Wot a shame he wasn't asked to speak, 'owever!



Photo by Whaley, Cheltenham.

MR. C. H. MARGRETT,

Who has been a member of Cheltenham Cricket Club for 24 years, and is this season showing form worthy of his best days.

Acting-Sub-Lieut. S. D. Tillard (O.C.), R.N., has been confirmed in the rank of sub-lieutenant in his Majesty's Fleet. Capt. R. C. Prothero, C.B., M.V.O., has been placed on the retired list.



THE WINCHCOMBE TRAGEDY.

FUNERAL OF THE FEMALE VICTIM, JUNE 17, 1904.

Waiting to start. Undertaker's men outside Mr. Robins's house in Hailes-street.
Crowd around grave before arrival of funeral cortege.
After the service.

Funeral passing Winchcombe Police-station.
During service at graveside.
Spectators on Cemetery path.

Miss Mary Young, of South Shields, who died last week at the age of 67, has bequeathed £11,000 to the South Shields Infirmary, £5,000 to the Seamen's Mission, and two other sums to Holy Trinity and St. Michael's Churches.

Old lady (to taxidermist): You see for yourself, man. You stuffed my poor parrot only this summer, and here are his feathers tumbling out before your eyes. Taxidermist: Lor' bless you, ma'am! That's the triumph of the art. We stuff them so natural that they moult in their proper season.



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TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

LORD ROBERTS AS A PILGRIM.

"You are known in three continents, let a fourth have an opportunity of knowing and loving you. In my official and private capacity, Lord Roberts, I heartily invite you to visit America." Such were the words used by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, at a complimentary dinner given to Lord Roberts on his retirement by the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel, London, on Saturday. His lordship's reply was that he hoped to be able to accept the invitation at a date not far distant.

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

• * •

ALL SAINTS', SALPERTON.

If any of the readers of the "Chronicle and Graphic" cycle to Salperton Church, as I did on Sunday afternoon last, I would advise them not to go into the village, as the church is on the upper side of the mansion, some half a mile from the cottages, and up a hill too. Run down the drive through the park, and take the footpath which leads to the right of the mansion, and there you will find All Saints'.

It is a small unpretentious building, its low embattled tower being hardly noticeable among the trees. In it is a clock which does not tell the time. There is a chancel, nave, vestry, and north porch. The windows of the chancel are Norman, and the chancel arch is good, but not ornamental, in the same style. The east window has some good coloured glass, and the windows of the nave are Perpendicular. The church was restored nearly 20 years ago, and some modern pitch-pine sittings put, and a meagre pulpit of the same material; but placed close to the latter is a good oak reading desk, which looks somewhat incongruous. The font is of good design, but modern. There are several tablets on the walls to the memory of Browns and Beale-Browns. Over the chancel archway is a large royal coat of arms, lettered G.I.I.R.

There was quite a full congregation, in fact the chancel was crowded, what with the singers and others, and a large harmonium, this instrument having been given in memory of a Mrs. Beale-Brown. There was a lady instrumentalist. The Amens and other responses were intoned; the Psalms were chanted very fairly indeed, a different tune being used for each of the four numbers; the Canticles also were chanted. After the second lesson a child was baptised, and this took a considerable time. The humble godparents gave the child the ostentatious names of Ena Louise Alice, but I thought the father kept himself rather in the back ground, and was glad when the ceremony was over.

The Ancient and Modern hymns used were Nos. 240, 323, 281, and 280.

The vicar—who by the way resides in Cheltenham and makes the journey to the village every week—took for his text Colossians ii., 12. He said he was going to carry his hearers back and picture to them a scene that occurred some seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago. It was in Asia Minor, where St. Paul had preached so long and so successfully. It was early morning, and a number of people were going to some great ceremony. Amongst them were some, looking very grave, clothed in white garments; others carried little children, who were also clothed in white. It was one of the great baptismal days, and the adults who were clothed in white had gone through a careful course of training, and were seeking to be admitted into Christ's holy church. What a joyful, holy, and happy day it was to them! There was no font like they had been using in that church that day—the river was the font. The candidates first made their vows, the adults for themselves, and the sponsors on behalf of the children. Now they were all arranged in order for the solemn service. It was early morning, the sun was rising in the east; all turned to the west, and renounced the devil and all his works. Eastern nations were fond of outward signs, so they turned to the west, and then held up their hands, as if in sorrow and hatred. They renounced the devil and all his deeds of darkness; they said, "We have done with darkness and sin, and mean to leave such behind us." Then they all turned to the east, where the sun was rising, and made their profession of faith, vowing obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of Righteousness. They lift up their eyes and hands to heaven, and solemnly make their covenant that they will serve the Lord henceforth. And so his hearers saw the meaning of turning to the east, as they did when they recited the Creed. Now all was done except the very baptism itself. A prayer is offered up asking God's blessing on the water, and those to be baptised are



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

taken down, one by one, and dipped right under the water three times. The preacher hoped the children had not forgotten his text, "Buried with Him in baptism"; St. Paul said they were buried with Christ. What a beautiful thought that was—to be buried in the very grave into which Christ went, buried with Him in baptism, to rise with Him in Glory. In baptism sin was buried, and they could never get to heaven unless they had their sins buried. Their sinful nature must be all taken away, and they would rise again their very selves to newness of life. Some asked why the Church did not baptise in the old way now-a-days. It was because there was no command for it. They remembered the blessed discourse of the Lord Jesus with Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," and the outward form of baptism was not of importance; the Church allowed either form, and the pouring of the water on the little one's brow symbolised the washing away of sin. They must never forget that in their baptism they were pledged to die unto sin, and pledged to rise again.

The rector of Swindon, Cheltenham, was announced to preach at Salperton on Sunday next.

After the Benediction, there was sung a Vesper Hymn; but this was the least enjoyable item of the service. One's idea of a Vesper is something soft, sweet, and soothing, but as sung at Salperton it possessed neither of these qualities, and it rather jarred on my nerves.

CHURCHMAN.

In the July number of "C. B. Fry's Magazine" Mr. A. Wallis Myers contributes an article on "Lawn Tennis Personalities." Mr. S. H. Smith, of Stroud, figures in the series. Of Gloucestershire's famous exponent, the writer says he is a man of great strength, fine aim, and excellent judgment—not especially free in his movements, and weak by comparison on his backhand, given to long periods of "off colour," and not enjoying very robust health. . . . Many young players attempt to imitate the Smith drive. Some so far attain their object as to sacrifice all else, and their backhand becomes a poor, effete weapon. Others fail to realise that the greater element of its success lies in the fact that its creator has his own code of distances, and can put nearly the same pace into a shot whether the ball is taken on the full hop or whether it is taken a few inches off the ground. Of late Smith has been perfecting his volleying, and though his overhead work is not always reliable, the deadly effect of his "cross-sweeps" is unquestionable, and, against inferior players, well-nigh overwhelming. Naturally, his peculiar game comes off much better on a dry court, when the ball rises; on a wet surface he is hampered and impeded. Indeed, Smith is probably more a man of "conditions" than any other in the first six. When the grass is firm and true, and he himself is fit and well, a victory over Doherty is quite possible. It may yet be achieved at Wimbledon.

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Motor-cars, buses, and trains are all playing their part in the locomotion arrangements of the county. The former, dashing along the streets and roads, appear to get more numerous every day, and any person conversant with the alphabet of the distinguishing marks on them could soon identify their places of registration, and not fail to notice, as I have done, that they cover a wide field. Several country towns—for instance Thornbury and Wotton-under-Edge—have, through their representative bodies, memorialised the Great Western and Midland Railway Companies to give them communication with their trunk or branch lines by means of a service of motor-cars, and I observe that the latter town is playing one company off against the other in the matter of terms. The result of the running of the motor-bus by a private firm between Cirencester, Fairford, and Lechlade, which service commenced on June 14th, will be watched with much interest in view of the possibilities that there are for these vehicles to be the mediums for bringing remote and isolated places within easy reach of the iron road. I believe there is a big future before these feeders of railway traffic.

I have good reason for saying that the next motor-train the Great Western Co. will run in this part of the country will be upon the now completed section of railway from Church Honeybourne to Broadway, and that the beginning of August is the fixed time for its advent. Gloucestershire, it will be remembered, was selected for the introduction by the company of its first motor train, the Stroud Valley being the favoured locale. The wild-fire way in which the service has caught on there has given the necessary impetus to the installation of similar services on other parts of the company's system. Returning to the subject of the Honeybourne motor-train, it will, I imagine, be kept for purely short-distance traffic. The promise of the Great Western Board that the line should be open

to Toddington in time for the fruit season of 1904 seems to be in a fair way towards realisation with the exception of its being ready for the forwarding of the earlier kinds, such as strawberries, of which there is an abundance this season. Cheltonians will be specially interested to know when the construction of the last section of the railway from Winchcombe to the Garden Town is to be begun and whether the latter is to be the base of operations. I believe nothing is yet definitely settled in regard to these points, but I hope the company will accept the amende honorable of our Corporation and carry out its original intention that the workings should go forward from Cheltenham.

Earl Roberts, the greatest soldier of the age, who was the hero of the peaceful Speech Day at Cheltenham College yesterday, made his first appearance in that capacity, but he visited there in February, 1894. He is not, however, the only Commander-in-Chief, as is well known, who has honoured our preliminary training ground for officers with his presence at one of these annual functions and bestowed high encomiums on the institution. Eton has for a long time past had to share with several other public schools the distinction of having playing grounds upon which battles were won. It is, I think, not a little singular that Lord Roberts should have been in Cheltenham on the 54th anniversary of the birth of Lord Kitchener, his able Chief of Staff in South Africa; and also on the first anniversary of the appearance, doing similar duty at the College, of General Sir Arthur Power Palmer, for some time Acting-Commander-in-Chief in India, and who, had he but lived, would have been 64 years old to-day (Saturday). We all know that Lord Roberts has been an o.c. in military parlance, but must regret that he is not an O.C. as understood at Cheltenham College.

GLEANER.

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POETRY.

A DREAM.

Far, far away, on yonder dim horizon
(Setting in glory was the crimson sun),
I saw a cloud of grand unearthly beauty,
And in my mind a web of dreams I spun.

I walked afar, and lo! a golden city
Of palaces and temples met my sight;
And on its walls, all robed in dazzling splendour,
Stood angels, looking out into the night.

I looked behind me—all was gloom and darkness;
I felt a shudder creeping o'er my frame;
But, as I turned again towards the city,
I heard a sweet-voiced angel call my name.

And on the wall I saw the angel beckon,
And I so gladly hastened to the call,
For there before me stood my love—my darling—
Once, in the long ago, my all in all.

Through gates of pearl and gold, past plashing
fountains,
We walked together, loving, hand in hand,
Until we reached a fair and beauteous garden
Of rarest flowers, by perfumed zephyrs fanned.

And here we sat, and in our talk together
We found that love, our love, was as of yore;
And one sweet thought, "We never shall be
parted,"
Came to me, and my dream was o'er.

The cloud has vanished—gone the golden sunset—
A gentle zephyr stirs the sweet night air;
And, coming from that far-away horizon,
Whispers me gently that "my love is there."
June 21st, 1904. EDWIN GREENE.

Lord Roberts, in writing to a friend in Canada, intimates that he may visit that country in the coming autumn or spring.

A further official statement issued on Friday places the number of petitions to Parliament against the Licensing Bill at 4,792 and the signatures at 133,934.

Presenting herself at the offices of the "Petit Journal" in Paris an old lady aged seventy-five requested the editor to verify her statement that she was cutting a tooth.