

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Photo by London Photographic Co., Maidstone.

Rev. Mowbray Trotter, M.A.,
NEW CANON RESIDENTIARY OF
GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL,
Installed June 28th, 1904.

POETRY.

THE ONLY HEAVEN ON EARTH.

They picture heavens for us of diverse kind,
But mostly suited to the savage mind.
There is but one that we can know on earth:
It is not wholly revelry or mirth;
'Tis all the same for age or early youth,
And has one name alone, and that is—Truth.
What is your price, O Devil, lord of man,
To gain it once? The gridiron, or the pan
Red-hot? Or yet your barbed and burning dart
That works its way through tendrils of the heart?
What price for one brief word of thanks, one sigh
To give relief to what one must deny?
Lo, here a body is, to frizzle up,
Or burn inside with lava from your cup!
Lo, here's a mark to stab, not hard nor tough:
All bare, if only you'll strike deep enough!
No, no! you say, for human ways and laws
Make hell enough, without your sickle claws
At work. 'Tis true. And yet, far, far within,
There lies a region where your demon din
Is but a distant echo: there we can,
Perchance, gain all the heaven still left to man.
24th June, 1904. X.

Mr. L. G. Hill, who has returned to Cheltenham from China, sends us some photos, and in doing so says that while out there the "Gloucestershire Graphic" "many times entertained and refreshed" him.

Where would man be if it were not for woman? (asks "Calipurnia" in "The By-stander"). That is a question that has often been asked, and should be asked again and again whenever men show a disposition to underrate the obvious importance and even superiority of women in the scheme of the universe. The shallow reply that he would still be in the Garden of Eden need not be seriously considered. But even if it deserved to be, there would be a good deal to say upon the subject. Does anybody really suppose that if Eve had not handed that apple to Adam, he would not, sooner or later, have eaten it of his own accord? Of course he would. The only difference would have been that he would not have had the common politeness to offer it to her when he had tasted it. He would have eaten it all himself. Whereas the first recorded action of the first recorded woman is an act of politeness.

* * *

The newest idea in clubs is one for the purpose of bringing young men and maidens together with the object of matrimony. The enterprise is to be given a trial, and the records at Somerset House show that there has been registered under the Companies Act "The Matrimonial Club, Ltd." "I went into the venture," said one of the shareholders in this romantic syndicate on Monday, "solely because I believed it to be a sound investment, and one that would yield handsome dividends." Another shareholder waxed eloquent as to the merits of the company from the social and matrimonial side. "If certain young women met certain young men who in the ordinary course of events would never enter into their lives, it is obvious that they might find they possessed many sympathies in common, and, further, that deep feelings of affection might spring up between them. To fill the long-felt want, Cupid, Limited, steps forward and makes his bow to an anxious public. His arrows will be aimed at vulnerable hearts under cover of the soft strains of the waltz in the shade of conservatories or on the banks of picturesque rivers, for it is intended that clubs shall be formed which will organise picnics for the young people of both sexes, dances, boating excursions, and theatrical entertainments. Cupid's pranks have hitherto been performed for his own amusement. It remains to be seen whether he will work for the success of an undertaking in which he is not even a shareholder."

* * *

A good Wagner story was told by Mr. Edmund Owen at the 166th annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain at the Hotel Metropole, in London. He said a friend of his was recently staying at Bournemouth, and while listening to one of the bands there noticed that a man applauded Wagner vociferously. He asked the enthusiast whether he enjoyed Wagner. The man replied, "Who is he—the conductor?" The other explained. "Well," said the enthusiast, "the music puts me in mind of home. I am a boiler maker at Erith."

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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 181st competition did not fill.

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

For the 92nd 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 74th prize has been divided between Miss P. de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Miss Middlemiss, of 5 Clarence-square, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. F. B. Macmurt at St. John's Church and the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie at St. Andrew's Presbyterian 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 18th literary competition has been divided between Herbert Rainger, of Bath-place, and A. T. Stamford, of 32 Suffolk-parade, 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.

Mr. Justice Wright, whose retirement is announced, has been a terribly hard worker, and an equally hard smoker. Strong tobacco was his delight, and usually, within half an hour of the rising of the Court, he might have been seen strolling along the Strand, in an easy lounge suit and a hard felt hat, with a darkened briar pipe between his teeth. His hatred of conventions inspired his sturdy Radicalism, which expresses itself, among other things, on the notice-boards on his estate in Hampshire: "Trespassers will NOT be Prosecuted."



Photos by Ellis and Walery, London.

CAPTAIN F. G. G. THOYTS.

MISS I. M. RAE.

A CHELTENHAM WEDDING—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Waistcoat-making classes are the latest development of technical education in London.

• * •

According to a London clergyman the reason why working men so often make use of strong language is the natural and laudable desire to impart a vigorous and picturesque touch to the narrative. The use of sixty expressions of a lurid type indicates the yearning for an emphatic style of diction. Mr. Kipling coins a word when he wants to strike you "with the weight of a six-fold blow." And where he can use Hindustani and call somebody "a pukka hero" the British working man has to fall back on the adjective of lurid type. "The working man never learns a tithe of the expressive adjectives and adverbs that abound in the language. But his soul hankers after something more virile than 'very' and 'extremely,' and in his meritorious but unlearned endeavour to be picturesque he falls into the error of profanity."

• * •

What does "hanky-panky" mean? This word, used by Lord Rosebery to describe the Government, has a curious derivation. When the Roman Mass fell into disfavour in this country ignorant people used to call it "hocuspocus," which was their way of pronouncing the sacred words "Hoc est Corpus" (This is My Body). Gradually "hocus pocus" became a synonym for jugglery or trickery of any kind, and was pronounced "hokey pokey." Then "hanky-panky" was also brought into use as a similar word with something of the same sound. It was not used in print, so far as Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary is aware, before the middle of last century.



Photo by Davis, Lechlade.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE MOTOR 'BUS SERVICE.

In face of severe American and Belgian competition, the Moss Bay (Cumberland) Hematite Iron and Steel Co. have been awarded a contract for the early delivery of 18,000 tons of steel rails for the Argentine Great Western Railway Co.

A project is on foot to erect a monument to the memory of Shakespeare in Rome.

• * •

Exports of manufactures from the United States during the current fiscal year are the largest on record, amounting to £94,731,666.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

CLEAN CONTACTS.

The electric current derived from the accumulators or batteries carried on a motor must have a perfect metallic path to travel along. Dirty, oily, or loose connections are a frequent and unsuspected source of misfiring. I do not know how it affects other motorists, but misfiring on the part of the motor annoys me extremely. The most frequent cause, however, of misfiring is bad adjustment of the contact-breaker.

WHY PLATINUM IS REQUIRED FOR THE CONTACT-BREAKER.

Every motor-cyclist is familiar with the working of the contact-breaker, which times the firing of the mixture of petrol vapour and air in the combustion-chamber of an engine; but, perhaps, some do not know the reason why it is so essential to have pure platinum rivets on the platinum screw and trembler blade. As a matter of fact, the working of the contact-breaker can be compared to the action of a small arc lamp. Every time that the trembler blade, with its small rivet of platinum, leaves the screw, a few minute particles of platinum are carried over by the current, and so a little "arc" is formed, but only for a short space of time. The heat from this arc is very great—so great, in fact, that a metal, such as silver, which would melt easily, would be of no use. Platinum is a rare and precious metal, which will only melt at an exceedingly high temperature; therefore, it is not easily burnt away by this sparking at the contact-breaker, as most other metals would. This is the reason why it is used, although the price is so high. The two platinum points should be kept up to "concert pitch" by being kept free from oil and perfectly smooth. The novice should make certain when buying spare platinum screws or tremblers that the genuine metal is supplied. A reasonable price should be paid and a genuine article secured.

A DESIRABLE IMPROVEMENT.

There is no room for doubt that motor-cycles are, as a class, noisy. One does occasionally come across a silent running machine, but not often. The silencers fitted to the majority of motor-cycles are not worthy of the name. Many a low-powered cycle makes more noise and is incidentally more of a nuisance than a 14-h.p. car. Manufacturers have succeeded in making the motor-cycle a reliable vehicle for one or two riders; they might now well turn their attention to secure the more silent running of these handy little vehicles. A good many people have the impression that the cause of all the trouble is an inefficient silencer. This is not entirely the case. Of course, a real exhaust silencer is essential to secure silent running; but this is not all that is required. Badly designed valve and ignition gear make a large proportion of the noise. Again, the quiet running of a motor depends on a perfect and noiseless system of transmitting the power of the engine to the driving wheel. This perfect system still remains to be invented. The best, as regards silent running, is the belt, whether round, flat, or V-shape. Another consideration is that, if a perfect drive were possible, a smaller engine could be employed, and thus noise lessened. It should be quite possible to manufacture a smooth-running, silent motor-cycle, if the above points are carefully attended to.

MANIPULATING THE AIR SUPPLY OF A SPRAY CARBURETTER.

There are one or two rules which should be observed in the manipulation of a spray carburetter. The first is that when starting all air from the outside should be shut off. Nearly pure gas will then be drawn into the engine, and a good start be ensured. As the machine gradually gathers way, more

air should be admitted, until when the engine is running at its maximum speed the air inlet should be full open. Another rule in regard to hill-climbing. As the engine works slower when tackling hills, it will require a stronger mixture, therefore the air should gradually be shut off. Last, but not least, the petrol chamber should always be "flooded" before starting.

FALLACIES REGARDING EXPOSURE.

The exposure of the plate when in position in the camera is an easy matter; but to obtain the correct exposure is another thing altogether. The exposure of the plate is really one of the most difficult operations in the art of photography. There are many fallacies regarding exposure, and the following, as given in the new "Book of Photography," are worthy of notice. First amongst these fallacies is (a) the impression that different lenses vary in rapidity, although similar stops are used. The amount of light reaching the plate depends upon the size of the hole by which it is admitted, and the distance over which it has to travel; therefore, when the diameter of the stop bears the same proportion to the focal length, the intensity of the light will be the same. (b) It is frequently supposed that if a whole-plate lens be used to form a half-plate picture, less exposure will be required. This is wrong. (c) It is often imagined that the position of the camera in the sun or shade directly affects the exposure. The light used to form the image on the plate is that which is reflected from the object being photographed; but the amount of light reaching the camera may differ considerably from the amount reaching the object and reflected to the camera, and therefore cannot be taken as a guide for exposure.

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

LORD BATHURST ON THE MILITIA.

Speaking in the House of Lords on Monday night, in the discussion on the report of the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers, Earl Bathurst said that, as he had the honour to command a Militia battalion, he naturally had the welfare of the force very much at heart. He did not believe that the country was ready for universal service. He agreed with the recommendations of the Commission with regard to the Militia, and he thought they were the first steps the War Office should take in order to place the service on a proper footing. For many years past the Militia had been alternately despised and robbed of its men, until it had been reduced almost to a shadow. The deficiency in numbers was largely due to the practice of recruiting from the Militia for the Regular Army. The evidence taken by the Commission showed that young men who went to the depot to join the Militia were so looked down upon that they went straight into the line; and every commanding officer knew that at the end of every training a recruiting sergeant would carry off the best of the year's recruits. Another thing that affected the recruiting was that regiments were taken year after year to Salisbury Plain or to Aldershot away from their own localities. That had been recognised by the War Office, and it was recommended that a regiment should not train away from its own area more than once in three years. He rejoiced at the fact that the Commission had brought forward so many grievances of the Militia, and he earnestly hoped that the result of their labours would not be lost (hear, hear).

£700 FOR A "STRAD."

A "Strad" violin, which was once exchanged by a gentleman's servant for a concertina, fetched £700 on Tuesday afternoon at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, London. It is a good specimen of the famous violin maker, not too much repaired, and it was sold with a guarantee from Messrs. Hill, of Bond-street, London, the well-known experts. Once it was the prized possession of a street musician, known as "Jack the Painter," who haunted the neighbourhood of Notting Hill and Marylebone. It was sold by him for £25, and subsequently was bought by a Mr. David Laurie for £80. Its last possessor was a gentleman at Gateshead.

"ABODE OF LOVE."

STRANGE STORIES OF LIFE AMONG THE AGAPEMONITES.

A lady living just outside Spaxton village, Somersetshire, gives a vivid account of the doings in the old days of the "Abode of Love," the home of the followers of Pigott the self-styled "Messiah" and "Lamb of God." For some years she was a member of the Agapemone sect, but left them four months after Prince, the founder, had declared his divinity. "There are strange things done now in the 'Abode of Love,'" said she to a representative of a London evening paper. "I know how peculiar the inmates are. Years ago I was a frequent attendant at the chapel, and was for a time living in the 'Abode of Love.' Brother Prince—'Beloved,' as we called him—was then living like a king in glory. When he drove out he went in a coach and four, with bloodhounds following. One day we heard that a great thing had happened, and the members went about softly and spoke with bated breath. Brother Prince, they said, had been 'transfigured.' We were all told to rejoice, and each was asked individually by the heads of the sect if we believed. Then one day we all went into the chapel, and Prince, clothed in gorgeous robes, was seated on a throne, with his fingers outstretched in benediction, and we all sang 'Hail to the King of Kings.' Later there were even more extraordinary scenes. A beautiful young girl, who had been a kitchen or scullery maid, was crowned as queen, and sat on the throne with Brother Prince and his chief minister. Her dress for the ceremony was of the costliest material, and all the ladies gave up their jewels to her to wear. For a time the inmates of the 'Abode of Love' gave up reading the Bible. They said, 'All is now fulfilled for us. We have no more need of these Scriptures.' But afterwards they used the Bible again, and at the present time back up their doctrine with quotations. I believe that now the Agapemonites are bowing down to and worshipping Mr. Pigott in the same way as to Prince. I have seen Pigott, and thought he was suffering from acute religious mania. He is a good preacher."

A man who for years lived next door to the "Abode of Love" said: "The Agapemonites are good-natured people, but quite mad. They give away a great deal to the poor, and at Christmas distribute dinners and coal. I remember seeing Prince just before his death. He was drawn across the lawn in a little donkey-carriage, and would remain in the sun for hours doing nothing but gaze at the sky, with his lips moving as if in prayer. I heard him say, 'I shall never die'—but his time came, as to all other men. He had a room with a golden carpet, in which he sat to answer prayers, and those who desired an audience had to take off their boots, for he said, 'It is holy ground.'"

In the village close by all voices are united in praise of Sister Eva, the housekeeper at the Retreat, who looks after the material well-being of Pigott. She is a perfect manageress, and a capable woman of affairs.

Four days per annum is the extent of the holidays in many American factories.

The Automobile Club of Victoria, Australia, recently held motor-cycle races on an ordinary racecourse, one mile and 140 yards in length, and rejoicing in the very Australian name of Maribyrnong. In spite, however, of the ruggedness of its name, and also, be it said, of the track, the question occurs to a writer in the "Motor-Cycle" why should not some of our British racecourses be used for the same purpose? They would have several advantages over the ordinary cycle track. For instance, the greater width of the course would lessen the chances of collision on the part of the competitors; then, again, on account of the greater length the curves at the bends would be much less severe; and last, but not least, grass is a much softer surface to fall on than cinder, wood, or cement.



Photo by Ernest White, Cheltenham.

LORD ROBERTS'S VISIT.
PORTRAIT GROUP AT ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE.

Col. Burn, King's Bodyguard. Mrs. Coote. Rev. R. Waterfield, Principal. Mrs. Merry.
Lady Bateman-Champain. Mrs. Waterfield. Lord Roberts. Miss Waterfield. Rev. Dr. W. W. Merry
(Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford).

PARNELL RELIC IN A PAWNSHOP.

There is in the window of a pawnshop in South London, among a number of unredeemed pledges, a silver casket, which recalls the most pathetic political tragedy of our times. It is surmounted by the thistle; it bears an imposing coat of city arms; and

engraved upon it is the legend: "Casket presented by the Corporation of Edinburgh along with Burgess Ticket conferring the Freedom of the City on Charles Stewart Parnall, Esq., M.P., July 20, 1899." That touching relic of Parnell lies there for sale. Beside it is a label stating that the price asked for is £50.

"Speech Day" was observed at Rugby School on Saturday, when there was, as usual, an assemblage of distinguished visitors. The Dean of Wells, formerly head master at Rugby, unveiled a stained-glass window which has been placed in the school chapel in memory of Old Rugbeians who lost their lives in the South African war.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JAN.

By D. K. BOILEAU.

A small, pale face, set in a halo of bronze-gold hair, and from out of which shone a pair of velvety brown eyes—such was Jan—the prettiest of the child-dancers at the S—theatre.

To a casual observer Jan was just a lovely, careless, light-hearted child, whose fairy footsteps danced through life much as they danced over the stage, but they would have judged her wrongly. Jan was a person of strong emotions, and dominated above all others by one overwhelming passion, her adoration for the "star" of the company, golden-haired Marguerite Penrose, whose beauty and dainty acting were making her name famous.

Once or twice the girl in passing in and out to rehearsal, and noting the intense gaze of the child's brown eyes, had made some kindly remark, smiling to see the flush rising in the delicate little face and the radiant happiness which illuminated it. Something in the small flower-face with its framing of sunny gold had attracted her strangely, perhaps with a dim recollection of her childhood when the baby face of a little sister who had long since "gone away to be an angel" had smiled up at her.

Jan was motherless and fatherless; she lived in a tumble-down tenement house with her only sister Miriam, who was a couple of years older than herself.

Poor Miriam had little in common with the beautiful Hebrew princess whose name she bore. Her short, squat figure, lanky black hair, and a wizened old face that was only redeemed from ugliness by the pathetic gaze of her brown eyes, was far from prepossessing. Nevertheless, though Miriam's exterior was not fair to look upon, her half-deformed little body contained a beautiful, steadfast soul. With all her being she worshipped and loved her little fairy sister, and all her thought was how to shield that sunny head from want and pain. She herself might be starving, but Jan must never want for food; she might be half-frozen with the cold, but Jan must have the lion's share of the scanty blanket, and it must not be thought that Jan was ungrateful or insensible of the care that Miriam lavished upon her, far from it, though certainly she did not realise the full extent of it. No one was prouder than Miriam when Jan was taken on at the theatre as a "fairy," and when "Treasure Day" arrived and Jan received her first earnings the happiness of the pair could scarcely have been equalled.

To Miriam alone did Jan pour out the secret of her love and adoration of her idol, and Miriam, finding all her happiness in Jan's, sympathised as none else could do.

But at last one night a terrible thing happened.

It was a stormy evening in Spring, and as Jan ran out of the theatre to join her sister, who always waited to take her home, she shivered a little, and drew her thin shawl closer about her slender shoulders. Miriam met her with her usual welcoming smile, and arm in arm the sisters set off on their homeward way. Suddenly, as they were crossing the slippery street, a hansom dashed round the corner, and before either of them had time to realise what was happening, they had both been flung headlong to the ground. Miriam, who was unhurt, sprang up again instantly, but Jan lay terribly still, with her small white face turned up to the stormy sky and her dark eyes closed.

Sick with terror, Miriam bent over her calling her name in terrified accents, but no reply came from the parted lips. She turned and looked wildly round for help, but alas, at that time of night few people were about, and the man who had caused the accident, glancing round and seeing Miriam spring to her feet, concluded there was no harm done, and drove on without troubling further.

At last, however, a policeman appeared, and having heard the facts of the case, summoned an ambulance to take the injured child to the hospital.

Miriam followed the melancholy procession with a sinking heart, and so piteous was the

expression of her wan little face, that the kindly Sister who met them on their arrival told her she might come in and wait for the doctor's report on Jan's condition.

Presently the Sister re-appeared with a grave face, but a very tender look of pity in her eyes.

"I am afraid I can't give you very good news of the poor little girl," she said kindly, "she has been seriously hurt, and is still unconscious, but you may come again to-morrow, and if she is any better you may perhaps be allowed to see her. Is she your sister?"

Poor Miriam rose to her feet, fighting to keep down the sobs that threatened to choke her and to find voice to answer the kindly Sister, but it was no use, and dashing the back of her hand across her eyes she slipped out into the streets and ran to her wretched home, sobbing as if her heart would break.

As early as possible next morning she presented herself at the hospital, and after a long wait of several hours she was at length conducted upstairs to the children's ward, where, in a corner screened off from the rest of the room, lay Jan.

Such a strangely different Jan, however, from the restless, light-footed child of yesterday, lying in the small white cot so straight and still, her gleaming hair scattered over the pillows, and a pitiful look on her sweet little face.

A faint smile dawned in her wide brown eyes as she saw Miriam approaching, and she tried to raise her arms to put round her sister's neck.

For a few moments Miriam was past speech at the sight of the suffering little face before her. Then remembering that time was precious, and that she had been warned on no account to agitate Jan, she said as bravely as she could:—

"How is yer feelin' Jan darlin', is the pain werry bad?"

"I hasn't no pain at all, only I can't move my legs," answered Jan faintly, "but Oh, Miriam, I 'eard the doctor say to nuss wen 'e thought I couldn't 'ear 'im, that I shouldn't last long like this, an' I thought if yer could possibly get Miss Penrose to come an' see me I could die more easy-life if I 'ad 'old 'er 'and. Do yer think yer could?"

A numb feeling of unutterable pain held Miriam dumb for a moment, but the pathetic appealing look in Jan's eyes and the intense eagerness of her voice nerved her to answer with tolerable composure.

"I'll try darlin'. I know as she'll come wen she 'ears you wants 'er."

The look of grateful happiness in Jan's face rewarded her for her effort, even without the whispered thanks, and with one long passionate kiss on the white brow Miriam obeyed the nurse's summons to leave the ward.

Once outside the hospital, however, her forced calm gave way, and creeping to a sheltered corner she poured out the pent-up agony of her heart in a wild flood of tears. What would life be to her without her baby, her cherished darling, the one creature who was left to her to love. They had only had each other all these years, and now she was to be left alone.

Suddenly the remembrance of Jan's earnest request flashed into her mind, and springing up she began to revolve plans for telling the actress of her sister's wish. The more she thought, however, the more her heart sank within her. How was she, a poor little street waif, to reach the leading lady of a big London theatre. She would probably be driven off as a beggar before she could get near to tell her story. Finally she decided that her best plan was to try and catch Miss Penrose as she came out of the theatre after the matinee on the following afternoon.

Patiently she hung about the stage door watching for her opportunity, and alternately hot and cold with apprehension lest her mission should fail. At last she was rewarded by the sight of a slim, graceful figure approaching, which she knew to be that of Miss Penrose. As the young actress passed out Miriam started forward, and timidly touched her sleeve. Marguerite Penrose turned hastily, but seeing only what she supposed to be a beggar, was passing on, when something in the almost agonized eagerness of the dark eyes made her pause.

Hurriedly Miriam poured out her story, and no sooner had the kind-hearted young actress heard it than, ignoring the fact that she was tired and had had no tea, she made Miriam jump into her carriage, and drove off at once for the hospital.

It was really outside the prescribed visiting hours, but as Jan was dying, and her state of tense expectation so evident to doctors and nurses, the actress, accompanied by Miriam, was at once permitted to go up to the children's ward.

Many eyes were eagerly turned in her direction as she entered the ward, her beautiful face and slender graceful figure in its clinging gray dress winning the warm admiration of the children.

Jan's little white face was a picture as the girl advanced and knelt down beside the cot. Radiant joy shone in her brown eyes as she stretched out her little thin hand to touch Marguerite's, and she turned a look of intense gratitude towards Miriam.

The tears rose to Marguerite's eyes as she looked at the loveliness of Jan's childish face, over which the wan hue of death was fast gathering.

"Could you please sing to me this once," gasped Jan faintly, and in rather trembling tones Marguerite began the first thing that came into her head, Kingsley's charming little song, "I wish I were a tiny brownie bird from out the South."

A look of intense content stole into the small face on the pillows, as, with one hand holding Miriam's and the other clasped in Marguerite's, she lay listening dreamily to the sweet notes which rose and fell in the hushed and silent ward.

Then as the singer reached the words, "And if someone came an' shot me, why then I could but die, With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their best,"

a long sigh and the sudden unclasping of the little fingers, till then wrapped so closely round her own, told her that the child life beside her was ended also, and the tripping feet that had danced themselves into so many hearts lay still and motionless for ever.

A CAREY CHICKEN.

[By A. T. STAMFORD.]

She was a two-masted schooner, and her speed was eleven knots. Her heavily-painted exterior was very prepossessing, while her comfortable and elegant internal arrangements did much credit to the taste of her owner. The latter had bought her for a trifling sum, when, dirty, untidy, dilapidated, she returned from her last voyage, and was docked at Liverpool, awaiting a decision as to her fate. The company to whom she belonged had almost issued a decree of destruction, when Gregory Miller appeared on the scene and offered to take her off their hands. Miller was a prosperous merchant, whose only recreation appeared to be found on the surface of the sea. He was retiring from business, and decided to invest in a boat, in which to spend the better part of each year for the future. A steam launch was beneath him, a yacht was beyond his means—moreover he was no lover of machine-propelled vessels, he infinitely preferred sails. The schooner, therefore, was exactly what he wanted; and thus, after a complete renovation and up-to-date outfit, she again put to sea, with Miller and a few privileged acquaintances parading her deck.

Among these was an officer who had seen service in India, and had returned for a brief time on leave to his native land; his name was Harris—Captain Harris. He was a good sailor, a thorough sportsman, and handled a rifle to perfection, seldom indeed was it that his quarry escaped unhurt. He was on very good terms with Miller, who had been very pleased at the prospect of his company during the short cruise they contemplated.

It was the evening of the second day after leaving port, and the outline of the old country had disappeared from sight. The owner and his guests were congregated forward, engaged in general conversation, but Harris, who had left them a moment, wandered to the stern of the vessel to get a

better view of an object which had attracted his attention. He gazed at it intently for a moment, and, as it drew nearer, it resolved itself into a flock of birds. He could not tell at once what they were, merely gulls in all probability, he thought, but he determined to have a shot at them. Unnoticed by the others, he slipped down into his cabin, returning immediately with a gun. The birds were now much nearer, and he could see that they certainly were not gulls, but something rather different. However, he waited a moment or two until they were within range, and then, pointing his gun, pressed his finger against the trigger. But at that instant he felt a violent shock, the barrel of the gun was roughly knocked down, and the shot splashed harmlessly into the water, while a voice beside him cried, "Good Lord, sir, what are you going to do?" "What the devil are you doing, I should think," he retorted angrily, wheeling round, and finding himself confronted by an old sailor, who formed one of the crew.

"Don't you know, sir," said this man, "what birds those are?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied Harris.

"Well, sir, have you ever heard of Mother Carey's chickens?"

"Oh, yes, but I have never seen any; my voyages have not been of long duration."

"Well, you see some now, sir, for those are the very birds."

"Indeed, but even now I cannot see any direct reason for your recent action."

The sailor stared at him.

"Sir, sir," he gasped, "surely you would never attempt to kill a Mother Carey Chicken, except not knowing what it was."

"Really, and why not?"

The sailor was so astonished, he could not speak for a moment.

"I am well aware," added Harris, "that you fellows have some idea that the souls of departed sailors are lodged within these creatures, but, as I consider this only as an absurdity, I fail to see why it should hinder me from firing. In fact, it shall not do so."

"Of course, sir," stammered the old sailor, "you may do so if you wish. But I warn you, if you kill one of those birds, nothing but trouble will come of it. I have sailed these seas, sir, for the last forty years, and I have seen more strange things happen than you would ever dream of. Well, I'll have nothing more to do with it, sir," and so saying he walked away.

"Damn the fellows, and their superstitions," muttered Harris, then, again raising his gun, he took careful aim at one of the birds, and fired. The bird fluttered through the air, and fell with a splash into the water—quite dead.

The noise of the report brought Miller, his friends, and the captain on the scene, wanting to know what was going on. Harris briefly explained, and was about to allude to the interference of the old sailor, when a look at the captain's face stopped him. The latter was horror-stricken, and although he said but a word or two expressive of his thoughts, yet his look and manner impressed Harris considerably, and, therefore, instead of firing again, he took his gun back to the cabin.

For the rest of the day, a general gloom pervaded the ship; the captain looked grave and anxious, the crew were talking in whispers, and the guests began to share the general melancholy, and, stranger still, apprehension. Everyone feared something was about to happen.

* * * * *

The sun slowly faded from men's eyes beneath the hills of the west, its parting rays illuminating with inexpressible grandeur the mirrow-like surface of the ocean, and casting a golden lustre o'er all the horizon, forming, as it were, a "grande finale" to a morning of moderate temperature and refreshing breezes, an afternoon of scorching rays, and an evening of calm and perfect beauty. At ten o'clock night was all around, and everything seemed still and peaceful. Then, suddenly, the cheeks of the sailors on deck were fanned by a puff of wind. In a moment more came another, and another, and another. One glance at the sky, and, to their experienced eyes, some-

thing became evident, as though printed there in gigantic type. In a second the captain was on deck, in a second he realised everything, seized the wheel in his hand, and issued several orders. The crew sprang to obey, and succeeded in taking in one sail, when, swift as an arrow, the squall was upon them, a squall of terrible and unusual violence. The wind howled fiercely, the sea, a moment before calm and motionless, seemed upheaved in all directions. Chasm after chasm, mountain after mountain, all appeared in swift succession. The schooner was hurled from wave to wave, one moment deep in the trough of the sea, the next almost torn asunder by some gigantic billow, mercilessly breaking upon the deck, and sweeping away every frailty it encountered. The top-sail went by the board, the flying jib speedily followed, and the mainsail, rent in a dozen places, was blown in all directions. The captain stood firmly at the wheel, the crew gripped tightly various parts of the ship, to prevent being washed overboard. One or two of the passengers ventured on deck, but were instantly compelled to return below, or nothing could save them.

And all the night the tempest roared with unabated fury, ceasing only when the star appeared in the east, announcing the approach of day.

"What a terrible night!" was the universal comment next morning, when the worn-out and dispirited voyagers assembled in the cabin. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the captain, pale, haggard, and anxious. "Is everybody here, gentlemen?" he asked eagerly, casting his eyes around.

"Captain Harris is not," answered Miller, "I believe he is still asleep."

"For heaven's sake go and look, sir," said the captain. Then, in reply to the inquiring glances thrown at him, he added, "One of the men tells me he distinctly heard a loud cry early this morning, just before the storm passed over."

In a few seconds Miller rushed into the cabin, his eyes, his face, his gestures telling the tale he could not utter.

For Captain Harris was no longer upon the ship—the ocean, vast, unfathomable, and mysterious, had claimed him—and the Mother Carey chicken was avenged.

THE BLACK MADONNA'S SHRINE.

[By D. M. FORD.]

It was September, and a party of English tourists, with swarms of pilgrim-peasants, were nearing Euisiedelu and the Black Madonna's Shrine.

The ordinary Swiss tourist knows little or nothing of the sacred town where the Black Madonna dwells, and he does well, during most months of the year, not to linger on his route. But in the autumn Euisiedelu wakes to new and active life. September 14th is the anniversary of the Angelic Consecration, the red letter day of the whole year to the devout Swiss pilgrim who worships there.

The mountain train plies briskly to and fro, bringing peasants from all parts of Switzerland upon the scene, who, as the great day draws near, are fortunate if they can find shelter at night under the awning of some unused cart.

A thriving trade in rosaries and charms is now commenced by owners of the booths which line each side of the wide steps leading to the church. Vast piles of Butter, Brod, and Schinken are magnificently displayed in the windows of dingy restaurants in the narrow streets. In the great square below the church an altar ablaze with lights is set up, and there are midnight processions with candles and priests.

As the train neared its destination the rich meadow lands gave way to sterner scenery, and the air grew chill. A torrent, its cold grey colour betraying its glacier course, rushed down the road, and well-known mountain flowers peeped from the wayside grass. Presently the grand dark chains of the Glarner Alps broke on the traveller's view, and all eyes in the English party turned towards three snow-capped peaks, towering like sentinels behind an amphitheatre of pine-clad hills.

One gentleman alone of the party appeared

unimpressed, and sat back in his corner with an air of savage gloom. A comfortable old lady, with soft grey curls, who apparently chaperoned the rest, threw him a compassionate glance. The next moment she darted a suspiciously inquiring peep from behind her glasses at the beauty of the party, a young lady with golden hair and blue eyes brimming with mischief, whose attitude of studied unconcern by no means deceived her elder friend.

When the train drew up at the little wayside station the peasants departed in groups for the town, whilst the English party picked its way over the cobble stones in the square. A whitewashed monastery rose behind the church, and the golden-haired lady, who had been reading up the guide-book, announced that there was wonderful tapestry to be seen within its walls, woven centuries ago by pious nuns. With her usual vivacity she proposed they should visit the monastery at once.

One member of the party alone hung back. It was he of the statuesque gloom. The grey curls expostulated with him, but he ungraciously averred that he was for the Madonna's Shrine. "He did not care to waste valuable time on tapestry, as he had heard it was very poor. Whereupon the blue-eyed beauty confided to her chaperone, with forcible voice, that "for her part she would far rather see the needlework, as she felt sure the Madonna was a fright."

So Mr. Frank Elsworthy presently found himself outside the church, alone, and in no benevolent mood towards mankind.

Presently he wandered inside to gaze listlessly at the Madonna's Chapel within the nave, where, by hundreds of flickering candle lights, the ebony image of the Virgin could be dimly seen within.

Elsworthy watched the pilgrims deposit votive candles and waxen thank-offerings upon the chapel steps, and a malicious idea darted into his mind and drove away the settled gloom.

"Ah! ha! Miss Dorothy," he darkly observed, "You shall presently see that I can easily dispense with your valuable portrait. Then, perhaps, you will be sorry you wouldn't give me the other I asked you for!"

He took from his watch-chain a golden locket, gazed reluctantly for a moment at the laughing features within, then relentlessly hung it beside the waxen symbols on the chapel rails.

The next moment a well-known musical laugh outside caused Elsworthy to disappear behind a pillar, there to grimly watch the development of a just revenge.

His eyes glistened with delight when he saw Dorothy come up to the rails and give an unmistakable jump of surprise, and then as quickly turn away. The rest of the party peered curiously round the Madonna's chapel, and seeing little else of interest they all presently left the church.

Elsworthy was emerging from his corner with grim satisfaction of heart, when an extraordinary sound between a sniff and a sob aroused him, and he became aware that Dorothy was still standing before the shrine, her blue eyes drowned in tears, and humility on every feature of her face.

In a moment Elsworthy was at her side.

"Dorothy! I've been a brute. Forgive me, dear." And he glanced with guilty regret at the locket in her hand.

"Oh! Frank," cried Dorothy, with a charming upward look, "my poor boy, what a beautiful mind you've got!"

"What?" cried the embarrassed culprit, edging still nearer, "What do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed," continued Dorothy, persistently, "to think that you hung my locket here as the peasants hang those funny wax things when they want some blessing from on high. What was it you wanted so much, Frank? Surely not that wretched old photograph I teased you so about?"

"Hang it, no!" cried Elsworthy, baffled at this unexpected change of affairs. "I want you"—with dangerous proximity.

"But you've got me," was the very muffled response, "always, and you know it . . . though I'm not worthy of you when you have such splendid thoughts and I tease you so. But I won't do it again. . . Oh! Frank, you must not. In a church, too! I'm sure one of the priests will see!"

"PERE DEUX SOUS."

[By HERBERT RAINGER.]

They called him Pere Deux Sous because he was fond of saying that he started life with only two sous in his pocket. He had been so proud, had Pere Deux Sous, of his little farm and his few cattle; but above all it was his pride to say that it had all started from nothing, and had been gained by unflinching honesty. And his son—so handsome, so clever—he had been very proud of him too.

And now it was all gone—his farm, his cattle, his little savings, and above all, his son.

Yes, he had been robbed by his own son, the darling of his heart, his well beloved. It was a sum of two thousand francs that had been put by, bit by bit, coin upon coin—for times were hard—to pay a debt. And now the debt would fall due, and he would have nothing to pay it with. He would be compelled to sell all he had, and things would not fetch their full value. It was hard—very hard. He would be ruined, and become a beggar, he—Pere Deux Sous—who had struggled so hard all his life. He would not even be able to work for his living; he was so old, and the rheumatism would prevent that. He would be a pauper, and needed have to live on charity. As he thought of it, all his love and affection for his son seemed to wither away, and there only remained a great and overwhelming self-pity. He should suffer for it—this son. He would go to the Police Commissary, and would have him arrested. As he had sown, so should he reap. He had never denied the boy anything that his poor means could afford. He had almost starved himself to give the youngster pleasures, and this was how he was repaid. It was cruel—cruel!

And then the Abbé had come along, and Pere Deux Sous could hardly bear to look upon his smiling, genial face. It seemed a mockery of his misery for the Abbé to look so happy and contented. But then the Abbé was always happy, he was such a good man, and if he was stout and prosperous looking, it was not his fault, for all the world knew how he denied himself everything that he might be able to give more to those who needed help.

The Abbé had special cause to be merry that morning, for he had just received a sum of money on behalf of his church, he said. He even took out a large roll of notes and showed them to Pere Deux Sous, and nothing would content the good Abbé but that he must count them over again—he was like a child who had just received a new toy.

The amount was exactly two thousand francs!

Then bitter, hard thoughts arose in the mind of Pere Deux Sous. What need had the church of two thousand francs? It was very beautiful already, what need was there to spend more money on it? And the Abbé saw the trouble in his face, and asked him what it was.

Then Pere Deux Sous told the Abbé everything, and as the good Father listened the smile faded from his lips, and his face grew very sad. And that was why he was so loved, he was always ready to sympathise with a sufferer, and there was none so skilful as he to comfort the sad. But he could not comfort Pere Deux Sous, because the old man's heart was hardened, and not touched by his affliction; and when one's heart is hard, one cannot be comforted. The poor old father could not help telling the Abbé that he meant to go to the Police Commissary, and the kindly pastor was grieved, and spoke of the beauty of forgiveness, and then he reminded Pere Deux Sous that the boy had never known a mother's care, and how he had met with bad companions. But the heart of Pere Deux Sous was very hard, though when the Abbé spoke of the lad's mother his grey head was bowed very low, and a tear trickled down his cheek.

So the Abbé went sadly away, for he was too wise to press the old man further then.

Pere Deux Sous remained with his head bowed down upon his hand for some time after the Abbe had gone.

Then he looked up, and his heart seemed to stand still as he saw that the Abbé had left the roll of notes where he had placed them on the table. How easy it would be to keep them!

The Abbe was so absent minded, he would never remember where he had left them. He would think they had fallen from his pocket, and as to suspecting Pere Deux Sous, why, he would be as likely to suspect the prefect himself. Involuntarily his hand closed over them, and he clasped them to his bosom, hugging them in a transport of delight.

And then came a revulsion of feeling. He thought of his old integrity, and how proudly he had boasted of it, and he was filled with horror at his own thoughts. He started up, and ran—ay, ran, though for years he had never walked without a stick—down the white, dusty road, in pursuit of the Abbé.

As he ran the notes seemed to scorch his hand, he almost wondered they did not burst into flames. It was with difficulty that he restrained his longing to hurl them from him. And then he overtook the Abbé, and with trembling hands thrust the notes upon him, and with a voice that scarcely seemed his own, told him how he had been tempted.

Then the Abbé turned to him, and with a note of sternness in his voice that Pere Deux Sous had never heard before, asked if this was the man who would give up his own son to the police for a crime which he had wished to imitate himself. Pere Deux Sous cried aloud that he would forgive him, and if his son would come back to him they would face the future together, and all should be forgiven and forgotten. Thereupon the face of the Abbé was filled with joy, and taking Pere Deux Sous by the hand he said, "Pere Deux Sous, those notes were the very ones your son stole from you. No sooner had he committed the crime than he repented, and brought the money to me, and requested that I would give them back and make his peace with you. And I feared lest you should refuse to forgive him, and so I wished to prove to you how hard it is to resist such temptation."

And so what could Pere Deux Sous do but fall upon the good pastor's shoulder and sob for very thankfulness, for his son was restored to him.

Then he fell down upon his knees, there, in the dusty road, and he never felt the midday sun beating upon his unprotected head as he thanked the good God that He had sent the kindly, cunning Abbé to show him how hard it is to resist temptation, and how beautiful a thing is forgiveness.

"A boorish, ungraceful, outlandish figure. You can see men exactly like him at any roadside railway station in Russia." That was how a lady's maid described Count Leo Tolstoy. But take a more kindly and a more cultured view. "At the first glance this man is repelling; the cheap blue blouse of the toiler, the bold features, the large mouth, the beetling eyebrows, the shaggy shock of hair, the long, iron-grey beard, the bronze of the face, seem so strangely out of place here. You approach closer, and are reassured, as gentle eyes beaming with sympathy look into yours, and the low, clearly modulated voice bids you welcome. As the big, calloused hand grasps your own, you feel that you are in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and all the fine speeches you have formulated slip from your memory—and you say nothing." He was not like this once. At one time he was quite the ordinary kind of Russian aristocrat. Wore clothes like other people of his class. Ate and drank, smoked, and enjoyed himself generally. Married and had a large family. Now he thinks that it is wrong to do any of these things. He is a great man in his way, but a great man who is pathetically ineffective. He preaches an impossible doctrine. To him the world looks all wrong, and a man who sees that way ought to have his eyes examined. His latest outburst against the war may possibly annoy the Tsar, but the mass of Russian people will shrug their shoulders, as they always do when Tolstoy talks, and significantly touch their foreheads.

During his wedding breakfast a policeman named Louis, of Miellan, in the French department of Gers, was taken ill and died in a few hours.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

It is again the turn of Cheltenham to assist to advance agriculture and also do itself a good turn by inviting the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society to hold its annual show here next year. I am not surprised that the county society should be very desirous of coming to this town, inasmuch as it is generally one of its best pitches. The itinerary of this organisation is now practically confined to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cirencester, and Tewkesbury, for it has to contend with several smaller but very live district societies that have sprung up and caught on in various parts of the county, thus considerably limiting its sphere of operations. And it is long been a moot question whether the exhibitions of these district organisations are not of more practical benefit to tenant farmers individually than is the older and bigger one. I think it cannot be gainsaid that by limiting the competitions mainly to their respective districts the local societies provide their exhibitors with the chances of success which they would not otherwise have against the "pot hunters" at the county shows. Still, agriculture must benefit from the pedigree animals which only men of means can afford to breed now-a-days. When Cheltenham does put her hand to the plough she carries things through, and I doubt not but that, given fine weather and Mr. Vassar-Smith's kind assistance with Charlton Park as the site again, the attendance at the 1905 show of the county society will be well up to the average, if not above it.

The City Fathers at Gloucester are looking forward with confidence to the show of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society, fixed to be held in that city next month, being the means of greatly swelling the receipts of the electric tramways, which have the advantage of a terminus right alongside the exhibition ground. I observe, though, that the local fund for the society is hanging fire, for, despite systematic canvassing among the citizens, only £350 towards the guaranteed £500 is at present forthcoming. During the remaining three weeks, however, wonders may be worked in that direction. Reverting to the tramways, the entire system is now within measurable distance of completion, although April 1st was the original date fixed for the finishing of the contracts. If unstinted expenditure of public money in its construction can guarantee success, then that is already achieved. It must be reassuring to the rate-payers, in face of the heavy calls on them, to find the leading promoters of the scheme still sanguine that it will pay its way, they being apparently content to regard the present receipts (£310 last week) as certain to rise when all the routes are systematically worked. I hear 9d. per car mile earned and 5400 a week receipts confidently mentioned as figures insuring against any loss; but, remembering the number of past estimates that have gone wrong, I accept these figures with a big grain of salt. I freely admit that the trams are now "making hay while the sun shines," and even turning an honest penny by taking Sunday school children to their treats in the country, but what I am afraid of are the many, many dull days of the year, when bad weather will rule and the masses will be indoors cultivating their own firesides.

An incident connected with the journey of Earl Roberts from Cheltenham to London that has come to my knowledge is, I think, worthy of mention as showing the hold that his lordship has upon popular favour. Two or three enthusiasts of the weaker sex in Cheltenham went over by the same train to Gloucester, and no sooner had it drawn up at the platform than they jumped out of their carriage, rushed to the door of the compartment in which Lord Roberts was sitting, and rapped at the window, with the result that "Bobs" obligingly lowered it and responded to their proffered handshake. But his lordship was evidently much relieved when his carriage was shunted out of arms' and heads' reach.

GLEANER.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the many-times-millionaire, employs girls as golf caddies.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by H. W. Hartnell, Cheltenham.

FAMILY PRIDE.

"Well, my boy, I hope you remembered your misdoings before you got into bed last night."

"No, grandfather. You see, I thought it ought not to go outside the family."

BOOK CHAT.

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.

"THE CROSSING."

Mr. Winston Churchill, the young American novelist whose achievements in the peaceful realm of literature have been no less remarkable than those of his English namesake in the more turbulent field of politics, has set himself the task of depicting, in a series of novels, the most stirring and momentous epochs of his country's history, from the War of Independence onward. The series opened a few years since with the delightful story of "Richard Carvel," dealing with the Revolutionary epoch. Next in point of time, though out of place in the historical sequence of the series, came "The Crisis," dealing with the Slave War of the North and South, and dominated by the vivid personality of Abraham Lincoln. And now lovers of the breezy and picturesque in literature are welcoming the latest addition to the series, the recently published story of "The Crossing," which comes next in historic sequence to "Richard Carvel," and has for its theme the westward migration and settlement of those vigorous children of the young American nation who have long since borne the flag of the Union to the Pacific Coast. In this story, Mr. Churchill has worked upon a broader canvas than heretofore. To use his own words, "the territory is vaster, the types bewildering;" while the narrative ranges, in point of time, over rather more than a quarter of a century,

from the early years of the War of Independence to the sale of the Louisiana territory to the Americans by Napoleon in 1803. Therefore it is not surprising that the story displays certain weaknesses of construction not to be found in the earlier novels, which dealt with more concise, dramatic, and manageable epochs. The intrepid and sagacious young hero, David Ritchie, who tells his own story, is an interesting and representative character; but the slender plot which the author has woven concerning Nick Temple and his erring mother, and David's own little love affair with a noble French lady of the old regime, has been stretched to attenuation point before the last of the nearly six hundred pages is reached. Yet, in spite of the slightness of the plot, we are convinced that many of his readers will regard "The Crossing" as the most fascinating of Mr. Winston Churchill's novels. As we pass, in company with the hero, from place to place, from episode to episode, we are in an atmosphere of events so great and changes so momentous that it seems only natural that the private affairs of Davie Ritchie should be dwarfed almost to insignificance by the vast and manifold interests of that epoch-making time. The story falls into three parts, of which we like the first by far the best. Here the author has painted in glowing colours the great forests and rivers of the unknown land, through which the pioneers carved a highway on their journey westward towards the Mississippi. The events centre dramatically around the campaign of the intrepid and audacious Colonel Clark, who won for his country the region comprised in the present States of Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, but was subsequently goaded by the ingratitude of the young Republic into schemes and alliances unworthy of the glorious opening years of his career. In this part Davie Ritchie figures prominently as the plucky drummer boy who keeps alive the courage and spirits of the men of Clark's little force during the terrible hardships of the campaign. With the later portions of the book, we pass to other phases of the westward progress of the Americans, and there are many charming pictures of the life of the French Creole settlers on the western bank of the Mississippi; while some of the most picturesque scenes and episodes are laid in the old Creole city of New Orleans. Of the characters, many are historical, others merely typical. To the latter class belong two of the author's most fascinating creations, the Kentucky settler, Tom McChesney and his wife, Polly Ann, in whom are embodied all the best qualities of the pioneer—courage, endurance, abounding generosity, steadfast loyalty, and a racy sense of humour. Through the earlier pages glide the sinister forms of the hostile Red Men, and there are many stirring adventures reminiscent of the best yarns of Fenimore Cooper. We close the book with the sense of having read something more than a mere novel; for we have dwelt awhile in a heroic age, and felt, as it were, the expansive impulse of a mighty nation whose progress is as resistless and inevitable as that of the Father of Waters ("The Crossing," by Winston Churchill. Macmillan and Co. Price 6s.)

"THE QUEEN'S QUAIR."

It is now some few years since Mr. Maurice Hewlett startled the blasé world of modern novel readers with his vivid and original presentment of the life and times of Richard Cour de Leon in the now famous romance of "Richard Yea and Nay." Even more remarkable, dealing as it does with a controversial and apparently well-worn period of history, is "The Queen's Quair, or the Six Years' Tragedy," which has recently made its appearance in book form after a successful debut in the pages of the "Pall Mall Magazine." It is not too much to say that no two historians have ever been in precise agreement as to the character of Mary Queen of Scots and the part which she bore in the tragic events of her six years reign and

residence in Scotland prior to her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle and her escape from thence to a life-long captivity in England. Upon this somewhat misty period of romance and controversy, Mr. Maurice Hewlett has brought to bear the vivid light of his characteristic method, and has given us a story—over whose pages we hold our breath as we hasten on from chapter to chapter, and yet a story the interest of which does not depend upon the introduction of a single fictitious character or episode. The secret of this remarkable fascination lies, we think, in the author's power of depicting what, for want of a better term, we may call the "humanity" of history. At his touch, every character in that sinister drama of blood and treachery, from Mary the Queen to the meanest rascalion who does her enemies' bidding, assumes such vitality and actuality that we not only see the forms and faces and hear the very modulations of the voices, but seem also to penetrate to those hidden springs of being which decreed that thus and thus only could each one possibly have thought or acted. Queen Mary is of course the central figure, and she stands vividly forth as a woman dominated from the outset by that infatuation for the full-blooded Bothwell which was to prove her doom. We see her surrounded by schemers of every type, all self-seeking and calculating, bent on drawing as much as possible of its sweetness from the "Honeypot" e'er it is broken and cast aside. As we watch the rapid unfolding of the sordid drama of lust and selfishness, we are never once prompted to offer praise or blame to any of these puppets of an inexorable Fate. "So they were made; they no wise made themselves;" and thus they acted, as of necessity: no other course would have been possible to them, being what they were. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's manner of telling this bad old tale is peculiarly his own—crisp, incisive, and picturesque, conveying to the full the atmosphere, physical, political, and moral, of the Scotland of John Knox and the Lords of Congregation. The book has more than a smack of realism; a drama which has for its leading motif the lust and violence of a full-blooded time, cannot be faithfully presented in language designed for the ears of the "young person." It is a book for men and women, written by one who has looked his facts in the face and presented them with all the force of an illuminating imagination and a most original gift of literary expression.—("The Queen's Quair, or The Six Years' Tragedy;" by Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Co. Price 6s.)

A literary contemporary suggests that novelists might work in conjunction with the traffic managers of railways, undertaking, for due consideration, to lay the scenes of their romances in localities to which excursion trains could conveniently be run. It is hardly doubtful that the traffic managers would be willing enough to advise in the matter, and it is not very difficult to conjecture what their advice would be like. A window in Thrums, they would tell Mr. Barrie, is not a first-class point of observation; a window in Margate would be better. Wessex, they would assure Mr. Thomas Hardy, is too remote from the great centres of population for their purposes; but they would be obliged to him if he would "work up" Herne Bay or Bexhill; while they would counsel Mr. Clark Russell to write, not of ocean traffic, but of the shorter voyages of the Royal Sovereign and the Kohinoor. There is of course no a priori reason why admirable railway novels (new style) should not be produced in these conditions and under these limitations. Novelists, however (says the "Graphic"), are a touchy class of the population, liable to resent interference with the free play of their genius and fancy, and it is hard to say to which of them overtures might be made with the best prospect of favourable response.

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ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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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 182nd competition prize has fallen to Mr. W. F. Lee, of 29 High-street, Stroud.

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

There was no contribution for the 93rd prize worth reproducing.

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 75th prize has been divided between Miss P. de Pipe Belcher, of Darley House, Berkeley-street, and Miss C. E. Pearce, 3 Victoria-terrace, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's, Cheltenham, and the Rev. Professor Thatcher at Highbury Congregational Church.

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

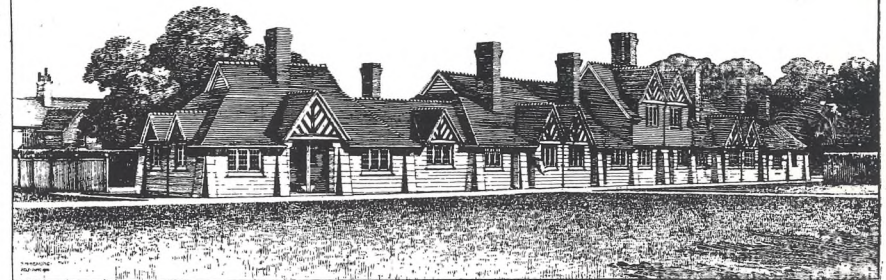
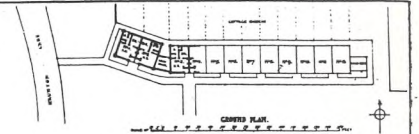
A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words

The prize in the 19th literary competition has been divided between Mr. G. Hamilton Bishop, of 33 Tredworth-road, Gloucester, and Mr. Henry F. Barnett, jun., of 8 Orielpiece, Bath-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.

The late Mr. Spurgeon was once asked whether a member of a brass band could possibly be a Christian. The great divine pondered, and then said:—"Yes, I think so; but the man who lives next door to him certainly not."



THE "HAY MEMORIAL COTTAGE HOMES," NAUNTON PARK, CHELTENHAM.

In the spring of 1899 these Cottage Homes were commenced, through the generosity of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hay, for the benefit of the aged and deserving poor of both sexes.

The buildings are situated on a fine open site overlooking the Naunton Park Recreation Ground, and commanding a good view of the Leckhampton Hills.

Two additional cottages (making twelve in all) and two wash-houses for the joint use of the occupants have recently been completed. This extension, together with the original buildings, was designed by Mr. J. Hall (who left Cheltenham last year, having been appointed Executive Engineer of Bombay), and has been erected according to the further drawings and under the supervision of Messrs. Healing and Overbury, architects, of Cheltenham and Gloucester.

The outer walls are of Leckhampton stone, with "chopped face," with brick lining; the roofs are covered with Broseley tiles; the whole of the half-timber work being in solid English oak.

The following inscription is carved on the oak beam over the ground floor windows of the central portion:—

"These Cottage Homes were founded by John Alexander Hay and Marianne Louisa, his wife, A.D. 1899, as a memorial of their long residence in Cheltenham."

The management of the Homes is vested in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Rector of Cheltenham, and the total cost of the work, including site, has been nearly £3,000.

Mr. Allen Wilson was the contractor for the main block of the buildings; and the extension has been added by Messrs. A. C. Billings and Sons, Ltd., of Cheltenham; and our illustration is from a pen and ink drawing by Mr. S. H. Healing.

NON-COUNTY BOROUGHES AND THE LICENSING BILL.

A meeting of the executive of the Non-County Boroughs' Association was held on Tuesday evening, at the House of Commons. Representatives from the different non-county boroughs in the kingdom attended for the purpose of considering the claims of these boroughs to have the same privileges as licensing authorities under the Licensing Bill as will be enjoyed by county boroughs. After carefully considering the amount of compensation that would be payable under the Bill in the various non-county boroughs, it was decided to ask the Government to amend the Bill in such a way that all non-county boroughs with a population of 25,000 and over should have the same powers as the county boroughs, and that upon any non-county borough attaining such a population the powers should be automatically conferred upon the licensing magistrates of such boroughs. Subsequently a meeting of the members of Parliament representing non-county boroughs was held in Committee Room

No. 15, Mr. Helms in the chair. At this meeting it was unanimously decided to support the proposal of the Non-County Boroughs' Association, and Mr. Helms, M.P., Mr. Compton Rickett, M.P., Mr. Pym, M.P., Mr. Tyson, M.P., and Mr. Wharton, M.P., were appointed as a deputation to wait upon the Home Secretary and the Solicitor-General to urge upon them the necessary amendments to the Bill. It was also decided to ask Mr. Duke, K.C., M.P., to form one of the deputation as the representative of the Justices' Law Clerks' Association, a body which supports the proposals of the non-county boroughs.

At Tuesday's meeting of the Spalding Board of Guardians one of the asylum visitors reported that he had paid a visit to Bracebridge Asylum, Lincoln, and there saw an old lady from the Spalding district who had been in the institution for fifty-four years. She was the first inmate received after the opening, and had cost the authorities nearly £1,400.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE BATTLE OF HARESFIELD.

[By G. HAMILTON BISHOP.]

The love of pluck and resource characteristic of the average Britisher compels him to acknowledge the war correspondent as belonging to a class of individuals worthy of the admiration of all. What small boy, already covered with dirt and nastiness, would not eagerly seize the opportunity for which his soul yearns of replacing those more or less doubtful adjuncts by the glory which he might acquire as the representative at the seat of war of some great journal?

Such were the reflections crowding my hitherto harmless brain some fortnight ago, when, learning of the intention of the local Volunteers to "volunt" over Haresfield Beacon, I decided to appoint myself correspondent of the "Chronicle," with a view of earning some glory with a minimum of exertion. Having previously ascertained my absolute safety from the ferocious attack of any dashing rifleman or infuriated gunner, I firmly resolved to do or die, preferably the former.

Let me confess at the outset that my sole qualification for such an arrogant assumption of that important office was three years' service in the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Garrison Artillery, and a scanty but very lively experience of such operations during that time.

Like a true war correspondent, I turn with scorn from the suggestion that I should profit by the accounts given in the local papers, even at the expense of my accuracy, and hereby declare my intention of simply describing what came under my personal notice.

Haresfield Beacon appears to be an ideal manœuvring ground. Irregular in shape and thickly wooded in various parts, plenty of cover is at hand for good scouting practice. The top of the hill is comparatively flat, and is crossed by a road, soon to be the scene of gory strife. The road in turn is intersected at right angles by a wood extending onwards along an arm of the hill, which appeared to terminate near Stonehouse. That metropolis was hidden from view by the intervening ground, and was the base from which the attack was supposed to be delivered.

Being on the beacon, I resented the impertinence of the enemy in presuming to attack it, and, further influenced by the fact that possession is nine points of the law, and that my old company formed part of the defence, I definitely appointed myself correspondent with the defenders.

Proceedings were initiated on our side by the immediate dispatch of small bodies of scouts, Yeomen, Rifles, and Cyclists, along the road already referred to, which, by the way, was exceedingly rich in material for punctures. Having witnessed their departure, I found leisure to make a tour of the position. Outposts had been placed in every direction from which the attack might be expected, and a particularly murderous-looking machine gun, that of the Cheltenham Rifles, had taken up a commanding position in a gap in the Roman entrenchment. Lining the road, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards distant, were the men of the Gloucester Artillery, acting for the nonce as infantry, and facing directly towards Stonehouse.

In the midst of these wanderings an outburst of firing was heard in the front, and a rush to the spot revealed a suspicious-looking bevy of individuals advancing stealthily up the hill. On they came, unhesitatingly, in spite of the volleys which decimated (?) their ranks, when it suddenly occurred to the non-commissioned officer in charge that they might not be the enemy after all. This horrible suspicion was confirmed later on, when the detachment advancing on the position was discovered to be a group of joskins strolling up to see the fun. Volleys again broke out from the gallant defenders, out of a new nature, of which I scorn to write.

From an occasional shot on the extreme left (facing Stonehouse), it was obvious that the advance parties of both combatants were in touch. Transferring my attention to that



OXENTON SALE OF WORK.

quarter, I found that several of our scouts had been ignominiously captured. An exchange of shots now became fairly general here, and one or two amusing incidents occurred. I shall only briefly refer to one, in which, after a scuffle in the wood, a sergeant, who with one man had become cut off from his section, endeavoured to convince about a dozen of the enemy's Yeomen that they ought to surrender to him, as he outnumbered them. Strange to say, they were unable to see the point of the argument (it is really astonishing how pig-headed one's opponents occasionally are), and after a loud altercation actually took the brave fellow prisoner under my very nose. A couple of visits to the heart of the enemy's temporary position proved—but, there, I had better be silent on that score, or certain valiant majors with active service records will be calling on me, and personally I feel quite as "active" as I wish to be.

At last the enemy commenced the general advance. Driving in our outposts, they issued from the wood (having taken a mean advantage of us and entering when we weren't looking), and a long line of fire broke out, to be answered with equal celerity by the great mass of the defenders hitherto idle. Half-way down the road a determined stand was made by the retreating outposts, and on these being supported by those on

the main position, the enemy was brought to a halt. For some time a rifle duel continued, and at last they were forced to retire. The defenders were following up their temporary advantage, particularly to the right, where the Artillery and part of the Rifles were well forward, when the whistle of the umpire, caught up and repeated by various trumpeters, sounded the "cease fire."

Regretfully, both sides fell into line, and soon were drawn up on the plateau, quite prepared to do justice to the meal provided. Unfortunately, the exigencies of the railroad necessitated my hurried flight at this juncture, so I was unable to ascertain if I was to be mentioned in despatches. I certainly felt somewhat neglected on perusing the list of recent recipients of "birthday honours," but take comfort in the knowledge that any those who have experienced the dangers and horrible privations undergone by a war correspondent on a Volunteer field day, with the nearest pie-shop two miles distant, can appreciate the splendid value of my services at the battle of Haresfield.

•||•||•

AFTER MANY DAYS.

[By HENRY F. BARNETT, JUNIOR.]

What a terrible night to be out in! The wind shrieks and howls amongst the bare trees, the rain seems to descend in sheets—a great storm is raging.



Photos by R. H. Martyn, Cheltenham.

Miss Gardner's (All Saints') Bible Class at Weston.

A ROW OF —
READY FOR A RIDE.

A FEW OF THE CLASS.
IN THE WOODS.

Along an insignificant road near B— on this tempestuous November evening, an old man is wearily making his way towards that town. He has evidently travelled some distance, for he walks slowly and wearily. A great tree affords some shelter from the storm and here he stops to rest. What an odd figure he is! Masses of grey hair, from which the wet is streaming fast, encompass a face wrinkled and worn. He is very short and thin, and his clothes are literally in rags. No one would call him a tramp; rather would they say he was a man who had seen better days. Yes, this man, Michael Andriano, just a quarter of a century ago was the greatest violinist in Italy. His name had been made suddenly; someone had discovered his abilities and placed him before the public. How happy he was with his wife and little girl—his only child! By one indiscretion, however, all his hopes and ambitions were dashed to the ground and he fled from his country—from his wife and child—to England. Since then he has wandered aimlessly about playing simple tunes; he never would revert to the tunes he played in Italy. He changed his name and always travelled alone. How lonely he felt in a strange country only he himself could tell. No wonder this man, who is but fifty, looks years older; no wonder there are wrinkles on his brow. By day and night he can be heard muttering one word—his wife's name, Marguerite.

Andriano resumes his journey now that the storm has abated. "How cold it is!" he mutters, as he draws his old coat tightly round him; "but, never mind, I must go;" and he walks toward B— with his violin tucked carefully under his arm. Seven o'clock! Michael quickens his pace. "I shall be late, and I must hear her!" For he is going to hear the great lady violinist, Madame Francesca, who is giving a recital at B— this evening. Andriano hurries through the streets, frequently slipping on the wet pavement, and at last reaches the theatre. With trembling fingers he produces a shilling—his last shilling—and enters the pit. Michael pays little heed to the first part of the programme, but looks round at the boxes and stalls, all filled with ladies and gentlemen.

A pang shoots through his breast; it reminds him of the time when he was able to draw large audiences. Soon a lady, magnificently dressed, begins to play the violin; it is Madame Francesca. Andriano listens attentively, and compares her playing with his own. He knows she is inferior to himself, and his blood boils within him when he thinks of her—the envy of everyone, and then of himself—loathed even by the poorest. How the people cheer and clap when Madame Francesca makes her bow and leaves the stage! Again the pang shoots through Andriano's breast; he grinds his teeth in anger and moves restlessly in his seat. Madame Francesca reappears on the stage in response to the plaudits of the audience, and is about to play again, when suddenly a stir takes place at the back of the pit. Confused shouts and hisses are heard, and then a voice, "Let me play—I must play." Madame Francesca tries to distinguish who is the cause of the commotion. Her face is flushed, for she is angry at being interrupted. Again the voice is heard: she listens eagerly and catches these words, "Let me play—just a little—I am Michael Andriano!" With a stifled cry she shouts, "Let him play—bring him here." So old Andriano is allowed to play. He walks proudly across the stage and faces the audience. What a contrast between the lady, her jewels glittering on her beautiful clothes, and the old man in his rags, the wet still visible on them. A dead silence reigns throughout the house as Michael commences, slowly and softly, to play. He forgets he is old; once again he is young, and in Italy. He thinks of his old home, of his wife, his child, everything! How beautiful the music is! It is his past life put to music. Now he is about to finish. He gives one of the strings a sharp twang, as if to describe the sudden ending of his happiness, and walks from the stage. For a time not a sound is heard in the vast theatre, and then rich and poor—everyone—unite in one great tumult of applause. How happy Andriano looks when he appears and bows repeatedly. The applause continues, and so the curtain is lowered for a time, and Michael receives the congratulations of all the artistes. Last of

all comes Madame Francesca. "Come," she says, "let us go home to Marguerite."

The old man stares wildly at her. "What—do you know my Marguerite?" "Yes," she answers simply, "I am her daughter—your daughter—father." Andriano bursts into tears—"Surely such happiness is not for me, now." She leads him from the theatre and places him in her carriage. Soon they reach a large house, and Michael follows his daughter along a short corridor. What a comfortable room it is they enter! But Michael does not heed this; he sees an old white-haired woman, with such a sweet face, sitting in a corner of the room.

"Michael," she says softly, "you have come at last."
"Yes, Marguerite," he replies, as he strokes her cheeks lovingly, "at last."

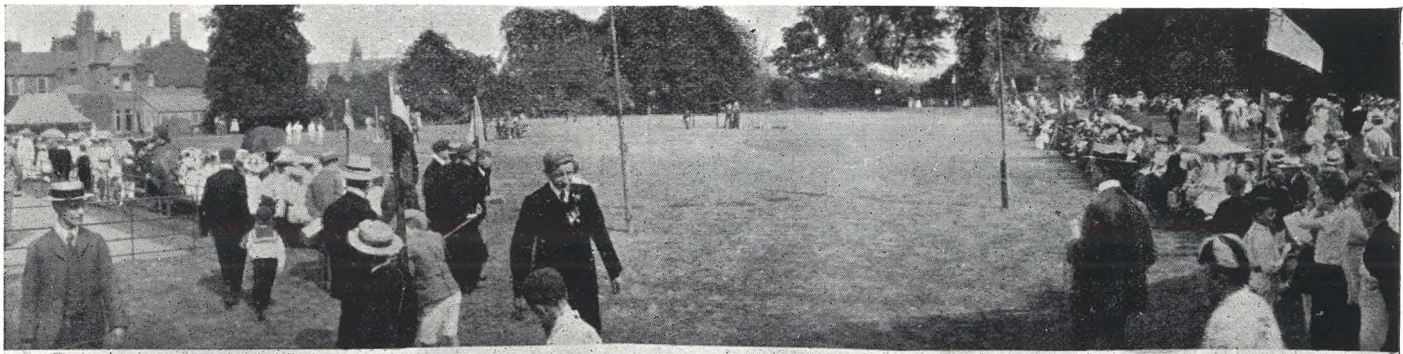
POETRY.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SOUL.

Would any know the greatest joy of all,
The most exulting, sweetest to recall,
The richest now and through the future years
In thoughts that hush regret and dry our tears?
It is not found in gluttonies of life—
The stabs and murders in the social strife;
What greets the coming friend with kindly eye,
Yet looks black lightning at that friend gone by:
And not in wine, nor what brutes think about
And sometimes enter Hell to gain, no doubt,
It is not bought nor sold, and has no cost—
No price that thus spent ever can be lost.
And this it is: in loneliness or not,
In chill despair or in temptations hot;
Unhoping, all unknown, for what is right,
To win the greatest, noblest earthly light—
Deny and conquer self, not to be blest,
But all for sake of what God shows is best.

X.

"The Cherokee Advocate" is one of the oldest and most remarkable newspapers in the United States. It is the official organ of the Cherokee nation, and is published at Tablequah at the nation's expense. It is a five-column folio weekly, half of which is printed in the Cherokee language. It is strictly non-partisan, and is forbidden by law to deal in politics. Indians who read only Cherokee get the paper free. The total circulation is about 1,000. The paper has been in existence since 1840. Its sole object is to perpetuate the Cherokee language.



Photos by W. Walwin, Gloucester.

CRYPT GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS, GLOUCESTER.



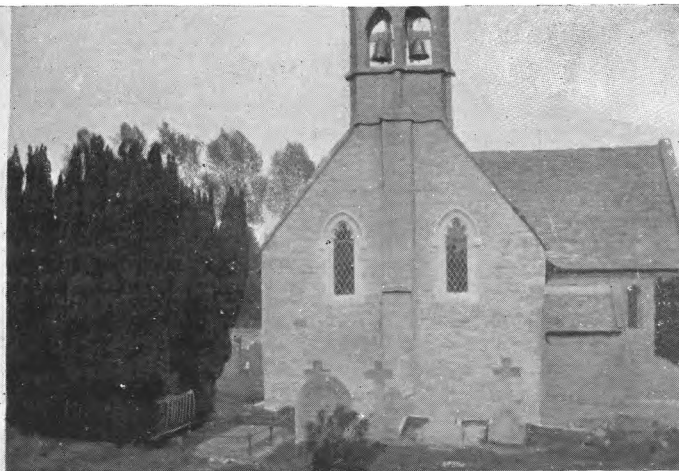
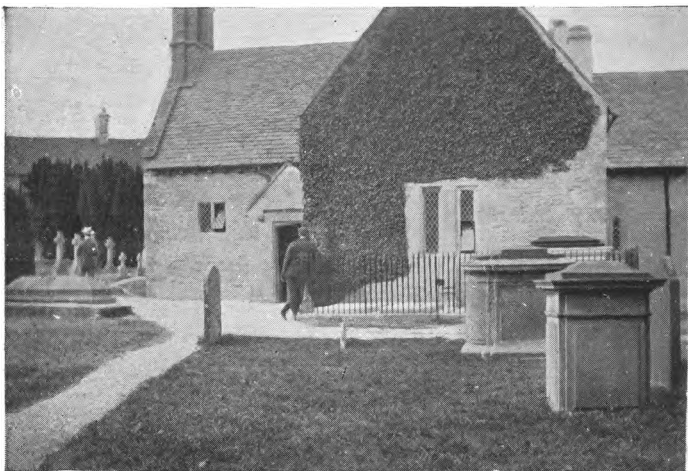
Photos by Ernest E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.

**OXENTON CHURCH RESTORATION SALE OF WORK AT SOUTHAM DELABERE,
JUNE 28 and 29, 1904.**

"Croquet!" The word is understood as covering such widely-differing things. It serves for such quaintly opposing ideas! To some it stands for an afternoon's gentle exercise, with a great deal of conversation and just a little excitement. To others, it is a mild pastime suitable for all children old enough to adhere to the fixed principle that the mallet is to strike the balls with, and not each other. To another section it serves as an excellent safety-valve for the young and energetic, and a "ten minutes'

tournament" is a capital invention for entertaining a number of people without much trouble. And to croquet players themselves? To them it is something of all these, but it is also, and first of all, a splendid game (writes W. W. Bruce in "London Opinion") demanding as much exact knowledge, skill, and the natural necessary gifts for it as even the patrician game of billiards. It is indeed a splendid game. It requires patience, perseverance, and pluck. It educates eye, hand, and temper. To play croquet well

demands determination to seize, to hold, and to keep advantages; to decide when to risk a risky hoop, when to shoot into the adversary's game, when to attempt the almost impossible feat of "jumping" a hoop from two and a half yards, and hitting the wired balls on the other side; of jumping the peg and hitting the balls near the boundary; of making a hoop at twenty-five yards. These things are done by learning to face the situation promptly, and determining to take the risk.



Photos by Thos. C. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

ST. OSWALD'S CHURCH, SHIPTON OLIFFE
(RECENTLY RESTORED).

VIEW FROM GRAVEYARD (THE NEW ROOF).

NEW BELLS AND WINDOWS.

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, NOTGROVE.

Did my home happen to be in a crowded town or city, Notgrove is just the place I should be glad to escape to for an annual fortnight. It is a typical sparsely inhabited country village, and would make a thorough change for a townsman. And yet it receives very few visitors. It is some distance from a main road, and is one of those places one never gets to unless one goes there—that is, you don't pass through it to other places. It gives a name to a railway station, but it is some distance from the line, and the station is used far more by other places than it is by Notgrove itself.

I cycled there on Sunday afternoon last. The aged rector is nearer ninety years of age than the patriarchal fourscore, and is past his work, and gets a supply from a neighbouring parish; therefore there is but one service per Sunday, generally in the afternoon. It is an interesting old church, principally in the Perpendicular style of architecture, and is associated with the name of Dick Whittington, the famous lord mayor of London, because some of his descendants lived at Notgrove, and there are tombs in the church to their memory. On the south side of the chancel lies the effigy of a man in legal robes, supposed to represent a certain William Whittington; whilst opposite is the effigy of a lady, believed to be a member of the same family. Again, there is a recumbent figure of a knight in armour—assigned to Sir John Whittington. There is also a monument of a vested priest, supposed to be that of the last Abbot of Gloucester—Parker by name.

The chancel retains a piscina and aumbry, and in the porch is a niche where holy water used always to be. There are several stained-glass windows, containing figures of Apostles, one of them being that of St. Bartholomew, to whom the church is dedicated. There is no East window, the East end being completely built up with stone. Formerly against this wall were some good pictures and statuary, and some writers speak of them as still there: but there is little to be seen now. Tradition has it that Cromwell's soldiers visited Notgrove and destroyed or sadly mutilated these paintings and figures, and what is left of them is principally covered by the altar drapery. The font is good old Norman, with double head work around the top of the basin. Certainly Notgrove church is worth a visit.

Considering the few houses clustered around it, there was a fairly good congregation on the occasion of my attendance. The service commenced with hymn No. 299 (A. and M.), and the officiating clergyman read the prayers and lessons in good voice. The Psalms were read, but the choir chanted the

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Further hymns were Nos. 169 and 298.

This being the Sunday following St. Peter's Day, this saint, as at many hundreds of other churches, had a discourse all to himself at Notgrove. The text was St. Luke v., 10. The preacher pointed out that the Gospel for the day spoke a great deal of St. Peter, and though described, with his companions, as unlearned and ignorant, he was well versed in the popular religious experiences of the Jews. He looked for the redemption of Israel, and probably knew by heart the prayers of his companions; and whilst others sang Bacchanalian ballads, Simon Peter sang psalms and hymns as he was at his work as a fisherman. Simon meant hearer, and Christ's change of the saint's name to Cephas—a rock—was significant. Peter was to be not merely one who listened, but one who would be firm, and not easily overthrown. St. Peter's readiness of speech sometimes got him into trouble, and Christ once gave him the severest rebuke He ever administered to either of his apostles, when He uttered the words "Get thee behind Me, satan!" It was St. Peter who wished to know how far forgiveness was to go, and what reward was to be given to the twelve disciples. All must learn with St. Peter to look on old things in new lights, and to correct their views, as all must do if they would be followers of Christ. They must be sincere, they must behold the Messiah, and look forward to a better knowledge of God through Jesus Christ. Then, and then only, would they receive the blessing of apostolic relationship, and then only could they take in the spirit and knowledge of salvation, of that Master whom St. Peter followed, and for whom at last he died.

Walking through the village after service, and overtaking an old inhabitant, I had the materials given me for a second sermon. The old man told me there used to be sixty houses in Notgrove, now there were but thirty-one. What a discourse on the decay of our rural places could be based on this! The villages half depopulated; the towns crowded with teeming populations. What can be done to alter this sad state of things?
CHURCHMAN.

The historical and far-famed Methodist "love-feast," a ceremonial which occupies a prominent place in modern fiction, was held on Sunday in the old barn at the tiny, out-of-the-way hamlet of Alport, in the Derbyshire woodlands. This spot, which has been a Mecca of Methodists from all parts of Peakland, and even from Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire, on the first Sunday in July for 150 years, is geographically in the Bradwell Wesleyan Circuit. It is the very spot where the Covenanters assembled to worship in the days of their persecution, and in the very building—a barn—

the Methodists of to-day worship as fervently as ever. On Sunday, in the early morning, hundreds from all parts were wending their way across the moors to the love-feast. The floor of the ancient barn was strewn with bracken from the moors, and the rough wooden benches that did temporary duty as seats were packed, while the hayloft, to which access was gained by means of a ladder, served as a gallery. The circuit minister, the Rev. J. Foster, of Bradwell, preached in the morning, and conducted the love-feast in the afternoon. To the stranger it was a curious sight to witness such a congregation in a building without windows, but to those who took part it was, indeed, a solemn service, as the slices of currant bread were handed round in a clothes basket, and the water from the mountain rill was poured from the farmer's milking cans into quart jugs.



It is stated that the oldest man in France is Ignace Botta, who lives at Cannes. In a few days he will attain the age of 105 years. The old man is far from prosperous. He is merely a maker of small sweeping brooms. These he hawks every day, winter and summer, up and down the streets of Cannes, and sells to housewives. Botta, who is a strong, rugged man, is an absolute vegetarian. Being unable to afford meat and dainties, he lives on bread, rubbed with garlic and fruit, occasionally treating himself to a glass of wine. He sleeps anywhere, but chiefly in a stable, where he is allowed a straw bed. He has paid no rent for years. Furthermore, Botta never asks alms, he has never been in prison nor in the hands of the police, and his character is flawless. He was for a time in an old man's refuge at Cannes, but he could not stand the restrictions placed on his personal liberty, so he returned to his wandering and irresponsible life. Sometimes he grows melancholy and thinks of suicide, but his religious sentiments and scruples prevent him from taking his own life.



I do not advocate the filling of churches (says a writer in "The Bystander"). If public worship is neglected, it is not by any means a sign of national decadence. The facilities which abound now on Sundays for travelling enable thousands of jaded folk to seek a change of air, and there is nothing so good for us as fresh air. A day in the country, breathing the purest air under God's heaven, is better for the body and better for the soul than a whole sheaf of sermons. It will be a time of rejoicing when, on Sunday, all our young men and maidens will be enjoying themselves by playing games and having healthy exercise. For healthy exercise make a wholesome body, a clear mind, and a desirable citizen.



THE DEFENCE COLUMN MARCHING TO TAKE POSITION ON HILL.



PLACING MAXIM GUN NO. 3 IN POSITION TO AWAIT ATTACK BY STROUD BATTALION.



OUTPOST DUTY—SNAPPED IN THE TRENCHES.



OFFICERS OF DEFENCE COLUMN IN CONSULTATION.



MAJOR METFORD AND OFFICER'S ORDERLY.

**Sham Fight on Haresfield Beacon,
Saturday, June 25th, 1904.**

Photos by W. F. Lee, Stroud.

The London correspondent of the "Scotsman" writes:—One of the most stupendous publishing works undertaken since books were written is now in progress at the University Press at Harvard. It is an edition of Dickens, each set comprising 130 volumes, each volume costing £250. Only ten sets will be issued, and all have been sold. One Englishman who will enrich his library by this rare possession is the Duke of Westminster. Rumours about the undertaking have appeared in various papers. A professor of Harvard University just now visiting London gives me some interesting particulars. The books are being printed on real parchment, such as was in use in Plantagenet times. The secret of treating parchment so that it would serve book purposes has been lost for centuries. It was rediscovered at the Boston Bindery, and will be utilised in the preparation of this unique work. Following the ancient fashion, every

page will be illustrated by hand-drawn designs in dainty colours. Italian and French artists have been engaged to supplement the labour of Americans. Each volume will be bound in Levant inlaid with colour, and ornamented with solid gold. Although a large staff are employed, the last volume will not be delivered till the year 1912. When these details are considered, the price of each volume, about what one would give for a modest water-colour, does not seem so fantastic as at first sight. Regarded as a tribute to the genius of a novelist, it is unparalleled.

Of all the misguided literary undertakings that I know, there is surely none so hopeless as Lord Avebury's valiant effort to define the best hundred books (says J. A. H. in "The Bystander"). One had thought this fad of his lordship's earlier days had been forgotten, but here he comes again with a "revised list,"

as futile as the first. I pity the hapless wretch who buys these hundred books (exceeding that number by far, as all Scott's novels are reckoned one book), and sits down to the appalling task of reading them. If ever I found a friend who had purchased the set of them—for the incredible fact is true that the whole incompatible hundred were once issued in a uniform binding—I should cease to respect any literary opinion he ever uttered. If there exists any human being who has deliberately read through Lord Avebury's list, I doubt if his mind will be better furnished than that of the giddy woman who devours the latest fiction at the libraries. A man must grow into his reading as naturally as he grows into his other habits of life; he must follow the tendencies of his own temperament if he is to derive any real advantage from what he studies, and not otherwise; assuredly not by attempting to digest so strangely mixed a meal as Lord Avebury would provide.

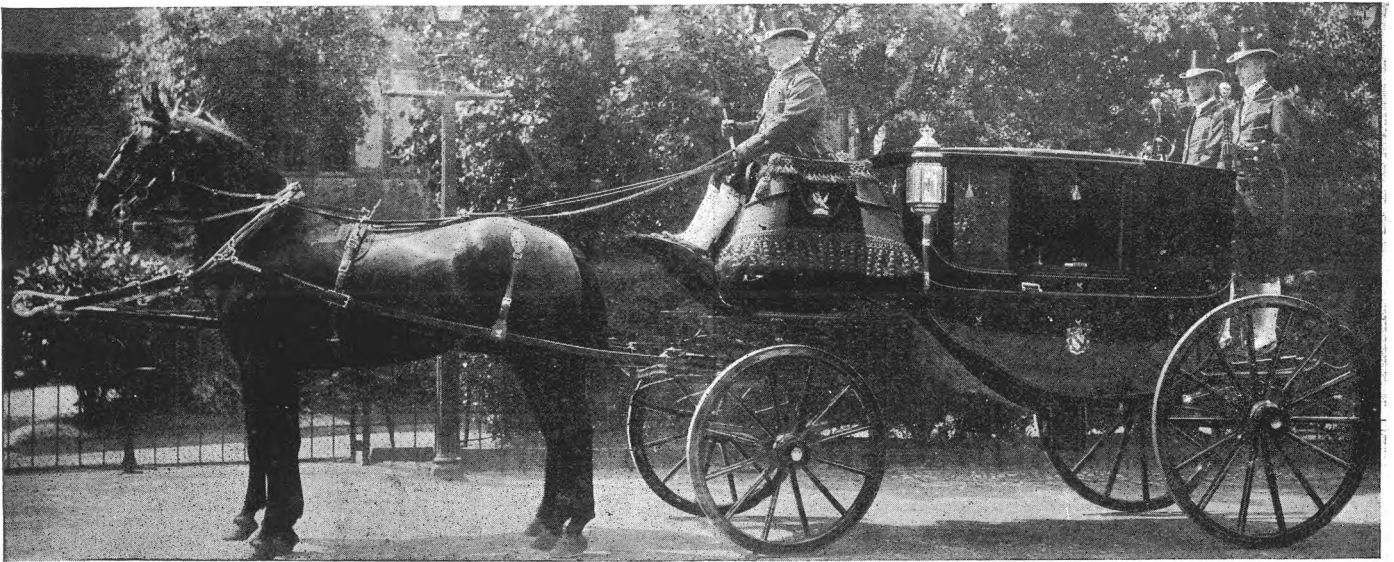


Photo by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

Assize Equipage of the High Sheriff of Gloucestershire (Mr. St. John Ackers, D.L.)

The photograph of this handsome carriage (built at the Gloucester Carriage Works), with pair of beautiful bay horses (specially selected by Mr. T. Cook, of the Riding School), was taken in College-green.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

The assize at Gloucester last week was but a shadow of its former size when the cathedral city, then the last place on the Oxford Circuit, was what was called its "washpot," because civil causes that time would not permit of trial at the other places in the tour were made remanets to be cleared off at Gloucester. And in those good old days, now departed for well-nigh a quarter of a century, I have known an assize to last for a fortnight, with two judges and a commissioner busily engaged. And yet the business at the recent assize was cleared off by one judge in the short space of three days. The main reasons for the falling-off are, I think, an undoubted diminution of crime, extension of the powers of magistrates in petty and quarter sessions for dealing with prisoners, a less litigious spirit among the public, and the fact that Gloucester is no longer the "washpot." But for a settlement of two civil causes without the aid of the Court, the three days would not have sufficed for the transaction of the business. And I understand that these withdrawn cases were of an exceedingly interesting character. At all events, it is not a little curious that the plaintiff in one of them was an Anglican clergyman and in the other a Roman Catholic priest. I am glad that the briefs were more generally distributed this time, as sixteen barristers were retained, though only four of them got more than one, while seven went to a fortunate junior. The Bar List is still a formidable document, with about 140 names on it, though some 50 have disappeared since the previous assize, and those that remain are now printed in larger type.

I had some pleasant chats with Mr. Thomas A. Nevins, one of the pioneers of light railways in Gloucestershire, on the occasion of his brief visit to Cheltenham for the purpose of fixing up the contract for the carrying out of the tramway extensions here. I found him still full of faith in the possibilities of the town as a still better residential place, qualified with regret that the schemes for the revival of the waters and for a hydro had fallen through. He was charmed with the lovely weather, so marked an improvement on the cold and wet time that he had when last here, in August, 1903. Mr. Nevins also descanted on the wonders of wireless telegraphy, fresh in his mind as experiences gained during his

recent voyage across the Atlantic on the Cunarder, *Campania*, and the rush there was for the first newspaper containing news sent oversea. He told me he was aboard the first liner when, a year or two ago, a trial wireless message was successfully sent to a sister steamer then some seventy or eighty miles away, and that it took the form of congratulations to the captain on his promotion.

From Canon Tetley's book, "Old Times and New," some specially interesting facts with reference to the late Mr. Gambier Parry, country squire and amateur artist, are obtainable. The canon was from 1876 to 1892 vicar of Highnam, the beautiful parish church of which, near Gloucester, was founded and endowed by Mr. Parry in 1851. The Canon claims that Holy Innocents' Church was "a venture of faith" when men's hearts were failing them for fear, and that, as time went on, it was abundantly justified, as all around from the glorious cathedral to the smallest parish in the countryside a new order of things had set in of which Highnam was the pioneer. He records an anecdote of which Mr. Parry is said to have been proud—that once a Church patron visited Highnam Church when Mr. Parry was fresco painting, as was his wont, in splashed linen overall, and that the patron expressed himself pleased with the work, but most pleased that he had seen the workman, because he had heard "this Parry gives himself out as an artist, and now I have been and seen you doing it." "As if," as Mr. Parry remarked, "he expected to see me at work in a frock coat and kid gloves." Those persons who saw Mr. Parry working as a painter, but as a labour of love, in his own church and in Ely and Gloucester Cathedrals could the better appreciate this anecdote. GLEANER.

Much has been written of George Sand lately, and many aspects of her wonderful talent and versatility, with here and there a glimpse of her stormy life, have been brought into view. One of her characteristics however, is still little known to the average reader. Artist, musician, writer, George Sand was not above smoking a pipe, and a clay pipe. Balzac, writing of his visit to her house at Nohant, describes how one day he found her after dinner sitting alone in the chimney corner of a long room, attired in a dressing-gown, red trousers, grey stockings, and yellow slippers, and smoking a cigar.

"Mr. Briggs's Letter" will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

A delightful little incident that occurred in Japan is related by an American writer. When Oyama, chief of the Japanese General Staff, was judge-advocate, he attended a ball at Tokio one night. As he was standing near a doorway a beautiful European woman passed, and so greatly did her charms impress Judge Oyama that he exclaimed involuntarily, "What a lovely woman!" She overheard him. With a little smile she looked back over her shoulder, and, recognising him, she said, "What an excellent judge!"

Some of the inmates of Limerick Workhouse (says "Rambler," in the Dublin "Express") must have been reading the recent pronouncement of the gentleman who considered bathing unhealthy, and who never had a dip in the course of his long career, except on two occasions, when he accidentally fell into a river. Whatever the cause, a number of infirm women persistently decline to take warm baths. There does not seem to be any remedy for such a disinclination. They cannot very well be thrown into the water, as younger or more vigorous inmates might; argument is vain, and prosecution before the magistrates is no antidote to uncleanness. No magistrate would convict or send a squad of weak and aged women to gaol for refusing to allow themselves to be washed. It is a curious quandary.

A unique record of a scholar's attendance at school has just been completed at the Worcestershire County Council Schools at Finstall, near Bromsgrove. A girl named Alice Stride commenced her school life in the infants' department, at the age of three-years, in June, 1894, and has just completed her tenth year without missing a single attendance. During this period the school has been opened 4,194 times, and the girl has passed through all the standards successfully. What makes her record all the more remarkable is the fact that her home is situated a mile and a half from the school, and it is calculated that in the ten years she traversed no less than 6,500 miles in her journeys to and from her daily lessons. The girl, whose conduct, by the bye, has been exemplary, was this week presented with a silver watch bearing a suitable inscription, the present of Mr. Edward Ansell, of Astons and Rigby Hall, Bromsgrove.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 184.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 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 183rd competition prize has fallen to Mr. Charles T. Deane, "Hillesden," Ewlyn-road, Cheltenham.

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

The 94th prize has gone to Mr. William C. Robson, of "Beverley," Langdon-road, Cheltenham.

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

The 76th prize has been divided between Miss Maud M. Lyne, Rycote, St. Luke's, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. W. Gidney in St. Matthew's Church, and Mr. P. C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. S. Wilkes at Wesley Chapel.

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

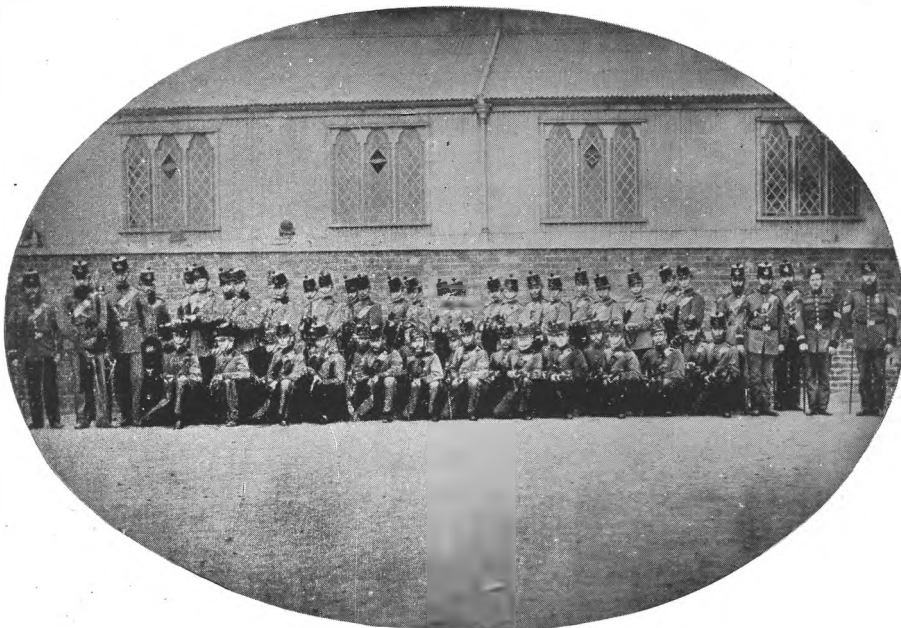
A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Original or News Paragraph, Article, Short Story, or Essay, not exceeding a thousand words.

The prize in the 20th literary competition has been divided between Mr. Frank Waldron, Sunart House, St. George's-road, and Mr. Henry F. Barnett, 8 Oriol-place, Bath-road, Cheltenham.

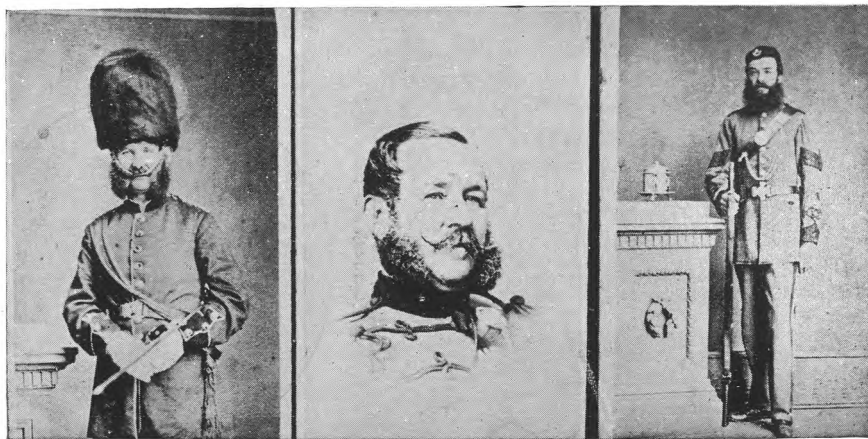
In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning (except in the case of photographs of events occurring after that date) and in the other competitions on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

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.

Advices from Kabul state that some astrologers recently prophesied in the Ameer's presence that Afghanistan would within two months be visited by a pestilence which would sweep away hundreds of the inhabitants. The seers, it is added, have been put into prison, and will be tortured to death if their prediction is not verified.



COTSWOLD RIFLE COMPANY
AT REAR OF IRON CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.
(From a photo over thirty years old).



Photos by W. Hayward, Cheltenham.

The Late Drum-Major D. White. The Late Capt. Pakenham. The Late Sergt. Davis.



WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE GUILD.
CONFERENCE AT GLOUCESTER — JULY, 1904.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JULY 16, 1904.



Mrs. BUTCHERFIELD,
Treasurer (Keighley).



Mrs. BURY, Vice-President
(Darwen).



Mrs. FIDKIN
(Bristol).



Mrs. McBLAIN, President
(Walsend-on-Tyne).



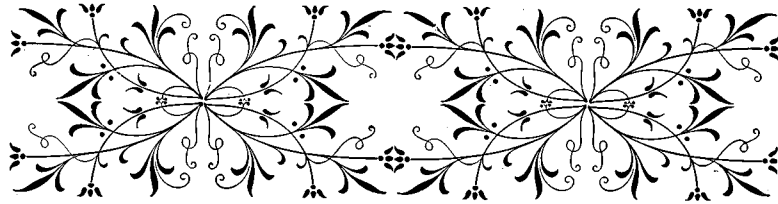
Mrs. GREEN (Stratford)



Miss LLEWELLYN DAVIES,
General Secretary.



Mrs. NIGHTINGALE
(Derby).



Mrs. M. LAWRENSON
(Woolwich).



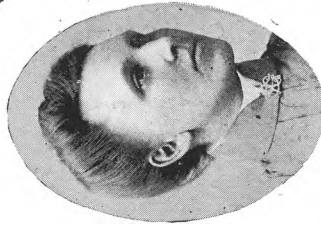
The Late Miss GREENWOOD,
Vice-President (Rochdale).



The Late
Mrs. B. JONES
(Norwood).



Mrs. ACLAND, President.



Miss SHUFFLEBOTHAM
(now Mrs. Trofman),
Treasurer (Coventry).



Miss ALLEN (now Mrs. Redtearn),
General Secretary, Manchester.



Mrs. HELLWELL
(Hebden Bridge).

FIRST CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE WOMEN'S
CO-OPERATIVE GUILD, 1894.

PRESENT CENTRAL COMMITTEE.



CUCKOO!

Young cuckoo, snap-shotted by Mr. W. Johnston-Vaughan, of the Old Rectory, near Gloucester, after several "stalks," when the bird was sitting in its birthplace (a hedge-sparrow's nest) in the grounds of Mr. Conway Jones, Hucclecote.



Photo by Rev. T. S. Tonkinson, Cheltenham.

"PUNCH AND JUDY" AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.

DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.

At this festive season of the year, when the sun do drop down somethink tremenjis on the back of the neck, and sunstrokes is the most fashionable and appropriate form of disease, most of the "treats"—Sunday school, Liberal, Conservative, Primrose, Freemason, and so forth—takes place, regardless of expense and other items, too numbersome to mention.

Last week I was asked by a deppytation of Sunday school teachers to assist at a "treat," wich, in a moment of temporary insanity, I consented to do.

So at the appointed time you mite 'ave seen me, Daniel Isaac Briggs, commonly supposed to be a decent and moderate living man, with three sets of wickets under one arm and a basket full of buns and half pounds of butter under the other, wendin' my devious vay towards the ronydvoov, as the French do say, with a bit of red ribbing floating in the breeze from my buttonhole jest to distinguish me from the children (although I will say that there weren't much breeze to be found anywhere, but it sounds prettier and more poetick-like to put it that way). You must know that there was up'ards of 273½ children to be transported to a orchard kindly lent by Farmer Joskins, Esq., in waggons wich was used during the week for furniture vans, and lent by the proprietors for the good of the cause, the buns and the tea also bein' lent for the same reason.

The scene at the starting-point was one never to be forgotten—and impressive in the extreme—a scene of 6 waggons drawn up in a row, with their gallant chargers pawing the hair, and on every 'and children, of every shape and size, crying, fighting, shrieking, laffing, pulling each other's hair, blowin' tin trumpets and whistles, and makin' theirselves generally as much in the way as they could. Amongst this struggling mass was about half a dozen brave young men and women endeavouring to sort out the girls from the boys, and loadin' up the wagons with those that come to the surface of the scrimmage every now and then, but not makin' much progress, wotever.

Grasping the sitionation at a glance, I hoff's with me coat, dives into the malay (as the sayin' is), and snatchin' up armfuls of children, I soon 'ad one wagon filled to the brim, tossed in 2 hampers of light refreshments, and started it hoff, without troublin' about sortin' out into girls and boys and sich like items, as can't be bothered with, sich 'ot weather.

It takes me to grasp the sitionation you see, 'avin' been born of a horganising fambly, wich a huncle of mine were sich a born horganiser he horganised his bizness ontill there weren't none of it left, 'e not 'aving no

time to attend to orders and sich nonsense as hat, bein' too occupied in making out rules for 'ow the bizness was to be conducted when it did come!

'Owever, I will say a very awkward hincident did 'appen, jest 'ere. Some of the teachers was thankin' me for so kindly comin' to the rescue, when, all of a suddint, somebody says, "I s'pose you 'aven't seen Mr. Spinks, our superintendent, sir? He was 'ere only a minnit ago, and seems as if 'e'd vanished hoff the hearth, a most, 'e's gone so suddint-like!" "What was 'e like?" says I, "I 'aven't the pleasure of knowin' the gent, 'ceps by name." "Oh, 'e's very short, in fact, almost little, as you mite say, clean shaven, and 'ad a straw 'at with a black and blue band around it." "You don't say," says I, "Wot 'aven't I done now? That must 'ave been the one as I took for a scholar jest now, and bundled 'im into that there wagon along with the hinfants, wich I noticed 'e 'ad a lot to say about me pickin' of 'im hup, but I told 'im not to answer 'is elders, wich boys should be seen and not 'eard! Well, well! now! to be sure! But there, you ought to 'ave a bigger man for a superintendent, or heese put a label on 'im for fear of accidents, wich I'm very sorry I'm sure, but 'twas all done with the very best of extensions!"

Well, after this we loaded up more careful-like, and sent off all the waggons till it come to the last, wich was warranted to 'old about 35, but 'ad to 'ave 53 crammed in somehow, besides 6 tea-urns, a lot of butter and milk, ginger-pop, and teachers. How we got into that wagon I don't know. We was bulging out and running over on every 'and. Two boys of a equestrian turn of mind was allowed to ride the old 'orse as was in the shafts, we put 3 hinfants in the box under where the driver sits, 5 or 6 got in under the wagon and rode on the axles and them chain things as 'angs down, and even then 2 of the teachers 'ad to do the noble haect of givin' up their place and runnin' behind in the good old-fashioned way.

As soon as we started hoff, 3 hinfants fell out with the jerk, and 'ad to be picked hup and consoled; not many minnits s'terwards there was a suddint crack and one of the boards in the floor of the vehicle dropped through, including the legs of all they as were standin' on it, as mite 'ave been rather serious, remembering there was a number ridin' underneath on the shafts, etoettery. We was some time pulling the legs up from the haperture, as you mite say, and in the confusion and the pushin' about one of the tea-urns, as was only 'ired for the day, fell out on to the road, as knocked it from round into 3-cornered shape at one fell blow, bein' only a kind of a soft pewter. But there was worse to follow, for as we was a passin' over one of they hups and downs in the road wich is to be found on both sides of the tramway,

the spring broke and down went the wagon all to one side, throwin' out pretty well all the youngsters as 'adn't been injured in the previous catastrophes, not to speak of the teachers, wich was mixed up together in a shameful manner, one gent being literally stood on his head in the road, onable to move 'and and foot becous of the top awnin' of the wagon 'aving come down and pinned 'im in this elegant and impressive position.

The only thing to do was to take the charger out of the shafts, and, after attending to the killed and wounded, to walk on to the orchard, each one carryin' a portion of the pervisions. Some of the helder scholars 'ad been doin' this 'ere "Ambulance Corpse" work, so they set to and bound hup everythink and everybody as 'ad a scratch or a bruise in wonderful style, tearin' hup no end of vallyble handkerchiefs in the process. One little girl 'ad received a blow on the nose, and this was the only bloodshed, so far as I could make out, although there was a powerful lot of screamin' and cryin', as could only be suppressed by opening some of the ginger-beer and passing that round to the wounded.

These 'ere Ambulance Brigade fellers rather overdid it, so I thought, however, for before it were all put in order they'd put three boys' legs in splints for compound fracture or something wich were nothink in the world but gammon and jest to show they know'd 'ow to do it.

Gettin' down out of the wagon and saving the pervisions wasn't no easy task. As it was, when we left the scene of the disaster the road was strewed with half-pounds of butter and buns as 'ad been soaked in ginger-beer and milk in the confugion. Every child was laden up with somethink from the wagon-wreck, and some halting, some hobbling, and most of us 'avin' 'ad very near enuff of the treat already, we trudged on to the orchard, along a mile of the dustiest and hottest roads as was ever 'eard tell, and arrived at last, weary and worn and sad, as the hymn says; yet, after all, if a treat is to 'ave different doings to ordinary every-day life, well, I won't say but wot we was 'aving a very 'andsome kind of a treat, on those lines.

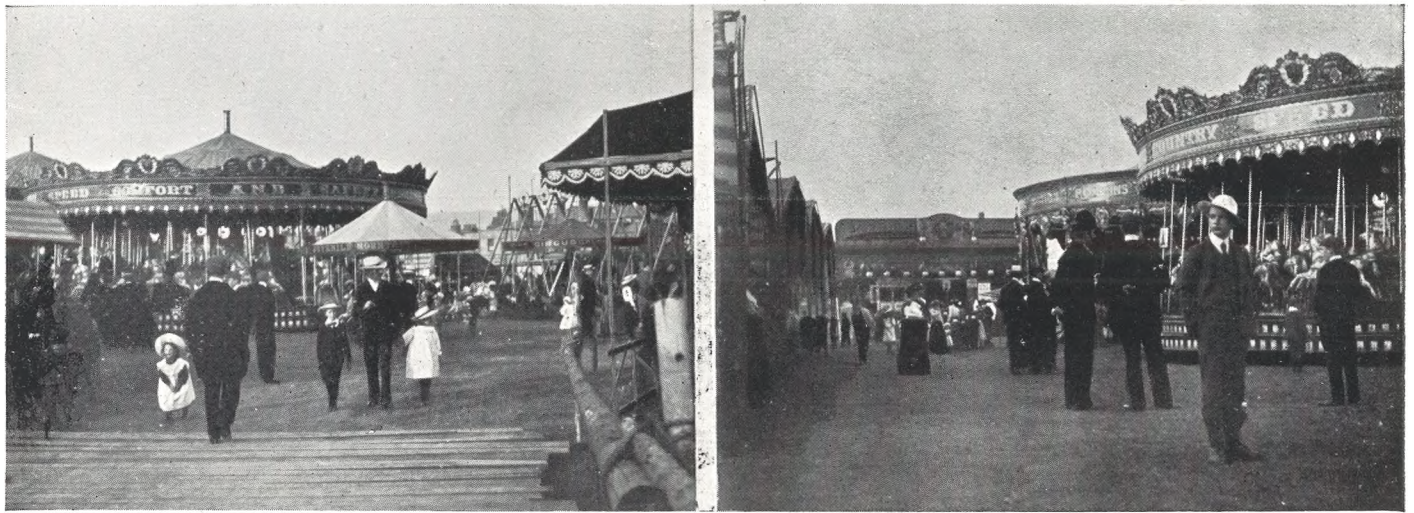
Next week I'll tell you the rest of the episodes as befell me and the children at the

(To be continued.)

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

DEFENCE COMMITTEE MEETING.

The defence Committee sat for nearly two hours at the Foreign Office on Wednesday, Mr. Balfour, Lord Roberts, General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Lord Selborne, and Prince Louis of Battenberg were among those present, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer attended during part of the proceedings.



Photos by C. E. Rainger, Cheltenham.

A SUMMER CARNIVAL!
(ALBION STREET ATHLETIC GROUND, CHELTENHAM.)

An old Scotch worthy and wag had the happy knack of looking at the bright side of things, and of recognising that they were never so bad but might be worse. On one occasion (says the "Motor Cycle") he was knocked down by a scorching cyclist, but so cheerful a view did he take of life that, though pretty badly shaken, his philosophic remark, as he rubbed his damaged head with one hand and held his bruised and aching back with the other, was "It's a mercy it wasna yin o' thae beastly motor things."



A charming vision entered a tramcar on Sunday, writes a correspondent. She wore a light and airy-looking pink hat with frills—what milliners call a river hat. But about this one there was something familiar, yet strange. In a few moments it dawned upon me. The hat was made of lamp-shade paper—the sort you buy in bundles. Is this the "dernier cri" in millinery, or was it an idea of her own? Anyway the effect was good, and it opens out an endless vista of new hats for a shilling or two, but one shudders to think what the result of five minutes in a thunderstorm would be.



Sweden affords another illustration that the future of electricity lies with the countries possessing water power. A beginning was made last year with the electrification of the short lines Stockholm-Jarfa and Stockholm-Wartan. Besides this, there is a scheme which, in its main features, is already worked out for the electrification of all the State lines. To introduce this change would, it is estimated, cost about £5,555,000, and the necessary water-power, it is stated, could be obtained—except in exceptional cases—within a distance of only 20 kiloms. (about 12½ miles) from the various lines concerned.



It is stated that in the post-offices of Australia there has been introduced a penny-in-the-slot machine, by which persons who wish to obtain stamps promptly, and who have no time to wait to be served, may at once obtain their requirements. This is surely the latest and greatest of British engineering triumphs. By the aid of steam we have gained rapid transit, by the telegraph quick communication, and now, more miraculous than all, by the aid of the slot-machine, we have obtained what seemed beyond our wildest dreams—immediate attention at a post-office. The introduction of such a contrivance into this country would, no doubt (says the "By-stander"), evoke the applause of all English stamp purchasers, who, at present, when they visit a post-office, seriously think of taking with them camp-stools and lunch-baskets.



TIRLEY POST-OFFICE.



A TIRLEY COTTAGE.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photos by Chas. T. Deane, Cheltenham.

1. HATHERLEY CRICKETERS.

3. CHELTENHAM BANKS' CRICKETERS AT HATHERLEY.

2. TOWN CRIER OPENING MANOR COURT, CHELTENHAM.

4. HATHERLEY CRICKETERS
(A. Westborough, bowler, in foreground).

5. GOLF ON CLEEVE HILL
(Mr. G. Grieve "addressing.")

Most corporations and borough councils find it profitable to build public baths—though profit is not the chief consideration. But perhaps the Bolton Corporation has gone farthest in this direction, for they own a flourishing hydropathic establishment. There one may have a F.C. Turkish bath for 2s., and a S.C. (whatever these letters may mean) ablation of the same nationality for the humble shilling. A pine bath costs you half a crown, a "mustard pack" eighteen pence, and a "liver pack" sixpence less. Altogether there are a dozen varieties enumerated, and others may be enjoyed by special arrangement. Certainly Bolton, by reason of the solidity of its atmosphere, is a place where one needs a really cleansing bath as often as possible, and this consideration may have been in the mind of the Bolton Corporation when they embarked on the enterprise.

"To a considerable number of children reading and writing beyond the most rudimentary attempts seem almost impossible of acquirement. Many of these have marked mental feebleness; others seem scarcely amiss in many respects." This is an extract from the annual report on London school children to the London County Council of the medical officer of the late School Board for London. Some children, he says, are totally word-deaf, and others are word-blind. A boy, who could do arithmetic well, was asked to write:—"The drinks were ale and mead, drinks which were made in dark English forests with fermented honey." The boy wrote as follows: "la hase us erans and krsut erans was locts boath in hast Enitsh louss ins harest lasnt." The medical officer points out the need for special schools for such children.



WE EXECUTE . . .

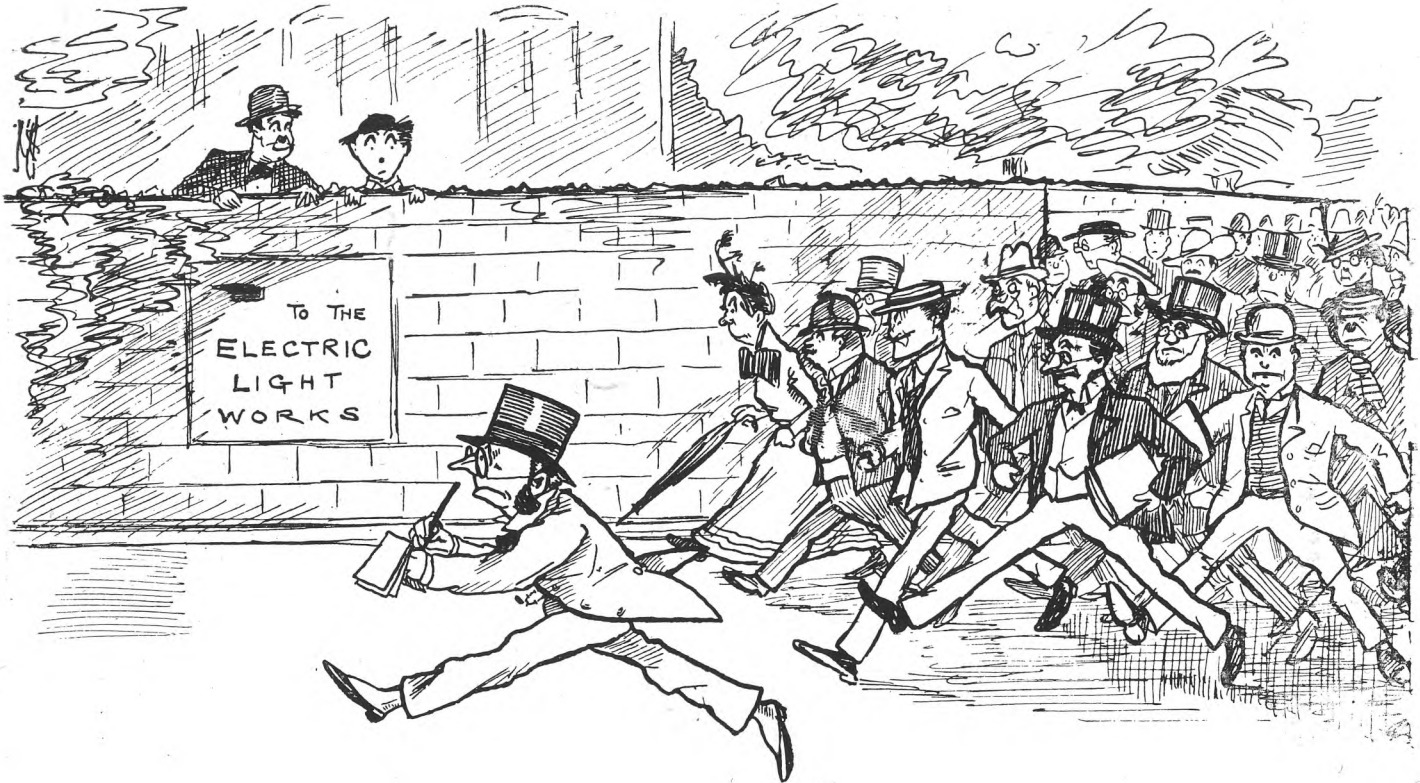
Artistic PRINTING

AT THE

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS.

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

The marriage arranged between Arthur Boycott, M.D., Oxon, and Constance Louisa, second daughter of the late Colonel Agg, K.O.Y.L.I., of The Hewletts, and of Mrs. Agg, Denton Lodge, Cheltenham, will take place quietly in London early in August.



Drawn by Fred. R. Bell, Cheltenham.

Councillor Handley, in the discussion on the Electric Lighting Committee's minutes at the Town Council meeting last week, pointed out the practical inconvenience to the expert of being attended at the works and the office of the electric undertaking by 4,000 indignant ratepayers.—See "Echo" report, Monday, July 4.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

Cheltenham has now another opportunity of putting in a claim for Boer War trophies, as some of these assigned to the Metropolis were by that patriotic body, the London County Council, last week scornfully declined, with no thanks. I remember suggesting in October, 1902, just after the Secretary of State for War had appointed a small committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Hardwicke, to consider the whole question of the distribution of war trophies throughout the country, that the Garden Town ought to lodge a claim, also pointing out that she could make out a very strong case by reason of the great sacrifices her sons had made in the war. I don't know whether the authorities thought it worth while to act on my suggestion, or, indeed, if they did so on their own initiative; but I do know this, that Cheltenham has been left out in the cold in this respect, and, as I have said, her opportunity has again come. We can hardly expect to get a Long Tom to put between the two Russian cannon, but perhaps we may have the option of taking a gun to plant outside the Town-hall or Winter Garden, or at least a vierkleur or two to "flag" the walls of the former, built during the progress of the war. There is no danger, I should say, of our Town Council copying the churlish spirit of the London County body.

Our own County Council has deliberately recorded that it "views with alarm the continual rise in the county rate." The chief cause of this rise was rightly attributed by most of the speakers in the debate to the administration of the Education Act. No doubt this is another straw—and a very heavy one, too—laid on the long-suffering ratepayers. I am not surprised to read that one member said, "We farmers on the Cotswold Hills are almost stony-broke; we can hardly pay the rates"; while another member confirmed this in regard to many farmers; and our neighbour, Mr. J. S. Gibbons, well put it metaphorically that the attitude of the large proportion of the Council had been that of the "deaf adder which stoppeth her ears" and fasteneth her fangs relentlessly on the unfortunate ratepayers. I am quite free to con-

fess, having had experience of both bodies, that I much prefer the administration of county affairs by the old Court of Quarter Sessions for efficiency and economy. We may be more up-to-date, but it is with a big price to pay for the new "advantages," some of them of doubtful utility in keeping the people on the land.

It now only remains for the Rifles to go into camp in order to complete the annual migrations of our local Volunteers. The Yeomanry and Engineers, the latter especially, were favoured with fine weather, but the Artillery had a soaking time at Staddon Heights. I am much concerned at the continual falling-off of officers in the "redcoat battalion." The two Gloucester companies of Engineers are still without a resident commissioned officer. It certainly speaks volumes for the patient hard work, tact, and ability of the veteran "non-coms." of these companies that they keep them together at all. Truly they have proved their backbone. Cannot some of the half-pay officers of the Regulars, now rusting out for want of something to do, be impressed by Government into the Volunteer service to fill up the many vacant places and give a much-needed stiffening to the whole? I believe that many of these gentlemen would jump at the opportunity if it were only made worth their while pecuniarily. In that case the Gloucestershire battalions could draw more than sufficient material from Cheltenham.

GLENER.

Never were the prospects of a good fruit year brighter than in the spring of 1904 (says a writer in the "Garden"). Fruit trees of all kinds and in all places were covered with bloom, and no sharp frosts came to upset the prospects of heavy crops. But disappointment has followed the fair promise at the outset, and while some fruits—such as pears, for instance—may be described as almost a failure, there is hardly a case in which the results have been completely satisfactory. Whatever may be the cause of the partial and, in some cases, entire failure, there can be no doubt that insect pests are in a measure responsible, for never of late years have fruit growers had such a plethora of enemies to fight against.

It is not the lot of every musician—even a musical prodigy (says a writer in this week's "Hearth and Home")—to perform before the Sultan of Turkey. This honour, however, devolved upon our latest "lion" boy violinist, Florizel von Reuter, who appeared last March in the oval theatre attached to the harem at Constantinople. In the centre of the one balcony sat the Sultan with his two sons, while grouped among them were numbers of his Majesty's wives and daughters—283 wives and 214 daughters form the imposing complement of the harem.

The other day, at an assize court, a lady (says "To-Day") was called into the witness-box, and, in the course of her examination, was asked by the judge as to her age. After some little hesitation, she gave her years as numbering thirty. "Dear me!" said his Lordship. "Thirty! Well, if I don't mistake, you were before me as a witness nearly ten years ago, and I think you were exactly the same age then. How do you account for it?" The unblushing female drew herself up, and answered, "I am not one of those persons, my lord, who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

We are to-day actually paying interest upon the gold that was borrowed to carry on the wars against Napoleon, a hundred years ago, and yet there was not one ounce of that gold that had the slightest effect in destroying the French fleet and armies, or performed any function that could not have been as easily and safely performed by paper money, and which would have entailed no interest charges which we to-day have to bear. The whole question is explained in a single sentence, writes Arthur Kitson in "London Opinion." Governments have conferred upon gold, by legislation (and in, practically, every case at the suggestion and under the advice of those who have profited by it), the function of general purchasing power and of debt-paying power, and have thereby deprived themselves of this power which belongs naturally and inherently to the whole nation, and when they require funds they have to borrow—from those who control the metal and at their own terms—this power which they have given away without the slightest amount of compensation.

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

• * •
HAMLET.
• * •

Ruskin has given it us as his verdict that, broadly speaking, there are no heroes in Shakespeare, only making an exception in favour of Henry V. But while agreeing in the main with this opinion, we may still cling to our personal heroes; and though we may reluctantly acknowledge that the beauty of Hamlet's character is marred by his lack of energy and his indecision, that Romeo is impulsive and impatient, that Richard II., for all his charm and sweetness, is weak and wordy, and that Coriolanus is haughty and over-bearing; still, all of them have manifold noble qualities, some of them truly heroic qualities, and we love them in spite of, nay perhaps even more for, their faults and human weaknesses.

Among all Shakespeare's characters that of Hamlet stands out more vividly than any other. The figure of the Danish Prince, surrounded as it is with an eternal all-pervading melancholy, an inscrutable mystery and charm, is one which arouses our interest as no other has ever done. Not a single one of us, be he young or old, gentle or simple, but has felt a something in common with the character of Hamlet at some time or another. The words he speaks are not the set speeches of a mere character of fiction, but the voice of humanity, speaking for all time.

Apart from viewing Hamlet as the embodiment of the whole human race in his mind and thoughts, his character in itself is an absorbingly interesting study.

At the very name the familiar face and form rises before us, the tall graceful figure clad in its suit of sable, the beautiful sensitive face, with its delicately-chiselled features and dark dreaming eyes; the whole overshadowed with an abiding melancholy, an unutterable pathos. He is young in years, for he is but thirty, though past the boyish stage of a Romeo or an Orlando. He possesses a singularly cultured mind even for an age of refinement and culture, and he is steeped in philosophy and metaphysics. Besides being a finished scholar, he is a skilful swordsman, and excels in all knightly exercises, as well as being an accomplished actor and orator. In character he is singularly noble and upright, affectionate, generous, and loyal; even his uncle, who is his bitter enemy, says of him that he is "most generous and free from all contriving." He has a most delicate courtesy towards all with whom he comes in contact—note his greeting of the company of actors which visits the Court—a quality which endears him perhaps more than any other to his friends, followers, and servants. His philosophic studies have bred in him a deep-seated fatalism, which over and over again shows itself in the crises of his life—

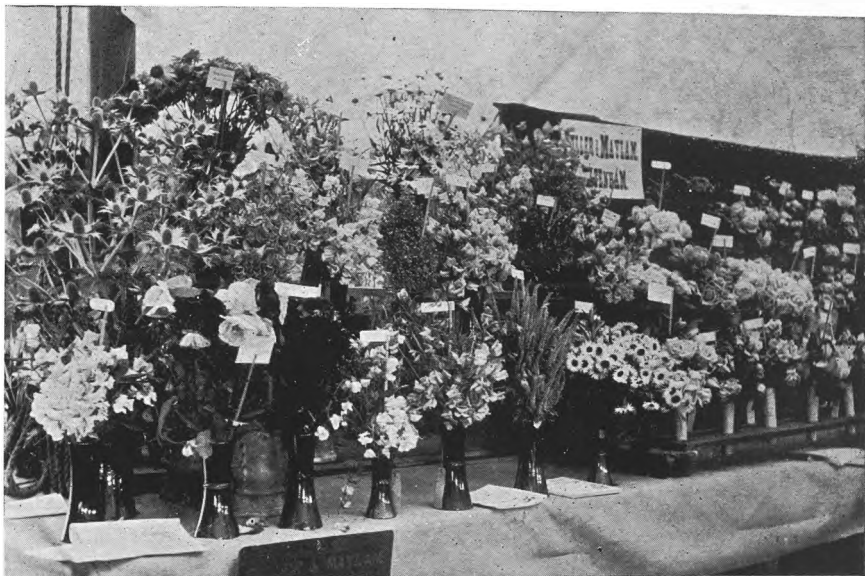
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

And again, when Horatio is urging him to put off the duel with Laertes—

"We defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

His great fault is his lack of energy and lassitude of will. He has allowed his studies and his dreams to sap the very springs of his nature, so that when an emergency arises he is almost incapable of rousing himself and acting boldly. Serious as are these defects of character, they are fostered by the surroundings in which he is placed. No more congenial environment could possibly have existed than that in which he finds himself. The father whom he worshipped is dead, and his place taken by the serpent in human shape who has caused that father's death. The mother whom he had idealised as the perfection of womanhood has forfeited his regard, and broken his trust in her for ever, by forsaking the memory of her noble husband to ally herself with his murderer. In his disillusionment and anguish of spirit he cries—

"How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! Ah, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed."



Photos by "Gloucestershire Graphic."

COUNTY ROSE SHOW AT GLOUCESTER.

1—A pretty Exhibit. 2—Performance by the combined Artillery and Rifle Bands.

Then, when in the bitterness of his spirit he is longing for death and meditating suicide, upon this over-wrought highly-strung nature is laid the burden under which it sinks. In the immortal words of Goethe—

"It is clear that Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand; the vase is shattered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away."

It is in the unfitness of Hamlet for the task assigned to him that the whole tragedy lies. Though at first roused by the tremendous revelations of the ghost, he soon gives way under the sense of his incapacity to bear the burden laid upon him, which finds vent in the exclamation—

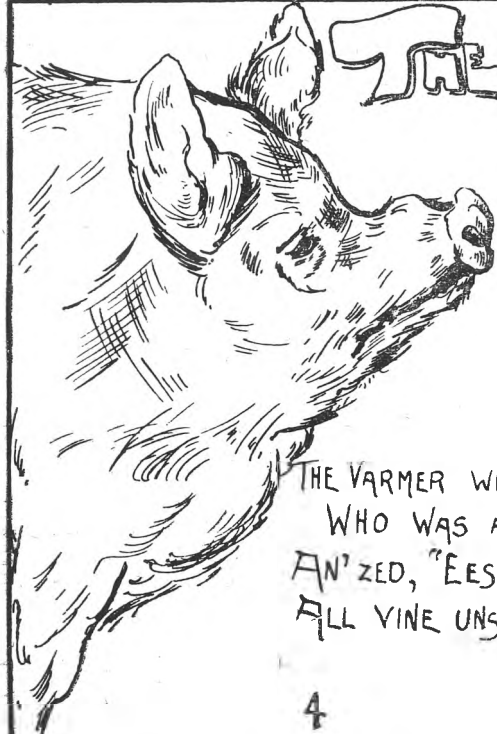
"The time is out of joint! O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

He is incapable of bold, sudden action, and to gain breathing-space resolves to feign madness, thinking for a time to become an on-looker in the march of events. In the fascina-

tion of this rôle he loses sight of his original purpose, and is only recalled to it by another visitation from his father's spirit. In all his bewilderment and trouble there is, however, one friend whose loyal and sturdy character is as a rock on which he may lean. Horatio, with his deep silent affection, his unimpassioned devotion, was a friend that he could wear "in his heart's core, yea in his heart of heart," and well for him was it that he had one such friend on whom to trust. Other friends had proved treacherous; the Queen, his mother, had forfeited all his esteem, if not his love; Ophelia had failed him when he turned to her for help; only Horatio stood by him with unswerving loyalty. In the last hour of his life, when he has fulfilled the vengeance he was called upon to effect, and has sent the wretched Claudius to his account at last, the true friend who had never failed him is beside him still, and it is in his arms that Hamlet breathes his last. "The rest is silence." In mystery the play opened; in mystery it closes. Not until the day when the secrets of all human hearts shall be revealed can we hope to fathom the depths of this strange personality or "to know the stops" of Hamlet. D. K. B.

THE TITHE PIG

BY F. E. W.



1
"GOOD MORNIN', SIR," THE PARSON ZED,
"GOOD MORNIN', SIR, TO YOU;
I'VE COME TO CLAIM A ZUCKING-PEG—
YOU KNAW IT IS MY DUE!"



2
THE VARMER WUNK UPON HIS WIFE
WHO WAS A-STANDIN' BY,
AN' ZED, "EES, PARSON, THERE THEY BE,
ALL VINE UNS, IN THE STY."



3
"AN' GWO IN, PARSON, JEST GWO IN
AN' PECK THE BIGGEST OUT;
FOR 'TIS BUT ROIGHT THEI YE SHOULD HAVE
THE BEST, BEYOND A DOUBT,"

4
THE PARSON SMOLE A SAINTLY SMILE,
HE GAZED UPON THE PEGS;
HE WORE HIS SUIT O'ZUNDAY BLACK,
ZILK STOCKIN'S ON HIS LEGS.

5
HE OP'D THE DOOR O'THIC THERE STY
AN' WENT THE BEST TO CLAIM.
A LITTLE THOUGHT AS IN A WENT
A WOULD BE BROUGHT TO SHAME!



6
THE VINEST PEG A ZEIZED AN' HAILED
BY T'LEG VROM OUT THE STY,
BUT ERE A GOT ANIGH THE GEATE
THE ZOW AT HE DID VLY.

7
IN VAIN A KICKED, IN VAIN A CRIED,
SHE KNOCK'D UN IN THE SLUSH;
AN' WHEN A TRIED TO RISE HISSSELF
AT UN, BEHIND DID RUSH.

8
SHE TRAMPLED ON HIS HAT AN' GLOVES,
SHE TORE HIS ZUNDAY CLOTHES;
HE WUR A PRETTY ZIGHT TO ZEE—
BLOOD POURIN' VROM HIS NOSE.



9
"HEY, VARMER, LET ME OUT," ZINGS HE,
"NAY, THAT WOULD BE A ZIN,"
THE VARMER SAID, "MY BUSINESS WAS
GOOD SIR, TO let you in."



10
HERE T'OWLD ZOW GOT MADDER, AND
BEGAN TO TEAR HIS LEG:
"LET ME OUT, VARMER, AN' I'LL GWO
AWAY WI'OUT THE PEG!"

11
"ALL RIGHT THEN PARSON EF WE'RE ZUIT
I'LL LET 'EE OUT—" "NO MORE,"
SES PARSON, "O'THIC WORK VOR ME;"
HE NEARLY CUSS'D AN' ZWORE.

12
"GOOD MORNIN' SIR," THE VARMER ZED
A LOOKIN' RATHER SLY;
THEN TURN'D AN' WUNK UPON HIS WIFE
WHO STOOD A LAAFIN' BY.

W.C.R.

Drawn by William C. Robson, Cheltenham.

Words from "Legends, Tales, and Songs in the Dialect of the Peasantry of Gloucestershire."

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 185.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1904.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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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 184th prize has been divided between Miss G. L. Murray, of Christ Church Lodge, Cheltenham, and Mr. Jesse J. Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury.

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

The 95th prize has gone to Mr. William C. Robson, of "Beverley," Langdon-road, Cheltenham.

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

The 77th prize has been awarded to Edgar W. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie, at St. Andrew's Church, Cheltenham.

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

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

The prize in the 21st literary competition has been divided between Mr. A. T. Stamford, 32 Suffolk-parade, Cheltenham, and Mr. G. Hamilton Bishop, 33 Tredworth-road, Gloucester.

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.

Mr. Herbert Chamberlain, brother of the ex-Colonial Secretary, has left estate valued at about £95,000, including net personality of about £92,000.

•••••

To the widow of Patrick Phelan, who was killed by being thrown from a brake in which he had gone to see the King on his visit to Ireland, his Majesty has sent £2.



Photo by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

WORKMEN REBUILDING M.R. LINE NEAR BISHOP'S CLEEVE.

The duty of learning to keep house is insisted upon by Mrs. E. Neish, who contributes a provocative article on this ticklish subject in the August number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "It is the bounden duty," she says, "of every woman in the kingdom to endeavour to become a first-class house-keeper; but in making the assertion I do not wish to imply that every woman should necessarily seek to possess a husband. I daresay many women are happier unmarried—most women, in fact, unless they happen to marry the right man—therefore, although it does not follow that a woman should either strive to obtain or wait until she has obtained a husband before acquiring her knowledge, it is nevertheless her duty in life to learn first, and then, if so inclined, should marry afterwards. In these days, however, a woman not infrequently marries first and learns afterwards—at the expense of the much-to-be-pitied man! Every girl should know something of its duties before she ventures to accept so responsible a position. The soldier is trained to his work from earliest boyhood, the doctor studies for many years before he is allowed to practise, and the barrister and lawyer, or clergyman and architect, all serve an apprenticeship; but a woman who is not only ignorant, but boasts of her ignorance and dislike of her profession, has the audacity to follow it without any preliminary training. Those among women who despise housekeeping do not condescend to study it—and why? Because, forsooth, they despise the homely art as being entirely beneath consideration—preferring to rush about in what they call Society, or follow what they misname Art by painting bad pictures or writing

mediocre novels, and forgetting, especially, perhaps, in this latter pursuit of literature, which is so greatly on the increase among women of all classes, the element of truth underlying the pungent criticism of the French cynic who said that 'women who write books commit two sins—they increase the number of books and decrease the number of women!'"

♦ ♦ ♦

The Chinaman is the embodiment of the business spirit. His ruling passion for business displayed itself in the war with Japan. A general in the Japanese army relates that after the first fire from his regiment of infantry, the Chinese troops arrayed against him disappeared like a mist. Not long thereafter they reappeared in the rear of his army, retailing vegetables to his soldiers. Nevertheless, he was confident there was no lack of bravery among these thrifty deserters. The simple fact is that they had received no pay, and therefore saw nothing to fight for.



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DANIEL BRIGGS'S LETTERS.

• * •

AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Peace hath its victories as well as war.
(One of they poet chaps).

In company with up'ards of the whole of Cheltenham, I gave the honner of my patronage and support (price 1s. to go in, 1d. for programme, and 2d. to sit down) to the gallant Coldstreamers, wick anythink cold this weather is hindispensible to 'ealth and comfort, like Keating's insect powder, as the sayin' is, wick I will say there never was known sich a 'orrible crop of they mahogany-coloured beetles as is to be found this summer, bein' another effeck of the constant eat, and when you gets one goin' at the rate of 20 miles a hour and no brakes on, rite in the heve, it's somethink to make you study beetles and their 'abits for some time to come!

Still, I ain't here to rite about flyin' beetles, as is very well in their way, only a bit shaky in they steerin' apparatus; but 'twas about they there Coldstreamers and their millingitary pair of spectacles, called for short the "Battle of Waterloo," interspersed with real smoke and real (blank) cartridges, fired from real guns into real air by real (volunteer) soldiers. I can tell you the hole thing was a credit to all concerned, the very smoke bein' enuff to make the Roosians and Japanese decide to give over and start to "sign on" a peace to once. I can smell the smeeche now, that I can, wick that there Dante's Hinferno weren't a patch on it, and ought to be a splendid idea to keep moths out of wardrobes, etcetera, and I recomends the hodder, in a bottled form, to the notice of the lady called "Domesticus"— wick I can quite understand it ends with "cus" if it's moths and their doin's she 'as to write about, as 'ave jest bilt a nest and brought up 2 thriving famblies of juvenile moths inside the lining of my best Sunday-go-to-meeting weskit, with 'andsome green and redly flowers down the front, as is now a site to be seen, and you can't tell wick is arm-holes and wick is moth-holes, 'ceps by the raggedness of the edges of the moth-holes!

But there! I ain't 'ere to rite about moths, wick I seems to 'ave hinsectees on the brain to-day, but about they there Coldstreamers! There was a fine lot of people, of all ages, seckseses, and styles of costume to be seen at Montpellier Gardens last Tuesday eve to witness the "Battle of Waterloo," with a "real" firing party, and so forth, all off the "real"; and when I entered thro' the usual 'ard-working turnstile, wick still sadly wants a drop of the best sweet ile in its inward parts, the site was a striking and beautiful one; on every side was Cheltenham's aristocracy, nobility, gentry, clergy, and—"Annuaire" General List people, each clothed in their very lightest and best frocks and Panama 'ats of the latest Parisian fashun, regardless of hexpense. As I entered the band rose to the occasion and played a selection in grand style, and I was only brought to earth, so to say, by the programme boy offering me for a penny a number of very 'andsome announceemnts in blue and red ink, to the effect that I could 'ave my piano tuned—try somebody's pork sausages at 8d. a lb.— buy a sewing machine on the 21 years hire purchase system—'ave a set of artificial teeth put in while you wait—'ave yer photo took at one sitting of 48 hours for 1s.—while jest in the middle of all these kind offers there was stitched in the programme for the hevening to fill up a bit, on to wick some kind friend 'ad gave a hexplanation of wot the music was all about, for the benefit of people sich as me, as aven't been brought up to see cows jumping, and brooks rippling, and birds warbling, etcetera, in the notes and cords and the like, as is easily recognised by they as knows the musical way about—so they tells me, whatever!

During the first part of the programme, wick included sich interesting features as "Floridora," "The School Girl," "Oberon," Mr. Litts Hungarian Rhapsody, and "Subscribers tickets now ready." I sat adjacent to 3 ladies and a man, who talked so incessant that the Coldstreamers was very nigh out-classed with the noise of their conversational

remarks. Their little item of debate appeared to be as to whether the Corporation was or was not to blame for the fact of their 'aving to pay 2d. to sit on a iron frame chair about 30 yards from the band; and also they was powerful upset becoss the individual at the entray—as the sayin' is—'ad passed them in with "Sit where you like—anywhere you like," whereas there wasn't a seat to be seen 'ceps right at the back, very nigh out of reach of the music.

'Owever, after a while they talked their-selves hoarse, becoss of 'aving to keep a half a shade louder than the band, wick was very obstreperous at intervals, they Coldstreamers 'aving lungs like a helephant's hide, I should consider, the way they brought hout the sound now and agin, as made the little wind-guage on the top of the band-stand go round like billy-o, jest with the air they was causing; it were so good as a sea-breeze to they as sat near the biggest sort of brass instruments. There was some very good music in the second part, including Gounod's "Faust" and a "Dervish Chorus in the Soudan," with "real" yells and "real" Harabie (as sounded very like bad langwidge to me, 'tall events) thrown in; but notwithstanding, all of us was jest dying, as the sayin' is, to 'ear this here "Battle of Waterloo," wick, being a millingitary site, I will endeavour to subscribe in my best millingitary style.

First of all, the gallant Coldstreamers led off with a Hinteroduction and "Daybreak"—but as I never 'aven't yet 'eard a day break I can't vouch for its haccuracy. There was a lot of camp music, too, in wick you sees—or hears—the Guards a quick-marchin, artillery busting by, the cavalry trotting and cantering, followed by the charge of the Light Brigade—"noble 600"—wick for the hevening the charge was, as I said before, 1s. to go in, and 2d. to sit down! A bit of very sollum, long-drawn-out music stood for "Night" and "Go to bed, Tom"; but at this juncture somethink went wrong, I guess, and the battle started up one end of the gardins with a crackling of musketry going hoff, so that the music 'ad to hurry on through the "False Alarm," and so forth, so as to get in to time. There was bits of "God Save the King" thrown in every minit or two in the music, and 'twas a site to behold to see some of the extry loyal people grieving their arts out thro' not bein' able to get their hats doffed quick enuff each time the sacred name of the King was played out.

'Owever, the battle now began to rage fast and furious; troops was heard to advance in the distance, bangin' away like old boots at a d-r-r-r-r-um, and gradually as the gallant fellers advanced and we could distinguish the sound of the fifes, etcetera, and see their bronzed countenances and weather-beaten forms, they showed theirselves to be the world-famed Brigade of the Gordon Boys, with Mr. General Gordon at their head, keepin' of them in line, and cheering them on to the rescue. "Cease bangin'," says the General, and they brought up like a corps of horse-marines jest when the battle was ragin' its thickest, as, on the midnite air, came the sound of further firing by the Rifles and Hengineers, who was actively engaged with the enemy up near the gates. "Oooray!" says I, "we are saved! Gordon Boys to the rescue!" But I was too previous, for jest at the minnit the enemy hegsploded a series of mines in different colours, sich as green, red, and yellow, at the rear of the relief columns, with disasterous effeck, the crowds being driven from the spot 'alf suffocated with the smoke, and a reglar rain of beetles, butterflies, and other vermin being severely wounded by this 'ere evolution. But 'ark! Wot is it smites my ear! With another crackle of musketry—for all the world like damp sticks on a newly-lighted fire, up comes another relief force to the rescue, composed of our gallant Rifle band, playin' for all they was worth; and as they marches proudly along the gravel path the henemy flies in all directions, blown into smithereens by the wind from their brazen instruments. The smoke dies down, the big drum Coldstreamer Artillery thunders forth again and again, amidst the strains of "See the Conquerin' Hero Comes," and with a glorious outburst of sound, wick shakes our ear-drums to their

deepest depths, "God Save the King" is played more or less together by all three bands, and the battle is over!!!

When you comes to think of it, if, instead of settlin' quarrels between nations in the usual way, by blowing up and shooting and other forms of cruelty, why not collect all the brass and other bands belonging to each of the quarrelling parts and jest let them blow away at one another, like this 'ere "Battle of Waterloo" we had on Tuesday? The defeated party would be the lot whose wind gave out first, of course; as I consider would be a great improvement on the present method of settlin' disputes by bloodshed, and much less costly. A man would probably burst here and there with the strain, but notbink like the casualties now takin' place in war; besides wick the whole thing mite be run on bizness lines by taking a large 'all and charging so much for the public to witness the battle, as would pay expenses well, at 2s. and 1s. to go in, and 1s., 6d., and 2d. to sit down.

I give this idea without charge to the Czar and the Emperor of Japan.

DANIEL ISAAC BRIGGS.

P.S.—I shall 'ope to give the rest of the Sunday School treat next week, but, of course, this 'ere "battle" upset everythink. War is a dreadful thing, and no mistake!

One of the chocolate boxes, with the bars of chocolate intact, sent by Queen Victoria to South Africa during the war, has just found its way to a pawnbroker's at Gainsborough (Lincolnshire).

• * •

The Americans we have always in London with us—at any rate, in June; but this year there seem to be so many Frenchmen, Germans, and Slavs. They one and all declare (says the "Ladies' Field") that London now-adays is simply amazing; the wealth, the luxury, the beauty of the women in society alike seem to astonish them.

• * •

"God Save Ireland" has been relegated to obscurity by the Irish Gaels of London, who have decided that it is not fit to take its place as the Irish National Anthem at Gaelic functions. It is ineligible because its words are English and its music American. "O'Donnell Aboo!" has been duly installed in its place.

• * •

The following conversation was heard in a train in Wales between a clergyman and his wife:—She: "Who is John Oliver Hobbes?" He: "An author." She: "Oh! I thought he was a woman." He: "Oh!—perhaps—Humphry Ward." She: "Oh!" The confusion is perhaps equalled by that of the lady at Mudie's who turned to her daughter and said, "I cannot remember if it is the 'Cricket Minister' by Stockett or the 'Crockett Minister' by Stickit."

• * •

The Professor of Physiology in the University of Paris, a great lover of peace, estimates that during the enlightened nineteenth century, some 14,000,000 lives were directly sacrificed in war. This record makes no account of broken men, widows, and children. The new century, which sees various wars in progress all over the world, can yet hardly equal this total, unless it produce a rival to the first Napoleon, whom Lord Wolseley, casting his eye over history from Buddha to Shakespeare, regards as the greatest man who ever lived. The Napoleonic wars were responsible for eight of these fourteen millions.

• * •

A thrilling story of local official life comes from Wiltshire. At the village of Codford a direction post was knocked down. The local constable apprised his Superintendent of the fact. The Superintendent in turn communicated with the Chief Constable, and the Chief Constable reported the matter to the County Surveyor, only to have his report returned to him. Thereupon the Chief Constable sent the report again to the Superintendent, and from the Superintendent's office it somehow reached the District Surveyor, who put up a new post. That was the end of it, and all's well that ends well. But the tale shows that there are no short cuts in official business.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

• * •

Gloucestershire is occasionally found to be connected in some way or other with personages abroad who have become prominent, celebrated, or notorious, or with events more or less important that happen in all corners of the globe. The rich island of Sarawak, in the Borneo group, is a case in point of the personal connection in the first category. There the Rajah, or ruler, is Sir Charles Brooke, who for several years had a residence in this county, namely at Oakley Hall, Cirencester; and one of the chief representatives of the British Government in that dependency is Sir Percy F. Cunynghame, whose mother was a Gloucestershire woman (Miss Jessica Bloxsome, of Stanton Rectory), and who himself took a Gloucestershire lady to wife—Miss Selwyn-Payne, of Badgeworth Court, to whom he was married in Gloucester Cathedral on December 16th last. And quite recently I saw that Sir Percy has been promoted from Resident of the Second Class to Resident of the First Class, First Division, and a member of the Supreme Council. I was reminded of the Brooke connection by reading the following explicit and quaint proclamation which Sir Charles has just issued:—"I, Rajah of Sarawak, do hereby inform all those whom it may concern that my son and successor, Vyner, Rajah Muda, will henceforth take a portion of my duties, and make Kuching, the capital, his principal residence; that he will take my place in the courts of law unless any question be submitted to me for my decision; that he will be entitled to use my swallow-tailed flag on shore and on board at the main, and also entitled to have the yellow umbrella, the emblem of royalty in this country, when he goes to Court, or whenever he may see fit to use it. Furthermore, it is herewith made known that I do not retire from the position of Rajah and ruler over the territory, and that I shall continue to hold all the initiative power in my hands over the Treasury, Public Works Department, and in the Military, Naval, and Police Departments, so far as the complements, entries, uniforms, scales of pay and titles, and any changes proposed are to be submitted to me for my approval."

• ♦ •

The announcement at the annual meeting of the Tewkesbury Division Conservative Association by Sir John Dorington that he does not intend to seek re-election may have come in the nature of a surprise to the bulk of the members present, but I confess that I was quite prepared to hear of it through the usual first channel of information, the "Echo." For some time past there has been an evident tone of weariness in the political speeches of Sir John, just as there used to be in the later utterances of Sir Michael Hicks Beach.

• * •

Both right honourable baronets, I should say, have become heartily sick of party politics and of contested elections, and naturally sigh for the rest to which they, at their time of life, are justly entitled. Although Sir Michael is the senior by some three years of Sir John in the political arena, the latter has done by far the most fighting. Sir Michael never had a contest while he sat for East Gloucestershire, from 1864 to 1885, but during his connection with Bristol West he has had to fight three times. Sir John, however, has been through the mill no fewer than eight times since 1867, when he gave battle to Mr. Henry S. P. Winterbotham for the old borough of Stroud, and lost by 508 votes to 580. And he fought five other stirring contests in the enlarged borough with rank bad luck, the two victories standing to his score being only of a temporary character. His first return, in January, 1874, has become historic, for this was the last straw on the heap of Conservative successes that led Mr. Gladstone to precipitately dissolve Parliament before Sir John (then Mr.) Dorington could be sworn in, an appeal to the country which



Photo by J. A. Bailey, Charlton Kings.

Top row reading from left to right:—Messrs. Jardine, Connelly, Mayvill, Round, Higgins, Rushton, Mallory, Shenton, Griffiths, Stevens.

Bottom row reading from left to right:—Messrs. Jones, Meek, Gunning, Edwards, Horsley, Gwinnell, Bourne, Strange, Atkins, Wilkins.

CHELTENHAM BOWLS CLUB.



Photos by Miss G. L. Murray, Cheltenham.

EAST GLOUCESTER LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, JULY 6-9, 1904.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Mrs. Isaacs and Miss B. Foster, second in Ladies' Doubles. | 5. Miss Bruce, second in Ladies' Singles. |
| 2. Mr. Crosse and Miss E. D. Farran, winners of Mixed Doubles. | 6. Capt. Brown, second in Gentlemen's Singles. |
| 3. Miss Henderson, second in Mixed Doubles. | 7. Miss Pope, a well-known lady player. |
| 4. Miss Kentish, winner of Ladies' Singles. | 8. Mr. G. Meyricke, winner of Gentlemen's Singles. |

resulted in the installation of a Tory Government in power for six years, though in Mr. Dorington's case it lost him his seat. Another Winterbotham, in the person of the late Arthur Brend, was destined to keep the Squire of Lypiatt out of St. Stephen's for a time, as he defeated him at the first election for the newly-formed constituency of the Cirencester Division in 1885. And it was not before the summer of 1886 that Mr. Dorington was first and firmly seated in Parliament. Then Mr. Reginald Yorke made way for his

unopposed return in the Tewkesbury Division, and his majority of 903 over Mr. Godfrey Samuelson in 1892 has kept away all challengers until Mr. R. A. Lister entered the lists. As Sir John and Sir Michael have both done the State good service, it is much to be hoped that they will at the proper time be found in the House of Peers, so that the country will still have the benefit of their assistance, and each will have his political reward of honour.

GLEANER.

Nearly one hundred girls employed as packers at Messrs. Day and Martin's blacking factory in Southwark Bridge-road, London, are on strike for less work and higher wages.

• * •
 "You don't believe advertising pays," said the local newspaper space merchant to a recalcitrant tradesman. "You know your neighbour, Binks, the grocer? Well, he advertised in our paper for a boy, and the next day his wife presented him with twins—both boys. Does advertising pay, indeed!"

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

BRUTUS.

Brutus, like Hamlet, is a student and a dreamer. A Stoic philosopher, he has hitherto been absorbed in a life of meditation and self-culture, taking little active part in the doings of the world around him.

At the time that the play opens we see him as a man in the prime of life, high in the regard of the people for his stainless character and lofty ideal of conduct. Casca says of him that

"He sits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

In spite, however, of the love and high honour in which he is held in Rome, a strange sense of melancholy has of late overshadowed his mind, and caused him to turn a somewhat cold regard upon his friends. He has no envy of Cæsar like the other conspirators, nor does he regard him as a tyrant, but recognises his greatness and holds him in a close bond of friendship. Then comes "the lean and hungry Cassius," who in a burst of bitter impassioned eloquence against Cæsar tries to rouse an answering spark in Brutus. It is not, however, until he touches on the point that Cæsar's autocratic rule is endangering the liberties of Rome that Brutus is stirred up. The effect of this argument is at once apparent; but shrinking from the deeds of violence which the course they are about to follow will necessitate, he begs for a night of meditation, adding

"That Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us."

Alone in his orchard Brutus spends a sleepless and restless night, thinking over the arguments that Cassius had set before him. Like Hamlet, he feels that the burden laid upon him is greater than he can bear; but though he too fails, it is not, like Hamlet, from vacillation of purpose—for when once his decision is taken he pursues it energetically enough—but because, like an idealist, he believes that all men are actuated by the highest motives, and his bitterest hour is when he wakes to the realisation that all are not as high-minded as himself. The result of his meditations is that Cæsar must indeed die, for the good of the Commonwealth, but he regards the murder in the light of a sacrifice, and will not consent to Cassius's proposition that Antony, too, shall suffer death with Cæsar.

The other conspirators gone, we have a charming peep into the home-life of the philosopher, and the ideal relations existing between husband and wife. Portia enters, and to her he confides the secret which is weighing down his spirit, secure alike of her sympathy and her silence.

Then we have the terrible scene in the Capitol; and however much we may admire Brutus or pity him for the burden which fate has laid upon him, we cannot quite forgive him when he lifts his hand against his friend, and all our sympathies go out to Cæsar when, with the pathetic cry "Et tu Brute!" he falls at the foot of Pompey's statue.

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

The tyrant thus removed, Brutus hurries to the Forum to address the mob and show them the excellent reasons for Cæsar's murder. His cold formal oration, however, with its carefully balanced antitheses, makes but little impression upon the mob. Cæsar gone, they are ready enough to make Brutus their idol in his place, and the cry goes up "Let him be Cæsar," a cry which must have given Brutus a cruel shock in its unconscious irony, intimating as it does that Cæsar's spirit lives on though his body is now but "a bleeding piece of earth." His declamation is followed by the impassioned and magnificent funeral oration of Mark Antony, which rouses the mob to such a fury of enthusiasm that the Liberators are forced to ride "like madmen through the gates of Rome," their rule being succeeded by that of the Triumvirate.

Civil war follows, and very soon disputes begin to arise in the army of the conspirators. Brutus, who still clings to the highest ideal of conduct, suspects and accuses Cassius of taking bribes, and a fierce quarrel ensues. It

is soon over, however, and Brutus explains his irritability by the simple announcement "Portia is dead." The reconciliation between the two friends is very touching—

BRUTUS: "Speak no more of her—give me a bowl of wine—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius."

CASSIUS: My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love."

The Council of War over, Brutus is left alone in his tent with his page Lucius, and a scene of exquisite tenderness follows. Brutus begs the boy to play and sing to him, and when, overcome with weariness, he sinks asleep on the cushion, Brutus covers him up with the gentleness of a woman.

Then comes the dread and menacing vision of Cæsar's ghost to warn him that their cause is doomed—a sight which fills him with apprehension and horror.

The next day sees the battle on the Plains of Philippi. The first victim to fall is Cassius; and seeing his dead body, Brutus utters the pregnant cry—

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

In a very short space of time he, too, falls, pierced by his own sword. He has failed in his cause, but with a failure more glorious than success, and over his lifeless form Mark Antony pronounces the fitting tribute to his nobility of character and singleness of aim—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

DAISY K. BOILEAU.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE: A NOTE TO FARMERS.

Commenting on the possibilities of utilizing electricity in agriculture, "The Electrical Magazine" says that it is in this sphere that there is a big future for the oil-engine, and if properly taken up there should be prospects of its use for generating electrical power as opposed to mechanical power for driving agricultural implements. While on the Continent companies distributing electrical energy over wide farm areas are in successful operation, in this country we are content to make isolated experiments with power-driven appliances, and adopting such only after long delay and indecision. Even assuming that statisticians are correct in asserting that when fully cultivated these islands would fail to support their present population, some effort might be made to revive a means of support which now would vanish in case of severance of present supplies. What other countries can do to develop the land by mechanical aid, we also can surely accomplish by a vigorous application of electricity to agriculture. Here is a problem for some wealthy landowner who would raise the standard of his estates and increase their yield "an hundred fold." Should Providence have placed a coal mine beneath his feet he may run a gas-driven power-house on economical lines and furnish his farmers with high voltage power for lighting their homes and doing work now laboriously performed by horses or by hand. In addition, what possibilities are there not of assisting nature beneath the soil, or by the action of light in maintaining a constant supply of fruit, flower, and vegetable now only known in their season?

Fifteen hundred London flower girls are spending a holiday at Clacton.

An Arizona farmer has invented an electrically-run machine for trimming horses' hoofs.

With a total commerce of £490,300,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30 last, America leads the world.



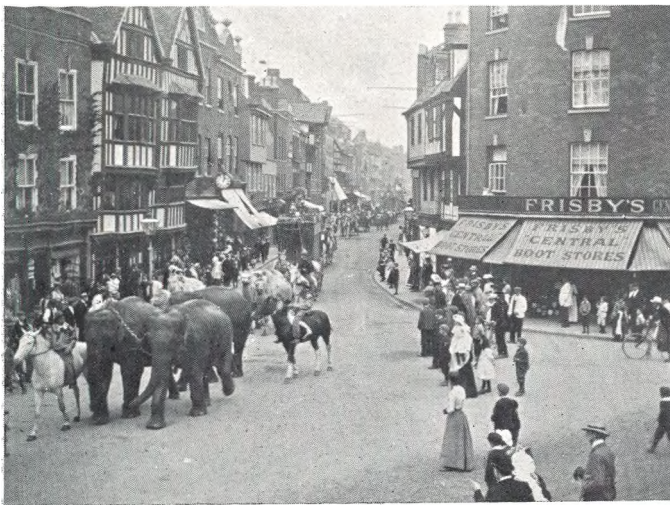
Photo by E. Saurin, Cheltenham.
Amateur Bee Fancier inspecting his Hive.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

A vivid description of the wonders of modern surgery by Mr. Harold Begbie appears in the August number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "One can think," says the writer, "of few situations in life so likely to throw the nerves out of gear as an unexpected development in the midst of a most delicate operation, but so wonderfully trained is the modern surgeon, and so completely under control is his whole nervous organism, that he will sometimes follow out a new line of action without causing those about him to suspect that the original plan has been abandoned. The reader will perceive that this steadiness of nerve and this superb adaptability of mind could hardly be possible without the discoveries of Simpson and Lister; and here we arrive at the chief factor in the romance of modern surgery. It is easy to be grateful for anaesthesia, easy to realise the difference between the conscious and unconscious patient under the knife of the surgeon; but the mercies of anaesthesia do not stop here. A more sensitive type of man can now become a surgeon, and the profession attracts a higher and nobler order of mind. Operations which would have appalled this type of man if he had been a surgeon a generation ago, and which would have seemed like a miracle to those wonderful Hindus with their hundred steel instruments, are now of daily, almost hourly occurrence in the hospitals of London. Think for a moment of operations performed on the brain. Here, with scarcely any risk to the patient, the surgeon cuts through the densely resisting bone of the skull, makes a semi-lunar incision through the inner and softer membranes, and then lays bare that pulsating mass of matter which seems to some of us the instrument of the soul, and to others the very soul itself. This alone is an act which makes one pause to admire the consummate skill and the fearless daring of the surgeon; but admiration becomes swallowed up in a dumb amazement and a silent wonderment when one sees the surgeon take his knife, bend over that mind lying open before him like a stopped watch, and with swift and unerring stroke remove a tumour from the very midst of it. How is it that the arm does not tremble, the hand does not shake, the finger does not swerve? A deviation of the fraction of an inch, as the knife dips down in obedience to the surgeon's will, and irreparable damage would be inflicted; the heart would cease to beat, and the soul would no more be able to express itself on that ruined instrument.



FORTY PONIES FIVE ABREAST.



THE ELEPHANTS.

**CIRCUS PROCESSION AT TEWKESBURY,
JULY 12, 1904.**

Photos by Jesse J. Price, Tewkesbury.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

Women should turn to a paper by Mrs. Neish which appears in the August number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," for in it they will find some very plain speaking.

"It is the fatal love of show that causes so many women to fail in economy in their household management—what Smiles calls the 'dreadful ambition for being genteel' which permeates all classes, from the lower middle-class girl who apes our dresses and designates herself 'young lady,' to the upper middle-class woman, who apes again the class above her, and despises the cheap dressmaker or the self-made garment, or wastes her money giving parties at restaurants, because to give them at home would be a 'bother'! Why a bother? A dinner party should surely be merely the usual meal, with a few dainty and necessary things added, as a compliment to one's friends, not a vulgar display of food and flowers and fruit and silver, that not only swamps a wife's housekeeping money, but disorganizes the whole menage.

The good housewife conducts her house in such a way that little friendly dinners are a pleasure rather than a bother—and in the same way gives her time and thought to her personal clothing, and in the doing of it saves her money in many ways. It is nothing, my dear young ladies, to be ashamed of because you can make a blouse and by so doing save enough to pay for your flower bill perhaps for weeks, and nothing surely to be ashamed of because you are so good a manager that you can make your income go further than many a woman who is better off.

It is the wise woman, then, who is careful and yet generous, and the foolish one only who wastes her husband's money, and, I had almost said, the criminal woman who emulates those who can honestly afford to spend what she cannot.

The young man whose income is small will do well to avoid rushing into matrimony, therefore, with the girl who is ignorant of these simple accomplishments and despises the gentle housekeeping art. Let him watch

the girl of his choice in her home life, and find out, if he can, how she is likely to keep his house. The most careful man may yet make a mistake and suffer a matrimonial failure; but he who looks well before he leaps is less likely to fail than he who is led away by the passing glamour of surface beauty and showy talent.

WHERE TRAMWAYS PAY.

The Glasgow Corporation Tramways for the twelve months ended May 31 last carried 139,000,000 people, and the receipts—chiefly in halfpennies—amounted to £717,893. The average fare per mile was less than 4d. The net receipts, after paying back capital, interest, and depreciation, was £30,000. As it is not the custom of the Glasgow Corporation to relieve rates with surplus profits, except to make a payment to the common goodwill fund of £25,000 a year, the profit was used to further depreciate the undertaking, and £18,000 carried to a reserve fund.



**Dunalley Street (Cheltenham) Council School
Cricket Team.**

Matches played, 9; won 8, lost 1.
R. Lewis, T. Wheeler, W. Foreman, O. Browning, R. Conduit,
A. Rutland, A. Guppy,
J. Ayres, W. Tarling, A. Smith, R. Thornhill, S. Eves,
E. Perrett, C. Bland.

Photo by F. H. Beddard, Cheltenham.



EMBLEMATIC CAR—THE LION AND THE LAMB.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THE HARKYHOLLURGISTS

1
ZUM (WOACHES DRUN TO VILLAGE
IN RARE AN' SPANKIN' STYLE
WI' SMOKIN' HOSSES YOUR IN HAN'
FROM GIZETER DREE MILE.

2
TWUR GENELMEN WI' BOXERS ON
AN' DREST LOIK PARSUNS ALL
WI' CWOJS ZO BLACK AN' CHOKERS
AN' ZUM WUR SHORT AN' TALL.

3
THA GETHERED ROUN' THE (HURCHYARD
AN' PULLED OUT AAL THUR BOOKS,
THA AX'D HIS AGE, AN' NUN GULD
VIVE HUNDRED YER HE LOOKS.

4
AN' WEN THA AX'D HIS AGE ZO
AN' PARSUN SHOOK EES HED;
THA PWOINTED TO THE KARVEN
AN' OUT A BOOK THA

5
BE THOWT THA WUR AGWAIN TO
TH' SARVICE OVER HEE,
AS PARSUN REDS WHEN VOLKS
AN' DED AN' COWLD THA BE.

6
AT LAST A TALL CHAP HOLLURS
"LET'S MARCH INTO THE (HIRCH,
THUR'S MORE THUR TO TALK ABOUT
VOR WHICH WE ARE IN ZURCH."



7
I VOLLED THA TO SEE THE GAME
TH' LOT WUR GWAIN TO PRAI;
I THOWT AS HOW THE OLD PARSON
WI' THA WUR GWAIN TO PRAI.

8
THA LOOK'T AT AAL THE ANSHUNT
AU' CHERRYBIMS, YA ZEE,
AN' WUN OLE FOGY SPOKE AN' ZED
'T WAS HARKY-OL-O-GEE.

9
THA LOOK'T AT AAL THE ARCHES
WI' ZIG-ZAG PATTERN THUR;
AN' AAL THE STWOIN ANGELS BROW'
THA MADE A MITY STUR.

10
UH AX'D THE CLARK WHAT THA
HE ZED THAY'D BUY,
THE ANGELS AN' THE CHERRYBIMS
TO PUT INTO THUR SHOPS.

11
THA ZON CLEER'D OUT AN' LOOK'D
THE BATHLEMINTS AN'
AN' TARKED ABOUT TH' OLD CHURCH
AN' STOOD IN OUT THE

12
THA ZON WUR UP AN' OFF AGEN,
RIT DROO TH' VILLAGE STREET;
TA ZEE THE HAUNTED MANUR HOUSE
IN RUINS THA DID MEET.

ANCIENT CROSS,
AMPNEY CRUCIS
GLO'SHIRE

Drawn by William C. Robson, Cheltenham.

Words from "Legends, Tales, and Songs in the Gloucestershire Dialect." (Ampney Crucis Cross is the actual cross referred to).

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 186.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND RE-OPENING on BANK HOLIDAY
(for Six Nights and Matinee on Saturday),
MR. E. LOCKWOOD'S CO. in
"LA POUPEE,"

Recently revived with great success.

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

W. SAWYER & Co.,

HIGH-GRADE COALS,

10 Clarence Street, Cheltenham.

Telephone 0868.

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 185th prize has been divided between Mr. W. A. Walton, of London-road, Gloucester, and Mr. A. E. Holloway, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

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

The 96th prize has gone to 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 78th prize has been divided between Miss J. R. Bicknell, 2 St. Margaret's-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church, and Miss M. Williams, 12 Rodney-terrace, for her report of a sermon by the Rector at Cheltenham Parish 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 22nd literary competition has been won by Miss E. M. Humphris, of "Avening," Leckhampton.

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.



The Late Capt. Chas. Stanhope Haines,

Of the Reddings, Churchdown, in his uniform, some years ago, as quarter-master of the 2nd Life Guards.



Mr. Edmund Terrett.

ROME'S CHELTENHAM CHAMPION.

THE COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

Most people probably will have noticed that of late years the number of looking-glasses to be seen in the windows of shops has very largely increased (says the writer of an article entitled "Why Mirrors in Shop Windows Pay," in "Cassell's Saturday Journal" for August). In some instances the shop window is lined completely with them, not only at the back, but at the sides and top and bottom. Mirrors, too, are now often fixed in the sides of the doorways of shops. All of which applies to establishments in country towns as well as in London. The question therefore arises: "Why is this done?" Good mirrors—and most of those so utilised are good ones—are not cheap articles. What, then, warrants such outlay? How comes it that mirrors seem to have become a paying shop-window attraction. At once it may be said that people's vanity—and if we dare say so, particularly the vanity of ladies—is largely responsible for the ever increasing popularity of the mirror as a shop-window fitting. There are other reasons, and powerful ones, too, but, viewing the question broadly, we shall show by a little inquiry that there is "trade magic" in the pleasure that many people derive from viewing their

own reflections. Considering first, however, the "other reasons" referred to, we have it on the evidence of two large firms of shop-fitters that by the use of mirrors shop windows are made lighter and brighter, especially at night and when electric lights are then used in the window. Also, according to the manner in which the mirrors are arranged, they reflect the goods shown many times over, and thus make the "stock" appear much greater in quantity. "Mirrors," said another authority, "undoubtedly transform dark, sombre shop fronts into light and attractive ones. They are the best means of 'showing up' the goods you display. But also, if placed purposely to do so, they show the faces of passers-by who look into them. Now every passer-by who looks into your shop window is a possible customer, and to this end mirrors are very often inserted on the pilasters of shop fronts for the express purpose of gratifying the—weakness shall I say?—of those who like to 'see themselves.' And a very brief tour of investigation will soon prove to you, from the nature of the shops that so provide the public with looking-glasses free, that considerable numbers of men as well as women are included in the category."

SHAKESPERIAN SKETCHES.

CORIOLANUS.

Tall, straight-limbed, handsome, in the splendour of his young manhood, and with the proud-bearing of one in whose veins runs the noblest blood of Rome, Caius Marcius Coriolanus is indeed a man on whom the gods have smiled. He has made his reputation as a brilliant and successful soldier. He is blessed with "the most noble mother of the world," with a beautiful and tenderly-loved young wife, and a fine little son to bear his name after him. He is surrounded with friends, and his praise is in the mouths of all men. Cominius calls him "Flower of Warriors." Titus Lartius says of him that "a carbuncle entire were not so rich a jewel" as this "soldier even to Cato's wish," and even the plebeians, who hate him, speak of "his services to his country."

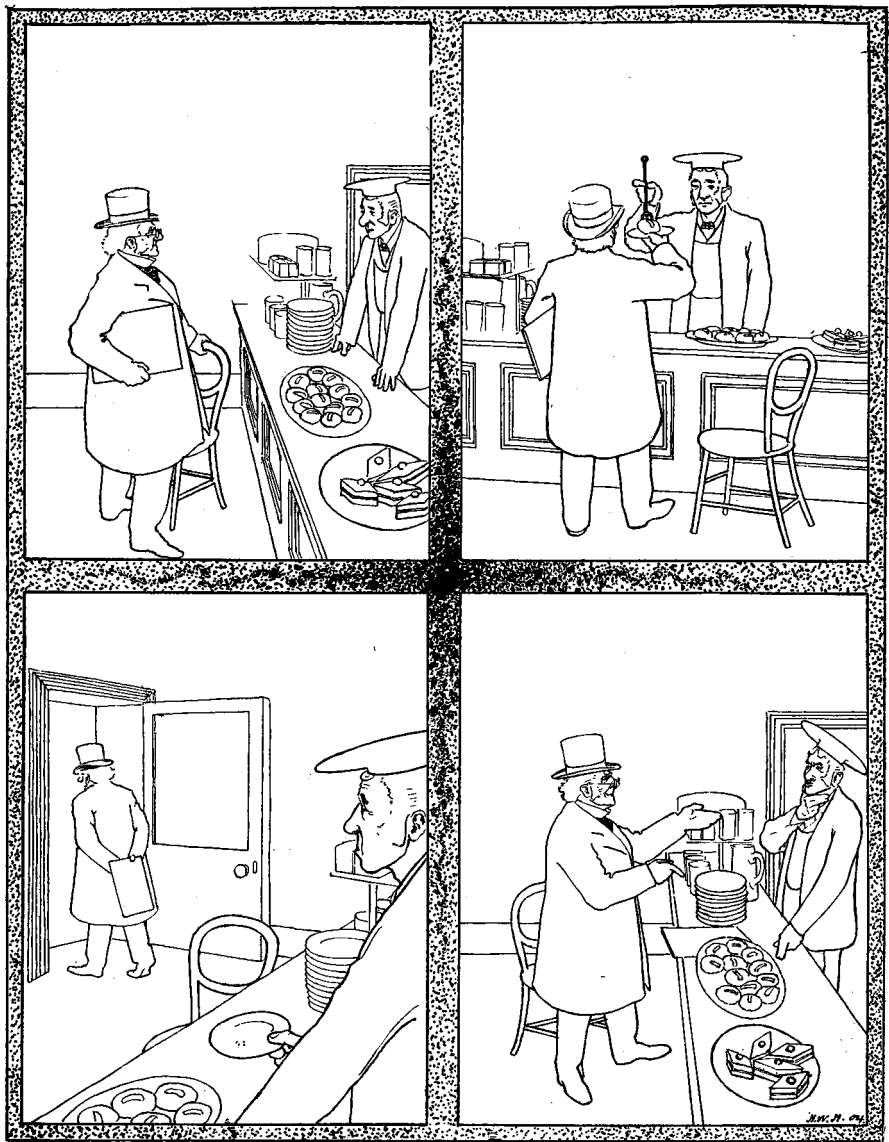
Surely one more fitted both in position and character to be a hero could scarce be found than in this noble Roman. Yet the beauty of his character is marred by his overweening pride. He is a typical Roman patrician, proud, haughty and self-willed, filled with an unutterable scorn and loathing for the plebeian mob—"the mutable rank-scented many"—in whom he can see no good, though warm-hearted, generous, and affectionate towards those of his own rank in life. The man who can generously and cheerfully accept a command under his friend, although he knows himself to be the better soldier, is yet the man who can heap the bitterest abuse upon his inferiors for daring to ask a few scanty privileges that will materially better their hand lot.

It is on the battlefield that he shows to most advantage. From boyhood he has fought "beyond the mark of others"; but his crowning act of valour is when, single-handed and basely deserted by his cowardly followers, he takes the Volscian stronghold of Corioli. We can sympathise intensely with his anger at their unpardonable cowardice. Brave as a lion himself, he has been roused out of all self-control by the sight of his soldiers flying from the enemy; and when he succeeds in rallying them, bitter indeed is the fury with which he lashes them with his tongue. At the same time, we can quite understand that the man who has no good word for the citizens in time of peace is not the man who will inspire them with his own heroic courage and make them willing to follow him cheerfully to certain death in time of war.

The war with the Volscians thus brought to a successful issue, Coriolanus returns in triumph to Rome, and is received with the wildest enthusiasm. It is now the earnest wish of his mother and his friends that he should stand for the consulship. Coriolanus, however, shrinks with all the disdain of a proud patrician nature from the necessary ceremonial to be gone through, the baring of his wounds to the curious gaze of the multitude, the bending of the knee and the supplicating tones in which he must beg the despised plebeians for their votes. He turns the whole thing to mockery, and begs them, with thinly-veiled irony, "for their voices, their most sweet voices"; but the plebeians, willing for once to good-naturedly overlook his scornful behaviour, because "he has deserved nobly of his country," freely give him their votes. Then come the tribunes, Brutus and Sicinius, and immediately undo all the good which has been accomplished, by stirring up the mob to fresh hatred of Coriolanus. They make mock of the "childish friendliness" of the plebeians in giving their votes so easily, and soon have worked them up into a frenzy against him. Then having succeeded in inducing them to take back their promises, the two tribunes eagerly hurry off to acquaint Coriolanus with the change of affairs.

Coriolanus, furious at the insulting conduct of those whom he regards as the dirt beneath his feet, breaks out into a torrent of abuse against the hydra-headed "monster." A broil follows, in which the patricians indeed get the upper hand, though peace is only restored with the greatest difficulty. They do their utmost to induce Coriolanus to adopt a conciliatory tone towards the people, and even his mother Volumnia pleads earnestly with him to follow the most politic course and

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by H. W. Hartnell, Cheltenham.

THE BUN.

1. "I should like a bun, please," said the old gentleman. "Certainly, sir. Will you choose for yourself," said the man at the counter.
2. "Let me have one from the dish behind you," continued the old gentleman. But somehow it did not please him, so he returned it and took another one.
3. "A capital bun," murmured the old gentleman as he drifted towards the door. "Excuse my mentioning that you have not paid for it," said the man at the counter.
4. "Of course I haven't," said the old gentleman. "I gave you another for it." The man at the counter looked puzzled. "But you had not paid for that one either," he said. "Certainly not," returned the old gentleman; "I did not eat it. Good afternoon."

make a show of submission, to which he at last most reluctantly consents, and goes forth to perform his hated task, accompanied by Cominius, Menenius, and other of his patrician friends. The tribunes, however, resolved to deprive him of the coveted consulship, try to stir him to one of his rash bursts of anger by charging him with being a traitor to his country, and succeed only too well. Beside himself with fury at the charge, Coriolanus hurls abuse upon them till Sicinius seizes the opportunity to pronounce sentence of banishment upon him.

In an instant he is changed from fire to ice. Drawing himself erect, with flashing eyes and folded arms, he utters the counter sentence against them with all the concentrated scorn and loathing of which his haughty nature is capable—

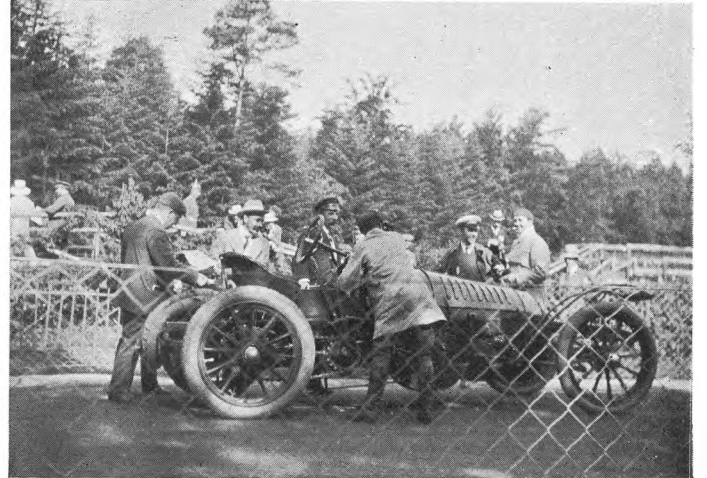
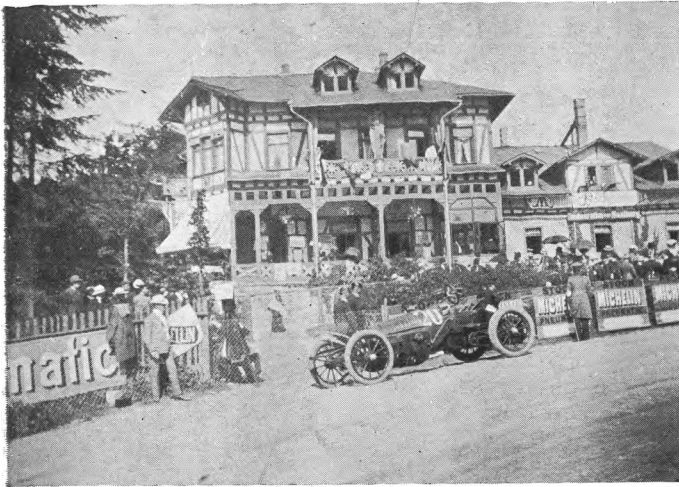
"You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!"

With that he turns his back for ever upon the city that had cast him out, turns his back, after heart-rending farewells, upon home and friends and kindred, and "like to a lonely dragon, that his feu makes feared and talked of more than seen," he goes to join the arch enemy of Rome, Aufidius, who welcomes him with rapturous delight. From henceforth his sword, which had been used so nobly for his country, is turned against it; and given the leadership of half the Volscian army, he proceeds against Rome.

The news of his advance strikes terror and panic through the city. In vain they send out their noblest and their most venerated citizens. To all voices, once so loved and honoured, Coriolanus is dead, save to that of his own heart crying revenge!

As a last forlorn hope the mother and wife of Coriolanus, together with his child, go forth into the Volscian camp to plead with him to spare the devoted city.

Resolved to deaden his ears to every plea,



Photos by A. E. Holloway, Cheltenham.

GORDON-BENNETT MOTOR RACE
(RUN IN GERMANY, WON BY FRANCE).

The Saalburg Hotel (close to start and finish).
Janetty on his Mercedes (started first, finished second).

Cars in line ready for start.
Wolsley racer (Jarrott, driver, on right).

he tries to steel his heart against these his nearest and dearest, though his heart is torn with anguish as he does so; but in vain. The sight of the mother, whom he venerates as almost more than human, on her knees before him, pleading with impassioned eloquence that he will have pity on his country, melts him utterly, and with a burst of affection and remorse he renounces his resolve.

His mother has "won a happy victory to Rome"; but alas! one "most mortal" to her son. Aufidius, furious at what he regards as Coriolanus's treacherous conduct towards him, pours out a bitter flood of scorn and invective, taunting him with being a "traitor" and "a boy of bears." Maddened by the taunt, Coriolanus turns on him with his old imperious passion—

"Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'"

In an instant a hundred swords are buried in his bosom, and fighting gallantly to the last he falls dead at Aufidius's feet. Thus, with the muffled roll of the drums and the trailing of the steel pikes as the soldiers carry him to his burial, ends this stormy and troublous life, his pain and his passion ended for ever in the calm sleep of death.

D. K. BOILEAU.

BOY'S CONDUCT CHANGED BY SUGGESTION.

We are indebted to Dr. Bourdin, of France, for the following interesting case: A boy of twelve years, seemingly gentle, but really a good-for-nothing lad, often ran away from school, was inattentive, would learn nothing, though intelligent. At home he was lazy, disobedient, and would not help his parents. One evening, when his mother was reading aloud to her son letters of complaint from the teachers in the doctor's presence, the lad assumed a haughty air. It occurred to the doctor to make suggestions to the lad in a serious tone. The boy was somewhat surprised. With a feeling of conviction the doctor said: "You will hereafter be attentive and studious at school; you will listen to your teachers; you will understand and learn well; you will not run away, but come directly home; you will try to do your duty and help your father and mother." After this the boy went to bed. The doctor repeated the same suggestions with the same conviction for several days, the boy going to bed immediately afterward. It became evident to teachers and parents that the boy had changed, and to such an extent as to surprise them. The boy's retiring immediately after the suggestions may have given them force during his normal sleep. This is a case of hypnotic suggestion without putting the subject to sleep.

DAUGHTERS WHOSE MOTHERS DID NOT NURSE THEM SHOULD NOT MARRY.

Professor Bunge, a well-known German authority, concludes that the inability of women to nurse children is hereditary. If a woman cannot nurse her children, hardly any of her daughters are able to. This weakness is increasing rapidly, especially among the cultivated classes. The main causes of this are tuberculosis, nervous diseases, and drinking habit of the father. This last cause makes the child also less able to withstand any disease. Bunge advises against the marriage of any young woman who was not nursed by her mother, or of a tubercular family, or daughter of a drunkard.

TWINS.

In a recent psychological study thirty-five pairs of twins, from nine to fifteen years of age, were carefully observed. Their mental powers seemed to be inherited just as much as their physical traits. It has been held that there were two kinds of twins, those very much alike and those very little alike. This was not the case with these twins. It may be remarked, in passing, that twins show a much higher death rate than other children. They are abnormalities in nature. Triplets are still more so, and show a still greater death rate. It has lately been found that twins and triplets have greatly increased relatively to population. This is regarded as a sign of degeneration in a people.

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK.



MR. THOMAS CECIL EDWARDS, I.C.S.



MISS VIOLET COLLEDGE.



FAMOUS CYCLIST.

Ernest Payne, the famous young cyclist of Worcester, who is a member of the Cheltenham Wheelers' C.C., rode his first race at one of their meetings, and won the Half-mile Scratch Race at this week's meeting on the Athletic Ground. Payne has taken over fifty first prizes, including several very valuable challenge cups, and he is not yet twenty years old. On a grass track he is almost without a rival.



MR. HORACE CLARK,

Midland Railway guard, of Gloucester, who received the St. John Ambulance Bronze Medal from the Prince of Wales last week for gallantry in saving life at M.R. Station at Gloucester.

Europeans are fleeing from Teheran, the Persian capital, in consequence of the cholera epidemic, which is stated to have caused 900 deaths.

■ * ■

Four years ago a Manchester woman swallowed her false teeth. She was never well after, and has just died suddenly. The teeth were found embedded in her gullet.

A grower at Bradin River, Konga, South Africa, has produced an orange twelve inches in diameter and nine pounds in weight.

◆ ◆ ◆

Owing to the frequency of bicycle thefts by Kaffirs in Pretoria, the Government has authorised a municipal bye-law, says the "Cape Times," providing that natives' bicycles shall be painted yellow.

Three men were buried beneath twenty tons of rock during building operations at Barmouth. One was killed, and a second has since died.

◆ ◆ ◆

It was stated at an inquest at Newmarket on Monday on a postal clerk named Boone that he committed suicide by taking sufficient corrosive sublimate to kill twenty men.



BRADFORD AND TEWKESBURY CRICKET CLUBS (Match at Tewkesbury).



Photos by H. C. Morse, Tewkesbury.

TEWKESBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL C.C.

(Matches played 16; won 8, lost 7, drawn 1).

The portrait in centre of middle row is that of S. N. Priestlay, who took ten wickets for no run. The portrait on his left in same row is that of W. G. Essex, who played a good innings of 60 in the same match.

Top row:—R. E. Priestlay, F. Coombe, L. Paxmore, R. B. Merrell, H. Rix, A. H. Tysoe, and Mr. J. E. Priestlay (headmaster).

Second row:—G. W. Chandler, W. G. Essex, S. W. Priestlay, W. E. Cook, D. Morgan, and J. H. Clark.

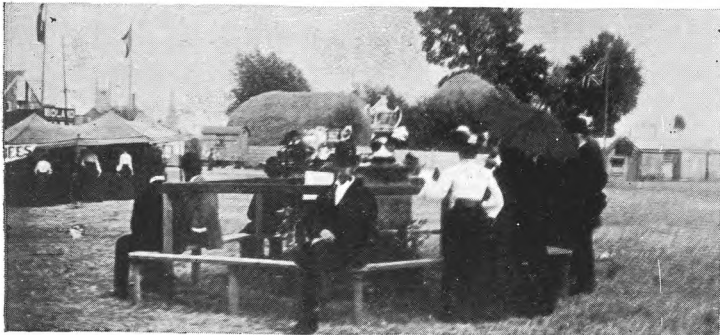
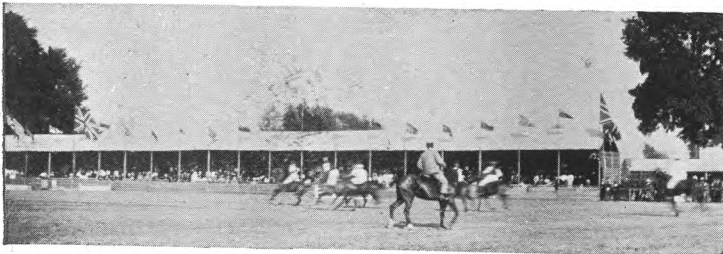
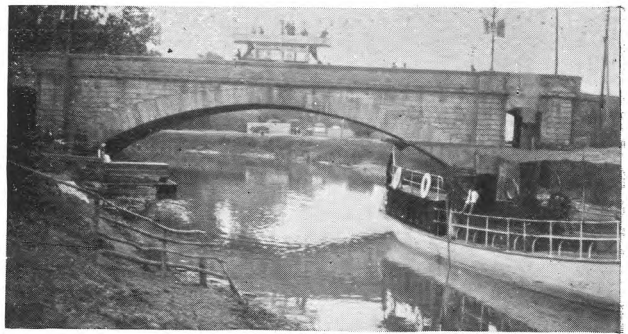
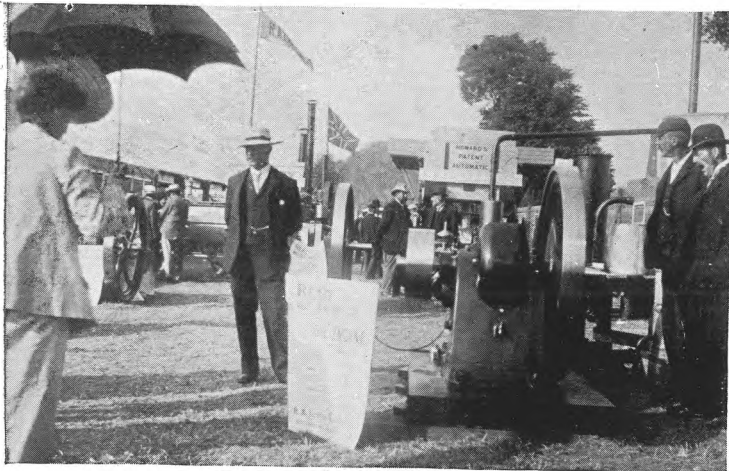
Bottom:—C. E. Tyso.

OUR DEBT TO JAPAN.

If English gardeners had to stock their gardens with British plants only—and such was almost the case before the middle of the fifteenth century—they might have had pleasant gardens, but the gardens could not have been brilliant in colour, or varied in the number and character of their plants. It is true that we have many very beautiful British plants. Among our true natives we have wood anemones, blue-bells, daisies, heather, sea-thrift, traveller's joy, hawthorn,

lily of the valley, daffodils, primroses, wild roses, gorse, broom, and others; and, among strangers that have taken so kindly to our soil and climate that we almost count them as true natives, we have snowdrops, horse-chestnut, the Nottingham crocus, and others. Yet, with all their undoubted beauties, none of them by themselves, nor all together, could be trusted to make a garden beautiful as we now understand it. For most of them the time of flowering is too short, and they would not take rank among the plants which

gardeners now call "furnishing plants." All that is now changed, and from January 1 to December 31 a well-stocked garden is never absolutely bare of flowers; and that it is not so is owing to the fact that from the end of the fifteenth century there has been a constant importation of good plants, never-ending and still going on, from foreign countries. Japan has been a very large contributor to the beauty of our gardens from the early part of the eighteenth century.—"Cornhill Magazine" for August.



Photos by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

GLOUCESTER MEETING, JULY, 1904.

- A "Corner" of Machinery.
- Polo Match before the Grand Stand.
- Some of the Trophies.
- A Change of Mounts.

- Westgate Bridge Decorated.
- Well-known Exhibitors.
- The Show Ground from Westgate Bridge.

The Corporation of Perth (says the "Auto-car") have just acquired, with a view to testing, a motor whereby the tramways in that city can be converted from horse traction to motor propulsion. The Corporation have made up their minds to try a petrol tramcar, built on lines similar to those now being used on several railways, before facing such a heavy expenditure as electricity would involve them in. The vehicle, which will

seat forty persons, will ascend hills of one in ten with a full load. The petrol engine is located under one of the staircases, and the other mechanical parts are concealed beneath the floor. The engine will be of 20 h.p., with four cylinders. Hitherto it has not been practicable to apply petrol engines to tramway work on account of the frequent stoppages and restarts which have to be made, and the change speed gear difficulties involved, but the patent compound

transmission gearing used on this vehicle seems to have solved the problem. The complete car weighs under four tons, 15cwt. of this being due to the engine and mechanism. About a penny per mile is expected to be the cost of running. The whole control is worked from a single pillar at each end. The car was tried in Perth the other day. Leith, it may be remarked, is also considering a reconstruction of its tramway system.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

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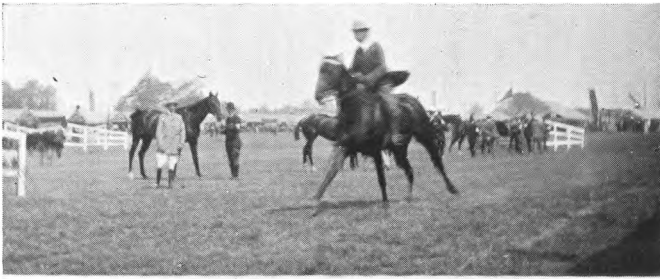
Two more deceased ladies who had resided in Cheltenham have by their testamentary dispositions established a right to have their names inscribed on the roll of honour of benevolent benefactresses hailing from the Garden Town. I have already noted the fact that four ladies have this year left about £14,000 between them for charitable and benevolent purposes. And, now, these two ladies whose names, I think, deserve record—Mrs. E. M. Pardoe and Miss A. R. Platt—have left some good round sums by will for religious and charitable objects. The former bequeathed £3,000 in specific amounts, and the residue of her estate, which she left for distribution among such charitable institutions or public uses as the executors may deem fit, will doubtless run into several thousand pounds, and in allocating the fund I hope the executors will pay due regard to the pressing claims of the town in which Mrs. Pardoe and her late husband lived for a considerable time and were so deservedly respected. The £14,000, or about half the value of her estate, which Miss Platt bequeathed for public uses, goes to Church societies chiefly, and though nothing is left to the town in which she was formerly a resident, Cheltenham, after all, may indirectly derive some benefit through her bequests to the Church Pastoral Aid and British and Foreign Bible Societies.

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Gloucester citizens are pardonably pluming themselves on the gratifying fact that the attendances at the recent show of the County Agricultural Society there ran up to 12,718, or 1,684 above the total at the previous visit in 1900, and even 5,331 more than the Cheltenham attendances in the following year. It should not, however, be forgotten that fine weather, which is so important a factor in ensuring the success of an outdoor gathering, favoured the citizens all the time, while the elements were decidedly the reverse on the two chief days at Cheltenham. I have a strong belief that we shall not again see—certainly for a long time to come—the big crowds of the past at agricultural shows pure and simple. Such adventitious aids as polo and jumping and driving will have to be well kept-up in order to maintain the public interest, so prone to flag. I wonder how many persons there are who remember all or any of the following significant figures of attendances at shows in the "good old days":—28,133 at Gloucester, in the year 1885; 16,836 at Cheltenham in 1894 and 20,000 in 1877; 30,000 at Stroud, in 1884; 24,000 at Cirencester, in 1875; and 15,200 at Dursley, in 1877. I believe that the depression in agriculture is silently but eloquently expressed in the reduced figures of the last fifteen years. In regard to the late show I have seen no mention of the interesting fact that the Great Western Railway Co. satisfactorily utilised for the first time several of the refuge sidings that they have constructed on the Dock branch for loading-up and despatching horses and cattle from the adjacent show ground in three special trains.

• * •

I hear of a remarkable story of a recent garden party in the Garden Town. One of the items of amusement at this function was the searching in the grounds, a la treasure trove craze, for simple presents planted by the hostess. One lady on leaving was very effusive in thanks to the hostess for the beautiful present that had fallen to her lot, though she did not state what it was. Another lady subsequently reported the loss of a valuable diamond-studded bracelet in her quest for treasure, and as this has never been found it is assumed that it may have been the beautiful present that innocently fell to the lot of the guest in question. At all events, if she or any person who may have found the bracelet should happen to read this, he or she will doubtless come to the conclusion that findings ought not always to be keepings. GLEANER.



Photos by H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT GLOUCESTER.

- In the Jumping Ring.
- Parade of Shorthorn Bulls.
- Judging Jerseys.
- Mr. E. Boyce Podmore's coach.

A CAUTION TO HONEYMOONERS.
Easby Abbey, the ruins of which lie close to the river Swale, a short distance from Richmond, in Yorkshire, is the home of a curious legend, says "Photography." One of the main walls of the building is cracked and toppling, but has not yet fallen to the ground. Nor do the natives expect it to do so, at least not until it receives the impulse which it is said to await. For a tradition relates that the wall, when it does fall, will bury in its ruins a newly-married couple, and as the tale is well known, the chance of a honeymooning pair resting beneath its shade is remote. The Abbey itself is a picturesque and beautiful ruin, dating from the year 1152. The great gateway, which is still standing, is a fine example of the Early Decorated period.



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[By "ARIEL."]

SPRINGLESS TRICYCLES.

The "Motor Cycle" says the following re the above:—"The question of side-slip is mostly dormant in the summer season, when roads, if wet, are generally sufficiently devoid of grease to allow the single-track motor-cycle to pursue its course without those lateral diversions from a straight line which are always more or less disconcerting to the rider, according to the state of his nerves. In a few months, however, we shall have a return of the malady, and before that time arrives we should advise those who contemplate skids with aversion, to invest in a pair of wheels, a front axle, and the necessary extras to convert their bicycles into tricycles. Much of the objection to three-wheelers arises from the fact that they are springless. The old pattern tricycles driven from the rear were condemned principally from the same cause. They jumped and skipped about at anything over fifteen miles an hour in an alarming way, and a good deal of what was called vibration was not from the engine, as many thought, but arose from the alternate rising and falling of the side wheels, with the front as a pivot. In the modern motor-tricycles, where the front wheels steer, and the rear wheel drives, there is no possible reason why the steerers should not be provided with a spring or springs, and one or two patterns are so fitted; but they are in the minority. If springs were interposed between the bicycle part of the frame and the front axle of machines of this class, the rider would not experience one-quarter of the shock. Riders of quads, where the front axle is sprung, can testify to the absence of shock on the handle-bar." Having ridden for some months a modern three-wheeled motor-cycle, I can endorse the remarks made above. There is a certain amount of vibration from the front of the machine, but I find that most of the vibration comes from the rear wheel. In a perfect tri-car the driver and passenger should be entirely insulated from road shocks by springs. The benefits would be great.

THE AUTO-CYCLE CLUB'S 1,000 MILES TRIAL.

The great motor-cycle event for 1904 will be the holding by the governing body of motor-cycling of a lengthy reliability trial over a large part of the country. It should prove interesting to local motor-cyclists because Cheltenham is one of the towns included in the journey. The trials will extend over six days, August 15th to the 20th inclusive. The competitors will come through Cheltenham on Friday, August 19th, on their way to London.

TYRES.

If a motor-cycle is to be left in its shed for a considerable time, such as during wet weather, it is a good plan to jack up all the wheels from the ground. This plan will prolong the life of the tyres.

HOW THE CYCLE ENGINE IS LUBRICATED.

The enormous speed at which the majority of the small cycle engines run when developing their full power makes lubrication a matter of great importance if the motor is to run efficiently. Apart from the wear of the crank and axle bearings, there is the friction of the piston on the cylinder walls to be considered. The heat engendered by the rapid explosions of the mixture of petrol vapour and air tends to dry up the oil injected into the crank-case very quickly, and it has been a difficult problem for the manufacturer to solve how to keep up a constant supply of oil to the moving parts. The following system is the one most in use:—It is known as the "splash" system, because the oil, which is injected into the crank-case, is thrown up by the crank as it revolves. This is a very simple and successful method. Care has to be taken to keep a quantity of oil in the crank-case, or the cylinder will run dry, and then the piston will seize. Too much oil in the crank-case will cause trouble through sooting up of the sparking-plug and gumming the inlet-valve.



Buff Orpingtons bred and fed by Mr. H. Cannon, Battledown Lodge, Cheltenham, and winners of two firsts and two seconds at Gloucester show, July 19-21, 1904.

In some makes of engines a guard is provided to keep the oil in its proper place. Only good quality oil should be used in air-cooled engines, and it should be strained before being injected into the crank-case. I use the thickest oil that can be obtained. I find that the compression is better, the oil is more economical, and I do not get any trouble through gumming.

COIL NUTS.

When detaching the wires from the coil, the nuts should be carefully loosened, and care should also be used when replacing them not to use too much force, or the coil may be damaged.

ROUND BELTS.

A large number of motor-bicycles are still fitted with the round twisted hide belt, therefore the following tip may be useful:—Twisted hide belts when new sometimes jump off the engine pulley, owing to the "screw" form of the twists. It is a good plan to level the belt down a little in the following way. Hook the end of the belt against a post or wall. Pull the belt tight with the left hand, and with the right rub the belt with a piece of glass paper to smooth it down. After this treatment the belt should be carefully cleaned, or else the emery will grind the pulley.

HYPO SOLUTION.

Hypo is so cheap now that it pays to make up a large quantity. Most people make up the hypo solution with cold water, but this is a mistake. The temperature of the solution falls to such an extent that fixing is very slow and unsatisfactory. Hot water should always be used, and the solution allowed to cool down.

POETRY.

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THE HOLIDAY FIEND.

The holidays have come at last,
All weary waiting now is past
And fitfully rewarded;
And parents' frowns, and angry threats,
And smiles, and tears, and vain regrets:
Alike are disregarded.

The angry father strives in vain;
And gives it up, and tries again,
Until he's nigh demented;
But still that boy—he calls it play—
Creates fresh troubles every day,
And cannot be prevented.

The farmers all around declare
"They won't put up with him, so there,"
And raise a great commotion;
And many people of the town
At night returning from the "Crown"
Have seen a ghost walk up and down—
At least they have that notion.

Housekeepers now receive a shock;
Their knockers all refuse to knock—
They soon find out the reason,
And every dog begins to bark;
Tin-canny somethings from his tail;
And all the cats begin to wail
And hide the tallest trees on.

Moreover, Mrs. Brown complains
That all her chicks have "sores and pains"
Through that blest boy a-feedin' 'em
Wi' hoxagin, or some sich stuffs";
But, unabashed by all rebuffs,
Totally unheeding them,

"That boy" makes mischief more and more
Until the holidays are o'er;
At last must end his reign,
The Squire—his father—bids farewell
With heart-felt joy that none can tell—
"Three months before he comes again!"

A. T. STAMPFORD.

WOMEN'S GARB.

Ladies, wear no hat or bonnet—
Dress reform is down upon it.
And a sound hygiene refuses
To admit the need of blouses.
Your activity it hurts
To impede your walk with skirts.
And if health has any force, it's
Suicide to put on corsets.
Wear not any one of these;
And the rest is what you please.
—Adrian Ross in "The Tatler."