

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 253.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).
"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

Next week, every evening and Saturday matinee,
"MERELY MARY ANN."

Wednesday evening (by desire),
"LITTLE MARY."

Times and prices as usual.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

Local Musical Examinations.

THE New Syllabus and Regulations for the Session 1905-6 are now ready. Fifty Local Exhibitions in Practical Music and Twelve Local Exhibitions in Theory of Music will be open to all comers in the various grades for Examinations in December.

Apply to MR. J. A. MATTHEWS, Local Secretary,
7 Clarence Square, Cheltenham.

THE COLLECTOR AND HIS BOOKS.

I doubt whether most book-collectors deserve to be called bookish men. The reason of this scepticism is that they seldom read the books which they collect. It would please me much to be able to collect the first edition of Homer, but that copy I certainly would not use, nor the Aldine copy either, for purposes of study. A copy of the first edition of Homer's continuator, Quintus Smyrnaeus, I do possess, in old red morocco, but I read the poet, who well deserves to be read, in a cheap German edition.—Mr. Andrew Lang, in "The Academy."

* * * *

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

To a correspondence in the "Daily News" on this subject a Mr. Brown contributes the following:—

At Lowestoft a Mr. Warmer and Miss Freezer were united in marriage.

At Bristol a Mr. Blizard and Miss Gale were united in matrimony.

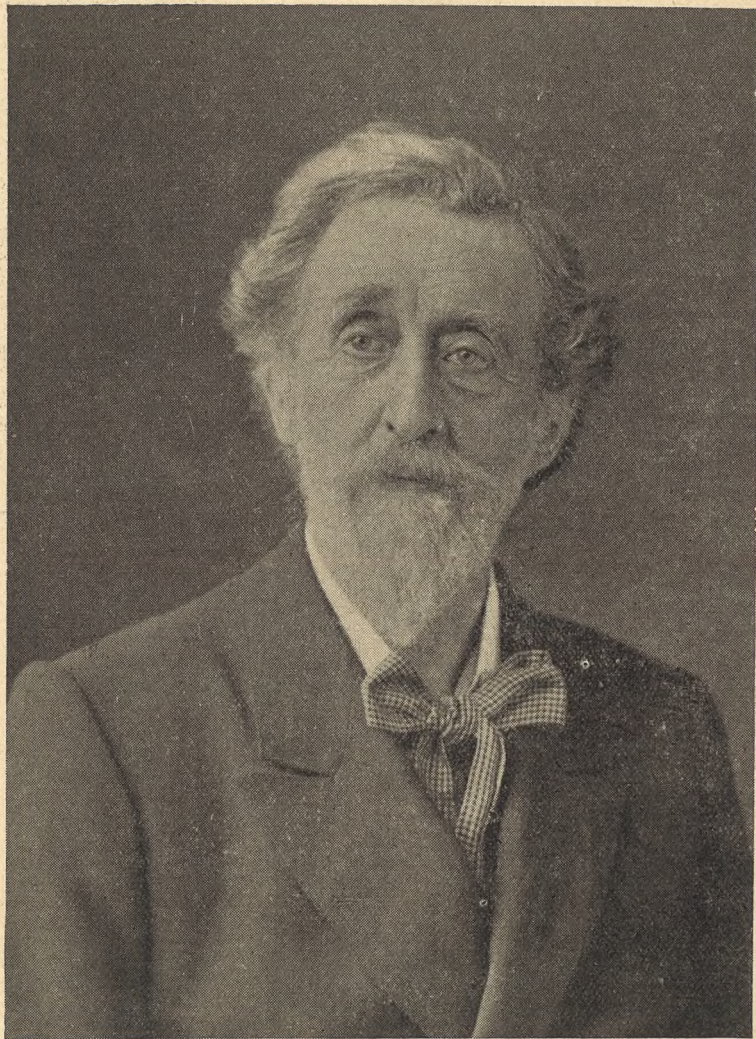
Mr. Pitt-Lewis, Q.C., tried a case of Alabaster v. White; not long after one of High v. Low; and some time after this of Halfpenny v. Penny.

At Partridge-lane Chapel a Mr. Rook preached in the morning, a Mr. Partridge in the afternoon, and a Mr. Crow in the evening of the same day.

The arrangement, which of course was not intentional, was made by a Mr. Cuckoo, who was secretary of the Sunday school, in which Messrs. Finch, Martin, Swallow, and Bird were teachers.

In a Midland town harvest thanksgiving services were conducted in two churches on the same day—in one by the Rev. J. E. Flower, and in the other by the Rev. W. Leafe.

Some years ago the pastor of a London church was named Pigg, and two of his deacons were Messrs. Hogg and Bacon.



MR. ABRAHAM THOMAS,

A LAY CLERK OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FOR FORTY YEARS—1865-1905.
DIED OCTOBER 29, AGED 73 YEARS.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Fancy bands and collars and purses and bags seem to be increasing in new designs almost daily, and the shop windows show a most bewildering variety in all of these (states the writer of "Fashions of To-day and To-morrow," in "The King"). The newest boas have loops of very thick chenille introduced amongst the petal-like chiffon and other materials; they are very dainty and light-looking, and are a welcome change to the

feather boa. Veils are so universally worn as hat trimmings in Paris just now that a distinction has to be made between the hat veil and the face veil, the latter now being generally called the complexion veil. The cold winds are bringing the gauze veils to the fore, as they are so much warmer, and prevent a certain unbecoming tint, on prominent features, at any rate; if they do not entirely prevent this, it is not so noticeable. Muffs are being made in velvets to match the costumes in the large flat bag shaps.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

The late Lord Fitzhardinge was a racy raconteur, especially at post-prandial proceedings, but his fairy tales were not to be taken seriously. His lordship was very fond of a joke, both verbal and practical. His name having lately been brought forward in connection with a billiard-room incident which he placed to the score of the late Bishop Ellicott, and as varying versions of this have appeared in London and provincial papers and I am in a position to give the actual narrative of the noble lord, I here record it in the interest of accuracy, and also with the view of showing that there was, most probably, a great deal of romance in the details. In August, 1870, Lord Fitzhardinge presided at an agricultural dinner held at Fishponds and, in proposing the "Bishop and Clergy," he said, incidentally, as reported in the chief Bristol paper at the time:—"The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is fond of billiards (laughter). He was staying with me last autumn, and he was playing a game of billiards on Saturday night. He had the best of the game (laughter). I think it was 47 to 45, and he was 47 when the clock struck twelve. He said to me, 'Could you not put the billiard-room clock back five minutes?' (loud laughter). I said I would put it back ten minutes and give him a glass of gin and water afterwards" (laughter). I well remember the sensation caused by the first publication of this story, and also the expressed opinion of several persons on terms of intimacy with Lord Fitzhardinge that the jovial peer had merely given a characteristic version of a harmless incident. In fact, I am glad to find this confirmation by Dr. Alfred Grace, who a few days ago wrote as follows to a Bristol paper:—"The late Lord Fitzhardinge, who was always fond of a joke, told me that he had inveigled the Bishop into playing billiards after 12 o'clock on the Saturday night by putting the clock back. He never for a moment intimated that the Bishop knew anything about it, either at the time or afterwards."

The clock incident reminds me that the extraordinary specimen of horology that the family of the late Canon Bartholomew Price have had placed in the north transept of Gloucester Cathedral as a memorial to him, at a cost approximating to a thousand pounds, does not go yet, and that it is not intended to strike. Since the putting together of it by the makers was commenced, now getting on close for two years, I have from time to time watched this slow progress, and even a few days ago I saw workmen experimenting with it. I hear that the pendulum works will have to be changed to a kind of metal that the chemical battery that sets it in motion will not corrode. I wonder which will really be finished first, the Price clock or the stained-glass window in the Chapter-room as a public memorial to the gallant Gloucestershire men who fell in the Boer War. The delay in the latter was due to the illness of the artist, but I gather that the window will be in situ before the end of this year.

Cubbing is over, remarkable for success; and foxhunting has commenced, with even better prospects now that the rain has fallen in the nick of time and the early frosts have shorn the trees in the coverts and the hedges of their leaves, quite a month earlier than was the case last year. The correct "pink" of the sportsmen will now add a welcome extra touch of colour to the hunting fields. The following tale by a sportsman is not bad: Cubbing with the Ledbury many years ago, he saw on a hot morning in late August, an individual arrive in pink, white breeches, and top boots, and, to crown all, he wore a pot hat. The Master (Mr. C. Morrell) was so occupied in hunting that no remark was made, but a week later, when he came in the same costume, he was interrogated, and it appeared that he had never been out hunting until then, and had been told by his tailor that pink, and nothing else, was always correct. Apropos of the Ledbury Hunt, I find that the illness of Mr. Camaby Forster, the master, has put him hors de combat for the present, and this fact has also caused a division of the pack, some twenty couples having been sent to Suckley, where Mr. J. M. Currie will hunt them two days a-week; while Mr. C. W. Bell has been appointed deputy-master, and S. Burtenshaw, the huntsman, will hunt the remainder of the pack three days in the southern portion of the country.

GLEANER.



CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS—MR. SYDNEY T. STEEL, PROMENADE.

OIL ENGINES AS USEFUL SERVANTS AND LABOUR SAVERS.

An oil engine will do anything and work anywhere; but, to be quite frank, there are classes of work that are better done by steam, and places where the oil engine is not economical. For instance, where the power demand is extremely irregular, steam lends itself better to forcing through the extremities of the demand than any internal combustion engine. The explosive engines have a certain latitude of power, but not so much as steam. On the other hand, it might be thought that an oil engine could have no place on a colliery where coal was to be had for the getting or the fetching, but there are a large number of oil engines used in underground work where no fire could be used. These engines are necessarily of the type that do not require a naked flame to keep them hot. The safety of the oil engine gives it a place for pumping, air-compressing, tools, hauling, electric lighting, and general work underground. In a town where there is a good and cheap supply of gas, the oil engine can barely hold its own in point of economy; but in the country where gas is not obtainable, and where coal has to be carted a considerable distance, the oil engine reigns without a rival. The oil engine at its best is not only safe and clean, without ashes, or clinker, or smoke, but it requires no regular attendant. There are oil engines that are left entirely to themselves, some gardener or labourer starting them in the morning, and leaving them till it is time to replenish the tank or the lubricators. There are no water or pressure gauges to watch, and no stoking or raking. There are oil engines that work night and day all through the week, with a couple of hours for cleaning and overlooking on a Saturday. With a small engine and dynamo a country house may have every convenience—light, ventilation, heating, cooking, lifts, power for stable, laundry, dairy, pumping, fire appliances, etc.—"Magazine of Commerce."

THREATENED FAILURE OF THE WORLD'S WOOD SUPPLY.

The German empire, from whose admirably-managed forests we used to draw a large portion of our timber imports, now cannot supply her own wants; and although her forests produce a gross annual value of about £22,000,000, she has to import more than 4,500,000 tons of timber annually, valued at nearly £15,000,000. So in America, the amazing development of manufactures in the United States has overtaken the productiveness of their vast forests, so that thirteen years ago the Secretary for Agriculture warned his Government that "even the white pine resources, which a few years ago seemed so great that to attempt an accurate estimate of them was deemed too difficult an undertaking, have since then become reduced to such small proportions that the end of the whole supply in both Canada and the United States is now plainly in view." We still receive in Britain large supplies of pitch pine from the Southern States, but who shall say how long these will hold out in face of the increasing consumption?

We certainly are in no position to meet the scarcity which appears inevitable. Of all the countries in Europe, the United Kingdom is that with the smallest proportion of woodland. Compare our meagre extent, 3.9 per cent. to the entire area, with Sweden's 44.4 per cent., with Russia's 36.0 per cent., Austria's 32.6 per cent., Germany's 25.8 per cent., France's 17.7 per cent., and our real poverty must be recognised. Even Greece, which presents such a treeless aspect to the ordinary tourist, possesses considerable forest resources, amounting to 15.8 per cent. of her area. Reckoning the woodland area of each country in proportion to the population, the inferiority of the United Kingdom is still more apparent, for we can only show 0.07 acres per head of population against 25.77 acres per head in Finland, 0.66 acre per head in Germany, 1.20 acre per head in Greece.—Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., in "Blackwood's Magazine."



MILITARY FUNERAL OF THE LATE COL.-SERGT. CLIFTON, OF CHELTENHAM.

THE PROCESSION IN MANCHESTER STREET ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

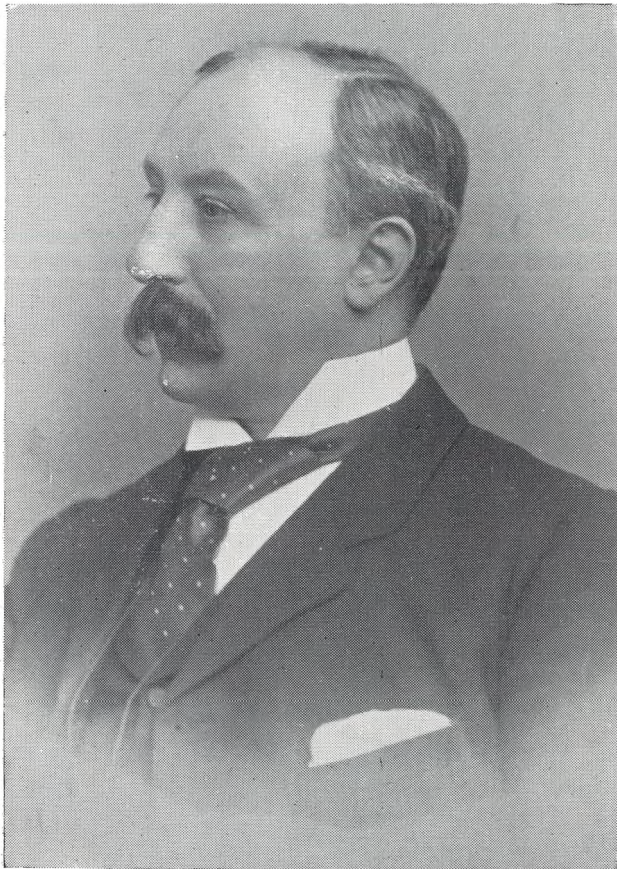


SCENE OUTSIDE GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, OCTOBER 31, 1905. THE BISHOP (in the centre), DEAN SPENCE-JONES (on his left), AND CANON ALEXANDER (DIOCESAN MISSIONER), IN THE VAN.

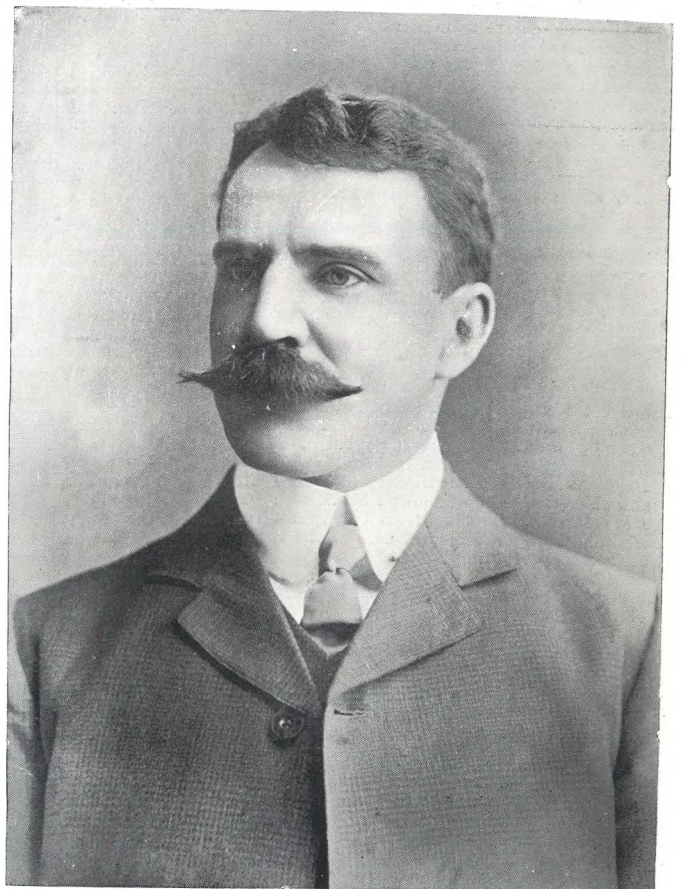


THE "GLOUCESTER" VAN AND CHURCH ARMY OFFICIALS.

Dedication of Church Army Mission Van for Gloucester Diocese—Generous Gift of a Cheltenham Lady.



MR. CHARLES G. CLARK,
WHO WON A SEAT IN SOUTHEND WARD.



MR. G. R. HARLAND BOWDEN,
WHO WON A SEAT IN ALINGTON WARD.



MR. THOMAS COX,
WHO WON A SEAT IN KINGSHOLM WARD.

NEW
CONSERVATIVE
COUNCILLORS
FOR
GLOUCESTER.



THE BRITISH MANUFACTURERS' ULTRA-ECONOMICAL HABITS.

The visit of Mr. Jeffray (Commissioner of the British Board of Trade) to Australia should be productive of good to the British manufacturer, and the results of his itinerary will be of much interest to the manufacturers of England. He will be able to discern and indicate what are the weak links in the position pertaining to the consumption of such a large proportion of foreign manufactures in the Australian markets as compared with goods made in England. The visit of a properly accredited commissioner from the Board of Trade is a step in the right direction, and the surprise to everybody connected with trade in Australia is that it was so long delayed. The report which will be eventually presented to the home authorities by Mr. Jeffray should be of great educational value to British manufacturers. Amongst other reasons why English manufacturers do not command the amount of business to which the value of their commodities entitle them is the fact that, while German and Continental manufacturers will spend large sums of money to acquire trade, the British manufacturers, on the contrary, are too economical in their ideas when it comes to paying for business. Continental manufacturers (of practically all lines) will allow an agent a range of samples free of cost, and will also pay him a reasonable rate of commission to secure orders, while English makers appear to think that their agents should pay for the samples which their principals expect him to do business with, and, in addition, they will only pay, say, a commission of 5 per cent., which is much too small, owing to the great amount of work that has to be done in this territory in connection with the conduct of an agency, and the long distances which have to be covered by a representative.—Australian Correspondent of the "Magazine of Commerce."

PLANTING DAFFODILS.

Daffodils often charm us most when they spring up in unexpected places, and show best near the dark trunks of trees that form a background to their flowers. Clumps that are seen on the banks of rivers or streams, or even along the sides of lakes and ponds, also show well, especially as reflected in the water on still days. Groups that are only partly seen through the dark stems and branches of deciduous and evergreen trees are also very effective, on the principle that "half a thing is sometimes more beautiful than the whole." In any case, arrange the grouping so that there are wide breadths of grass to serve as a foil to the groups, and remember that there should be a thicker patch of bulbs in every group for the eye to rest upon.—"The Garden."



THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

The Great Seal of England is the subject of an article in the November number of "Pearson's Magazine." The new seal for the reign of King Edward VII. has been recently completed, and the article is illustrated with reproductions of this and the various new Colonial Seals.

The article contains many facts of interest in connection with the history and uses of the Seal, past as well as present.

"The first Seal of which we have any cognisance is associated with King Offa, and the date of its use was about A.D. 790.

"Every reign brings a new Seal in its train, so that my task would be one of considerable magnitude if I attempted to traverse the whole ground from Offa to Edward VII. The first 'Great' Seal is attributed to Edward the Confessor, while the earliest with arms on it was that of Richard I. As befitted such a puissant personage, William the Conqueror set a fashion in Royal Seals which has been maintained down to our own day. One side of his seal bore the figure of a king seated on a throne, the reverse side showing him on horseback, armed with spear and shield.

"As time went on, and art was given a freer hand, the design and ornamentation on the two sides of the Seal grew in meaning and beauty. Authorities on the subject tell us that the climax of magnificence was reached in the Seal of Henry V. The Seal of the Commonwealth, was, as might naturally be supposed, puritanically plain.

"One reign, one seal," has not been the inflexible rule, although the design when the Seal of any reign has been renewed has remained unaltered. The fourth Edward, for instance, used five Great Seals; Henry VIII. was content with three; Charles II. had four; while the prolonged sovereignty of Edward III. produced as many as eight or nine. Queen Victoria found three quite ample during her lengthy occupancy of the throne.

"When Queen Victoria's third, or last, Great Seal, which cost between £500 and £600, was being made, it was found that, having regard to nicety of detail, the Seal could not be taken out of the engraver's hands in anything less than a year and nine months.

"There was the same absence of nervous hurry and immethodic haste in preparing and finishing King Edward's Great Seal.

Edward VII. succeeded to the Throne in January, 1901, and on February 14th in the same year he opened his first Parliament in person. On the accession of the King the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury took the initiative by authorising the preparations of designs for the new Great Seals for the United Kingdom, Ireland, and Scotland. On January 18th, 1902, an Order in Council was made directing the Right Hon. William Ellison-Macartney, Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint, to prepare drafts of new Great Seals for Ireland and Scotland; and on April 24th, 1902, a similar order was made for a new Great Seal of the United Kingdom. In the meantime the designs for the seals were borne in mind, with the result that in July, 1903, they were submitted to his Majesty, who was pleased to approve of them, and who directed that each of the seals should bear the same representation, that of the Counter Seals being varied as in the past. Thus it will be seen that matters had not entirely come to a standstill. On August 11th, 1903, the Deputy-Master of the Mint received Orders in Council instructing him to engrave the respective Great Seals, according to the approved designs; and in the course of 1904 they were finally delivered from the Mint to the Lord Chancellor."

LONDON'S ARMY OF POLICE.

The two Commissioners, Metropolitan and City, with their headquarters at Scotland Yard and the Old Jewry, have under their command about 16,000 men—a perfect army, almost as large as Wellington's force in the Peninsula and larger than Colin Campbell's in the Mutiny; and before a few years are over our heads that force may be considerably augmented. Suppose we say to 18,000. I fix upon eighteen because that is divisible by three; and it is by this "rule of three" that I can best show how it is that "the streets of London" both in the east and west are unsafe; and how the ratepayers do not get what they, not unnaturally when they take their figures from 'Whitaker's Almanack,' think they are entitled to. Let us, for the sake of argument, accept as correct the 18,000, and see how many are available for duty at one time, and what likelihood there is of their meeting successfully the requirements of the public.

Police officers do not work for twenty-four hours in the day, but in "reliefs" of eight hours. You thus from the 18,000 strike off 12,000 at one fell swoop; and it does not require the "calculating boy" to tell us what remains. We get without difficulty to 6,000; but the problem is not worked out yet. Of the 6,000—some are on leave, some are sick; in severe weather or during an epidemic, say of influenza—which has apparently, like the motor, "come to stay"—as many perhaps as 4 per cent.; some are permanently employed at the station-houses, some in carrying routes. Every day a large number must be in attendance at the police-courts; and during the sittings of the Central Criminal Court as many as fifty men may be there day after day, unable to leave the Old Bailey lest the judge should suddenly, at the request of counsel, decide on taking a case, in which they have to give evidence, out of its turn. Having reduced our 18,000 to 6,000, we now, by a simple sum in subtraction, reduce the 6,000 to about 4,380. We have now got a handful of men—not an army; and what has this handful to cope with?—Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B., ex-Commissioner City of London Police, in "Blackwood's Magazine."



ENGINEERING SCIENCE IN JAPAN.

Japan is said to be the hot-bed of perils innumerable to the white races of the world. The latest alarm seems to be the birth of a new mechanical science in Japan, which will relegate all our old-world machinery to the scrap heap, if we European engineers do not give ourselves a mental shake, and educate ourselves up to the scientific standard of Japan in machinery. We must cease to "assume," for the sake of mere simplicity in calculation, propositions which are not mathematically and scientifically correct. The nursery of the new mechanical science is the College of Engineering of the Imperial University of Tokio, and the sister college of Kyoto, together with the Tokio Society of Mechanical Engineers, started in 1897. The papers read before these learned societies are very varied, ranging from the manufacture of tyres, street railways, compressed air engines, teeth of wheels, water-tube boilers for the purposes of war, steam consumption of marine engines, and the solidification of metallic powders by pressure. It is the wealth of original ideas, the ingenuity displayed, the extensive tables, the original graphic diagrams. Mr. Tnokuty, Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University, Tokio, has more especially distinguished himself and benefited his country by the brilliant experiments and investigations he has recently made. In 1904 we find him proposing to regularise, by mathematical methods, the catalogue dimensions and trade reference numbers of standard lines of machinery, and, secondly, to calculate the extra pressures caused in long pipes, such as those which feed turbines, by the sudden stoppage of the flow by the closing of a valve. In 1905 the University published a quarto volume of 300 pages, setting forth this brilliant mathematician and mechanic's investigations and tests of centrifugal pumps. The work is so complete, as regards applied theory, that it deserves to be accepted as a standard authority in Europe and America. Considered from the point of view of the application of mathematics to a technical problem of great practical utility, Professor A. Tnokuty's paper deserves to rank as one of the greatest achievements ever attained in skilled calculation. The results of the tests on a 7in. pump, designed and made in Tokio, are exceptionally good, and have probably not been equalled in Europe and America.—"Magazine of Commerce."



Mr. Peter Stubs, of Blaisdon Hall, Longhope.

High Sheriff of Gloucestershire 1900-1; a leading breeder of Shire-horses; died October 29th, 1905, aged 75 years.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTEMHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 153rd prize is divided between Mr. Percy C. Brunt, of 12 Clarence-square, and Mr. J. H. Allender, of Eardington House, Cheltenham, for their reports of sermons respectively by the Revs. T. Bolton and A. B. Phillips.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

GIVE THEM A REST!

One has but to look over the obituary notices of the late Sir Henry Irving to see what a master of hack phrase is the tombstone writer in the daily paper. How often have we heard in the last few days that the deceased actor "eclipsed the gaiety of nations" and died in harness" and the "full maturity of his powers." While of course the "well-graced actor" has left the stage many times during the past week.—"The Academy."



MISS EVANGELINE ANTHONY.

The debut of this young English violinist at St. James's Hall a few weeks before its demolition was one of the most successful first appearances on record. It would be hard to exceed the enthusiasm of the great audience which thronged the Hall, and harder still that of the critics whose testimony filled a whole advertising column of the "Daily Telegraph" two days later. It appears from a long and interesting notice in "The Strad," to which we are indebted for much of the information collected in this place, that Miss Evangeline Anthony was born on November 28th, 1885. Her father is Mr. Charles Anthony, author of "Duty and Privilege," "The Social and Political Dependence of Women," etc., and her mother (nee Warington) was of a stock which claims three Fellows of the Royal Society among its members, as well as the brave and resolute General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking. When Miss Anthony made her debut with the London Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Cowen conducting, she played three violin concertos with splendid success—Bach's in A minor, Mendelssohn's, and the Paganini-Wilhelmj. She has since been solo-violinist at the concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at Queen's Hall, solo-violinist at the seventh concert of the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on April 11 this year, and has still further extended her fame by a few appearances in the provinces. The "St. James's Gazette" instantly welcomed her as "the most notable new-comer since Miss Marie Hall," and pointed out that the young virtuoso is another proof that the nation is not "so entirely lacking in that essential musical asset, temperament, as is commonly imagined." Many other critics have gone out of their way, while cordially recognising her debt to the training of Professor Wilhelmj, to openly rejoice at the emphatic success of an English girl in these days of the supremacy of the foreign artist in the English musical world. Perhaps the most interesting of the many glowing critical testimonies to her playing is that of an eminent composer: "Miss Anthony is, undoubtedly, the Kreisler of her sex."

We gather that Miss Anthony's first professional teacher was Mr. Donald Heins, then fresh from Leipzig, and now Professor of the Violin at Ottawa Conservatoire, who states that her passionate natural bent was fostered by a richly endowed musical mother, since deceased, and that he quickly recognised her "astonishing musical aptitudes, which proved to be phenomenal as the years passed." For many years Miss Anthony has been one of the favourite pupils of August Wilhelmj, who expresses the highest possible opinion of the young violinist, and writes that "her soul and technique, her genius and industry, guarantee her a great future as a virtuoso of the very first rank." Her other teachers have been Mr. H. Macpherson, Mr. P. C. Hull, and Mr. J. H. Bonawitz. As a member of the Herefordshire Orchestral Society, under the baton of Dr. G. R. Sinclair (the conductor of the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford, and of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society), Miss Anthony created immense enthusiasm at several of the society's concerts, as well as her playing of the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Miss Adela Verne at the last Triennial Festival Chamber Concert at Hereford. The "Birmingham Gazette" recorded at the time that Dr. Sinclair "predicts great things for Miss Anthony"—a prophecy which that newspaper enthusiastically endorsed. The characteristics of her playing—"exquisite playing," Wilhelmj defines it—may be said to be described in those two words. She is a fruitful and promising composer, her compositions including a Reverie, a Caprice, and Andante with Variations for violin and piano, and other pieces now in the press.

Miss Anthony has been granted many gifts. A beautiful sensitive face, a quiet dignity of manner, and an artistic appearance which arrests the attention before her bow has swept the strings. Then when she has played, the vivid impression is left at once that here is a born artist whose playing is attractive because of the ease and gracefulness of the style, the beauty of the sweet sensitive tone, and the poetry and intelligence of

the expression. The first impression her playing creates is the sense of the warmth and sympathy of her tone. It possesses a peculiar sensitive sweetness which makes a direct appeal. As the "Daily News" well put it, the young virtuoso has the feminine note without being effeminate; for there is strength as well as sweetness. Then the tender expression of her cantabile shows that she has a poetic and refined disposition capable of expressing itself in graceful and sympathetic terms. She possesses the real temperament of a musician, and her perfectly faultless intonation makes her performance remarkable for grace, sensitiveness, finish of phrase, breadth and purity of tone. Another impression her playing leaves is the ease and natural grace of her delivery. There is nothing forced or artificial or conventional about it. The notes and phrases flow forth in a fresh stream of delicious sound. Then, too, that which lends an added charm is the quiet, dignified manner, the absolute serenity. There is no exaggeration of sentiment, no display of virtuosity, or aiming after effect. All is simple and natural, and she plays as if her whole soul was in her work, and as if her only object was to express the intentions of the composer. Her technique is brilliant, her phrasing clear and true, her expression refined and sympathetic. With a tone of silvery sweetness, warm and passionate, she makes her instrument sing with a voice of tenderness. Miss Anthony may be confident of a great career. She will take a very high place among the foremost violinists of her time; and she will do this by the force of her genius, the sincerity of her work, and the artistic refinement she employs.

Last week Miss Anthony was enthusiastically received by a crowded audience at her first recital in London, which is to be followed by another on November 17; while our readers will rejoice to hear that she has been engaged to play a Concerto at Messrs. Baring Brothers' concert at the Winter Garden, on November 11th, when the full band of the London Symphony Orchestra performs under the conductorship of Sir Edward Elgar. Miss Anthony makes her first appearance in Germany on November 27th, at Heidelberg, where she has been engaged to play a Concerto at the concert conducted by Dr. Philipp Wolfrum, the composer of "The Christmas Mystery," and State Musical Adviser for Baden, Hesse, and Wurttemberg.

THE JOYS OF OLD AGE.

In the light of many sayings of the Stoics, and of the scribes of all ages, I maintain that to know what we can do without is one of the most joyous lessons of age. It enables one to rise unencumbered, that he may meet and fulfil the duties of the hour, without a thought of amassing anything; but rather of parting with what he has, to bestow it upon others. I maintain that the latter is a more joyous experience than the former.—Professor William Knight, in The Academy."

WILLIAM THE WORLDWIDE.

To give an exact definition of so perplexing a personage as the Kaiser seems hitherto to have been beyond the power of the wit of the world. A plausible attempt, however, is made in the following *mot*, which reaches us from one who knows him well: "You see," he said, "it is like this. When the Kaiser goes a-christening, he would like to be the baby; when he goes to a wedding, he wishes to be the bride; and when he goes to a funeral, he desires to be the corpse."—"The Bystander."

WHAT AN ACADEMY OF LITERATURE IS FOR.

The best argument for the establishment of an Academy of Letters in England is that it would provide facilities for the endowment of literature by wealthy benefactors. The French Academicians, in addition to their other functions, act as trustees to a number of funds for the reward of literary endeavour. It is safe to say that many of these benefactions would never be bequeathed to literature if it were not for the existence of a permanent body like the Academy, that could be trusted to administer the funds. An English benefactor would not know where to look for a body of trustees.—"The Academy."



THE RECENT BREWERS & ALLIED TRADES EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. LOCAL SUCCESS IN THE TOBACCO SECTION.

It is with pleasure that we are enabled to reproduce a photo of the Stand at the above Exhibition of our townsman, Mr. Fredk. Wright. It is simple and unpretentious in design, but on it was a unique and imposing display of cigars, etc. It is also gratifying to be able to record the success that Mr. Wright obtained in winning the Gold Medal for the Best British Cigar with his Flower of Cuba "My Own," and the Silver Medal for Indian Cigars with his "Flor de Kylas." He is to be the more congratulated from the fact that he was in competition with some of the largest London manufacturers. Of course the Stand was not complete without a pyramid of his well-known mixture, "My Own."

Petrol and Pictures.

[By "ARIEL."]

ARE NON-SKIDDING BANDS ADVISABLE?

There has been quite a small boom this year in leather bands fitted with iron studs for covering the ordinary rubber tyres. These bands undoubtedly prevent skidding, but as to whether they protect the tyres from wear is a much debated question. Motorists who complain of undue wear of tyres probably do not use suitable tyres. The best plan is to use the heaviest and strongest tyres the rims will stand, and then the tyres will not give much trouble. Now that the season of wet and mud is with us once again, the motorist who fears sideslip looks about for the best appliance to safeguard him from possible accidents through the tyres slipping on "grease." There are many appliances to be obtained, the majority of which take the form of a leather band covering the tyre, and fitted with iron studs. It is the opinion of many well qualified to judge that these bands should be manufactured so as to be easily attached and detached, and also that they should be only used when absolutely necessary. A well-known tyre firm considers that these non-skid bands are not good tyre preservers. Friction must be set up sooner or later between the rubber tyre and leather cover, causing rapid wear of the tyre. The iron studs after some use become loose in the leather band, and then a hammering action is set up, which eventually spoils the tyre. The bands, of course, are all right when new. They keep the tyres from contact with mud and water. After some miles running, cuts are probably made, and then of course the dirt, etc., can get in. It is a difficult matter to tell the condition of the tyre under the leather band. In conclusion, it is advisable to have some form of non-skid if much riding is done during the winter season, but the non-skid chosen should be capable of being easily attached and detached, so that in fine weather it can be easily and quickly removed.

FORE-CARRIAGE WHEELS.

Users of fore-carriages should carefully watch the wear which takes place in the two front tyres. If the tyres appear to wear rapidly, it is quite

evident that the front wheels are not running parallel. This should be attended to at once by an expert workman. It is rather a difficult task for a novice to set the steering wheels quite correctly, and one which is better left to an expert. I can speak with sad experience on this matter, having had a pair of first-class tyres wear right down to the tubes in less than seven hundred miles owing to faulty construction of the fore-carriage.

THE FREE-WHEEL CLUTCH.

The free-wheel clutch is rather a nuisance on a motor-cycle. It is apt to go wrong when required for use. Most motor-cyclists forget all about the free-wheel clutch while it is working well. After a time comes the sad awakening, when suddenly the clutch refuses to act. It should be remembered that on a motor-cycle the free-wheel is in use the whole time the machine is running. Being so hard-working, it deserves some attention. Every two hundred miles it should be thoroughly cleaned out with a little of the ever-useful petrol. When clean, it should be well lubricated. It may not be generally known that the ratchet teeth soon wear out if allowed to run dry. Covers can now be obtained to fit over free-wheel clutches to prevent mud and water from entering the clutch and rendering it useless. Every motor-cyclist who rides in all weathers should have his free-wheel clutch covered up. With a little attention every now and then the clutch will last a long time.

BEST METHOD OF ADJUSTING TREMBLERS.

The most satisfactory method of adjusting tremblers is to perform the operation whilst the engine is running. In the case of a motor-bicycle the machine can be mounted on the usual stand and the engine started. Then, by turning the contact platinum screw up or down the running of the engine, viz. when running at its best, will soon let you know when the best possible adjustment has been arrived at.

A GOOD MOUNTANT.

One of the best mountants I have tried for mounting photographs is made with ordinary starch. This is mixed with a small quantity of cold water, and rubbed with a spoon till it forms a nice smooth cream. Boiling water should then be poured into the vessel containing the starch

and water, and the whole should be well stirred until a fine paste is formed. The paste should be allowed to cool, the top skin skimmed off, and then the mountant is ready for use. It will not keep long. This is its only weak point.

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

UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE.

Mr. Henniker Heaton has been very energetic in pursuing his ideal of a Universal Penny Postage. He has marshalled with great skill the pros and cons of the matter, and has obtained a big collection of letters of sympathy and encouragement from men of all shades of opinion, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Keir Hardie. Let us hasten to add our humble mite of appreciation of a generous ideal. It is quite unnecessary for us to dilate upon the benefits to be derived from the cheapening of correspondence between nation and nation. The arguments which apply to Imperial penny postage apply with even greater force to cosmopolitan penny postage. By proving that Imperial penny postage is not only possible but profitable, we have shown the way to the world. The idea being universally approved in the abstract, it only remains to subdue the prejudices of officialdom, and to convince the unsentimental accountants. Mr. Henniker Heaton, endowed with all the enthusiasm and energy of a Bright or a Cobden, is the man for the work. He grapples with the accountancy problem, and solves it apparently quite satisfactorily chiefly on the principle that the lower the rate the larger the turnover. He tells us that two foreign countries—names not given, but we hazard France and Japan—have already notified to him their acquiescence. Mr. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States, has also been attracted by the idea, and the hope is expressed that a start may be made by instituting penny postage between the States and the United Kingdom. Mr. Henniker Heaton has done all this in the brief period of a few months, and he has completely demonstrated how one strong man of imagination and determination can command success.—"Magazine of Commerce."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 254.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"MERELY MARY ANN."

NEXT WEEK. RETURN VISIT OF

"SUNDAY"

Times and prices as usual.

"SUNDAY"

COMES ON

MONDAY

NEXT WEEK.

c956

WINTER GARDEN, CHELTENHAM.

NEXT WEDNESDAY

At Three O'clock.

4TH ANNUAL ATHLETIC DISPLAY

By SIXTY GIRLS.

The New Ring Drill, Bar-Bells, Calisthenics, Parallel-Bars, Tug-of-War, Musical Skipping, Marching, and a Country Dance.

Music by the Municipal Orchestra. Conductor: Mr. Horace Teague.

Reserved Seats (numbered), 2s., from Messrs. Westley, Promenade; Unreserved, 1s., from Messrs. Westley and Mr. Cossens, 353 High Street, Cheltenham. m840

At Birmingham Chrysanthemum Show, Bingley Hall, open this week, Messrs. Yates and Sons, of Cheltenham, were awarded the Society's large gold medal for a collection of vegetables grown from their seeds.

*

Formed from the trunk of an oak tree, a canoe 7ft. 6in. long, bearing distinct marks of the stone axe which hollowed it out, was recently unearthed at Acharacle, Argyllshire.

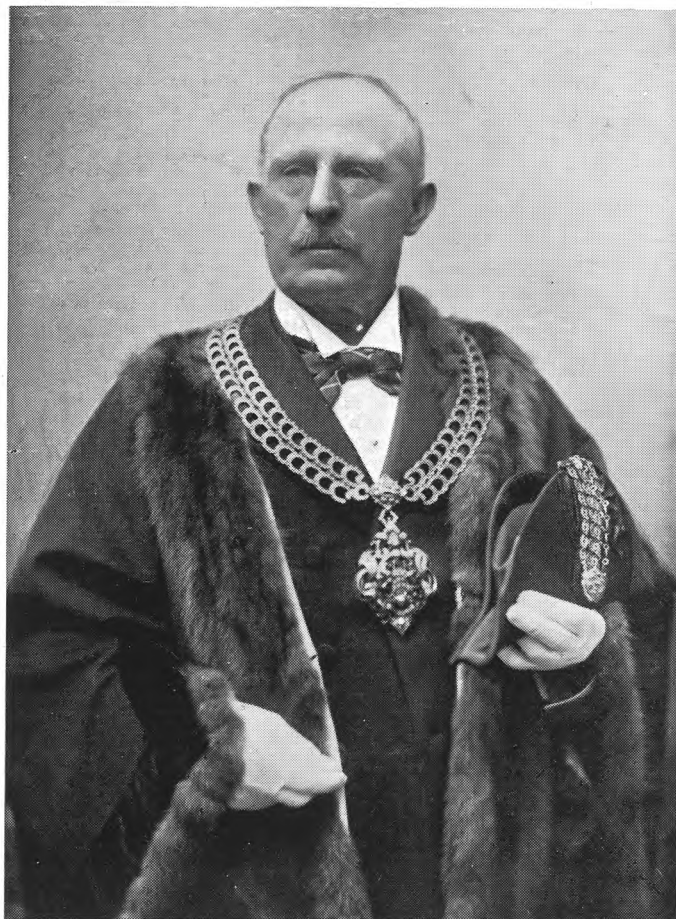


Photo by W. G. Coles,

6 Barton-street, Gloucester.

THE MAYOR OF GLOUCESTER

(MR. COUNCILLOR GEORGE PETERS),

who has represented the South Ward continuously for twenty years, and is the senior Liberal councillor.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 154th prize is divided between Miss A. G. Despard, Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for their reports of sermons by the Bishop of Gloucester at All Saints', and the Rev. F. B. Maenutt at St. John's.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

STORING DAHLIA ROOTS.

Many people would have more success with their dahlias had they a more suitable place for storing the roots during the winter months. The plan adopted by many, of suspending from the roof of a dry, airy shed, is not a good one, as shrivelling, more or less, and weak growth in spring are sure to follow. So long as actual frost is kept from them, the cooler the storing place the better. We have found no place better than a cool underground cellar, where shutters could be put to the windows in case of severe frost. Here the temperature is a uniform one, and the roots remain in a plump and sound condition. In places that fluctuate as regards temperature, dry rot often sets in.—"The Garden."

"Selina Jenkins" at a Chemistry Lecture.

"What's The—Theatrical Chemistry?" says Amos.

"Theatrical Chemistry?" says I. "I dunnow, not in the least! P'raps its somethink to do with this 'ere 'Little Mary' play as they talks so much about; not that I 'olds meself with talkin' about yer hinsides, neither in sermons nor to the theayter, as we all knows is done for amoussement, and not to be mixed up with bilious pills and the like, wich I considers we gets a site too much about people with gumboils, as 'ave been passed over by 49 doctors, and gave hup fer dead by over a dozen hospitals, in the London papers, to please me. Why, the hother day I see 'Lost! 1 guinea reward,' in the paper, as made me trapse all up to the top bedroom to fetch me glasses to see wot the reward were offered for, and when I gets into the 'eart of the thing, and after 'avin' wasted very near quarter of an hour of me valleyble time and forgot to look at the cake in the hoven, as were burnt to a cinder, as the sayin' is, and looked more like a lump of coke than a cake—as I were a-sayin', after all this it turned out only to be a advertisement of a kind of a Free Library as the 'Times' and the 'Standard' gives away with their newspapers, being really, when you reads the small type, 'Lost your chance, did you, for our unique offer? I guinea reward would be totally inadequate to compensate you for what you have LOST! But there is still time, ectettery, ectettery, ampassy, and so 4th! No, I don't 'old with Theatrical Chemistry. Give me a dose of Rhubub any day, when you've—"

"Wait a minnit," says Amos, "I 'aven't got it rite! Wot do this 'ere spell: 'THEORETICAL'?" "Taint 'theatrical' after all, is it now?"

"Well," says I, "wot in the name of fortin' be you so took up with sich a word as that for, Amos? Anybody would think we was a couple of spellin' bees! Wot's it all about? Is it another advertisement?"

"No, Selina," says he; "it just says here as 'ow there's to be a free lecture fer the workin' classes on this 'ere—wat-you-call-it—chemistry, with real egperiments."

"Egperiments?" says I. "I dunnow, Amos, about they things! do you consider it'll be safe? I don't forget 'ow Jenkins when he were alive put a tin of gunpowder in the hoven to dry, as 'e said were more or less of a hegsperiment! When we was dug out of the rubbish we both of us come to the conclusion as egperiments was a failure!"

"Ho, well, Selina," 'e says, "there's a medium in all things, and these 'ere chemistry egperiments is quite safe, I considers, so we'll go along and see wot we can pick up! Meself, I considers if we was able to make up our own physick and bake our own pills we should be able to dispense without all they there red-lamp chemists, as is generally very egspensive folks to deal with, and thinks nothink of chargin' you a shilling for a ha'porth of water with half a drop of physick thrown in, jest to flavour it! See wot we could save in a 12-month, Selina."

"Well, Amos," I says, "if you thinks it'll be safe, I'll come along with you," I says—and yet, you know, all the time somethink seemed to say to me that it were a risky thing to do, becous you never knows wot these 'ere scientsticks is goin' to be hup to, when they gets absorbed in anythink. And so it turned out, as you shall see!

When we got down to the room there was a tidy few present, mostly young boys, 'owever, as come fer a lark, thinkin' it were somethink in 'onor of the 5th of November. Wotever the lecturer said, whether 'twas good, bad, or indifferent, these 'ere boys stamped enuff to bring the place down; wich one of 'em, a nice bright boy settin' in front of me and Amos, said the lecturer was their schoolteacher, and they 'ad orders to put in a bit of applause whenever anythink went flat, so as to keep things movin' a bit!

A very nice bright boy he were, too! as it turned out afterwards! I must tell you that the lecturer 'imself was a young chap of about 25 'ears of age, with a hawful cold in 'is 'head, as I couldn't 'elp thinkin' were a very bad advertisement for this 'ere theoretical chemistry, becous if there aint enuff in it to cure a cold in the 'ead, it can't be worth a lot!

On the platform was a long sort of kitchen table, decorated with little glass bottles, and tubes, and jam-jars, and sich like in the utmost perfusion, which was to be the egperiments.

Well, the sermon started allrite, with a terrible lot of stuff about constituents and sich like, too cumbersome to mention. When "constituents" was referred to Amos said to me, "Selina," he says, "we must 'ave wandered into the wrong place! This 'ere's a perlitical meetin', sure-a-lie!"

"Go on with yer stuff," I says, "whenever did you see a perlitical meetin' with all them glass bottles and jam-jars on the table? You wait a bit and keep yer ears open! It'll be chemistry after a bit!" And sure enuff, after a bit, between the hintervals of usin' 'is handkerchief, the young man held forth a port of a discourse about Oxen and Hygen, as he said were to be found floatin' about in large numbers, regardless of hegsponse to the ratepayers, in the hair we breathes; wich is no doubtedly the cause of the happydemick of hinfuenza, as is rampant in our midst just along now, and its a great pity we can't get rid of this 'ere Oxen and Hygen, as can't be good fer folks to be always breathin', when they ought to be 'avin' fresh hair. I think there ought to be a association to 'ave it stopped! There was a hegsperiment just 'ere as was a high-opener, and no mistake, and all the fault of that there Hygen. Wich the young man 'ad some soap in a dish and blowed out 2 or 3 luvly bubbles with Hygen and Oxen inside of 'em instead of wind.

That was all rite so far as it went, and they sailed about the room like so many balloons, until by some 'accident 1 of 'em went too near the gas-flame, and went hoff with a bang loud enuff to wake the dead, and actually blowed a cracked pane of glass clean out of the winder!

All them boys thought this were grand, and no mistake, but, as fer me, I don't 'old with the like, nor with wot come afterwards. Chemistry is pills, and coff mixtures, and so 4th, and I don't 'old with it when it causes egsplosions and firework displays. Wot ever would be the good of chemists, I should like to know, if you wasn't never certain that 1 of their coff lozenges mightn't go off "bang" in your mouth, and blow yet in-tellecks to pieces, as is wot this 'ere thee-rotical chemistry is rapidly leadin' us onto, in my happynion!

But there was worse and worse to follow. After a lot of talk about different things as founded more like swear words than the names of drugs, that I will say, the lecturer come on to some more egperiments done with Sul-furious Assid, or somethink, as was to go to prove wot wonderful things can be done by mixin' a little of the "wot-dye-call-it" with the "wot's-its name" and then warmin' it until it gives off the "Super Hoxy-Hygen Lime Light Cinematograph B sharp A 4" vapor, wich is hinvisable to the naked heye, but smellable to the most obsolete and imperfeck form of nose ever growed by a 'uman bein'!

Wich, as I were remarkin', there wasn't much to look at in this egperiment, but a powerful lot to smell! I says to Amos, "Amos," I says, "don't you perceive a sort of closeness in the hair? Do you think the drains is all rite here?"

"Well, Selina," says he, "I was jest about to remark the same thing! Funny we never noticed afore. It reminds me of somethink as I can't call to mind!—Ho! I remember! that time when there was a bit of a close finish to the election, and hegs was used as argyments!"

"Yes," I says, "You've 'it it exactly, Amos! It is a sort of a cross between a cookin' hegg and a brimstone match! But, bless me 'eart and sole, 'ere's another whiff comin' across, stronger than ever! Wotever can it be? You go up and speak to the young chap, Amos, and ask 'im if 'e thinks there is anythink wrong with the drains, becous 'tisen't safe these times, when there's so many new complaints about, to take any sich risks, so I considers!"

So Amos marched up to the front, and complained to the gent (not before 'e'd knocked over a bottle-full of somethink or other, 'owever, as made a great boilin' mess on the floor, attractin' the gent's attention), as is jest like Amos, sich a clumsy man as he is. And it turned out that this 'ere hawful hupore of a stench was only a part of thee-rotical chemistry, and the chap said as it was jest 1 of the hincidents of scientific researching, as we ought to feel proud of 'avin' 'ad the privilege of smellin', becous now we should know this 'ere Hoxy-Hygen Simelite Chloride of Lime Gas when we met with it again! I don't see a lot in it, tho', not meself! Chemistes may be brought up to thrive on sich things, but I don't 'old with anythink of the kind, as isn't rite to put before a mixed audience of young people and decent ladies and gentlemen!

When the smeech 'ad a bit blowed over,



Rev. J. VAUGHAN PAYNE, M.A.
OF GLOUCESTER,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 7, 1905,

was the doyen of the City Clergy, 1e having been Vicar of Christ Church from 1868 to 1891, when he resigned. He was formerly a member of Gloucester School Board.

'owsomdever, with openin' all the winders and doors, it were possible to go on with the subjeck was now helectricity, showin' 'ow helectric enuff to drive a windmill, as brought on the toothache hawful in Amos's tooth (he only 'avin' 1 of 'is own, and that 1 makes up fer lost time by achin' at every opportunity).

So wot with the cold and so 4th, it weren't very pleasant listenin' towards the end. The subjeck now was helectricity, showin' 'ow helectric currants can be sent anywhere, carriage paid, with the aid of a bit of wire and a handle as you turns! Some of this were very wonderful; the lights were turned down, and all kinds of pretty colours and litening flashes was to be seen litin' up the classic features of the lecturer. At the close he announced a speshul egperiment to show 'ow submarine mines was blowed hup, wich 'e said 'e 'ad placed in a distant corner of the room a bucket of water, with a small imitation mine into it; and 'e says, says 'e, "Ladies and gentlemen"—(applause, boys)—"I have much pleasure"—(applause, boys)—"in showin' you how"—(applause, boys)—"by just pressing this button on the platform"—(applause, boys)—"Stop that noise, boys, or I'll punch your heads when it's over!—(a-hem)—"In showing you 'ow, by jest pressing this button on the platform, an immediate and striking effect is produced! Now!"

"Immediate and strikin' effect" wasn't the word! There was a tremenjis clatter jest behind me and Amos, and hup went a whole bucket of water, on block, as the sayin' is, and come down "SPLASH" on top of our defenceless 'eads!

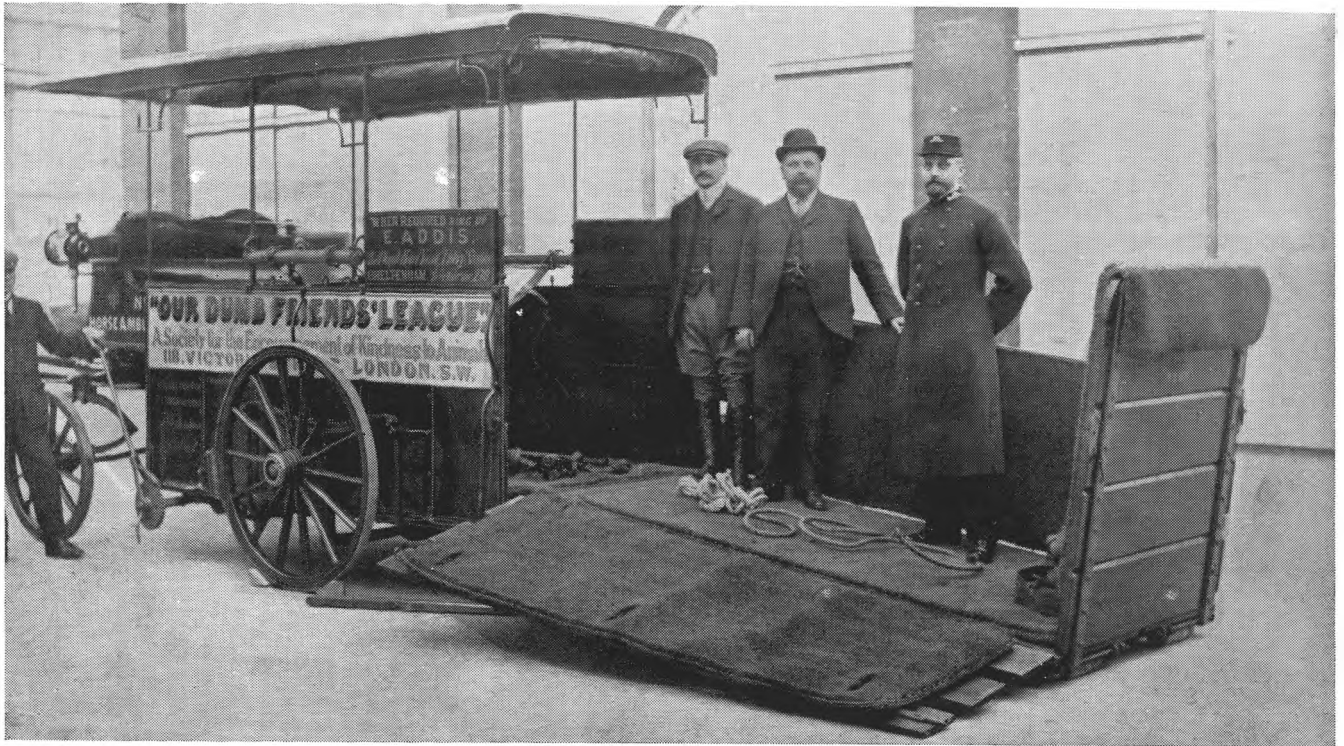
We was simply drenched from 'ead to foot, and, wot was worse, all they boys applauded and cheered and shouted "Angore" as if it was all in the thee-rotical chemistry programme!

And if it wasn't that young varmint of a boy, as I liked the look of, as 'ad took that hegsplisive bucket and put it jest behind our chairs, instead of back in the corner where 'e found it! The young rapscallion, indeed!

Talk about yer Thee-rotical Chemistry, as is nothink but hawful stinks and sudden scares—I don't 'old with it a bit! I've got a hawful bad chill, thro' the wet, and Amos's tooth 'ave been ranpin' ever since, as I don't consider would 'ave been the case if we 'adn't dabbled in this 'ere Thee-rotical Chemistry.

No, I don't 'old with science, or Thee-rotical Chemistry, or Hire Criticisms, or Hire Purchis Systems—nor, in fact, with any of these new-fangled notions. They didn't 'ave sich things when I was a gal, and folks was just as well hoff without 'em. They be jest like this 'ere Fiscal Question, the more you dwells on it, the more you doesn't know, and I wish to goodness I 'adn't bothered me 'ead about it, that I do! Sich foolishness!

SELINA JENKINS.



HORSE AMBULANCE FOR CHELTENHAM.

Mr. Dennis (inventor and maker of van), Inspector Finch (R.S.P.C.A.), Mr. E. Addis, Plough Hotel Yard (custodian of van), Miss King (assistant secretary Our Dumb Friends' League).



OPENING MEET of the COTSWOLD HOUNDS at LILLEYBROOK, CHARLTON KINGS, NOV. 6, 1905.



MR. WM. C. MATTHEWS,
who has represented the Tuffley Ward on
Gloucester City Council since its formation
in 1900.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!



ARTISTIC & GENERAL
PRINTING!!!!
AT THE . .
"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS



THE MAYOR OF TEWKESBURY
(MR. COUNCILLOR G. M. RICE).





Cheltenham Fox Terrier Show at Winter Garden, November 8 & 9, 1905—Judging the Smooths.

THE CORNER PICTURES ARE OF "DONCASTER DOMINIC" AND "MORDEN BULLSEYE," CHAMPION SMOOTH & ROUGH DOGS.

STANDARD APPLES.

Even when we have faith in the future profit of the tree on the dwarfing stock, some of the wide-spreading, free-growing sorts that require time and will live and be profitable when the trees on the dwarfing stock are worn out should be planted thinly among the dwarf trees. Give the standards from 35 feet to 40 feet, and let them grow up among the dwarf trees, and in twenty or thirty years' time they alone will be left. There is another advantage in having a few of these vigorous-growing trees among those of lesser growth and stamina. The pollen from the taller trees is easily scattered, and helps to fertilise their blossoms, and very often a better cross is obtained. We have never known a case of this system of planting where the trees altogether failed, as they seemed to shelter each other.—"The Garden."



COFFEE DRINKING DUE TO MAHOMETANS

The coffee plant is a bush indigenous to Abyssinia, where its properties may have been known in very early times. But it was the Mahometans who first brought coffee drinking into general use, says a writer in "Britain at Work," and it was imported into England a few years before the introduction of tea, the first public coffee-house having been established in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, in 1652, by the Greek valet of a Turkey merchant. The drinking of coffee spread with marvellous rapidity; the quantity consumed in the United Kingdom in the year 1801 being about 1,000,000lb., whereas the total import in the first year of the following century was upwards of 109,000,000lb., valued at £3,294,871, the amount of duty paid upon the quantity passed for home consumption being £189,783. Of the total import, however, only a fourth part was grown in Greater Britain.

A NEW TYPE OF LIFEBOAT.

DANISH CAPTAIN'S INVENTION.

Some successful experiments have been made in New York recently with a 20-foot unsinkable lifeboat invented by Mr. B. Englehardt, a Danish sea captain. This boat, it seems, is really a buoyant raft fitted with waterproof canvas sides, which are raised on hinged uprights when the craft is to be made ready for launching. Into this 20-foot boat stepped 28 men, whose united weight was nearly 4,500lb. Although the men from time to time crowded to one side of the boat and then to the other, it was apparent that the craft could not be capsized, even when several of the occupants stood on the gunwales. The boat was further shown to be unsinkable, for when plugs were taken out, the self-baling craft freed itself so fast that there was never more than a few gallons of water washing about the flooring.



THE DIGNITY OF A LORD MAYOR.

Few people have any idea of the many offices, etc., the Lord Mayor of London is called upon to fill, or of the dignities and honours that are showered upon him, says "T.A.T." Beside being, of course, the Chief Magistrate of the City, he is also ex-officio admiral of the Port of London, a general of militia, one of the chief butlers and cup-bearers to the sovereign, with the right of officiating as such at Coronation banquets, a Master of the City Hunt (which, by the way, no longer exists), a judge in civil and criminal cases, and a controller of weights and measures. Further, he has in addition to his salary and his official residence, his gentlemen-in-waiting, his chaplain, his purse-bearer, his sword-bearer, his marshal, and last, but not least, his own hangman, and the Sovereign himself, as well as his troops, are debarred—theoretically, of course—from entering the City, without receiving beforehand the permission of the Lord Mayor. These prerogatives, thoroughly exploited abroad, are accountable for the awe with which the Lord

Mayor is regarded on the Continent, where, by the uninitiated, he is popularly accounted a far more important and powerful dignitary of the realm than the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, or the Prime Minister, or even than all these three combined.



ELECTRIC TRANSPORTATION OF MAILS.

Both the high speeds and simple equipment which characterise electric traction apparatus admirably fit it for such work, says the "Electrical Magazine," as the transportation of parcels and mails over specially-constructed tracks. Present-day methods of handling the mails, by special trains having sorting, delivery, and collecting cars, could certainly be improved upon were the work of transporting undertaken separately. In the first place, larger premises and improved sorting arrangements would facilitate this portion of the operations; and, secondly, the mails and parcels once sorted could be dispatched with complete safety at much higher speeds. Velocities almost treble those now prevailing with trains could be attained, and as neither life nor limb would be risked, the factor limiting the speed would rest with the system employed and its operation in practice. The fact that the matter is under consideration in France, where extensive experiments have been made, points to possible activities in this direction, and as it is but another instance in which electrical energy can be efficiently and serviceably employed, we hope some practical issue will result from further investigations. Between distant centres like London, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Plymouth, and in fact the greatest towns and cities of the kingdom, some express postal service could be run by electrical means, and when a sufficiently cheap and safe structure can be devised, the application of a high-speed car would not be difficult of accomplishment. A tube naturally suggests itself, but in direct opposition an overhead structure seems equally feasible. Whether either of the twain could be standardised, only exhaustive experiment can show.



MISS JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY
(DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING) AS "SUNDAY"
NEXT MONDAY AT CHELTENHAM OPERA HOUSE.



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN,
who is to lecture in the Town-hall on Monday
night on "Literary Life Behind the Scenes."

SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

It is only within recent times that it has been possible to compile a list of early-flowering single chrysanthemums for the border. For years previous to their acquisition there was an occasional inquiry for the single-flowered sorts that would bloom in the outdoor garden in September and October. It is pleasant, therefore, to recall these facts, and to supplement the latter with a list of single sorts. So far as one can trace there are about eighteen good and reliable varieties now catalogued, and there is little doubt that each succeeding season will see this list increased.—
"The Garden."



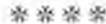
FINANCIERS FIGHTING WITH FATE.

During the past decade I have witnessed some dramatic and even tragic examples of the powerlessness of the most healthy and influential financiers when fighting with Fate (says the writer of an article in "Cassell's Saturday Journal"). In finance something goes wrong at the psychological moment with exasperating frequency. A man turns traitor, dies, marries, fails, or falls in love. All such curious contingencies affect and sometimes ruin important "deals" at the last minute. Not long ago a clever financier had organised a big steamship company, got promises of all the necessary capital, and a Government subsidy necessary to complete the scheme was practically assured. The Canadian statesman who was entrusted with the negotiations for this subsidy suddenly fell down dead within the precincts of Windsor Castle. The scheme fell through, and the promoter did not long survive. Sometimes a disaster results from the machinations of a financier's opponents. There is an authentic story of a prominent financier who was once compelled to pay £40,000 each for ten trout. He left the Stock Exchange one day in order to indulge in a day's trout fishing. While he was away the professional speculators made a violent attack on the stocks in which he was interested. Hastily advised, the financier arranged to minimise the effects of this hostile campaign, but he lost £400,000 in the process. Millionaire financiers are subjected to all the nerve-racking influences of our complicated City life, where the rush of business is usually succeeded by a mad search for pleasure. They have many moments of weakness, preoccupation, and even mental anguish, from which their subordinates never suffer. There is a legend of a wealthy man who engaged in a big campaign in a certain stock, about which he unfortunately took a wrong view. In addition to the worry and excitement of this colossal Stock Exchange operation, he had to endure the agony of seeing his darling daughter gradually succumbing to blindness. He literally worshipped this child, and his grief was so acute that the father dominated the financier. His nerves unstrung, his mental faculties paralysed, he misjudged the financial position at the critical moment. And the crash came.

SIR BRYAN O'LOGHLEN REMINISCENCES.

The death of Sir Bryan O'Loughlen calls to mind one or two curious Parliamentary impressions with which the name of O'Loughlen is bound up. A good many years ago (remarks the London correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald") the elder brother of the late baronet had a seat in the House of Commons for an Irish constituency, and as he was good-humoured, genial, and witty, as so many Irishmen are, he was a general favourite. But he had two peculiar little tricks which attracted special attention to him, and one of them actually gave him a name quite other than the one originally bestowed upon him by his godfather and godmother. He was an active, restless, little man, continually entering or departing from the legislative chamber; and when he went out it was always a matter for speculation, and occasionally even for a mild bet, to determine where he would take his seat when he returned, for he seemed to make it a point of honour never to occupy the same eighteen inches or so of green leather cushion twice in succession. For this reason, and on the same principle that gave its Latin name to a grove, Sir Colman O'Loughlen came to be known as "The Panther," because he was "always changing his spots." His other peculiarity was the extraordinary amount of deference he always threw into his preliminary bow when he rose to address the chair, for it was not a mere inclination of the head—it was a positive submergence, and gave the impression that Sir Colman regarded the Speaker as a mighty oncoming wave and was doing his best to dive under it. I think it was when Sir Colman died that the Irish party determined to elect his brother as member in his place. Sir Bryan O'Loughlen had been for many years in Australia, where he had earned a distinguished position for himself at the bar, and he was presumably out of touch with British or Irish politics. But it was enough that he was Sir Colman's brother; so he

was elected, of course in his absence and without his taking any steps at all, so far as I know, to secure the vacancy. But just as he never took the trouble to woo the constituency, so, when elected, he never took the trouble to come over and claim his seat, and when, after many months of this extraordinary barren membership, Sir Bryan was at last appointed Attorney-General in the Colonial Legislature, to which he also belonged, it was taken as a sign that he did not intend to sit in St. Stephen's, and the Irish seat was therefore declared vacant and a new writ issued. Both the brothers, therefore, if they have not given any particular lustre or distinction to our Parliamentary history, have at all events added to the many eccentric features which have adorned its path.



THE ANTIQUITY OF TEA.

The tea plant, a tree allied to the camellia, grows wild in Assam, and there is a legend that it was carried to China by an Indian traveller in the sixth century B.C. Be this as it may, tea was a national beverage among the Chinese in the early centuries of this era, when mead was the national drink of the Western world, and there was a Celestial tax upon tea as far back as 793. The oldest newspaper advertisement of tea has been traced to the year 1658, when it was to be had "at the Sultanness Head, a cophee-house in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange." In 1678 the Honourable East India Company glutted the market for years by importing 4,713lb. in one season. In the first year of the nineteenth century, says a writer in "Britain at Work," the consumption of tea in the United Kingdom was 23,730,150lb.; in the first year of the twentieth the import reached the tremendous total of 298,900,200lb., of the value of £10,686,910, and the duty paid upon that proportion of it which went into home consumption was £4,769,762.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

What may be called the "anecdote" of the late Bishop Ellicott is by no means closed yet. One of the latest contributors is the Rev. Canon Tetley, of Bristol (formerly vicar of Highnam), who, in some reminiscences, mentions that the Bishop was, as he admitted himself, "hopelessly unmusical," and he gives an instance of how for the good of his fellows his lordship endured a long performance. This was at the Choir Benevolent Fund Festival in Gloucester Cathedral, at which the abnormal number of five anthems were sung. And in the ordinary Cathedral services Dr. Ellicott fell into the habit of repeating the words of the musical setting of the canticles in a perfect polyglot—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Æthiopic, and so on—until the strains, so unintelligible to him, had come to an end. I expect the festival alluded to was the one in Gloucester on April 16th, 1891, and in Cheltenham on the following day. I remember it was at the luncheon at the Spread Eagle Hotel that the Bishop, in proposing the health of Queen Victoria, playfully alluded to Her Majesty as "a grass widow," the point being that she was at the time sojourning at Grasse, in the South of France.



The hopes of the Honeybourne folk of their village being made a second Swindon by the Great Western Railway Company were dashed by the inspired article in the "Echo." I should say that the difficulties of getting sufficient water would be an insuperable bar to the establishment of great works there. It is now three years since the line to Cheltenham was commenced at that end, and the close of next year is confidently expected to see its final completion. I wonder what the state of the joint line between Cheltenham and Gloucester will be when the extra traffic from the Honeybourne and Banbury branches is poured over it. At least, shorter blocks will have to be made, but the doubling of the metals will become imperative if speed is to be maintained. The alliance of the Great Western and Great Central will shortly be further emphasised by the daily running of trains and engines of the latter company between Leicester and Gloucester to catch Midland-South Wales passengers, the use of the outside Hatherley loop dispensing with the necessity for running over congested Lansdown Junction. I have seen Great Central trains in the G.W.R. station at Cheltenham with the Rugby School football teams, but Leckhampton will be the stopping place in our town for express trains, and this station will probably be known as South Cheltenham.



"Household Gods" at Berkeley Castle are well-illustrated in "Sketch." Old bedsteads are the chief features, and these comprise the one on which Edward II. was murdered, and the sword that did the deed; Queen Elizabeth's, last occupied by Lord Kitchener; and another on which several Earls of Berkeley died, and which Edward VII. has slept on. Lord Fitzhardinge is stated to believe that Edward II. made his escape from the Castle and died peacefully in Italy. This, I know, is no new theory, for it was advanced by Mr. Bent in "Macmillan's Magazine" in 1880, and the late Mr. J. J. Powell, Q.C. (Lord Fitzhardinge's colleague in the representation of Gloucester), recorded his opinion that "there is much to be said upon both sides of the question." At all events, people do not like to have rudely shaken their cherished beliefs that Edward was murdered in the Castle and buried in Gloucester Cathedral, and that it was his shrine there to which thousands of pilgrims flocked. It certainly is news to find that when at home, Lord Fitzhardinge amuses himself with a knitting machine and that his constant companions are two large Persian cats. GLEANER.



A CHELTENHAM BLIND QUARTETTE.

The late Mr. I. Solomon, Mr. J. Coles, Mr. W. White, the late Mr. "Joe" Dutton. Mr. G. A. Wakefield (attendant).

X



A CHELTENHAM GROUP,

WITH THE LATE MR. PHILIP HOPE IN CENTRE, UNDERNEATH CROSS.

THE IMPORTATION OF GRAIN.

Writing in an article on "The London Docks" in "Cassell's Magazine," Mr. William Sidebotham tells how the grain from abroad is unloaded and stored. Owing to the fact that most of our food supply comes from abroad, one of the most important trades in London is the importation of grain. The total annual value of maize, wheat, barley, and oats imported is over £10,000,000. To deal effectively with this immense traffic, the new Silo Granary was introduced into the docks three or four years ago, the object of which is to obtain the greatest storage capacity over a given area, and to economise time in the discharge and housing of the grain in bulk from barges. There are several of these buildings, which have large square towers, and which contain special arrangements for turning over the grain to keep it in good condition, and also for sacking, weighing, and delivering into barges, railway wagons, and carts. The grain is brought alongside in barges, and is lifted by an elevator—which resembles a huge high frame like the arm of a crane, and to which cups similar to

those attached to a dredger are fixed—and carried by a band conveyor to a one-ton weighing machine. After being weighed automatically, the grain is discharged into the "hopper" of either of the two main elevators, which in their turn discharge on to either of the two band conveyers leading to the top of the building. These then deliver it into any one of the fifty-six bins for storage, or into the weigh-out house if immediate delivery in sacks to barges is required. For subsequent delivery to railway wagons or carts, the grain falls by gravitation into automatic sack-weighing machines on the working platform, which is on a level with the truck sides. The band conveyers—about two feet wide—are made of india-rubber. The grain comes down upon them from a wooden spout, and, the bands being slightly concave at that point, the grain settles in the centre of the band—a position which it maintains throughout the whole of its course. It is an interesting sight to see these bands taking the grain with great rapidity from one part of the building to another.



WE CAN SUPPLY

PICTURE POST-CARDS

FROM ANY PHOTOGRAPH THAT APPEARS IN THE "GRAPHIC." MODERATE PRICES FOR LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.

A NOVELIST WITH A PURPOSE.

Under the above title the author of an interesting article on Mr. Joseph Hocking gets Mr. Hocking to speak on his method of work. "I have always stories at the back of my brain. When I have definitely decided upon a plot, I first of all outline it in a brief manner. Here, for instance, is the synopsis of my new story for the 'Quiver.'" "And that is all? You don't outline every chapter and situation as some authors do?" "Oh, dear, no. I let my characters carry me along. Sometimes they do with me what I had never expected them to do." And that, I thought, is the secret of all enduring work. A man must live in his story. "At what time is your writing mostly done, Mr. Hocking?" "I give two days a week to it—Tuesdays and Wednesdays. You see, I have ministerial duties to perform—sermons, addresses, lectures to prepare, people to visit, and so on, and all that, of course, must not be neglected. On the two days mentioned I devote myself to my literary work for about four hours in the morning. In the afternoon, perhaps, I go out on the links and 'foozle' the ball about. In the evening I probably take up the pen again. Sometimes, as is only natural, I am not in the mood to write. Sometimes I can show 3,000 words as my morning's work, and perhaps I can turn out a fair amount of copy in the evening. My general rate of progress is such that I am able to complete three novels in two years." "Do you alter your copy much?" For answer, he pulled out from a drawer some sheets of the forthcoming story. They were such as to arouse a man's envy—marvellously neat, legibly written, and free from erasure. They confirmed me in the view I formed at the commencement of our interview, that Mr. Hocking is a clear and concise thinker, who knows what he is going to say and how he is going to say it.

* * * * *

ARE THE MIDDLE CLASSES RELIGIOUS?

Under the above title Mr. Richard Mudie-Smith contributes an article to the "Quiver." Of the professional section of the middle class he says: Can this portion be termed religious? Not, I think, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Among those who are members of one or other of the professions there is far more criticism, far more apathy, and far more hostility toward religion, than is found in the class we have been considering. The sense of sin has altogether disappeared; or, if any symptoms of its presence is felt, culture gives it another name and prescribes a different cure than that recommended with such lurid power in "Grace Abounding." We have now reached an atmosphere where to be emotional is to be rude, where to display one's feelings is to display bad taste. It is a tradition with the aristocracy to exhibit under circumstances the most trying a composed countenance, a stoical mien. The upper middle class has to some extent laid hands on this fetish, and in consequence it would be unwise to say that because there is not shown such manifestation of feeling here as is shown by the lower middle class that therefore it does not exist. But even if this be granted, a vast amount of real indifference remains, and frequently the professional man's religion is as professional as his profession. He has a pew in a place of worship belonging to the Established Church, and either attends once on a Sunday together with his family, or sends his family and remains at home. Should he go himself, the moment of leaving the church synchronises with the dismissal of the subject of religion from his mind until the ensuing Sabbath. If he be a medical man, his scientific training sometimes militates against religious belief, and the strict etiquette which hedges him round forbids his taking a too active part in religious work, presuming he feels drawn to it. From time to time we witness a reaction against the influences to which I have alluded, and, in consequence, when a medical man does definitely avow convictions, he generally becomes a prominent witness for the truths he believes.

* * * * *

Lovely woman has found an alternative to the camera. She has discovered that she can be modelled in wax, which is tinted according to the colouring of the individual. The effect is distinctly good, and a wax portrait is very much more a thing of beauty than a photograph.—"The World."



MR. G. B. WITTS (Hunt Sec.), THE MASTER (in centre), MR. W. UNWIN, and MR. E. TURNER (on foot).



THE MASTER, WITH BEACHAM ON HIS RIGHT. OPENING MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

EXHIBITION GOLF GAMES.

I should not be surprised, under present circumstances, if the committees of golf clubs began to wonder whether it really pays to engage one of the leading professionals as professional and greenkeeper. The eminent personage has to be paid a high wage to secure his services, and for very many days of the year he will be absent, playing exhibition matches all over the country. If this state of affairs continues, the authorities at leading clubs will come to the decision that it pays them better to have a good greenkeeper and to dispense with the eminent player. For such a

decision, if it should be adopted, the professionals will have to blame themselves and the present mania for exhibition matches in equal proportions. Every club which alters its course, or lengthens it, seems to think it necessary to advertise the fact by inviting various great players to play an exhibition round. All this tends to an obliteration of the sense of proportion, and both sections are thus doing their best to reduce golf from a game into an exhibition. I would earnestly beg the leaders of both classes to reflect upon the dangers of this situation, and to avert from our beloved sport the evils which threaten it.—Ernest Lehmann in "The Bystander."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 255.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"Sunday."

NEXT WEEK: FAREWELL VISIT OF THE
D'OYLY CARTE
PRINCIPAL REPERTOIRE CO.

Times and prices as usual.

WE CAN SUPPLY

PICTURE POST-CARDS



FROM ANY PHOTOGRAPH THAT
APPEARS IN THE "GRAPHIC."
MODERATE PRICES FOR LARGE
OR SMALL QUANTITIES.

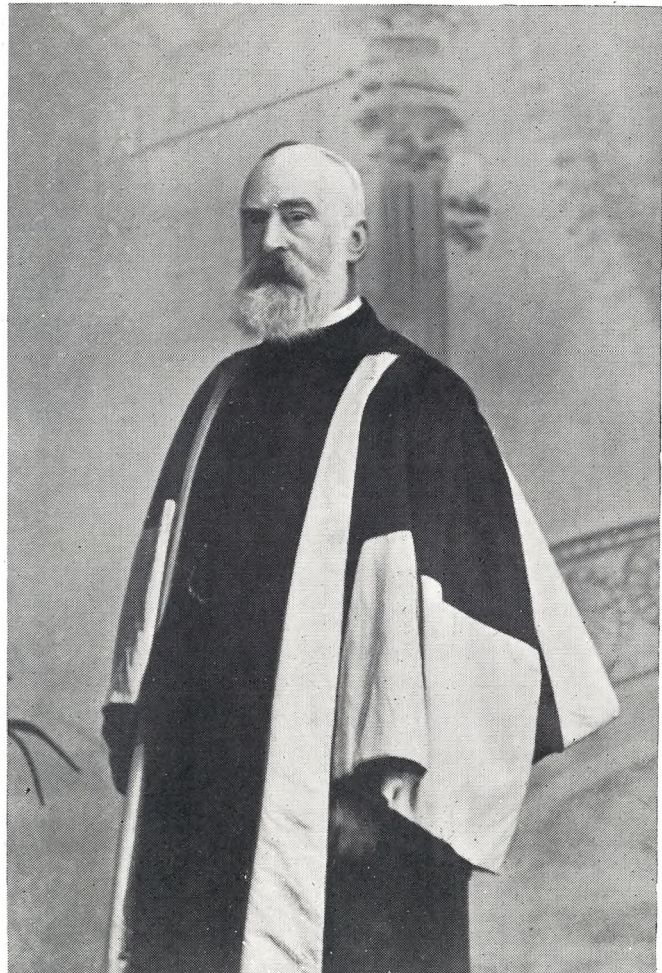
CHINA ASTERS.

Among the most beautiful flowers of the garden this summer have been the large chrysanthemum-like China Asters which are sold under the name of "Ostrich Plume." The more formal types—the Victoria and French as examples—never excite our admiration, but the Comet and Ostrich Plumes toss their petals in the wind, and as they turn, the pure, clear colourings seem to shine with special beauty. The shades of mauve and pink win friends for these half-hardy annuals, and we hope the raisers of them will continue their good work. The white form is as white as a little drift of freshly fallen snow, and its value for cutting with the pink and mauve is increased by the fluffy informal nature of the flower itself.—"The Garden."

BULBS FOR CUT FLOWERS.

During the past few years the demand for fresh cut flowers has increased enormously, and in spite of the very large importations and the low rates at which they are sold, there is still room for growers in the neighbourhood of towns. No position we have yet tried for the beds suits them so well as the spaces between rows of bush and pyramid fruit trees, for when these are set out at from 12 feet to 18 feet apart, there is ample room for a good bed of bulbs. The trees form an excellent wind break, and the bulbs grow up, flower, and go to rest before there is much need to tread on the beds, while by the time fruit-picking comes on, they have mostly gone quite to rest. We find daffodils of all kinds the best of all bulbs for cutting, and they do not require lifting every year.—"The Garden."

According to some authorities, machinery in motion deteriorates less quickly than machinery that is at a standstill.



REV. GEORGE JOSEPH WOODWARD, D.D., D.C.L.,

RECTOR OF COLN ROGERS.

DIED NOVEMBER 11, 1905, AGED 59 YEARS.

400 MEN WEATHER-BOUND.

NO ESCAPE TILL NEXT JULY.

News has been received at Queenstown that eleven whaling vessels have been caught in the ice in the Arctic Ocean, and are not likely to escape before next July. The vessels have crews representing a total of 400 men, who must face the sufferings of the winter with insufficient provisions and otherwise unprepared for an enforced stay in the Arctic. Most of the vessels left San Francisco last spring, and were expected back at the beginning of the autumn. The United States Government will be asked to send out a relief expedition.

BEGGARS QUOTE MR. BALFOUR.

One of eight men charged at Greenwich on Monday with begging said that the Prime Minister had stated that the unemployed must seek public charity, and they were doing so. Mr. Baggallay observed that charity could not be administered if bands of men were allowed to go about begging, for then the undeserving would get charity. He remanded four of the men, and bound over the others.

The Prussian prayer-book enjoins that the whole of the service, including the sermon, shall not last longer than one hour.

"Selina Jenkins" and the Moneylender.

PART I.

Private and Confidential.

33 Golden Lane, London.

Dear Sir,—It frequently happens that persons in all positions of life at times find themselves short of cash, and for various reasons do not feel inclined to apply to their friends or acquaintances for financial aid.

To know where at a few hours' notice one can obtain a strictly private advance from £50 to £5,000, entirely upon their own note of hand, without securities or formalities of any kind, is of no small consideration.

Advances are made in any part of Great Britain, and in many cases the same day as applied for.

Therefore, should you now or at any time require a strictly private loan, I or my representative would wait upon you by appointment with the cash, and complete the matter upon mutual satisfactory terms (distance no object).

Awaiting your reply,

Yours faithfully,

ISRAEL ROBERTSOHN.

"Well! I never did!" says I to Amos as he read all this out. "And to think we've been a-scrapin' and a-strugglin' all these years jest to get enuff together to live without bein' independent on our relations, and all the while there was all this hocam o' money runnin' to waste, so to say, and this 'ere Mister Israel Wots-is-name pinin' away with a desire to oblige anybody as jest says the word, without—what is it, Amos?—read it hout again, do!"

"Here 'tis, Selina," says he, "as plain as plain; without sureties or formalities of any kind, . . . the same day as applied for, . . . I or my representative will wait upon you by appointment with the cash."

"Do it really say cash, Amos? Becos you know we've been 'ad before (or you 'ave), over that there 2s. 6d. down library! Do it really say cash?"

"Well, Selina, look fer yourself, that's wot I says. C-A-S-H—cash, and a line drawn under it, too, as I s'pose means 'ard cash—no checks taken; wich is only rite, so I considers, seemin' as 'ow it weren't so long ago as I were gave a advertizement of somebody's hair-dye (and down to Weston, too, as is generally considered to be a 'onest, religious kind of place)—wich I were give this 'ere advertizement as part change of a sovereign, as I will say looked ezactly like a check, and when I took it back the man wasn't there, bein' only one of these 'ere travellin' showmen, 'ere to-day and gone to-morrow! So I wouldn't 'ave nothink to do with checks, not if 'twas me, not even at a gift. I b'leaves in 'ard cash, down on the nail, as the sayin' is; and if I was left with a fortin—say ten or twenty thousand—I'd 'ave it all in 'alf-crowns in a bag, and carry it 'ome meself, becous money always goes farthest when it's in 'alf-crowns."

"Well, Amos," I says, "I don't 'old with bein' graspin', nor I ain't never 'ad the reppytation of bein' wot they calls a 'money-grub,' but wot I says is this—'ave it in threppenny-bits, as is a lot 'andier than 'alf-crowns; besides wich, wot be we goin' to do in the case of collections and people comin' to the door elicitin' offerin's for the pore benited 'eathen and the propagation of the Jews, and so 4th, if we ain't got nothink less than 'alf-crowns in stock?"

"'Ave yer way, then," says Amos, "'ave yer way, Selina! We'll split the difference, and take 'alf of it in threppenny-bits and the rest in 'alf-crowns, so as to make it rite!"

"Very well," I says. "'Ow much do it say, Amos, again? £50 to £5,000? Five thousand—five thousand—that'd be rather a lot to look after, wouldn't it, so I should advise 'avin'—say, a thousand, first, jest to go on with; then we can 'ave some more a'terwards, can't we?"

"Yes; I s'pose we can," says Amos; "but afore we talks about 'avin' any more, s'pose we decides on wot we shall do with this first five thousand! I considers as 'ow the very first thing we ought to go in for is a motor-car! Everybody 'as 'em, now, as is anybody, and, of course, if we 'as 5 thousand we shall 'ave to keep egsperiences hup a bit! Then there's another thing I should

like, and that's a 'armonium, as I've long wanted to see in the front parlour, one of them with a lookin'-glass and goldy pipes, and a place to keep books onto. Then there's canaries; I've got a hidea as prize canary breedin' is jest in my line; and then there's—"

"Wait a bit," I says; "to hear you talk, Amos, anybody 'ould think it was *your* money; wicn it's between us, of course, and you ain't got no right to go horderin' motor-cars and canary birds till further notice, not till you've 'eard wot I wants! Ladies 1st, please! Wich I'd 'ave you know as I've made hup me mind, firstly, to put hout the washin' as soon as we gets our thousand, as I've done with the sweat of me brow and a little money-back soap and helbow-grease ever since I took you fer better and worse; I shan't egspeck to do it in the fewture, I'd 'ave you know, as I considers is gross himperence fer you to talk about yer motor-cars and canary birds afore you've gave me a thought, as is jest like the graspin' natur of a man! I 'aven't patients with you, that I 'aven't! As fer me, as I were a-sayin', I shall put hout the washin' to a lawndry fer the fewture; and then there's a very nice mangle I see hup to the ironmonger the hother day, as'll jest suit me; then there's a luvly real sealskin coat, with a real skunk collar and little skunks' 'eads as good as life all round the bottom of the coat; and a 'at with a sort of dimond brooch and a white marrow-bone trimmed with ostrich feathers, down in the Promenade—"

"But—" says Amos.

"No! I ain't finished yet! I wants a new bedroom sweet done in carved cedars of lebanum, and a hottoman sofy fer the front sittin'-room, and a new carpet and 2 skin rugs, and a new set of brass fire-hirons, and new curtings fer the front winders, and—and—well—I think—I should like you to enquire the price of one of they new 'ouses up Leekhampton-road, with the hartistic names, as 'ould be more in keepin' with 5 thousand than this street! And wot pleases me is to think 'ow they there Gaskins's will stare when they sees us hout in our motor-car, and me with a real sealskin fur jacket, with real skunks' heads fer trimmings, and, p'raps, livin' in a 'ouse called 'The Chestnuts,' or somethink similarly respectful, and 'ave our names put in the 'List of Arrivals' when we goes down to Weston for the week end trips. Won't it be nice? Oh! yes! And I must have an 'At Home' day, same as all them as moves in select circles does now, and won't Mary Ann Tomkins look when she gets a ticket wrote out—'Mrs. Selina Jenkins (may Wilkins)—At Home, 2 to 4 Thursdays. Doors open a. 1.30 p.m. after dinner. Carriages at 4.15 p.m. N.B.—Children in arms not admitted?' (Come to think of it, 'owsomdever, 'twon't do to call it 'dinner,' not when we comes in fer that thousand pound. They as knows always calls it 'luncheon,' dinner bein' supper, as we knows it, and tea only consists of a teeny little cup of tea as you 'olds atween yer finger and thumb, and a terrible lot of conversation!) Well, then, let me see!—Yes, I shall want a hopery cloke, to go hout to hentertainments in, and a hevning dress cut square and short sleeves—and gloves to go up to me helbows, and—hundreds of other things! When you've come into a lot of money like this, of course you've got to hact up to it, or else you makes a fool of yerself, don't yer know!"

"Law bless me 'eart and sole," says Amos. "owever we 'ave managed to do without all these 'ere necessities of life (as some people finds 'em) up to now I don't know! I don't agree with all they new-fangled hideas of youn, Selina, wotever—not meself—wich I considers a motor-car (as don't cost nothink at all after you've bought it, so I hears) is a lot more to the pint than all them 'At Homes' and skunks' tails and bedroom sweets, as is likely to lead to hendless bitterness, not to mention the worry of keepin' hup sides with other folks as 'ave a bit more than we, as is a game that isn't worth the candle, so I considers! Besides, all these 'ere sealskin, skunks' tails, hopery cloke things is continually goin' hout of fashion, wicn you 'aven't 'ardly got time to 'ave it rapped hup by the young man at the counter and reach so far as the dore of the shops afore there's some other style, quite diffrent, slapped in the front winder, as the latest creation on the subject, strait from Patee or somewhere. No! I don't 'old with wastin' the money as we be goin' to get in trimmins nor tea-fites, as is best left to chapels and missionary meetings! I don't, indeed, that I don't, so you can look as much as you like! You leave it to me, and I'll use the money to the best of had-vantages, sich as a motor-car to take the fresh hair

in, and they prize canaries, as I've in mind, wicn is likely to cost a bit to start with, but to be a reg'lar 'Colorado' of profit later on! But there's one thing as I should *really* like to do when the money comes along."

"Wot's that?" I says.

"It's just this, Selina. You knows I don't understand moosic a bit, but I wants to be able to play the violin, so I should spend a bit of the cash in goin' to 'ear all the violin prodergies as comes to Cheltenham, to see 'ow they does it!"

"Mercy on us! Good sakes alive! Why, wot hails the man?" I says (not that I agrees with sich langwidge, only I were fair frightened). "Talk about spendin' a bit! You'll run thro' a thousand in a month or 2 if you goes on like that! Why, I meself 'ave seen scores of they on-parallelled prodery violin players advertize to perform in Cheltenham during the last short time, at hawful prices, each one of wicn is younger and cleverer than the one before! No! Amos! I ain't goin' to stand by and see you simply flitterin' away 'ard-earned cash like that! I 'aven't patients with sich nonsense, not meself, and wen I gets the money—"

"But look 'ere, Selina! You can't—"

"Yes I can!—wotever you be goin' to say. Wen I gets the money I shall put it hupstairs under the bed in that there tea-caddy of mine—"

"But—"

"Now don't you hinterpup me! I can't get in a word fer yer chatter, Amos! I shall put it hup in that there tea-caddy, and only give you out 2s. 6d. a week, becous I know wot you be when you gets more'n that on you. You always spends it in waste! I'm surprised at you fallin' out with yer own lawful wedded wife over a bit of cash like this, that I am! Pore Jenkins wouldn't 'ave done it, wicn shows as 'ow Solomon were rite when he did say 'money were the root of all hevill,' as we nearly come to blows about it afore wed'd applied for it!"

(To be continued next week.)

THE CRITICS AND CONCERTS.

It may seem a very Philistine view to take, says "Common Time" in "Musical Opinion," but concert giving is after all a form of commerce and in many cases is nothing more. From an editor's point of view, the ordinary concert makes poor "copy." There is no art more difficult to write about than music; and when a critic has to notice the same kind of recital over and over again, with no variation of programme and but very little difference in the standard of skill displayed, his criticism must of necessity become stereotyped and of no kind of interest to any readers but the concert giver himself and his immediate circle of friends. Moreover, no critic can well go through the grind of writing about such concerts and the boredom of hearing the same kind of performances of the same works without blunting the edge of his critical appreciation. He loses all power of enjoyment; and when that happens to the art critic he might just as well retire to one of our public flats and break stones.

BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS.

It is to the true and best interests of the labouring poor that factories, workshops, and the like should be numerous, open, busy, and profitable, because when that is the case there will be a demand for labour, and a minimum of unemployment. But experience has shown, and seems about to show in still more arresting colours, that relief, when it is costly, is more likely to have the effect of reducing the total amount of wages paid than to bring about any permanent good effect. We see in Poplar—where outdoor relief has been given on a more generous scale than in some other places—that one consequence has been to terrify the capitalists away, and there seems to be a considerable danger that the means of earning a livelihood there will be taken from a great number of workmen unless they are prepared to follow the manufacturers to towns where the pressure of municipal rates is not so great.—"Country Life."

It is estimated that the sum annually spent by tourists in Europe is at least £140,000,000, towards which Americans are the most liberal contributors, Russians taking second, and Brazilians third place. Thirty millions are spent in France, and five millions in Switzerland.



CHELTENHAM CRAFTSMEN.

SCULPTORS—MR. A. W. MARTYN
(HEAD OF THE FIRM H. H. MARTYN AND SONS, LTD.)

MRS. EMILY AUGUSTA PALMER,

FOR 27 YEARS LANDLADY OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK INN,
ST. PAUL'S ROAD, CHELTENHAM. DIED NOVEMBER 8, 1905,
AGED 57 YEARS.

CHILDREN AND MOTOR-CARS.

The Council of the town of Wiesbaden are desirous of impressing on the youthful brain the dangers of the streets. They have therefore addressed a letter to all schools requesting that children should be taught that the advent of the autocar means increased danger, and that it should early be instilled into the juvenile mind that particular care should be exercised at crossings, and a lookout for the automobile kept in going to and from school. This is a matter we ("The Autocar") have often advocated for the children of this country.



GROTESQUE FRENCH MILLINERY.

Real French millinery is decidedly grotesque this season. The angles it is induced to achieve are so unusual, while strangest of all is the deep back brim, swept up to an amazing height on an extravagant *cache-peigne*. The bowler crown, in Paris, is ubiquitous, whereon the cavalier suggestion is maintained by clusters of pheasant's tail feathers, *coq's* plumes that literally sweep the shoulder, and the inevitable Paradise plume for those who can afford the indulgence of a small fortune expended on a single accessory. Nor has there probably been anything stranger for years, nor yet more replete with sartorial subtlety, than the blending of Directoire and Empire modes. And under the head of Directoire comes the Princesse gown, about which there is a very furore in Paris, for visiting and afternoon wear. We have no scintillation of an idea over here how very emphatic is the vogue and how perfect is the expression. To begin with, no self-respecting Frenchwoman recognises any but the slightest outline of hips, a contour that holds good alike for the Empire and Princesse. In arranging for the former, the crux of the whole matter is a sheath-like silk or satin slip that controls the figure in every detail, every seductive outline being clearly visible through the deftly-disposed Empire folds; while the present aspect of the Princesse steals a suggestive note from the Empire by just escaping the figure in centre front.—Mrs. Jack May in "The Bystander."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

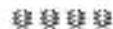
The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 155th prize is divided between Mr. F. A. Jenkins, 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, 12 Clarence-square, for reports of sermons by Rev. J. Payne at Horfield Baptist Chapel and Rev. T. Bolton at Wesley Chapel, Cheltenham, respectively.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

A TOMB IN THE ARCTIC.

A dramatic little story is told by the Dundee whalers, all of whom are now home safe from their perilous toil in the frozen seas of the Far North. One day, when some of the crew of the eclipse were visiting an Eskimo settlement in the vicinity of Dexterity Bay, a native drew them by signs to a spot where stood a cairn of stones. Hastily pulling the roughly-built structure to pieces, they discovered first a piece of matting, and then the body of a man buried under the snow quite close to the surface and in an excellent state of preservation. That night on the whaler, when the men told of the discovery, one old sailor related that exactly twenty years ago a comrade of his had been buried somewhere in the district. The next day he went and saw the corpse, and recognised it as that of his old-time messmate.



A DISASTROUS FRUIT YEAR.

The lessons taught by losses are often said to be more effective in teaching us practical wisdom than those gained through success. This, no doubt, is true; and it may be applied to many callings in life; but we think to no one more so than to the gardener. No one is more ready to learn than he, whether the result be success or failure. In a season so remarkable for the failure of the hardy fruit crops in this country as the past has been, some few varieties of most kinds of fruit have borne fair crops, and for future guidance it is just as well to take special note of those varieties of apples, pears, and plums which by their hardiness, lateness in blooming, or some other characteristic, have given fair returns even in this disastrous year.—"The Garden."



There are at least three golf clubs older than the St. Andrews one. When James I. came south to England he brought a love of the game with him, and founded the Royal Blackheath Club, which still exists. The next oldest, the Burgess Golfing Club, dates from 1735, and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers from 1754.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!



ARTISTIC & GENERAL

PRINTING ! ! ! !

AT THE . . .

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS

BULB-GROWING IN FIBRE.

Many friends and correspondents who have tried this system during the past few years speak in the most enthusiastic way of their success, and now grow nearly all their bulbs in this fibre, in vases, rather than in the usual way, in pots. The advantage of this system is that the vases can be placed anywhere about the house, in the drawing or dining-room, without fear of water or soil coming through the base of the pots. The moss fibre is perfectly odourless and clean to handle; it is specially prepared for the purpose.—"The Garden."



COLN ROGERS CHURCH.



COTSWOLD HILLS GOLF CLUB'S NEW HOUSE ON CLEEVE HILL.

Carington and the Lost Prince.

[BY MAYNE LINDSAY.]

"All that can be done shall be done, Nawab sahib. For the rest, if your Highness will be calm, and wait without fear—"

The bundle of gold brocade and muslin in the divan writhed. A pair of lean and wrinkled hands were stretched out and waved tremulously to and fro. The fez, set upon a head that had sunk so low between hunched shoulders that no neck was visible, wagged with its wearer's agitation.

"My only son, Colonel sahib! My heir! Is it a small thing that he should be plucked from me—he, the light of my old age, the prop of my throne? An enemy has done this thing, and it will surely hasten my end. They conspire against my life. I shall certainly die, and Ali Khan—"

A shiver rustled through the audience, which feared plain-speaking above most things. Someone pressed a vial of medicine upon his Highness's notice, another attendant ran forward with betel-nut; they cast a tinselled garland, in the Nawab's name, about Colonel Vesey's neck, and drenched his handkerchief with attar of roses. The interview was at an end; but the Colonel, President of the Council of Administration, hustled through the polite ceremony and the compliments in which it died, and chewed his moustache angrily as he bowed himself out from the presence of the dais. Things were all wrong at Herampur; he, the English guardian of its interests, was in the grip of one of his frequent spasms of disgust at its corruption.

He could have stood it better if the thing on whose behalf he acted had had the grit of a man. There was so little that roused sympathy in Hyder Ali, Nawab sahib of Herampur, ruler of a turbulent Mahomedan State that festered in the heart of three clean-ruled English districts. He was no more now than a cowardly, childish, dribbling bag of worn-out passions, content to leave all arduous ruling to his Council, a body given over to the fears of death and the cultivation of quacks. There was hatred left still to him; a catholic distrust of all men; a particular suspicion of his brothers and heirs-presumptive; and, perhaps, as he had now strenuously declared, a spark of affection for Chaman sahib, the heir-apparent, thickly overlaid with pride in the fact that Chaman sahib's belated advent had been gall and wormwood to at least two people.

The Colonel paused in the loggia of the palace, while his sais whipped the covering from his saddle. In the moment's span a brougham was whisked through the gateway of the courtyard upon which he looked, the sentries coming to a salute with a rattle as it passed. Vesey turned to mount, for he recognised the Herampur liveries, and he had reasons for wishing to avoid them. But he was too late, and the door of the brougham, swinging open, let its occupant spring out on to the steps.

A man in the splendid uniform of the Nawab's bodyguard drew himself up to his full height. He had the regular features and melancholy eyes of a thoroughbred Mahomedan, his moustache was twisted upwards, and his black beard was parted on his chin and brushed stiffly into his whiskers. He smiled at Vesey with a flash of white teeth; but the Colonel was rigid as he returned the affability.

"I have come to inquire after the bearing of my illustrious brother in his affliction, Colonel. His refuses the respectful sympathy that I have already proffered; but I bear again to him my condolences and my service to unearth the miscreants who have dared to lay hands on his son. I regret that his Highness appears to regard me with disfavour, for he has no more loyal servant. You have seen him?"

"Just now, General. The Nawab will, I believe, be none the worse for the misfortune that has come upon his house. It will be speedily repaired, of course; I have sent for the best help the Imperial Government can lend me to unravel the mystery, and no pains will be spared to bring the offenders to justice. They should tremble, Ali Khan sahib, for such an outrage as this is bound to recoil heavily upon the perpetrators."

"I trust so," Ali Khan said gravely. He glanked into the palace, and Vesey's mouth twisted into a sour smile as he rode away.

Ten minutes later he drew up at the verandah of the Residency, which lay outside the city, and was as silent, roomy, and reposeful as Herampur was crowded and noisy. Vesey hurried into his office, and started to find it already occupied.

"What! here already, Carington?" he said in astonishment. "I only heard from headquarters

A MARRIAGE MAZE.

WRONG BRIDES GIVEN AWAY AT THE ALTAR.

An unusual marriage story was told at Brentford on Tuesday, when Frederick Taint, a stoker, was charged with being intoxicated.

Taint was before the Court on Monday on a summons for desertion, but was so intoxicated that he was arrested. On Tuesday he declared that he was not legally married, and therefore was not responsible for his wife's support.

"We both were drunk in the church-room," he said, "and the parson turned us out."

His brother-in-law described the ceremony as follows:—"On Easter Monday, 1896, Taint and his present wife and another young woman and I all went to church to get married.

"We were all drunk, and got mixed up. I gave away the girl I was going to marry, and the girl gave away Frederick Taint. When we had been married, Taint said to the parson, 'I suppose you reckon yourself a better man than your father,' and he was put outside."

Taint was fined 7s. 6d. for drunkenness, and ordered to pay his wife 12s. a week.

DEVONPORT DOCKYARD EXTENSION.

EXPENDITURE OVER £6,000,000.

The first important step towards the opening of Devonport dockyard extension took place on Monday. When the work is finally completed in the autumn of next year it is hoped the King will perform the ceremony. The works have been in hand nine years, and will comprise four docks and two basins covering 114 acres. Over £6,000,000 have been spent to date. Monday's ceremony consisted of opening the sluices and letting the water into the small tidal basin. Sir John Jackson, the contractor, Lady Jackson, their three daughters, wives and the daughters of other officials operating ten sluices amid the cheers of the spectators and hooting of the sirens of adjacent vessels.

There are fifty-four theatres and forty-four music halls in London.

The Rev. Edward Beadon and his son, Canon Beadon, held the living of North Stoneham, Hants, from 1740 till 1879, when the latter died at the age of 101. This is a period of 139 years. Lammas Rectory, Norfolk, was held by a Dr. Candler for sixty-eight years, and on his death by the Rev. W. H. March for fifty-two years.



MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS ON CLEEVE HILL,

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1905.

that they were sending you an hour ago. You precipitate yourself across India at an extraordinary rate. But, by heaven! I'm glad you have come. Herampur is a pestilential hole! A Political's life is very far from being a happy one."

He spoke peevishly, and ruffled the bristles on his head. They were grey, and there were lines on his face. Carington remembered that he could not be more than forty, and nodded. Decidedly the lies and intrigues of a native State were trying to, the British constitution. And he did not know yet what fresh measure of trouble had been meted out to the man in the last two days; he had merely gathered that his services had been lent the Government of India to the Herampur Council at Vesey's request, and that they twain were probably the only two thoroughly sincere persons at that moment in Hyder Ali's State. Special service was the breath of life to Carington; he scented a delicate affair; dangerous even it might be, if the gods were good, and he leaned back in his chair, forgetful of the fatigues of his journey, to listen to Colonel Vesey's narrative.

"I must begin at the beginning," Vesey said. "The Herampur politics are complicated; I should like you to get a clear idea of them in order that you may note their bearing upon what follows.

"Hyder Ali is a very disagreeable, hypochondriacal old wretch, Carington, and but for the group about the throne and the present distribution of power, a potentate who could be well spared to his fathers.

"There are two younger brothers, the late Nawab's sons by other wives. Aslam Khan, the elder, is in middle age; Ali Khan, the Commander-in-Chief of the State army, has only reached the prime of life, and has the additional advantage of an English education. They are both clever men: Aslam Khan with an astute, fox-like ability; the General as a beau sabreur, a dashing leader of men, rather handicapped for lack of opportunity. Aslam Khan's cuteness, unfortunately, overreached itself twelve years ago, when he was understood to be implicated in an intrigue between Herampur and Nashistan—a very nasty little matter, for we

were at war with Nashistan, and a revolt of the Mahomedan States within our borders might have tied our hands disastrously. He was then heir to the gaddi: it was conjectured that the condition of his support of the Khan of Nashistan was to be the deposition of Hyder Ali and his own elevation. The Nawab, frightened by this menace to his security, substituted Ali Khan for him as his heir-presumptive—he had then no male issue—and drove Aslam out of the State to a country house he still occupies in the bordering British district of Halsi. The law of Herampur enacts that, in the event of the legal infancy of a ruling Nawab, the Government shall be in the hands of a Regent, member of the reigning house, who must have been nominated by the preceding Nawab. The powers that would accrue to him in a long minority would be enormous. Aslam Khan and his brother are not likely to forget them. They have every temptation to try and gain influence over Hyder Ali, and, having secured his favour, to help him slyly into the grave. Aslam Khan must bitterly repent his false move towards Nashistan, for it prejudiced the Nawab against him, and when, two years later, Chaman sahib made an unexpected appearance in the palace Zenana, and put his uncles out of the direct succession, no one was surprised to hear that the younger brother was to be named as Regent if he should succeed in infancy. Viceroys have changed since then; Aslam Khan has been to Viceregal Lodge and whitewashed his character, I believe, by many professions of loyalty to the Sirkar; but Hyder Ali remembers his scare, and he still holds the Halsi Nawab, as they call him, at arm's length.

"You see our position. If the Nawab were to die to-morrow there would be an eight years' minority—eight years' autocracy for Ali Khan, who would strive to gain a complete ascendancy over his nephew. Or perhaps, if he died the day after, we might find that Aslam Khan had wound himself back into favour, and that we had to contemplate a Regent who, whatever our present worthy Viceroy may be pleased to think, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting by as

good a man as he aforesaid. We don't want Hyder Ali to die just yet. Other people do; and that is the political situation, Carington, in a nutshell. At the same time, the Nawab's death must be compassed by suggestion and subtlety; he is too well looked after to be helped out of the world by any vulgar accident or violence. But so long as there is a breath in his body the Regent that is to be will remain an uncertain quantity, for though Ali Khan is the present nominee, a word from Hyder Ali could annul his claim and put Aslam Khan into the saddle. Now hear the crisis of yesterday.

"Chaman sahib left the palace at five in the morning to go hawking with two of the officers of the Guard. He was attended by four troopers, and he was mounted on a racing pony that he had ordered from the Nawab's stables. He planned the excursion himself, and he had told the bodyguard men to wait for him at a hunting tower five miles from the city, whence he had sent on the hawks and their keepers. There is a patch of wooded country, known as the Lalabagh, through which the road runs. Chaman sahib, who had been bragging about his mount on the way, challenged Azim-ulla, about five hundred yards before it, to race him to the trees. They raced; the prince, of course, forged ahead, and disappeared into the grove, and when Azim-ulla followed and called for him, he was not to be found."

(To be continued).

BALL PROGRAMMES !!
A SPECIALITY !!

AT THE

"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

SOME WELCOME ALIENS.

It does not seem within the fitness of things that "city fathers" should be ruled by bachelors, yet this has been a not infrequent case in municipalities of the United Kingdom; and I do not know that the rules suffered in consequence. Our own county this year furnishes striking and unparalleled instances in each of the three municipal boroughs within its borders having an unmarried Mayor, who also does not belong to the Unionist party. On the day of their election some playful sallies were made at their Worshipships of Cheltenham and Gloucester on account of their single-blessedness, but Alderman Skillicorne well fenced them by saying that, perhaps, he had better wait to see what the Mayor of Gloucester did. A member urged him to "take the lead"; well, if this momentous step has to be decided alphabetically, the Mayor of the Cathedral city, Mr. Peters, would have to lead off, and our Mayor would come last, with Mayor Rice, of Tewkesbury, between. Alderman Skillicorne could also plead the seniority of the two other boroughs. But should the three Mayors be matrimonially resolved upon, I would respectfully suggest that they should arrange for a triple wedding in Gloucester Cathedral. That event would be a unique sight, and the chief actors would certainly hand their names down to posterity. I believe the respective Corporations are burning to come down with a handsome wedding present whenever and wherever their heads marry, and that each would be delighted to supplement it with a silver cradle should an interesting event follow during the year of office, making him absolutely a "city father." Unmarried or married, the trio of mayors are wedded to their respective boroughs, and they are protected from proposals because Leap Year does not fall within their mayoralty. Still, they can say the words.



Over two months have elapsed since I first urged the Cheltenham authorities to take more active steps in regard to the application of the War Office for particulars of a suitable site for building a cavalry barracks in or near the town. I was quite aware that Mr. Agg-Gardner and Mr. Herbert Lord were doing all in their power to further an object calculated to bring such great material benefit to the locality. Though somewhat late, it is satisfactory to find that the Town Council and Chamber of Commerce are moving towards the desired end. Mr. Agg-Gardner, at a recent meeting of the latter body, made a most interesting and important statement on the subject. The hon. member hit the right point when he said that Cheltenham has very eligible sites for barracks, and he was sure that any indication of welcome, such as a subscription to purchase a site, if deemed necessary by the War Office, would be forthcoming. We have only to go back for an indication to the War Secretary's recent speech at Norwich, when he laid the foundation-stone of cavalry barracks on a free site purchased by subscription, and in which he stated his belief that this example was likely to be followed. Chester, Brighton, Worcester, and Gloucester are all moving practically on the free site line; therefore I would again urge Cheltonians to forthwith start a subscription. My idea has been, and still is, "Horse for Cheltenham and Foot for Gloucester." I note that the Town Clerk of the latter city referred a few days ago to the joint action of the County and City Councils in pressing the claims of Gloucester in conformity with a suggestion of the War Secretary that the territorial regiments (infantry) should be quartered in their county towns, and that he added they would welcome some of the cavalry there. Verb. sap.
GLEANER.

IRISHMEN AND MUSIC.

The only Irishman who has exercised a permanent influence on modern music, who achieved a European reputation as a performer and composer, was born at Dublin, and bore the very un-Celtic name of John Field. The average Irishman seems to acquire the art of music, like other arts, very quickly up to a certain point; there he stops short, and not one great *prima donna* nor *prima tenore*, nor one great violinist, has arisen among Ireland's millions, all musical.—"The Academy."

The first meeting of the new session of the British Ornithologists' Club was a noteworthy one, inasmuch as no less than four species of birds new to the British list were exhibited. The first of these was a stonechat (*Pratincola maura*), the Eastern representative of the stonechat of Western and Southern Europe. From this bird it differs in its greater blackness. The new claimant to our list was shot near Cley, in Norfolk, on September 2nd, 1904. The second was the yellow-breasted bunting (*Emberiza aureola*). This, too, was obtained at Cley on September 21st, 1905. Mr. Howard Saunders, who exhibited this bird, remarked that he had for a long while been expecting this bird to turn up on our shores, inasmuch as it had occurred three times in Heligoland, and often in the South of France. Mr. M. T. Nicoll completed the list by exhibiting a fine male example of the Nubian shrike (*Lanius nubicus*), which had been shot at Woodchurch, Kent, on July 11th, 1905, and a black-eared chat (*Saxicola stapanina*), which he himself shot near Pett, in Sussex, on September 9th, 1905. This bird, remarked Mr. Nicoll, belonged to the Eastern form, with black axillary feathers, while the two previous examples of the black-eared chat which had been obtained in this country belonged to the Western form (*Saxicola catherine*).—"Country Life."



CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE DIED IN HARNESS.

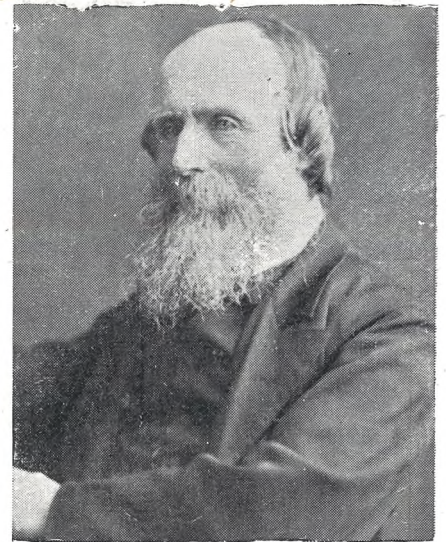
To die in harness! It is a good way of going out of the world. Sir Henry Irving, it is said, always wished it; and, as everybody knows, his desire was gratified, writes a "T.A.T." contributor.

The great Earl of Chatham took leave of life in similar fashion. Suffering, as he knew, from an incurable malady, he insisted on being borne to the House of Lords in order to register his powerful protest against the continuance of the American war. But the effort was beyond his strength, and in the very act of mouthing the opening words of his speech he fell on the floor in a fit to rise no more. The famous painting in the Palace of Westminster, the property of the nation, has rendered the details of the scene familiar to everybody.

Cuvier performed a delicate experiment on the day he died, and his last words (uttered to the nurse who was applying leeches) were, "Nurse, it was I who discovered that leeches have red blood." Wilson, the famous ornithologist, when told that he must give up working as his time was come, replied: "Very well, but be sure you bury me where the birds will sing over my grave."

Mozart, the eminent composer, insisted on working at the score of his sublime "Requiem" until he became too weak to hold a pen. Wine was then pressed upon him, but he pushed it aside, saying: "You wish to refresh me? Then read me my last notes, and let me hear once more my solace and delight." Dr. William Hunter, the great anatomist, whose museum is now in the University of Glasgow, also continued to write until the pen dropped from his fingers through weakness. Then he seemed to be disappointed, and looked at it longingly as it lay upon the coverlet; whereupon one of those standing round remarked that what few sentences he might not be able to indite could add little, if anything, to the great fame he had already achieved. "It is not that," replied Hunter, "I only wanted to write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." These were his last words.

Longfellow's famous poem has made the world familiar with the details of the death of the great Duke of Wellington, while acting as Warden of the Cinque Ports, a post not then the sinecure it now is. Lord Chief Justice Tenterden insisted on sitting out a long and complicated case, although warned that his end was approaching. He summed up logically and clearly and concluded with: "Gentlemen of the jury, you may now retire." Then he fell back in his chair, and never spoke again. John Ziska, the Hungarian patriotic general, insisted on being carried at the head of his army while dying of the plague, and his last words were: "Make my skin into drumheads, that my soldiers may be inspirited through me in death, as in life."



The Late Mr George Woodward

Cheltenham's Oldest Tradesman.

Died November 6, 1905, in his 88th year.

EARLY DAFFODILS.

Having been one of the first to force the daffodil in quantity for market (in 1887), forcing a year or so later something like a total of 300,000 during the first two months of the year, it is interesting to record to-day that the principle then adopted has answered all these years, and in practically the same form. To-day, as in the past, the chief points to aim at are (1) early potting or planting to ensure the fullest quantity of roots being made, and as early as possible; (2) providing the bulbs with a long preparatory season plunged in the open, and where the progress would be almost identical with those planted in the ground; and (3) to avoid first placing the bulbs in heated structures.—E. H. Jenkins, in "The Garden."



THE CAMERA AND THE GALLOPING HORSE.

During a recent debate on the question whether photography has helped art, a clever photographer ridiculed the usual presentation, by a painter, of a horse in motion, and claimed that the camera could tell him how to draw that elusive phenomenon. Now, quite apart from photography, this is a vexed subject. I suppose that no one studied the horse in motion more carefully than George Frederick Herring. Year after year he painted the winner of the Derby, and his portraits of horses have hardly been surpassed in accuracy. Herring said that a galloping horse places only one foot on the ground at a time, his footprints being thus left on the turf.—a fact more easily appreciated by the ear than by the eye. If, he said, you rap your little finger on a table, and cause your others to follow it in rotation, you will produce the precise sound of a horse in gallop. Then comes the bound, and then the 1, 2, 3, 4 again. Further than this he did not go, and he was obliged to admit that he preferred the wrong representation, which looked right, to the "right" one, which looked wrong; adding his belief that "nothing like an accurate delineation will ever be accomplished." Certainly the camera cannot assist it, because we do not wear cameras on our eyes. The painter of a night sky might as well look through a telescope, and draw Saturn with his ring. Another speaker, more moderate, pointed out that a number of photographs of a galloping horse, fused into one photograph, arrives near the truth, and avoids the notoriously grotesque result of an instantaneous snap. But this is merely to make an approximation with the camera to the slower vision of the eye, and the value of the result is extremely doubtful.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

Petrol and Pictures.

[BY "ARIEL."]

FIXING PRINTS, ETC.

Fixing is one of the most important of the processes which a print undergoes before it is completed. There are two ways of fixing prints, etc., either by using the acid fixing bath, or using hypo. The great majority of photographers use the latter. It has several things to recommend it. Firstly, it is very cheap, which is a consideration; secondly, it is very easily made up; and, thirdly, it does its work well. Hypo, however, although very good in its place, causes havoc when it comes in contact with other solutions. Especially is this the case when the operations of toning and fixing are tried to be carried on at the same work table. If the merest trace of hypo finds its way into a bath of toning solution, the latter will be completely spoilt. Therefore, to make certain of success, all the prints should be toned, and the toning solution put away, before the operation of fixing is commenced. Photographers recommend various strengths for the solution of hypo. It must be fairly strong, however, or else a great deal of time will be spent in fixing. The usual formula is as follows:—Hypo, 3oz.; ammonia, 30min.; water, 2loz. This strength will fix prints in about fifteen minutes. In cold weather the solution should be always warmed. Hot water should always be used to dissolve the hypo. It is easy to tell the length of time required to fix plates. It is usual to give five minutes after the last of the white has disappeared, looking at the back of the plate. With prints, unfortunately, there is no such visible indication. The prints have therefore to be timed. Fifteen minutes in the solution given above will give a permanent image. Some photographers just place the prints in the solution and leave them for the usual time. It is much better to keep them moving about. The best way is to keep bringing the bottom prints to the top. To do this properly a large dish is required. A half-plate size dish is serviceable for quarter-plate prints. Do not be afraid of using the hypo. It is cheap enough, and quite easy to prepare. Insufficient fixation is the cause of a large number of the faded prints one sees about. When working with plates it is an excellent plan to use two dishes of hypo solution. The first dish should be about the ordinary strength, the second stronger. Fixing then becomes a much shortened process. The plates can be left in the first dish for a quarter of an hour, and then transferred to the dish of stronger solution to be finished off. The plate has then some chance of retaining the image unimpaired for some time.

FOR THE DARK-ROOM SHELF.

Some enthusiastic amateurs sensitise their own paper. Of course, a brush of some sort has to be used to apply the solution. With an ordinary brush it is a difficult matter to apply the solution evenly. A very handy little brush, if I may call it so, can be made very cheaply by anyone, as follows:—Take a strip of thick glass, over it fold a piece of white cotton flannel, and keep the flannel in its place by means of a rubber band, which can be obtained at any stationer's shop. This little article comes in useful for a variety of purposes, dusting plates, etc.

WHAT PAPERS TO USE.

Some photographers swear by one variety of printing paper, and stick to it for all varieties of negatives, however different they may be. It is rare for the average amateur to obtain a long succession of negatives all exactly alike. It seems strange, then, to use one variety of paper for all the negatives. It is always desirable to suit the paper to the quality of the negative. Only a few of the numerous varieties of paper need to be kept in the dark room. We may say generally that there are three kinds of negatives. 1. The thin negative, usually a hand-camera negative. Either gelatino-chloride or bromide paper can be used for thin negatives, although if the negative be very thin, it should be intensified before being printed from. 2. The dense negative, caused by over-exposure. The plain salted papers cannot be beaten for this class of negative. 3. The good negative. For a perfect negative any of the varieties of papers can be used. Gelatino-chloride brings out the details in a manner which no other paper can approach. Platinotype is decidedly a very artistic paper for some subjects.

DRYING NEGATIVES.

Most persons who practise photography know that negatives can be very quickly dried by the use of methylated spirits. This, however, only applies in the case of glass plates. Films, which are used so much nowadays, should not be dried in this way, because the methylated spirit has a bad effect on the celluloid supports. It is decidedly the best plan to allow a plate or film to dry slowly and naturally.

THE BEST CONSTRUCTION FOR WINTER RIDING.

A well-known firm of motor-bicycle manufacturers give the following specification as their idea of what a motor-bicycle should be like for winter riding: The wheel-base should be 56in. This will obviate to a great extent the danger of sideslip. Long comfortable handle-bars can be used, and the saddle placed well back. The frame measurement should not exceed 20in., according to the height of the rider. (The foregoing measurement would allow the rider to stand astride his machine—a very desirable feature). Foot-rests should be employed, or swing-pedal cranks, so that the rider's feet can be both on a level in a comfortable position. With such a machine riding can be done in all weathers without much danger of skidding.

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

A POOR PRIME MINISTER.

Marquis Ito is of comparatively humble birth. His father, Juzo Ito, was a rustic gardener. It is said that the marquis is poorer than any prime minister, actual or retired, in the world, says "T.A.T." He first went to Europe by working his passage, having stowed himself away in a bale of silk on board a ship bound for Liverpool, and in which he lay concealed for thirty-six hours; in order to escape the vengeance of the Conservative party, which resented his advanced views and attempts to Westernise Japan. He is now, perhaps, the most Western in his tastes of all the Japanese, and it is his custom to spend five hours a day in reading the European newspapers and magazines.

VULTURES AS TIRESOME NEIGHBOURS.

The Parsee Towers of Silence, the typical sight of Bombay, can only be seen from the grounds, though the gruesome adjuncts—the vultures—are obtrusively in evidence on the tops of the towers. The excitement among these ghoulish carrion birds when a funeral approaches is horribly significant of the prominent part they take in it. Altogether, as a sight, the world-famed Towers of Silence are disappointing. Malabar Hill, where the Towers are situated, is the West End of Bombay, and it is said that the bungalow residents near have been known to claim a reduction of rent on account of annoyance caused by the bones that are sometimes dropped in their compounds by the vultures!—"The Bystander."

GALLANT LITTLE WALES AND MUSIC.

Wales is beginning to look up (says "Musical Opinion") in the matter of musical prodigies. Percy Hughes, a Welsh boy of fourteen, has just carried off the Liszt scholarship of music at the Royal Academy of Music. For the past three or four years he has won every pianoforte prize for which he has competed, having secured over a hundred awards of various kinds. His chief rival in the Welsh field is Miss Marie Novello Williams, who is, however, somewhat older, though still in her teens. She has already appeared in London, and is now studying with Leschitzky in Vienna, where the new Liszt scholar will doubtless also presently go as one of the results of his success, the scholarship being worth two hundred and fifty pounds, besides other advantages. That both these young pianists should have reached such a degree of ability practically without going outside Wales for instruction serves to show that prodigies do not necessarily come from abroad, though in most cases their final equipment may be due to Continental assistance.

WHY NOT A LONDON EXHIBITION PALACE?

Personally, I am inclined to think that a really fine building, not a glorified greenhouse, would be a great addition to our London. As things stand at present we actually have no proper building for exhibitions. London deserves and requires such a building. There are numerous annual shows and exhibitions which would immediately avail themselves of such accommodation. It is not beyond the powers of our architects to give us an edifice on the lines of the Grand Palais of Paris, a building worthy of London, planned to fulfil its functions as regards exhibitions, yet with an exterior which would actually improve rather than harm the appearance of Hyde Park.—Alfred C. Hunter in "The Bystander."

REPOSE OF MANNER.

Repose of manner may generally, but does not necessarily, involve indolence and apathy, which are rather the repose of mere drowsiness than that of an active and intelligent mind at peace with itself and its surroundings. There is nothing more satisfactory and altogether delightful than a restful woman. She is like a soothing balm, yet, at the same time, an invigorating tonic to a tired-out, nervous community. Her company is sought after, her advice is followed, her judgment revered; because, as a matter of fact, the repose is not a mere absence of restlessness and mannerism, but is founded upon a solid foundation of characteristics which entitle her to the respect she is given. And the best of it is, she is no mere fable; she really exists. Even in this much-abused twentieth century she is to be found. Yet I admit that restful women are now very rare; they are nothing more or less than miracles amidst the hurry and noise of every-day life—and miracles do not often happen. We may endeavour to copy this engaging type of character, but we shall only succeed in a very far-off manner; like geniuses, such women are born, not made, and I do not know of any recipe for spreading their virtues throughout the world at large. All I can say is, that if we have the good fortune to find one, it would be well to take care of her.—"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."

A CHAMPION WALKER.

There must be few who have not heard of Mr. J. Butler, whose astonishing feats on the road and the track have won for him the reputation of being the finest long-distance walker the world has ever seen. "How do you train for these colossal journeys?" asked a representative of "Chums." "Well, I and other members of the Surrey Walking Club spend one day a week in the country. We tramp from twenty to thirty-five miles. This is pure enjoyment. Then I gradually put in some fast work on the track twice a week. I am never on the track for more than six minutes, however. My strict training lasts about three weeks." "You must have been frightfully stiff after capturing the fifty miles' championship." "No, I wasn't stiff, but my knees and arms ached, which, by the bye, they would not have done had I been able to have a nice warm bath after the race." "I suppose that in these important events a lot of head work as well as leg work is needed." "There is no doubt as to that," Mr. Butler replied emphatically. "There are moments in a long race when you would throw up the sponge if you didn't use your head. A bad time comes to every competitor. You are seized with an overwhelming desire to sit down on the spot—anywhere. But this feeling can be overcome by proper feeding. Walking keeps a man fit, and I can affirm unhesitatingly that racing has made a man of me. When I was eighteen I was so weak that my people thought that I was an early candidate for the cemetery. A long walk leaves me quite fit. After changing my clothes I have a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and I'm as right as rain. Yes, the next day usually finds me at business."

There is only one church in England which is entirely the work of one man. It is at Stivichall, near Coventry. It was built between 1810 and 1817 by John Green.

A Tour in Scandinavia.

[NOTES BY A CHELTONIAN.]

"The Land of the Midnight Sun" is now beginning to attract many tourists, and with reason; it possesses a kind of rugged beauty which is exclusively its own, and differs from the monotonous mountain scenery of Switzerland. In fact, Norway affords an ideal summer holiday tour, with its pure and invigorating atmosphere and its courteous and simple people.

We started from Hull on Lloyd's steamer S.M.S. Salmc, en route for Trondjhem, and the first port we touched at was Stavanger, where the captain was occupied in relieving his ship of cargo, mostly consisting of enormous packages of slate for roofing purposes.

After Stavanger we entered the fjords, and the scenery became more interesting. The fjords are variegated with hundreds of rocky islands, while on the mainland there are ranges of hills covered with thick forests. Some of these fjords are as much as 70 to 80 miles in length.

We next came to the important harbour of Bergen, where we were five hours shipping cargo.

But by far the prettiest place we passed was Maldo. This beautiful place is situated on the left bank of Batsen fjord, overlooked by thickly-wooded hills; while on the opposite side may be seen huge snow-clad mountains towering in the distance—thus typifying summer and winter.

Christiansund was our next stopping place, after which we reached Trondjhem.

Trondjhem, the capital of Northern Norway, has a large cathedral, but is otherwise uninteresting. It would, perhaps, be appropriate here to mention a few characteristics of the people. They are, perhaps, the most exclusively democratic people in Europe, as the following examples illustrate.

A beggar came into the largest hotel in Trondjhem and raised his hat to the porter; the porter was obliged to do the same. A gentleman was seen to raise his hat to a cab-driver; and Lord Churchill was observed to do the same to a shop-girl. The Norwegians are a hardworking and courteous people; they are a fine-looking race, both men and women. In character, and to some extent in appearance, though they are much fairer, they are very like the English. Crime is practically unknown, and the moral standard is very high; but their great fault is drink.

From Trondjhem we went by boat to Lavanger, a little town about 100 miles north of Trondjhem. In spite of the new Government railways, boat still seems to be the usual mode of travelling among the Norwegians, so we had a good number of fellow passengers. On board we met a young sergeant of the Engineers, who was travelling to Christiania. We attempted to converse with him with the help of a Bennet's guide, and the only thing we succeeded in making him understand was that there was a beautiful woman on board. He apparently thought that I and my friend were admirers of the fair sex, as he indulged, much to our alarm, in a violent fit of laughter.

Lavanger is only a mere village, with very little accommodation for travelling, and is absolutely devoid of any system of sanitation. We were rather disgusted to find that not only were we the only English people there, but there was no one who could talk anything else but Norwegian. Fortunately for us a chance meeting with a fisherman who had spent a considerable number of years in the United States resulted in him taking us out fishing. Here we had a fair amount of sport, and caught a considerable number of fish. We experienced the extraordinary sensation of being in broad daylight right up to 11 p.m. In fact, in Norway it is not dark more than two hours in July. While walking over a field one is struck by the original spectacle of seeing hay hanging in layers on fences to dry. Norwegian harvests are almost all universally bad; they are therefore very particular about their precious hay.

From Lavanger we travelled via Trondjhem to Christiania, taking about sixteen hours to go 300 miles—real Norwegian pace.

Christiania is in itself an uninteresting town, and seems to be merely a commercial town, somewhat resembling Hull. Here the buildings are for the most part built of stone, while in nearly every other Norwegian town wood is the building material employed. Even churches are made of wood, giving one the impression of a miniature dolls' town. Christiania possesses a fine Univer-



CHARLTON KINGS HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

GRAND GROUP OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS EXHIBITED (BUT NOT FOR COMPETITION)

BY MR. HERBERT LORD, M.F.H.

sity, where are exhibited specimens of the Viking ships and the bones of a chief reputed to be of gigantic proportions. The Storting, or Houses of Parliament, is a modern and uninteresting building. It consists of two chambers, the former being where the Ministers sit, the latter being occupied by the Commons. The most popular Minister in Norway appears to be M. Michelson, the Premier, who attended the meeting at Karlstadt as Norwegian delegate. His photograph is exhibited in nearly every shop window, and he is reported to be one of the largest shipowners in Norway. Our next goal was Stockholm. The Baltic Sea intersects the most fashionable part of the town. On the left bank is situated the Grand Hotel and Opera House, on the right the Houses of Parliament and the royal palace—all magnificent buildings—thus giving one the impression of a true Venice.

A short railway journey from Stockholm is Opsala, the Swedish "Oxford." Here may be seen a very fine Gothic cathedral, containing the grave of Gustavus Vasa, the first of the Swedish royal line. It is a cheerful town, and is full of young students with white-peaked caps. The present King of Sweden occasionally resides there. But perhaps its most interesting feature is the University library, containing letters of great historical interest, including those of Marie Antoinette. An old librarian, evidently an enthusiast, showed us a most magnificent manuscript in a silver binding worked in relief. This manuscript, he informed us, he locked up every night for fear it should be stolen.

From Opsala we returned by boat to Stockholm, visting on our way Skochlost Castle, reputed to be the finest in Sweden. It contains a fine collection of pictures, armour, and tapestry. It was built about the 15th century.

From Stockholm we went via the Gotha Canal to Gothenberg, and thence to Copenhagen. This trip takes about seven days. The beauties of this trip have been greatly over-estimated, the scenery for the most part being dull and monotonous.

The town of Copenhagen, though lacking the fine situation of Stockholm, is artificially a far finer town. The streets are much better paved, it has a far superior sanitation and system to that of Stockholm. Some of the streets are very wide indeed, and remind one more of London than most of the other Scandinavian towns.

From here one ought to make an expedition to Elsinore, immortalised by Shakespeare. Elsinore

Castle is strongly fortified owing to its commanding situation; it also contains a very fine collection of pictures. Hamlet's grave lies a little way out of the town, on a slight elevation, and is sheltered by four huge elms, "Far from the madding crowd." It consists merely of a few stones piled roughly together, and though his grave lacks artistic beauty, yet these huge elms form an ideal resting-place. At Copenhagen our journey ended, after a most enjoyable trip of nearly seven weeks.

LOVE STORY OF 700 YEARS AGO.

AN OLD PARCHMENT FOUND.

While carrying out restoration work at the ancient Parish Church of St. Pierre, at Montmartre, the architect has discovered a love letter 700 years old in a niche of one of the bottom stones of the first pillar on the north side of the church. The letter is written on parchment in Gothic characters. With it were a withered branch of boxwood and a piece of enamelled glass. It has been deciphered with some difficulty, and the following is the modern translation:—

"Jean, of Gisorn, pays respectful greeting to Mistress Alice de Lisle, as the lady in the wide world whom he most does love, although he has no right to give expression to these sentiments.

"And know in truth that he loves you as his own sister, and you can confide in him as to your own brother concerning the love you bear to Philippe and the love he bears you; and know that this letter is written on the ramparts in the breach, and that he writes it. Though he worships you, he has never received the slightest favour from you. He swears it before God. May God guard you."

It is to be placed in the Paris Museum, and was probably written in the thirteenth century by a knight who was defending the ramparts, and who, while his life was in danger, was desirous of giving written attestation to a lady about whom there had evidently been some defamation in connection with himself.

Italian women of the middle classes are said to spend more on their dress than any others in Europe.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 256. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) & EVENING (7.45).

"The Mikado"

NEXT WEEK:

"THE WALLS OF JERICHO."

Times and prices as usual.

Carington and the Lost Prince.

[By MAYNE LINDSAY.]

[Continued from last week.]

Vesey paused, to give weight to his utterance. Carington blew a cloud of smoke into the air and nursed his knee.

"He did not reach the tower; there was nobody in the wood to throw a light upon his whereabouts; he has, in brief, vanished utterly, and since boys of ten don't get swallowed alive in broad daylight, it doesn't seem rash to conclude that he has been kidnapped by some persons of malicious intent. The result has been to throw the Nawab, who sees in the removal of his heir the first step towards his own violent end, into a fever of fear and apprehension. I imagine that disordered condition to be the very thing the plotters desire to compass, and I do not think that Chaman sahib's life is in half as much danger from his captors as the Nawab's is from sheer funk of what may be in store for himself. Now, need I say that the person under immediate suspicion is the one who has most to gain by the old man's sudden demise?"

"You mean Ali Khan?" Carington said.

"I do. It lies between Aslam and he; and Aslam is too wily to precipitate his brother's accession to the Regency. He is still in exile, too, only able to do a little feeble wire-pulling from Halsi district. I'm afraid it is the General."

"Any direct evidence against him?"

"Not a fraction. Oh, my good Carington, you don't expect any tangible proofs in an Indian political intrigue, do you? Good Lord!"

Carrington laughed.

"No, no; I don't," he said. "And in return for that thrust, Colonel, let me ask you who, in an affair of this kind, is the likeliest criminal?"

"Eh?" Vesey was bewildered for the moment.

"Why—the—the—the—oh, not the man whose case looks blackest at the outset, I suppose you mean," he said slowly.

"Yes, I mean that exactly," Carington said, and rose from the chair. "I like this job; I should also like to tackle it fresh and sprightly, after a meal and a rest. You might have a horse round at three, Versey, to take me to what must be our starting point—the Lalabagh."

Colonel Vesey saw him to his room, and went back to the routine of office work that filled his morning. They met again at tiffin, where, while half-a-dozen servants hovered, they talked of pig and the prospects of leave. It was not until, indeed, they were at the scene of Chaman sahib's disappearance, and Carington had gone carefully over the ground, that he commented in any way on the mystery. The hawk-keepers and the troopers who had been with the prince were under arrest. Carington examined them each in turn out of earshot of the other, and then ordered them back to durance vile with a shake of the head.

"They know nothing," he said. "I didn't expect they would. It has been very nicely ordered—very prettily indeed. Look, Colonel, I will show you the manner of the disappearing, though it throws no light at all upon the boy's present location or the identity of his custodian. In the first place, Chaman sahib was enticed away, and went of his own free will."

"How do you know that?" Vesey said curiously.

Carington beckoned him to the edge of the wood. The sun-scorched sandy road plunged suddenly into shade from the glare of the empty plain; it curved directly it took shelter, and it narrowed to a width of some twenty feet. It had on either side of it a six-foot strip of tussocky grass, and between that and the trees a shallow dry ditch, with a crumbling bank of earth upon the road side of it. The trees were not close to each other, and the ground beneath them was covered sparsely with clumps of grass and reeds.

"Pull up here," he said, and stopped the Colonel where the curve hid the road from the unshadowed plain. "Now listen:

"Chaman sahib and the unknown—one man only, I believe, Vesey—had planned to meet here, and with that end in view it was arranged that the prince should order a hawking excursion to be ready to start from the tower. That was because he would not be permitted to ride out unattended, and if he succeeded in getting ahead and turning off in the bugh here, his escort would ride on to the rendezvous and waste as much time as possible before they suspected anything was wrong. That is plain and simple, and hasn't even the merit of originality.

"If you come here"—he put his horse at the mound and ditch, and jumped to the inner side—"you will see that somebody waited a while by this tree; he was nervous, and he amused himself by peeling the bark off it—so, from horseback, and snapping those bits of twig upon the ground. Azim-uka says that Chaman sahib was late in starting; the unpunctuality must have been very trying to the person on the look-out for him. The waiting horse was restive, too, and pawed up the sand, as you can easily tell if you look below you.

"The man stayed here, and he never crossed the ditch; look where he wheeled when the prince arrived, over the very spot he had taken his stand upon. Chaman sahib, on the contrary, flew at the ditch without drawing rein; his pony, which they tell me is a capital hurdle-racer, would have jumped clear if he had pulled up a little at the take-off instead of rushing the thing and toppling those sods down clumsily. But I suppose he was excited also. Then they both made off, the stranger leading, through the wood, and probably, though one cannot positively trace the hoof-marks on this soil, came out upon the road you tell me skirts it at the western end, the limit furthest removed from the tower, and so from the pursuit.

"That disposes of any idea of abduction with violence, doesn't it? The prince went willingly, and, more than that, with what I should say was a schoolboy zest in the adventure. It is not necessary for me to explain that he could not have been hauled bodily, pony and all, across the ditch by sheer brute force, is it?"

"No," Vesey said. "I follow your reasoning, and applaud it. But how did this—this mysterious friend induce him to leave home?"

"He has a dull time in the palace, I understand," Carington said. "That greasy Mahomedan tutor of his, whom you produced before we started, must have sat heavily upon his spirits, and upon the sporting instincts which all tell me he possesses. He has gone, Colonel, to keep stolen holiday in the jungle. Did you know he took his little rifle and his gold-mounted hunting-dagger with him on his saddle, and refused to let an orderly carry them? You did? Well, he would scarcely want them for hawking, or, if he made that mistake, care to carry them himself when a servant was to hand—he, an Indian prince."

"It looks like Ali Khan," Vesey said, his brow troubled. "He is a sportsman, too, the very man to think of such a plan."

"A plausible theory," Carrington said; but that bait would occur to anybody who wanted to make one to fit the prince's taste. Now we will go out to the road, please, Colonel. If we can hear of any other suspicious persons having been seen in the neighbourhood, we shall have to assume that force was used subsequently; if not, I incline to

believe that the reason Chaman sahib has vanished so simply and completely is that he went all the way of his own free will, and that his inclinations, rather than threats or bonds, detain him in some young sportsman's paradise. It is one of his uncle's, no doubt; and if he wanted to do a double stroke of business and win the boy's heart as well as scare the Nawab, he could not choose a better method. And I think, from the evidence, it would be the uncle in person, or at least that we shall find he was not ten miles away from the Lalabagh at the time."

They struck the road, and all through the remainder of the afternoon Vesey followed the superintendent's terrier-like investigation with a growing appreciation, though the scattered peasants and the few buffaloherders that he sought to question could give little satisfaction.

"We shall get nothing more worth knowing here," Carington said at last, as they turned towards Herampur and dinner. "The movements of the uncles on the day of disappearance must be traced. The one whose actions can be innocently accounted for will give us our clue, and if both can establish alibis, Vesey, I shall be more than ordinarily astonished."

"But the subordinate theory is quite workable," Vesey said. "If it were not, Ali Khan could clear himself at once, for he was holding a parade of troops, at which I was present, on the very morning, and an hour afterwards he joined me at the Council, of which I am, by virtue of my office, president, and if which he is the chief member. So it couldn't— Now I come to think of it, he was pre-occupied at the board, and he hinted that the Nawab's mind was getting—well, not unhinged, but shaky for want of use. He went to report the condition of the army, it appears, and Hyder Ali was more than usually insulting. He harped upon the obvious fact that he has fallen into disfavour, and he must be in particularly bad odour to remark upon it, for the Nawab has never made any secret of choosing him merely as the lesser of two evils, and from no motive of brotherly affection. But I paid no attention to his complaint at the time; I knew he was bound to be under suspicion, and probably deserved it."

"H'm," Carington said, and went on ruminating in silence. He stopped at the telegraph office on their way through the city and despatched a long cipher message to the collector of Halsi district. Then he seemed to throw the matter aside for a little, and proved so easy a visitor that Vesey found he was able to enjoy his dinner and his evening better than he had done since Mrs. Vesey took the children home to England and left him lonely.

The arrival of a telegraph peon at ten o'clock startled them both out of their attitude of oblivion, and hurried them back to Chaman sahib's pursuit. Carington opened the envelope, read and re-read the message, and then rose out of his long chair like a giant refreshed.

"Pollock wires that the Halsi Nawab has been shooting at Bariband lately, and has not been at home," he said. "The latter part of that information is true; the former is not. Luck again, Colonel. I happen to know who has been at Bariband since the tenth, because I have been in communication with Forsythe of the Irrigation lately, and he and four other fellows are there for a month. Forsythe especially told me they had every elephant in the district out. Would Aslam Khan be likely to go afoot? I suppose he named it at hazard, as a remote spot, unlikely to be questioned, and yet a well-known game centre.

Shooting at Bariband! He has been stalking bigger game at Herampur, or I'm a Dutchman."

"If he has been at Herampur he must have been at the palace," Vesey said. "More, he must have seen the Nawab, and that is hardly likely, considering the wholesome terror that Hyder Ali has of him, and also that the General would move heaven and earth to prevent him crossing its threshold." [Continued on Page 2.]

Carington and the Lost Prince.

[BY MAYNE LINDSAY.]

(Continued from last week.)

"Hardly likely, you say. I take it for a fact," Carington insisted. "Doesn't it explain the Nawab's extra fulminations against Ali Khan? My dear Vesey"—he paced up and down the room in his excitement, and his face glowed—"it is as easy as a child's puzzle to piece together; the bricks dovetail exactly. Aslam Khan has been stealthily dropping poison into Hyder Ali's ear; he has insinuated Ali's duplicity, and to manufacture proof has decoyed the little heir away. The Nawab's distrust and hesitation keep him from being reinstated as Regent; the old man has still a desire to play one brother off against the other. It is for us to discover how Aslam has managed to get his ear without being recognised. Oh, depend upon it! I will stake a month's pay to an anna that he has seen the Nawab and talked to him, not once, but a dozen times, in the last month. He has not yet won, and since that is so, we may fairly hope to catch him at the palace, and in catching him lay our finger upon Chaman sahib."

Colonel Vesey shook his head. "You go too fast," he said; "you underrate the difficulties. The Nawab is never out of sight of picked men of the bodyguard, and I may as well tell you, what he does not know, but I do, that they are all heart and soul with Ali Khan. They protect their sovereign, of course, against all comers; but they would certainly warn the General if his brother were likely to cross his path."

Carington laughed. "Your disbelief stimulates me, Colonel. I am in a fever to get to the next stage and convince you," he said. "The news that the troopers are Ali Khan's men is good, distinctly good; I should have had to enlist their sympathies, and here they are to my hand, ready made. . . . When do they change the guards? Who selects them?"

"They change every six hours—noon, midnight, and between," Vesey said. "As for selection, they come upon a regular roster, and are drawn in turn from the two hundred sowars of the picked squadrons."

Carington stopped his pacing about the room, and faced the Colonel with a sudden halt, slapping his hands to his sides, and drawing himself up. "Study me carefully now, Vesey. What do you think of my height?"

"Your height? What d'ye mean? Six foot, I suppose," Vesey said rather shortly. "I don't understand you."

Carington looked at his watch, then drew up a chair, and sat down, lowering his voice and shutting a sober manner upon his eagerness.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "It is rather an audacious proposal, but you see we have to act, and that promptly, against an audacious criminal. It is eleven o'clock. I want you at any risk to get me put upon the Nawab's guard to-night, in order that I may see for myself if it is possible for Aslam Khan to get to the presence undetected. It suggests itself to me, as the easiest plan, that we should take the other sowar into our confidence so far as to tell him that Aslam Khan is under suspicion of fresh treachery, and that therefore he is to cover my entrance to the palace by all the means that he can use. Get me into the palace in an hour from now, and I'll undertake to prove myself right or wrong before I leave it. Only don't let anybody but my fellow-soldier know, and don't raise a hue-and-cry if I follow Chaman sahib's example, and vanish for a bit."

II.

The Nawab tossed fretfully among his cushions. He had sent away the story-teller who had come to enliven his sleepless hours; he huddled under a padded quilt on his native bedstead, his wizened face creased with anxieties and apprehensions; it was near to dawn, and he had not closed his eyes. He sat up at last, gnawing his finger-nails while he brooded, and blinking at the lamp that hung from a bracket on the wall, as if he expected it to throw light upon his mental darkness. Then he crawled out of his nest of shawls and began to shuffle about, a dishevelled bundle still, and a restless one.

The only other occupant of the room was a body-servant, since the professional story-teller had followed the musicians and the courtiers. He had been dozing upon his heels, worn out by the vigil, for the last ten minutes; now, when the Nawab

stood upright, he sprang to his feet, covering a yawn as he salaamed.

Curtains hid inner ante-chambers, in which, through their gaps, could be dimly seen knots of hangers-on. The outer wall of the room abutted upon a deep verandah, to which tall, shuttered doors were standing half open; there was a reeded blind in the interspace, and the figures of two sentries were vague and shapeless outside it, able to be identified only by the click and rattle of their sabres when they stirred. Beyond them and the verandah the paling stars winked above the wall of a garden that hid the first encroachment of the dawn from the palace.

A man came to one of the curtains and lifted it tentatively, signing to the servant inside to know whether the Nawab slept. Hyder Ali turned, a fringed shawl that he had clutched about himself trailing after him, and motioned him to speak.

"The Maridbad doctor waits his Highness's pleasure."

The Nawab shrank visibly inside his rappings, and started.

"I don't want to see him," he said, irritably. "The pain has abated; it is not yet time for the next draught. Send him away."

The messenger hesitated.

"He brings a fresh dewai that confers great benefit," he said, repeating the words that had been urged upon him.

"I don't want to see him. I don't want to see anybody," the Nawab whined. He followed the statement by collapsing like a stricken creature on the bed, and said, as he drew his withered legs after him and squatted upon them—"There, then! Tell him to come, and to be quick about it!"

The answer was the patter of departing feet, and after them the tread of advancing ones. The servant held back the curtain and the doctor passed through. He paused on the threshold to salaam profoundly, and began to unwrap a box he held, glancing meanwhile from the Nawab to his attendant and back again with questioning hesitation.

"Oh, no; Mirza stays!" Hyder Ali cried despairingly. He waited a moment, and then, as the doctor did not advance, he whined again, "Well, well, he goes then! Retire, Mirza; I speak with the doctor alone. Keep within my call—you hear? If I breathe your name, Mirza, enter at once to me." And—"Well?" he said, his voice more tremulous and fretful than ever, as the servant vanished. "Well? Is there then to be no peace for me any more?"

The doctor made a little soothing gesture, as if he would deprecate his patient's agitation. He was a short, plain man, dressed in humble black alpaca and tight white drawers and a huge pagri that muffled his head and covered his ears. He was spectacled, and he had a red-dyed beard that looked grotesque beside his sallow skin and the crow's feet and pouches under his eyes. One of the sowars outside turned softly, so that he could see well into the lighted room: he was obeying a signal that the other had made to him at that moment.

The doctor advanced, and opened his box with a rattle.

"It is the most excellent dewai," he said loudly. "It would cure a man upon his death-bed; it would raise the dead; it—"

Hyder Ali waved a gesture of frantic, futile exasperation.

"You torment me," he said. "You have come to speak with me about the—the matter of which we know, and you continue to play this farce to me when we are alone! There is no one to hear, and I am eaten up with doubts and anxieties—I, a very sick man. I am the Nawab still, Aslam Khan, and there is power to fear behind me. You dare not injure the Nawab; you have sworn it solemnly to me."

"It was only a measure of precaution in your Highness's interests, as in my own," the false doctor said, and he closed the box and laid it aside. "The walls of the palace are known to have ears. Even here, now, there may be someone—"

"I tell you there is nobody," the old man protested. "Speak out what you have to say. What news of him? What news?"

Carington, outside the chink and within his own keen earshot, sighed with satisfaction. He had spent four hours on guard, and the jack-boots he wore, which had been made for a smart native officer, were too small for him. He had alternated in hopes and fears several times since he had clanked up to change guard; once or twice he had been almost persuaded that Vesey's scepticism contained verity and sense. The Colonel had found him a way to meet the two troopers, and the success of the interview had been complete. They were the staunch men of Ali Khan, who was a

prince to fit the soldier's taste, and they threw themselves whole-heartedly into a scheme which desired his welfare, besides promising them favour and advancement. More than that, the one who accompanied Carington, and who minimised for him the difficulties of guard relief and the dangers of discovery, had given a clue that he was quick to pounce upon. The Halsi Nawab had not been near the palace, that he could swear, and there had come no accredited messenger from him; but Ali Khan's eclipse had dated from before the little prince's disappearance, and it had begun, if the jealous observations of his soldier-partisans went for anything, at the time of the Maridbad doctor's intrusion. Questioned concerning the strange doctor, the jemadar could only describe him vaguely as spectacled and red-bearded, and remarkable in that he paid his professional visits by night; on cross-examination it appeared that the palace's knowledge of the Halsi Nawab was twelve years old and was indefinite. Maridbad was a city in Oudh, where quacks, no doubt, were plentiful, and the Nawab's ailments and credulity had already attracted a swarm of humbugs, who found a new pill to be a passport to his presence when Ministers of State kicked their heels outside.

He came often; the jemadar promised to point him out if the sahib were present. And now he had kept his word, sooner than Carington had dared to hope would be possible. His luck was holding indeed. It had not occurred to anybody that the sharpest ears in India could be in the verandah under a trooper's turban; and this was Aslam Khan at last. He was a foeman worth crossing swords with; he must have faced the chance of an unpleasant death before he wriggled himself into the presence to be recognised by the Nawab as his long-feared enemy.

"News? A little only, but worth the telling. Tell me, Nawab sahib, has not Ali Khan Bahadur approached the throne lately with an over-eagerness to know of the Nawab's health or his sickness? Has he not clamoured at the gates early and late to know if the Light of Herampur slept, or suffered, or took his food?"

"Why do you question me upon these things?" squeaked Hyder Ali, like a mouse in the claws of a cat. "It is undoubtedly true, and I will not see him. He awaits my death, and I am most assuredly a very sick person. But thou also, Aslam—"

"Never!" the other said emphatically. "When the Light was withdrawn from me I accepted my banishment until the designs of those that were near it were told to me and made me bold to disobey the maker of my decree for his own salvation. But this snake in the grass. . . . And yet, Nawab sahib, he would scarcely need to ask. He, of all others, should know whether your Highness is likely to be in health and strength."

"He! Why! why! why?" The Nawab writhed and cowered. "You alarm me with your slow suggestions, Aslam Khan. You drop them each time that you approach me, and here I sweat myself into a fever thinking of them when you have gone. Say quickly what you fear, for it is not good that I should be in suspense."

"I fear nothing; I know," Aslam said, with an air of reluctant conviction, and, pushing up the disfiguring spectacles. "Nay; it is truth. If I dared to conceal it. . . . But no; it is expedient that the presence should know the worst; he who fights in the dark has but half his skill to serve him. . . . Yet it wrings my heart to breathe it."

He hesitated subtly to let his words carry their full weight of innuendo and terror. The wretched Nawab's teeth chattered; he looked like a sick monkey as he moaned and wrung his hands, his eyes fixed in a horrified stare upon his tormentor. The Halsi Nawab lifted his head and put a cup of tamarind drink that stood by to his mouth, and went on speaking.

"Light of Herampur, those who would lay down their lives to serve you shall outnumber the traitors," he said. "Be assured; drink, and take courage. But it is none the less true that Ali Khan has lain Chaman sahib in captivity, and that he will not release him until the false physicians he has hired have done your Highness injury with their poisoned drugs. And this I am enabled to know because of my disguise, and because, when it was found I was in favour they sought me to join them, that the thing might be the more quickly accomplished. He would compass two calamities, Nawab sahib—he would be not Regent merely, but ruler of the kingdom."

"And I come—first? He keeps Chaman until I—I die, and then— Yes, it is certain—the last medicine that dog of a Hindu gave me burned in my throat. Oh! I am sick and dizzy; they are undoubtedly killing me by inches, and since it will

be difficult to hold the boy, they will shortly work more terribly. I have a heartburn, Aslam Khan: what poison does that portend? There is a pain in my right foot that comes and goes; it was worse yesterday after I swallowed the dewai. What shall I do to protect myself? I am hedged about with murderers. Perhaps Vesey sahib could suggest. Let me call Mizra and send for him! He must come at once and hear of my peril, and avert it."

"Vesey sahib!" Aslam Khan shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "He could not prevent the heir to the throne from being abducted; he sits daily in Council with General Ali Khan, and listens to what he utters; Vesey sahib is no better than a babe in the matter. There is only one thing to be done, Nawab sahib, that shall save your Highness and the child in a stroke, and Vesey sahib, be sure, will be the first to oppose it. He favours Ali Khan, and he would not allow the Light of Herampur to be withdrawn from him."

"Not allow—when I am dying in agonies of his treachery? I will see that the doctors are strangled before the sun sets, in spite of Vesey sahib—yes, beneath his very nose, if it requires it. What is it—I implore you, Aslam Khan, wise man that knows the secrets of these evil beasts—what is it I must do to save myself?"

He fell back upon his cushions in an ague, and beat the air with his hands, the embodiment of craven impotency. Carington, who had heard enough of the colloquy to understand it, and who had not missed a sign or a gesture, thought for the moment that the plotter had over-reached himself a second time in his life, and that Hyder Ali was about to give up the ghost in earnest. But he under-estimated the Oriental skill in determining a limit to human endurance; the Nawab had been brought to the utmost terrors that were compatible with his survival, and he was now to be drawn back gently from the brink and set upon the ground that Aslam's dexterity had made ready for him.

"Your Highness, whose mercy is as great as your justice, has made Ali Khan Bahadur, General, the Regent for Chaman sahib's minority, and also his heir if misfortune should fall upon him before he has sons to follow him in their turn. Therefore, Ali Khan, being as a wolf for cruelty and ingratitude, seeks the destruction of your Highness and of your Highness's beloved son. The remedy is simple, Nawab sahib, and in one moment it will destroy the destroyer and remove from him the temptation by which he has been guided. It is to call the Council together, and, putting upon yourself the power that it has tried to drag from your shoulders and subvert, to blot Ali Khan and his heirs out of the succession for ever."

The Nawab wiped his eyes feebly with the fringe of his shawl. A little hope began to come back to them; with it a gleam of the old distrust of the man before him.

"And thou wouldst succeed instead, Aslam? And who would protect me from thee?"

"Did I say I desired the succession? Do I not know I am unworthy to give guidance to Chaman sahib, to whom gifts have descended from an illustrious father? Set me out of your thoughts, protector of the faith. Appoint whom you will to be Regent; that discretion rests solely in the hollow of your hand, and it is for the Light of Herampur to judge who has served him best and is most fit to support his son. I am unworthy; if your Highness offered me the privilege that Ali Khan has abused—now, at this instant—I should respectfully refuse it. But I pray your Highness, as you value the life that is of such inestimable value to your people, and to the humble kinsman who has come through great jeopardy to warn you of its peril—I pray humbly"—he joined his palms before his face, like a beggar suing for alms—"that your Highness will save your life to us by the means that now suggest themselves."

Hyder Ali scrambled limply on to his heels again and swayed to and fro upon the bed. He opened his mouth to speak, winced, shut it again, wrung his hands, and finally jerked out another wail of bewilderment.

"Who, then, shall succeed me that I can trust? If I pull down one I must set up another, and you are all against me, and I am a man of very feeble health. What shall I do without my dewai? And yet who among my doctors can I have faith in again?" Then, with an unexpected pettish outburst of fury: "Nay, you lie when you say you do not desire the Regency! You, too, wish the old man in his grave, that you may sit in his seat and hold his power! See! if I lift my finger and cry that the Muridbad doctor is Aslam Khan, they will take you away, and Ali Khan will see that you

disturb his schemes no more. I shall disown Ali Khan, for I hate him, and the doctors' medicines have decidedly upset my stomach; I will disown him, I say, but you shall not benefit. I shall send to the Lat sahib at Calcutta and ask him to advise me, even if it were to the appointment of an Angrezi guardian to Chaman sahib, my son. There! I have said it."

"Your Highness resolves to save yourself, though you refuse credit to the humble servant who has revealed your danger," Aslam Khan said, and he salaamed very low, and backed from the bed. "I am satisfied; the task I took my life in hand to accomplish is done. I return now to my exile at Hali, and when the Nawab sahib needs the wit of Aslam Khan to serve him again, remembering from what his poor effort has warned him to escape—then, and then only, Aslam Khan will re-enter Herampur. Yet, if I had been permitted to offer my help towards discovering where Chaman sahib is held—"

The Nawab looked up and blinked violently. He shot a cunning glance at his half-brother, and he seemed to recover a grain of spirit.

"Nay; perhaps when thou didst also compass that, we might talk again of the succession, Aslam," he said.

Aslam Khan waved the suggestion aside with a certain brusqueness, as if he were forced into respectful impatience.

"May the need for a Regent never arise, and your son's sons sit upon the gaddi in honour, and may that time be too far away for these eyes to see!" he said rapidly. "I am content that your Highness has listened even for a space to me. I go now, for the dawn comes, and it will not be well to show my face in the open city, since the protection of the presence is still withdrawn from me."

He snatched the Nawab's hand, and pressed his forehead to it, drew himself quickly erect, and before Carington had time to gather that the interview was at an end, he had passed out into the verandah and was shuffling away, the very figure of a shabby genteel and harmless quack. He had not given one glance at the sentries, though he had brushed so near to them that the jemadar's itching fingers could have wrung his neck. Carington wagged his head contemptuously at a villain who could leave so large a loophole in his web that a mere vulgar eavesdropping trick could bounce through it. Aslam Khan's cleverness had a fatal limit: he had been born to the habit with which princes assume their dependants to be creatures of a low intelligence. He had secured himself against espial from the gentlemen of the Court, but he had not given a thought to the motionless, buckramed sentinels beyond the outer door.

The jemadar leaned over to Carington. "The sahib heard?" he said. "For myself I could catch scarcely a syllable, and I did not dare move. But that is the fox with the red-dyed beard who has hinted evil things concerning our General, and the Huzur must have seen that he spoke greatly and yet gave little dewai."

"Hear? I heard ample," Carington said. Mirza, inside the room, was bustling about his master, and his clatter covered the murmur beyond. "Jemadar, you must invent some lie, find some substitute in my place. Confound this uniform—it makes me as conspicuous as a jay! Quick, because I must follow him. Mufti, clean or dirty, old or new—that's all I want. Eh! to be sure, though! And a horse."

The jemadar looked a little dubious; he hesitated, considering if it were wise to let zeal outpace discretion, and sahibs learn the ways of the barrack. Then he threw caution away, and laid a finger on his lip.

"When I—when we of the guard-room go to the bazaar, it is not always expedient to wear our rank and identity upon our shoulder-strap," he said. "Fakir-ud-din, whose place your honour took, and who waits at the stable by the gate, can show how a trooper becomes a civilian by the unknitting of a pagri and the shedding of a frock. If, when that is done, the Huzur sends him here with all speed, I see no reason why the change should be discovered. But for a horse at short notice. . . There is the bisti's mule—"

Carington needed no further directions. He jerked a word of thanks and understanding, and doubled down the verandah, remorselessly flinging the covering of the night's escapade upon his supporter. The dawn was blazing now; Aslam Khan, eager to clear from risk of observation, had already a minute's start in his favour.

Fakir-ud-din, roused from a doze upon a grain-bag, had a hundred queries obviously ready to his tongue. But there was no time to let them free; Carington had enough to do to hammer upon a

half-awake mind the urgency of his new need. Three minutes later, when a rakish bazaar loafer, in soiled muslin and cap askew, lolloped across the maidan on the rump of a mule, sharper eyes than Aslam Khan's would have failed to find in him both Carington the police superintendent and the trooper of a night.

Herampur was wide awake, swarming with life in the glow of crimson sunrise, throbbing with sound and motion. The white, flat-roofed houses had merchants busy in their open shops; the grain-sellers were pating their wares into heaps; a butcher was straggling up the narrow slit of the bazaar with a herd of goats that bleated and stamped and broke back incessantly. The dust of the scuffling hoofs hung golden in the air, and the shifting, interchanging blots of colour that composed the crowd were deceitful to the eye, and bewildering. Carington had anxious qualms till he picked the shambling black figure out of the throng half a street's length away from him. He gave a joke to the butcher, scattered the goats to left and right, and thumped the mule into the middle of the press.

Aslam Khan twisted and dived like a duck among weeds; he screwed his neck to look back at comers, but Carington's disguise was sufficiently obscure in a multitude to make for safety. The prince's knowledge of the city must have been complete, for though the byways through which he flitted were many and devious, he bobbed up into a big thoroughfare again at the western gate, and Carington perceived that they had been a mile by short cuts where the great bazaar covered two.

The archway was jammed with camels, whose drivers the red-turbaned policemen were bullying vociferously. A file of Sepoys relieving guard pierced the shadow of the gate and swung into the city: they cleared a way for themselves with the butts of their Martinis, and Aslam Khan was blocked against a sweet shop till they passed. Carington bought betel-nut in the shelter of a stall. He was, at five hundred yards, merely a grain of human sand, but the time might come when he would have to draw out into the open, and it was for then that his precautions reserved him.

The black alpaca shot out suddenly and intercepted a pony dealer as he struggled through the gate. The two men spoke together, heads wagging. The camels moved and swayed across the scene; when they had been hustled by Carington found the dealer working his way in with one pony the less upon his string, and Aslam Khan, a mounted man, just disappearing into the country. He bestrode his mule hastily and pushed after.

It seemed a prosaic incident to be imbedded in the tangle of Eastern intrigue, but it soon became plain that pursuer and pursued were making for the railway, and that the pace Aslam Khan was endeavouring to flog out of his screw was raised to catch a train. The road led only to Amla Station, as Carington had learned when he posted over it towards Herampur. Now he took it in the opposite direction, hanging back to put distance between him and his mark, and yet pressing on each time trees, a patch of maize, or a village intervened, in order that he might not lose it altogether.

Amla heaved itself out of the flat landscape at least, and the telegraph poles ruled off the horizon. Aslam Khan dismounted in shade and faced about, the better to study, unrevealed, the appearance of the man upon the mule. Carington crawled forward carelessly, droning a song at the sky; he was still too far behind for his face to be distinguished; it could not have been told that he was consumed with anxiety at the fact that a signal had dipped and that a smudge of smoke was growing below the blue.

His fine unconcern answered one purpose: the prince turned into the station without another glance at him. But it seemed as if, after all, it were to prove his undoing, for the unwatched minute that was left in which to spurt forward brought only the chagrin of defeat. The train slid into the blot of shadow while he had still fifty yards to cover, blew off steam, and panted out again into the glare. It was a rapidly diminishing, tail-viewed object when he dashed into the office and seized the station babu by the arm.

"Here!" he said, in imperative English, and he was too exasperated to see the humour of the man's amazement. "I am Rattray Carington, police-wallah, though I admit I don't look like it. I want to overtake the train that has just gone, in which is a quack in a black alpaca coat and white trousers, before it gets to its destination. Oh, never mind red-tape, babu-ji! I am the Sirkar's sahib, and accredited to his Highness of Herampur. Let us see now how it can be done."

[Continued on page 6.]



Photo by H. E. Jones,

DRUIDICAL OAK-PLANTING AT BROOKTHORPE.

ON NOVEMBER 16 AN OAK TREE WAS PLANTED ON BACCHUS FARM BY BRO. J. BEDDOWES, N.A., AND BRO. F. W. TAYLOR, N.A., OF THE ROYAL GLOUCESTER LODGE OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF DRUIDS, SEVERAL LADIES FIRST TURNING THE SODS.

Northgate-street, Gloucester.



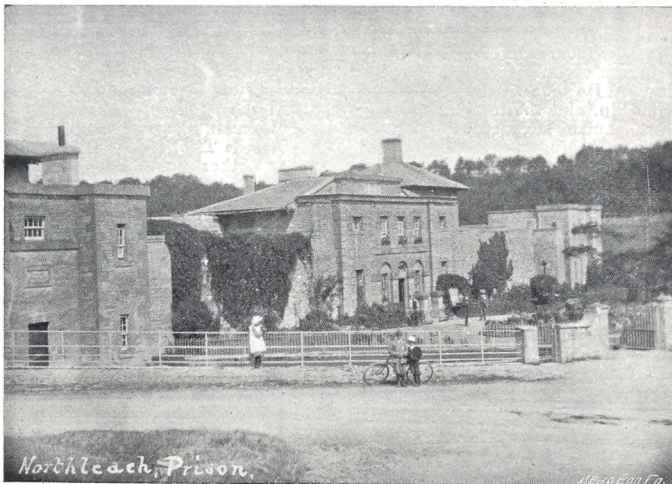


Ex-Police-Supt. Everiss, Northleach Division.



A GLOUCESTER PHOTO CAST UP BY THE SEA.

This unique photograph was washed ashore at St. Andrew's after the wreck of a ketch on the Bar of the Tay on Nov. 13th, and the name of "H. E. Jones, photographer, Gloucester," being upon it, the finder at once sent it to him for identification. Mr. Jones recognised it as an enlargement he had made for E. Prewett, of Gloucester Docks, who turned out to be the captain of the ketch Beaconsfield, lost in the Tay with all hands (six). The marks on the photo were caused by its being washed forward and backward on the pebbly beach.



Northleach Prison.



NEW CHELTENHAM TO HONEYBOURNE RAILWAY.

BORING TUNNEL AT HUNTING BUTTS, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

**LEIGH JAMES,
FAMILY BUTCHER, BATH Rd.**

For Choicest Meat at Popular Prices. Comparison Invited. Order by Post or Telephone (315).

DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.

THE ROOK THE ROBBER.

In severe winters there can be no doubt that many of our rooks go South and East to pleasanter surroundings. You may find them in immense numbers in Asiatic Turkey, on the islands of the Aegean Archipelago, and in many parts of the Mediterranean littoral, when bitter winter has laid its freezing grip upon the North. Why, one wonders, do not these innumerable other birds fare habitually to these pleasanter surroundings, when autumn warns them of the coming spell of cold and gloom? The Turks foretell a hard winter by the early incursions of the rook, a bird for which they have anything but a kindly feeling. Their name for this marauder—Tohoum-cargah, the seed-eating crow—explains their natural antipathy to this species. In Turkey, as in England, a great deal of damage is done periodically by the immense migrations of these birds, and in some places the husbandmen are at their wits' end to drive the black thieves away and save a remnant of their scanty crops. Rooks, by the way, have earned of late years much and hearty hatred in the Scottish border country, where their assaults on game eggs have had something to do with the increasing scarcity of black game.—"Country Life."

The stationmaster succumbed to the tones of authority and the name of Carington. He swallowed his curiosity, but his official wits worked cumbrously.

"The train has gone," he said. "The passenger was second-class to Kalsi, coming often lately. I have no authority to stop trains, being a very bumble officer of the North-East Indian Railway, and the traffic-superintendent is a hard man. But—"

He ran a fat finger over his time-sheet. "The mail train passes Amla immediately," he said. "It is permitted to signal it to take up only. Routine shunts the slow mixed up—the one now departing, sahib—at Rurmat siding 10.15, to wait for mail up passing top-speed to Girmaur Junction 10.37. Kalsi is temporarily thirty minutes this side of Girmaur, and slow mixed arrives there 11.28. Now, if you get into mail train punctually—and is not this the N.E.I.?—you will descend to terra firma at Girmaur Junction with leisure on hand to catch the 10.48 back, and you will return upon Kalsi 11.18, which period is ten minutes before the slow mixed up is getting there."

Carington straightened himself out with a sigh of relief.

"The plan is a capital one, babu, if the connection with the 10.48 down holds. Now send a message for me to warn the stationmaster at Kalsi. I must have a pony there, and a corner in which to stow myself when I arrive."

He went out and disposed of the mule, and then he sat upon a kerosine tin and threshed out Aslam Khan's manoeuvres as he now understood them. There was much to consider; his brain was still busy while he journeyed forth to Girmaur and back again, less speedily, to Kalsi.

Aslam Khan had not scored an entire success; perhaps—the preliminary interviews were unknown—he had not meant to do so. But he had ousted General Ali, and Ali Khan was, it appeared, the innocent man. Meantime, Carington did not doubt he was hiding Chaman sahib, to the gratification of that pickle and the betterment of his own schemes. "But I have him now," Carington exulted.

The train disgorged him at Kalsi, and, true to Ditta Mull's word, it gave him ten minutes in which to question, to explore, and to teach the stationmaster fear and discretion. The apothecary in the seedy black garment was known by sight; he came Kalsi knew not whence, and he drove a long way, and desired speech of no man. The shigram with trotting bullocks that was waiting outside the station was his; the babu had no more to tell of him, he confessed regretfully. Carington, looking out from the closet that he shared with darkness, paste-pots, and a swarm of flies, saw the driver waving a broken bough above his beasts, and noted it. Kalsi was a mud-walled, straggling village, sun-basking and unimportant; but five miles from it the jungles mocked at civilisation, and it was from the jungles, as that branch of strange foliage betrayed, that the shigram had come.

The noon sun poured upon the line, and Aslam Khan dropped from the train into its heat, and scurried to his conveyance. He peered about him as he fitted through the station-house; Carington, lurking in the babu's closet, could have put his hand out and clapped him on the shoulder. But he let him pass, and as soon as the bullocks had tripped off through the hot dust and turned a corner, he laid leg over saddle and started in pursuit. This time the way was longer and more lonely; his presence upon it, if he were noticed, would become remarkable. He followed now, not by sight, but by sound, straining his hearing to keep the creak of the bullock cart before him, and taking cover every time it ceased or grew too audible. Trees and grass pressed upon the roadside, and human habitations vanished.

They were going east; they were striking back towards Hyder Ali's kingdom, and Carington knew that the jungle into which he was dipping touched Herampur State upon its other side. The Lalabagh was nineteen or twenty miles away from that border; there, riding fast across an empty country, and avoiding the dull eyes of the ryots, fugitives could run to earth without leaving a trace of the manner or direction of their flight.

They toiled on for seven miles, and at last the creaking of the shigram stopped. Carington pulled up in the screen of the trees, which were now so close that they made the daylight pale, and gazed before him.

The atmosphere was heavy, but the soil had changed. It was no longer the sand of an unprofitable jungle, but a kinder stuff, whereon tender green things had plucked up heart to grow. They had come upon a forest lodge, set in a half-

wild garden, close-hidden as a Sleeping Beauty's bower: a bungalow built to command a sportsman's paradise, with an outlook to sweet waters and sunlight winking from them. In its verandah was a small boy, who crouched upon his heels and crooned joyously, while he watched a shikarri refill his cartridge-cases.

Aslam Khan got down from the shigram. He had discarded the spectacles and the red beard; he seemed taller, and he had dignity. Carington hitched his pony to a tree, and felt for something that was snug in his sash. Then he walked quietly through the trees.

"Uncle," shrieked Chaman sahib, "I caught a mahseer in the river last night; I swear I did. And this day I shot a doe from the verandah while she was a great way off. Ask if it did not happen as I say. I like this place."

Aslam Khan bent himself indulgently, and the two moved hand in hand towards the bungalow. Carington strolled leisurely towards them, and so quietly that the two started when they saw him.

"Salaam!" Carington said to the boy, who had backed towards his uncle's skirts. "Salaam, Aslam Khan sahib! You see Rattray Carington, the police-wallah, in an unseemly dress, for which I hope you will let necessity excuse him. I bear the salutation of the Council."

The Haisi Nawab's face was a study in emotions. In the moment when he read the white man through the disguise, and recognised the accents of his voice, he must have remembered the loafer he had left at Amla, and realised something of the power that had made Carington's name a word to conjure with in Upper India. He took in the meaning of the hand upon the hip, and the fearlessness with which the Englishman advanced. There were immense potentialities behind a manner so full of unconcern, and a ubiquitousness that could baffle the journeyings of an arch-plotter.

Aslam Khan's hand, too, went to his side; for a second, perhaps, Carington ran a great if a foreseen risk: he was facing a desperate man, whose ambitions were tumbling about his ears, and who had many doubts and dreads to hound him on. Therefore he went on speaking deliberately, and with an unflinching calm.

"Colonel Vesey thanks you, Nawab sahib, by my mouth, for the pleasure you have given to his little Highness. The prince's father, believe me, will not be insensible to your loyal care and tendance of his son. I see that you have kept him in sound health and happy spirits, and the circumstance is not likely to be forgotten; but it is possible that you do not know there has been some slight uncertainty as to his whereabouts?"

The silence that ensued had a breathless suspense in it. Carington saw, on the one hand, the acknowledgments of Vesey, the rejuvenation of the Nawab, the exculpation of Ali Khan, and a long plunge into oblivion for their mutual antagonist. On the other side, the scale danced at the weight of a trigger. Then the mists cleared and the sunshine burst out again, and a face, smoothed of expression as a handkerchief might be ironed free from creases, gazed blandly upon him. The day's work was over for Aslam Khan; he had builded upon the sand, and he had the genius to lay his shattered fabric very low and flat, in order that the foundations might serve, if chance arose, another time.

"I took a liberty that his Highness and Vesey sahib may charitably pardon in a near relation," he said. "Chaman sahib was fading in the palaces; you see now, Carington sahib, how his holiday has profited him. . . . I have but one body servant and the shikarri yonder with me; do you think his Highness will forgive the lack of princely state in which you find his son?"

[THE END.]

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary 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 156th prize has been awarded to Mr. W. C. Davey, of 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. M. W. Davies at Holy Apostles' Church.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MARBLE ARCH.

The Marble Arch—that familiar ornament of Oxford-street and the Bayswater-road—has already known removal and mutilation; there is, therefore, justice in Mr. Speaight's wish to leave it well alone. Copied by Nash, with modifications, from the Arch of Constantine at Rome, it stood formerly in front of the chief entrance to Buckingham Palace. It is on record that the archway, as first designed, was found to be too small to admit the royal coach; but the mistake was remedied in time. In London we do not complete outdoor works of art: we only begin them. The Marble Arch was to have been surmounted by a colossal bronze group emblematic of Victory. This would, no doubt, have embarrassed Mr. Speaight; but such was the first design. The group was exchanged by some authority for an equestrian statue of George IV. This statue was executed by Chantrey at a cost of 9,000 guineas; but, of course, it never reached the Marble Arch, and it is now to be found in Trafalgar-square. In removing the Marble Arch to Cumberland Gate an important and beautiful frieze was irreparably damaged, and has not been replaced.

Still, the Arch as it stands is a slightly object, and its Carrara marble contrives to remain white. The sculptured parts are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi, all men of genius. The iron gates on either side of it were the central gates before the Arch came; they then became side gates; they date from 1822. The Arch's central gates are said to be the largest in Europe, and among the finest. The entire cost of the Arch was about £80,000—pretty good for London. Paris footed a bill of £416,666 for her Arc de Triomphe.

A word about two other great arches will not be out of place. The grand entrance at Hyde Park Corner was designed by Decimus Burton. The whole work should be described as a screen of Ionic columns with three carriage arch-ways. Over the central arch is a sculptured frieze, which probably not one Londoner in a thousand has particularly observed: it represents a naval and military procession. The Triumphal Arch at the head of Constitution-hill originally stood exactly opposite Decimus Burton's gate. The famous equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington which surmounted it was ugly, but loved. It is now at Aldershot.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

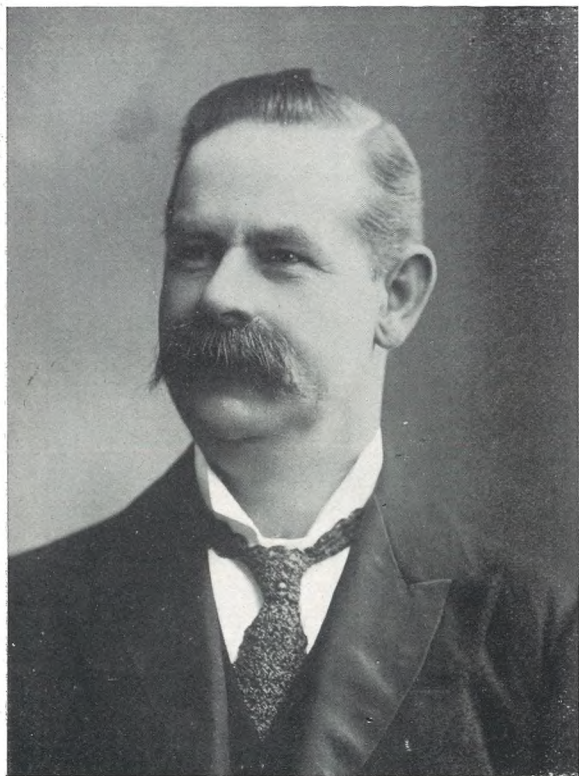
MISTRESSES WITH SPECIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

DR. MACNAMARA'S REMINISCENCES.

Some amusing definitions of "schoolmistress" were quoted by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., in the course of a lecture which he delivered on Friday night at a meeting of the London County Council Mistresses' Union. Dr. Hullah, in a report, told how a piano offered for the use of pupil teachers was declined, on the ground that "ability to play the piano did not become persons in their station of life." As late as 1896 an advertisement appeared for a certificated female teacher, "widow with son or sister with brother who could be employed as outdoor servant preferred." Another advertisement invited a schoolmistress to apply whose husband was "an experienced agricultural labourer." The extent to which women had elbowed men out of the work of teaching was amazing. In 1850 in public elementary schools the percentage of female teachers was 25, in 1870 it was 50, and now it was 75, and at the same rate in ten years' time out of every ten teachers nine would be women. Women were better teachers than men, but that was not the reason local authorities increasingly employed them; it was because they were cheaper. If they did the same work as men they should have the same salary. Dr. Macnamara proceeded to lament the lack of interest shown by women teachers in the politics of their profession. Illustrative of the extent to which their interest was absorbed in looking forward to marriage, he told the story of the country teacher who, thinking that she had not received her fair share of the grant, got the National Union of Teachers to take up her case, and, impatient of the law's delays, wrote or wired daily insisting that proceedings should be expedited, but on the very day when her case was to be heard there came a message, "Do not proceed further. I am going to marry the chairman of the board" (laughter). In conclusion, Dr. Macnamara insisted that women teachers should take a more serious view of their profession.



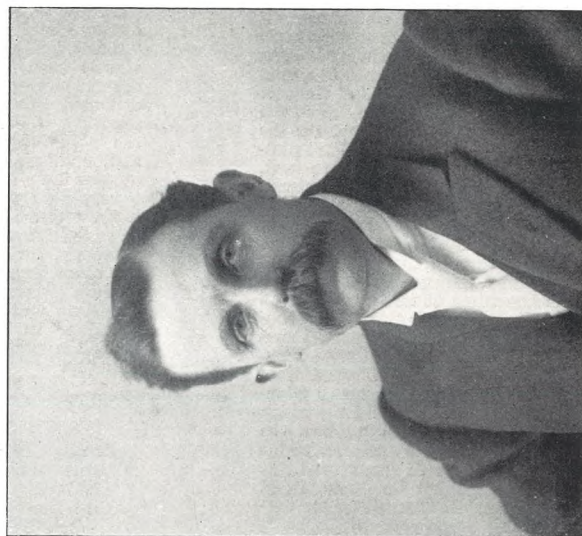
MISS UNA HADWEN,
Adjudicator of Elocution.



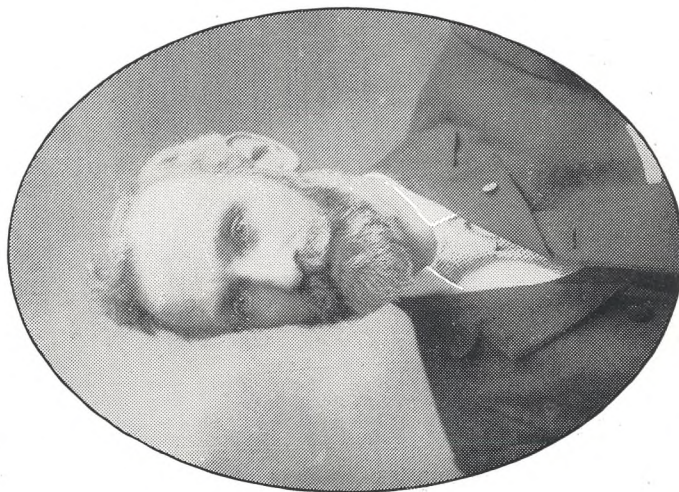
MR. THOMAS FACER (Birmingham),
Adjudicator of Music.



REV. JAMES FOSTER (Cheltenham),
Adjudicator of Literature.



MR. T. A. KING (Hereford),
President of the Gloucestershire, Herefordshire,
and Monmouthshire Association of Sunday
Schools.
Chairman on the Wednesday.



MR. J. W. HOPKINS,
President Gloucester Sunday School Union, 1905.
Chairman on the Thursday.

✿ ✿ GLOUCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. ✿ ✿
MUSICAL AND LITERARY COMPETITIONS AT THE SHIRE HALL, NOV. 15 & 16, 1905.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

It is many years since I remember a November like the present month in which there were so few statutory notices forthcoming of applications in the ensuing session of Parliament for Acts to authorise the carrying out of public and private projects in Gloucestershire. They can, in point of fact, be counted on the fingers of one hand, and for the most part the objects sought for are not of transcendent importance. The chief is a Bill to construct a light railway between Cirencester and Fairford, which is an old scheme revived in new form. The Cheltenham Gas Co. seek powers to extend their limits of supply to Southam, Woodmancote, and Bishop's Cleeve, and also new provisions as to purity and illumination of gas supplied. Then the Crown requires extra powers to deal with its waste lands in Dean Forest. The Midland Railway Co. are going for but a modest object, namely the compulsory acquisition of certain lands adjoining their station at Fishponds. The Great Western Railway Co., which has shown much activity in local schemes in recent years, practically marks time now.

.....

Nothing is sacrosanct to the railway engineers when they are planning a projected line. Local instances of "vandalism" can be cited in regard to the surveying and construction of the Honeybourne Railway. I allude to the taking off of a slice of St. Mary's Old Cemetery, which necessitated the exhumation of the remains from a large number of graves and their reinterment in another part of the ground; and to the severance of a long slice from the playing field of the Ladies' College. The latter work has just been commenced, and the slice, over 1½ acres in extent, is required for the site of the new passenger station, with island platform, that is to be approached from Malvern-road. The Great Western Railway Co., I understand, have arranged with the College authorities for the former to put up a temporary wooden fence six feet high and to plant against it a quickset hedge, so as to ensure the privacy of the girls when at play. And a little bird whispers that their handy men have strict orders when at work not to even look at the girls or smoke in their sight, or to converse in language other than polite among themselves. I believe that much of the several thousand cubic yards of earth to be excavated from this slice will be trucked and taken over to Gloucester and used to fill up an old perch bed, which will serve as the short continuation track of the Honeybourne Railway in order to avoid its trains passing at all over the metals in the T yard. It would not be the first time that Cheltenham soil had been trained to Gloucester for filling up purposes.

.....

Not the least enjoyable of the round of many entertainments provided during the early part of this season at Cheltenham were the popular lectures under the auspices of the Corporation and Messrs. Baring Bros. I trust that the public support accorded to the latter firm's trial venture will justify and induce it to make the series a hardy annual. I have noticed not a few people from outside Cheltenham among the audience. At the last lecture—a delightful one on "Nature at work and play"—Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, ex-M.P. for Hereford, was sitting not far from me, and I observed that, like myself, he was snatching forty winks until the lecture began, and then he was all attention, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy it. In fact, I should say this illustrated dissertation on natural history was more congenial to him, as a country gentleman, than "Four years in Parliament with hard labour," as he himself has described his experiences as a legislator in a very entertaining book.

.....

Cheltenham still maintains its reputation for low birth and death rates. The last returns of the Registrar-General, for the quarter ended Sept. 30, show that it stood lowest in the county with births, namely 18.0 per thousand, Westbury-on-Severn (which includes a portion of the Forest) being the highest with 27.0. The latter district, however, was the lowest in the death rate with 9.4, while Cheltenham was 14.7, and Stroud the highest with 17.3.

GLENER.

Snails are sold for the table in France at from two to three shillings a hundred. One snailery near Dijon brings £3,000 a year to its proprietor.



"BOXER," THE COAL VETERAN, AGED 32.

Should a record have been kept of heroes in the animal world, none locally during the last half-century would have proved more worthy of note than "Boxer," "the coal veteran." He is 32 years of age, and has for 25 years constantly been hauling coal from the Cheltenham and district railway stations to the consumer; and it is estimated that during his "commercial career" he has delivered 21,900 tons of coal, and walked 54,750 miles in so doing. The proud property of Pates and Co., St. George's-road, whom he has served faithfully during the whole time they have been established, he is now indulging in a well-merited rest, and, with the exception of occasionally delivering (by way of exercise) a quarter-ton of coal or 50 briquettes, is regarded as a pensioner. He is at present a very slow walker, and his average pace, which does not exceed one mile per hour, relieves his owners of any anxiety as regards police proceedings relating to "furious travelling." His eyes at this venerable age are quite clear, and he still possesses, for his age, excellent teeth—a fact which was practically demonstrated the other day, when a carter who left his dinner in the loose stall where "Boxer" reclines discovered his bag, which had contained the same, in a very "ventilated" condition and its contents devoured. In the summer "Boxer" spent his "long vacation" in the fields, but he has now returned to his "winter quarters," where he is the pride of the stables and revered by all associated with the local coal industry.



MISCHA ELMAN,
CELEBRATED BOY VIOLINIST.