

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

No. 292.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

✻ ✻ **A FAIRFORD WEDDING.** ✻ ✻
 ILES—BUSBY.



MR. ARTHUR J. HITCHMAN ILES.



MISS CONSTANCE K. BUSBY.

... Married at Fairford Parish Church, August 2nd, 1906. ...

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

RE-OPENING ON MONDAY NEXT (BANK HOLIDAY) AND DURING THE WEEK AT 7.45 (NO MATINEE) WITH

"OLIVER TWIST."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Mr. Henry Dickinson Marshall, of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, who died in March last, left estate valued at £443,523

* *

An official report shows that the fire insurance companies lost £26,564,600 by the conflagration at San Francisco, of which the greater part is borne by the British and European institutions.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

Municipal Entertainments under the Direction of Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,
THE ROYAL PAVILION PIERROTS.
 NIGHTLY AT 8. MATINEES DAILY AT 3.

BREAKING RECORDS.

* *

"The person I know most intimately who broke a record worth talking about is Brown," writes the "School Boy" in the Windsor. "It happened at the last school sports. We have a champion cup that one fellow holds for the year he wins it, but it never really belongs to anyone except, I suppose, the Head, who gets the winner's names engraved on it in turn. Also he has the school photographed after the sports, and the successful champion sits in the middle, front of the group, freezing to the cup. I laugh, because I shall never be in that situation myself, not being athletic.

"Cholmondeley won it last year; and when the group was being photographed, the little beast, by way of being amusing, began to play at crossing from Dover to Calais. No one, except the boys on either side of him, paid any attention to his noxious proceedings: and, just as he was hanging over the champion cup in a realistic attitude with his mouth wide open, the photographer took the photograph.

"Chummy was in a blue funk then. He knew he was bound to catch it hot for spoiling the picture; but he thought he'd catch it hotter if he said nothing and let the Head discover later on what had happened, so he croaked out from his central position—

"Please, sir, I'm afraid I moved when that was being taken. Hadn't he better do another?"

"The Head asked the photographer if there was anything wrong; and the photographer, who was a decent sort, and ought by rights, owing to his decency, to have been a gentleman, said he thought he'd like to take us again, and that it was his own fault for not warning the boys to keep still. After that there was a beautiful picture made, and Chummy looked as good and proper in it as if he was handing round an alms-dish."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

COSTLY PLAYTHINGS.

* *

A polo pony before to-day has been known to change hands at a higher figure than six hundred guineas, but happily for the majority of players who have to consider the question of ways and means, such a fanciful and extravagant inflation of the market is of rare occurrence.—"The Bystander."

A. BECKINGSALE,
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COUNTRY ORDERS A SPECIALITY.

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Telegrams: "Maxwell, Fishmonger, Cheltenham."

ENGLISH BULLS.

* *

We are continually reminded of "Irish bulls," but a great Frenchman once accused the English nation of a tendency to fall into similar absurdities. This was Montesquieu, who wrote:—"I once found an article in an old Spanish code which enacted that every man must be both humane and charitable. Though this was absurd, I found a still greater absurdity in the English nation. Some years ago the publishers of a monthly periodical, finding that the last day of the month sometimes happened on a Sunday, had a meeting at the London Coffee House, when, to remedy the inconvenience, it was resolved that the publishing day should be the last day but one of the month, not thinking that it would as frequently fall on a Sunday as any other day.—"T. P.'s Weekly."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THE CHEAP DISTRIBUTION OF
ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

* *

Notwithstanding that most of the larger towns are now provided with their generating stations and distributing systems of underground electrical mains, the demand which they are supplying conveys only an idea of development in this direction which will be witnessed in the future. These large and wealthy towns have been obliged to spend enormous sums of money on their electrical equipment, and the cost of their underground mains has hitherto been by far the largest item in the total capital expenditure. Taking the published capital cost of some sixty towns in the United Kingdom, the cost of the underground mains varies from 20 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the total capital expenditure of electrical equipment. The fact that hitherto it has been necessary to allocate to the system of distribution such a large proportion of the total capital expenditure has, without doubt, prevented very many small towns and villages from enjoying the benefits of electricity supply. Many of these smaller towns, although they have obtained provisional orders, find the cost of generation and distribution on a small scale too high to ensure a reasonable return on the outlay.

For these reasons there are at present large areas in this country totally unprovided for, and it is with a view to supplying cheap electricity in bulk to these districts that the several large electrical power schemes have been initiated. These power companies, however, will probably only supply in bulk, and the several local authorities taking electricity in this manner will have to make their own arrangements for distribution to the actual consumers, and will have to lay their own mains within their particular districts. In this connection, therefore, a very large demand will be created for a cheap system of underground mains, and the "Simplified" system claims to be one which fully complies with all practical requirements. This "system" relates to an improvement in the making and laying of underground conductors for the distribution of electricity, by means of which a considerable saving in cost is effected.—"Magazine of Commerce."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

It will be at least a year hence before we shall first see the Bishop Ellicott memorial in Gloucester Cathedral. Mr. W. S. Frith, who has been commissioned to sculpture the recumbent effigy of the great scholar-Bishop, will, I understand, be engaged fully a twelvemonth on the work. The position of the monument has been settled, and it is at a spot near to the cope chest in the south ambulatory, the nearest most suitable and available place to the choir. It is considered that a figure in white marble would not harmonise with the ancient surroundings; and, therefore, the effigy, representing Dr. Ellicott as he appeared in vigorous old age, will be carved in a duller stone, hard and durable, probably quarried in Hopton Wood, Derbyshire. The funds have come in much more satisfactorily than at one time I ventured to think they would, no less than £1,080, or a sum sufficient to cover expenses, having been subscribed. Towards this amount the Ellicott family obtained about £300, including their own contribution of £100. To Cheltenham—for Up Hatherley parish is within its boundaries—belongs the honour of having put up the first memorial to the late Bishop, a stained-glass window in the church there, dedicated a week or two ago, constituting the posthumous tribute.

* *

Now that the Cheltenham-Honeybourne Railway is opened for its full length of 20½ miles, I am concerned whether the Great Western and Midland Railway Companies will consider and arrange that the former or latter or both jointly shall quadruple the lines between Lansdown Junction and Gloucester in view of the greatly increased traffic that is confidently expected will be poured along this length when the Western through route between the Midlands and Bristol and South Wales and the Great Central route via the Hatherley loop, also to the two latter district, are brought into full swing. When one finds that at present between 250 and 300 trains a-day are passed over Lansdown Junction, where the Midland and Western rails there bi-sect; and that nearly 200 trains run through Churchdown daily, the necessity for the two companies having their separate lines becomes patent and urgent.

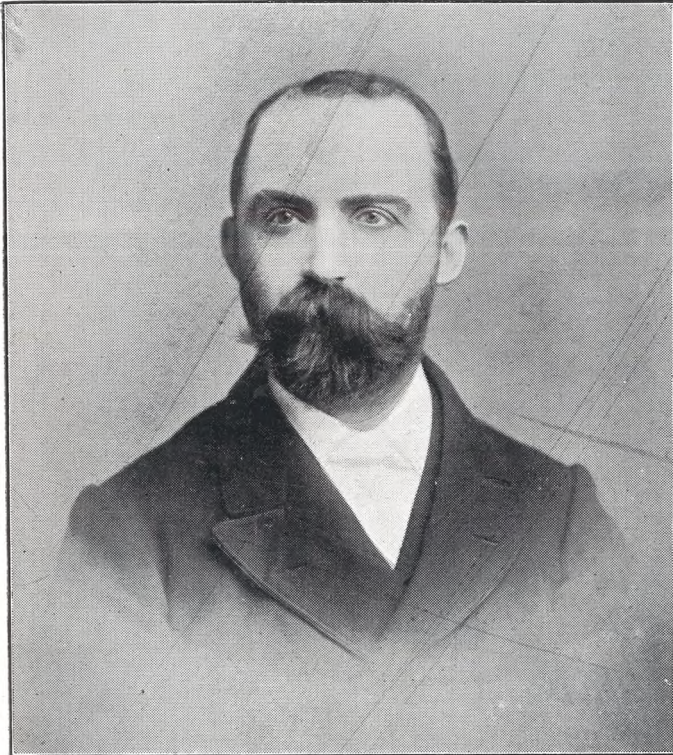
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From talks that I have had with railway engineers on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that the quadrupling of the present lines would not be a difficult matter. In the first place, by the Midland keeping to the west of the present track, and the Western to the east, the great danger in the trains of the two companies having to cross at Lansdown would be entirely obviated, while each company would have their separate lines to Gloucester. Then with regard to construction, the present width of the two deep cuttings at the Reddings and Churchdown and of the high embankment at the latter place and of the line generally leaves ample margin for the laying down of a set of metals on each side and for the banks being supported by walling. And, if additional land were required, it would not be a very costly affair, as it has merely agricultural value. Of course, the five brick bridges would have to be widened, but that is a mere detail. For years I have alluded to the necessity for the quadrupling of the line, and now I am bold enough to state that the completion of the Honeybourne line has brought this within measurable distance of construction.

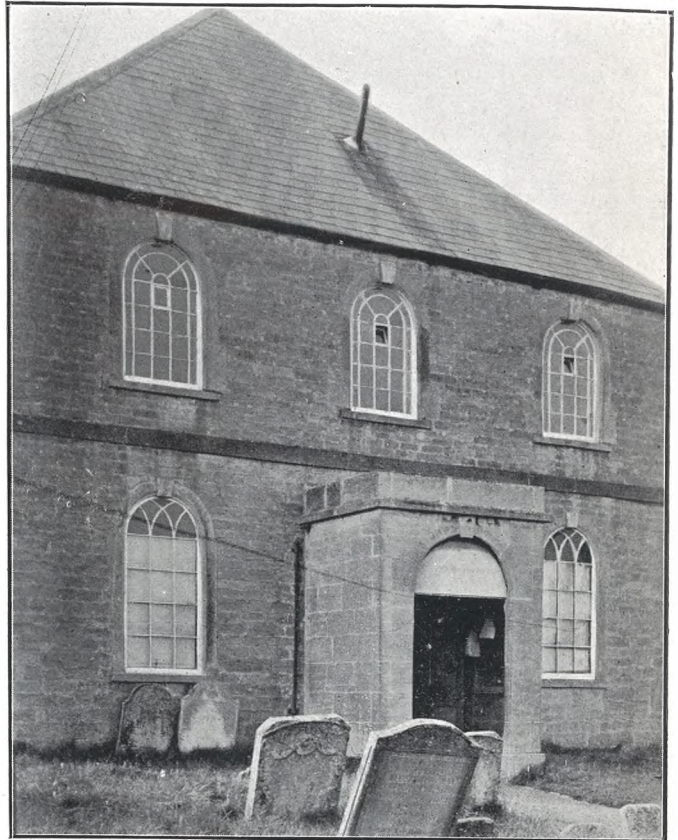
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A good old Gloucestershire gentleman, after reading my note on the Tom Provis pigtail incident, informs me that he was present at the trial of that claimant's action for the Smyth baronetcy and estates, and he was much struck by his coolness in the witness-box. He states that one of the officials told him that when he was conveying Provis along Regent-street, London, to Millbank Prison, Tom boastfully said: "I have often ridden along here in my own carriage." "Yes," replied his escort, "and now you are riding at your country's expense!"

GLEANER.



REV. J. T. JONES,
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER FOR CHEDWORTH AND
NORTHLEACH.



CHEDWORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



REV. J. T. JONES LAYING ONE OF THE FOUR MEMORIAL
STONES OF THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS AT CHEDWORTH.
JULY 26th, 1906.

PECULIAR CEREMONY AT ST. IVES.

The ancient town of St. Ives has just observed the twenty-second quinquennial celebration in memory of John Knill, who was born in 1733, and died in London, at the age of 77. In 1782 a mausoleum 50ft. high was erected by Knill, which bears the following inscription:—"Johannes Knill, 1782. I know that my redeemer liveth," and on another side is his motto, "Nil desperandum," with coat of arms. The cost of the mausoleum was £226. In 1797 Knill settled upon the Mayor of the borough an annuity of £10, of which a portion was to be applied to the repair of the mausoleum, and the remainder to be distributed in various quaint ways. In accordance with the annual custom, the Mayor, with other officials, marched to the mausoleum, followed by ten little maids of an age not exceeding ten years, and two widows, whose combined ages were over 160. Thousands of people gathered and saw the stone coffin of John Knill, with the capstone lifted, and full of water. Hundreds of the women drank water from the coffin, which is said to ensure them handsome husbands. At the conclusion of the peculiar ceremony, according to the directions of Knill, "All people that on earth do dwell," was sung by the visitors, while each of the girls, after dancing around this ancient erection, received 10s., the widows receiving £2.



LIGHTNING RESULTS.

On an average one hundred and fifty persons are struck by lightning every year in this country, fourteen fatally. Mr. Hands, the well-known lightning expert, we learn from "The Penny Magazine," has a record of 532 persons injured by lightning, and 123 persons killed by it, in the five years to March, 1905. He has in his possession a lightning map of England and Wales compiled by himself, which shows that during the period named no fewer than 4,322 places were struck by lightning and suffered more or less serious damage. He states that the average yearly damage thus caused may be computed at from £50,000 to £100,000.

THE FIRST BATHING-MACHINE.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the first bathing-machine was seen at Margate, and that it was the invention of a worthy Quaker named Beale, who placed his hopeful invention on the Margate beach in 1750. "The public are obliged to Benjamin Beale, one of the people called Quakers, for the invention," writes the author of "A short description of the Isle of Thanet," published in 1796. But it was the old story: the public became grateful after the inventor had been ruined by his enterprise. His successors had reaped the harvest. Old Benjamin Beale's widow could remember in her last days the first family that ever resorted to Margate for the purpose of bathing being carried into the sea

in a covered cart. In 1803 Beale's machines were one of the institutions of Margate. It was alarmingly claimed for them that "they may be driven to any depth into the sea by careful guides!"—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"RUS IN URBE."

I suppose one of the greatest anomalies about this wonderful London of ours (says "The Bystander") is the success with which we manage to insert, right in the middle of the dirt and chimney-pots and crowded life, a beautiful bit of sylvan scenery which would do credit to the depths of Devonshire or the sweetness of Surrey.



CHELTENHAM AND WORCESTER BOWLERS.

On Wednesday, July 26, a match between the Cheltenham and Worcester Bowling Clubs took place at the Winter Garden, Cheltenham. The visitors included the Mayor of Worcester (Mr. H. A. Leicester), and during the afternoon the captain of the home team (Mr. W. H. Horsley) entertained the teams and a number of their lady friends at tea at the "Cosy Corner," the delightful cafe of the Oriental Cafe Company, opposite the fountain in the Promenade. The photograph represents the scene on the unique roof garden, where refreshments are served amid pleasant surroundings, in the open air, and in such excellent style that it must be tested to be fully appreciated.

HONEYBOURNE
RAILWAY.
COMPLETION.



FIRST RAIL-MOTOR TRAIN STEAMING INTO CHELTENHAM (ST. JAMES'-SQUARE) STATION AT 8.51 A.M., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st.



MR. GEORGE WILLIAM BLACKALL,
Gloucester Divisional Engineer of Great Western Railway, who when Chief Parliamentary Assistant to Mr. James C. Inglis, the General Manager, "picked out" the Honeybourne Line Route.



MR. BERTRAM B. BLACKALL,
an Assistant Resident Engineer on Honeybourne Railway Works.



INSPECTOR HENRY WATERS,
Permanent Way Department, Gloucester Division of Great Western Railway, under whose close supervision the re-modelling of the main lines at Cheltenham for the Honeybourne traffic has been carried out.

BYEWAYS IN DRESS.

While the matron of to-day goes, without doubt, to the extreme of juvenility in her attire, still, like many other extravagances, her exuberance carries a little profit with it. She shows what a much larger field in dress is open to the matron than anyone had supposed. When she tries to step over the bank which separates her from her daughter she makes a ridiculous and pathetic sight. She strays into a country of which no artifice, no disguise, no persuasion will make her appear an inhabitant. But while straying on the borders of the land of youth she has made discoveries which are not without influence in smoothing the curves which lead on to old age. She has found byeways and sideways in the world of dress and manners where she can stray with pleasure and advantage.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

Two ancient earthenware crocks containing a quantity of coins of the Roman period, in an excellent state of preservation, have been found by a workman on Lord Pembroke's estate near Salisbury.

THE MASQUERADER.

[BY ARTHUR F. BELL.]



With sunset the rain that had all day been threatening had begun, and the gusts of stiff Channel wind threw it in bickering handfuffs against the latticed panes of the window. The room was a sombre one, raftered, floored, and walled with dark oak, and rendered the gloomier by its few sober portraits and its shelves of sadly bound volumes. A fitfully burning oil lamp stood on a small table, and by it sat a young man, who held on his knee an open folio, but seemed to find more attractive the view offered by the casement, a wide expanse of heaving sea, wanly illumined now and then as the tearing cloud-rack broke and uncovered the crescent moon.

There was nothing very attractive about his appearance as he lounged there, resting his head on his hand, while the flicker of the lamp now threw his face into strong relief, now blurred it in shadow. In a square, not very clear-cut set of features, the only thing remarkable was a certain quiet strength in the moulding of the mouth and chin. His attire was sombre, of some dark plain stuff, and his hair, unconcealed by a wig, was brushed back from his forehead in a careless tangle that gave a suggestion of a mane. His whole air was that of a man indifferent to externals and absorbed by some subject of thought perhaps not very pleasurable.

And, indeed, if in the character of Sir Harry Marvaile there was a strong bias to moroseness and melancholy, it was scarcely a matter for wonder. Last of a good south country family, the young man had grown up to feel his house under a shadow. In the great wars of Cavalier and Roundhead, Sir Everard had given first his wealth to the royal cause, then life itself, falling at Naseby, and handing on little except his loyalty to his son, Sir Rupert, who fought beside the Merry Monarch at Worcester, shared his exiled wanderings on the Continent, and returned to be for a time the boon companion of the royal pleasures after the Restoration. At this time, indeed, the house of Marvaile seemed on the threshold of honour and fortune, but at the hour of his success a change came over Sir Rupert. He suddenly withdrew from Town and Court, and retired with his wife and son (then a boy) to his country estates, where he spent the remainder of his life, seeing hardly any company, and comforting his solitude by very liberal potations. The cause of this change was never certain, though the gossip of the gambling-rooms and coffee-houses assigned a dozen reasons. Some said that the baronet, not content with rivalling Rochester himself in recklessness and gallantry, had dared to compete with one even more distinguished, and had crossed in some matter of love or honour the will of his royal master. The supposition received confirmation from the fact that years after, when James II. fled the country and the old factions were revived, Sir Rupert raised no hand in support of the house for which he and his family had sacrificed so much. Always diplomatic and conciliatory, William of Orange would have drawn the old man to his Court, but he refused. "Put not your trust in princes," he said bitterly when his lady timidly urged upon him the advisability of accepting the proffered friendship, and to his last day he kept a deaf ear to the unceasing whispers of intrigue and conspiracy with which the country was alive. Whether he transmitted to his son the story of his wrongs was a matter of doubt. At any rate, Sir Harry adhered rigidly to his father's policy, lived alone with his mother the life of a student, and left the rival claims to come to issue without his interference. It was not till a year before our story opens that he visited for the first time the capital, and then he returned without paying his respects to his sovereign or otherwise acknowledging the might of the powers that were. He had not been in London unobserved, however, or unempted, so ran report, for though no summons to the royal presence reached him, the leading partisans of the royal house combined to recognise him and win him to their side; none more assiduously than my lord of Pontefract and his lady, fresh in the blush of their new allegiance, and so dear to the royal heart that to them was entrusted the wardship of my lady's niece, Lady Viola Dyborough, daughter of that dangerous conspirator and Jacobite, the exiled

Duke of Warrington. His Grace had been a companion of Sir Rupert in his younger days, and if one could trust the gossips, the young people were well inclined to carry on the friendship. Tongues ran rapid over the young man's visits to the mansion in Chelsea, and my lord and my lady were more than once congratulated on their diplomacy in encouraging a match which would bind to the crown so important a landowner as Sir Harry, and place in such safe hands their ward, who was suspected of a dangerous leaning to the principles of her father. Matchmakers and gossips, however, received a serious disappointment when the baronet withdrew to the country as suddenly as had done his father, and that, too, apparently without in any way declaring his intentions. There were those who averred that the young man, having refused to make any protestations of loyalty to the reigning house, had received a summary conge at my Lord Pontefract's hands. For a time talk was rife, and speculation various; then the world at St. James's and the Mall found other matter to hand and put the subject out of memory.

Meanwhile Sir Harry sat watching the heaving expanse of sea livid under a fleeting moon, while the lamp flickered and guttered, and an occasional mouse, emboldened by the stillness, crept out from the skirting. He only stirred, when a hesitant knock at the door, twice or thrice repeated, at last caught his attention. The answer to his permission to enter presented itself in the form of a feeble old man carrying a taper and giving every evidence of having been but just aroused from slumber.

"I need no supper. I shall not sup to-night," the young man greeted him, with a curt wave of the hand; but the other did not withdraw.

"Supper!" he croaked asthmatically. "'Tis other matter than supper, and more matter than's enough for supper"—ending in a frail laugh at his own cryptic words.

"Hath the ale found thee out again?" Marvaile asked severely. "Hast been at thy old tricks, Jonas?"

"Nay, nay," Jonas repudiated. "No drop of ale has passed my lips this day. 'Tis more than ale, Sir Harry."

"Then in the devil's name, what is it, man? Speak out!"

"A cavalier, sir, and his servant."

"One of the gentry here about; Sir Rodger Redmayne, I daresay, or my lord of Aldrington? Who is it, man? Why this mystery?"

"Nay, nay, none of the gentry round, though gentle enough by his speech and air. He has but just rid up, nobly mounted, Sir Harry, and would have speech with you."

The young man looked perplexed, for it was many years since a stranger had demanded entrance at Marvaile House.

"Did he bid you give me his name?" he asked.

"He gave me no name, Sir Harry, but he is some London lord, most like; a fine hectoring young cockerel, and—"

But at this moment the circumlocutions of Jonas were cut prematurely short by a hand on his shoulder that swung him sharply aside and left the doorway clear for the two figures that entered. The first was that of a youth of middle height and slender build. So far as it was visible beneath his heavy riding cloak, his attire was of the most fashionable cut and richest material, and from under his three-cornered hat flowed a wig of black curls. His boots bore evident traces of hard travel, and as he paused a moment to let his eyes get accustomed to the dim and wavering light, he wiped the rain-drops from his face with a dainty handkerchief of Mechlin. His companion was a bulwark person and an older, also heavily cloaked and travel-stained, but plainly clad and bearing himself with a certain diffidence. It was the younger man who began the conversation.

"Sir Harry Marvaile," he said with an air of easy, rather swaggering assurance, as he swept off his hat and bowed. "I must beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion, which, believe me, I had not dared were I not assured by friends of yours and mine that I should find a welcome."

Sir Harry had risen and stood awkwardly peering at the arrivals. He had none of the manner of the Court, this young recluse, and his tone was dry, almost to surliness when he spoke.

"'Tis an ill evening and threatening worse," he said curtly.

"Ill weather and ill roads in this south country of yours," the other remarked, as he threw off his

cloak, pulled smooth the lace at his wrists, and again wiped his face with a dandified, extravagant gesture. Sir Harry looked him up and down contemptuously, nowise conciliated by his frank smile and debonaire tone.

"You spoke of friends of yours and mine a moment ago—" he began, but the new-comer cut him short.

"Ay, and the best of friends," he cried with a laugh, "to me, at least, and to you, too, I hope, for our friendship's sake, but—" and he turned a quick glance on Jonas, still holding his candle and drinking in every word attentively; "but, as I say, Sir Harry, we have ridden hard and far to-day, and the last twenty-five miles without bite or sup."

The baronet coloured a little under his sallow skin.

"We are churlish country-folk," he said, "and we see so few guests that we forget our duties. Jonas!"

"There is supper laid in the square parlour, Sir Harry," the old servant answered, interpreting his master's word and look. "A cold capon, Sir Harry, and the pasty that was cut at dinner."

A smile twitched the corners of the stranger's mouth at these domestic details, but he checked it and said cheerily:—

"Pasty and capon! What better fare? The words set hungry mouths a-watering. My friends spoke no words too much of your welcome."

He looked across at Sir Harry with a friendly frankness that met no response in the latter's hard grey eyes and quiet mouth. The baronet had moved to the door, and now bowed in signification that his guests should precede him. In the quiet house the clink of spurs and tramp of heavy boots rang strangely as the little party passed down some stairs and through a lengthy corridor, where the guttering candle of Jonas proved a very necessity. Arrived at the parlour door the old man threw it open and they entered. A pair of tapers burned on the table with its simple furniture and homely fare. The stranger seated himself at the board.

"A goodly sight!" he said; "a goodly sight, indeed, Sir Harry."

"'Tis plain enough," the other said stiffly; "but we country-folk have plain tastes. I will send my man for some wine."

"And my man shall serve us. 'Tis nowise fair that all the burden of my coming thus should fall upon you." Then as Jonas closed the door, "My servant is French and knows no word of English, and I have that to say which must be for your ears alone."

Sir Harry answered by a nod, and avoided a more articulate reply by beginning to attend to the needs of his guest. Inwardly his perplexity was extreme. Who, he kept asking himself, was this young coxcomb, this fine city gallant, who thrust himself thus upon him? What was his secret? Who were the friends of whom he had spoken? Brought up entirely alone, the baronet had the characteristic of the solitary, suspicion, and his chief feeling for the stranger now sharing his board was one of profoundest distrust. The meal was a silent one, and it was not till the plates were pushed aside that either spoke again. Then the stranger filled his glass, and passing the bottle, began:—

"'Tis a good vintage, Sir Harry," he said, "of the best. Change your glass and let me begin my explanation with a toast."

Marvaile obeyed him wonderingly.

"And 'tis a toast worthy the drinking," the other went on, as he rose to his feet; "a toast the best in the world. Sir Harry, I give you the adorable Lady Viola Dyborough!"

He raised his glass with a flourish, and drained it to the last drop, then stood watching Sir Harry as the latter slowly touched the wine with a half-reluctant lip, keeping his eyes downcast the while. Again a wave of colour swept over his pale face.

The stranger laughed.

"Spoke I not the truth," he asked banteringly, "when I said I came recommended by the best of friends? Had man ever friend better or fairer?"

"Indeed, her ladyship is fair enough," Sir Harry replied in a reserved tone, "and a gracious lady; but what warranty bring you that you came as her messenger? This may be some jest."

The other looked at him curiously a moment.

"You are a cautious man," he said gravely, "and you are right. There are many jests current nowadays, and some of them dangerous ones. But what think you of this for warranty?" and he

drew from an inner pocket a letter neatly sealed and tied with a blue ribbon.

Sir Harry took it with a hand that trembled slightly, and gazed a moment at his own name inscribed on the cover before he tore it open. Then he rose, and, moving towards the window, kept his back turned to the other occupant of the room while he hastily ran through the contents. When he came back to the table his face was less impassable than before, and as he spoke his voice was vibrant with a thrill of excitement.

"Tis her ladyship's hand," he said. "I should know it among a thousand. But you will pardon me, sir. As you say, it were well to beware in these days of unlicensed fooling. How can I be sure you are the friend she speaks of and bids me serve? Letters may change hands all too easily."

In further token she bade me mind you of the rose-garden at Chelsea, of the night of the fifth of June."

There was no mistaking now about the rush of crimson that dyed Sir Harry's face to the very roots of his rough tangled hair. For a minute he stood hesitant, crushing in his hand the letter he had been holding; then, sitting down at the table, he leaned across it, looking his guest squarely in the eyes.

"And your message?" he asked. "The service she bids me do you?"

The young man leaned back with a laugh. "Convinced at last?" he bantered; then seriously: "You shall hear the story. 'Tis a long one in all its detail, but I will make it brief. Years ago, Sir Harry, your father had a friend, his Grace of Warrington. As young men they charged side by side in Rupert's cavalry at Naseby and Marston Moor; side by side they fought Noll's Ironsides at Worcester; side by side they escaped from the defeat and rode to this part of the country, where the estates of both lay. Warrington Manor was then in the hands of the Parliament, and this house was closely watched. But the pair cheated the eyes of the crop-ears, and the night before they embarked to follow his late Majesty to France was spent by them under this roof."

He paused and took stock of his host with a quick glance, that showed him intent on the narrative.

"And then?" Sir Harry asked in a low excited voice.

"The Duke," the young man went on, "carried with him certain valuables, gems, and so forth, of high price, which he was very loth to take with him into a strange country. To commit them to anyone here was to court their almost certain loss in those days of universal suspicion and treachery. It was determined to hide them here in one of those numberless nooks and crannies which an old house like this affords; and this determination was carried out. You probably know something of his Grace's subsequent career, of his wandering in the East, of his romantic marriage in Italy, and of how after his wife's death he sent his daughter to this country to be educated, himself remaining in Rome. You know at least of his unswerving loyalty to the house of Stuart."

Sir Harry nodded. The stranger shifted his position, and went on, toying a little nervously with the hilt of his rapier. It was plain that he was approaching the crucial point of his narrative.

"Now the Court of St. Germain's is, as you can easily imagine, more famous for honour than emolument. In his Italian days his Grace was well content to leave in peace the few poor thousands represented by the jewels and other things concealed here. Now times are changed. I saw the Duke a short while ago, and he represented to me most urgently his need of this assistance, and begged me to act for him in the matter. I undertook the task, had speech with Lady Viola but a day or two back, and am here now as her agent to demand of you the courtesy of allowing me his Grace's property."

He paused and turned to look at his host, who sat twisting in his fingers a half-empty glass and studiously avoiding the glance of his companion by keeping his own eyes fixed on the tablecloth.

At last Sir Harry spoke.

"'Tis a strange mission," he said, slowly, "and I doubt—I gravely doubt—if I do right in allowing you your will in this matter."

"You have her ladyship's warrant," the young man answered, "and furthermore she bade me, if you raised any difficulty, give you this," and again from an inner pocket he produced a twisted scrap of paper, which, unfolded, disclosed a faded rose. He laid it on the table before his host.

"Remember the rose garden at Chelsea and that night in June," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

They would have formed a rare group for an artist as they sat there in the flickering light of the tapers; the young man's face no longer careless and boyish, but tense and anxious, with grave blue eyes and half-parted lips as he watched Sir Harry gather the dead flower in his hand. Even the servant seemed strangely interested, and leaned forward from the shadows of the corner where he had been standing to gaze intently at Sir Harry and his visitor. The lash of the rain flogging the windows and the roar of the wind were the only sounds that broke the silence of the chamber. At last Marvaile rose quickly, with the air of a man taking a sudden decision.

"Right or wrong, the tokens you bring me are true ones," he said. "I can easier gainsay my conscience than my lady. Have you the secret of the hiding place? 'Tis strange to me."

"And unknown to me also," the stranger answered, a look of relief loosening the strain of his features; "but my man here, an old servant to his Grace, hath the trick. Francois!"

The man stepped forward. Had Sir Harry been regarding him closely, he would have seen that his breath came and went quickly, like the breath of a man eased from a great suspense. In quick sharp French the younger man gave orders, and in answer to some words of his in the same tongue, rose, and taking a candle from the table, moved towards the fireplace, with its handsome carved oak mantel. The servant followed him.

"'Tis strange that one so lately known to you should show you secrets of your house," the youth said with a light-hearted laugh, as he lowered the light while his man passed a quick certain finger over the carving of the right-hand pillar, and pressed the brow of one of a group of dancing cupids. With a grind of rusty hinges the pillar swung outwards, disclosing an orifice perhaps five feet by two, an entrance to a passage apparently, for a great rush of musty air swept up, and but for the young man's guarding hand, would have extinguished the taper. The servant stooped, proper for a moment on the dusty boarding, and touched another spring, which raised about a square foot of the floor. He plunged his hand into the opening, and with a muttered French exclamation brought to view a small black case, thickly coated in dust, and heavily padlocked. Rising, he placed it on the table, while the others gathered round, the stranger's features flushed with the elation of success, Sir Harry's grave face graver still in his surprise and suspicion.

"Intact!" the former cried triumphantly. "See! the seals are yet unbroken and—"

He broken off as the door was flung open and Jonas fell rather than hurried into the room, trembling in every limb, and with his wrinkled face working in a paroxysm of terror. At the same moment pierced through the huffe of the wind and splash of the rain the sound of men's voices from the courtyard below. The baronet was the first to speak.

"And what now, in heaven's name?" he asked as Jonas steadied himself by an opportune chair, opening and shutting his mouth in abortive striving after speech. The stranger had hurried to the window and stood there peering out.

"The sheriff, the sheriff, Sir Harry! Traitors he calls for, and Jacobites and battle and murder and sudden death. The young cockerel! I disliked him from the first," and he cast a venomous look at the figure by the window.

"Traitors? The sheriff? What mean you, man?" Sir Harry queried as the din of voices rose louder, accompanied by insistent blows at the gate.

"What mean I? What I say," the old fellow chattered. "The sheriff cries that we are harbouring conspirators. He demands your presence."

Sir Harry swept a clean look on his guest, who, their heads close together, was talking rapid French with his servant. His face had grown stern, his mouth hard and rigid.

"What is this trap you have brought me to?" cried Sir Harry angrily. "Come, sir, it is time you were frank with me. We have had enough of hoodman blind."

"Trap? said the young man, as he shrugged his shoulders with a laugh. "'Tis ourselves we have trapped, I doubt. But have no fear. Let in his worship, the sheriff, by all means, but do so slowly for I would have a word alone with you."

There was something in the fearless gaiety of the tone that commanded respect.

"Go, Jonas," Sir Harry gave the order, "call to them from the corridor window that you will let them in, but by the round tower door, mark you; the other door is fastened and the bolt jammed."

The old man vanished on his errand and his master closed the door, snatching down, as he did so, a rusty rapier hanging on the wall; then he advanced to the table and leaned across it.

"You have not this room save across my body," he said in a voice husky and tremulous with suppressed anger. "Quick with your explanation! Traitors are ye, conspirators, and all your talk of my lady but a lie! Or are ye for bringing the neck of an innocent simple girl to the axe with your plottings and schemings?"

The elder of the two strangers put a hand to his rapier, but the younger thrust him back with some remark in French, and the man who played the servant paused, a careless smile on his lips, a bright light in his eyes; then nodded as he sheathed his blade.

"'Tis as you please," he said in a perfectly natural English accent to Sir Harry's amazement, but before the latter could utter his surprise the young man laid a hand on his arm and began to speak.

"Traitors we may be, Sir Harry, to a cause to which we have never sworn allegiance, a king we have never owned, but traitors we are not to honest gentlemen such as you; and to prove it we put ourselves in your power. We are yours to save or lose, Sir Harry, his Grace of Warrington and I."

He fell back with a theatrical gesture, and the elder man stepped forward and bowed.

"You have forgot me, no doubt," he said; "but I remember you a curly-pate brat on one of my trips to Paris. You are surprised I am here; but do you deem that the hearts of exiles never ache for English skies and English homes? Besides, I had business to do for a certain royal friend of mine, a daughter to catch a glimpse of, these trinkets here to fetch away. And now, which am I to do, leave here a prisoner with the sheriff or a free man by your grace?"

The baronet made no reply, but stood looking at his interlocutor and bending in his hand the blade of his rapier. Down in the courtyard the sound of voices had dropped, and in a lull of wind and rain could be heard the drawing of belts and creaking of hinges.

"Which is it to be?" the Duke asked again.

Sir Harry looked round quickly. "You must go," he said, "for your child's sake, for the sake of her tokens—for for a thousand reasons. But how? They will block every passage, search every hole and corner. Your Grace is trapped on every side."

"Hardly that, I think," the other said, smiling still, a confident, quiet smile that showed more in his eyes than on his lips; "hardly that, sir Harry, unless the sheriff and his merry men know your house better than you yourself. Years ago when I left this house with your father, 'twas closely watched, but we found a way."

He stepped back to the fireplace and deftly reopened the secret door he had closed a few minutes before.

"See," he said, "this passage leads to the shore two hundred yards away. In old days the fisher-folk beached their boats below the winding pathway. Is it still so?"

Sir Harry nodded. "The saints be praised! And two miles out at sea a French craft and French friends await me. The sea runs high, no doubt, but no Dyborough was born to die by water."

He paused, took the offer from the table, and bestowed it in one of the capacious pockets of his riding coat, then turned to his friend.

"You are ready?" he asked, but the young man shook his head.

"My business is here," he said decidedly, and added some words in French.

The Duke listened attentively, glancing now at the speaker, now at the surprised face of Sir Harry. As his companion concluded, the sound of heavy footsteps tramping up the broad stone stairway became audible. The Duke gave a little laugh.

"'Tis as you will," he said. "God's blessing on your choice," and with the words he drew the lad to him in a cordial embrace. Then turning to Sir Harry: "And now farewell, for ever, perhaps, for many a day certainly. My friend remains, and you will stand his friend I know, for

—for my daughter's sake. Remember the rose-garden at Chelsea! Again, farewell!"

He wrung Marvaile's hand, turned quickly, and a second later the wall had closed behind him; not too soon, for as the spring shut with a snap the sound of steps and voices drew near the threshold. Sir Harry looked at his remaining guest.

"And you?" he queried perplexedly. "What will you do?"

"Face them and their charge," the young man said, "but not now. I would that you should receive them first alone. Make no secret of my presence here, but for your life's sake and more than that, breathe no word of his Grace. Whither does this lead?" and he pointed to a door at the far end of the room, partially covered by a piece of faded tapestry.

"To a stair case which leads to my mother's apartments," Marvaile answered, and a moment later he was alone; for a mere moment only, ere Sir Warren Ogilvie, sheriff of the county, a score of men, and Jonas by now half-crazed with terror, burst into the room.

Utterly puzzled as he was, the one thing clear in the mind of the baronet was that his guest desired for some reason to gain a little time before confronting his pursuers; and loyally Sir Harry strove to give it him. His previous freedom from the taint of suspicion no doubt stood him in good stead now, and won him a certain consideration as he stood parrying Sir Warren's questions, admitting readily enough the young man's presence, but stoutly maintaining that he was a London friend, who being in that part of the country had come to visit him. But the sheriff stuck to his point; a dangerous young member of the Jacobite party was abroad in the county stirring up sedition, and this young traitor and Sir Harry's guest were one and the same. He had no wish to impugn his neighbour's loyalty, but he must insist on being set face to face with his friend. Failing this, he must exercise his authority and conduct a search of the mansion. Faces were flushing, words rising high, and Marvaile was beginning to suspect his guest of having played him false, effecting an escape by some second secret exit, when a clear voice broke in on the noisy wrangle.

"It is I whom you seek, Sir Sheriff?"

The men turned at the question towards the tapestried door which had opened unheard by them, and now revealed in its square black orifice, as on a background, the figure not of the young gallant of an hour ago, but of a tall slim

girl. Her face was flushed, her blue eyes keen with excitement and daring; the mass of her soft chestnut hair bore signs of recent tiring; the loose robe which clothed her lissome shape was of an antique fashion and material, and so long for her that she stood holding it up with one small hand, while with the other she raised aloft a taper. A murmur of surprise and admiration rose from the knot of men. Dazed and confounded, his colour coming and going in swift changes of red and white, Sir Harry stood speechless with parted lips and staring eyes. Once he seemed about to utter an exclamation, but a glance from those brave blue eyes warned him to keep silence. Sir Warren and his men stood watching her too, with every shade of perplexity and wonder on their faces. For a moment she paused, as if anxious to give the suddenness of her appearance its full effect; then as no one spoke she moved down the room and halted opposite the sheriff.

"Am I the quarry you fly for, Sir Warren?" she asked, with a laugh as she swept him a curtsy.

He looked at her keenly before replying. "You were fair enough quarry for any chase," he said admiringly, "but I hunt other game, and my scent is strong. Come, madam, whoever you are, think not to fool me. I seek not the like of you, but a young Jacobite cockerel we have run to earth here."

"'Twere well your scent were strong when your sight is so weak, Sir Sheriff," she mocked him. "Do your eyes pierce no deeper than the coat, and have you never heard of the masquerades of the London ladies, and that some of them can carry rapier and wig with the gallantest of the land?"

"Who, in heaven's name, are you and whence come you?" he asked half-angry at her badinage.

"Have we never met then, Sir Warren?" and she dropped her lids and straightened her laughing mouth in a dainty affectation of chagrin. "I was vain enough to think you might remember the house of my lord of Pontefract and your entertainment there."

"Lady Viola!" he cried; "but how—"

Her raised hand cut him short.

"Bid your men begone and I will tell you," she commanded.

He gave a sign and the troop withdrew, evidently but ill-pleased to miss the explanation, and with many a backward look at the little group they were leaving. As the door closed behind them, Lady Viola moved towards Sir

Harry, who, his composure practically recovered, was standing by the fire, and took her place at his side.

"My story is short, Sir Warren," she began, "and I can scarce expect you will follow my motives; but we are a wild stock, we Dyboroughs, even the women; mad, some have called us."

She paused, a bright blush was flooding her throat and rounded cheeks, and her voice was lower as she continued.

"A year ago I met Sir Harry Marvaile in London," she said. "My guardian and aunt were old friends of his family, and entertained him often. My father and his father had been companions in danger, in loyalty and war." Here she raised her eyes and looked proudly at the sheriff. "Once Sir Harry asked me a question; oh! but a little question, Sir Warren; a question that is asked by scores of men and answered by scores of women every day. But I was proud, foolish, perhaps; at any rate I laughed and put him off for an answer. 'In two years,' I said, and he went away. Then, when he had been gone a little, I knew my mistake and my own mind; but I was ashamed to own it. Women are strange folk, and we Dyborough women stranger than most. At first I resolved to let the two years run out and see if he came for his answer, and then—and then—"

She had forgotten her audience apparently, for she seemed talking more to herself than to others, and her voice had grown dreamy and caressing, her eyes misty and tender, as she spoke. She paused now with a shy little laugh.

"Then," she faltered, "I heard of arrangements made by my guardian for a great marriage for me, and I was at my wits' end. Sir Sheriff, what is the last move of a woman in such a case? Doth she not yield in her own fashion? And for all your late suspicions, I am a mere woman. I yielded, and my fashion was boot and horse, wig and rapier. Still sceptic, Sir Warren? Then you may see my steed in the stable, my boots, wig and rapier in my lady's chamber. But one man here knows I speak the truth, and will forgive a madcap's freak for the confidence that prompted it, and—the and the love."

She lowered her eyes and put out her hands to Marvaile with a gesture half-entreating as she paused, her words ending in a little sob; and Sir Warren, no bad fellow at heart, and as gallant a gentleman as ever "pinked his man in Beauty's quarrel," nowise anxious either to press a charge against his young neighbour, was complacent, and turned away to the window.

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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 192nd prize has been divided between Mr. J. H. Allender, Eardington House, and Miss F. M. Ramsay, of Bella Vista, St. Anne's-road, for reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Baptist Chapel and Rev. A. R. Runnells-Moss (vicar of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham) at Holy Trinity Church.

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



Ex-P.C. HARVEY, of Bishop's Cleeve,
who was on July 30, 1906, presented with a purse of gold.

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RECTOR'S WARNING TO BRIDES.

* *

The presence of a "hatless" lady at morning service in Holy Trinity Church, Dover, called forth a remonstrance from the rector. The lady, after she had been informed that women with heads uncovered were not fitting worshippers of the Almighty in His house, expressed her regret.

The Holy Trinity parish magazine reminds women worshippers of St. Paul's words: "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head," and suggests that brides and bridesmaids ought not to be so far swept away by the tide of modern fashion as to forget the apostolic injunction.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 293.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

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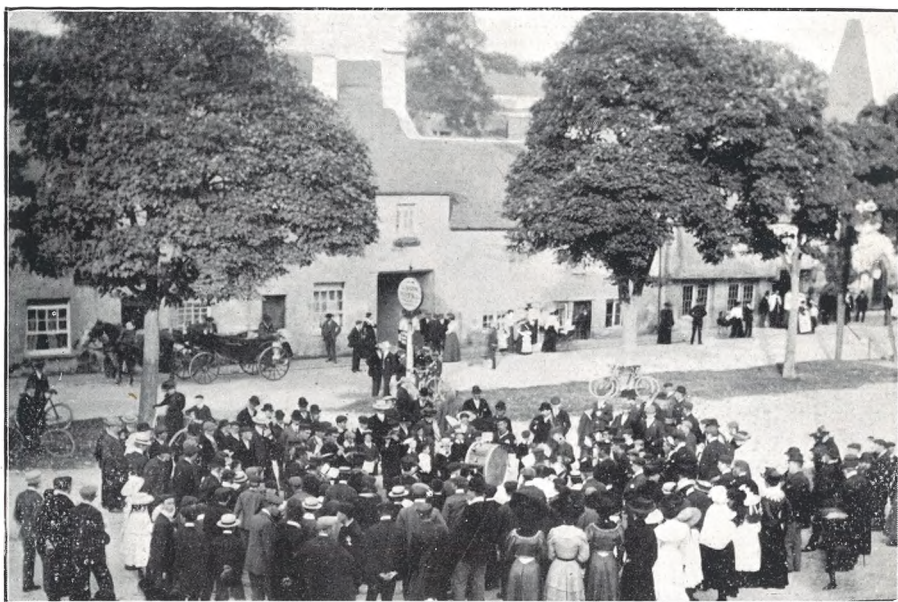
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Over 530,000 eggs have been gathered and sold by the Framlingham Agricultural Co-operative Society in their district in Suffolk during the past six months, and the farmers have benefited to the extent of between £300 and £400 over the prices formerly paid by dealers.



HOSPITAL SUNDAY AT NORTHLEACH, AUGUST 5, 1906.

THE SCENE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

TESTING HAT TEMPERATURE.

*

"Hats and their temperature" is the subject of an interesting illustrated article in "The Windsor." The writer says.—

"Some no hat enthusiasts declare that it is good for man—at least, for his hair—to remain bareheaded under a broiling sun for any number of hours. Perhaps so. Yet a rational head-covering under such conditions would appear preferable to the mind of the average person. For instance, in the course of the experiments with which this article deals, it was found that with the thermometer registering 92 degrees in the sun, a small instrument placed inside a Panama hat worn by a man of average size and weight, who sat in the open for a quarter of an hour, marked the temperature at 78 degrees Fahr. only! "The same man, of course, was the subject upon which all the succeeding experiments were carried out. In each case he sat for a quarter of an hour in the sun while wearing the different forms of headgear, inside of which a sensitive thermometer was fixed within an inch of the crown of the head. Each test was made on the same day, whilst the heat of the sun remained practically unchanged.

"It may be stated at the outset that as an

effective light protection from the heat of the sun on a warm summer day nothing is better than a genuine Panama hat. The tests proved this conclusively. Its lightness and power of throwing off the rays of the sun are apparently unequalled by any other form of headgear.

"Next in order of merit comes the fine white straw Homburg, under which the thermometer, in exactly similar conditions as in the Panama test, registered the temperature of the air inside it at 80 degrees. It will thus be seen that a good straw Homburg hat runs the more expensive Panama very closely as a means of keeping the head cool in the warmest weather. A great deal, of course, depends on the weight of a hat whether it proves a good or bad article for its purpose, and on this point the Homburg scored. The difference in temperature between the popular 'boater' straw and its more aristocratic relation the Homburg proved to be exactly the number of degrees between the latter and the Panama. The boater, of course, owing to its greater need of strength, is built on less fine lines than either of its straw superiors. Consequently it is warmer in the wearing and heavier as well. It is the least desirable of the 'straw' tribe so far as immunity from heat-conducting is concerned. Its registered 82 degrees Fahr. are somewhat surprising considering that it is produced only for summer wear."

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

[By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.]



Herein I state only facts. I, John Darley, am a dramatic author by profession, and believe I have the imaginative faculty very strongly developed. At least the critics say so, and they generally know even more about a writer than he knows himself. Let me at once say that I have no belief in "spooks," psychic phenomena, or occult sciences of any kind, of which we hear so much nowadays, and yet I have a curious experience to relate.

Twelve months ago I was writing a comic opera with a friend, a composer—I was supplying the libretto, he the music.

My friend Ramsay lived in the north of England, was a bachelor with a small income, and a fancy for travelling about from place to place. Unlike most composers, who prefer solitude and peace, Ramsay delighted in bustle and noise, and was never so happy as when in a strange inn, with any decent sort of piano, at which he could strum and turn out his melodies, and ideas for melodies. Variety of any kind was charming to him. Although I lived in the south I was never surprised at the sudden appearance of Ramsay. During the two years we were engaged on the opera he would frequently drop in upon me with some fresh notion or suggestion for an alteration in the words or the music of the piece. He was a very old friend, erratic and eccentric, and if he was not a genius he had all the foibles of one, but he was entirely privileged, and could do as he pleased with me.

One morning while at work in my study I received a telegram from Ramsay dated from the Strand, asking me to meet him at two o'clock at Charing Cross Station, as he was en route for the Continent, being booked for the midnight train. Circumstances prevented me from leaving home, so I wired him to come down to me instead. He replied:—

"Coming. Expect me by three-thirty train."

The room in which I work overlooks a path that runs down by the side of the railway line, and directly to the platform. Consequently, after receiving the telegram, I kept a sharp eye on this path, and awaited his arrival by the train that was due in at four o'clock.

At ten minutes past four I looked through the open window and saw Ramsay coming along in his usual rolling sailor-like fashion, and smoking the inevitable cigarette. I hurried from my room and out of the front door, down through the garden, and round to the railway path to greet him, as I had not seen him for some time.

He was not there.

There was no one to be seen in either direction. As he assuredly would not pass the gateway that led to my house, which he knew so well, I was perplexed. That I had seen him I was certain. Perhaps, after all, he had gone further on in absent-mindedness, and the bend in the path had quickly hidden him from view. I returned to the house, and said to the person who opened the door:—

"I cannot make it out. I saw Mr. Ramsay on the railway path from my window, and he has quite unaccountably disappeared. However," I added, "if he has made a mistake, he can easily find his way back again."

I had scarcely done speaking when a telegraph boy arrived with a second telegram dated from the West Strand office:—

"Cannot see you after all. Visit to Paris postponed. Going north again. Will write.—Ramsay."

My companion upon hearing the message read was more startled than I was. In fact, she turned quite white, and said "It's a warning!" as superstitious women will. Indeed, she was so impressed by the occurrence that at her request I wrote the whole affair down and signed it, she witnessing it. The document is still in my possession.

I am not superstitious, and never have been. That I saw my friend there is not the slightest doubt, for he walked along as only he could walk—a man to be distinguished in a thousand—a conscious man, with a conscious manner, very considerably taller than the average run of men. I was greatly puzzled and somewhat distressed.

It might, as was hinted to me, be a sort of telepathic indication that Ramsay was in trouble and wanted me. It certainly was not hallucination in the ordinary meaning and acceptation of the word. I was in good health, and my nerves were not at all out of gear, although, practically speaking, I am all nerves. This faculty, or whatever it may be termed, of second sight, of seeing absent friends, had often asserted itself with me, but I never on any occasion attempted to force it. It simply happened, and that is all. I saw a man once in Hamburg (when I was in London) stagger into a house with a green painted door. He was an old literary friend—had worked with me, in fact. I had a letter from his father the next day, saying he was laid up with brain fever. On another occasion I accurately described two rooms, the furniture and its aspect, of a house I had never visited. I do not attempt to account for it, but suppose it due to extra sensitiveness.

As may be imagined, I looked forward with some anxiety to the receipt of Ramsay's promised letter; but it never came. I wrote to his friends in the north, but he had not returned on the night in question, although they expected him. At first I concluded he had gone to Paris after all. I made inquiries at Charing Cross, where I ascertained that he had not gone, but had returned his ticket and received a voucher for its value, which he could redeem at some future date; but the voucher had not yet been presented.

Now, indeed, was I startled. What had become of him? His portmanteau, with the permission of the officials, I was able to identify in the cloak-room. I set a detective to work, and I visited all the hospitals and benevolent institutions, but without tracing or hearing of him in any way.

Three months passed without our being able to discover his whereabouts, although we did everything we could in our search for him. The strain and worry began to tell seriously upon my health, and I was forced to abandon further pursuit and take a rest by the sea.

Some weeks later I returned, quite well in body, but still disturbed in mind. Having seen him so plainly on the day he vanished he would always cause me uneasiness, while to seek for him further would clearly be futile, and although I still kept a sharp look out for any scrap of information that might be communicated through the newspapers, it seemed useless to hope. We mourned him as dead, and were recovering from our sorrow as well as we could, and daily life went on as usual.

As nearly as possible six months after the day on which I had received the telegram from Ramsay, one afternoon about half-past four, I sat writing at my table by the window. It was autumn, and the day was drear and cold. Now and again I glanced through the window at the rapidly decaying vegetation, when I was suddenly startled by seeing Ramsay swing nonchalantly along the railway path, just as I had seen him before, and smoking a cigarette just as jauntily. I dared not to go down, but stood staring in a sort of stupid wonder, and watched him pass the window. Then I waited inside my study door, feverishly expecting the bell to ring.

If I were mistaken this time, I would say nothing except to my doctor. I listened, straining my ears to catch his footfall on the path. I heard it! I tore down the staircase just as the bell rang. I motioned to the servant to go back. She retired, and I opened the door, my heart beating wildly.

"Hallo, old chap! How are you?" he exclaimed.

I grasped his hand and drew him into the dining-room.

He noticed my agitation, and spoke of it. I told him I was glad to see him—alive.

"Oh! yes," he said quite cheerfully. "I am alive, I missed the three-thirty train."

Missed the three-thirty train! What did he mean? He was talking of six months before. There was indeed something wrong. I offered him refreshment. He was apparently as usual, in mind and body. I invited him to my room, and one the way he said:—

"As I told you, I am going to Paris to-night."

His words gave him a shock, and I clutched him by the arm.

I must have turned suddenly white, for he said:—

"Why, what's the matter, old chap? Didn't you get my wire?"

I avoided the latter part of his question, but, after placing him in a chair, I cried:—

"Ramsay, that is just the point. What is the matter—what has happened?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," he said, "although I think you are acting strangely."

"I am all right," I answered; "but there is a matter that you can make clear. You say you are going to Paris to-night. Have you got your ticket?"

"Oh, of course," he rejoined, and produced the voucher for its value, at which he stared stupidly.

"Look at the date on that paper," I exclaimed excitedly.

"The 12th of April," he said.

"Well, what date do you think to-day is?" I then asked.

"The 12th of April, to be sure. What nonsense is this?" he angrily demanded.

"Stay, old chap! Come to the window. Does this look like the month of April?"

He was dazed, and turned beseeching eyes upon me. Something seemed revolving, whirling through his brain. The veins in his temples stood out, and I could see the blood beating strongly. His memory was trying to work backward. Ramsay was a man of powerful intellect, but he looked helplessly at me as he took my hand and said:—

"Tell me what is wrong! This is not April 12th. It is October the 12th."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

He pointed silently to my Shakespearean calendar.

"Something has happened to me," he said.

"What is it?"

I then told him everything.

It was some time before he could recollect sending the last telegram, which I showed him, saying he was going north. He then remembered changing his ticket. He searched his waistcoat pockets, and found the cloak-room ticket for his luggage. But when he looked him his money he could only discover a sovereign and some loose silver in his trousers pocket. A hundred and twenty pounds in notes were missing.

Suddenly he cried out as one in pain:—

"Where have I been since April 12th? What life have I been living since then? I seem to half remember another scene. I can picture other objects, places, and other people—all strange, strange," he said dreamily.

"Have you not been in a trance somewhere?" I ventured.

"For six months? No. Although I believe such things have occurred. I also know that men have unconsciously led dual lives for a time, and that they have effaced one existence and merged their identity into another. That this has been my case, I feel sure, but I cannot explain it. It is beyond my philosophy. I can see people I have mixed with, lived with. I can see myself at work at something, though I know not what. Six months of my life have been spent outside my normal self. Perhaps I shall be able to recollect it all by-and-by," he said wearily, seating himself, and bowing his head on his hand.

Ramsay stayed some weeks with me, half fearing to be alone, but up to the present the mystery of his six months' absence remains unsolved. And there still remains this nebulous enigma of a double-sight and a two-fold existence, of which I can offer no theory of solution.

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FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

CHELTEMHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 11, 1906.
GLOUCESTERSHIRE ENGINEERS IN CAMP AT CHARLTON PARK.



ARRIVAL LAST SATURDAY AFTERNOON.



1. Serving out tea shortly after arrival.
3. Men taking bucket and camp kettle for each tent.

2. Serving rations. Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Craddock inspects jam.
4. Band arrives.

SANDYWELL AND BROCKHAMPTON FETE,

AUGUST 8, 1906.



COMMITTEE AND OFFICIALS.



THREAD AND NEEDLE RACE FOR LADIES.
Each has to thread a needle and sew a button on.



SACK RACE.



FIRST PRIZE FOR DECORATED BICYCLES.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



We are all interested in the harvest, or ought to be. The hay harvest is now over, both seeds and grass having been cut, picked up, and ricked with a minimum of work to the farmers; and the crops are decidedly good. The corn harvest commenced a week or two later than last year, oats having this year been cut in the middle of July at Churchdown, and the first wheat on the last day of that month in a field at the Reddings, in some district, which of late years has been usually first in the field of reaping. The crops generally are abundant, with a good length of straw, and the prospects of the ingathering are favourable. On the whole the fruit crops are not up to the average, as the spring frosts spoil the fair promise of May. Apples are the most satisfactory yield. I may mention that I saw in a fruiterer's shop a quantity of gooseberries as large as walnuts that had been grown in a garden at Leckhampton. It was certainly a big gooseberry season at that particular place. Taking the ascertained harvest results, the present price of live stock, especially of sheep and their wool product, and the prospects of the root crops, which are good, I am glad to have good ground

for believing that the present position of agriculturists is much better than it has been for not a few years last. The more money there is accruing in the country districts the better it is for the trade of the adjacent towns.



Cheltenham was particularly full of our brave Volunteer defenders last Sunday, but the great majority of them were merely birds of passage, going through to camp at Salisbury Plain, over Lansdown Junction, using much of the same railway route that many thousand regulars did during the anxious times of the Boer War on their way to the front for active service, hundreds, alas! never to return. While our Rifle Volunteers left us for camp, the Engineers stayed behind for a similar purpose in Charlton Park, and were joined by their battalion comrades from Gloucester, Winchcombe, and Stroud. Many thanks are due to Mr. Vassar-Smith, who is an old Artillery Volunteer officer, for so kindly placing his convenient and beautiful park at the disposal of the redcoats. It is but another of many instances of his great public spirit in freely granting the use of his grounds for various gatherings. I hope that the "Sappers" spent a pleasant and instructive time there, not far from home, and that some immediate results of the camp will be

to give an impetus to the recruiting of men of stamina for the 1st G.R.E.V., and to induce a few eligible young men to come forward and fill the gaps among the officers. Fancy the two Gloucester strong companies being without a resident officer, which is unfortunately the case, and has been so for some time past.



Now that the village flower shows have commenced in earnest, it may not be out of place to urge the desirability of broadening the basis of attractive features in the shape of miscellaneous exhibits not for competition. There must be existing in many houses objects of special interest which have only been seen by a limited number of persons, but which, if lent to the local flower shows, would be viewed and appreciated by a great number of the public. In this connection I am glad that Viscount St. Aldwyn set an excellent example at the recent show in Williamstrip Park by lending the elegant caskets containing the illuminated certificates of the honorary freedom of the two cities of Gloucester and Bristol that had recently been presented to him, together with the exquisite address of congratulation by the Chartered Freemen of the former city. No doubt there are many other persons who would lend highly interesting articles if they were only asked to do so. Verb. sap. GLEANER.



Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate-street, Gloucester.

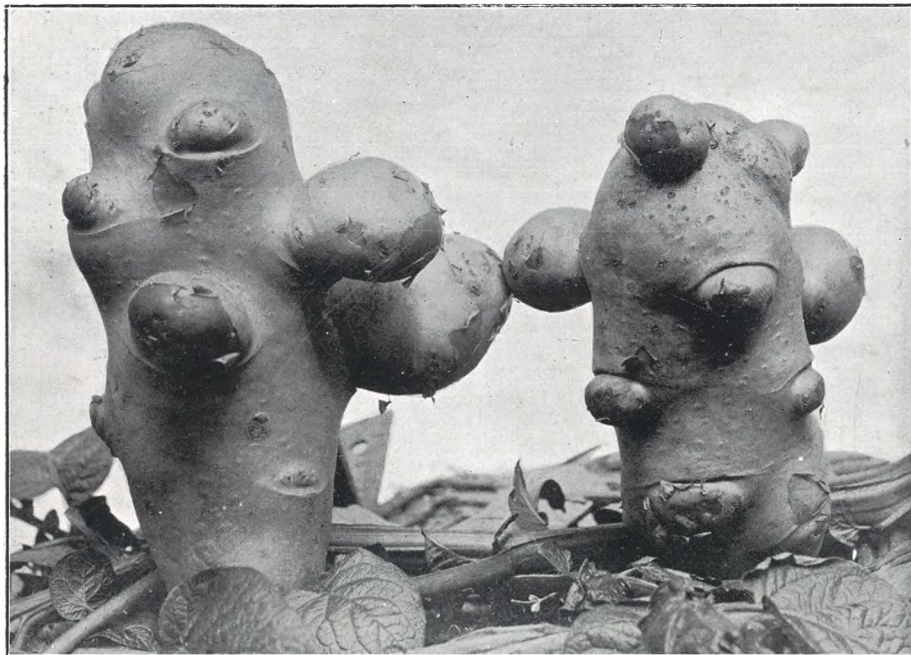
GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT & FRUIT SOCIETY'S FIELD DAY AT BERKELEY CASTLE,

... August 3rd, 1906 ...



A "COLLECTING" CAT.

This is a portrait of "Jack," the tabby cat. He knows a trick or two, such as shamming to be dead, and with this stock-in-trade has been instrumental in raising several sums of money both for the General Hospital and the Eye Hospital. This year the box for the latter institution contained £1 6s. 0d.



FREAK POTATOES,

grown by Mr. J. McIntyre, of 17 St. Paul-street, Cheltenham, in his own garden. The largest weighs 1½lb., and the other just over 1lb.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

✱
We see, then, that there is not a single thing the self-made man calls his own but it came to him in the first place unearned. It was the gift of society. We have surveyed the makings of the self-made man, and, having reduced them to a scale of one inch to the inch, we find that the proportions of His Ineffable Highness have shrunk from those of the Colossus at Rhodes to those of an average manly man—no less indeed, but certainly no more. In fact, strictly speaking, there

is no such thing as self-making; the self-made man—in this strict sense—is therefore a fiction. He would need to be produced and retained in vacuo. Neither Robinson Crusoe nor Alexander Selkirk fulfilled such unhuman conditions. Though each was shipwrecked and desolate, yet he came to his new island home the inheritor of a thousand social ideas and acts; and even this much would not have sufficed for his lonely mind, but that one of them by good luck—God's luck—happened upon man Friday.—"The Sunday at Home."

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.

✱
It has been said that prophet is not without honour save in his own country. A visitor to Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, where Thomas Carlyle was born and buried (1795-1881), asked a road mender if he knew the Carlyles. "I ken them a'," was the answer; "Jock's a doctor in London, Tam's a harum-scarum sort o' fellow that writes books, but Jamie—that's his farm ower there—Jamie's the man o' the family. He breeds the best swine that ever cam' to Dumfries market."—"Little Folks."

✱ ✱ ✱
LADY CURZON.

✱
Lady Curzon had that romantic, fragile, and exquisite loveliness which accompanied so often any tragic brilliance of fate. It was, indeed, so startling at times as to seem unearthly; at once elusive and intense, it varied with her mood or the occasion. She had a genius for being beautiful in expression, and it was by degrees only that one realised the delicate regularity of her features, the liquid vivacious eyes and magnificent dark hair which, of itself, would have made the least attractive woman remarkable. Many may be surprised to hear that she was not a typical American. Her character was unique, and clearly designed from the beginning for a most unusual career. Some lamentably vulgar and inaccurate remarks have appeared in the Press with regard to the obscure origin of her parents. So far from being obscure, they were, on both sides, of highly honourable descent: she was by birth, by breeding, by education distinguished, and the fact that the late Mr. Leiter, as all great Americans, was the architect of his own fortune, is not to say that he was other than a gentleman of whom his country was, and is, rightly proud. He was consulted by all the eminent statesmen of his generation, and his library at Washington is evidence of his cultured tastes.—"P.T.O."

✱ ✱ ✱
SEASIDE PITCHES.

✱
Only a few years ago, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," the sands were free to niggers, cheap jacks, ice-cream merchants, and all the rest; now every mother's son of them has to pay rent. Stands for musicians free till somebody, in endeavouring to work a "corner," voluntarily offered to pay a rent for them, and so opened the eyes of seaside corporations, now fetch £50 and upwards for the season. For a ring at Yarmouth, two or three years back, £70 was paid, and the price has gone up since, while two troupes of pierrots are said to give the corporation of a certain resort on the north-east coast no less than £400 for the privilege of occupying a few square yards of the foreshore during the season. Other "pitches" are now let at commensurately high rates. At Blackpool, one of the towns where such sites are allotted by auction, a small one—that is, for an ice-cream barrow—fetches £70 or £75 for the season; and at Yarmouth this year even a ventriloquist will pay 32s. 6d. per week for his "pitch," though a Punch-and-Judy man has got his stand for half a guinea weekly.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

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CHELTENHAM.
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TEWKESBURY REGATTA AND ATHLETIC SPORTS,

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.



1. Victorious Team in Tug of War: Abertillery.
2. Second Stage in Relay Race (won by Cheltenham Wheelers).
3. First time round in Mile Flat Race.

4. Final of Boys' Race.
5. Start for Relay Race.
6. Good finish in 120 Yards Open Sprint.



EAST GLOUCESTER v. M.C.C.

AUGUST 4, 1906.

MEMBERS OF M.C.C. TEAM.

YOUNG AND MEAD, ESSEX BOWLERS.

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 193rd prize has been divided between Miss A. G. Despard, of Undercliff, Leckhampton, and Miss Grace Jones, of Oxford Lawn, London-road, Cheltenham, each of whom reported a sermon by the Rev. A. R. Rummels-Moss (vicar of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham). Only one of the reports is printed.

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



PUSH BALL AT STONEHOUSE FLOWER SHOW SPORTS, AUGUST 2, 1906.

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"Echo" Electric Press

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GOOD WORKMANSHIP.
MODERN DESIGNS.
PRICES MODERATE.

LIBELLING A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

* *

Not many years ago Mr. John Burns paid a visit to America upon Labour matters. One of the newspapers at the time dilated upon his imaginary superb cabin on board, his excellent taste in cigars, and his insistence upon having only champagne of the most expensive vintage. The article was rendered more piquant, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," by a little picture showing a big brawny gentleman sitting at a table with his coat off and spread over the back of his armchair, while he eyed a bubbling tumbler of champagne, a liveried footman standing obsequiously behind him. That misrepresentation of John Burns was "hard lines" on a life-long abstainer, and a man who, while he can do justice" to a good bit of beef, can dine magnificently on bread and cheese!

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY

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DEVONSHIRE
BUTTER**

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FRESH
DAILY.**

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CHELTENHAM.**

Ballaghaderin, Mayo, possesses a population of 1,000, and 72 public-houses.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
 AND
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 294.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1906.

A COTSWOLD WEDDING.

Great Rissington Parish Church . . . August 16th, 1906.



MR. H. C. SALT, of Great Barrington.



MISS PRATT, of Great Rissington.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7.45,
"THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER."
 NEXT WEEK,
"THREE BLIND MICE."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

PRIZE SERMON.

* *

The 194th prize has been awarded to Miss F. M. Ramsay, of Bella Vista, St. Anne's-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss at Holy Trinity Church.

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

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

Municipal Entertainments under the Direction of Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,
"THE DROLLS."
 NIGHTLY AT 8.

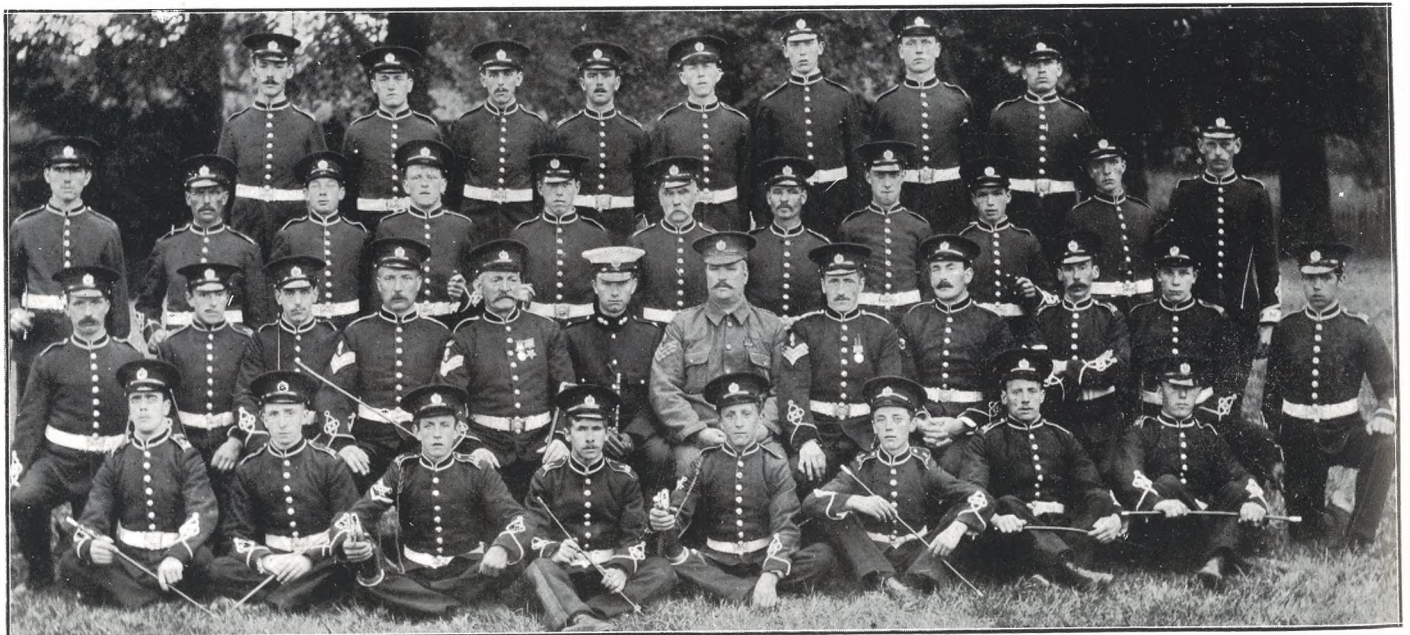
MATINEES ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY,
 THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY, at 3.

CHELTEMHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 18, 1906.
GLOUCESTERSHIRE ENGINEER VOLUNTEERS AT CHARLTON PARK.



Photos by Gloucester Portrait Co., 31 Victoria-street.

A AND B (GLOUCESTER) NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, WITH COMMISSIONED OFFICERS IN CENTRE.



G (WINCHCOMBE) CO.

HOW FAR MUST A SOLDIER OBEY?

*

Of the Duke of York, who stands 124ft. above censure and Carlton-terrace, Scott tells a story which is more than biographically interesting. At one of the Duke's dinner-parties a young officer entered into a dispute with a lieutenant-colonel upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. "If the Commander-in-Chief," said this young officer, "should command me to do a thing which I know to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the commands of my military superior." "So would not I," returned the gallant and intelligent lieutenant-colonel. "I should rather prefer the risk

of being shot for disobedience by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws and violating the liberties of the country." The Duke had been listening, and he now gave judgment. "You have answered like yourself," he said, "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command as I trust the Commander-in-Chief would be incapable of issuing one."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

A new device, consisting of a spring which has to be pressed when a letter is posted, is shortly to be added to Paris letter-boxes to prevent the frequent theft of letters.

CONCERNING WORK.

*

Work, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," was originally devised to keep the population out of mischief. Now it is one of the necessities of life. It is of several kinds, namely, the work you want to do when you cannot get it, the work you never do when you have got it, the work which goes on from early morn to dewy eve, and a nice gentlemanly billet in a Government office with little to do and with regular vacations to recruit your exhausted energies. Everybody suffers from overwork in this country, even if he does not do much while he is at it. Therefore holidays were invented for those who are fortunate to get them, the rest of the population continuing to feel tired in the usual manner.



F (STROUD) CO.



Photo by A. W. Chapman, Leckhampton.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ENGINEERS AT THE CHARLTON PARK CAMP.

In the centre, Band-Sergeant Rodway, of Gloucester, who is retiring under the age limit, and who was last week presented with a valuable instrument by his Colonel and a case of pipes by his comrades; on his right Bandmaster Fred Rowland, Gloucester; on his left Bugler-Sergeant George Speck, well known as an old Gloucestershire, Gloucester, and Cheltenham Association goal keeper.

ARE MUSEUMS USELESS?

* *

Local museums and galleries are almost useless (says the "Burlington Magazine") so long as people regard them as superior curiosity shops, where the idle can gaze and gape free of charge. It is upon the spirit of their visitors, and not upon the intrinsic rarity or beauty of their contents, that the effective value of such places depends.

THE SMALL BOY.

* *

The small boy was invented to enjoy himself, says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," whatever happens, and he fulfils his mission, even if he has to lock a rag-and-bone man in a passage, or tie an old lobster tin to the tail of somebody's cat in order to do it. His recreation is mischief; his luxury a penny packet of nefarious cigarettes.

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362 High Street,
c459

A letter has been delivered by the postal authorities at Clacton which bore the vague address, "Corner house; two stone dogs in front."

SHERBORNE FLOWER SHOW,

AUGUST 9, 1906.



HOUSE PARTY AT SHERBORNE HOUSE.

Standing:—Major the Hon. Lionel Byng, Col. the Hon. Charles Dutton.
Sitting:—Lady Eleanor Byng, Right Hon. Lord Sherborne, Hon. Mrs. Charles Dutton.



INVASION OF CHELTENHAM.

TROOP TRAINS THROUGH LANSDOWN, AUGUST 11 AND 12 1906.
SOME OF THE CHESHIRE.



SHERBORNE HOUSE, NORTHLEACH,
RESIDENCE OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD SHERBORNE.



COMMITTEE, WITH MR. S. H. SEWELL (HON. SEC.) IN CENTRE.
IN FRONT THE JUDGES. MR. A. SMITH (STOW) AND MR. J. CYPHER (CHELTENHAM).



D. L. PRIESTLAY,
who has this week completed his thousand runs
for the season for Tewkesbury Cricket Club.

Wood for the altar of the new side chapel erected in Bloemfontein Cathedral in memory of soldiers killed in the war was originally obtained from an oak tree felled in the forest of Chudleigh, near Exeter, in 1280.

"WESTWARD HO!"

Group of voyagers from Cheltenham, Gloucester, Malvern, etc., who booked to Ilfracombe via Chepstow on August 8. Owing to inadequate steamboat accommodation being provided at Chepstow, those who travelled by two trains had no chance to get on board, and were taken by rail to Cardiff, but too late to catch boat for Ilfracombe. The party on board are shown at anchor off Weston, where they remained for four hours till turn of the tide, as they declined to land at Weston.

JOHN HAWKER (cox),

who dived into Mythe Dock at Tewkesbury for a boy named John Hathaway on August 10, and who has several times similarly rushed to the rescue. The stroke is Samuel Baker, a fellow-workman at Bathurst's, who fetched drags with which to get the youngster out.



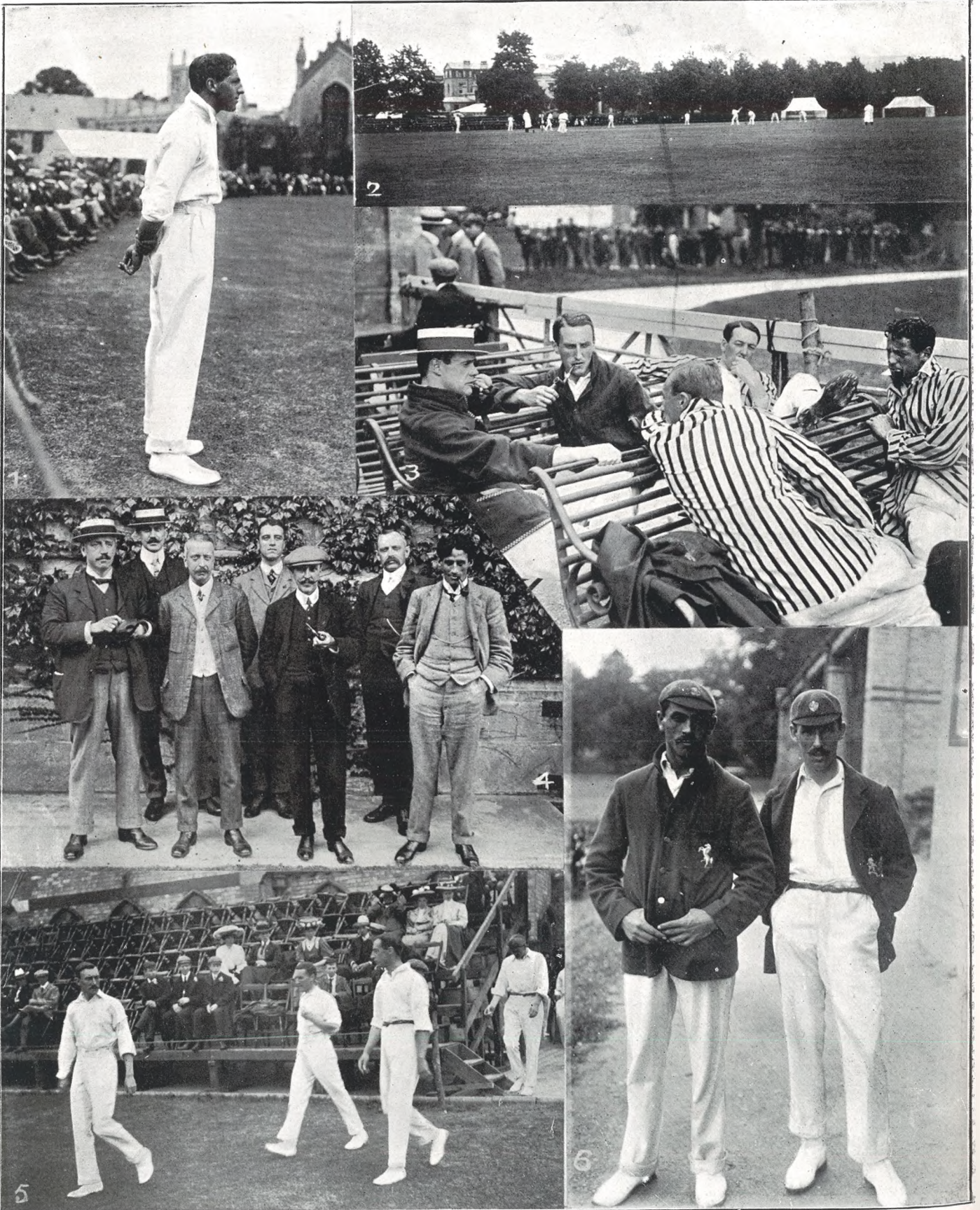
"WESTWARD HO!"



JOHN HAWKER (cox).

CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE v KENT.



1. K. L. Hutchings in long field.

2. Gloucestershire batting.

3. Jessop has a chat with Marsham, Blaker, Dillon, and Hutchings.

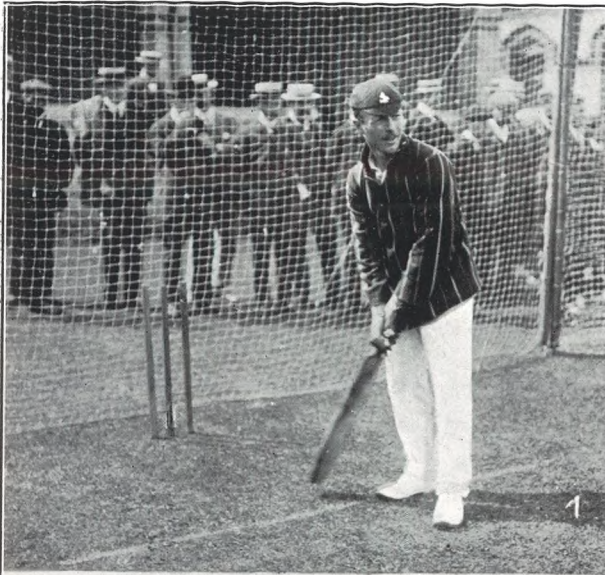
4. Knights of the Pen.

5. Kent takes the Pen.

6. Fielder (on left) and Dennett both of whom have captured the whole ten wickets in an innings during the last few weeks.

CHELTENHAM CRICKET WEEK.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE v KENT



1. C. J. Burnup at nets.
2. Champain chatting to Vernon (Gloucestershire scorer), and Jessop (in flannels) talking to Mackenzie (the Cheltenham College boy).

3. Woolley, of Kent, practising.
4. Brownlee (on left) and E. Barnett (on right).
5. K. L. Hutchings at nets
6. Fielder bowling at nets.



Snap-Shots at
Winchcombe Flower-Show

WINCHCOMBE & SUDELEY FLOWER SHOW, Aug. 15, 1906, in Grounds of Sudeley Castle.

1. Mr. Dent Brocklehurst (owner of Sudeley Castle) speaking to a parishioner.
2. Baby Show.

3. A bit of Sudeley Castle (grounds of which were thrown open to public).
4. Maypole Dance.
5. 1st Prize Baby.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 295. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7.45,

"THREE BLIND MICE."

NEXT WEEK,

"THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.

Municipal Entertainments under the Direction of
Mr. Alfred W. Newton.

MONDAY NEXT AND DURING THE WEEK,

"The Gay Gondoliers."

NIGHTLY AT 8.

MATINEES ON MONDAY, THURSDAY,
AND SATURDAY, at 3.

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

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Of over 800 oil paintings in this year's Academy
it is stated that not more than ninety have been
sold.



Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.

WATER DIVINER ON THE COTSWOLDS.

Mr. B. Tompkins, of Wolley Manor, Huntingdon, who is holding the twig near the spot where he has declared water in a field on Lord Sherborne's land occupied by Mr. J. O. Tayler. The names (reading from left to right) are Mr. J. O. Tayler, Mr. J. Walker, "Rainbow," Mr. B. Tompkins, and Mr. R. Gray.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR!"

*

Professor Roscoe, in his autobiography (Macmillan), says that during the Lancashire cotton famine, when he was local secretary to the meeting in that county of the British Association, a man came to him to announce his discovery of a substitute for cotton. "What is it?" The discoverer took from under his arm a parcel, which he unfolded, displaying an odd-looking piece of cloth. "That," he said, "is woven out of my sister's hair. Treated as I treat it"—he did not disclose the method—"I can get two crops a year off her head." His recipe for forcing two such crops a year from his sister's head would, if effective, have been worth more to him than the crops themselves. Ordinarily a woman's hair is of slow growth. The daughter of a dear friend of mine, who had the most magnificent hair, but lost it two years since in an extraordinary way, is far from having quite recovered it yet. Having washed her hair, she went down to the kitchen fire to dry it, when a young and newly-engaged servant said to her defiantly "I have as good hair as you!" My friend's daughter turned and

stared at her in dumb amazement, thinking her crazy. She probably was, for next morning the young lady found that her hair, which she wore at night in a long thick plait, had been deftly cut off close to the roots while she slept!—"T.P. in His Anecdoteage" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

* *

BEAUTY AND BRAINS.

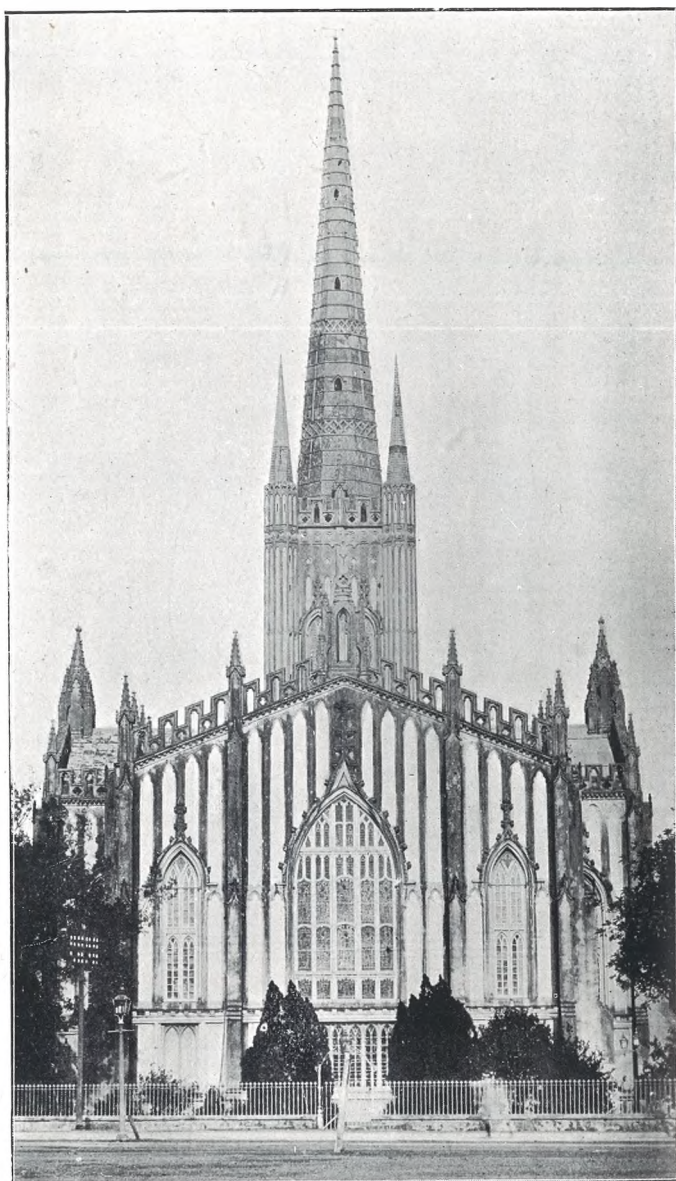
*

Wealthy men are nearly always ugly. Beauty and brains are almost incompatible in a man. You cannot imagine an Apollo Belvidere making a fortune on the Stock Exchange or effecting a successful deal in Contango Prefs. or Deep Level Brighton A's. As a matter of fact, the average of beauty is much higher among the shop-girl class than among those who go down to the park in motors, whereas the standard necessary to obtain a reputation for beauty among the aristocracy is extraordinarily low. A countess who is considered handsome could probably fail to secure an engagement as a chorus girl. The ordinary duchess, if she were not a duchess, would not attract attention in a Bayswater drawing-room.—"P.T.O."



MR. J. G. CARR,

who has just retired from the signal-box at Lansdown, after serving uninterruptedly therein for close upon thirty-four years. Mr. Carr first entered the service of the G.W.R. Co at Ross in 1867, and spent periods of varying length at Stonehouse, Malvern Welis, Over Junction (where he "passed" the last trains before the old broad gauge system was abolished and the G.W.R. brought into line with the other railways of the kingdom), and Hereford, before being transferred to the Lansdown box in January, 1873. Since that time Mr. Carr, while faithfully serving his employers for the third of a century, has at last found the continual strain too much for him; but, rather than retire upon the pension to which his long service has entitled him, he will undertake other duties involving less strain upon his powers. During his long stay at Lansdown, he has seen practically the whole of the G.W.R. staff change in its personnel, and has served under four stationmasters, viz. Messrs. Willis, Price, Cook, and Thomas. Despite the arduous and responsible character of his duties, Mr. Carr has devoted much time to the welfare of his fellow working men in the borough. He it was who initiated the local branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He was the first secretary in 1894 of the Trades and Labour Council. He has always been a strenuous advocate of the principles of Co-operation and Liberalism; and many public bodies that have desired or been empowered to embrace representatives of all classes have sought the services of Mr. Carr as the representative of Labour. In the photograph above he is represented wearing the regalia of the Chief Ranger of Court "Town of Cheltenham" (No. 2,256) of the Ancient Order of Foresters, a post of honour that he has twice filled (at an interval of twenty years) to the satisfaction of the brethren.



OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

* *

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, CALCUTTA.

Sergt A. P. Daniels, 32nd Battery R.F.A., Kirkee, India, has sent us several beautiful photographs. In an accompanying letter he says his home is at Churchdown, on the green there, that he gets the "Chronicle and Graphic" every week and passes it on to a Cheltonian for his perusal, and that he will be glad to see reproduced therein the pictures that he promises to send from time to time.



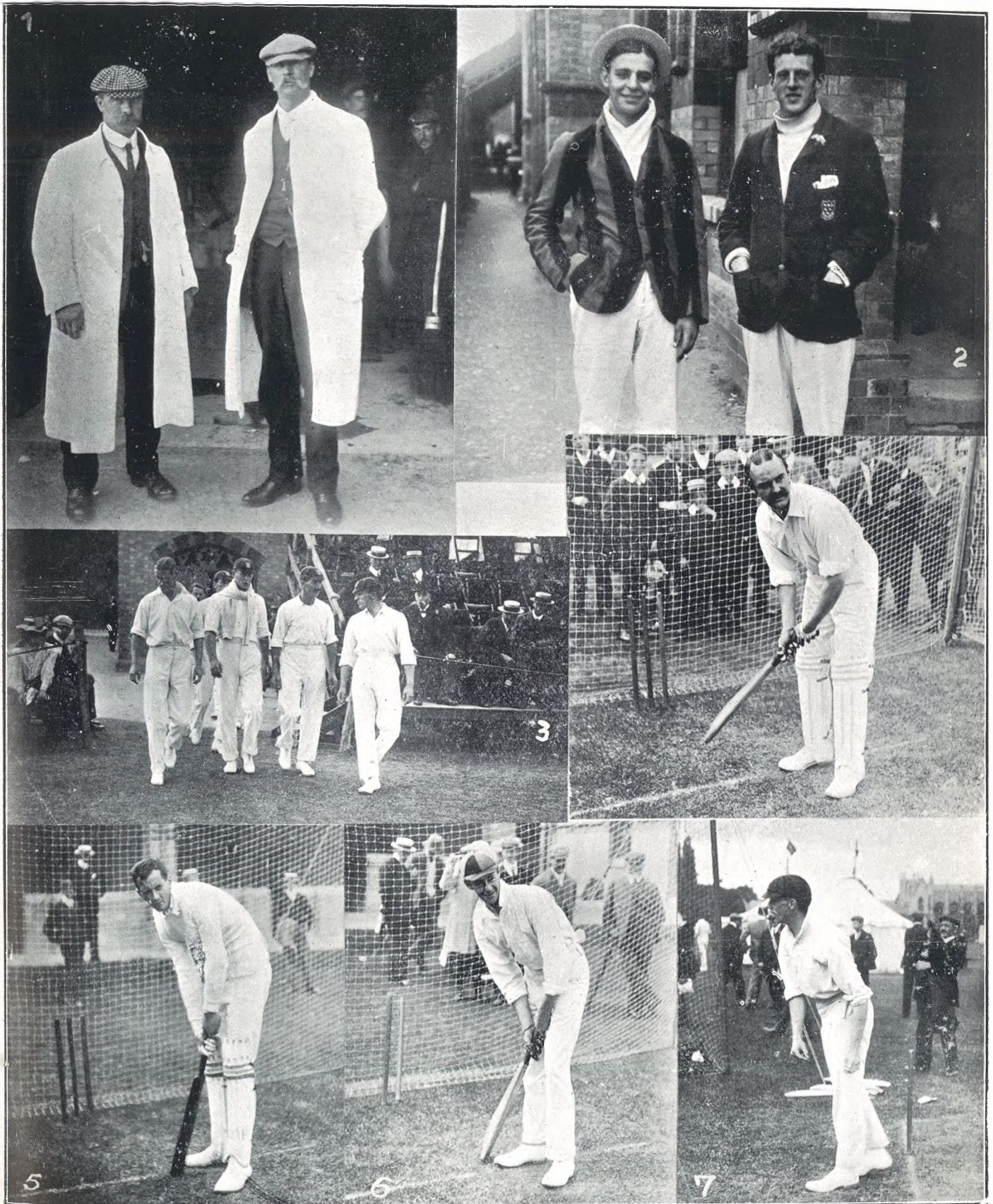
QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE KAISER.

A character study of the German Emperor is the subject of an interesting illustrated article in "The Windsor." The contributor says:—"January 27th, 1859, was a day of rejoicing at Berlin. In the afternoon one hundred and one gunshots informed the people that a prince had been born to the House of Hohenzollern. 'Is it a fine boy?' wired his anxious grandmother from Windsor to the Crown Prince's Palace, 'Unter den Linden.' It is interesting to read what the

late Queen of England wrote down in her diary when she made the acquaintance of her grandson in September of the following year (1860) at Coburg, the prince then being about twenty months old. 'We' (mother and daughter) 'remained together for some little time, and then our darling grandchild was brought. Such a little love. He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbs's' (his nurse's) 'hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine fat child, with a beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face like Vicky'

(his mother) 'and Fritz' (his father), 'and also Louise of Baden' (his aunt). 'He has Fritz's eyes, and Vicky's mouth, and very fair curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last.' This touching little extract from the diary of Queen Victoria explains, more than volumes could, the ties which always bound the Kaiser to his grandmother. The ordinary public is too much inclined to disregard the merely human relations which exist between the Powerful on the thrones of Earth as well as between the low ones in the huts."

CHELTENHAM CRICKET FESTIVAL.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. SUSSEX.

1. Umpires (J. E. West and J. Carlin).

3. Sussex pros. taking field on Friday morning.

5. P. H. Ford.

6. L. D. Brownlee.

2. Sussex amateurs—C. L. A. Smith (captain) on right and H. L. Simms.

4. F. E. Thomas at the nets.

7. F. B. Roberts bowling.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 25, 1906.
AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NORTON PARK, BREDON'S NORTON,
August 21st, 1906.



OPENING CEREMONY.
Miss Bradley reading report; Earl of Coventry (who opened Show) seated next her.



COMMITTEE AND OFFICIALS.
Miss Bradley (hon. secretary) in large white hat, in centre.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT BREDON'S NORTON.



1. Basket Makers from Eckington at work.
3. Watching judging of best turn-out.

2. Earl of Coventry with a clerical friend.
4. Visitors watching races.



Photo by Barry Burge, Northleach.

NORTHLEACH FLOWER SHOW COMMITTEE.

Standing (reading from left to right): E. Painter, F. Day, M. Randell, T. Gardner, R. Hyde, J. A. Hills, A. Groves, T. Leach, J. Siford.
Sitting: J. E. Lailey, C. W. Cole (hon. secretary), Rev. R. C. S. Jones (president), J. E. R. N. Bartou, A. Handy, jun.

PSYCHIC VALUE OF EARTHQUAKES.

Mr. D'Arcy Power, writing on the psychic effects of the earthquake at San Francisco, says:—In a walk of ten miles no woman was seen crying. The mental condition was rather one of mild excitement. A few observations on the pulse-rate showed an acceleration of ten to twenty beats a minute. The explanation seems to be that nearly everyone had been in personal danger and the danger was passed and the long tension relieved. By the enforced recourse to a few open encampments men were thrown together, and each time friend met friend the sense of joyous relief was quickened. The green of the fields and the blue of the sky aided the reaction, for it was lovely weather. There was, too, an improvement in the general health of the people after the earthquake. It is an undoubted fact that a great many men and women who were in a poor state of health before the shock with bad appetites and defective digestion are now eating all they can get and digesting it without trouble; whilst the mental condition which so often accompanies the dyspeptic state has equally improved. The explanation is as simple as it is rational. These people were fortunately deprived of their trams, alcohol, and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men have found it possible to live without cigars or whisky, and the ladies without candy. They have cooked their simple meals in the streets to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they have gone to bed early with the compensation that they have risen with the lark.—“The Hospital.”

* *

In order to stop the practice of foot-binding, the Peking (China) Board of Education has prohibited the sale of the special shoes used by the victims.

GENERAL BOOTH THROUGH CHELTENHAM,

AUGUST 18, 1906.

POETRY.

* *

THE COMFORTER.

No mortal loved her: she was one
Who laboured on, day after day,
At daily duties never done
With neither love nor thanks for pay;
And yet the mightiest comforter
In all the world was kind to her.

He came when all the house was still;
Even the shadow of the vine
That fell across the window-sill,
Cast by the moonlight's yellow shine,
So silent, peaceful, and so fair—
Lay still, as it were pensiled there.

Her housemates slept, all unaware;
They heard no sound of ring or knock,
No press of foot upon the stair,
Nor cautious grate of bolt or lock:
For he whose errand none may stay
Waited for none to show the way.

He touched her forehead—and the trace
Of care and sorrow, loss and pain,
Was not; the worn and furrowed face
Took on the look of youth again;
He pressed her lids so close, I ween,
That no more tears could flow between.

He touched her heavy heart; and lo!
The burden and the aches were gone!
No more sore sobbing would it know—
No more go labouring on and on:
No longer feel the dagger-thrust
Of harsh neglect, or blame unjust.

The moonlight fell across her bed,
Touching her still and pallid face
Whence blood and brightness long had fled,
Bestowing there a tenderer grace,
And almost to the faded hair
Brought back the gold that once was there.

Ah, many a time with secret tears
She said: "The days are wearisome;
So many years—so many years!
And yet—and yet—he does not come!"
Now he was there, and all was well—
The healing angel, Azrael!

—ELIZABETH AKERS, in the "Independent."



CROWD WAITING FOR HIM.



THE GENERAL'S BLESSING.

LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR.

The principal use of the dog in modern war will be as a scout, in front either of a force on the march or of its outposts at the halt. The dog scouts, ranging to the front and on the flanks of a force, would by their greater speed and ability to scent an ambuscade from afar not only secure the safety of the troops, but relieve their minds and inspire their movements with much greater confidence. This will be especially the case at night, when the senses of men are continually at fault. How many disasters of this kind might we have escaped in South Africa had every column possessed its dog scouts for the detection of the lurking enemy by day or night? For on a calm night, with or without a favourable wind, a dog can detect anyone approaching at 500yds. or 400yds. respectively, and at 200yds. or more, whatever the night, nothing will escape him.—"Country Life."



Photos by S. F. Oliver, Gloucester.

WASHING COMPETITIONS


AT GLOUCESTER CO-OPERATIVE FLOWER SHOW IN THE SOCIETY'S FIELD IN INDIA-ROAD ON AUGUST 16, 1906.



Photo by A. Collett, Bourton-on-Water.

BOURTON ATHLETIC CLUB, 1906.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY COMPANY
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FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

*

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 195th prize has been divided between Miss Maud M. Lyne, Stonyhurst, Churchdown, and Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, Rugby, Alstone-avenue, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons by Rev. J. J. D. Cooke at St. Michael's, Churchdown, and Rev. Herbert Trotman at Cambray Baptist Church, Cheltenham, respectively.

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

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In Huntingdonshire the damage to crops by the storm of August 2 is estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000, and relief funds are being raised.

A Birmingham working engineer has designed a new steerable balloon. The invention proposes to raise or lower the balloon without the use of gas or ballast. The apparatus consists of a case in the shape of a boat attached to the gasholder. Two propellers on each side acting against the air direct either an upward or downward movement.



1.



2

↓ CHARLTON KINGS FLOWER SHOW ↓
↑ AT LILLEYBROOK ↑
— AUG: 22, 1906. —

1. The Committee. Mr H. Lord (Pres^{dt}) in centre.
2. A Beautiful Exhibit of Plants for effect.