

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 296.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

"THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER."

NEXT WEEK,

"MILES CAREW, HIGHWAYMAN,"

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 ROYAL COMEDY ENTERTAINERS.

NIGHTLY AT 8.

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

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,

WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,

419-420 HIGH ST., CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

BRYANT & CO.,

TAILORS.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,

RAINFOOF COATS,

AND

COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, & CHELTENHAM.
362 High Street,

c459

THE FIRE AT RODBOROUGH MANOR,

THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE ELLICOTT.



THE JUDGE SEEING HIS WIFE AND SON OFF FROM THEIR RUINED HOME.

Prosecutions for Sunday trading have steadily
increased since 1893, when the number was, for
England and Wales, 2,995, as against 5,411 in 1904.

According to a return just made, 90 per cent.
of the public-houses and cafes in New York are
owned by or licensed to women.

During the past six months the Great Western
Railway carried 800,000 passengers by rail motor-
cars and 612,800 by road motor-cars.



Photo by E. M. Bailey, Cheltenham.

ASTON RANGERS' CRICKET CLUB.—SEASON 1906.

(MEMBERS OF THE CHELTENHAM LEAGUE, DIVISION II.)

Back Row (left to right).—B. P. Townsend, M. J. Wells, E. E. Summers, C. Durn, B. J. Foster.
 Second Row.—L. P. Prosser (secretary), A. H. Neale (treasurer), G. T. Sindrey (capt.), C. H. Jackson, F. A. Stephens (vice-capt.).
 Third Row.—G. P. Robbins, J. L. Bendall.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library).

CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

BOTTLES FROM PAPER.

*

Among the novel uses to which paper is being put, one of the most interesting is the manufacture from it of bottles for beer, milk, and other beverages. These bottles, which have a distinct hygienic value, in view of the fact that they may be thrown away after use, are so strong that a weight of 200 pounds will not crush them. The paper is treated with paraffin-wax, which makes it impermeable, and also obviates any taste of paper in the fluid.

An especial advantage of paper bottles is their lightness. They weigh only half as much as glass bottles, and are therefore more easily transported; the loss from breakage of glass is also prevented. It will be possible to turn a bottle out for a farthing. Special experiments have been made with these bottles in regard to their use for milk, and it has been found that sterilised milk put into them will remain sweet and free from bacteria for several days. — "Science Siftings."

* *

An aloe in the Botanical Gardens of Nantes, which is seventy years old, has bloomed for the first time, and the flower-spike is two and a half yards long.

THE HUMAN PULSE.

*

The human pulse has rather a wide range of beats, but the general average may be put about as follows:—

At birth, 140; at two years, 100; at from 16 to 19 years, 80; in manhood, 75; old age, 60.

There are, however, great variations consistent with health.

Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute.

A case is also related of a healthy man of 87 whose pulse was seldom over 30 during the last two years of his life, and sometimes not more than 28.

Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and, to be consistent in his inconsistency, when he had fever his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

* *

A NEW COMET DISCOVERED.

*

Dr. Kopff, of Dr. Max Wolf's Observatory, at Konigstuhl, has discovered photographically a new comet. The photographic plate was taken on the evening of August 22, in the course of a search for minor planets, and the new object was found to have a position in right ascension of 22 hours 49 minutes 32 seconds, and North Polar distance of 79deg. 37min., at the time August 22-14-17. Dr. Kopff estimated its brightness to be about the eleventh magnitude, and its motion westward to be 44 seconds, and northward to be 2. On the following evening it was observed at Hamburg, on August 23-13-11.3, Hamburg mean time, when its brightness was estimated to be 11.5 magnitude, and its position in right ascension as 22 hours 48 minutes 53.5 seconds, and its North Polar distance 79deg. 38min. 53sec. Its motion westward was then estimated to be 41 seconds, and southwards 2. Nothing more is known as yet of the comet or of its orbit, but it is thought to be one of very great perihelion distance. Whether it has yet passed through that perihelion distance it will require future observations to determine.

POETRY.

*

COMPENSATION.

Though we grow old and slow
 The children are not so.
 Their world's a rose new-oped,
 Gold-hearted, pearly cupped,
 Golden to-day: to-morrow?
 Who talked of fear and sorrow?
 Their world spreads endlessly,
 Golden from sea to sea.

Our days turn as a wheel
 Flying, a miracle;
 So fast, without surcease,
 The senses ache for peace.
 So short our days, so long
 Theirs between song and song,
 So much to see and do
 In a world of gold and blue.

That which we have foregone
 Their hands take hold upon.
 Finish what we let fall;
 Make good, atone for all.
 The little heads inherit
 The crown we missed, and wear it;
 The darling shoulders bear
 Our gold and miniver.

Though we grow old and pass,
 The lad we made, the lass,
 Dance in the wind of Spring,
 When flowers break, thrushes sing.
 Gather the daffodil
 By many a golden hill.
 Yea, though our suns be set,
 Make us immortal yet.

—KATHARINE TYNAN, in "Westminster Gazette."

TICKETS FOR TRIPPERS.

*

Few have any conception of the magnitude of the passenger traffic on the leading lines now that cheap excursions are a feature of the summer season. The pioneer of the afternoon excursion was Mr. F. J. Restall, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," whose name, in the case of thousands of more or less humble homes, is a household word. Mr. Restall whose establishment is at No. 64 Cheapside, London, is the king of the half-day trip. It is true that the railways have their own excursions, but they provide nothing like such a number as Mr. Restall, whose organisation engages "specials" and runs the risk of their proving unprofitable. Last year this enterprising gentleman was responsible for 257 excursions, which were patronised by 209,165 persons, over 100,000 of whom went to Brighton.

* *

ONE OF JOHNNY TOOLE'S LITTLE JOKES.

*

When he lived in Maida Vale I went to a garden party. Once more a plus quam sexagenarian memory is at fault, but I know that the occasion was sufficiently diverting. The garden was, indeed, that of an enchanted palace. The choicest fruits grew under the strangest conditions. Roast sucking-pigs did not, it is true, hang pendant from the trees crying "Come and eat me"; grapes could for once, however, be plucked from brambles, and figs from thistles. When the humour was at its height an invitation to a bazaar was put out at the carriage gate, and passing strangers, chiefly of the operative class, were invited to enter, and furnished with means of payment for admission, which was afterwards returned to them. They were then gravely shown round the garden, treated with Havannah cigars and strange drinks which, like the bucolic genius of old, they would like to have tried "out of a mug." Hopelessly perplexing explanations were afforded them of the various objects around them, most of which were declared to be of remotest antiquity and of supreme historic interest. They were then thanked gravely for their patronage, and conducted by the self-elected seneschal to the door. The astonishment of those who came in for such unanticipated revels was highly diverting, the whole proceedings having something of the air of an episode of the "Arabian Nights." — "The Graphic."

* *

Brine sprinkled over roads is said to have laid the dust effectively in extensive experiments made at Rouen, France.



CHELTENHAM v. CIRENCESTER CRICKET MATCH,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906.

1. Captain Margrett and other sportsmen watching match.
2. Three enthusiasts: (reading left to right) Messrs. Hodges, S. H. Brookes, and Preston.
3. Mr. W. G. Tovey (Cirencester), who took nine wickets for 17 runs, and caused the downfall of Cheltenham.
4. More spectators, including three well-known cricketers.

THE SELFISHNESS OF PLEASURE SEEKERS.

There are two sets of people who wish to alter the religious observance of Sunday and its protection by law. There are the theorists who do not like legislation that is directly Christian, and who, not themselves believing in revealed religion, desire to abolish any regulations which recognise a divine sanctum. And there are the selfish, irreligious, worldly people, both in high and low life who, not needing to labour themselves, are perfectly reckless as to whether their own pleasures and amusements destroy the rest of those who have to work for their convenience.—Archdeacon Sinclair, in "The Penny Magazine."

POISON IN THE PANTRY.

Frauds in food are the most lightly punished of all crimes (says the "World and His Wife"). If a man poisons another he is condemned to death. But the keeper of a dairy is allowed to slowly poison thousands of babies by providing them with adulterated, watered, and drug-saturated milk. The grocer sells sugar made from cotton, sawdust, and shavings, or real sugar "weighted" with clay, bonedust, and similar unhygienic horrors.

The flour in the family flour-barrel probably contains an admixture of either alum, ground rice, sand, or potato-starch. But the fines inflicted by law for these terrible offences against public

health are so small that the unjust tradesman laughs in his sleeve, and goes on adding boracic acid to milk for babes and sucklings, producing bogus butter from tallow and lard, and using red lead and blue vitriol to give it the "butter" tint.

All this drugging and adulteration of food undermines the health, saps the stamina of growing and developing children, and is the cause of thousands of so-called "mysterious" internal diseases.

For Printing of every description
 Try the "Echo" Electric Press.



RODBOROUGH MANOR, DESTROYED BY FIRE AUG. 28, 1906.

THE FIRE AT RODBOROUGH MANOR.

BUSINESS ALLIED WITH SENTIMENT.



FURNITURE ON THE LAWN.

While it may not be possible for the large employer of labour to take, or even to affect to take that personal interest in his workers which is possible for the heads of relatively small concerns, it is probably the fact that more might be done than is done to encourage the rank and file; to enable them to feel that their head possesses human feelings and is not a mere money-making machine, to encourage them so that they may bring some sentiment of personal loyalty and admiration to their work. The petty tyrant is the man to remove; he exists in the forces of most large organisations. He is there because of some good qualities that he possesses, but until it can be proved (which it never will be) that to be possessed of those qualities their owner must necessarily be a slave driver, the wise employer will select men who, while competent on the one hand, are devoid of viciousness on the other. And if he be too lazy to take the trouble that is involved in such a policy, he must blame himself if the results that he achieves in the course of years are not so good as he could have desired. There should be always a final court of appeal for the employee, a court to which he can resort assured that his action in doing so will not, even if he be held mistaken, prejudice his career, and a court in which he can be certain of justice—removed from any considerations of petty jealousy or from that hostility that seems to spring up, no one knows how, between men of a certain class who are brought into close relationship. Encouragement, sympathy, kindness, justice—there is too little of these qualities in the relations that exist between average employer and average employee.—“Magazine of Commerce.”

* * *

FAULTS OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

*

Women do not fully perceive the arrogant absurdity of which fashion is guilty in going so far as to determine the shape of their feet. When providence has taken the trouble to adapt six-and-twenty bones and innumerable strong or delicate muscles to every movement man can require to make, it seems rather a pity to imprison it all in a stiff leather case not in the least resembling the shape of the foot.

The great toe, on which the body rests for a second after raising the heel, should so lie that the line of its axis prolonged will divide the centre of the heel, whereas, squeezed up to the other toes, the line is absolutely oblique. If the leather be soft enough the shoes are trodden over at the side and we grumble at the result of a victory gained by ill-used nature over unnatural constraint, because she will, if possible, force us to walk straight.

The pressure of the leather first affects the small toe, bending it up on itself, and as the toe joints are exceedingly sensitive the ultimate result is a distortion of the bones, ankylosis if you want a fancy name for it.

A foot, too, with its great toe lying out of the straight is necessarily shorter than it would be with the toe properly extended. The shoemaker, who calculates the length of the foot by the length of the sole, still makes the shoe too short, and takes away the big toe's last chance of re-formation, and thereby ensures the continuation of the mischief which leads up to flat foot, ingrowing nails, chilblains, corns, and kindred evils.

As for heels, over and over again surgeons have preached to deaf ears the iniquity of making the shoe sole so oblique in its direction that the foot is constantly sliding forward and forcibly pressing the toes into the shoe. It seems curious that the whim of a leader of fashion can decree the proportion and shape of every piece of dress wear for every civilised woman, that the unfortunate foot gets so little rational attention.—A Lady Doctor in “P.T.O.”

BOURTON VALE CRICKET CLUB.

*

The names of the players in the group on another page are as follow:—Standing: Rev. W. E. White (hon. sec.), A. E. Yearp, W. W. Stenson, T. Garne, W. Woodhouse, A. R. Hartwell, Rev. O. Lane, Webb, Painter. Sitting: Mr. Simpson-Hayward, F. Taylor, W. Hill, E. Udall, Mr. Worsley, G. Pepall.



AN INTERIOR.

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 196th prize has been awarded to Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's-view, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for report of sermon preached by Rev. T. H. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham, on Sunday evening last.

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

A SELBORNE SHOOTING STORY.

The other day Lord Selborne was partridge shooting down in Orania, and his son's French safety of the others by crawling on his hands and knees towards his first covey. The methods of “setting” and “pointing” were laboriously explained to him, but apparently to no purpose, for on spotting his second covey the young Gaul, to the amazement of the party, excitedly rushed among them and nearly brought down a plump young bird with the butt end of his gun. After breakfast next morning, Lord Selborne observed to the leader of the shoot, “Well, Mr. P——, what shall we shoot to-day?” “Your French tutor, who was one of the party, imperilled the tutor, my lord,” was the quick reply; “if we don't shoot him it's a thousand to one he'll bag us before lunch.”—“P.T.O.”



FIRE AT YEW TREE FARM, GOTHERINGTON,

AUGUST 25, 1906.

THE LATEST INHERITORS OF POLAR FAME.

The actual scientific results of the National Antarctic Expedition are not yet ready for publication. But by far the most useful, by far the most lasting result is the publication of Capt. Scott's narrative. Just as the narratives published by Hakluyt inspired the poets, the adventurers, even the statesmen in these days of our ancestors, so now does the Antarctic explorer inspire the youth of England to do and to encourage similar deeds. It cannot fail to do so. Capt. Scott's clear and straightforward yet fascinating style ensures the attention of the reader from the first. Page by page, chapter by chapter, the story increases in interest and becomes more absorbing. The great objects contemplated, the ways by which experience was gained, the inventive faculties developed, the splendid discipline yet perfect camaraderie among all members of the expedition, the grand achievements which secured such wonderful results, are all unfolded to the reader, and cannot fail to invigorate his nerves and stir up feelings of pride and admiration. If anything can stop the utilitarian dry rot, if anything can bring lost souls out of their ledgers, if anything can arouse the old Elizabethan feeling among us, if anything can secure continuity of effort, it is Captain Scott's narrative of the voyage of the Discovery. For Antarctic effort should be continuous. One result of an expedition must be to lay bare new problems to be solved, new discoveries to be made. There is no sense in waiting for years until all the experience and even the tradition of it, has died out. Now we have good sailors, ice navigators, winter organisers, unrivalled sledge-travellers, and a knowledge of all requirements in every detail of equipment. What folly to let it all die out, as the Government did in 1876!—"Objects of Polar Discovery," in "Cornhill Magazine."

WHERE REVOLVERS ARE MADE.

Belgian revolvers are made largely by the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre, at Herstal, Liege. According to "Work," the better class of revolvers are made entirely of steel, but in the cheaper article the body and small parts are made of malleable cast-iron. The cylinder is invariably made of steel, and, except for the very cheapest qualities steel is always used for the barrel. Many foundries at Herstal are engaged solely in treating the cast pieces after being stamped out in order to give them the necessary malleability. In the manufacture of cylinders a steel bar made red hot is cut into the required length by a circular saw, and the central hole is drilled, after which the outside of the cylinder is turned, the cartridge chambers bored, and the tops and flutings fashioned.



A FAMOUS ROSE.

Few, if any, Hybrid Perpetual varieties surpass the variety Mrs. John Laing. It is very popular as an exhibition variety, and under glass it is grown extensively to supply cut flowers for the market. The rosy pink flowers are large, of good shape, and full in petal. It has a delicious fragrance. The growth is vigorous, and it does equally well as a bush or standard. In autumn plenty of flowers are usually to be found on the plants, and they are quite equal in colour to those produced earlier in the year. There are few varieties whose flowers pass through a shower of rain with less damage. Raised by the late Mr. Henry Bennett, of Shepperton, it was exhibited by him at the National Rose Show held at South Kensington in July, 1885, when it received the gold medal as the best new variety of the year. Experts at the time predicted a great future for the rose. It is a seedling from the variety Francois Michelin—"The Garden."

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A curious clock has been made—chiefly from the parts of three old clocks—by Louis Julien, a Frenchman, now an inmate of the Northampton County Poorhouse, near Nazareth, Pennsylvania. Like his father and grandfather before him, he was a clockmaker, and for many years earned a comfortable living at his trade in Belgium, and later in the United States. Seven years ago he was forced to go to the almshouse, we learn from "Work," where he has made himself generally useful at odd jobs of repairing. During his spare moments in the past five years he has constructed an eight-day clock, which is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. It has second, minute, and hour hands, and a dial showing the days of the week and month, and the signs of the zodiac. In a separate apartment are shown the rising and setting of the sun and moon. In addition to the hours, the quarters, half-hours, and three-quarters are struck. And in the darkness of the night, or if a blind person wishes to consult the clock, the time may be ascertained by pulling the cord, whereupon the hour will be struck at once, followed by whatever quarter-hour it may happen to be. But perhaps the most interesting feature of the clock is the work done by a great number of automatons. At Christmas time the Advent of the Christ is shown, the manger, and the oxen and asses in their stalls. The Wise Men come from the East, and an angel appears to warn the parents of the plot of Herod. Joseph places Mary and the Babe on an ass, and they flee into Egypt. Herod and his soldiers arrive only to find their intended victim gone. The clock is run by weights.



It is notified in Tuesday night's "Gazette" that the King has appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into the lighthouse administration of the United Kingdom.

BOURTON CRICKET WEEK.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



*
 "F.M. Lord and Lady Roberts" should be one of the most valued autographs to be found in the visitors' book at Gloucester Cathedral. It was placed there on Tuesday, August 21st, by our greatest soldier, whose identity was thereby disclosed, and his lordship and the Countess Roberts, by whom he was accompanied, at once received special attention at the hands of the sub-sacrist, who took quite an hour in showing the distinguished but unexpected visitors round Gloucester's greatest attraction and pride, and what is truly a national monument, "warmed by the prayers of a thousand years," as was once expressively said of the grand old building by an eminent preacher. I understand that not the least feature that interested Lord Roberts was the new war memorial window in the Chapter House, and that the noble Earl endorsed the general opinion of visitors of disappointment that the names of the honoured brave are not legible in the dull metal in which they are hammered. This was the first known stay of Lord Roberts in the Cathedral City, other than at the railway stations; and this visit was only a brief one, as the Field-Marshal and his wife were out on a motor tour to Malvern and Wales.

* *
 Referring to the Cathedral reminds me that Bishop Mitchinson, the canon in residence at present, has been delivering there some of his remarkable and highly instructive sermons in language understood by the people. The ex-Colonial Bishop is nothing if not original, thorough, and plain-spoken. The other morning he said that preachers had it all their own way in argument in the pulpit, and he for one would welcome questions about his sermons from members of the congregation, whom he invited to throw off any *mauvais honte* they might have, and communicate with him. He stated that he had always refused to address children otherwise than by catechising them. He contrasted the present activity in the Church with those dead days of three-decker pulpits, whereon the parson and clerk used to pray for the people, who could now do that for themselves in congregation. I may mention as an interesting fact that Bishop Bowers, the Thetford suffragan, who happened to be revisiting scenes of his former labours, and is an out-spoken and original preacher himself, was present when Dr. Mitchinson made the sermon referred to.

* *
 The official vital statistics for the quarter ended June 30th last show that the birth-rate in this county is highest in the Gloucester Union, namely 28.2 per thousand, while the rate in the whole country is only 27.5. Stroud has lowest in Gloucestershire—17.5. Cirencester has 19.9, Cheltenham 20.6, Tewkesbury 23.7, and Westbury-on-Severn 25.3. Gloucester had a death-rate of 14.2, Westbury being the lowest with 12.4, Cheltenham next with 14.8, then Tewkesbury with 18.0, and Stroud top place with 18.2. The Garden Town has for the nonce lost pride of place in having both the lowest death and birth-rate.

* *
 County ratepayers, whose broad backs have already enough to bear in the shape of calls for money, will be relieved to hear that they will not have to pay the first call for the extension of the Second County Lunatic Asylum until at least the middle of next year, as it has been decided not to proceed with the erection of the epileptic block for females until the early part of 1907, after the necessary enquiry by the Local Government Board on the application for a loan has been held and other preliminaries have been settled.

* *
 A few days ago a Cheltonian who has been absent from his native place for fifty years was telling me some of his impressions on recently revisiting the scenes of his youth. He considers the town, especially in the Promenade neighbourhood, vastly improved, and remembers the planting of the two Russian cannon outside the Queen's Hotel. He heard the Rev. Francis Close preach, and was pleased to find memorial schools erected to him. But he could not understand where the Old Wells Theatre and Jessop's Gardens had gone, and I had to explain that the former is merged in the Ladies' College and the latter in the Great Western yard. "Don't worry the owl," he said, "was put up at Jessop's, but 'don't' was always rubbed out by us boys."
 GLEANER.



Photo by Miss L. Viveash, Lower Slaughter.

LOWER SLAUGHTER CRICKET TEAMS.
 LADIES v. GENTLEMEN.

THE "LUSITANIA."

*
 The Cunard liner Lusitania has been designed for a speed of 25 knots an hour, a speed which is a knot and a half in excess of that of the fastest of the existing ocean greyhounds, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., of the North German Lloyd. To propel the great hull through the water at this speed the Lusitania is provided says "Work," with turbine engines developing 68,000 indicated horse-power, and driving four screws. The turbines are the largest so far constructed for similar work. The low-pressure engines alone weigh nearly 430 tons. The diameter of the rotor of the latter is 15ft. 6in., the blades having a maximum length of 22in. toward the low-pressure end, giving a maximum diameter of the rotor of 19ft. 4in. The peripheral speed of the rotor under normal conditions of working will attain a maximum of 142ft. a second. The engines have been designed with the greatest care, and in them have been incorporated the latest advances in turbine construction. Especially is this true of the casings, which have been carefully proportioned to resist circumferential stress without undue weight. By the use of the turbine, and by great increase in displacement, it has been possible to add enormously to the engine power in order to obtain the increase in speed, though this is comparatively slight in itself.

STUDYING BY CANDLE LIGHT.

*
 In the famous chained library of Wimborne Minster there is a copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," of which an interesting story is told in "Little Folks." Matthew Prior, the poet, while studying it, fell asleep, and upset the candle by the light of which he was reading. A hole was burnt through nearly one hundred pages. When Prior awoke his dismay may be imagined, but he resolved to repair the injury. Over each hole he neatly pasted a piece of paper, and then, with pen and ink, restored the text with the utmost care and delicacy.

* *
 THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

*
 Theodore Roosevelt comes of old Dutch stock, says a writer in "The Penny Magazine." His ancestors, who had been settlers on Manhattan Island for generations, were in the main tanners or leather preparers. They had risen to high and honourable positions in New York, and the future President found himself more than comfortably off. His whole upbringing and the traditions of his family forbade an idle life, however, and the only use he has made of his wealth has been to aid him in his strenuous fight against corruption and "graft"—otherwise bribery.



A KEMERTON WEDDING.
THE RECTOR OF KEMERTON RETURNING THANKS TO PARISHIONERS FOR WEDDING PRESENT, AUG. 23, 1906.



REMAINS OF OIL BARGE BURNT ON SEVERN AT DEERHURST, AUGUST 22, 1906.



REV. J. A. B. MERCIER (RECTOR OF KEMERTON) AND MRS. MERCIER AT "NORTHWOOD," ON RETURN FROM THEIR HONEYMOON.

CONCERNING RECORDS.

* *

"A chap I know has a small brother and sister; and, as the brother is the smaller of the two, it is the rule of the family to blame the sister for everything wrong done by either of them, just to even matters up," writes the "School-boy" in the "Windsor," in an amusing essay on "Records."

"Little girls are apt to be beastly cunning at the best of times; and, under stress of circumstances, this one began to cultivate an imagination. Also she grew suspicious. She was always on the look-out for false accusations, and a determination grew in her to squash them and the makers of them on all occasions without stay or scruple. (I saw something like this remarkably fine sentence in one of my father's manuscripts, and as it hasn't been published yet, I can't be accused of infringement of copyright). She had been thinking about it a good deal when, one day, she came into the drawing-room just in time to hear her father say to her mother: 'She broke the record.'

"He was really talking about a racing mare in which he was interested; but my friend's sister had been rightfully and wrongfully, accused of breaking so many things, that she naturally thought he was speaking of her. She knew she hadn't broken anything for nearly a week, and she thought it probable that her small brother had, because it was a usual pastime with him; but it seemed safer to throw in a circumstantial detail to make her denial convincing. It was really smart of the 'tittle Sapphira, because she had such a short time to consider what she was going to say.

"I didn't," said she. 'It was Billy. He stepped on it and broke it.'

"I told this to my father, and he said what a pity she was a girl and couldn't enter the Diplomatic service; but that perhaps some day she might marry an ambassador and find scope for her talents.

"I don't know what he was driving at, but I give the remark for what it may be worth, as he is thought by some people to be a clever man (on this head I prefer to reserve my own opinion), and of course there is an off-chance that he might have been intending to say something witty. You never can tell, as Mr. G. B. Shaw has been heard to remark."

* * *

RELIABILITY OF WEATHER FORECASTS.

* *

The first report of the Meteorological Committee to the Treasury for the year ended March 31 is issued as a Parliamentary Blue-book. The committee was appointed by Treasury minute, dated May 20, 1905, and met on May 31 and took over the administration of the Parliamentary grant and the general control of the Meteorological Office. The report draws attention to the results of forecasts. A summary of the results of the 8.30 p.m. forecasts in 1905 shows that the average percentage of complete success was 55, of partial success 33, partial failure 11, and complete failure 2, the sum of successes, complete and partial, being 88 per cent. Tables are given showing the results for the various months, and the results for the various districts. Another table gives the success of the forecasts of the year in comparison with those of previous years. The average percentage of success in the forecasts for the whole of the British Isles since 1896 was 84.5. In 1896-7 the percentage of success was 81, while the figure for 1904-5 was 88, which was also recorded for 1905.

As to storm warnings for the coasts of the United Kingdom, the report shows that the total number of warnings issued was 632, the number of gales for which no warnings were issued being eight. The percentage of total warnings justified during 1905 was 88.4, against 89.8 per cent. for 1904. The average percentage of the total warnings justified since 1896 was 89.8, the percentage for that year being 91.5.



1
3

We spend about **ONE THIRD**
—of our time **IN BED!**—

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham**, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

It has been decided to increase the fares between District and Metropolitan stations on the Inner Circle.

A Suggestion.

If you are requiring . . .

PRINTING

of any Description

TRY THE

"Echo" Electric Press

Telephone 209.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.
MODERN DESIGNS.
PRICES MODERATE.



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

No. 297.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),

"MILES CAREW, HIGHWAYMAN."

NEXT WEEK,

"THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

BRYANT & CO.,
TAILORS.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
RAINPROOF COATS,
AND
COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, 362 High Street, CHELTENHAM.

c459

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
Australian Wines in Flagons.
"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

For BOYS' CLOTHING !!



Embracing every desirable Style,
largest variety, everything newest
and up-to-date.

SUITS FROM 1/11 TO 30/-

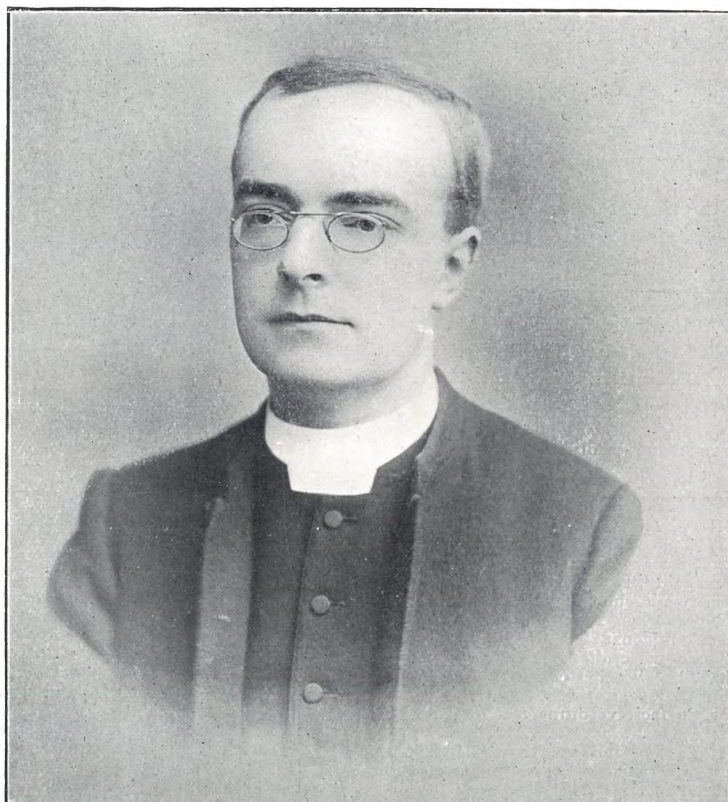
F. W. Golesworthy,

MEN'S SUITS ready to wear or made
to order, 21/- to 80/-

Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, etc.

413 High St. (Bath-rd.) Cheltenham

Our Portrait Gallery.



REV. EDGAR NEALE, M.A.,

VICAR DESIGNATE OF CHARLTON KINGS, FOR TEN YEARS CURATE
OF TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

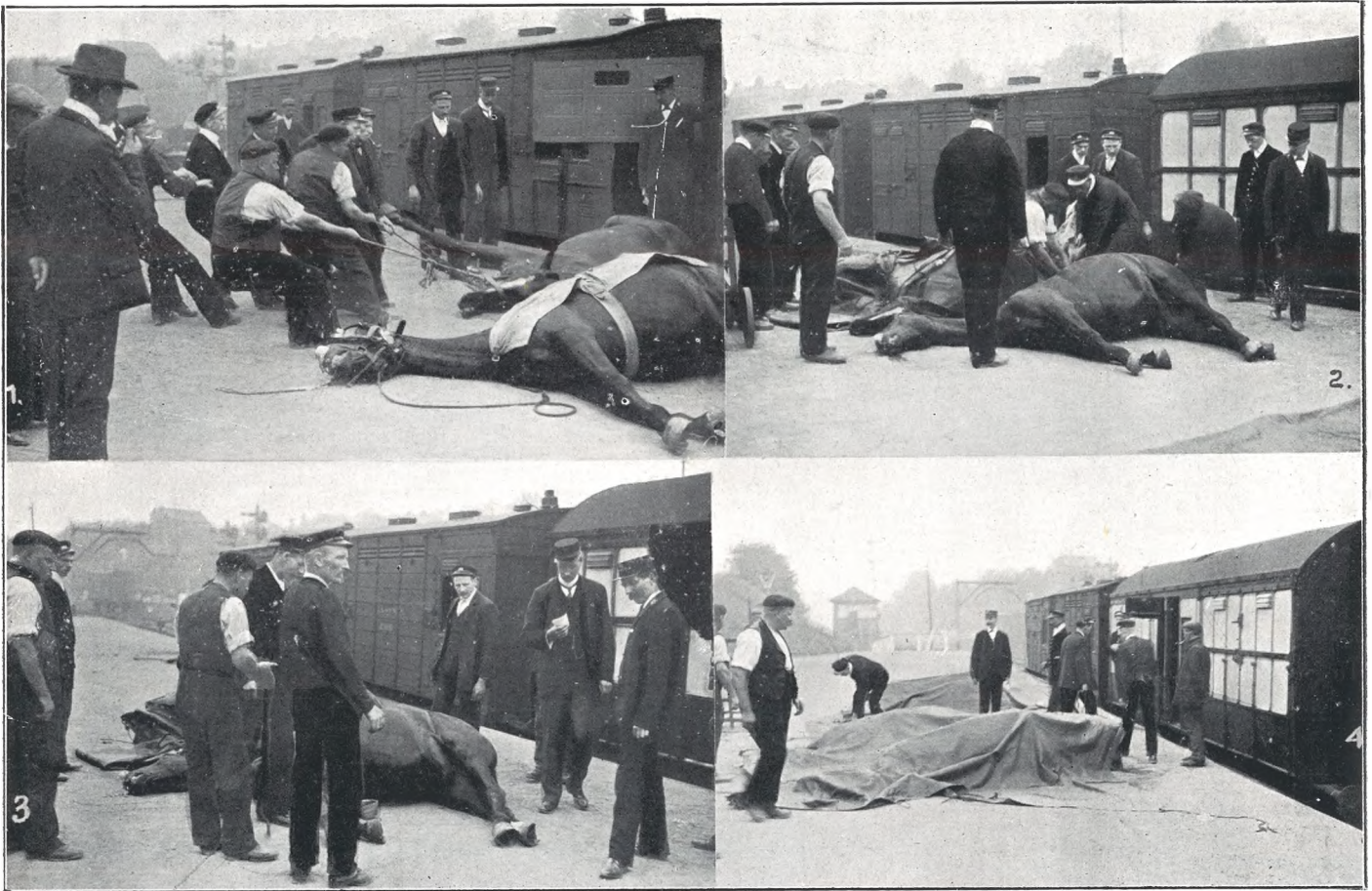
**MARIE CORELLI AND THE CAMERA
FIENDS.**

Miss Marie Corelli's hatred of being photographed is common knowledge even among those who do not know exactly who she is, says "The Penny Magazine." There is a story of a battle royal between Miss Corelli and some astute photographers which is not generally known. And it ended in a victory for the novelist. Three pressmen took lodgings opposite her house in order to photograph her when she went for her daily walk. But the sorrows of Satan were nothing to theirs, for when she appeared she outwitted them by waving a fan in front of her face. The photographers then heard that the next night Miss

Corelli was attending a certain ball, so they decided to fix up their apparatus and focus it on the portico of the house, and when she arrived puff would go the flashlight and all would be over. This actually did happen, but Miss Corelli had thoughtfully provided herself with an umbrella with which she shielded her face while she passed into the house. These are only two of the instances where Miss Corelli has frustrated the photographer.

* *

Ethel. "I was sorry to hear of your papa's failure, Clara. And is it really true?"—Clara: "Yes, and for only £10,000. Mamma and I feel too mortified for anything."



FIVE VALUABLE HORSES BELONGING TO MR. DENLEY, HATHERLEY ROAD, CHELTENHAM, WERE KILLED BY THE GREAT HEAT ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, BEING FOUND DEAD IN A HORSE-BOX ON ARRIVAL AT MIDLAND STATION, CHELTENHAM, FROM DUBLIN.

1. Removing the bodies from horse-box.
2. Taking off rugs and bridles from dead horses.
3. Stationmaster Ward and Inspector Wright looking at horses.
4. Covered up and awaiting removal, showing the horse-box (this end) in which horses died. Five horses in other two boxes arrived without mishap by same train.

COULDN'T FIND A NAME FOR IT.

A crofter met a man whom he had not seen for some time, and said "Hallo, Archie! Whaur hae ye been this while back?" "Man," replied Archie, "did ye no ken I was laid doon wi' that trouble they ca' influenza?" "No; I didna hear ye were ill," said the crofter; "an' what kind o' trouble is that?" "Weel, I can hardly explain," replied Archie, "but after ye'r gettin' better ye feel very lazy, in fact, ye dinna feel inclined tae dae anything a' day long." "Man, man," said the crofter, "dae ye tell me that? I've been troubled that way this last twenty years, and couldna find a name for it!"

THE COMMERCIAL MIND AND THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

The commercial mind is in a smaller degree subject to the infirmities which beset the so-called professional mind; that is to say, that in the month of August it becomes a little lax. This laxity can be ascribed to hot weather, the holiday spirit, and other phenomena familiar to even the most superficial psychologist. While we do not indulge this tendency so far as to have a lawyer's long vacation, or a schoolmaster's "short six weeks," most of us manage to snatch a fortnight or three weeks in August. The omniscient reviewer who endeavours to keep a watchful eye on the progress of commerce finds that at this time of the year "things" are quiet, and that there is a general lull preparatory to the activity of the autumn and winter trade. A reflection of this state is to be found in our morning papers, the editors of which know well their silly seasons. In London we find one great "daily" very perturbed about dreams, while a competing organ, not to be outdone, makes one's flesh creep by ghost stories. As September advances we shall forget our dreams, laugh at our ghosts, and, taking the Premier's advice, brush aside all this tomfoolery and get to business.—"Magazine of Commerce."

A Suggestion.

If you are requiring . . .
PRINTING
 of any Description
 TRY THE
"Echo" Electric Press
 Telephone 209.
 GOOD WORKMANSHIP.
 MODERN DESIGNS.
 PRICES MODERATE.

1
—
3

**We spend about ONE THIRD
—of our time IN BED!!—**

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham**, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

* *

Lady (in pursuit of cook): "Why did you leave your place?"—Cook: "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum."—Lady: "What did they quarrel about?"—Cook: "The way in which the dinner was cooked by me, mum."



SNAP-SHOTS IN GLOUCESTER MARKET, MONDAY, SEPT. 3rd, 1906.

1. The Market Constable, Market Veterinary Surgeon (Mr. Holtham) in centre, and Market Inspector, on right.
2. Some well-known habitués of the Market inspecting the cattle. Mr. Holliday, of Cheltenham, strolling with hands behind him.
3. Waiting for the sale of pigs.
4. The cattle sale. Mr. H. Tew Bruton, jun., on extreme right.

POETRY.

*

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?
 So would not I—
 One tear to memory giv'n,
 Onward I'd hie,
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,
 All but at rest on shore,
 Say, would you plunge once more,
 With home so nigh?
 If you might, would you now
 Retrace your way?
 Wander through thorny wilds,
 Faint and astray?
 Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heavenward—away.
 Where are they gone, of yore
 My best delight?
 Dear and more dear, tho' now
 Hidden from sight,
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me;
 Fly time, fly speedily:
 Come life and light.

—CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE.

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 197th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank H Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for report of sermon preached by the Rev. C. E. Stone (Salem), preached at the Town-hall on Sunday morning last.

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

KING EDWARD'S TACT.

*

Apropos of the fashion set by King Edward of replacing the black coat of evening dress by a blue one, "Le Rire" (says a Paris correspondent) remarks on the tact and diplomacy shown by "our true friend" (notre fidele ami, Edouard VII.) in the choice of his costumes. This was evident at the recent meeting with the Kaiser, for, whereas the latter was perspiring under a heavy helmet and a thick uniform, King Edward donned an unpretentious light-grey lounge suit, as much to say: "You know this interview is without any importance, it is merely a meeting on the journey between an uncle and his nephew. It does not count." Is not this admirable? asks "Le Rire." And then concludes: "And meanwhile this worthy gentleman becomes once more young and supple at Marienbad."

LAVENDER IN DORSET.

*

Lavender, it has been discovered, flourishes better on the sandy loam of the Dorset heath than even on a chalky soil. Indeed, the sea breezes and the heather fragrance impart an excellence to the aroma of lavender oil not to be obtained otherwise; and Southern Dorset is blest with a mild climate and plentiful sunshine, two essentials for the successful cultivation of lavender.—"Country Life."

**

Mr. Councillar Daines, fishing from Clacton Pier, hooked and brought up a bicycle which lay at the bottom of the sea.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,

GO TO

MR. SUTTON GARDNER,

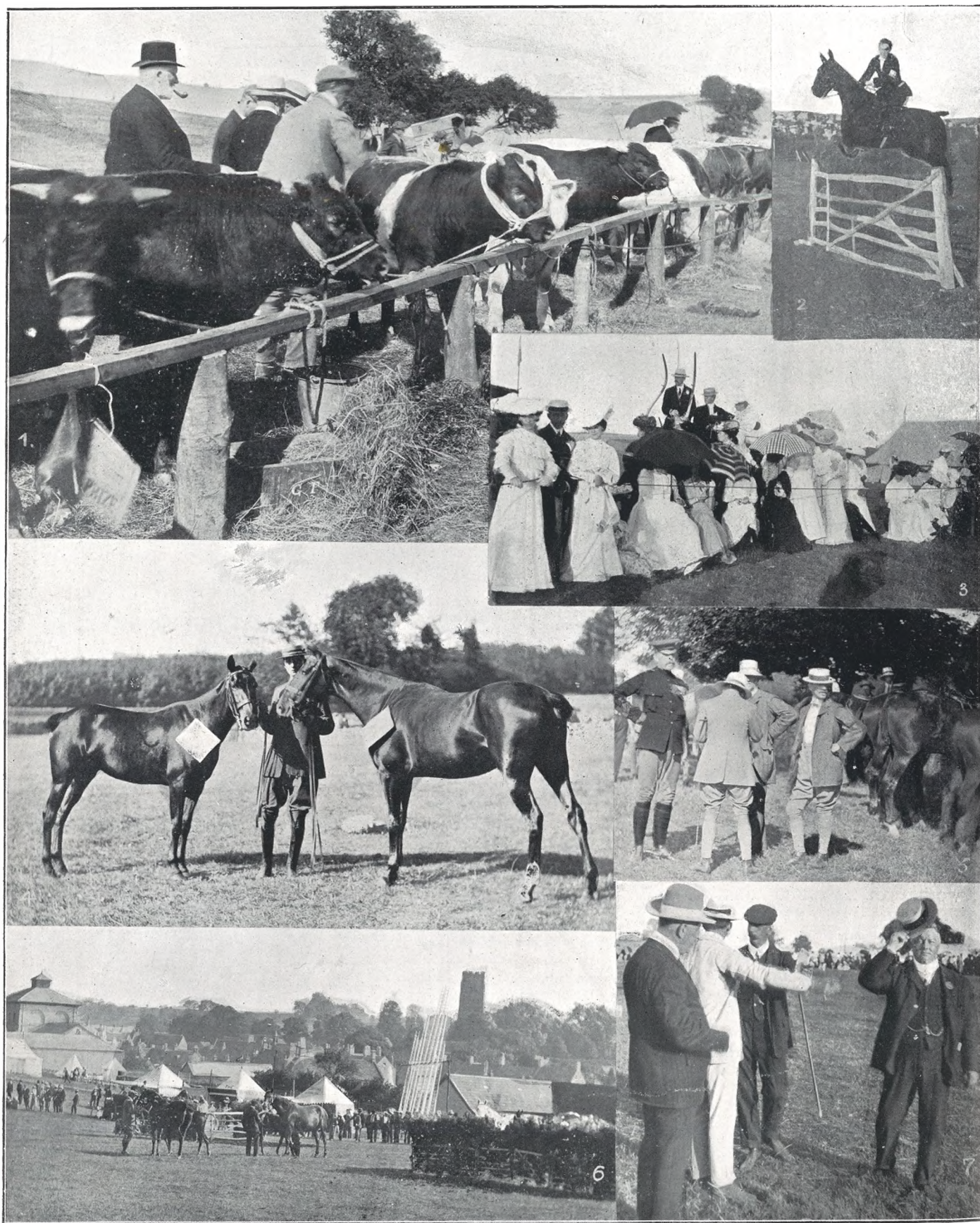
LAUREL HOUSE

(Near Free Library),

CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.

What is believed to be a record in the matter of ocean travelling has been accomplished by a four-months-old boy. The infant's mother died recently in Canada, and the baby was sent from Toronto to Montreal, and placed in charge of a stewardess of the Ionian, who brought him to Liverpool.



NORTHLEACH AGRICULTURAL SHOW,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1906.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. A view of the young bulls (considered the best class in the show).</p> <p>2. A good jumper.</p> <p>3. Watching riding and driving competitions.</p> | <p>4. Two Cheltenham prize winners (Mrs. Henegan's "Lady Bird," 1st prize; Mr. Holman's pony, 2nd prize). Mr. Holman, jun., at horses' heads.</p> <p>5. Looking at the horses.</p> | <p>6. Judging the mares and foals, and a view of Northleach.</p> <p>7. Mr. Tom Tayler (secretary of show) raising his hat to a friend.</p> |
|---|--|--|



WITCOMBE AND BROCKWORTH FLOWER SHOW,

AT WITCOMBE COURT, AUGUST 30, 1906.

1. Group of Committee (Mr. Witcomb, secretary of show, seated in centre, holding straw hat).
2. Villagers at tea.
4. Mr. W. B. Coopey has a chat with the Member.

3. Sir Thistleton Dyer, Director of Kew Gardens, talking to the member for the Tewkesbury Division (Mr. M. Hicks Beach).
5. Looking at the rabbits.



FOOTBALL IN CHELTENHAM.

THE GLOUCESTER NATIONAL SCHOOL TEAM, WHICH ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, PLAYED THE CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH SCHOOL TEAM ON THE ATHLETIC GROUND, AND DEFEATED THE HOME TEAM BY FOUR TRIES TO NIL. THE CAPTAIN (F. SKIDMORE) IN THE CENTRE WITH THE BALL, IS AN ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL, AS IS ALSO A. BARKER, WHO STANDS IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIS CAPTAIN'S LEFT SHOULDER.

CHURCH BELLS.

Into the childhood of most of us comes an influence which few succeed in throwing off—the sound of the church bells. It touches us still more deeply than we care to think. However deeply we may have disliked going to church on a fine Sunday, we carry away with us into later life the sound of the church bell as something peculiarly home-like, intimately connected with pleasant memories of summer evenings, of winter mornings bright with the old gaiety of the “real Christmas” that used to be when we were boys.—“Country Life.”

THE SALVATION ARMY UNIFORM.

In the Salvation Army the idea of uniform originated with General Booth, and its adoption immediately followed his conception of the Salvation Army. Says Mr. Bramwell Booth in “Cassell’s Saturday Journal”: “The influence of uniform-wearing by our officers and soldiers is, we consider, both attractive and useful. It is in harmony with the military method of our Government. It illustrates and helps to maintain our discipline. It constitutes a standing protest to the extravagances and fashions of the age, whilst its moral effect on many is directly and indirectly beneficial. It is a safeguard to our women against insult and abuse in their slum work.” Mr. Bramwell Booth, too, is of opinion that the artistic merits of the Salvation Army uniform are only beginning to be recognised.

Ninety foreigners received British naturalisation papers last month, thirty-six being Russians and twenty-three Germans.

VARIETIES.

Codger: “Which side do you lie on when you are in bed?”—Roger: “I lie on the right side.”—Codger: “I always lie on the left.”—Tapes: “I lie on both sides.”—Codger: “Ah! but you’re a lawyer.”

The Maid: “Madame is awfully lucky to get such a magnificent fit for £20.”—Madame: “Just wait till you see the one my husband will have when he gets the bill.”

“I can argue with anyone here,” said the contentious man fiercely. “I can argue—” “Oh, yes, you can argue,” said the quiet man in the corner; “the misfortune is that you can’t reason.”

THE GAME OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

The comedy of pretentiousness moves along with its smiles and smirks and cross purposes; yet every now and again there is a break in the laughter, and a pathetic human cry rings forth—a cry for freedom and for happiness. The most laughable comedy may be built on a groundwork of tragic reality. The cry may come from the father whose strength at last fails, and prevents him continuing his part in the game of city make-believe, or from the mother who at last sinks under the impossible task of making invisible financial ends meet. Such a day brings a very serious outlook for the girl who “rather likes” being in an office and for the youth who has been able to gratify a nice taste in ties and cigarettes on his clerk’s salary. We all know too many such. Really, smaller houses, fewer servants, and the running of the home to please oneself and one’s friends instead of the stranger might be an experiment worth trying.—“T.P.’s Weekly.”

TO SUCCEED YOU MUST—

Cheer up.
Keep cool.
Joke as often as possible.
Put your best foot forward.
Have faith, and struggle on.
Think of the sunshine of life, not its clouds.
Take baths often—a clean body makes a clear head.

Think, after all, how short life is, and make the best of it.

Walk erect like an honest man, not stoop over like a thief.

Help some other poor devil, and some angel of mercy may help you.

Pay your bills promptly, and that will help some other struggler in the battle of life.

Find one more unfortunate than yourself, and content will fill the place of complaint.

Dress neatly—some men foolishly suppose the harder up they look the more sympathy they will receive. It is just the reverse.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. C. A. Cook as Chief Charity Commissioner in place of Sir George Young, resigned.

During the two years ending March 31 last the Middlesex County Council have made a net profit of nearly £2,000 at their gasmeter testing station at Edmonton. Some 79,533 meters were tested.

The Great Northern Railway Company has adopted a revolving illuminated sign giving the name of the destination over the carriage doors on the local trains.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

Those who love the merry, merry sunshine have been able this summer to bask in it to their heart's content, for it is the sunniest on record. But I fancy that even the most pronounced salamander must have had enough of it within the past fortnight, considering that on several days thermometers in this neighbourhood have registered over 90 degrees of heat in the shade. In fact, only once before in a September within the past thirty-six years has it been so, and that was on September 8th, 1898, when there were 91 degrees. It has been said, and with a great deal of truth, that persons who can live in this country, celebrated for its many samples of weather, can live anywhere in the world. Its alternations of cold and heat were never more strikingly demonstrated than recently. The middle of August was cold, with blustering winds, and at several seaside places visitors who studied comfort wore overcoats (I can speak from experience), and fires were to be seen in the grates of hotel rooms. And what a change to the tropical only a fortnight later! When the sun was at his fiercest last Saturday afternoon I noticed a certain right honourable baronet, while waiting for his train at Gloucester, sitting on a form, a temporary member of the hatless brigade, holding his grey Trilby in his hands, and trying to catch forty winks. And shortly before I had met, briskly walking on the shady side of the street, that marvellous centenarian, Mr. Thomas Enstone, of Sandhurst, returning from market with a small basket on his arm; and who, in reply to my greetings, said he was pretty well but it was "a bit warm." I know that persons who got away for a few hours on the breezy Cotswolds did not find the heat so trying as when they were down in the Vale. We must now hope that the much-needed rain will quickly come.

* *

The new and comprehensive lists of persons for magisterial appointment for Gloucestershire that I hear have been formulated are hanging fire in realisation. I don't know whether it is because of the extreme heat having taken all energy out of officials concerned or that the Lord-Lieutenant has not yet had time to settle down and consider names that may have been submitted to him after his return from the annual yachting cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun, or whether the Lord Chancellor himself and his staff have not during this holiday-time been able to deal with the case of this county from among the many other cases that have been brought to their notice. At all events, the expectant J.P.'s and those who are backing up their claims must wait longer to know whether or not they are put in the commission of the peace. But having regard to the attitude that Lord Ducie took up in refusing to nominate certain persons as magistrates during Lord Herschell's Chancellorship and who were afterwards appointed without the Lord-Lieutenant's "hallmark," I shall not be surprised to find that his lordship remains consistently firm in again refusing to be a party to making elevation to the magisterial bench a reward for purely party services or exigencies. I observe that at least one magistrate who had not sat on the bench for several years, owing to not possessing the necessary property qualification, has within the last week taken advantage of the Act recently passed which abolishes qualification, and has put in an appearance at the petty sessions for the division in which he originally acted. It will be interesting to watch how many others avail themselves of the Act referred to.

* *

There are now two Palaces in Gloucester, and both are within a stone's throw of the Cathedral. The one with which Gloucesterians were so long familiar as the residence of the Bishop has to share the title with what was formerly the Theatre Royal. This has been converted from a Temple of Thespis into a hall of varieties, and it must be admitted that the new order has caught on wonderfully well. Gloucester always was a bad theatrical place, no matter what the enterprise of the management might be, and the establishment of an up-to-date Cheltenham Theatre and Opera House, having the pick of the companies, made it worse for its competitor in the Cathedral city. The only wonder is that the new order of things at the latter place was not commenced before.

GLEANER.



DUMBLETON HALL.

LENT BY MRS. EYRES AND MRS. EYRES-MONSELL FOR LAST WEEK'S SHOW AT DUMBLETON.

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

*

Mme. Clara Butt has very many anecdotes to tell bearing on the hypnotism of music "After singing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' as an encore at Cardiff, a few years ago," she says, "an amusing little incident occurred to me in connection with an old Irishman whom I found waiting for me when I left the concert hall. With tears in his eyes he caught hold of my cloak, and, falling upon his knees, began to bless me in his rich brogue. 'Bedad,' he concluded, 'I don't know who wrote that song, but, shure, if he's dead, 'twould make him turn in his grave to have heard the way ye sang it to-night.'"

Mme. Butt has been particularly struck by the fact that certain of the songs she sings seem to possess a much greater power to move members of her audiences than others. For instance, whenever she sings "Abide with Me" she almost invariably receives some proof that members of the audience have been particularly affected. Sometimes she is met at the door of the concert hall afterwards by people begging her to allow them to bring some sick relative to where she is living, in order that she may sing the song to them, because they feel sure it would make them better. It was after singing this song, also, that she received the following curious letter:—

Beloved Madame,—I know this is only, as it should be, one tribute of a thousand, but I must send it. I have heard you every time you have sung at Plymouth, and God only knows through what trouble and difficulty I have come since the first time; but always you are the same, only more perfect every time you sing, and it is you, beloved, that make the great gift such a help and comfort to thousands. God bless you and yours, and make your future more lovely even than the past, and give me a place somewhere near you in heaven, that I may hear you sing the song of the redeemed there. Forgive this if it troubles you; I was sorry you were so weary last night.—A Woman Who Loves You.

WEEDS GOOD TO EAT.

*

In the vegetable kingdom there are many plants whose uses we are quite ignorant of. The dandelion is eaten by those who know what is good.

Wild chicory is quite a plague with agriculturists in many countries. It makes one of the finest salads served.

Charlock, or wild mustard, gives a soup a delightful flavour.

The dockweeds are used all over Europe as table vegetables.

In Scotland, Poland, and Germany tender young nettle leaves are used as greens. The Germans boil it with their vegetables to give them a piquant flavour.

Purslane is another weed that can be treated in the same way.

* *

THE ROMANCE OF MATRIMONY.

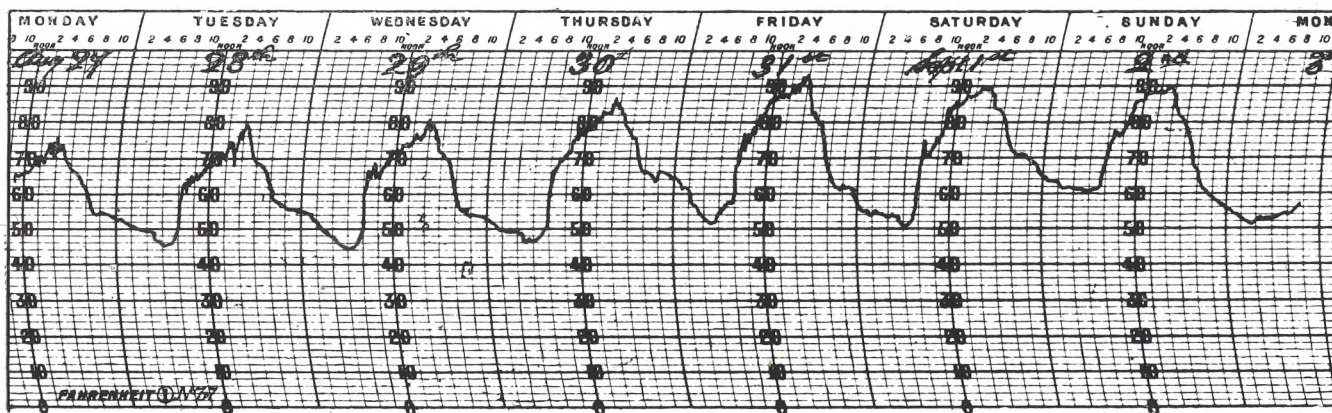
*

"She isn't much, indeed," said a farmer of exceeding astuteness, when questioned about his matrimonial intentions, "but she's a nate little clerk." By this was delicately conveyed the fact that she could read and write, and that he could not; the marriage was highly successful. Years afterwards a friend said to him in congratulation: "Well, James, I hear you married your daughter well." "I did, sir, and I got him cheap." Then, in a whisper, "He was devilish owld." The computation by which the years of the bridegroom were set against the purchase money (in other words, the bride's dowry) must have been an intricate one, involving, one would say, the Tables of Insurance and the best skill of the nate little clerk. Congratulations, not unmixed with some genial surprise, were proffered to another parent on the marriage of his daughter, a person by no means in her first youth, and possessed of but one eye. "Sure I had to give him ten pounds agin' the blind eye," explained the father of the bride with unimpaired cordiality.—"For Better, for Worse," in "Cornhill Magazine."

* *

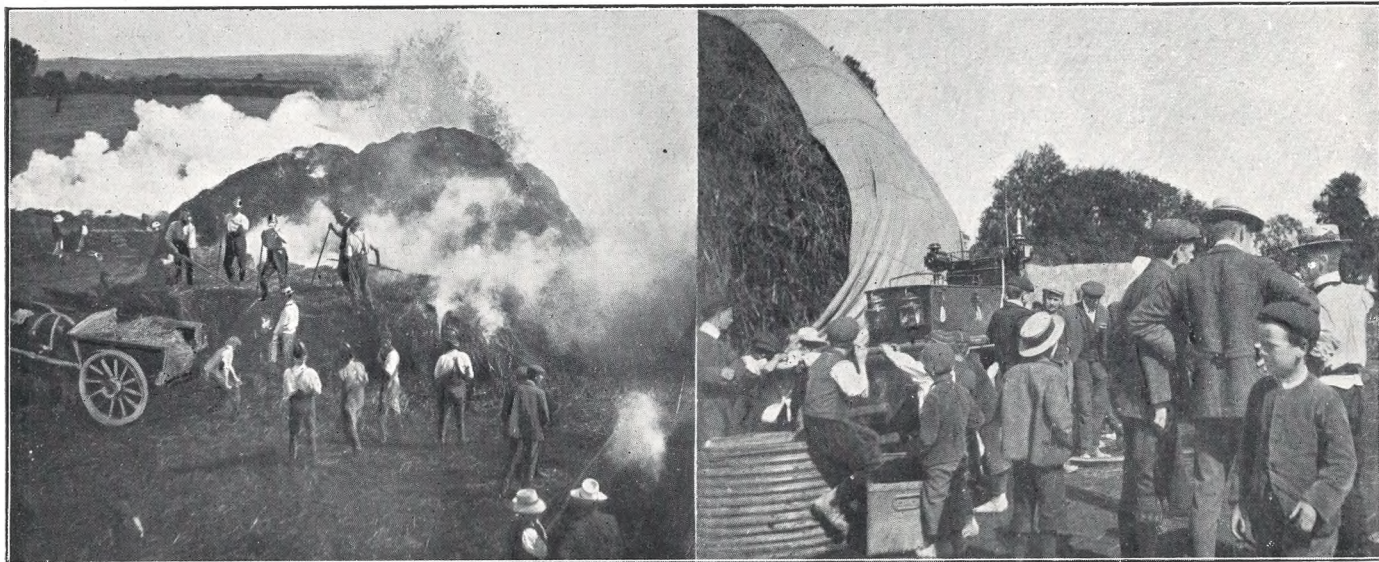
In future the prisoners' ward in military hospitals will be known as the detention ward, the detained ward as the observation ward, and the lunatics' ward as the mental ward.

For Printing of every description * * *
* * * Try the "Echo" Electric Press.



LAST WEEK'S GREAT HEAT.

Above is a copy of thermograph record of temperature in Cheltenham during the week ending Sunday, September 2nd, 1906, kept by Mr. A. C. Saxby, F.R.M.S., the Borough Meteorologist. Last week Cheltenham shared in the extreme heat which created records all over the country. The above chart shows the regularity with which the rise and fall of temperature took place each day, the hottest periods being between the hours of 3 p.m. and 4 p.m., and the coolest between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m., not at noon and midnight, as is generally supposed. Contrary to our feelings, the extreme heat was not maintained for long during the day, and the cool of the night was soon dispelled by the sharp rise of the temperature about sunrise. The oscillation of the record in working its way to the top mark will also be noticed. The recording thermometer used in producing the chart does not depend upon either mercury or spirit for its action, as nearly all others do, but upon a special coil of very delicately tempered metal. It was in Montpellier Gardens, beneath the meteorological screen, when the record was taken. The figures on the horizontal lines are degrees Fahrenheit, and those at the head of the vertical lines are hours of the day.



FARM FIRE AT ICOMB, NEAR STOW-ON-THE-WOLD,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1906.

Three barley ricks and one hayrick, thirty yards of cow-shedding, and roof of a Cottage Chapel were destroyed, the damage being estimated at £500. The photograph was taken twenty-one hours after the outbreak, when Mr. Owen Tayler, the owner, was carting away the damaged barley to an adjoining field in order that it might burn more freely. The second photograph shows one of two barley ricks out of five saved, owing to the wind blowing in the opposite direction. Mr. Owen Tayler is also to be seen explaining matters to visitors. The manual fire-engine belongs to Stow.

Photos by A. Collett, Bourton-on-the-Water.

HARVESTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Harvest operations were concluded by Mr. G. H. Barnard, a Newport farmer and corn merchant, by moonlight. Owing to the great heat, he gave his men a rest on Tuesday. At 10 p.m. they resumed work, and carted by moonlight nine acres of beans, the work being completed by eight o'clock on Wednesday morning. At 2 a.m. Mr. Barnard and his men sat down to dinner in the field.

* *

"Is it fun having the men to teach you swimming?"—"Fun! Why, rather! I've been taught five times."—"The Bystander."

"POETRY" IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

Called to give evidence at the City Summons Court against a coster, a constable said:
A man and his barrow were standing abreast,
Turning out traffic proceeding west;
For four minutes he was standing there,
While I walked up from Ludgate-square.
Alderman Simmons imposed a fine—(on the coster)
—of half a crown.

* *

Dr. Herdman, chief of the fish hatchery established by the Manx Government at Port Erin, reports that 5,000,000 young plaice were liberated in the sea last year.

ORDERED HIS OWN COFFIN.

An old man named William Lumsden, who was of most eccentric habits, has been found lying dead in his house at Crosslea, Oxton, where he had resided nearly all his life. He lived alone, and declined all offers of help from his neighbours. One of his last acts was to order his own coffin. This he had intended to make himself, and had actually laid in wood for the purpose, but he abandoned the idea owing to the state of his health.

* *

For a purse of £2,000, two cowboys have just started to ride from Spokane, Washington, to New York, says the "New York World," and the distance of over 3,000 miles is to be completed before November 21.

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

No. 298.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),
"THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."

NEXT WEEK,
"THE SPAN OF LIFE."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

BRYANT & CO.,
TAILORS.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
 RAINPROOF COATS,
 AND
 COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, & CHELTENHAM.
 362 High Street, c459

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
 WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
 MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
 419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
 Australian Wines in Flagons.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

For BOYS' CLOTHING!!



Embracing every desirable Style,
 largest variety, everything newest
 and up-to-date.

SUITS FROM 1/11 TO 30/-

F. W. Golesworthy,

MEN'S SUITS ready to wear or made
 to order, 21/- to 80/-

Hats, Caps, Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, etc.

413 High St. (Bath-rd.) Cheltenham



FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN CHELTENHAM.

REV. E. GODFREY BURR & MISS MABEL CHARLOTTE COX.
 MARRIED TUESDAY, SEPT. 11th, 1906.

LEGAL LUMINARIES AT CRICKET.

THE LEGAL GENTLEMEN OF RODNEY-TERRACE MET THE REST OF THE PROFESSION IN A CRICKET MATCH ON THE VICTORIA GROUND ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, BUT WERE BEATEN, THE "REST" SCORING 115 AGAINST 70.

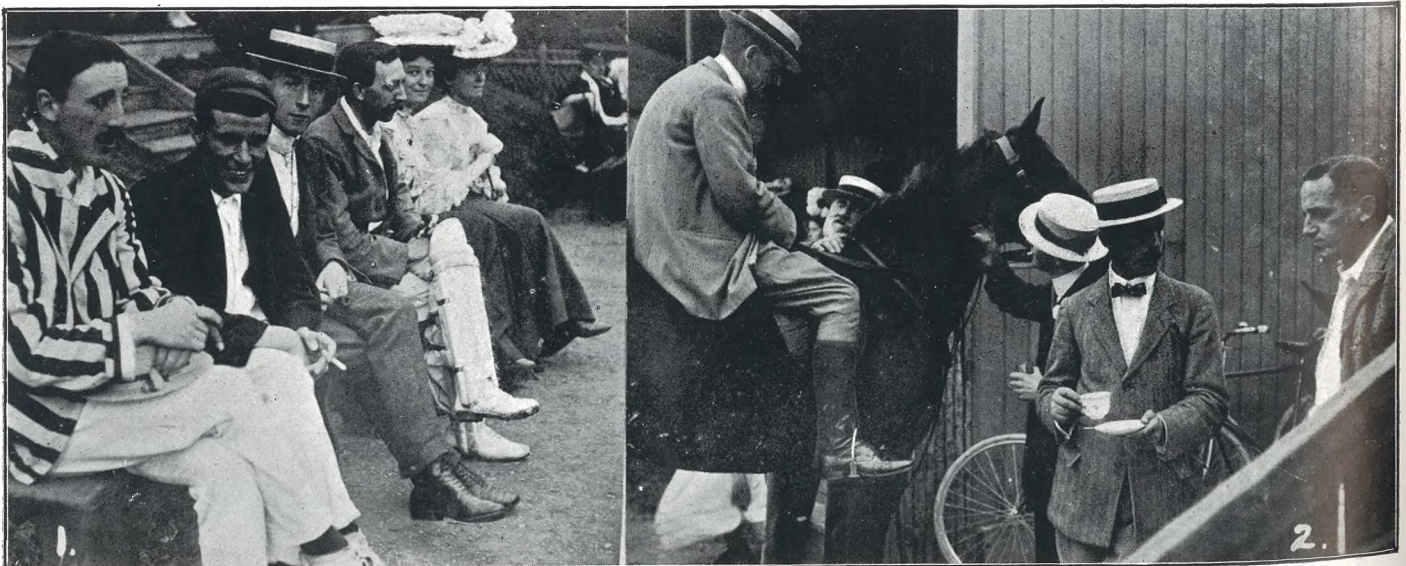
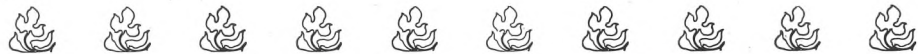


Top row: B. Gregory, R. Elmes, B. Shurmer, L. A. Baggott, H. C. E. Taylor.

Second row: — Wheeler (scorer), E. H. Flood (umpire), J. Parker, G. W. Moore, P. Close, J. P. Winterbotham, G. G. N. Tinson, S. B. Varder (umpire), T. D. Lloyd (scorer).

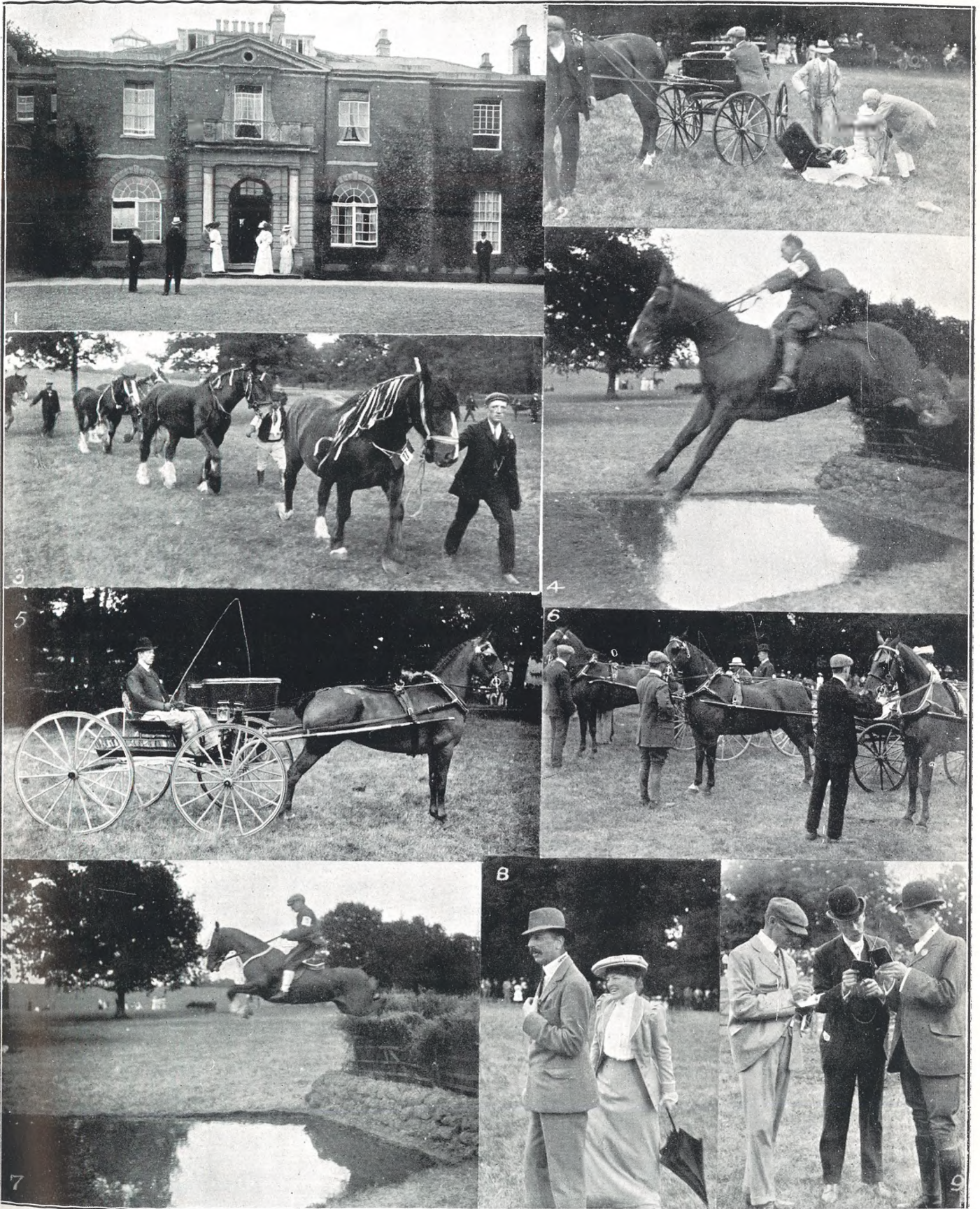
Third row: E. Arnold, S. H. Bath, E. C. Cornock, A. Lamb (captain), R. J. Winterbotham (captain), H. Jessop, C. E. Harley, T. R. Noyes, A. S. F. Pruen.

Sitting: C. T. Deane, H. Stroud, F. Broom.



1. Some players and spectators.

2. Mr. Hylton Jessop chatting to Mr. J. T. Rogers (with cup of tea) and Mr. Probyn Dighton (on horseback) between the innings.



AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT HARTPURY, NEAR GLOUCESTER,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

1. Hartpury House, the residence of Mr. Gordon Canning, in whose grounds the show was held.
 2. An accident. Mr. T. Molesworth's buggy thrown over while turning sharply in the ring. Mr. T. Molesworth is seen helping his wife up. Both were thrown out.

3. Procession of carthorses in ring.
 4. A winner in the jumping classes.
 5. Mr. R. Jackson's "Wild Iris," 1st prize winner in single horse class, and a winner of many champion and first prizes.
 6. Judging horses in harness.

7. A magnificent jump over the water.
 8. Mr. Gordon Canning and his daughter.
 9. Judges comparing notes (Mr. Dudley Smith, M.F.H., in centre, and Sir W. Cooke, M.F.H., on right, in bowler hat).

FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN CHELTENHAM.



THE BRIDAL PARTY.

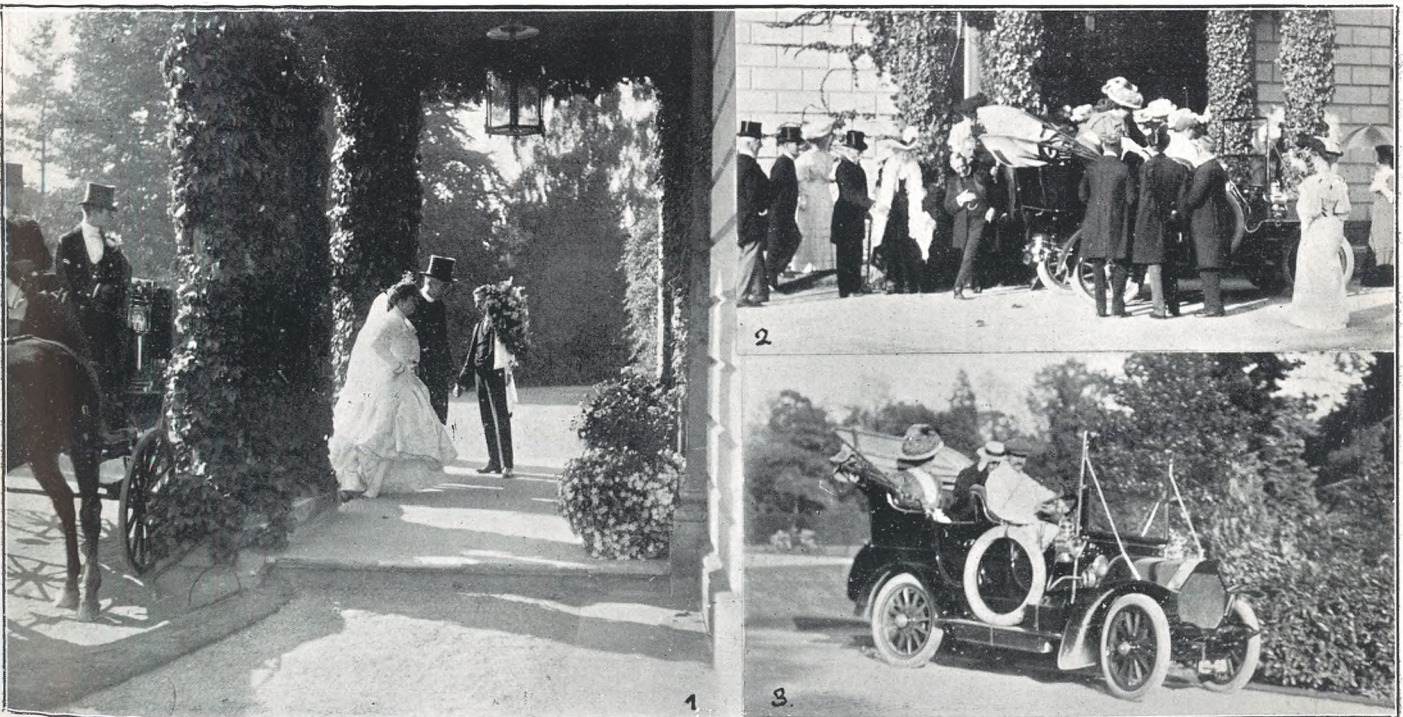
Reading from left to right:—Miss Muriel Cox (cousin of bride), the Bridegroom (Rev. E. Godfrey Burr), the Bride (Miss Mabel Charlotte Cox), Miss Ethel Cox (sister of bride), Rev. Canon Carnegie (the best man), Miss Eva Adamson (cousin of bride), Miss Dorothy Hattersley Smith.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM STANDING BEHIND THEIR MOTHERS.

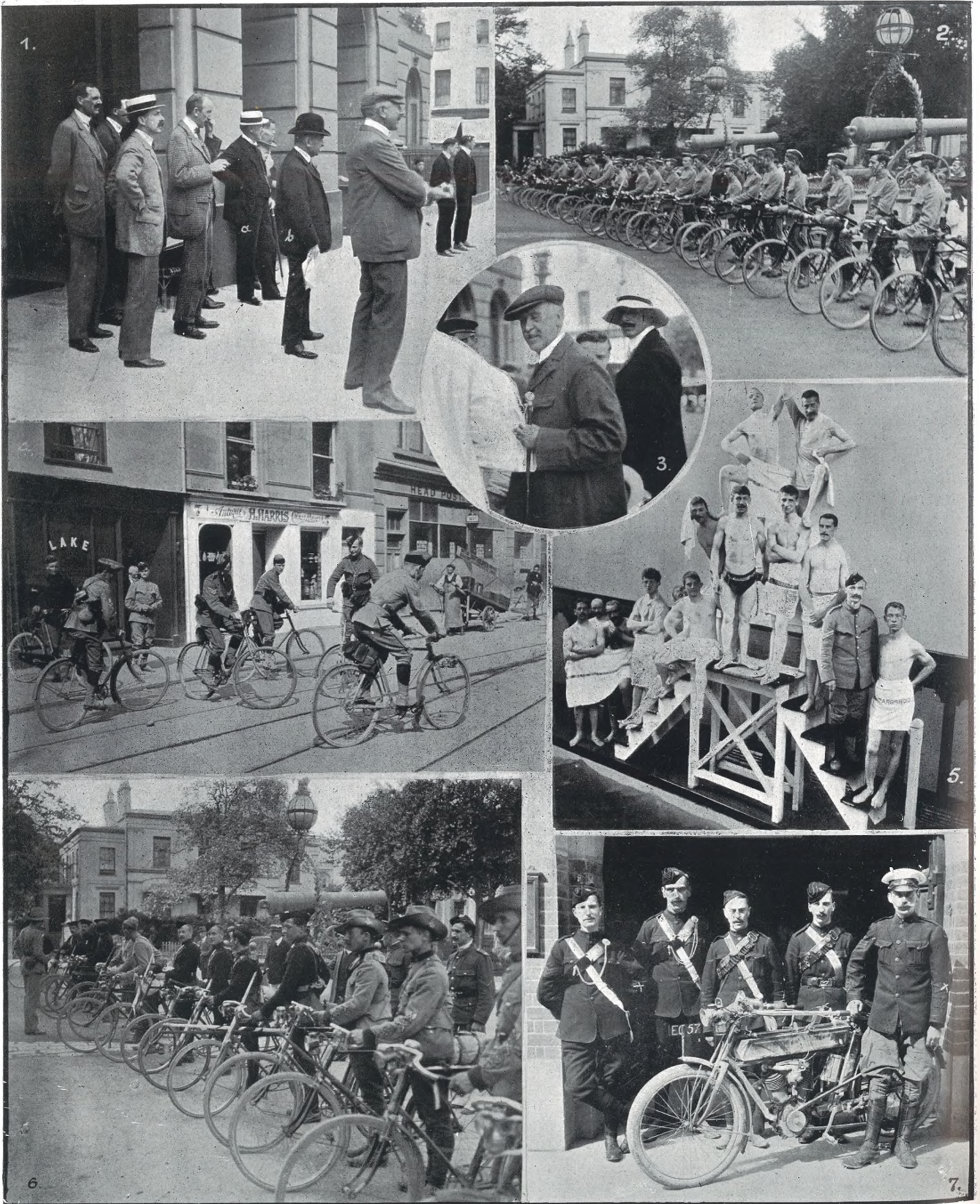


INTERIOR OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.



1—Return of Bride and Bridegroom from Church to Thirlestaine Hall.

2 and 3—Start for the Honeymoon.



ARMY STAFF RIDE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—SNAP-SHOTS IN CHELTENHAM.

1. Group of generals and other officers in mufti inspecting the cyclists outside the Queen's Hotel. Gen. Sir Neville Lyttelton is marked a, Gen. Hutchinson marked b.
2. The Cyclist Volunteers being inspected by the officers.
3. Gen. Sir Neville Lyttelton (in cap) just arriving at the Queen's Hotel.
4. The men of the 26th Middlesex were most expert cyclists; they are here shown playing polo in North-street on their cycles.
5. How they amused themselves in their spare time. At the Montpellier Baths.
6. The signalling staff being complimented for their work by Gen. Lyttelton.
7. The five Cheltenham men who took part in the staff ride, all members of the 2nd V.B.G.R. Reading left to right: Sergeant Tibbles, Sergeant Dix, Corporal Villar, Cyclist Rimell, and Colour-Sergeant Trotter.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* *

The two military staff-rides that have been held in this county within two years show that the district is regarded by the authorities as eminently suitable for the special purpose and as being of much strategical importance. In the middle of August, 1904, General Sir John French and some sixty of his best officers, with headquarters at Tewkesbury, were manœuvring in North Gloucestershire. And in the first week of this September General Sir Neville Lytton and about eighty officers forming a good proportion of the brains of the Army were conducting similar exercises over part of the same district and adjacent country. On the latter occasion the idea of these manœuvres without troops was that a Southland force endeavoured to reach Bridgnorth through Gloucester and capture it before a Welshland force in possession could receive assistance at Bridgnorth by the arrival of a Northland force. But the battles were not like Bridgnorth elections used to be—all one way, for, although the Southlanders captured Cheltenham and Gloucester, the Severn saved the situation to the Welshlanders, who prevented the effective passage of the river by means of the semi-permanent fortifications supposed to be on both its banks at Tewkesbury. Sir Neville summed up the situation to the officers assembled under Norton Hill, but I cannot help thinking what stirring historical events would have been recalled if this "pow-wow" had taken place on the Isle of Alney at Gloucester, where Edmund Ironsides and Canute met in single combat; or on the "Bloody Meadow," whereon the Battle of Tewkesbury was fought, ending in a Lancastrian rout. Yes, in bygone ages the Severn Valley was the scene of many stricken fields, over or near which phantom armies have recently been moving.

* *

Most of the officers who took part in the ride have seen much distinguished active service on the Continents of Africa and Asia. First and foremost is Gen. the Hon. Sir Neville Lytton, K.C.B., Chief of the General Staff, who generally directed the general operations, and he had his headquarters at the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham, where his chief assistant was Major-Gen. H. D. Hutchinson, C.S.I., the able and courteous Director of Staff Duties at the War Office. Three of the generals served in both the Boer Wars—Major-Gen. Sir Francis Howard, K.C.B., C.M.G. (commanding the Welshlanders), Lieut-Gen. A. S. Wynne, C.B. (commander of the Southlanders), and Lieut-Gen. H. M. Leslie Rundle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Assistant-Director of the Southlanders). But, perhaps, the most interesting officer is Col. J. A. L. Haldane, D.S.O., of the Gordons, by reason of the fascinating book that he wrote, entitled "How We Escaped From Pretoria," and who, having been British Military Attaché to the Japanese Army, is now engaged in writing the official book on the Manchurian War. It was both singular and the irony of fate that Sir Francis Howard should have had to evacuate the country in which happens to stand Castle Godwin, a house near Painswick Beacon, which he had rebuilt and lived in for a time.

* *

The praise that Sir Neville gave the 48 cyclists of the 26th Middlesex V.R. and a squad of the 2nd Gloucestershire V.R., who acted as despatch riders or signallers, was evidently thoroughly deserved. I came across several of them in different parts of the county, and can testify to the intelligent interest they showed in their duties and the zealous and thorough way in which they discharged them. I heard of one motor-cyclist doing a journey of 180 miles in one day and of another pushing or pedalling his automobile all the way from Gloucester to Bristol when the electric battery had become exhausted. The acetylene lamp signalling at night was more successful than that by heliograph, which, as Sir Neville said, was rendered difficult by the mists that prevailed. Amongst the elevated places on which the lamps were used and "spoke" were the towers of Gloucester Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey and Painswick Beacon, and Bredon, Malvern, May, and Newent Hills. The only complaint that I heard (and which appeared a very reasonable one) was among the signallers, and that was that they had to convey their heavy apparatus, in addition to their kits, on their bicycles from one station to another, whereas they had been promised motor-cars to carry them. I should say that the cyclists well earned the five or six shillings a day that they were paid. GLEANER.



1.



2.

ARMY STAFF RIDE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

1. Paying the Cyclists in the Drill Hall, Cheltenham, at the end of the ride. Lieut. Trapmann (in command) in centre, Sergt. Broadbent (26th Middlesex) on left, and Corpl. Beckwith (26th Middlesex) on right.
2. The clerical staff stationed at the Queen's Hotel (three from the War Office, two from York, and two from Scotland).

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 198th prize has been awarded to Mr. W. B. Coopey, Bentham, for report of sermon preached by the Rev. W. M. Drake, at St. Peter's, Cheltenham.

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

For Printing of every description * * * * *
* * * Try the "Echo" Electric Press.

**1
3**



**We spend about ONE THIRD
—of our time IN BED!!—**

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham**, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

CHELTENHAM CRICKET CHALLENGE CUP.

CHARLTON KINGS (WINNERS) v. REST OF LEAGUE,
 PLAYED ON THE ROSELEIGH GROUND ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906,
 THE "REST" WINNING BY 138 FOR EIGHT WICKETS (DECLARED) TO 33.

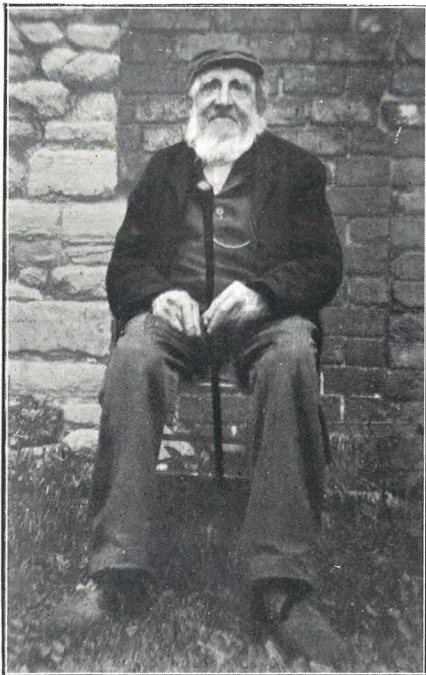


Photo by Thomas R. Parker, Harborne, Moored Street, Cheltenham.

A CHELTONIAN VETERAN.

MR. WILLIAM CLUTTERBUCK,

OF 6 COMMERCIAL STREET, CHELTENHAM,

was born at Minchinhampton, near Stroud, on February 21, 1811, so that he is now in his 96th year. He well remembers the old coaching days of our Garden Town, when the coach "Berkeley Hunt" used to start from the Plough Hotel and the "Iron Dell" and "Paul Pry" from the Royal for London. He also remembers the opening of the various railway stations. During his younger days he served his apprenticeship as a carpenter, and worked at this trade until he was over 80 years old. His grandfather and father were also carpenters. The house in which he lives at present is his own property. His wife has been dead some years. He has lived in five reigns. His sight is wonderful, for he can see to read without the aid of glasses. His hearing is very good, and his health splendid. He never remembers having any serious illness. He has had 26 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. There are double four-generations living, and all are males. He attributes his long life and good health to a steady and sober life.

At Wiveliscombe, Somerset, a fox, having been disturbed by the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, picked up a fat duck as he passed by Bulland Lodge, the residence of Mr. A. Capel, J.P., and carried it for some distance before the yells of the spectators caused him to drop it.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
 FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
 GO TO
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
 LAUREL HOUSE
 (Near Free Library),
CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.



REST OF THE LEAGUE.



CHARLTON KINGS.

FASHIONS FROM ART.

It seldom falls to an artist to create an entirely new type, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal," though minor details of costume and hairdressing are suggested by pictures. A British artist who has had in his time an influence on woman's clothes is Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. His constant use of Empire fashions in his pictures led to a revival of this semi-classical style, which has not entirely died out even yet. The Gainsborough hat, too, we get, of course, direct from Gainsborough's famous portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was so much before the public a few years ago.

Special to our Readers.

The greater number of the Photographs which appear in the "Chronicle & Graphic" are taken by our Artist, and copies of them can be obtained at any time upon application at the Offices in Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GL' SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 299.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE,
 THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45),
"THE SPAN OF LIFE."
 NEXT WEEK,
"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."
 TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

BRYANT & CO.,
 TAILORS.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
 RAINPROOF COATS,
 AND
 COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, *
 362 High Street, CHELTENHAM.

c459

A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
 WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
 MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
 419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
 Australian Wines in Flagons.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
 Price Lists on Application.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
 FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
 GO TO
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
 LAUREL HOUSE
 (Near Free Library).
CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.



REV. J. A. THOMAS, M.A.,
 INSTITUTED AND INDUCTED RECTOR OF WESTCOTE
 SEPTEMBER 14. FORMERLY PRIEST-IN-CHARGE OF
 THE NDABENI MISSION, CAPETOWN, AND CURATE OF
 MINCHINHAMPTON.

THE EVILS OF ALCOHOL.

Some amusing mistakes made in an essay competition on alcohol in Hull are credited to the young essayists in a souvenir which has been lately published. Here are a few of the blunders: "Alcohol is a mocker; at last it biteth like a servant and stingeth like a hatter." "To-day many people are in gaol for committing suicide while under the influence of drink." "A teotaller is strong and has a better chance to get on in life, whilst a drunkard is weak and fat, and stands at street corners all his life." "Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst." "It causes liver complaint and consumption, and cities and nations are much more fatal. Shortened lives have been increased." "It ruins many of their families and diseases on the stomach, liver, and consumption." "Alcohol is a dreadful poison which is the root of evilness."

HOW LARGE IS CANADA?

Canada is larger than the United States by 250,000 square miles.
 Canada contains one-third of the area of the British Empire.
 Canada extends over twenty degrees of latitude—from Rome to the North Pole.
 Canada is as large as thirty United Kingdoms.
 Canada is as large as eighteen Germanys, twenty Spains, thirty-three Italys.
 Canada is larger than Australia and twice the size of British India.
 Canada has a boundary line of 3,000 miles between it and the United States.
 Canada's sea coast equals half the earth's circumference.
 Canada is 3,500 miles wide, and 1,400 miles from south to north.—"Presbyterian Witness."



"CAVING."

[BY FRANCIS E. HILEY.]

*

The casual visitor to the caves at Cheddar is apt to thing them extraordinary, something apart, and wonderful and beautiful they are; but only as all nature's work is such, not freakish, but an example of her regular methods of pulling down again the proud hills she has piled.

Wherever limestone hills exist, such caves may be found—not here and there merely, but piercing them through in every part. Numbers there must be whose existence is unsuspected, and many are known to exist where they cannot be reached; but many also have been opened up and explored of which few can be seen by the tourist.

Observation and a little geological knowledge will sometimes put one on the track of a discovery, and the hunting out and exploring of fresh caves is a pastime almost as "sporting" as mountain climbing.

On "on Mendip," as the local phrase runs, are to be found certain hollows in the ground of varying character. Sometimes they are basin-like depressions, evenly covered with the close hill turf, at others like overgrown quarries, or small valleys like the head of a glen, extending for a quarter of a mile or so, and then ending abruptly at the foot of a little cliff barrier. These are the swallow-holes or swallets, natural pools one would say, but that they are always dry, with the exception of a little stream which flows through those of a glen-like character, and disappears at the foot of the rock.

At the base of the hills are certain places where streams issue from the ground, or from the mouth of a cave. The most widely known of these—in the Mendip district—is at Wookey Hole, where a river of quite considerable size comes to the light at the mouth of the famous cavern.

As is fairly evident, the water supply of these streams is fed at the swallets, and at either end of these subterranean water courses entrance may often be found or made to caves, which become larger and more interesting in proportion as one approaches the lower opening.

At Wookey Hole the cave is impressively great, a series of stately halls, sometimes extending to a height of seventy feet, and having most of the floor covered by a silently moving stream, in places as much as twenty feet deep. This cave has been well known since the fourteenth century, but even here there is much exploring to be done, and seemingly endless passages exist which are not shown to the visitor. A fresh series of chambers there were quite recently opened up by burrowing through the sand which filled and concealed the entrance. On getting clear inside, a short climb leads to a series of most beautiful little stalactite chambers, equal in their way to anything in the Mendips. So close are the stalactites that it is almost impossible to move without danger of breaking them, and each member of the party passes through to a chorus of warning cries from the rest, whenever his shoulders or elbows or head get too close to anything precious.

Besides an interest in geology, a good "caver" requires a fund of patience and perseverance, a steady head, and a good deal of staying power—at least in the larger and more difficult caves—for the climbing is of a sort to try every muscle one has. Special clothes are needed, of course; an overall suit of dungaree is a good thing, as ordinary cloth soon gets torn to pieces.

One cave in particular I remember—perhaps more remarkable for its beauty than its difficulty. We had marked down the swallet for exploration some time before, and two of our party had spent some while digging and moving stones to make an entrance, so when we arrived—equipped with a coil of line and a small pick, and each with a satchel containing candles and sandwiches—we were able to squeeze down at once into a small chamber some four feet high, into which a little daylight filtered.

The way onward was through a tunnel, or rather a burrow, about twenty feet long and not more than twenty inches in average diameter, which, to make it worse, had three sharp turns, and

finally opened out on to the face of a rock wall some fifteen feet high.

It was hard work, this preliminary scramble, the tunnel being in one place so small that we could not get through with our hands at our sides or bend our knees to get a purchase, but had to wriggle, panting and puffing, giving little shoves with our toes and catching hold with our shoulder-blades, and seeing nothing but the glare of the candle ahead and the black burrow beyond. Strictly speaking, such a place should be entered feet first, to ensure the possibility of getting back in case of need; but we were new to the sport, and inclined to be reckless.

Our traps had to be handed through—not without difficulty—and in something over half an hour we dropped down the crevice at the end, and were standing on our feet again.

Then followed an easy spell down a winding water-course about four feet high. It was summer time, and only a tiny stream trickled between the stones of the floors—winter floods would make the passage impossible.

But the character of a cave is continually changing as one goes through it. In one place the passage spread out to considerable width, and became so low that we had to crawl and roll along; in another it became a high crevasse, with a deep silent stream at the bottom, and with walls so close that we could scarcely squeeze through, stepping along on tiny projections or scrambling up and down with our backs against one side and knees against the other, searching for the easiest way.

In such a place as this a sharp turn brought us to another sudden change. This time it was a series of "pot-holes"—most interesting and beautiful—four or five circular basins, each some five feet across and each about four feet below the preceding one. Over the lip of each the water plashed into the next, as in the fountains at Versailles.

When the winter floods are roaring down they bring stones and sand and whirl and roll them about in these holes, grinding them thunderously into these almost artificially regular basins—a different scene from what we saw, of clear sparkling wells, reflecting our faces as we looked down, and the flicker of our candles on the stalactite-hung roof. For the walls and roof were rich with red iron-stained crystal, which with slow growth was gradually closing down the opening from above, while the stream wore it away below. Over the last pool the stalactites had the best of it, and left but a small opening, something less than two feet of way above some eighteen inches of water.

A black hole, leading no one knows where, just large enough to crawl crouching through, with cold dark water clinging about the knees, has more effect on the nerves in the mystery of a cave than seems reasonable in broad daylight, and it is to his credit that one man volunteered to take off his boots and wade through and explore. The tunnel was about ten feet long, and after some adventures he managed to get through and break away the edge of the pool with the pick. This lowered the water to a few inches, so we followed fairly comfortably, but it was always a difficult place to pass without a drenching. On the other side the cave was open and high and easy to follow for some distance.

Continuing, we found that a tributary stream joined the one we had been following, and, exploring up this, we found the most splendid series of chambers I have ever seen. The steep passage of the stream seemed all a mass of glittering snow-white crystal. The big boulders down the floor were united and rounded over in what can only be called a cataract of white stalagmite.

In every corner and hollow were pools fringed and lined with the finest lace-work, shrines with little pillars and arches, inverted in the little fonts they held. All the walls were hung with groups and curtains and festoons of white stalactites—one could not step without danger of crushing something beautiful—it seemed a desecration to enter. But we climbed up slowly and very carefully to a chamber at the top. Fortunately I had brought pencil and paper, and although the sketch I did can only faintly suggest the beauty of the place, it is better than a description.

I sat on a damp rock with a candle at my elbow to light my work and a group of them further away to light the cave. The others had gone to explore a difficult passage, and there were perhaps a hundred feet of rock between us. Now and then the echo of a big stone they had dislodged would come faintly rumbling through to me, infinitely

vague and far away, the only link between me and my kind.

One other sound was there—and always is in the caves—the ceaseless drip, drip of water. Some of the drops heard distinctly, some scarcely audible, but falling incessantly to rock, water, or mud, make a fascinating musical confusion of sound. Behind me is a deep tick, tick, marking seconds with the regularity of a grandfather's clock; at my side a dull thud at greater intervals tells of a longer fall into a mud bank. Other sounds come with varying intervals, like distant hammering on metal, while here again it is faintly like the sound of a watch under one's pillow at night.

The sounds are not detected without attention, and especially if one has a companion; but sit for an hour with no other sound in the world, and it becomes a very devil's smithy, with gnomes hammering, chipping, building, tirelessly constructing these fairy-like temples. Sometimes a distinct musical phrase is borne to the ear, as if carelessly strummed by the army of workers. It gives one a start; what do they know of Dolly Gray?

But they have other work to do. The drops that splash down on that pillar are carrying on the work of building, bequeathed to them by others that have done their work and gone. Each drop as it falls deposits an imperceptible grain of lime, which it has carried down from rocks above, to add a tiny crystal to the work. Very slowly—so slowly that a man's lifetime will show but a tiny difference—the work has been done.

In this underground world it is but as yesterday when Alfred hunted the red door overhead—a little more has been done since then, but not much. Long centuries before that, when the ancient Briton chased the bison and hyena with flint-headed arrows (which may still be found in the fields), the little builders were at work, and since that time a foot or two has been added to what was already a fine stalagmite.

Through a tiny opening drop after drop of water finds its way from the fields above. If the rocks had shifted a few inches the drops would no longer have fallen on the rising column, and its growth would have ceased; but from the day when, in unknown ages, a drop found this cleft and fell trembling through ten feet of darkness to mark the spot where a stalagmite should stand, until now, drop by drop has followed down the same passage to fall blindly and build up this stately column of glittering crystal, which never flashed back the light until we entered the other day with our halfpenny dips; and ages hence, when England is a name, and Macaulay's New Zealander stands on the grass overhead, the water will still be dripping, dripping—a few more inches will be added to the work, and that is all.

The serious caver looks on these things as almost sacred, and hesitates before he breaks one, even when no passage can be found except by doing so. A sharp tap of the hammer, and in a moment the column lies in fragments, and without a pause the drops begin again to rebuild on the broken stump the work of a thousand centuries.

Beyond the point where the two streams join I have not been yet. The passage goes in a series of long drops, some sixty feet or more in height, and a special expedition will be necessary, with a good supply of ropes and provisions. But even five or six hours provides good exercise, and we are fairly quiet as we follow back along the line which we tied at the entrance—squeezing through the tunnel, climbing, crawling, then the nasty burrow at the end. Presently a glint of greenish light, so different from our candles—the leader shouts "Daylight!" and each man smiles to himself, for after all it is a pleasure to be out again and stretch our arms and fill our lungs and laugh at our draggled appearance. Then the ride home in the summer evening, the wash and feed, and the long talk over it all as we sit on the lawn, and our pipes glow under the stars. These things take no mean rank among the joys of sport.

A laburnum tree is in full bloom in a garden at Laleham, Middlesex.

*

A club for domestic servants is the latest institution to be established at Tunbridge Wells. It is situated in one of the best residential quarters of the town, and has proved a great success.



NORTHLEACH & COTSWOLD v. HARRY WRATHALL'S XI.
PLAYED AT NORTHLEACH ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1906.



Back row:—Colour-Sergt. Markey, Sergt. Austin, Bugler Burton, Pvt. Turk, Pvt. Wilkins, Corpl. Davis.

Front row: Sergt.-Inst. Moloney, Corpl. Swinford, Pvt. Herbert, Pvt. Muller, Corpl. Lockston.

MEMBERS OF THE THIRTEENTH GLOUCESTERSHIRE ODDFELLOWS' RIFLE CORPS,

who competed with the 10th Gloucestershire Rifle Corps for the Schreiber Vase and Penny Readings Cup, 28th September, 1865. The Schreiber Vase was won by Pvt. Herbert, who made the highest individual score. The Penny Readings Cup was won by the 13th Company, who made the highest aggregate score.

Only four of the group are now living.—Messrs. Herbert, Loxton, Turk, and Austin. We are indebted to the first named (Pvt. Herbert as he then was, Mr. William Herbert, of 9 Prince's-terrace Tivoli, as he now is) for the loan of the photograph. Mr. Herbert served for many years in the Volunteers. He in 1860 joined the 7th Rifles (known locally as "The Fighting Seventh," which was the first company formed in Cheltenham), then the 13th Rifles, and was finally in the Engineers, when Col. Washbourn was commandant.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *
Cheltenham has been well favoured with visits by the Bishop of Gloucester during the short term that his episcopacy has run. At least on a score of occasions his lordship has been among us either preaching, presiding at meetings, laying the foundation stones of a school or opening an enlarged playground or parishes room, or holding confirmations. As the largest town (not city) in the diocese, Cheltenham has certainly rightly obtained the lion's share of the Bishop's engagements, and I believe she has appreciated his frequent presence. And it is very interesting to note that on the only two occasions on which the Bishop has taken the marriage service the bridegrooms were clergymen, and that one of these happy events came off in Cheltenham. In May last at Twigworth Church Dr. Gibson married a daughter of his cousin (Mr. Reginald Sumner) to the Rev. W. Lionel Ford, while at St. Luke's Church, quite recently, he joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony the Rev. E. Godfrey Burr and Miss Mabel Charlotte Cox. But neither of these clergymen happened to have his lordship as diocesan, so we must wait to see who, if anyone, is the first among his clergy to have the special honour of being married by the Bishop.

* * *
The bells of Hereford Cathedral failed to ring out a welcome on the occasion of the recent Three Choirs Festival, owing, it is stated, to some disagreement among the ringers. I know by experience that harmony does not always reign supreme among bellringers, and I read that owing to misunderstanding between the members of the ringing guild, a set of lady ringers has been formed at Hatherleigh, North Devon. The vicar's wife and a number of other ladies are practising with great assiduity, and, it may be, they will become "dons" at "grandsires," "bobs," and "majors." One of the reasons advanced in favour of non-professional bell-ringing is that it varies the monotonous of country life.

* * *
I daresay that very few people are aware, when they sing or hear of the soothing hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," of the fact that its author, the late Bishop Bickersteth, was for a very short time the Dean of Gloucester. The remarkable circumstances under which he wrote the hymn have recently been narrated by his son, the vicar of Leeds, as successor of Dr. Gibson. The Bishop was staying at Harrigate, and attended service at Christ Church, where the late Canon Gibbon took for his text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." After the service Dr. Bickersteth walked out on to the Stray, and, sitting on a seat, wrote the hymn on a scrap of paper. The same afternoon he took it to read to a sick friend. It will live as long as hymns are sung at funerals.

* * *
The rector of Waverton, near Chester, tells of an interesting incident recently. While at his church the hymn was sung in which occur the lines:—

"Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altar, O most High!"
there could be heard the beautiful notes of a robin, resting at the top of the church window in full sight of all. I can supplement this by stating that on Trinity Sunday, 1904, when in Chosen Church I saw a swift flying from pillar to post and around the pipes of the organ, and just as the vicar came to that part in the lesson referring to "every winged fowl of its kind" the bird noisily fluttered against the western window through which the setting sun was streaming. And while on coincidences in church, I may mention that last Sunday night Canon Bazeley was preaching in Barnwood Church at the harvest festival, and as the gas was being turned down, as usual, he read out from his manuscript, "It was dark on earth."

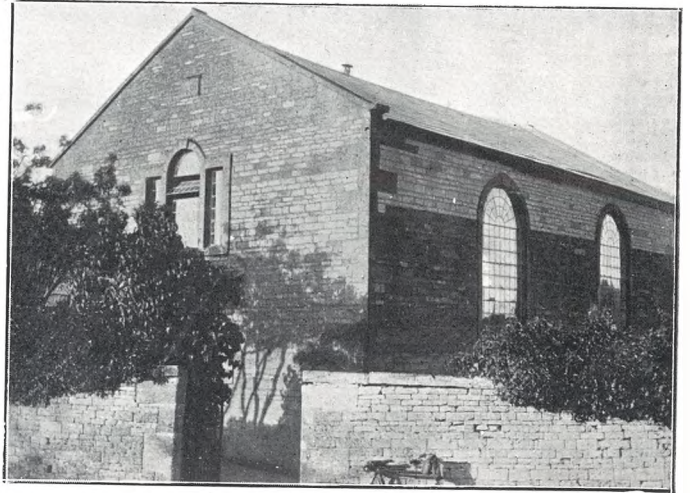
* * *
The death of that estimable country squire, Mr. W. O. Maclaime, of Kyneton House, Thornbury, in his 89th year, reminds me of the tragic event in the history of his family, which was of national importance. It was the assassination, on September 1st, 1880, of his eldest son and heir, Lieut. Hector Maclaime, of the Royal Artillery, by the Afghans, when he was a prisoner, after the relief of Candahar by General (now Earl) Roberts. A memorial window to the ill-fated young officer was placed in Thornbury Church.
GLEANER.

GUITING BAPTIST CHAPEL REOPENING.

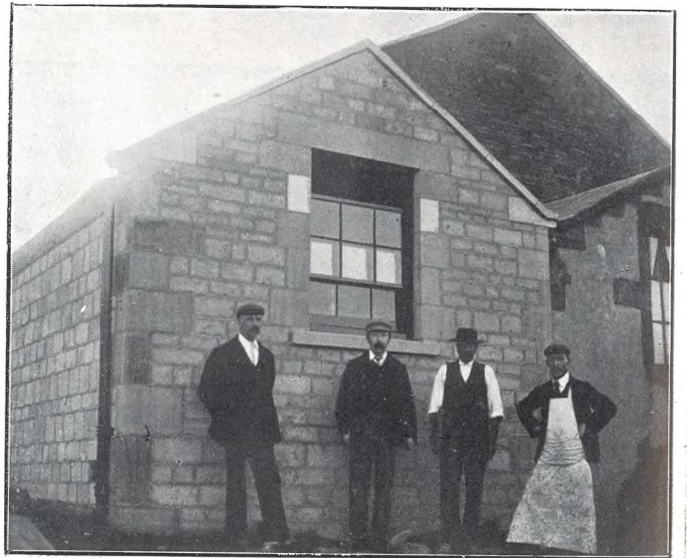
A GOODMAN MEMORIAL.



THE PRESENT PASTOR (REV. H. F. CHIPPERFIELD)



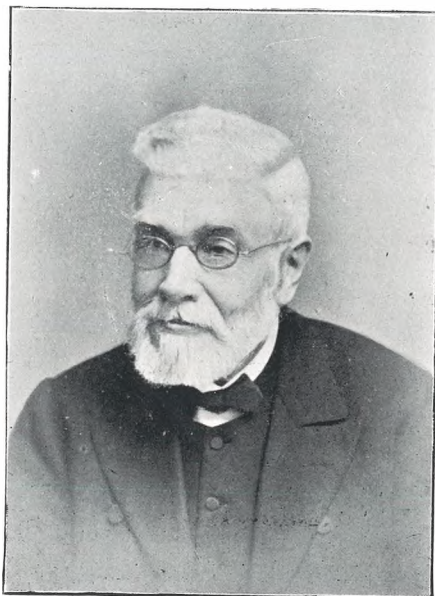
GUITING BAPTIST CHAPEL.



THE NEW SCHOOLROOM.



MR. ALLAN BRADLEY (of Keighley),
who has taken a leading part in the memorial
movement.



THE LATE PASTOR
(REV. W. E. GOODMAN).

CALL ME A CAB."

W. S. Gilbert was standing in the portico of a theatre where one of his plays was being played, when a visitor coming out mistook the author for an attendant, and said rather peremptorily, "Call me a cab!" Looking at him steadily for a moment to make sure that he had not encountered a brother humorist, the author, in the tone of one always ready to oblige, laconically responded, "Very well, you *are* a cab!"—"P.T.O."

* *

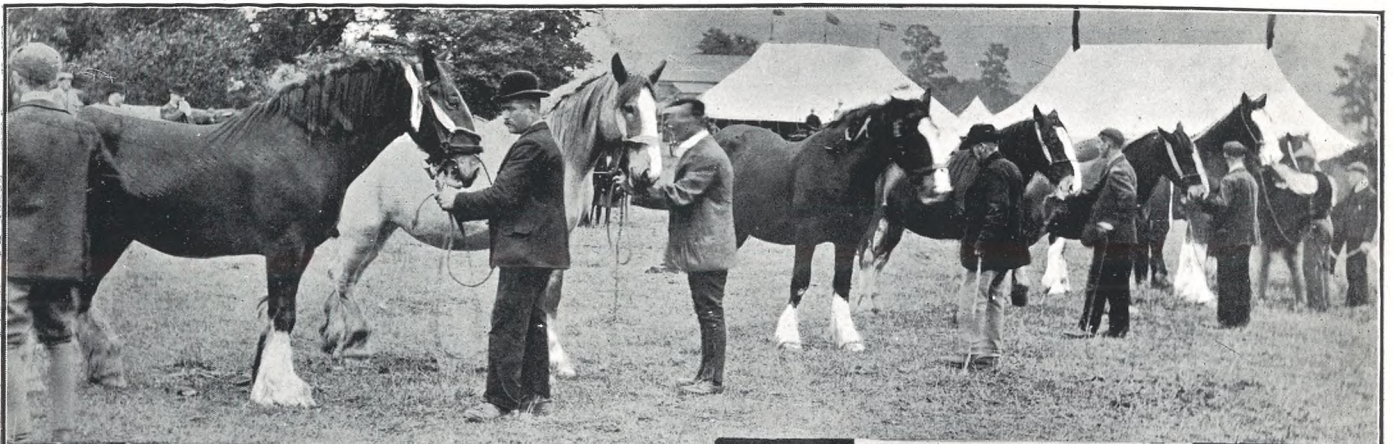
HAY HUNG OUT TO DRY.

*

One of the most peculiar harvest scenes in the world is to be witnessed in some parts of Norway. Those are districts in which the rainfall is excessive, a common "boast" of the country folk there being "We are sure to have one dry day in a year."

When the hay is cut, to leave it upon the ground to dry would, instead, mean that it would rot and be rendered valueless, says "Cassell's Saturday Journal."

Therefore, long fences are built in rows reaching right across wide fields, and to these the grass is brought in carts. In the day-time the hay is tossed about on the ground; but towards evening it is carefully hung upon the fences to dry. In very damp weather it remains all day on the fences. The peasants say "our women and men do the same work, only while the women hang out clothes, the men hang out hay," to dry.



AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WINCHCOMBE,

SEPTEMBER 19, 1906.

- 1 Judging cart-horses in ring. A magnificent class of two-year-old geldings and fillies.
- 2 Mrs. Tom Taylor, of Northleach, in show turnout.
- 3 Mr. H. W. Stephens, secretary and treasurer (on right), and his brother, Mr. J. H. Stephens, assistant secretary (on left).
- 4 Group of some of Committee.
- 5 Rev. W. D. Stanton.



OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

*

JAIN'S TEMPLE, MANIKTALA, 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, that he gets the "Chronicle and Graphic" every week, and that he will be glad to see reproduced therein the pictures that he promises to send from time to time.

POETRY.

*

IN THE HOSPITAL.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

—M. W. HOWLAND, in "T.P.'s Weekly."

TEN SOUND RULES.

*

First: Rise early, retire early, and fill your day with work.

Second: Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health; and do not worry.

Third: Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

Fourth: Cleanliness prevents rust; the best-cared-for machines last the longest.

Fifth: Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

Sixth: To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements, and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.

Seventh: A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.

Eighth: The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusement; but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice.

Ninth: Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.

Tenth: Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn your bread by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thought.

WHAT BALSAC SAYS ABOUT WOMEN.

*

In the following we have a few observations, mostly uncomplimentary, on the subject of women, by Balsac, the great French novelist:—
Women have the art of upsetting with a straw the balance of the world.

It is a woman's instinct to be a tyrant when she is not a slave.

Women never care for men who tu'or them—their petty vanities are too much tried.

It is natural for women to like despotism—a system of government which does away with books and nasty politics, and surrenders men absolutely to women.

When they are not in love, women are as cool-headed as any old lawyer.

There are women who do for the soul what the climate of Nice or of Naples does for the lungs.

The device of knighthood is also that of wisdom: Serve all and love but one.

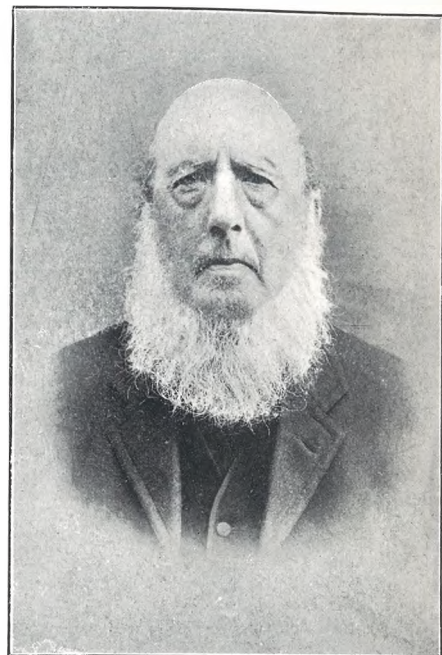
A woman's greatest charm lies in a continual appeal to the generosity of man, a graceful confession of weakness which makes her a tender being, and awakens the noblest emotions in him.

The rarest quality in a woman is a particular sort of light-heartedness which does not impair tender feelings.

Woman's destiny, and her only pride, is to make a man's heart beat faster; but man can never answer for it that the phenomenon will be durable.



Free Church Council Active Service League,
founded by Dr. Horton in September, 1905.



MR. AARON HANCOCK,
FORMERLY A GLOUCESTER ENGRAVER
AND AMATEUR MUSICIAN.
Died September 17, 1906, aged 85 years.



Photos by E. M. Bailey, Cheltenham.

Free Church Council Active Service League,
Motor-Car and Cycle Section,
which has visited the Villages during the Summer of 1906.

ROSE CUTTINGS.

The best plan of striking rose cuttings, so far as the beginner is concerned, is as follows:— Early in September select a piece of ground in a sheltered part of the garden, dig it deeply, mixing plenty of sand and burnt garden refuse. The cuttings should be taken from those shoots which produce the first or summer flowers; 5in. to 6in. is a suitable length. Take them with a "heel"—that is, with a piece of the old wood attached—if possible, as then they root more readily. Smooth over the heel with a sharp knife, and if there is no heel cut across under a bud. Remove all foliage except the upper leaf-stalk, but do not cut away any buds. Choose the cuttings from hard, well-ripened growths of moderate vigour. When all the cuttings are ready, prepare for planting. Take out a trench of the prepared bed 1ft. wide and the depth of a spade, making, as it were, a perpendicular wall of soil at the bottom of the trench upon which to place the ends of the cuttings.—"The Garden."

* *

SLIGHTLY MISUNDERSTOOD.

*

The worst of the sportive style in news-writing is that it sometimes leads to misunderstanding. The London correspondent of a Manchester paper sent the other day a humorous account of the renewing of the hands of the great clock of Parliament. It ran thus:

"A well-known character, who has lived in Westminster all his life, and is familiarly known to many Londoners as 'Ben,' underwent a serious operation this morning.

"As Westminster Hospital was too full to allow of him having a bed, the operation was carried out by two doctors in the open air, and in the presence of a large crowd.

"Both of Ben's hands were taken off—successfully and rapidly. A new pair will be provided for him."

This seemed a curious, but by no means an amusing piece of intelligence to the Manchester staff of the paper. They put it in a prominent position among the day's painful occurrences, next to a paragraph headed "Maniac Kills Seven," and gave it the following double headline:

OPERATION IN THE OPEN AIR.

BIG LONDON CROWD WATCHED MAN'S HANDS TAKEN OFF.

Which proves that it is, even in these frivolous times, still possible to be too funny.

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 199th prize has been divided between Mr. Frank H. Keveren, Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, and Miss Annie Mabson, of 2 Queen's View, Swindon-road, Cheltenham, for reports of sermons respectively by Rev. C. E. Stone at the Town-hall and Rev. P. Cave-Moyle at St. Paul's.

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

For Printing of every description * * *
Try the "Echo" Electric Press.

1
—
3

**We spend about ONE THIRD
—of our time IN BED!—**

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd.**, 173 High Street, Cheltenham, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.

LOST TREASURE QUESTS.

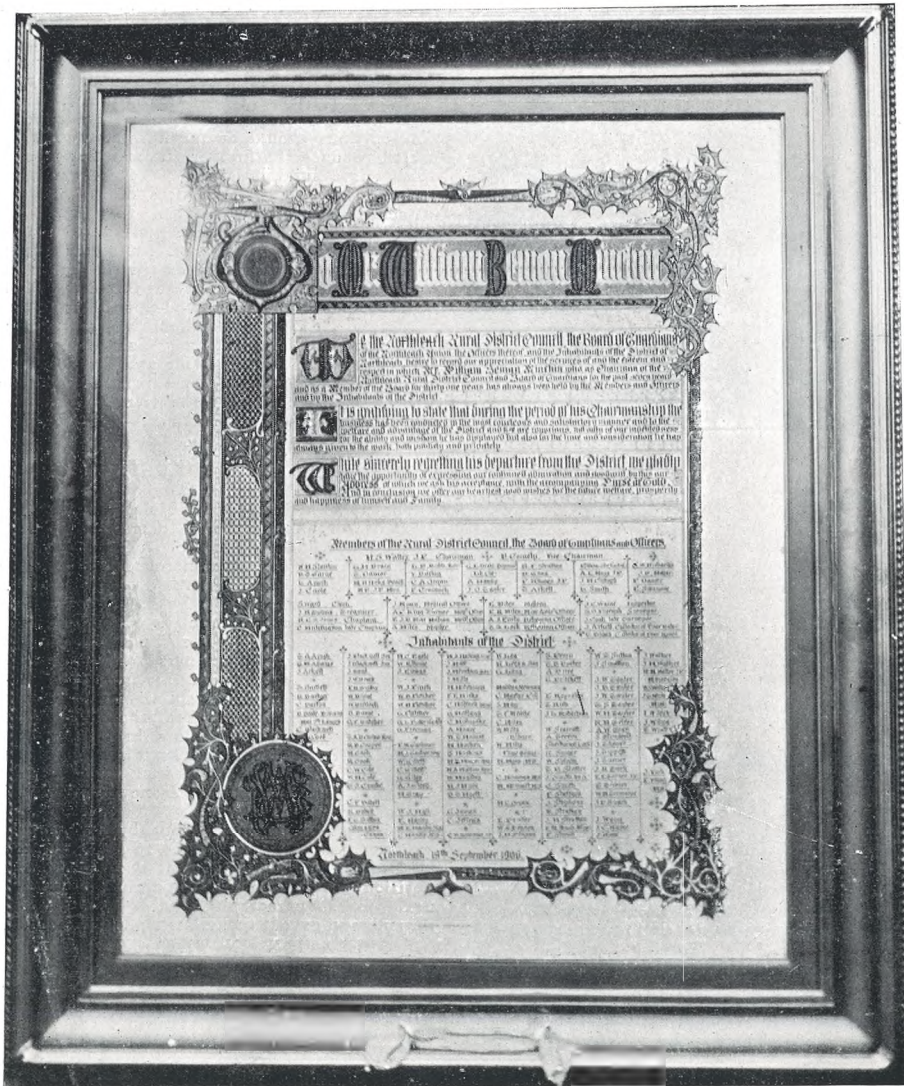


MR. W. B. MINCHIN

*who on Sept. 19, 1906,
at Northleach, was
presented with an illu-
minated address and
purse of gold on leaving
the district.*

Just a century and a quarter has elapsed since an old East Indiaman, named the Grosvenor, which is believed to have been a treasure ship, went ashore on the South African coast. She sailed from Karachi on her homeward voyage in the summer of 1782, and is supposed to have been wrecked off the coast of Pondoland, about thirty miles north of St. John's River Gates. Of 150 souls on board (writes "Colonist" in "The Field"), fifteen were drowned when the vessel foundered. The remainder attempted to reach Cape Town by land; one succeeded. A few years ago hundreds of coins were found in the supposed vicinity of the wreck, some of gold, thought to be Persian. In August, 1905, a Rand syndicate determined on a search of exploration. After ten months' perseverance in adverse circumstances the wreck has actually been located. It lies about 400ft. from the shore, securely embedded under 10ft. of drift-sand in a sort of crevice or gully. Fifteen guns found close by the crevice show the Grosvenor to have been well armed. Pig-iron ballast in considerable quantity around seems conclusive proof that her cargo was of more value than bulk. A dredger will have to be used before the accumulated depth of sand can be removed to permit of further investigations. As the foundering is assumed to have been due to damage amidships, the wreck did not break up, therefore hopes run high that her stern, pillowed in the sand, may yet hold intact the strong-room in which the gems and specie she probably carried have withstood the ebb and flow of thousands of tides. But a few weeks more, and the quest may be ended. How? Quien sabe?

The missing millions of the Transvaal Republic afford a perennial source of adventure for certain credulous enthusiasts. The Dorothea, supposed to carry Mr. Kruger's hoards, and wrecked off the Zululand coast, has been sought for with dire results, ending only in shipwreck, death, and loss of capital. In this case also a syndicate was formed to fit out an expedition, but the members so far have seen no return for their £1 shares. Yet other millions, eleven or thereabouts, are said to be buried in the open veldt of the Pietersburg district. This sum, taken from the exchequer of the Republic, is a source of unrest to many. The burial spot is known to but a favoured few. Government offers the finders all but a fourth share, and some reckless wanderers set off within the past month to try their luck. The previous expedition ended in murder, and subsequent execution of the bloodthirsty gold-seeker.



A Suggestion.

If you are requiring . . .

PRINTING

of any Description

TRY THE

"Echo" Electric Press

Telephone 209.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.
MODERN DESIGNS.
PRICES MODERATE.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GL' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
 AND
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 300.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.30) and EVENING (7.45).

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

NEXT WEEK,

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

BRYANT & CO.,
TAILORS.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,
 RAINPROOF COATS,
 AND
 COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

1 Colonnade, CHELTENHAM.
 362 High Street, 4489

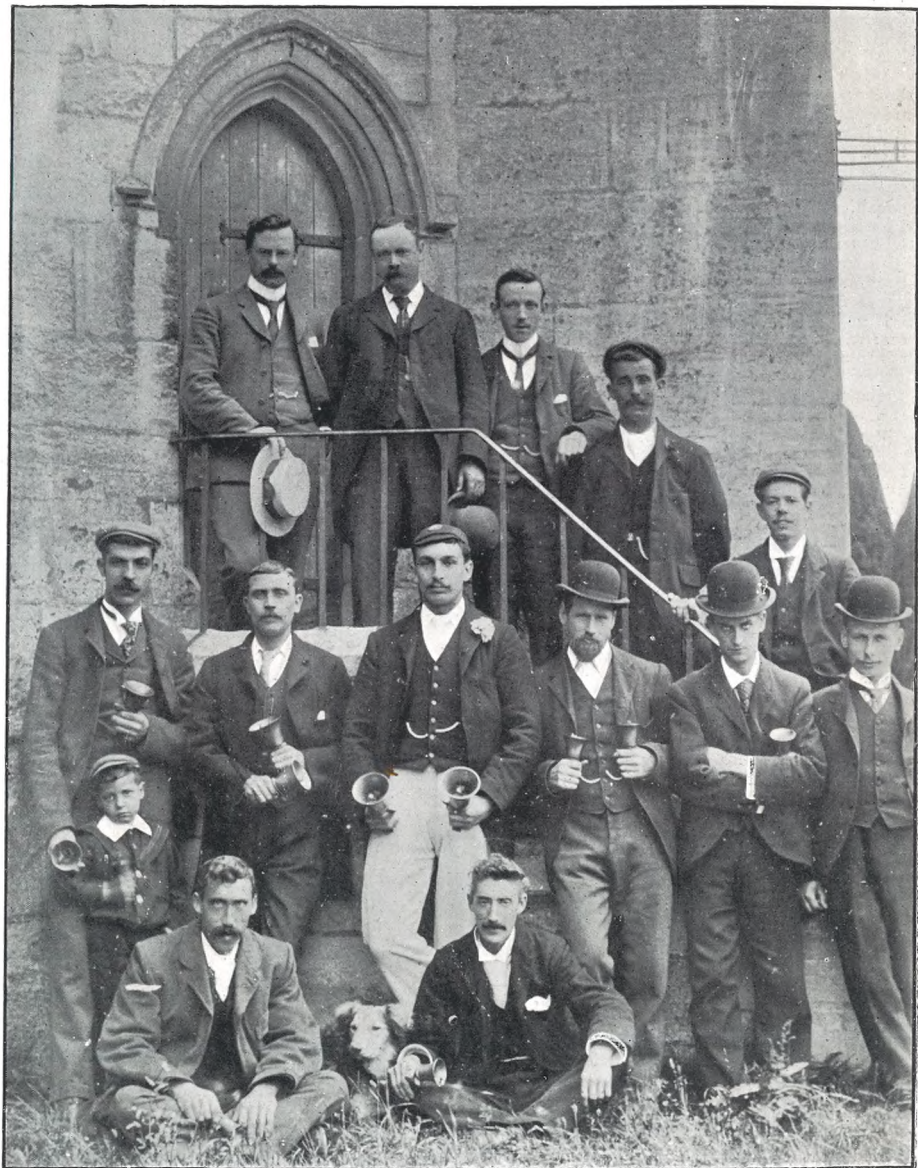
A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,
 WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and
 MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,
 419-420 HIGH ST., CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.
 Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.
 Australian Wines in Flagons.
 "Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.
Price Lists on Application.

Established 1891. Telephone 32x1 Cheltenham.

FOR
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
 FILLINGS, EXTRACTIONS, &c.,
 GO TO
MR. SUTTON GARDNER,
LAUREL HOUSE
 (Near Free Library),
CHELTENHAM.

HOURS 9 A.M. TILL 8 P.M. DAILY.



"PAINSWICK YOUTHS."

(MR. W. HALE, MANY YEARS LEADER OF THE RINGERS, ON LEFT).

With a circumference of 5ft., a vegetable marrow, weighing nearly 84lb., has been cut from the garden of Mr. T. Reed, of Whaplode, near Spalding.

For the reason that political debates tend to cause bad feeling between the members, the Tonbridge Y.M.C.A. has resolved not to hold any such discussions this winter.



"DOLPH."

BY JEAN COURTENAY.

* *

He was a big, loose-limbed, silent fellow. Everyone, in fact, agreed in thinking him a fool. His mother knew better, but, then, she died without convincing anyone. And Dolph himself quite agreed with everyone. If he knew his mother's difference of opinion, he put it down to the simple, but incontrovertible fact that she was his mother. Not that he would have implied by this that of necessity she shared his foolishness, such a thought would have staggered him—being a simple-minded fellow who thought his mother perfection—but rather that, sharing the sweet short-sightedness of most mothers she beheld in her homely goose, a swan.

"A stammering fool," some of the unkind ones called him, for he had a curious hesitation, a sudden indrawing of his breath where the next word should have followed. His mother loved him the more for it, but then, who can comprehend the depth and height of mother-love?

When he came into the low-ceiled, dainty room, bringing in with him a great fresh whiff of ozone, treading gently in case she were dozing and stooping his head to avoid hitting the doorway, she loved to hear his deep mellow voice saying:—

"I haven't kept you waiting, dear, have I?"

And then he would kneel by the side of her couch, and kiss her softly many times, and she would bury her frail hands in his tangled yellow hair, and smile at the boy-baby she could still see in his dreamy blue eyes, whose advent had been hastened by the death of his father, and had left her a life-long invalid.

She loved, too, to feel his strength when he carried her so easily from one room to the other every night and morning. He was so tenderly protective, so deliciously careful. Her last thought before sleeping, her first on waking, was a wondering thankfulness to God for this dear son.

But she left him; and when Dolph saw the radiance sweep across her face, and caught her whispered "Harry! Husband!" he would not have held her back even if he could. He laid the still form down on the pillows, and covered his face, for to him it seemed that a soft touch fell like a benediction on his forehead, and surely the air was fanned by wings.

"Father! Mother!" he said beneath his breath, and a reflection of that radiance seemed to bathe him in a warm wave of comfort.

Then it faded, the room grew dark, and he knew himself motherless.

* * * * *

That was three years ago.

Dolph had grown accustomed meanwhile to the empty room, and no longer found himself hastening his steps to bring his latest discovery to that low couch. But the void was none the less felt. He tried to keep everything just as she liked it. He gave his earnest attention to most uninteresting details connected with his estate, and tried to grasp their importance, though in his own mind he thought them useless interruptions. He even kept up a certain amount of social intercourse with his neighbours, because she had always grieved over his loneliness.

Loneliness! Dolph did not know the meaning of the word. In the house, pent by its thick stone walls, with the memories of that dear past crowding every room and corner, he was indeed lonely. But once out under the wide, wind-swept sky, guiding his little craft over his best of friends, the sea; or lying face downward on the edge of the cliffs, with the salt breath stirring his uncovered hair, and the sweet, pungent odour of the moorland, and her children, the purple-belled heather and sweet wild thyme, steeping his senses in delicious content, while he watched the constant changes that flitted across the face of the ocean, basking far beneath him, there was no room for loneliness!

Every bird and beast was his comrade, for he loved them all. They found no want in him because he was not a lover of book-lore; were they not fellow-scholars in the school of old

Mother Nature, that wisest of teachers? They did not find him "extraordinary" or impossible because he refused to take any interest in Bridge and thought croquet a bore. And if they thought him a fool, they never let him see it.

Sometimes his great powerful figure, accompanied by his dogs, would be outlined against the sky as he crossed the further extremity of the links, and here and there a player would notice and say of him:—

"There goes that rum chap from Uplands. He's lost a tile, so they say."

And another—a girl this time—would ask:—

"Who's the lonely giant with the head like a viking?"

"Oh, only Dolph Svendsen. I believe his father was a Norwegian. Bit of a crank; lives like a hermit. You'll want your 'driver' here."

"He looks—interesting," said the girl, with a lingering look at the lonely figure.

"Well, it's more than he is at close quarters, I can assure you. We must introduce him to you. Perhaps you may be able to draw him out."

* * * * *

And so it came to pass that the sea lost its supremacy, and the earth and her dumb children became poor company, for Dolph found his ideal woman!

It came upon him with such startling suddenness, too.

He had always fancied his mother was his woman of women—his bit of perfection. But now? Helen Carlyon was not in the least like his mother, and he never asked himself if she was perfect or not. It was such waste of time when his heart told him she was that other half he had always missed, and he wanted her!

Someone had introduced him to her at one of the houses he still visited. He had hardly listened to her name; it did not interest him, but the next moment he was looking into a pair of brown eyes—eyes that held hidden gold in their clear depths, and they smiled at him, as did also a mouth of perfect curves, with the frank camaraderie of a child.

The smile woke his slumbering heart. A riotous, surging clangour, like marriage bells rung by love-intoxicated cupids, smote his manhood into being.

And she was thinking "My viking has nice eyes, but not a word to say for himself!"

He was never a man of words, and now he was doubly tongue-tied, for his heart was clamouring to utter words that must not escape him.

But he could not keep away from her. All time was a blank except that spent with her.

* * * * *

A few days later her verdict was:—

"An awfully dear fellow, but full of weird notions and imaginings."

That was after he had broken through the habit of silence, and tried to put his dreams by sea and land into faltering speech, for her dear ears alone. Never even to his mother had he revealed the delicate fancies and mystical visions that came to him while sailing on the sea, or tramping over his fields and moorlands. And now the joy and difficulty of telling this wonderful Helen went hand in hand.

"You have the heart of a poet!" she said in amazement.

"But my tongue is not the 'pen of a ready writer,'" he replied wistfully.

"You make me see it all with your eyes," said Helen, looking at him with increased interest.

"My eyes see only you!"

"Then they have made but a poor exchange for their former visions," she said, amazed to find herself blushing.

"They still see visions, but you are in all of them."

"Oh, leave me out of some of them, or you will get so tired of me!"

"I say—are you chaffing me?" he said earnestly. "Please don't, for I mean every word."

And then she blushed the second time in one afternoon.

* * * * *

At the end of a fortnight she said to herself:—

"He is deliciously different to any other man I ever met!" And then added with apparent irrelevance, "But it would never do—of course." They had become "Helen" and "Dolph" to each other then.

Her friends laughed at her evident conquest,

and asked whether he talked "beetroots or seaweed?"

And she laughed as lightly as they, and said:—

"Not much of either, and a great deal of both." Which they took to be a subtle joke, and laughed the more, for fear she should guess they had not seen the point.

But she began to realise that Dolph was teaching her the vocabulary of Mother Nature herself. He was creating for her a new heaven and a new earth, with their connecting link—the sea. Even root crops grew poetical under the spell of his fancy, and she leant to the belief that he could have conjured up beauty to clothe the most dismal figures, and could see—and make her see—in the commonplace kipper a mermaid in disguise.

He took her in his boat, and taught her to manage the tiller, and while she steered them hither and thither over the crisp, dancing waves he lay at her feet, and with the little catchings of breath (which she was beginning to love as his mother had) laid bare his great, simple, child-like heart, with all its wealth of poetic fancy, for her to read.

And she read it with a delight that increased with every page she turned, although the emaciated ghost of her former self stood at her elbow.

She was learning to know many things—herself among them.

* * * * *

Then came a day when his longing grew greater than he could bear, and he gave it utterance. And she listened with averted face to the same old story, which only varied in the telling. It was ridiculous to suppose that this simple giant could win where so many had lost.

Besides, there was Chichester? It was absurd to look upon Dolph as an obstacle to the excellent arrangement which existed between them, and which would be carried out—some day, she supposed.

"Helen! when God made you, He meant you for me; just as when He made me, He meant me for you! And now He has given us to each other!"

Dolph's voice pierced her hastily buckled armour, and his bold assertion, spoken without a trace of his usual hesitation, thrilled her curiously, while at the same time its audaciousness almost made her gasp.

"Then where does Chichester come in?" she said, the words escaping her unawares.

There was a sudden silence, till a lark sprang from his nest somewhere near them, and few heavenward with his hymn of praise.

"Who is—Chichester?"

The viking's eyes had darkened to violet, she knew, just as the sea did when a sudden cloud obscured the sun. The change in his voice made her wince.

"The man—I am going to marry—some day," she said with an attempt at flippancy that sounded out of tune.

"I don't believe it!"

"What must I do to convince you?"

"Helen" (His hands caught and held her with a grip that hurt, though she would not own it. Pain and pleasure are inseparably united sometimes. "Helen, I'm not a clever chap—you know that. I can't parry and thrust with words like these society friends of yours. Don't play with me! You have come into my life, and transformed it. To meet the future without you is a prospect worse than death. Tell me—who is Chichester?")

"Lord Chichester is my cousin," she said. "Our marriage was planned by our parents—we are merely carrying out their wishes."

"Marriages can't be arranged at second-hand, Helen! There are only two people concerned. Does he love you? Do you love him?"

She gave an unsteady laugh.

"My dear Dolph, we don't talk of Love with a capital letter nowadays! Chichester and I are the best of friends, and both far too up-to-date to go in for sentiment. By the way, don't you think we must be looking rather ridiculous standing out here in this melodramatic attitude? One can never locate golfers, you know!"

Dolph's hands dropped to his sides.

"So this last month—this glorious month—has been only an interlude in your engagement with Lord Chichester! Such a marriage was never made in heaven." The words fell slowly from his white lips. "Was it worth your while to lift me to heaven, only to cast me down, Helen?"

I suppose, like all the rest, you thought it was only Dolph, and so it didn't matter—" He moved away from her. "Good-bye, dear." The words came back to her as he strode off alone.

And stooping down with burning indignation she killed the gibing ghost of her old self, while her eyes were blinded with tears.

* * * * *

The low-ceiled room was still unlighted. Only a ray of moonlight showed a man's kneeling figure beside the old couch. His face was buried in the cushions; his yellow hair shone white in the moon-ray.

Every now and then he spoke.
 "Will God spare you just for a little, m-other? . . . You know, dear, how badly I want you to-night! . . . Mother! . . . If I could feel the touch of your dear fingers in my hair! . . . You see, dear, she filled the void you left—she filled all the world for me; my beautiful Helen! And now there is n-othing left but darkness—and l-oneliness . . . always darkness and loneliness!"

And then a curious thing happened. The moonlight crept a little further and fell on another figure—that of a woman, standing motionless inside the door. A cloak was slipping from her shoulders, which gleamed like whitest marble. Her face was strangely beautiful in its pity and yearning. Her hands groped before her till they rested on those broad shoulders.

"M-other!" whispered the man.
 "Can you forgive me, Dolph?" cried a pleading voice.
 He turned his head slowly, as if afraid to destroy the illusion. He trembled visibly.
 The moonlight shone full on Helen's face. There was no mistaking the love-light in her eyes.
 "What about Ch-ichester?" he asked hoarsely.
 "He must go. He won't mind. There is no one—can be no one but you, Dolph!"

* * * * *

It was the next morning that the astonishing fact became known.

"What, Helen! You mean to say that you are really engaged at last! I never counted that idiotic understanding with Chichester, you know. Who is it? He must be a consummate master of the art to woo you successfully!"
 "He is!" was the emphatic reply.
 "Is it Chichester after all?"
 "No." And Helen's low laugh seemed bubbling with rapture. She looked from one to the other as they sat round the table.
 "Well, hang it, if I can guess! The men in town were legion, so I've heard; but down here there's practically no one but me! And you've refused me haughtily—nine times, isn't it? True, there's Dolph, of the Uplands, but he doesn't count. You've bowled him completely over, though, Helen! Who is it? Put us out of our suspense."

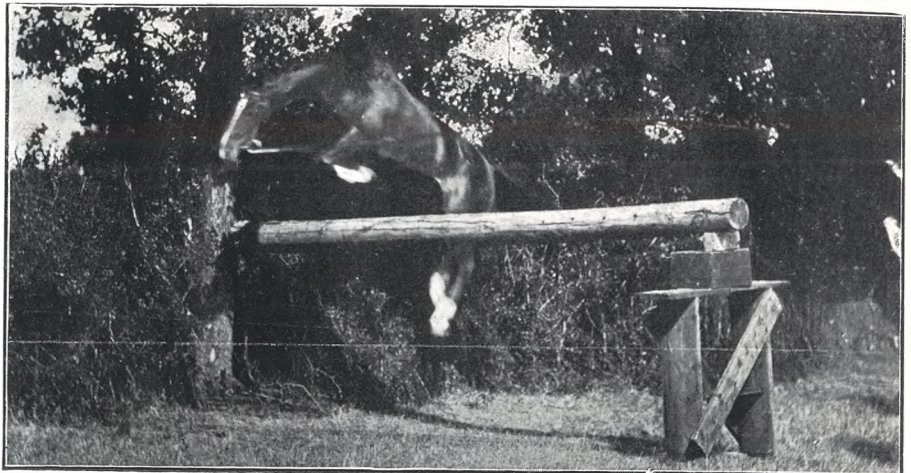
Helen's eyes shone, and her colour grew glorious. She dazzled them this morning.
 "And yet, after all, it is Dolph," she said. And not one of them had ever heard just that tone in her voice before. "Dolph, of the Uplands—only Dolph," she continued, and she gave her low rapturous laugh again, adding softly, "Always and only—Dolph."

SHADOWED BY A DREAM.

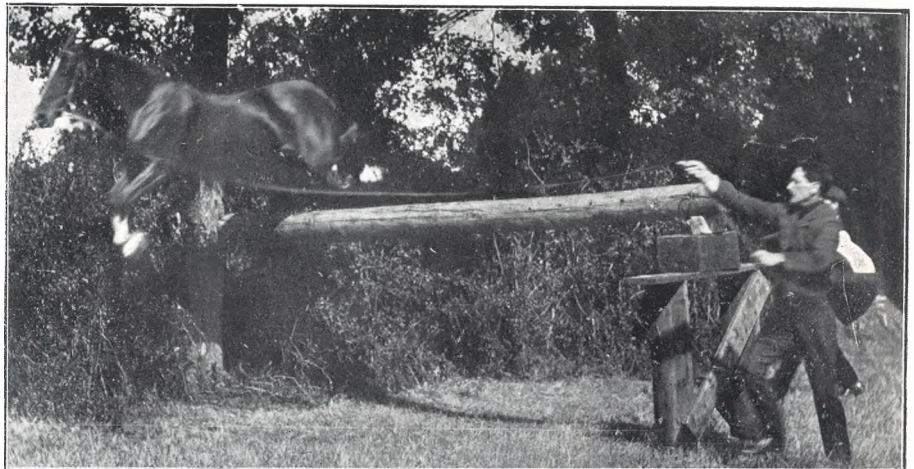
* *

The other day I heard of a most ghastly dream. A certain young man dreams the same dream every fortnight or so. He dreams that he is shut down in a grave, and that by strenuous efforts he pushes the tombstone up, so that he can read his own name and the date of his death. It is always the same June 7, but he can never push the stone up far enough to read the year which follows the date of the month. He has dreamt this for years, and as every June comes round he goes to a mere shadow, and when the fatal day is passed he plucks up, knowing that he has still another year to live.—John Strange Winter, "The Lady of Fashion."

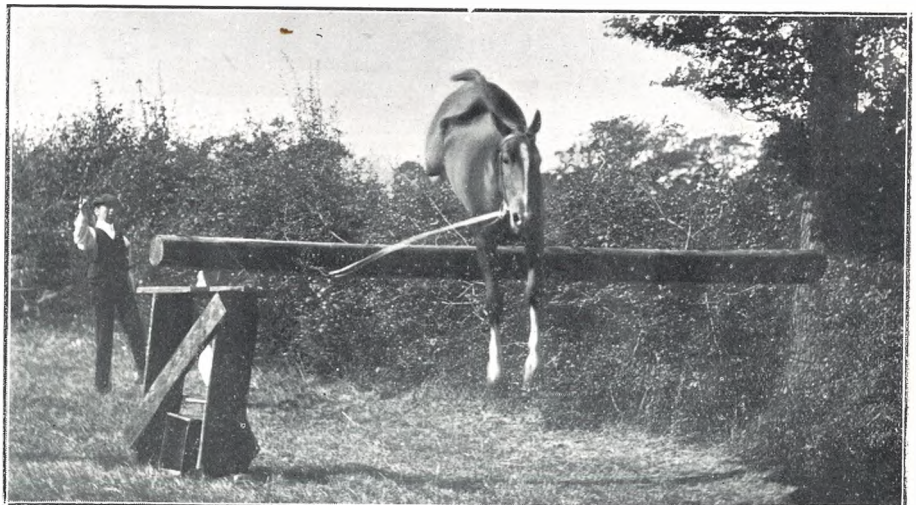
MR. J. E. BELCHER'S HORSE BEING TRAINED AT GLOUCESTER, FOR CARDIFF SHOW.



RISING.



OVER.



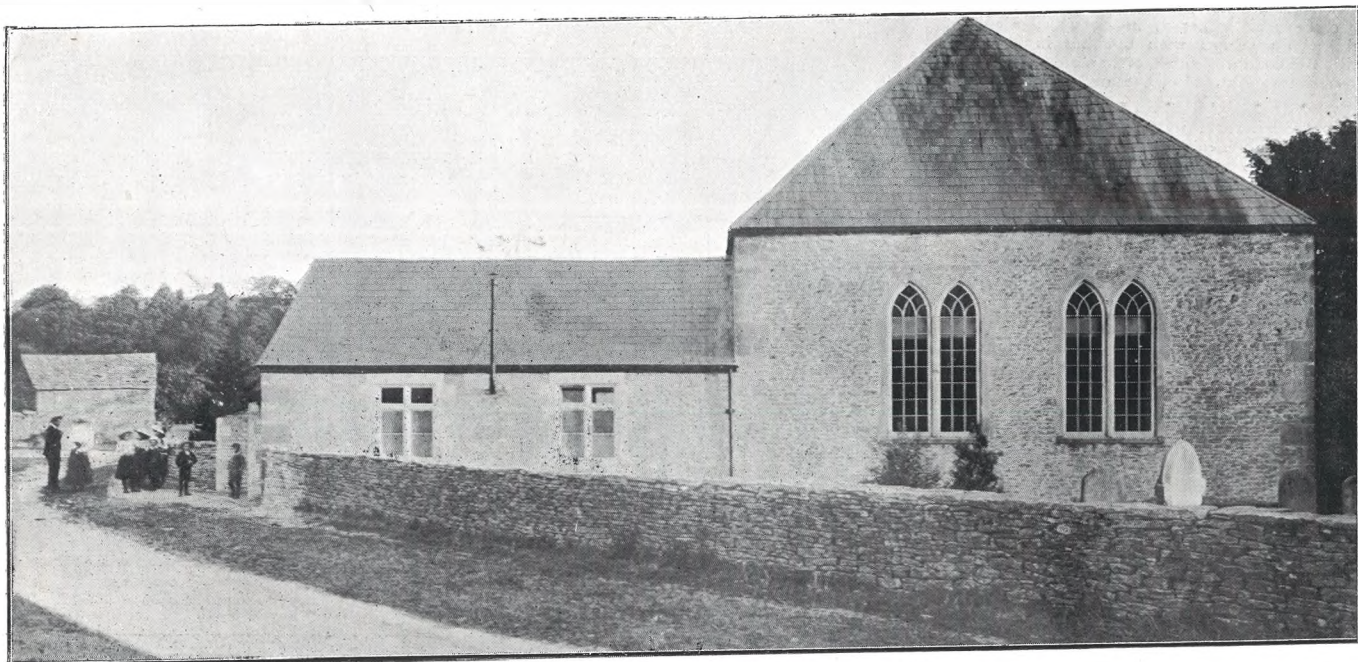
LANDING.

Photos by Thomas S. Howes, Gloucester.

For Printing of every description * *
 * * Try the "Echo" Electric Press.

CONGREGATIONALISM AT CHEDWORTH.

NEW SCHOOL OPENED WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1906.



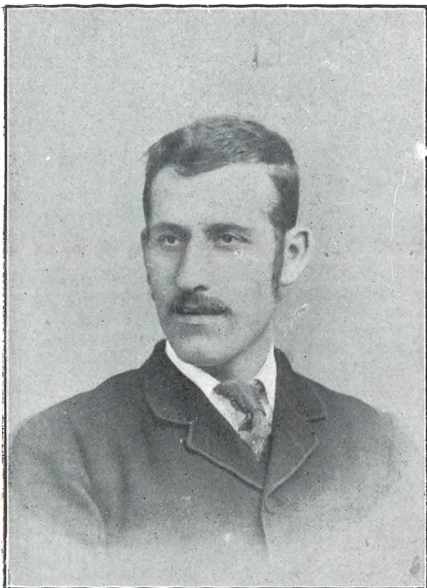
CHEDWORTH CHAPEL AND SCHOOL.



OPENING CEREMONY (conducted by Mr. W. H. Horsley, of Cheltenham).



GROUP OF CONGREGATION, FRIENDS, AND VISITORS.



MR. FRANK COLES,
MASTER OF PAINSWICK RINGERS FOR
CURRENT YEAR.

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 200th prize has been divided between Miss Muriel Turner, of 15 Suffolk-square, Cheltenham, and Miss Fanny Roberts, of the Manor Farm, Dixton, Winchcombe R.S.O., for their reports of sermons respectively by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, and the Rev. J. A. B. Mercier at Alderton Parish Church.

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

QUITE A SIGHT!

*
I am sorry to say
That Miss Annabel Grey
Oft spoke to her friends in a very rude way.
Her head she would toss,
And she'd look—oh, so cross!
And quite lose her temper—a terrible loss!
Now, it once came to pass
That she gazed in the glass
And saw there reflected a sullen-faced lass.
Cried she, in a fright,
"Why, I look quite a sight!"
And, betwixt you and me, she was perfectly
right.

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.
October "World and His Wife."

* *

THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE WHEEL.

*
The revolutions of the wheel! The wheel has done more to improve the condition of man than has any other circumstance in the history of the race. The motor-omnibus will, in the near future, alter greatly the life in most of our villages, for soon this will run through many hamlets that are at an inconvenient distance from a railway station, and will enable the villagers to reach neighbouring towns that have been little more than names to them hitherto. Moreover, the motor-omnibus will bring many townsmen to the village, a circumstance which will considerably relieve the condition of isolation of the ordinary agricultural labourer.—"The Graphic."



**OPENING OF CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL AT
CHEDWORTH.**

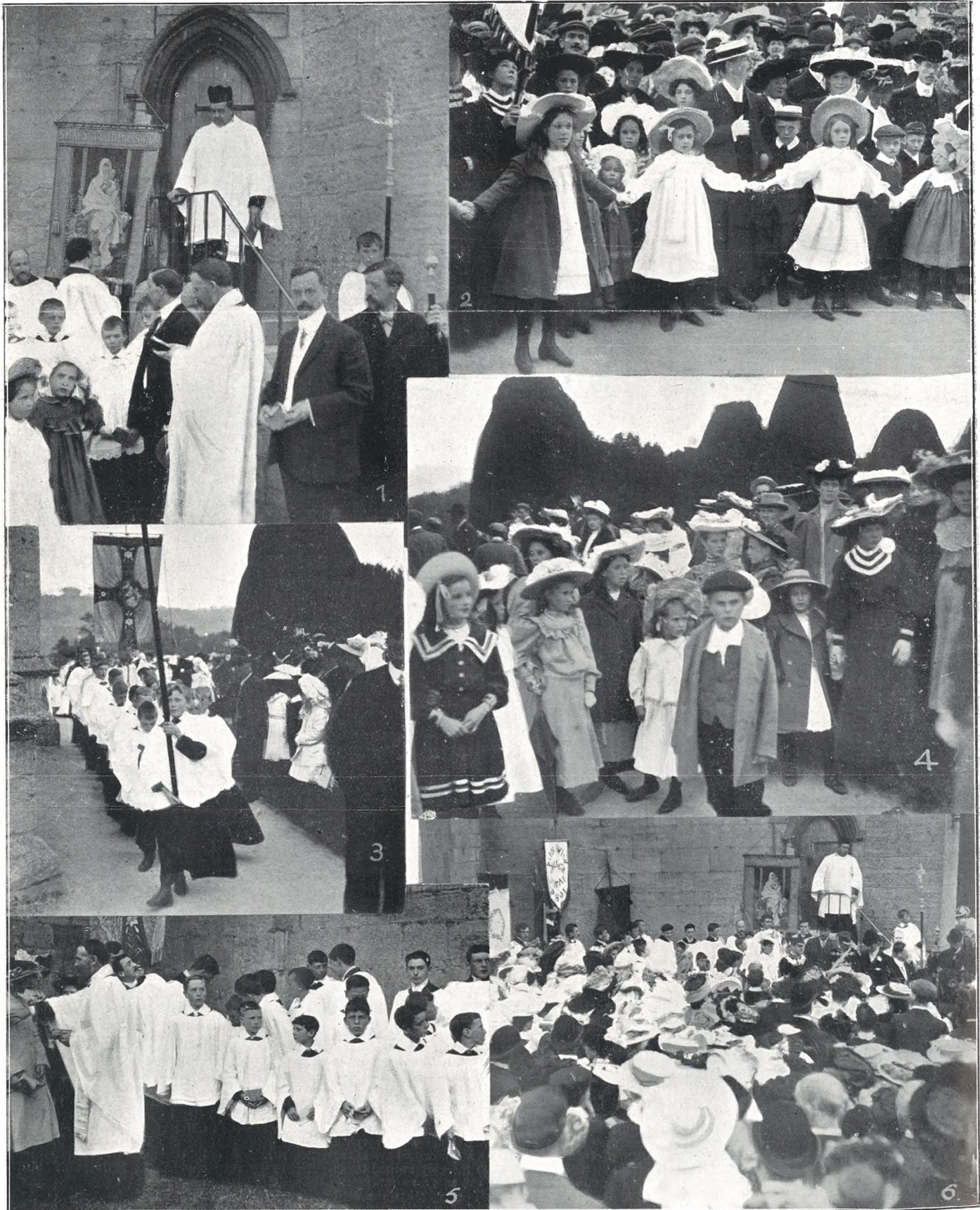
(Reading left to right) Rev. J. Lloyd Davies (Cheltenham), Mr. W. H. Horsley (Cheltenham), Professor Blundell (Cirencester Agricultural College), and Rev. J. T. Jones (Chedworth).

THE LIFE OF THE PARTRIDGE.

*
"From the time when he is in the egg to the day of his death, the partridge is pursued by many remorseless enemies," writes S. L. Bensusan in the "Windsor." "Weasels, jays, magpies, and carrion crows are very fond of partridge eggs, and the parent birds must be very careful in their choice of a nesting-place if they desire to keep away from these marauders. The fox, too, has a habit of searching for sitting partridges and carrying them off their nests, though I confess I have never been able to decide whether the wily animal takes the birds by surprise—he can move as cautiously as a Red Indian on a trail—or whether the bird will not leave her eggs, and dies rather than fly away. On lands where the partridges are well looked after, wire netting and other things of the kind help to keep foxes at a distance, and the underkeepers wage unceasing war on stoats, weasels, and all flying vermin; but the great majority of partridges must shift for themselves, and it is here that Nature steps in and gives the

birds a colour that assists its defence admirably. The grey brown of the sitting hen makes it look very much like the clay that is round the ditch, and probably helps to deceive even the keen eyed natural enemies. When the little birds are born and run after their mother to pick up food, the grass is at its summer height, and helps to secure them from the observation of hungry larks and crows that may often be seen looking for the baby birds when the nesting season is at an end. Hawks remain the enemies of a partridge all the days of its life, and only the unceasing persecution of hawks by men enables the little game bird to flourish in large numbers."

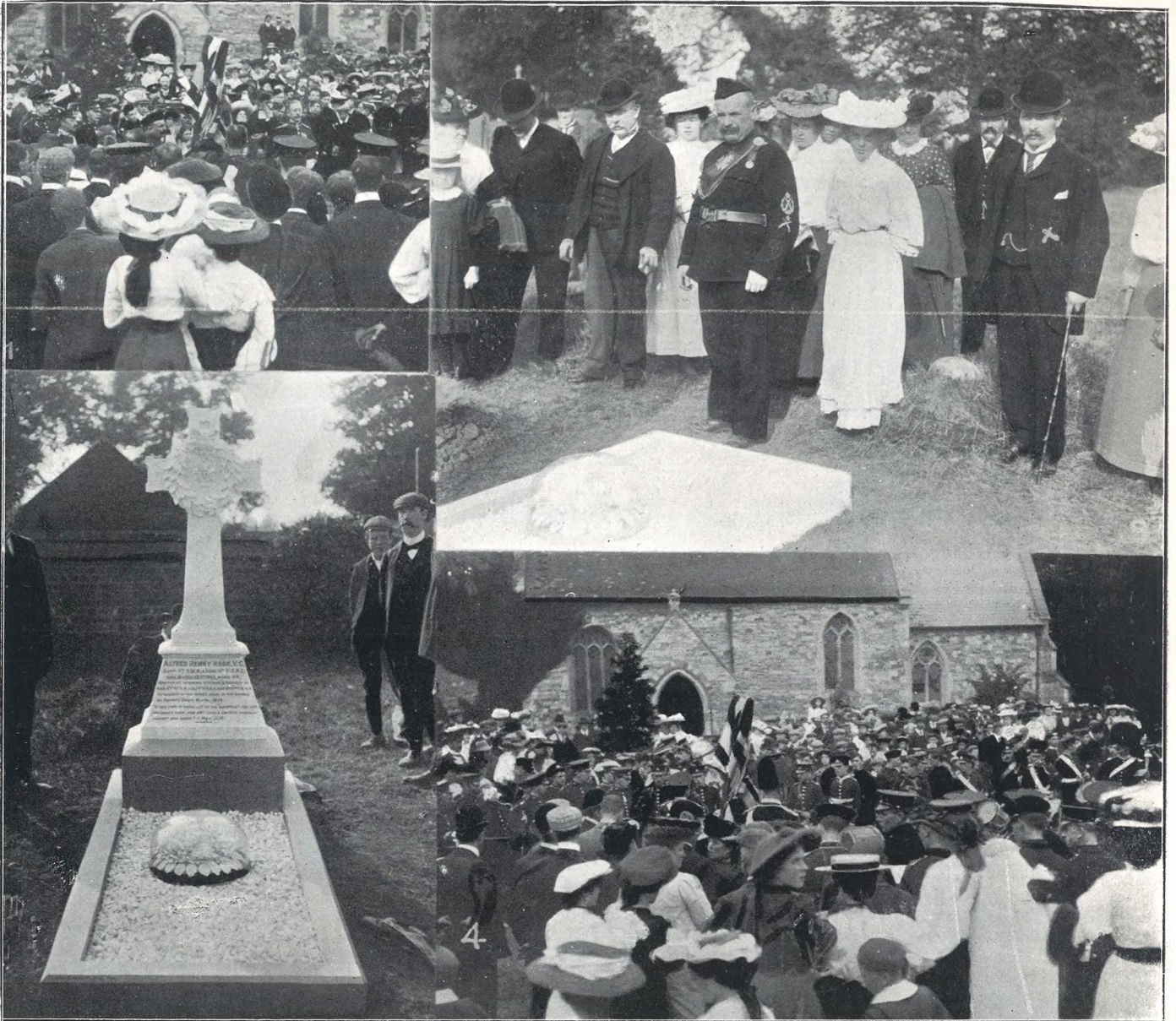
* *
At the residence of Mr Arthur Pitcher, of Hawlane, Olveston, is a very fine specimen of the Agave Americana, usually known as the American aloe, in full bloom. There is a notion that the plant does not bloom until it is 100 years old, but this is erroneous. Mr. Pitcher's plant is known to be at least fifty years old. The stem which bears the flowers rises to a height of 22ft.



ANCIENT CEREMONY OF CLIPPING PAINSWICK CHURCH,

SEPTEMBER 23, 1906.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. Rev. A. Osborn Jay, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Shoreditch, on belfry steps, just prior to delivering his outdoor sermon. In front (reading right to left) are seen one of the churchwardens, with staff, Mr. Peters (school-</p> | <p>master), Rev. W. H. Seddon (vicar), and Mr. Bruton (organist).</p> <p>2. Ceremony of Clipping the Church. Children holding hands encircle church, while choir and band march round inside circle.</p> | <p>3. Head of procession.</p> <p>4. Spectators.</p> <p>5. Choir and Vicar previous to sermon.</p> <p>6. Rev. A. Osborn Jay preaching to crowd.</p> |
|---|--|--|



UNVEILING MEMORIAL TO SERGEANT HOOK, V.C., AT CHURCHAM,

SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

- 1. Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Cull, 2nd South Wales Borderers, speaking preparatory to unveiling memorial.
- 2. Visitors inspecting memorial. Col.-Sergeant Guy Gurney, who executed memorial, in uniform. Sergt. Hook's brother is marked with x.
- 3. Memorial.
- 4. View of crowd at ceremony.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Cubbing, which had been interfered with or delayed this season by the abnormal heat and drought, is now in full swing, and the prospects of foxhunting in this county are decidedly good. The Cotswold have commenced remarkably well, putting three brace of foxes killed to their credit in the first week. Earl Bathurst's accounted for eight brace in a much longer term, ten of the foxes falling in the woodlands. I hear that on Bredon Hill, where foxes were very scarce last year, the Croome a few days ago killed a leash, which is a record number for one day. In fact, all the packs that cover this county are doing well, the Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Fitzhardinge's, of course, taking the lion's share of the cubs. There are two changes in master-ship—Sir William Cooke in place of Mr. Carnaby Forster in the Ledbury country, and Sir John Hume Campbell in succession to Mr. Charles McNeill in the North Cotswold. Sir John, I hear, paid £3,000 for the bitch pack, got together and bred by the late master, and competent authorities say that the beauties are well worth the money.

Politicians at Gloucester have for some time past been on tenterhooks over the probability of a bye-election occurring for the representation of the city. And it arose in this wise: immediately after the death of Sir Frederick Peel the "Echo" alone gave publication to a rumour then current that Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., was designated for the Railway Commissionership that had thereby become vacant, and circumstantially backed it up by referring to his peculiar qualifications for the office by reason of his experience in railway and canal management, similar qualifications to these that were possessed by Mr. W. P. Price, his predecessor in the representation of the city, having led to that gentleman's appointment in 1873 to the Railway Commission, when it was first formed. The delay in permanently filling up Sir Frederick's post; the deputation of M.P.'s that waited on Mr. Lloyd George, the President of the Board of Trade, urging him to appoint a gentleman of railway and commercial experience; the great and intimate friendship that exists between Mr. Rea and Mr. George; all these facts, combined with his being well-qualified for the post and having claims upon his party for preferment, strengthen the belief of observant politi-

cians that Mr. Rea can have the honourable position if he is willing to take it, though, it may be, at a lesser salary than the very liberal one of £3,000 a year which has always been attached to it.

* *

Pretty, prim, Painswick has from the very start of the "Graphic" received attention in various ways. In one of its earliest numbers were illustrations of the "noble army of volunteer street sweepers," who, on Feb. 23rd, 1901, turned out with mudrakes and put the County Council to shame by sweeping the neglected main thoroughfare clean. Time was—not so very long ago—when to only whisper "bow-wow pie" there got the backs and fists up of Painswickians, but in recent years some of them have adopted a "bow-wow banner," also immortalised in the "Graphic," with old Gipsy Ryalls a voluntary prisoner in the parish stocks. I am glad that some "clipping" views will appear in this week's number, not illustrative of the trimming of the famous yew trees, but of Painswick's greatest annual festival, the "clipping" or embracing of its fine church. GLEANER.



BENNINGTON UNITED CRICKET CLUB,
 RUNNERS-UP IN CHELTENHAM CHALLENGE CUP (DIVISION I.), SEASON 1906.

Played 17. Won 12. Lost 4. Drawn-1.

Top row, standing (left to right): D. Lewis (hon. secretary), B. Davy, E. Wheatley (committee), H. Addis, F. Reeves, A. Denchfield, T. Moxey, M. C. Lodge, S. Nash (committee).
 Middle row: G. Haynes, A. Fisher, P. Bellamy (captain), B. Hughes, (sub-captain), G. Bowen.
 On ground: G. Jones, E. Toms.



Photo by W. E. Wilkins, Park-street, Stow.

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD COUNCIL SCHOOL.
 BOY GARDENERS.

The gardens cultivated by boys of the above-named school have, during the summer, attracted general interest because of the efficiency of the work done.

At Yarmouth, a live chameleon is the latest addition to the pets section of the Edward Worledge school.

Mr. J. Walker, who is eighty years of age, attended his fifty-first revision court at Mansfield on Saturday in the capacity of assistant overseer.

A potato weighing two pounds and a half is being shown at Newbury. There were twelve other tubers of smaller growth on the same root.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to pay half the cost of a new organ at Soli-street Wesleyan Chapel, Warrington. The total cost of the organ will be between £800 and £900.

The Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Warden of the Guild of St. Matthew, on Monday gave an address to local clergy, in the Chapter-room of the Bristol Cathedral, on "Maurice and Kingsley, Theologians and Socialists."

QUEENIES.

A Small Cigar of British Manufacture.
 Entirely Imported Leaf.
 Every Smoker should try them!

Price - 9/6 per 100.

Samples 10 for ONE SHILLING.

FRED^K WRIGHT is the sole agent

On sale at all his branches.

A resolution, calling for a more uniform system of dealing with vagrants, was passed by the North-Western Poor-Law Conference at Chester on Saturday. Dr. Rhodes said the vagrancy problem bothered the Chinese 2,500 years ago, and as to new schemes, he thought it was "better to remain in the frying-pan than to step into the fire."



We spend about ONE THIRD
 —of our time IN BED!!—

Think this over and see if it is not worth while to visit **DICKS & SONS, Ltd., 173 High Street, Cheltenham**, and buy a really comfortable Bedstead and Mattress, so that you may get the best out of your night's sleep.