

# “TOWN v. GOWN”

Or, THE STORY OF OXFORD'S FAMOUS FIGHTS.

By HERBERT J. GRATTON.



“THE HIGH.”

SHOWING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AND ALL SOULS' AND QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

**T**HE old adage—“Tall oaks from little acorns grow”—has a singularly apt illustration in the subject of this little article, and might well be bracketed underneath its title. But, lest any reader should fail to see the connection between the monarchs of the forest, and the “larks” of Oxford’s undergraduates, the truth embodied in the proverb may be well re-stated thus: “From simple causes great events arise.”

This is very true. For six hundred and fifty-eight years the “undergrads.” of Oxford have waged continuous war against the townsmen, and both sides have eagerly turned out for a pitched battle at least once in each year. For six centuries and a half every “Oxford man” has felt it his duty, nay, his doubly precious privilege, to issue from his college, accompanied by his fellows—who, for this auspicious occasion, voluntarily remove all social barriers and distinctions amongst themselves—to break as many of the townsmen’s

heads as possible, or, if the luck be against, have his own head broken by them.

This “Town v. Gown” war, which is probably the longest campaign ever known, that has its origin recorded in history, began in the year 1209. The document which mentions the event is kept in the Bodleian, at Oxford, and, being translated, reads as follows:—

“In the eleventh year of the reign of King John, a most unhappy incident fell out at Oxford. A certain clerk killed by chance a woman, which, being done, he fled away for fear of punishment. But the knowledge of the fact being soon spread abroad through the town, the Mayor and several burghers made search after him, and having at length received intelligence in what Hall or Inn he was resident, made their repair thither. And finding there three other clerks, laid hold on them, though innocent, yet cast them into prison.”

This unjust arrest of three innocent clerks, or—as we should say now-a-days—

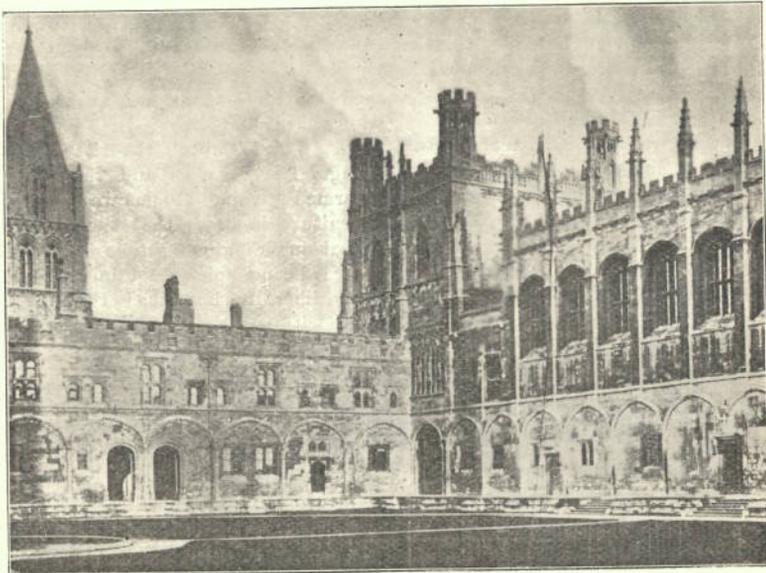
undergraduates, gave rise to a feud between the town and the University, which has not yet died out. For hundreds of years, fierce fights were waged, which often resulted in severe injuries, or even death. In no place do traditions die so slowly as in Oxford, and long after the original cause of the quarrel was forgotten, the fights were continued, and a festive occasion was generally celebrated by the "Freshers" turning out to uphold the "glorious traditions" of "Town v. Gown."

The Carfax Tower at the corner of the "Corn Market" and "The High" was the rallying point for the combatants, and has been the scene of many a fierce encounter. Arm in arm, the "undergrads" would charge down "The High" carrying all before them, until their ranks being broken, the battle would resolve itself into numerous small fights in the narrow lanes between the colleges. Woe betide the unlucky gownsmen who had the misfortune to be cut off from his friends. Considerable bodily violence was the least he could expect; more likely he would be tied by means of his own gown, to the railings of some building, the Radcliffe library for preference this being an almost deserted spot at night, until happily relieved

the former being accounted for by the geographical situation of the 'Varsity city, and the latter, by the fondness of the undergraduates for equestrian sports; these brawny sons of toil seldom failed to turn out, and give to the fray much enthusiastic attention.

It may be well, at this point, to anticipate, and to answer a question which many young readers are doubtless eagerly asking, namely, "Do the 'Town v. Gowns' take place to-day?" Those whose impressions of life at Oxford are drawn from that merry tale, "Mr. Verdant Green," probably think that Guy Fawkes' night is still celebrated in the time-honoured fashion. Even those who have elder brothers, cousins, and big brothers' chums resident in Oxford, may be in doubt, for the average "undergrad," is "over fond" of telling yarns to increase the mystery which Mother Isis casts over the grey piles and stately towers of this most beautiful city in the British Islands, and over the doings of her sons. Indeed, many a "Fresher" is in doubt upon the point.

In October they "come up" in batches, and the squibby, rockety "fifth" is upon them almost before they have had time to look



TOM QUAD, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE

by some passing friend, or, unluckily, by the Proctor's "Bulldogs," in which case, the last state of that undergraduate would be worse than the first.

Considerable numbers of bargees, grooms and stablemen, are to be found in Oxford;

round, and certainly before their freshness has worn off. Unconscious of the fact that he is watched, or that his apparently casual questions upon the subject have all been taken note of, and passed from man to man, he sallies out—alone, usually—to have a private

look at the first "Town v. Gown," which happens to be in progress.

If the Freshman has not yet had time to get rid of his greenness, neither have the Seniors had time to tire of the sport, which is their special privilege, as the luckless "undergrad." soon discovers, when he returns from his fruitless search. The Seniors are constantly on the look-out for what they term "Mind," among the "Freshmen," and the fifth of November generally reveals the same in quantities.

To answer the question plainly, "Town v. Gown" rows have now ceased. The last one on record took place in 1867, and ended so seriously, that the University authorities have since taken all the necessary steps to prevent any collision between the rival parties.

On that occasion, the trouble began as follows:—A certain undergraduate of Brazenose, was returning to his college late in the evening, carrying a knocker, which had, in all probability, been wrenched from the front door of some unoffending citizen. He was met by several townsmen, who, seeing the knocker, and jumping to a certain conclusion concerning its method of acquirement, took it from the undergraduate, and accompanied their action with considerable personal violence.

The undergraduate, who contended that he had *bought* his door-knocker at the shop in the ordinary way, promptly returned to college, and told his story. His companions strongly resented this unprovoked assault upon one of their number, and no time was lost in organizing a band of students, who were determined to recover the purloined knocker, to avenge the insult to the 'Varsity dignity, and to maintain their privileges by—literally—force of arms. The result was a free fight between the undergraduates and the townsmen, which terminated only when one of the former had been killed. Thus, the "Towns and Gowns" were brought to an end by an event similar to that, which, six hundred and fifty eight years previously, had been responsible for their commencement.\*

On the whole, it is perhaps as well that "Town v. Gown" rows have now ceased, though there are some high authorities in Oxford who think otherwise, and they base their argument upon the fact that the Oxford undergraduate has lost none of his boisterousness and love of "larking." (Inleel, how should he? Seeing he is but an adult variety of that great class, "boy," which is unchangeable). The super-abundance of animal spirits, which, in the old days found convenient, and periodical outlet, by means of a "Town v. Gown"—serving the very necessary and use-

ful purposes of a safety valve—now finds itself bottled up for an indefinite period, and breaks out when least expected; and a spasmodic riot is generally worse in its operations and effects, than a regular, expected, and properly timed row.

In a general way, a few rockets, or a bonfire in the "quad," is the recognised method of keeping the fifth. Of course the usual lectures and fines follow, but the undergraduates do not seriously object to paying for their amusement, and no great harm is done; but occasionally, such expressions of larkishness are regarded as totally inadequate, and something very like a riot is the result.

One of these spasmodic outbursts, which still looms large in the minds of old Oxford men is known as the "Blenheim Row." Blenheim, as everyone knows, is situated a few miles from Oxford, and on one occasion, during term time, the late Duke invited a number of his undergraduate friends to a ball at the palace. For some reason or other, permission to go to the dance was refused to the invited undergraduates, and for the same unaccountable reason, the undergraduates chose to take offence. The request was a reasonable one, and one which would have been conceded nineteen times out of twenty. In like manner, the undergraduates would have taken a refusal the same number of times, without any undue ebullition of spirit. The events which followed can only be explained by the fact that a row was evidently long overdue.

At Christ Church, the riot raged all night long. The Proctors and their "bull-dogs" stormed in vain. Rooms were looted of their furniture in order that the bonfires in the great quadrangle might be fed. Some of the more daring spirits obtained pots of paint, and liberally bedaubed the doors of the authorities with insults in rhyme, caricature and prose. Next morning came the reckoning—as it always must come. Undergraduates were sentenced to "Rustication"\*\*\* wholesale. No effort seems to have been made to distinguish the ringleaders from the mere "lookers-on"; all were served alike. This short-sighted and questionably just policy in its turn raised another storm. Those who were innocent, made the most of their complaint. Indignant fathers wrote letters to the *Times*. The public took up the discussion eagerly, and for a while "all the world" expressed itself loudly against the Dean of Christ Church. The authorities, however,

\* "Rustication."—Banishment from College for a term or College year, or even longer. As the Oxford degree depends on RESIDENCE, and Residence means from £200 to £300 per (college) year, it is a very severe punishment.

held to their decision, and in due time matters quieted down, and resumed a normal course.

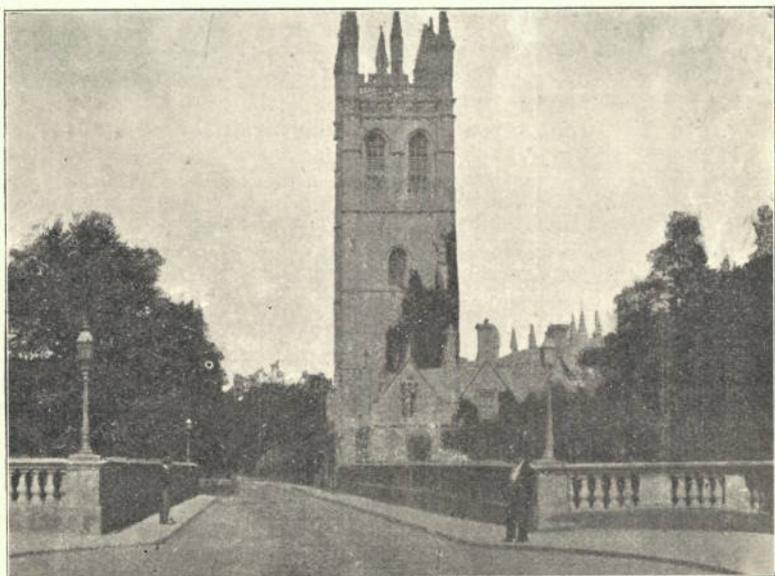
Undergraduates of a later period will remember another row, which brought in its train, various terms of rustication for the ringleaders of the riot. It had its origin in an article which appeared in one of the Oxford magazines in October of that year, advocating all manner of heresy, not least of which was an argument for the disendowment of the University. Such a suggestion, sufficient almost to make "the stones of Oxford to rise and mutiny," thoroughly roused the undergraduates.

At the same time, there was resident in a certain college in Oxford, an undergraduate of pronounced socialistic, almost anarchical views, who appears to have roused the anger of his fellow students, by the vigour and outspokenness of his views, and also by his constant, almost maddening practice upon a piano. When the "fifth" came round, the undergraduates sought for some means of fitly celebrating the same, and by ill-luck, happened to think of the unfortunate undergraduate just mentioned, who was generally supposed to have written the seditious article, the

annoyance—was smashed to atoms and formed the basis of a bonfire. The owner was ducked in the fountain, and then dried before the flames emanating from the wreckage of his own rooms.

There is nothing condemnable in honest fun, or even an honest fight, if the cause be true, but fun which injures another, or which savours of tyranny, is unworthy of gentlemen. To the credit of the Oxford undergraduate, it must be said that they recognised this, and the leaders voluntarily surrendered themselves to the authorities the next morning, and received the punishment for their offence. The victim of the outrage withdrew his name from the books of his college and retired into private life. For a holder of unpopular views, obtrusively and unwisely advocated, this was perhaps the best possible course.

As has already been said, "Town v. Gowns" have now ceased as a physical reality, but the spirit which created and animated them still remains. The Oxford tradesman has a sort of inbred regard for the undergraduate, amounting almost to reverence. He supplies his needs, gives long credit, and claims extor-



MAGDALEN COLLEGE TOWER, FROM THE BRIDGE.

authorship of which was concealed under a *nom-de-plume*.

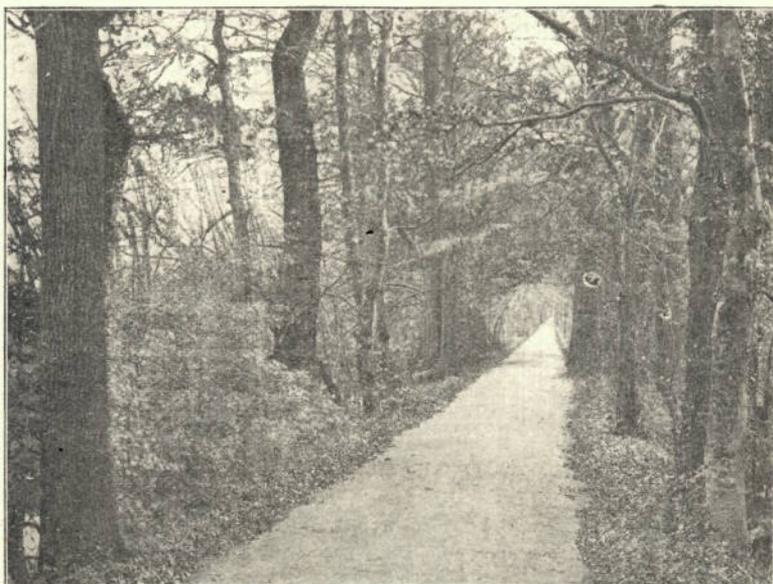
The undergraduates were over-ripe for mischief, and no sooner did they recollect their fire-brand associate, than they raided his rooms, looted his furniture, and took the owner prisoner. The piano—cause of so much

tionate profits for his favours. He willingly submits to his eccentricities and smilingly tolerates his impertinences. He flatters and toadies for the sake of trade. The undergraduate simply adapts himself to a state of things which the townsman has himself created. If, conscious of a sense of superiority

he goes further, looks down on, snubs, imposes upon, and generally treats his imaginary enemy with contempt. It is largely the tradesman's fault. After all, the average Oxford gownsman is a gentleman, and as such, neither abuses his privileges, or oversteps the limits of his sphere. The townsman, too,

They exist mainly in books of a wildly imaginative order, and the heroic is—to tell the truth—a rare commodity. Life consists largely of the commonplace. A boy has learned a great deal, when he has learned this.

Yet the undergraduate enjoys his life to



ADDISON'S WALK, MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

knows his place and keeps it, and each profits by the other. If the maintaining of the old traditions involves, at times, certain verbal expressions, more forcible than elegant, no great harm is done.

Perhaps some young and enthusiastic readers will think that if there are no "Towns and Gowns," and no riots now-a-days, there can be nothing left to supply excitement to the life of an Oxford undergraduate to make it eventful. Well, there is not. Heroes, century-making cricket captains, winners of "double-firsts," chess blues, supernatural oarsmen, and phenomenal half-backs, are very rarely met with, not only at Oxford, but in schools, and the great outside world.

the full, nor can he be said to suffer by the absence of the abnormal. Some work, a little cricket, a little boating, a little football, a few parties, a Don or two and a Dean, "Little go," "Great go,"† a memorable day in the schools, another when the lists are read out, a few memories, and a few friends, the last two the dearest of all, are the homely, yet honest and practical ingredients which go to make up the lives of ninety-nine per cent. of the undergraduates in this city of hoary traditions, broad grass lawns, quiet studious places, stately walks, and grey towers.

† "Little Go," "Great Go."—Two of the Oxford Exams. prior to taking a degree.



# CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.

By HERBERT MOCKFORD.

**I** SPENT two Christmas Seasons in Canada, and was greatly impressed by the hearty manner in which Christmas-tide was kept up.

I thought we, in Old England, were the only ones who knew how to make a right royal time of this festive season, but "experientia docet," and certainly my eyes were considerably opened by the heartiness and spirit with which our Canadian kinsfolk, old and young, welcomed in Merry Christmas. Of course the climate is all in Canada's favour. "Our Lady of the Snows," as Kipling metaphorically styles the Dominion, is clothed in her white spotless mantle at this season—dazzling white from the crown of her hooded head, to the soles of her mocassined feet. The snow lies several feet thick, especially in the Eastern provinces. Out West, along the Pacific slope, the ground is often quite void of the smallest flake of snow.

You see, Canada is so vast, that the climate of one portion is not the climate of another. But the whole of Eastern Canada is one sheet of snow at Christmas time. Along the streets of the towns, and the highways leading from village to village, this thick covering is flattened down by the vehicles and horses, until it becomes as hard and slippery as ice. The wheels are taken off the waggons, carts, and carriages, and "runners" take their place, converting them into silent gliding sledges, with which the streets of the big towns are thronged during the winter. Now the happy boy drags out his sleigh or toboggan from the corner in which it has reposed undisturbed all the summer months, and furbishes it up, or else spends his pocket money in buying a new one. Nearly every other shop sells them at prices to suit big brothers or little kiddies, and very beautiful the higher class ones look, with their steel runners twisted in front into elegant curves. The paths are just as slippery as the streets, for, as a rule, little precaution is taken to prevent this great danger to pedestrians. Of course the young folks enjoy it, but the older folks grumble a lot, and the newspapers are constantly blaming someone or other for the disgraceful state of the "side-

walk," but no notice is taken, and the boys and girls are happy. All along these paths one encounters sturdy youngsters harnessed to their sleighs and pulling smaller comrades. Often they accompany their elders, and lead up their sleighs with the various purchases.

The more daring ones fasten their sleighs behind the horse sleighs, and thus take a free ride, but it must be admitted, at considerable risk to their lives. All through each and every day the sun shines brightly, and as there is no wind, and the air is delightfully crisp and dry, the intense cold is not felt at all, though the thermometer drops lower by several degrees than it ever does in England.

The feet, hands, face and ears are the most liable to suffer from the cold, but warm coverings have been devised for all of these, so that there is little danger, unless during an extra cold spell when these parts, especially the ears, on rare occasions get frost-bitten.

As we pass along the streets, there are many novel sights are to be seen. Men with great wooden shovels are at work piling the snow along each side of the road, until at last high walls are formed, in many cases totally obscuring the vehicular traffic from the gaze of the foot passengers. On top of the buildings, other men with more snow shovels are throwing off the snow into the streets below, to the danger of the pedestrians, and the amusement of the boys.

The weight of the snow on the roofs grows greater and greater after each fall, until, were it not shovelled off, the strongest roof would collapse under the enormous weight. The shop windows are decorated seasonably for Christmas. Never have I seen such tempting toys, such life-like Santa Clauses, such realistic tableaux of Christmas scenes, as are to be found in the Canadian shops. In one large store in Montreal, the story of little Red Riding Hood was exhibited in six magnificent tableaux having wax figures; in another, the proprietor went to the expense of fitting up a balcony, on which Santa Claus condescended at certain hours to promenade, and throw candies to the children below. He

had a long flowing beard, and looked the very incarnation of benevolence and jollity.

Yet another had fitted up a sleigh, on which Santa Claus made a royal procession through the streets, smiling radiantly, and ever and again throwing handfuls of sweets to the troop of children following. You do not see such pleasant sights at the Christmas Season in London, or any other of the big cities of England.

You boys would like to, I know, and some of us older boys, for that matter. The Canadian boys have their snow shovels also, and make great fun piling up the snow, or clearing the "side-walks" in front of their parents' homes.

Then there is skating. Such lovely skates can be purchased, and for very little money. Generally, the skates are fixed by means of screws to a special pair of boots for the whole winter, and the extra pair with skates affixed is taken when skating is to be indulged in. There are many covered-in rinks, at which for a trifling sum, boys at certain hours can gain admittance. A band plays most afternoons and evenings. Wonderful skating is to be seen at these rinks—mere boys cutting intricate figures, and performing marvellous feats of dexterity. They are so at home on their skates, which is not to be wondered at, considering that they have four solid months each year in which to become proficient. Hockey matches take place frequently on skates, between the various clubs, and crowds flock to watch them.

The play is very rough, and accidents are frequent, but the Canadians are a tough, hardy race, and don't take much notice of these.

Another famous amusement for the lads at Christmas is tobogganing. There are always several toboggan slides on the hills near the towns, and to the top of these they drag their

toboggans and sleighs, and then come rushing down the slide, through the keen, invigorating air. From personal experience, I can assure you it is great fun.

Often six or more youngsters will seat themselves, astride a sleigh, and launch themselves on their seemingly perilous career. Their shouts of laughter fill the air as they dash past you.

Sometimes a spill takes place through careless steering, and the merry crew get buried in the deep snow; but they don't mind this a jot!

There are many Roman Catholic Churches in Montreal, and the other towns of Eastern Canada, and an eager string of children is always within them at the Christmas Season awaiting their turn to gaze upon the Holy Crèche—the stable at Bethlehem with the infant Christ and his parents. It is a pretty sight, and reminds the children of the sacred meaning of Christmas, and the mothers like their boys and girls to see it.

On Christmas Day there is great feasting and merriment, and the churches are crowded at the morning service. The tinkle-tinkle of the sleigh bells fills the crisp air.

Plum puddings, turkeys, geese, mince pies, and all the other good things that go to make Christmas such a jolly time are to be found in every home.

As here in England, good old Santa Claus goes into all the houses and fills the rows of stockings with toys and playthings. There is much rejoicing and shaking of hands, and laughter and merriment. Our sovereign and royal family, and friends and relatives in England, are remembered at the festive board, and toasted with enthusiasm, and perchance a hidden tear.

Such is the way in which our Canadian brethren keep up Christmas in the good old style.



# A STORY OF A NUGGET.

By E. R. SWALES.

**A** CLEAN, tidy little cottage. In the window, bright scarlet geraniums in well-coloured pots; and on the small mantelshelf, a pair of large china dogs with huge round staring eyes. Here and there, cups and mugs with legends, "A present from—," generally a seaside place in the vicinity. By the tiny kitchen fire sat an old man and his wife. The air of both was despondent and dejected.

"Liza, what are we going to do? Shall we—have to sell—"

"Never despair, John. Something will turn up."

"Aye; but 'Liza—!" and he proceeded very slowly to draw forth from his pocket the few small coins which were all that it contained. Their faces fell, if possible. lower. A tear stole slowly down the withered cheek of the old woman.

"If only our Jack——" she began, and then stopped abruptly, as the tears gathered too fast to be withheld, and rolled thick and fast. The old man coughed; he was dangerously near a breakdown himself, and going out into the little patch of garden at the back, commenced digging steadily.

It was a swelteringly hot day, and the stranger who was wheeling a bicycle, with a suspiciously flat tyre, looked eagerly and admiringly at the little clematis and ivy covered cottage. He hesitated, then opened the gate and walked up the path. On either hand stood bushes of red and white currants, which hung temptingly in the hot air. How provokingly cool they looked. What a fool he was to be touring in heat such as this!

He knocked at the cottage door, and was answered by an old woman, who, at his request, brought him a pail of water, with the help of which he proceeded to search for the puncture.

The tyre was mended, and he was sitting in the little front room enjoying some of the currants of which he had caught sight in the garden. He tendered her a liberal payment, which she would have refused but that she remembered the dwindling store which represented their all. The old man came in as the stranger rose to go.

"How far is it to the next big town on the road towards York?"

"About twenty miles, sir, to the first, where you could get a good lodging."

"Thanks very much."

He walked to the door and opened it, but a weight behind would not let it fully open, so he stooped and raised it.

"That's a curious piece of stone!"

"Yes, sir; my son Jack sent it us from Australia; he died soon after, poor boy; in fact, we never heard from him again, after he sent that. He said he would tell us about it when he wrote again, but he never did, sir, for you see he got a fever and was dead in a few days."

"Dear me, how sad! I've taken a bit of a fancy to it, with its pathetic story. Will you let me have it for a five-pound-note?"

The old woman hesitated. "Five pounds!" she murmured to herself, "what couldn't we do with that!" For a moment or two the problem was too enormous. "Take care of it, I will tell you all about its magical qualities next time I write. Now the post is going, and Bill is wanting me to saddle up. We are going up country, Bill and I, expecting to make our fortunes. No more care for you and father then; I will provide for you." She was quoting from the letter of her dead boy—his last letter; she knew it by heart. She hesitated no longer. "Thank you all the same, sir, but I couldn't part with our Jack's last present to us."

The old man looked anxious, his lips moved, but he shut them tightly again and remained silent. He looked enquiringly, almost beseechingly, at his wife. She stared straight before her, though she knew what he meant.

The cyclist continued to turn the door-weight over and over in his hand.

"I'll make it ten!" he said.

"Liza, don't you think——" broke in the old man in a strained, hesitating voice.

"I'm much obliged to you, sir, but I wouldn't part with it for twice as much," as she still ignored her husband. "And they call the lower classes 'clods,'" murmured the stranger, as he wheeled his machine down the path; "they're the most highly sentimental class in the kingdom!"

"Liza, why didn't you take it?" said the old man, as the garden gate shut.

"John, you didn't forget our Jack's last letter? Don't you know he told us to keep it."

"John, I've been thinkin'. What could there be in the door-weight to make that gentleman offer us ten pounds for it? I'm sure it would have been nice and heavy to carry; that was what made me think it would do so well for a door-weight, if you remember."

"And it ain't very handsome either, is it? I wonder what our Jack was goin' to tell us about it?" and he broke off with a sigh.

"Well, John, you know that gentleman staying at Mrs. Atkinson's, who goes out on the hills; he knows a lot about stones, they do say. They say that's what he goes about doing, studying stones and all that. I thought I'd take it to him and ask him what there is about it; I dare say he'd tell me."

"Ah, I dare say 'e would."

"You won't mind if I chip a bit off the the specimen, will you? I have a shrewd idea what it is, but I'd like to make sure. No, I won't damage it. . . . What a pathetic story yours is! And your son was a very good lad to you after all."

"Oh yes, sir, he always was."

"Ah, but I mean at the last; this stone now—I will give you a hundred pounds for it, if you like."

The poor woman's head swam; surely there were magical qualities about the stone her Jack had sent her, even as he had said.

"Or better still, I will tell you the sequel to the story of your son," continued the geologist. "From sheep-farming, in which you say he was first engaged, he went to gold-mining; that was where, up country, he and Bill, his friend, expected to make their fortunes. This stone is a nugget of pure gold! I will have it reduced for you; it will provide for you and your husband comfortably for the rest of your days. You see, the lad provided for you after all."



## HINTS FOR CYCLISTS.

By A. WHEELER.

**A** FEW hints about bicycles may be useful to some reader of these pages, and, now that everyone rides, and every second person owns a bicycle, no apology will be needed for devoting a little space to the subject here.

No one who has experienced the pleasure of a ride through any of our beautiful English country districts or among the mountains and lakes of Wales, the Lake District, or Scotland, will deny that it is one of the pleasantest and most health-giving of sports. Some say that bicycles are about to give place to motor cycles and cars, but when that happens, if it ever does, one of the best features of cycling will be gone, and it will become a furious rush from place to place at a speed which will make the enjoyment of scenery and air impossible, creating a dust and leaving a track of noxious fumes through the peaceful country.

It will greatly add to the pleasure of cycling

if the machine is in a good state of repair, and in perfect working order, and to this end every cyclist should understand the construction of his bicycle and principles on which it works.

The most important point of all to understand is the construction and proper adjustment of a ball bearing. There are twelve of these in the majority of modern machines, and on their correct adjustment everything depends.

FIG. I. will show clearly how a ball bearing works. It is a section of a hub with bearing at each end. A is the hub, in each end of which is a 'cup' or rounded hollow; B is the 'cone,' with another rounded hollow on its outer edge, between which and the cup a row of balls revolve. C is the lock-nut, and D the spindle. The 'cone' is screwed on to the spindle, and in adjusting the bearing, should, after loosening the lock-nut, be screwed up against the balls until there is *almost* no play.

Do not screw it quite tight, as when the lock-nut is tightened it will give a little more.

FIG. II. shows the front view of the bearing. In the 'cone,' B, there is generally a slot or a small hole into which an instrument may be fixed to move it round, but when the lock-nut is loose very little force will be needed to turn the 'cone.'

The ball bearings are, two in each pedal, two in the hub of each wheel, two in the front pillar or head, and, last but not most important, two in the 'bottom bracket' or part of the frame through which the axle runs which carries the cranks and pedals. These are adjusted from one side only, and great care is necessary to make them just turn freely without rocking.

The next most important working part is the chain, of which there are three usual patterns—(1.) The block chain (FIG. III. 2.) in which the open links are connected by

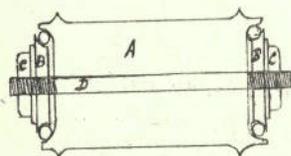


FIG. I

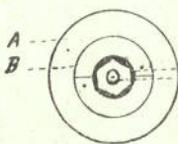


FIG. II

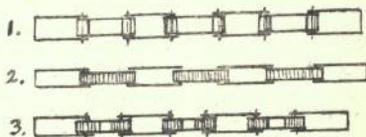


FIG. III

solid blocks. This kind of chain should not be oiled, but lubricated with tallow and black-lead, or special grease sold for the purpose. (2.) The twin roller chain (FIG. III. 3), in which the block is replaced by two rollers close together, so that two rollers come between each tooth of the chain wheel. (3.) The single roller chain (FIG. III. 1), in which only one roller comes between each tooth of the wheel, which are very much closer together than on the wheels used with the block or twin roller chains. The block and single roller are the best chains the former being strongest and the latter causing least friction, and therefore running best.

The only other thing of much importance is the brake, excepting the free wheel mechanism. There are many types of free wheels, but all are rather too delicate for anyone but a mechanic to meddle with, especially those which have back-peddalling brakes combined with them inside the hub.

Among brakes there are the tyre brake, rim brake, band brake, and hub brake. The tyre brake is not in favour as it wears the tyres,

and would not be effective if the tyre happened to puncture. The rim brake is not an ideal one by any means on account of the rim being liable to get out of truth, when the brake will rub hard in one place and miss in another, and also on account of getting choked with mud in bad weather. In principle the band brake is the best, and may be worked either by hand or by back pedalling, when a gentle pressure will cause the band to tighten round the special wheel fitted on the back hub for the purpose, which gives a very effective brake.

In practice, however, it is found that the most reliable brake is that applied to the rim of the *front wheel*, as it is simple, and the front rim is not so liable to get bent or choked with mud as the back.

Now a word about lamps. These are all more or less bad, and the point to consider is which are the least bad. A good oil lamp,

though even the best are dirty things, is on the whole the most satisfactory. Acetelene gives a good light, and a candle is clean, and refills are easily carried, but in each case there are drawbacks which more than counterbalance these advantages.

With regard to tyres not much need be said. Every cyclist should be able to mend his own tyres, and in any ordinary case of puncture should do so within fifteen minutes. *Always* carry a repairing outfit in your tool bag, and repair immediately you see the tyre require inflating, more than once a week or so. Some people find a difficulty in getting off the tyres with wire elges. It is quite simple when you remember to press the edge well into the hollow of the rim on the side opposite to the valve. It will then be comparatively loose on the valve side and will easily slip over the edge of the rim. The same course must be followed in putting it on again, and very little force will be required. Put a little air in the tube to prevent it from being caught between the cover and the rim when replacing the tyre.



## ANECDOTES.

### Cowboy and Millionaire.

A delightful story of the cowboy's utter indifference to social status comes from America. Mr. M'Kittrick, who is a millionaire oil-king, and is reputed to own half of Southern California, was once leaving his ranch to drive into town, when he was accosted by one of his cow-punchers. "Say, boss," cried the cowboy, "can I draw ten dollars?" Mr. M'Kittrick was about to refer the man to the foreman, but, being good-natured, he handed over a gold piece of that value. "Oh, I don't want the money," said the cowboy. "I want you to get me some truck in town! I want a dollar-a-half pair o' yaller shoes, three pairs o' socks, some cigarette papers, a pair o' overalls, two suits o' underclothes, two shirts, 'n' a silk handkerchief." Charmed by the manner of his employe, the millionaire took the commission. He returned late at night loaded down like Santa Claus, sought out the cow-puncher, and delivered the goods. "They cost eight dollars and a half," he said; "here's the remaining dollar and a half." "Oh, that's all right," replied the generous cowboy, "keep the change!"

\* \* \*

### Three Great Soldiers.

Lord Wolseley's best story is one of the stories of the world, for it concerns a great man, and Wolseley is a truth-loving reporter. Three subalterns were in the trenches before the Redan, says "The Candid Friend," Wolseley, Gerald Graham, and Charles Gordon. When they were relieved at night, the gigantic Graham, the perfect type of the sworder, used to pick himself out of the trench and walk straight to his tent, careless of the fact that he was making himself a cock-shot for the Russian marksmen. Evening after evening, the Russian soldiers used to gather more and more quickly; but Graham would take no advice; he wasn't going "to bother about those fellows." Garnet Wolseley, with ambition even then to be one day the Commander-in-Chief, used to crawl through the very slush of the trench on his hands and knees for a hundred yards or so before he got up and made a bee-line for his tent: he did not mean to be shot, if he could help it. "And Gordon?" the listener asked. "Oh, Gordon," said Wolseley; "Gordon was funny; sometimes he would crawl with me, and the very next evening get up, hook arms with Graham, and go off talking eagerly."

### A Costly Cheese.

A Scottish farmer was one day selling some wool to a carrier, and after weighing it in the yard he went into the house to make out an invoice. Coming back he missed a cheese which had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and glancing at the bag of wool he observed that it had suddenly increased in size.

"Man," he said to the carrier, "I hae clean forgotten the weight o' that bag. Let's pit it on the scales again."

The carrier could not refuse.

Being duly weighed, the bag was found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crest-fallen carrier went away.

The farmer's wife at once missed the cheese, and rushing to the yard told her husband that some thief had stolen the cheese.

"Na, na, Meg," replied the farmer, quietly; "I hae just sold the cheese for twa shillin' the pund."

\* \* \*

### Our Puzzling Orthography.

The perpetual puzzle of English orthography is well set out in these verses:

There is a farmer who is YY  
Enough to take his EE,  
And study nature with his II,  
And think of what he CC.  
He hears the chatter of the JJ  
As they each other TT,  
And sees that when a tree DKK  
It makes a home for BB.

A showman to the Jungle went  
And caught a fierce young gnu,  
Said he: "I'll teach him to perform,  
And sell him to the Zoo."  
This man was very much surprised,  
And quite delighted, too,  
For, lo! each quick and novel trick  
The new gnu knew!

\* \* \*

### Odds and Ends.

Overheard at the village cricket match.—  
Bowler: How's that? Umpire (slowly and thoughtfully): Oi doan't knaw, but it ain't out.

A little boy, aged six, was sent by his father to see if the butcher had pig's feet. He returned very soon, saying he couldn't see, as butcher had boots on.