WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE GREAT SEASIDE RESORTS OF ENGLAND.

Bournemouth-on-the-Sands — The Most Aristocratic Health Resort in Britain. Its Marvelous Development—The Home of the Shelters—Interesting Associations

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BOURNEMOUTH, England, Aug. 31.—In general from almost any standpoint, Bournemouth is unique among the great seaside resorts of England. It is truly a health giving spot without earthiness, its ocean outlook is grandly beautiful without appeal to sandstorm, which it does not possess, or to the imagination, which is lovingly prompted. It is rich without being vulgar, aristocratic, though not in sufficiently an popular, and yet democratically quiet. The accompaniments "Arry, "Ariel and "Tompsy Aldine" of every other known resort of England are here unknown. And, more noticeable than all else to the American tourist, it is in Europe and yet glows with newness and progress.

Many romances of sudden wealth have been written in Bournemouth's growing, pushing Boom, one of the men who helped rebuild Chicago after the fanous had swept that city into world-lost fame, learned there his lesson of opportunity so well that in building here he is now become one of the millionaires of this "Paradise of Pines." The great Durnet estate, comprising the entire Boscombe valley, three miles long, running through the center of Bournemouth, and covered by the most princely buildings and lovely pleasure gardens, is owned by one enterprising southern, a Mr. Durnet. This lady's father came into possession of the property after years of litigation and disencouragement so great that he finally offered his nephew, one Fox, an attorney of Norwich, £5,000 to accept his equities in the property, pay the costs and rid him of responsibility. The nephew of fourteen Fox refused, but his aunts in fear and consolations a hundred times that amount out of the estate, which the family believe is worth millions. The Shelley estate, formerly a few hundred acres of wind drawn and gloom, now owned by Lady Shelley, widow of the late Baron Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet's son, is valued at a million pounds sterling, and is yearling £50 annual ground rents for another half new lots. It lies between Bournemouth proper and Christchurch Hook, or what is known as East Cliff.

The present Lord Malmesbury, one of the Rock of England directors, though always a man of great wealth, added enormously to his properties through the peculiar influence he exercised over two old Salisbury Ladies Talbot and Hayward, who died within a few months' period of above ninety years of age some seven years since. They owned by gift from one of their ancestors, Lord Malmesbury, who thoroughly became their business "adviser" on most of Bournemouth's most in the environs and adjacent. On their death Malmesbury was entitled to have the every one of the vast estate had been bequeathed to Lord Malmesbury, who immediately made ample provision for all the old servants and other dependents.

Fears of shifter concerns and tragedies in the minute instances of Bournemouth, though the city's history is a brief one, must be related. The practical side of this development is also curious and interesting. Two years ago Bournemouth All its thoroughfares, "roads," "avenues," "crescents" and "quadrants." They are all wide and well macadamized. The splendid improvements have been almost exclusively made by speculative architects and builders. As values advanced, parcels of ground were purchased from by the agents of various estates, the latter providing improvements in adjoining thoroughfares. These sites are all sold or soon to be, and with the exception of those of one estate they are leaseholds of ninety and ninety-nine years' duration, on annual ground rents of from $50 to $200 per lot, payable half yearly, and with what is known here as "peppercorn," or free ground rent for the first year, in difference to the holders' profits.

The curious thing about Bournemouth business property from first to last is, that no sooner is one office opened and ready for occupancy, whatever its price, than it is already sold to some London gentlemen or syndicate. The example here is not to well known either. Two years ago in a few building sites from the sea-shore. The result must be that with unfinished and unlying plot limits, the city will be one of commodious area and elegance a city of villas and gardens gilded, palatial homes. Only one evasion with frequent sales, and those are on conditions which render the work a ridiculous nonsense. An equity of redemption is securable on a thirty years' purchase. To illustrate: If a building site is sold for £100 per year ground rental, after thirty years and the payment aggregate of £3,000, it becomes "freehold," subject to all manner of restrictive conditions, such as that the property be not used for business purposes, that the building upon it shall not be in any manner changed, that a stabled building shall not be erected on the same site, etc. Every such change imposes a new agreement and additional fees. I believe it requires a license fee of twenty-one dollars to permit a cut a new window to one's house. A few rooms are being added to the Bourne Hall hotel, property on Poole road, and the fee charge for the change is $1,500. So that while there are from 300 to 400 residences in Bournemouth each of which cost $7,000 and upward, and from twenty-fifty which have each cost $25,000 and upward, there are practically no people in Bournemouth who absolutely own their own homes, save the half dozen Americans of the great nation.

Nature and tradition have made Bournemouth. The climate of Great Britain is Death ridiled in humidity, ever near to nearly every household inevitable pulmonary disease. There are in the two islands family, aristocratic families, refined and cultured rich people who have this sort of tradition in their families, to build anywhere in England another city, rich and great as London, in which to house them. The pines, the sands, the sea and an almost semi-tropical climate are found in this region only on the "Riviera Riviera." They altogether exist nowhere else in Britain. This is solely way a collection, where lands entered, pine and wind dunes worth, half a century since, less than sixty dollars per acre, has been transformed into a spot more beautiful than the royal gardens at Kew, where the same land in many instances has a credit running value of more than $500,000 per acre.

Bournemouth is less than three hours' time from London, and is reached by the London and Southwestern railway. The first view of the sands got at Poole. Three miles more and you are at Bournemouth. There are Bournemouth east and west avenues. These are set far out from the Pleasant, pine embedded city, so that those who come within the fifty pines shall see no railway smoke and grime and never be disturbed by the locomotive's whistle. There is no dirt and poverty at Bournemouth. The most startling note in the scroll of the great commercial lands. Birds sing here as in the wildwood. The sense of rest and well-being and the consciousness of the wise in the pines go to sail on which sights have filled the souls.

Where the people have built the pines they have planted rhododendron, the cedars, the laurustus, myrtle and bay, and a myriad of other shrubs and evergreens noticed. These grow on the south coast in almost tropical luxuriance. The silvery Bourne, sprinkling among the south at Kinson, scarcely more than a blue thread here, shows the supreme valley depth, with the wide, fair city gently ascending to the east and west. Its journey is a path way through a sylvan garden. Jack halloes to reaches the city edge and the sea it mingles through its ever green and ever shaded arboretum, sweet, solemn and still. These avenues are thickly wooded walks, drives and devious wooded nooks. Avenues of ancient pines are softly melodious here. The sun sends through the vertical rest to flecks and splinters of light. This is the famous "Invalids' Walk."

The shore and seacoast at Bournemouth are the most beautiful to be found in Europe. The shore is a perfect semicircle facing the south, twelve miles in length, terminating on the east in the land Christchurch head, and on the west in the sand hillock headland and cliffs at the Old Harry Rocks. The foreshore presented by one of the finest beaches point in England, is margined of a curve which golden and level, with no pebbles upon it as large as a pea. Behind this, beach only when the Bourne enters the sea and shoots its sides surround with aspen vines and almost passage, is a continuous cliff of clove sand, now and then wooded with tiny "shelters." The cliff is from 40 to 300 feet in height. All the "cliffs" are many hundreds for children and invalids. Lodging houses and "shelters" line the edge for miles above. By night the shore is alive with light, the sea alive with further and shifting lights. By night or day the eye never rests upon the sea without glimpses of hundreds of steamers and sails. Straight across the Solent, Isleworth Tennis, is the land of Wight, the Needles from which at dusty back. The whole is a dream of the purest beauty and repose. Bournemouth is alone for the rich. The poor man can but look upon it and wind the sublime picture for Canada existing years.

Although Bournemouth itself is new one does not have to remove long a visitor to find it, its near landmarks and islands and its outlying manors and hamlets, rich in associative interest. In its beautiful Bournemouth is the Lady Chapel of Christchurch Priory, the most perfect specimen in the east, Knole, who died in the "Green Valley," leading to the native the Priory of Christchurch and Bournemouth. Almost Swanage, four miles there in the east beyond the Harry Rocks, where time itself seems drowsing, was the favorite resort of two grand men and wife to which Charles Kingsley.

Near to the Isle of Purbeck. Its dark purple marble is found in many every cathedral of England. The same island has one time been made famous as the "Isle of Lost Ideas." Its seed to "transfer land relinquish all" here, it is related. Where no man could remain, no ship could land. In Pitt's day the minions took fire, and through this circumstance England temporarily lost its historic great seat. He drew over on the time of the Napoleonic, he told a friend, was for the great end, of which the end character is unknown. He was of intensely religious character. He had to build it. The most towering Wise to raise to it. He would and remember the work, and his whole health and energies of soul and mind were all spent and disposed upon the walks and carvings ways which it was learnt.

At Corfe Castle one is reminded that Sir Christopher Hatton so loved the place for its healthfulness that he induced Queen Elizabeth to allowance it from the Crown lands in his favor. The lady had sent the children to old Horn Court, the seat of Lord Malmesbury, than do Corfey nestled, and Hatton's heart was in the place. The founders of the family wrote "Hermes," perhaps the greatest tome of reasoning since the time of Aristotle. When he sold or seized the home of ancient Corfey, he thought it no place for him, for the great writer on grammar and harmony was rude, in Pick's opinion, to build "neither Gaul nor the other" within that ancient hall. The one Lord Clonmore, in Corfey Hall and died at Bournemouth, and legendarily remembered in the Corfey Memorial hall. Among the lands, hills of near New Forest, you may see the wild forest of King William Rufus, and at Stony Cross Hill he the stone on spot to the memory of the same red headed rufian whom Tyrrel shot purposely or by accident.

Then there is the noble manor of Wimborne, the wonderful old Roman pavement at Carisbrooke, and everywhere along shore, among the ruins and the caves of Isle Wight, an endless of strangers and pirates. You go back long ago the time Insane did a thriving trade between this coast and the opposite coast of France. The great guards away a time found their match in Queen Bailey hill, and found not let many of office so friendly and too were taken. The modern ship bulwark of Bournemouth, and one who had to fire battling against law did the lord's work. In Kinson churchyard rule may still read the inscription over the grave of Bay who fell by the hands of the crown surrendered. "To the memory of Robert Tutman, late of Rowd, in the county of Wilts, who was barbarously murdered in the above near Poole the 26th March, 1743.

"A little to, one half did not end
Yet pulses beat I to not expire
Tho' in a trance I seem to stand to Judge
And think your 'ds to slay the Sensible
Immortal."

If there is a shrine in England sacred to the poor soldier it is near Bournemouth. He was born at Ford Place, in the county of Sussex, and was dispatched to the field of Spanish in July, 1812. His body was interred and war interred in the burial place of Times for Provisional strangers. Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who died near Bournemouth, and was buried in the churchyard at Bournemouth, in February, 1851. She was fifty-four years of age at the time of her death. Their son, Sir Percy Bysshe Shelley, died two years since at the family seat, near Bournemouth, his wife, Lady Shelley, who is yet still living. Two had children, and the title of baronet passed to Colonel Shelley, of Arlington, near Winchester. Mr. Shelley is a nephew of the poet and heir of his son, the late Sir Percy. In the quiet old Priory church at Christchurch Hook, Lady Shelley, accompanied by her child, or to erect a beautiful memorial to the poet and his wife. It is an exquisite marble effigy of Shelley, recumbent, supported in the arms of his kneeling wife.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Irish Puns.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.

The popular journalist was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine. Amidst great hue a severe coughing fit.

"Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a very brilliant attempt at a sarcasm: "that's not the way to cork."

"No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney."—London Truth.

One of Mars.

Isabella—Why is Miss Pomeroy so proud?

Isabella—Well, there are 200,000,000 engagement rings in the world and she has one of them.—Jewelry Weekly.

MRS. GRAHAM'S
Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It renders a soft, smooth, velvet skin, and so dainty and exquisitely delicate the remotest touch makes manifest. It is a compound composition from the choicest of sea and wind and prepared, recently and lovelier, and brackishness will never come while you use it. It keeps on the face and hands rough and water, sunburnt and tight on the skin it rose and this operation the formation of wrinkles, and the skin is left smooth and soft. Sunburn, rose of sun and tan and wind, a little gift. Every box, price 50 cents, sent or sent free to give a more complete experience to any lady, that the genuine article, which is not to be confused in other, and is to be obtained in one only form, namely, Mrs. Graham's Cucumber and Elder Flower. Price $1.00, in all strengths and complexions, at all druggists, or sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of price. Sample Bottle sent free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady agent wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S
Face Bleach

Clears the worst cases of Freckles, Sunburn, Sallowness, Moth patches, Pimples and all Skin Diseases. Price $1.00, in all strengths and complexions.

The Druggist in the town who does not produce a bottle of this preparation will have his name added to the list of the undersigned.

No preparations are for sale by wholesale druggists in Utah and every city and town of the Union.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James Stanton, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned administrator, administrator, executor of the estate of the deceased, has filed in said court, his final account and report of said estate, and that the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of Saturday, the 26th day of September, A.D. 1891, at the court room of said court, in the Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, has been appointed by said court for the hearing of said account and report, when and where any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any exists, why said account should not be settled and the administrator discharged and his bondsmen released.

Dated September 8th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. ALLEN, Deputy.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business: Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 5th day of August, 1891, at Park City, Utah, it was determined that an assessment of three cents per share upon the capital stock of the Lucky Bill Mining Company, payable in lawful money of the United States, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, at Park City, Utah, was levied upon all the capital stock of said company, payable on the 10th day of September, 1891, to the holders of said stock, or their legal representatives, who may be found on the books of the company, and that any stock upon which said assessment shall not be paid on or before the 10th day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale.

LUCKY BILL MINING COMPANY,
W. J. BURTON, Secretary.
Business office: 204 Wm. Jennings, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Ross, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, administrator of the estate of John Ross, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers, within one months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the law office of Parsons & Rich, No. 2 Main street, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake.

Dated August 8th, 1891.

ELIZABETH A. ROSS,
Administrator of the estate of John Ross, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE G. SNELL AND Ida Snell, his wife, of Salt Lake City, Utah, executed and delivered to Charles Ellis, of Salt Lake City, Utah, a certain deed of trust, bearing date the 16th day of July, 1890, to secure the payment of one note therein described, payable to order of said Charles Ellis, in the sum of $1,000, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, payable quarterly, and to secure the payment of any further sum or sums of money that may be loaned by said Charles Ellis to said George G. Snell, and any other indebtedness that may be owing to said Charles Ellis by said parties, which said deed of trust was duly recorded in the office of the county recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah, in book 19 of Mortgages, page 19, records of said office, to which reference is made; and whereas default has been made in the payment of said indebtedness and interest thereon, and the said Charles Ellis has elected and does hereby elect to declare the whole of said principal sum of $1,000 and all interest thereon, and any other indebtedness that may be owing to said Charles Ellis by said parties, or either of them, at any time, or from time to time, hereby declared to be immediately due and payable, and has elected and does hereby elect to foreclose said deed of trust and to sell the property described therein, and to pay the said indebtedness and