WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE INNS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The Highest and Humblest Are Excellent, but the Average Inn Simply a Den Among "Temperance" Hotels and Remote Village Inns Alone Furnish Comfort and Repose.

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LONDON, June 16.—There are two classes of inns in England and Scotland, which the guests find comfort. One class comprises the great hotels of such cities as London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, which have become comfortable during the past generation of a century, in proportion to their adoption of American hotel manners and improvements. The other class is the humble and simple inns of remote villages, of almost unknown date and form of business, old Dutch chateaux, and of non-commercial English hostelries, where one thanks God, if he have come by design or accident, for the tender repose and blessed rest so to found among them.

There is another class. Its inns are the hotels the average traveler, uncommended or unsuccessful, is compelled to patronize, and which let to wait for the doomed train from Land's End to John o'Groats. They are simply places where one for a necessary period resigns himself to captivity, surveillance and extortion. The unhinged and tremendous surprise and indignation evinced at protest against either are the tests of interest in the institution, if there may exist whom there seems only opportunity for downright despair.

If you have come to the inn by carriage and been assisted by the station porters for bringing your baggage to the door, by other porters who grab it and carry it to some other place, by other porters who now seize it and deposit it near your carriage, and by still other porters who assist the scornful coachman in getting things to rights and in some way, or if you have walked and carried a portmanteau or two, and been haunted and taunted by street porters and urchins for your suggestions and efforts to destroy the customs of the country, you will find them all there—those oily, slippery human contacts of the concrete British inn dwellings—separate and distinct notifications of the life blood sapping you will be called upon in spirit and pocket to pay.

There is the landlord, rotund in obsequiousness, the landlady, beaming with smiles, but measuring your capacity for imposition with unerring accuracy; the head waiter, a superior foreign being, usually a German French adventurer in full dress, who performs all offices with scorn, but now standing there with bland personability in his face for your coming trial; the porter and the second porter, who grin at you this once to ever after grind. "Boots," that sodden, grimy slave who never sleeps and who is ever at war with all other souls within the place, "Boots," in uniform as to clothing, but in permanent gloom as to face, sets when you arrive and he lights up with joy as the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen chambermaids, who each watch their chance to leer and full their forelocks at you in effort to establish some recognition of what you may expect if you do not please them; the barmaid, who knows, you know, that it is she alone who supplies the awful refreshmentness and inhuman tenacity of that insufferable bill, and who giggles and grimes as she sees your sore writhing recognition of what is to come, and a number of somewhat cattle called chambermaids, who in a trice have settled the manner in which you shall be racked and wrecked within the proclivities of the dark, cheaply due to which you are certain to be consigned.

In a moment the cold realism of your situation has come. You are inside a low, dark, narrow hall, and alone. At one side is the bar, an affair constructed like an American railway station newsstand, which is shut out from sight whenever the barmaid retires to pass, the landlady desire to absent her from her familiar, or your own stupefaction becomes too intensely for the entire. Opposite is the "Coffee Room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a long, low, cheerless table, spread with a cloth over decorated with misplaced castors.

If you have the good fortune to finally get anything to eat in the place, you will have to partake of it with a lonely traveler possessing one sole, a drunken great snoring upon another, a crowd of drovers, of bullnecks of the mountains or moors, fatty, swigging ale or stout beside you, and the whole room as blue as a charred fire with the smoke of tobacco. Directly you are in the relentless hall. The head waiter is gone; the porter has grabbed your luggage and disappeared. "Boots" and "Bustons" have vanished, the head landlady and barmaid have been swallowed up in the inconceivable somewhere behind the bar; stablemen and chambermaids are without; late unfamiliarity means Great, gloomy doors, black, moldy walls, hard, forbidding ceilings alone confront you.

You hang your knuckles against the bar window. Landlord, landlady or barmaid by and by appear, giving you a look of pained surprise, and then disappear. You call, "Porter!" "Boots!" "Bustons!" "Chambermaid!" There is not even a response, glass now is answer. You call and long were more. The time when alone represents you. Groping about the place you stumble at a bellcord big as your wrist, with a tassel as big as your head. Then you tug at it very violently. The clang and clamor of the bell, which you cannot locate, hit the whole place. The bar window comes up with a slam, a face shows with a scam, and an expression of degree and dismay is caught escaping between the sashes. Then, inertia up from dark staircase, and peering out of quickly opened doors, are seen faces full of grave surprise. You hear all about you exclamations of disgust and disapproval, and in another minute all these faces are gone, and you are again alone. Then you talk out loud to yourself for a while to rule American words.

Determined to secure relief you tinkle such the "Coffee Room" "human warious." Everybody knows is coming. Then you attempt to descend stairs which you think must lead to where the servants ought to be. After you crack spines shortly angles and fall in unexpected turns this attempt is abandoned. In desperate hope and courage you begin scaling the ascents to upper apartments. You are three minutes before, by following the stair railing, you can at least for some little time proceed. You go every high tale way. Doorfuls of where you see you reserve a flight or two. They are there stealthily through a dark, scaly hall.

Like a crank thief you try every door you find, listening with bearing heart, for movements of vengeance from supposition occupants. Your strained hearing obtains the sound of footsteps. You suddenly pounce upon him and hold him as remorselessly as ever "Gooby Blake" was clutched by "Harry Gill." The man says, "Lord bless us!" but does not seem very frightened. He probably knows what it is to be frequently perplexed in the dark by desperate people. You demand with surprised emotion to be led to your room. Lord bless us, yes, certainly, but you do not know your way—you the befuddled. By and by you have penetrated the somewhere, and find yourself in a room that must be your room because you recognize some features of your luggage when falling over it.

But there you are at last, and what a prison! Stacks of pale, sour, hot dry bricks wrestles are inserted by what is here in possession, pinching, mold and decay! One feats to see a drawer out the furniture will crumble in pieces and dolorous spirits in unlimed. The washstand is propped, the bowl is cracked, the towel is so shredded and so pathetically scored. You can only sit in sadness on the floor. You "trip" the men you have caught out of all reason, and cleverly ask for a light and a fire. Your boots are taken away—no a light, but there must be a smoke-room where the fire. By departs and you stand there surprised by hope and a sense past, black remembrance for a good half hour. He never returns. Another man does. Tells one things one thy molds falsely further night, and displeasing the extraordinary amenity for light. You suggest that you will send more. He is repelled. But you pledge your ability to pay for two, or even three candles, if all are turned together. That may be admitted, but the information is too much. You for this new man. Lord bless us, you certainly, he will see. He goes away and never returns. You take your candle and make a little trip around the entering halls, but you find no one.

Then you return to your room, find the bedcord, and enliven the locality for a long time with doleful bellings, jeadings and impetuous exertion of a remote but strong tuned bell. By and by another man comes, as if to doubtful attentiveness, and seems anxious to know if you have really rung. You endeavor to make it clear that you have, and way you have, and you for light and say, "My good fellow" and "There's a man" and other friendly tidings. This one goes and stays, like the rest. You begin on the bell again, etc., thoroughly exhausted and desperate, rush to your door and yell, yell as one will yell when the limit of human patience is reached.

In a moment they are all there—all the pack of persecutors who first gave you welcome. You address them in unmistakable language. They are surprised, pained, humiliated at your extraordinary conduct. But by a frank statement that unless a dire of coals is put in your grate you will utilize the unlighted sections of furniture for that purpose, and unless you are furnished enough candles you will make a pyre of the inn itself for light with which to get out of it, you are immediately provided with what you want—by two or three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denouement, these only submitting to accommodate you after their labors have been crowned with silver, like fond and indulgent mothers over bonny.

In every other act or fact about the British inn there is the same hopeless stubbornness. Guts within it you must resign yourself soul and body to indescribable dirty, inattention and every conceivable of fraud and inutility. The guest is a creature to be plundered, bullied and pillaged. To these beings with wooden heads and stone hearts, who do not "keep" them, but are kept by them, civility is unknown; comfort is unknown; innovation is treason, and dynamite turns in all suggestions of improvement.

It would be captious and dishonest to assert that there are no pleasant exceptions, but any one who has traveled much in England and Scotland knows that the exceptions are very few and far between. Of these less the average wanderer finds in the average English and Scottish town or village. Acquaintance is in every place visited which, as a rule, increases the percentage of misery. But as you are compelled to move it, in passing rapidly from place to place, the entire system is one of grab and plunk. The bar is the British innkeeper's god. He has no pride in its home and the entertainment he might give.

If your bill for liquors is likely to four or five times exceed that for bed and board, you are tolerated and even coddled. If you have something to do beside guzzle you may as well understand that so long as you are wanted, and will not be deceived, you will be used tender of all British inns there is not a public room—and they are all notoriously tiny and close—where the fumes and smoke of liquor and tobacco do not form a dense and awful pillar of cloud and fire by night and day. The inn is absolutely the bar annex here.

But there is hope for the traveler in England and Scotland in two directions. If one will make a rule of patronizing only the temperance hotels, or of hunting out the humblest and most insignificant inn that can be found in the place of arrival, my word for it, a clean bed, a fairly comfortable room and the best attention and forbearance to be found in the country will be his. Of these there are some hundreds scattered all cases in secluded. The temperance hotels of our own country are as a rule only fit places for self mortification or suicide. Here they are the only places where one can secure any manner of simple entertainment.

In Wales, in the English lake district, in some portions of the steep and remote of the English midland shires, and in many of the characteristic villages of Scotland, you will come upon little inns that are half inn and half home. They are strangling, one story structures, with steep back, some moss covered roofs, not huge eaves and chimneys, and are nearly always half hidden beneath ivy, roses and flowering vines. They are rich in that sweet and tuneless environment of the old stage coaching days, and, provided with numerous nooks, crannies, cupboards and delightful corners, are such a labyrinth of quaintness and repose.

Personally, in my wayside tramping, this sort of peaceful old Scottish inn has been found the most delightful. By the great blaze of its cavernous fireplace, in the presence of scones white as a dove's wing, lassies rosy and brown, as comfort as pie as a four painted beach bowl, a jug of cream sweet as a nut kernel, a tractable lowing of two to the door put under the window, and the whole lowing about in a sort of dowry fancy to make you feel comfy, you have reason to thank British "conservatism" that these few olden gems are placed still extant.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Local Instrument.

A very useful kind of instrument, according to the description given in the Paris Genie Civil, is the oryganometer, designed by M. Trouve, and intended for the convenient and accurate examination of geological strata opened by deep boring. The apparatus is entirely simple, consisting of a powerful electric incandescent lamp, inclosed in a cylindrical case, one of whose curved sides serves as a reflector, and the other, made of thick glass, permits the illumination of the bore hole. An elliptical mirror, set at an inclination of 45 degs. in the bottom of the case, throws its images vertically upward through the open top of the case to the observer, who examines them with a powerful telescope. It is said that the apparatus works satisfactorily to a depth of 1,000 feet, and that the Portuguese government has supplied it to its expedition that is exploring the shores of Mozambique.

A CHINAMAN'S TRICK.

He Arrives in Uncle Sam's Territory on Mail Matter.

A business traveler related his experience recently to a Post-Dispatch Washington and Detroit. It is open only at the rear end, and the doors which close that end are kept usually locked. Besides that postmasters only the machine officers on each end have a key to those doors.

A few weeks ago William Henry Offut, the disguised and gorgeous colored official who opens out the Windsor postoffice and makes up the mails, was performing the latter duty. It was evening, and of course it was work. The Windsor Henry Offut is naturally timid when, as in this case, he is alone in the big postoffice at night. His superstitious awe increased when the back door began to creak and slowly open.

"Dat gentleman," chattered William Henry, "ain't de mammy of mail dat I need to be afraid of, is he, sah?"

Thought William Henry Offut's relief and surprise when, instead of some ghostly visitor, the yellow face of a Chinaman appeared.

"Glway from dah, sah, but rather scary, glway!" chuckled William Henry, who had recovered some composure by this time.

"Oh, gentleman dat's mah, for goodness. Mr. washee washee you. Mr. want sleep in mail. Allee lighter?"

"Dat's mah, sah, you can sleep in de mail, if yo' don't mind mahself."

"Gimme blanket man, one cold. Mr. wanna sleep. Me give long lock tomorrow."

"Well, ah guess you kin have de lang-yaller fuss."

The generous Henry handed out a mail bag, and the Mongol curled himself up in the rear of the office and went to sleep—apparently.

The next day, when the driver of the mail cart was going through Woodbridge street, Detroit, he heard a noise in the rear door.

He turned just in time to see a Chinaman, who much resembled the one who had interviewed William Henry the previous evening, jump from the wagon and disappear.

The counter beaches had some over in the other mail bag, and had this inspect the eighteen of the United States customs officers.

The Canadian postoffice authorities were notified. They thought that the Chinese motivated humanity should get into Uncle Sam's territory in this way. Hence the broad new locked wagon.—Detroit Journal.

Native Vices and Climbers.

I do not think that we half realize the wild grace and beauty of our native vines until we come unexpectedly upon some fine specimen left to grow as it will, and covering, say, summer house or rugged form with its rich and lovely growth. With a thought of these vines comes a vision of an old stone cottage in Northern Ohio, always near one for the wild things of the wood and field, had many a genial old tree half hidden in its cool and shadowy nooks, and always near the cottage door, and usually a grape where more grape labor, of a rustic other look of these, where little children played beneath the shelter of its leaves, trumpet creeper, whose splendid blossoms made royal trumpets to be blown at will.

The great vine, with its thick deep throats hidden amid radiant leaves opened the way into flaming color and let loose the slender stamens, poles tipped and ready. All summer climbing honeysuckle made through the thick foliage of the other of the vine about whose thick trunk it twined an unobtrusive brown wine, growing thicker with the years, but so much the richer of the dark head that it was offtimes unbended and more often unnoticed. But in the autumn, when the vine dropped with the frosts of late autumn, the fairy vine translated a thing of beauty, discovering now with its brilliant, warm, lovely color, the vine, every fresh and beauting in this profusion half the winter.—Vick's Magazine.

A Terrible Disappointment.

Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter? Something has happened of Mrs. De Moule's party, I know. Tell me all about it, my child.

Daughter—Boo hoo! Mrs. De Moule asked me to play, and—and when I told her I was out of practice, she said she was "so sorry," and didn't ask me again. Boo-hoo-hoo!—Good News.

Toys That Were Once Postage Stamps.

Seven little red Indians and five blue Quakers were exposed for sale among other curiosities on a stand near the city postoffice. There were also three good Africans, whose nationality was proclaimed by the bangles they held. No explanation was given as to why this trio was of the color mentioned, though possibly their complexion was supposed to have been affected by overindulgence in the corruptions moonlight watermelon. One could buy any of the small statuettes for ten cents, notwithstanding the paper platters they bore stating their "estimated value" at from $50 to $250 each.

The secret of it was that they were made out of uncancelled postage stamps. The Quakers were of one cent stamps, the Indians of two cent issue, and the colored personnel of the ten cent denomination. It was learned upon inquiry that the material of which they were composed had been purchased at the bureau of engraving and printing. Postmaster General Wanamaker has the use of a mucilage at that establishment for sale in each week to dealers in spoiled but unused stamps.—Washington Star.

Proof That Men Notice Women's Dress.

There is no doubt about it that the old idea that nothing escapes the eye of the poet is true. Tennyson, when he wrote lines and the glowing pile of the relics gives that lovely word, as well as the great line of poetic rhythm at her throat, at her waist and in the hand of the gentle lady. Tennyson lingers lovingly over the harness of Elaine in her stately grace, Richelieu's eye is quick to the sparkling knot, Rossetti delights in describing full, soft folds of white, and Owen Meredith tells of an admiring of silk worn by the women who lived in his palaces as well as in his life. This is just a little sermon to remind womankind that men do notice what they wear, and that when these eyes are poets they write about it. So, after all, it is worth while to dress for mankind.—Exchange.

Miss Philpott's Long Hair.

The longest suit of hair in the world is probably that which grows on the head of Miss Annie Philpott, of Gainesville, Tex., here trailing on the ground when she stands nearly four feet, and measuring in all 10 feet and 7 inches. Miss Philpott is a slight, delicate woman, approaching middle age, and regards her magnificent tresses as curious a nuisance, complaining that their weight actually strains her strength. The present growth is of the past seven years, as in this her hair was shaved after a severe attack of brain fever. She cuts out from time to time large quantities of her hair and sends it east, where it has a ready sale on account of its gloss and its great selected red gold hue.—Boston Record.

How to Sew Wounds.

In small wounds a bit of rag will keep the pieces of raw skin close together, but in larger wounds the edges must be mechanically brought together. Some do this by pieces of sticking plaster, but more skillful surgeons use a needle by putting it in the wound. Any one with a little nerve can sew up another into the edges of a wound. Dolls, then ingenious and long time in manner to sew the thread.

An ordinary needle will do, thread it with silk, pass through the skin from the outside of the wound and operator, middle of an inch from its edge, draw the "seam gently through, then place the skin of the opposite side from the inside of the wound, bring the two edges together, tie the thread with two or three knots, and the operation is complete. Put the stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, and sew up all the wound.

Use a close needle, moistened silk thread, and use a little boiling water before or during.—Gold's Journal of Health.

Blindness in New Born Infants.

There are, says Mr. S. Scott, ophthalmic surgeon to the Birmingham Eye Infirmary, and to the Institution for the Blind, few things more sad to my experience than to witness infants of only a week or two old, brought for treatment, with one or both eyes either already lost or irreparably damaged. But in this feeling concerned less for the suffering than the future which lay before such children, could such have been in the first instance prevented, or, if this opportunity had passed, finally treatment would have brought almost recovery of sight.

A card bearing the following caution has been distributed among parents bringing children to the general infirmary: "Important—If a baby's eyes run with matter and look red a few days after birth, take it at once to a doctor. Delay is dangerous, and one or both eyes may be destroyed if not treated immediately."

Why Girls Cannot Throw.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The latter cocks his elbow and renders back with the upper part of his arm almost at right angles with his body and the forearm at forty-five degrees. The act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sean, sending every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. This marked and unmistakable difference may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the female analogue is more inclose longer and more curved than in the male, for the man-clavicle is more nearly a straight frame. The long, curved, sickle-and bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a cricket ball.—Pall Mall.

Love at First Sight.

Friend—So there was a case of love at first sight?

Mrs. Gotham—Yes, indeed. I fell deeply in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when I spied a very pale creature, and pointing him out, said, "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—New York Weekly.

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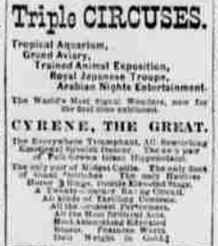

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