WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE INNS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The Highest and Humblest Are Excellent, but the Average Inn Simply a Far Away "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 in which the guests find comfort. One class comprise the great hotels of such cities as London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, which have become comfortable during the past quarter of a century, in proportion to their adoption of American hotel manners and improvements. The other class is the humble and simple hostelries of remote villages, of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, of humble old British stock and of rare unfamiliar English character, which are thanks God, if we have some by design or accident, for the tender repose and blessed rest to be found among them.

There is another class. Its inns are the hostels the average traveler, economical or uneconomical, is compelled to patronize, and which lay in wait for the doomed tourist from London Bridge 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 related at so protest against either one or more of horrors in the situation. If there may exist where 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 scoundrel coachman in getting things to rights and undo way, or if you have walked and carried a portmanteau or two, and been haunted and tantaled by street porters and touting for your singularness and efforts to decrease the customs of the country, you will find them all there—these slimy, slippery human tentacles of the concrete British inn devilish—separate and distinct antithesis of the lifblood sappings you will be called upon in spirit and pocket to endure.

There is the landlord, rotund to obsequiousness, the landlady, beaming with smiles, but measuring your capacity for imposition with unerring accuracy; the head waiter, generally a foreign being, usually a German-French adventurer in full dress, who performs all offices with scorn, but now standing there with bland permissibility in his face for your coming trials the porter and the second porter, who grin at you this once to ever after grind. "Boots," that soiled, grimy slave who never sleeps and who is ever at war with all other souls within the place. "Sweetness," in uniform as to clothing, but in permanent gloom as to face, save when you arrive and he lights up with joy at the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen chorus stablemen, who each wishes their chance to lear and pull their forelocks as you in effect to establish some recognition of what you may expect if you do not placate them; the hostess, who knows, you know, that it is she alone who supplies the awful voluptuousness and nhuteness of that inevitable bill, and who giggles and grunts as she sees your own writhing recognition of what is to come; and a number of muscular cattle called chambermaids, who in a trice have seized the manner in which you shall be racked and wrecked within the predecessors of the dank, clammy doe to which you are certain to be consigned.

In a moment the cold realism of your situation has come. You are inside a vast, dark, narrow hall, and alone. At one side is the bar, an affair constructed like a Austrian cuckoo station nowadays, which is shut out from sight whenever the barmaid wishes to yawn, the landlady desires to discuss her familiars, or your own stupendous income has commenced to ebb ashes. Opposite is the "Coffee Room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a long, low, cheerless table, spread with a cloth ever shrouded with misplaced matter.

If you have the good fortune to finally get anything to eat in the place, you will have to partake of it with a lousy tourist possessing one sole, a drunken guest snoring upon another, a crowd of drovers, of individuals of the commercial or military, swigging ale or stout beside you, and the whole room as blue as a chained fire with the smoke of tobacco. Directly you are in the proscribed hall. The head waiter is gone; the porter has grabbed your luggage and disappeared, "boots" and "stablemen" have vanished, landlord, landlady and barmaid have been swallowed up in the unmentionable somewhere behind the bar; stablemen and chambermaids are whisked into unfathomable recesses. 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 appears, giving you a look of pained surprise, and then disappears. You call, "Porter!" "Boots!" "Boticus!" "Chambermaid!" There is not even a reproving glance now in answer. You sail and hang some more. This time the alone reproves you. Groping about the place you stumble at a bellcord big as your wrist, with a tassel on it big as your head. This you tug at very violently. The cord and clamor of the bell, which you cannot locate, fill the whole place. The bar window opens up with a clash, your down with a clash, and an expression of degree and dismay is caught sweeping between the sashes. The swing up from dark stairways, and peering out of quickly opened doors, are seen faces full of grave surprise; you hear all about you exclamations of dismay and dismay, and in another instant all these faces are gone, and you are again alone. Then you talk out loud to yourself for a while to rule Anglo-Saxon words.

Determined to secure relief you timidly seek the "Coffee Room" "human warfare." Everybody there is unctious. You grope attempt to descend stairs which you think must lead to where the servants ought to be. After you crash against sharp angles and fall in unexpected turns this attempt is abandoned. In desperate hope and courage you begin ending the assents in upper accounts. You are more successful here, for, by following the stair railing, you can at least for some little time proceed. You go pretty high this way. Doubtful of where you are, you return a flight or two. Then you move sketchily through a dark, stuffy hall.

Like a sneak thief you try every door you find, listening with beating heart, for movements of vengeance from apparently those occupants. Your strained hearing catches the sound of footsteps. You suddenly possess upon him and hold him as remorselessly as ever "Gooey 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 accosted in the dark by desperate people. You demand with emphatic emotion to be let to your room. Lord bless us, you certainly did, you do not know your grip upon the individual. By and by you have prevented the scoundrel 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 room! Shades of past ages, how the kindly wrinkles are haunted by what is here in pretension, patching, mold and decay! One feels to see a drawer and the furniture will crumble in pieces and dolorous spirits be released. The manhunted is prepared, the bed is cracked, the toilet is shrieked as a pilfered wreck. You can only sit in safety on the floor. You "tip" the man you have sought out of all proportion to your means for a light and a fire. Lord bless us, you certainly are in a fight, but there must be a consolation about the fire. He departs and you stand there suspended by hope and expect, black atmosphere for a good half hour. He never returns. Another man does. Tells one things one may smoke fainty blatting of light, and discussing the extraordinary necessity for light. You suggest that you will send more. He is appalled. Into pledge paid shillings to pay for two, or even three candles, if all are burned together. That may be admitted, but the innovation is too much. You for this your 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 scaring halls, but you find no one.

Then you return to your room, find the bedcord, and enjoy the hostelry for a long time with doleful bellings, peallings and impetuous execution of a remote too strong sound bell. By and by another man comes, as if in doubtful attentiveness, and seems anxious to know if you have really rung. You endeavor to make it clear that you have, and say you have, and you for his and say, "My good fellow" and "There's a man" and other friendly things. This one goes and stays, like the rest. You begin on the bell again, or, thoroughly reckless and desperate, rush to your door and pull, pull as one will pull 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 unctuous, able language. They are surprised, pained, humiliated at your extraordinary conduct. But by a frank statement that unless a fire of coals is put in your grate you will utilize the unplaited sections of tackle 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 eventually provided with what you want—by two or three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denouement, these early entreating to accommodate you after their palms have been crossed with silver, like the bad old system of the days long ago.

In every other act or fact about the British inn there is the same hopeless stubbornness. Once within it you must resign yourself and submit to indescribable injury, inattention and every conceivable affront and inclivity. The guest is a creature to be plucked, 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 unheard, innovation is treason, and dynamite lurks 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 above picture is true one of the average of those inns the average wanderer finds in the average English and Scottish town or village. Acquaintance in every place tailed would be death, relief one's percentage of misery. But as you are compelled to know it, in passing rapidly from place to place, the entire system is one of grab-and-plack. The bar is the British innkeeper's god. He has no pride in his house 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 besides gamble you may as well understand drs as lack that you are not wanted, and will not be deemed treated. In hundreds of all British inns there is not a public room—and they are all notoriously tiny and slim—where the famous 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 heating out the hostelries and most insufficient 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 service to be had in the country will in nearly all cases be secured. The temperance hotels of our own country are on a rule only 25 places for self mortification or suicide. Here they are the only places where one can secure any manner of elegant entertainment.

In Wales, in the English lake district, in some portions of the steep old hamlets of the English midland shires, and in many of the characteristic villages of Scotland, you will come upon little inns or hostels that are half inn and half home. They are straggling, one story structures, with steep back, moss covered roofs, and huge saves and chimneys, and are nearly always half hidden beneath ivy, roses and flowing vines. They are rich in that sweet and wholesome environment that is the old stage coaching days, and, provided with numerous nooks, crannies, cupboards and delightful corners, are such a labyrinth of quaintness and repose.

Personally, to my wayside tramping, this sort of deceitful old Scottish inn has been from the most delightful. By the past time of its cavernous fireplace, in the presence of scones white as a dove's wing, bacon crisp and brown, as smoke as pulver as this palated beech bark, a jug of cream sweet as a nut kernel, a fragrant brewing of tea in the delf pot under the "cosy," and with Mollie stealing about in a sort of cheery frenzy to make you comfortable, you have reason to think British "conservation" that these few sides grotesque pleasure still remain.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Useful Instrument.

A very useful kind of instrument, according to the description given in the Paris Genie Civil, is the eryguiatoscope, designed by M. Trouve, and intended for the convenient and accurate examination of geological strata pierced by deep boring. The apparatus is exceedingly 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 the expedition that is exploring the shores of Mozambique.

A CHINAMAN'S TRICK.

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

A handsome morning opened his eyes near sunrise the canal mail between Windsor and Detroit. It is open only at the end and the doors which close that end are kept securely locked. Besides two postmasters only the omnibus officials ordinarily and have a key to those doors.

A few weeks ago William Henry Office, the dignified and gentlemanly colonel officer who serves out the Windsor postoffice and makes up the mails, was performing the latter duty in the mail car between Windsor and Detroit, as he has done in the city postoffice at night. He was alone and was busily engaged when the door began to creak and slowly open.

"Mah goodness," chattered William Henry, "mah nerves is up again! Ef dat Mr. Mole be a ma'am ah'd faint, ah, ah!"

Imagine William Henry Office's relief and surprise when, instead of some ghostly shadow, the yellow face of a Chinaman appeared.

"Chwy Fum Ah, you fool yaller man, g'way!" shouted William Henry, who had sunk upon some boxes.

"Oh, goodee blacke man, we goodee. Ma wantee sakee you. Ma want sleep in ma'l. Ah, ah, wantee sleep."

"Yaas, guess you kin sleep in de shack, if yo' don't kuff nothin'."

"Ohwee blacke man, me cold. Ma wantee bag. Ma gitee bag back tomorrow."

"Well, ah guess yo' kin have de bag, yaller man."

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 wagon.

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

The astonishing heathen had come over inside the mail bag, and had thus escaped the vigilance of the United States customs officers.

The Canadian postoffice authorities were notified. They determined that no more mistreated humanity should get into Uncle Sam's territory in this way. Hence the present new locked wagon.—Detroit Journal.

Native Vines 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 go as it will, and covering tree, summer house or ragged fence with its rich and lovely growth. With a three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denouement, these early entreating to accommodate you after their palms have been crossed with silver, like the bad old system of the days long ago.

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How to Sew Wounds.

In small wounds a bit of rag will keep the pieces of raw skin close together, but in large wounds the edges must be carefully brought together. Some do this by pieces of sticking plaster, but more satisfactory results are got by pinning in a few stitches. Any one with a little nerve can sew up a wound. Take the edges of a wound firmly there together, and keep them in contact by tying the thread.

An artificial needle will do thread it will. Take through the skin from the outside of the wound and about one inch within of an inch from the edge, then the most perfect adhesion then takes place, and 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. Pull the stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, and sew up all the wound.

Take clean needle, thread and silk thread, and a cup into boiling water before using.—Health's Journal of Health.

Blindness in New Born Infants.

There is a letter Mr. R. Hall, medical surgeon to the Sheffield General Infirmary, and to the Institution for the Blind, few things more out in my experience than to whom infants of only a week or two old, brought for treatment, with one or both eyes either already lost or irreparably damaged. Now in this country, I believe, no law to the effective that the disease which has led to such dire results could have been to the first instance prevented, or, if this impossibility had passed, usually treatment would have brought about 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 boy throws with his whole arm back with the upper part of his arm close at right angles with its body and the forearm at forty-five degrees. The act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm right, the hand with the whole arm rotated. This method and somewhat considerable difference may be expected by the fact that the elevator or collar bone in the female anatomy is more horizontal and set at some degrees lower down than the male collar bone. The long, crooked, soft wrist bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is further why a girl cannot throw a stone.—Chicago Mail.

Love at First Sight.

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

Mr. Gracious—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately 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 my father on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly paps stopped, and pointing him out, said, "There, my dear, is a man worth ten million."—New York Sun.

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1. It is the Organ of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the authorized medium through which the views, wishes and instructions of the Church Authorities are expressed, and given to the Saints.

2. It may always be relied upon as advocating or defending the right side of every question proper for public journals to treat upon.

3. It is devoted to the interests of the Latter-day Saints and has, from its inception, valiantly defended their rights and advocated the principles in which they believe, and every Latter-day Saint should therefore feel under obligations to do his part in helping to sustain it.

4. It is not published for speculation, and never has been, but for the good which it is capable of accomplishing; the profits, if any there be derived from it, being devoted to extending its sphere of usefulness, and benefiting the community.

5. It is doing its utmost to establish home industries, among which are paper making and type-founding, stereotyping and electrotyping—branches necessary to the development and independence of the community, but which, during their infancy (which in this Territory they have not yet passed), can only be carried on at a pecuniary loss.

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7. It is now printed throughout in new and readable type, so that even the aged can peruse it without difficulty or danger to their eye-sight.

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10. It never cumbrates its readers by palming off columns of self-praise for news items.

11. The News practices no deception and resorts to no subterfuges to induce people to subscribe, but on the contrary, prefers to stand on its own merits as the people's newspaper, with a promise only to do its utmost to give its patrons the full value of their money—a promise which it has endeavored to faithfully keep in the past.

12. In conclusion, if a Latter-day Saint can afford to subscribe for only one newspaper, that paper should be the DESERET NEWS; and if more than one, the NEWS should invariably be the chosen.

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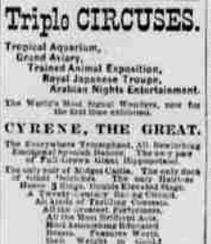

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