DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 50 cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.50; three months, $1; payable or delivered by carrier.

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WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

SOME OLD CATHEDRAL TOWNS—II

Pioneers of the Road—An Eloquent and Practical Plea for Better American Roads—The Ancient City of Exeter Its Glorious Environment, Quaint Aspect and Noble Cathedral.

HONITON, 107, to Exeter 9, Wednesday.—Exeter, England, July 6.—Nature seems other wisely than those of scientific and gloomy cast, in these "light little" British islands.

But you feel a sovereignty of climate and ventilation in wandering along across the historic and sensile glories of any land. A good stiff or stick, a stout pair of shoes, a complete mind and above all a cheery and sympathetic front, whatever your birth are the regal companions for such better lays.

And nature never fails to appear to the gifts devotees at her mystic doles and wins down with radiant welcomes. Even wishing, in even this foggy morning, half disclosing the numerous charms of valley, wood and stream! At times scarcely our your hand be seen before you for the strange eddies, eddies and fantastic wreaths and variations of the fog. There is your road hard as "British conservatism," beneath your feet—one of the best and most and most beautiful ways in all the world, bringing to the heart of the American wanderer upon it the keen and pulsating that those of his grandsires laid are as shouted to honest conquerors.

Drip, drip, drip from the leaves of the hedges into water basins of rock, the great edifice (Dove) river pulsing in ever swinging glass, until the very citizens of the fairies are rung in your ears beside the road. Not a rut, scar, but invisible, rivulets of the night's soaking, simple from rocks to pools, in all manner of serious ruse, from the staccato of tenor trills to the baritone minors of stately pedlar.

Here and there, as the heavy leaves move a trifle, some the hottest pipe of stirring bird, the patter of wild lares! Are upon the slippery leaves, the shuffling scamper of some skulking pheasant, the complaining chatter of rooks and daws, the hail, rapid, hoarse remonstrances of sudden waterfall, while faint and far and strangely muffled, from little hamlets in the distance, the notes of school bells send faintly along the foliated thoroughfare side.

But in the absence of English life, in the presence of muffled white as snow, hoarse crisp and brown, in contrast as yellow as a fresh painted hawk leaf, a jug of clotted cream or sweet as a rich kernel and a big great brewing of tea in the drift put under the "cozy," you have reason to repose in the blind magic that comes from being a half dozen miles before breakfast over a perfect road, through a genuine British fog.

It was on such a morning that I came over the east Devonshire hills and halted as a wayside inn, still high up among their wooded heights as I reckon the old cathedral town of Exeter. As the fog lifted I could see from my inn window cart after cart jingling comfortably on to the Saturday market day sales in Exeter. Finally, dawdling good side of the inn I inquired the distance they had come.

"From Broad alcot Bow, Copplestone and North Tawton," she answered.

"And how far is the farthest of these places?" I asked.

"North Tawton may be 18ks ten or twelve miles, sir, off to south from Exeter."

I told her I thought that a good distance for a heavily laden cart drawn by only one horse.

"Contrarwise," she retorted cheerily "many come from far beyond Eggesford and Chulmleigh, twenty-five mile, sir, by 18 and ship, and they come fresh as if they looked as weary as a tom and a half and two tons, sir. Americans heerdes 'ere the night of Devon cattle, I'm told, sir," she concluded half questioned.

Quite right she was, I told her. But I slipped the wings of her bonnet Devonshire pride by also telling her they the sales in question had now so old her region that sort of cattle in America, as we had rubbing between all villages, all over our farms (I could have truthfully said, rather than our pages, and horses on roller skates, and went to the milking and visited neighbors in trusts cars propelled by electricity, by all of which she made no pay heedlessly at the reckoning.

That morning, all the way to Exeter, although there were times which took me along under thick green leafs as easily as ever a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have unhesitatingly longed for the power to fully transfer some of these grand old roads to our country, to make American millionaires, who may still have American pride left in them, see their beauty, magnificence and utility beyond those of all things money and patriotism can do to commodities, and to compel American farmers to know what might be the comfortable enjoyment of their lives and living with their perfect defenses for their hill and homes and granaries against most of the menagerie and "menace" abominations of our land.

In five years' time I have tramped along 2,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step up for fort upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless mud sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great and strong enough to make the roads of Europe welcome a week's delay. And yet for five months of every year, not to a lesser degree for the other seven, half the people of our farming communities are hopelessly and impenetrably helpless at home. As soon reach the people of the whole country part, to an indirect road tax, through general sharp advances on all land values, two of the, all of which the farmers lose, a sum each year enormous enough to begin roads as magnificent as in England surveyors and engineers, second every section of available land in the entire United States.

But our wise American economists, and our equally wise and prudent farmers, are less farmers who in the fall, winter and early spring months, prefer to peacefully hoard over their 320 and 640 jolting grievances and hold to our political parties easier than build good roads, both sober.

"Oh, but the good English roads you so glorify are for the rich, who can afford to build them." How can we accomplish, by a year or a generation, what has required a few years' labor to perfection above?"

This would be the stupid argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a single, or the best, matter a Bonapart, stone road in existence that was not artistically and more economically in elegant completion, whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, still, from great national and local revenues, from temporarily hard upon present populations, whatever those roads cost, the conditions of the people, as throughout any section have been improved—that where they do not, with the land values have invariably been increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 3,000 miles of stone highways up and down and from and to and of Italian, or Austrian Tyrol. The cities lie that country, probably, is as poor and hard, and we where land existed on Gorbowel of the earth. What was the result? In less than ten years (the time of the building) some for the 4,000,000 people of Austrian Tyrol to increased and social advancement than all the changing and all the hours, all the savings pots, all the battles, all the subsidies and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Mercovius and Jabolsko to the day these roads were done.

Cursed some of the expensive and high art ruins of that great Columbian exposition at Chicago to remained a little, and then make room for a good substitute—a, if necessitie date and lies to a lesser old forest departments, but to our American and economic, and Republican? Tear the millions of citizens, building city and suburban folk everywhere where health and pleasure largely depend on good roads, as well as farmers where best increased and more fact would be immeasurably augmented by perfect roads, would never weep with them a knowledge and purpose which would not only and difficult to our national wealth but make, in good time, our broad land bloom and blossom more than the most set garden spots in all the old and worn out Europe.

With such thoughts as these I came with the rain and gutters, alongside town of Honiton, in the fertile valley of the Exe, to ancient Exeter, which looks far away to the warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs of Devon.

It was in ancient days an old British town, built long before Cæsar, and called Caer Isc, or the city on the river. Antiquarians observe that the most Celtic towns are those, if not built for safety some little distance from the sea, and just beyond where the river flows out to be lost gable. Discovered relics of the Greek strength in Spain and Egypt prove that Phœnician merchants must have some how many years before Christ to trade for Cornish and Northern tin. Then the Romans came and fortified it and made it a great station. Later the Saxons battled the town on the Exe, and traded here with the Cornish Britons for silver and tin.

The Exe was the frontier then for the Dumnonians, for Athelstan chased and drove them pellmell into Cornwall and rebuilt the walls of Exeter. The Cornish Britons, swept up among the rocks of Cornwall, was laid their strongest. The Dutch come crawling up the Exe with their black sails and black hearts and returned to Exeter to fix, rejoicing in free as heaven and sale. The old red towns, still seen in the dangerous sailor of today, was always getting lessons about by some from military engineers and chipped to resolute bolts. William the Conqueror built a castle here and Stephen besieged it. Henry Plantagenet, when he made Geoffrey, son of Hamlet, and his daughter, but they escaped safely to Brittany, while Perkin Warbeck, as "Richard IV.," when joined by the Cornishmen, was hung and the prisoner but mercenarily, and was finally hanged at Tyburn.

And so out and on runs the grim story that has left just enough of the wear and tear on the lonely, lofty old city to add a mellow charm to all you may see and hear. Fifty thousand talk and more to go far in a town wholesaler in England. The embowered Devon hills whirls our round it, the glorious rollers which sock their green and white in the very front of the grand sweep of the Exe vale to the sea, the city's ancient old antiques, its beautiful streets, half in the shadows of a remote antiquity and half in the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a weird and wonderful face.

It all leads to that fine sunset glow which some of those old cathedral towers take on so strikingly. The pleasant evening walks, and, as I have seen them, the pastoral from some white old arches, from bright red roofs and brighter red boots of women, from marvelously clean stone steps and pavements, and, as I mentioned, from the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a weird and wonderful face.

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Just inside, it may be said, is the most popular of the English posts. She is a quiet, fair looking and lady of about two years of age, with a good shape and face. Her home is London, where from whence she from the in such her and modest always a blue and rosebud. Her hair is a very attractive color and not a horror of money or applied wages. She works hard, and finds her greatest relaxation in the study of Greek. Her kitchen of hours has become so central, to time from a week she gives what she calls a supper and dances to the poor people. Although not a frequent visitor to fashionable dancing halls, Miss Isabelle has an immense circle of friends. Her fortune is hard work, and always says that perseverance is the better part of genius. She is kind to young authors, and keeps almost of modern literature in all its varieties.—London Letter.

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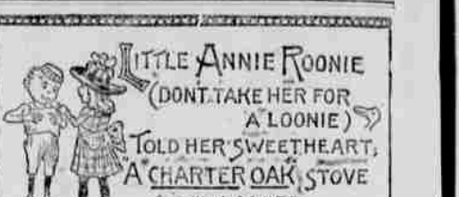

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Opium Clock.

A very interesting curiosity that can really be incorporated by an amateur is an interesting invention in France. Over the wood the only exports of the area a small tube is placed in the opinion of a kind of ring made which can be perfectly straight of course and connected at one end with a small lamp fixed that makes among a drop. A very pretty design around the center of needle, and in the

glasses of this pillar rises a thread, to one end of which is attached a knot and to the other end a balance weight. An ordinary needlecraft passes from the large glass into the tube one by its side.

As soon as the large glass is filled with water the operation begins the wick goes and absorbs the water, making the knot fall in the tube, which action determines the movement of the hand on the dial. The clock is easily regulated; if it goes too fast the thickness of the wick must be diminished, if too slow it must be increased. The form and size of the large glass in which the regularity of the clock depends have been determined by N. Pelin, of the faculty of sciences in Paris, but with a little careful study even an ordinary glass can be made to render good service.—St. Louis Republic.

Playing Store.

One who knows about the game tells us of a kind of a game which is very fine. The first player should ask for a number, beginning with A, the next with B, etc. If the first one asks for bread he is told to go to the bell of the stone, or the dressed jobs and another treat some and try to buy. When one has asked rightly, as, for example, for alcohol or alum, he is told to go to the right side. Then the next man ask for something beginning with the next letter of the alphabet or go to the left. The men on the right side join in the verse which each he said, when the next player comes to buy. It will make the game harder to reverse the order of purchases, going backward through the alphabet.

A Summer Night.

The sweet chalices were the dainty bee,
Some bubbles all have kissed to silver song,
And wearied with their day bells the sea
The little children sleep.

Now rocking, rocking the waves the bay,
The lovers and of fishing boats are all be
The moonbeams make for them a shining way
And stars are golden bright.

O father, sitting at the table by home!
O mother, watching while we peaceful slumber!
May for who bells the omen in his power
Your treat from danger keep.

In morning glow fair homes speed you
Adieu,
Adieu! we pray ere the night sun,
While trying sun's star hour from you some,
Stand waiting on the quay.

Dear little children! ye who table share
The bread and wine, the manna provisioned are,
Before you sleep, oh, lift to God a prayer
For him or me, also!
—Margaret Hayward in Children's Friends.

Women as Telegraphers.

In the work of receiving and sending messages women do equally as good work as men. They may not be capable of such rapidity of work as some of the male telegraphers, but at the same time extraordinary speed is not so much an element of success (or necessity as accuracy) and the ability to maintain a fair average rate. They perform really creditable work, and a great point in their favor is their willingness to do the work, as they are not moved to the handling of poor repairs. Day and night the Associated Press and the United Press send many thousands of words over the wires, and the work is very intricate, and the wires are almost continually in charge of men. The business is a rather trying one, and it is not uncommon a very high rate of speed, forty-eight words a minute being maintained for hours at a stretch. A woman's strength is not equal to this, and it is a fact that the introduction of operators into telegraph offices, women have taken liberty to the necessities and to fully as good a degree as men.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Queen Victoria's Tea.

Queen Victoria's tea is served at Exeter long before you have many times wandered up and down Queen and High streets, scattered through the aisles of Chapel street, peering into the dark and half deserted alcoves that cluster in nearly every nook around the wide cathedral close, and have at last come among the alcoves within the great cathedral walls. A person who does not neither the exactitudes and ornaments of such a noble, lofty, massive, and yet graceful structure, or who has England's splendid cathedrals, you will at once enjoy comments of them all these impressions upon your mind and leave which would most powerfully characterize title of such.

In the scores of architectural distinctions between Exeter and all towns in your country remarkable. Unlike most of your all other English cathedrals. Exeter does necessarily continuous high-vaulted nave and aisles or lateral of the cathedral. There are towers crossing the transepts. This does away with the usual long unbroken aisles, architectonically imparting more and single, and provides the greatest uninterrupted view of each and close of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the nave are of equal length, and throughout the whole roller the spectator are with and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The lower features monotonize greatly along with the enormous feeling that the structure is not a kaleidoscope of "construction." We also perceive that it is due to the latitude of impossible beauty and consummate. Whatever you may see here with Exeter extended, which has stood from the time of the Saxon, and, for remarkable more than 800 years, it will remain in your memory as the one cathedral of England which stood around you the most impressively the sentimental sense of perfect charity and repose.—EDWIN C. WAKEMAN.