

worth left it. It is no more than a tiny stone dungeon, with wide, low windows, a single broad, low door, and a white-washed schoolroom interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head.

The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scarred old plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every one will remember the good old dame, Anne Tyson, with whom Wordsworth lived, and who was so much a mother to him during his boyhood's days at Hawkshead. Her cottage is still standing; and

"The snow white church upon the hill," made famous in the "Prelude," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing. But the old life went out of Hawkshead with the handlooms; you will never find more than a score of worshippers at service within it; and the incumbency is so reduced that the village rector himself rings the chimes of bells which calls the dim old folk that remain to this all but deserted shrine.

Here again are types of villages, one in the north and another in the west Riding of Yorkshire; neither like the scores of sunny hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales, but standing grimly and stoutly against the shuddering moors, defiant of change and the tempests of centuries. Come with me over dreary Stanemoor's wilds, and look down there upon dead old Bowes.

There lies the sinuous shell of the ancient village—a winding, cobbled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs have fallen in. Far to the east the eye catches a glimpse of the classic domain of Rokeby. To the north, the dells and fells where flows the river Tees. To the south, the glen of Greta, where that river tumbles and sings. That huge, lone, stone structure, the first at Bowes from the Greta Bridge way, weird and ghostly under huge sycamores, was formerly another Dotheboys Hall. Richard Cobden once owned it and made it his home.

Then the Unicorn Inn, with its acres of out buildings, empty and moss-grown. Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and Crown. Then, facing westward, a little Norman Church. Near it, the ruins of a Norman castle. Behind these ruins the ancient Roman station Savatree, where are remains of baths and an aqueduct. Then, roofed and unroofed hovels on either side to the westward, where you will see, still standing just as Dickens described a veritable Dotheboys Hall in his Nicholas Nickleby, "a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out buildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining."

The other is Haworth. Seen at a distance it seems a half-defined line of gray above which is the lofty, dreary Haworth moor. There is but a single street; closes sometimes extend for a house-length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavements are series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter are shadowy shops and living rooms. All stand open. But few inhabitants are to be seen. Up, up, up, for a half mile, you plod, and at last reach a tiny open space. The houses are set around it closely. Quaint shops and ancient inns crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village,

topographically, in habitations and in aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass into a little court behind the Black Bull Inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds. Suddenly another tiny open space confronts you. Here are an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with a few yards of grass-plot at its side; a little stone church, attached to, rather than blended with, a grim Norman tower; a grave-yard cluttered with crumbling stone, the whole barely covering an acre of ground. These were Haworth parsonage, church and church-yard; the earthly, and final, home of the Brontës; and their living eyes ever rested on Haworth moor, which rises immediately above the church-yard like a wall of rounded stone.

Come to such as these in the summer time only. Then fleecy clouds straggle over and between the hills as if shadowy hosts were marshalling behind the horizon. Here and there splashes of color lie against old walls and house fronts. The heather blushes from the undulant green of the moors. And one can then easily imagine bits of Apulian pastoral scenery here in the shepherds and their flocks, like cameo reliefs on beds of dazzling emerald, with a perspective of billowy lines and misty clouds.

Over here in Northamptonshire, just at the edge of the garden shire of Warwick, is ancient moss-grown Crick, sleeping under its thatches beside Watling Street, most famous of Roman roads. Here are both rest and delight in old, old Crick; rest, because it is one of those English villages which stands just as it always stood—where the roar of the workaday world's activities never comes; where the old parish church, the grave-yard, the decayed manor-houses, the huge stone dovecotes which house 500 families of doves, the thatched farm laborers' cottages, the ivies and mossy walls, and the simple village folk, all invite to quiet and repose.

Not ten miles away you suddenly come upon the daintiest and most flower spangled village in England. It is a tiny collection of dependencies upon the manor of Ashby St. Ledgers; but there can nowhere else be found such flower embowered homes. Just at the northern edge of this, the whole forming a striking background to the side broodery of one of the finest wide, high overarchings of ancient ash trees I have ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high, thick, ivy hung and mossy. Surmounting this is a wonderfully picturesque old gatehouse with two stories of chambers and an attic—the veritable meeting room of the conspirators in the noted Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot of 1605—over a capacious archway, which formed the ancient sole entrance to the domain. Behind this are other venerable outbuildings, half a thousand years old and in perfect maze. To the right and higher, shows a grim, square Norman tower and the mossy roof of the parish church. Behind and above all are the many massive gables of this most splendidly fantastic manor house within the England midland shires. How glorious an historic romance could be wrought within Ashby St. Ledgers' grim and ghostly old walls!

In the western and western midland shires of England are scores of ancient villages of restfulness and beauty, hidden covey from the globe-trotters' lognettes in the sunny hollows of the ver-

dant hills. Old Broadway—"Bradweia" it once was, from the shepherds' "cottes on the mounted wolds down to the most fruitful vales of Evesham"—is a lovely type of them all. All its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here is one of the few ancient stone built villages of olden England, left precisely as its makers built it all the way from 300 to 500 years ago. On every side are high pitched gabled roofs, with wonderful stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, leaded casements containing the original glass, and huge, tall, stone chimney stacks—all weathered to most beautiful colors.

Low stone walls in front enclose little old world gardens with clipped and fanciful shaped yew trees. Its quaintest of hostels abounds in bits of detail, old oak doors and hinges, old glass and casement fastenings and most curious chimney pieces, plaster ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house has flat-headed, mullioned windows, with massive wood lintels inside and huge baulks of oak, roughly squared and molded over the angles and fireplaces. In these snug old inns and in half the huge stone farmhouses roundabout, tradition will tell you, Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night. How wise of them to do so if they had the footing, time and will.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

STANTON SCANDAL.

"The Kesler-Janey-Clute scandals," said a prominent official today, "will have a lively and sensational counterpart when the details of the Stanton affair are disclosed to the public."

According to the statements made by certain councilmen last night and today they have accumulated a good deal of evidence of a damaging character. On the other hand the accused chief says he will be able to meet and successfully defend himself against all the attacks of his enemies.

The additional documents of complaint over which the row occurred in the council last night, of which there were a good many, cover a wide range and are bristling with glaring irregularities, say the committee. They were rejected by a slight majority of the council and the committee was instructed to confine itself to the Molloy charges.

Lawson declared in an argument in favor of the presentation of the papers that if the council ruled them out of order he would see that they were given to the public press, yet for some reason, that gentleman after renewing his promises this morning in the presence of two councilmen refused. But as the public were interested in their contents the News reporter succeeded in getting copies of some of them from another source and they are herewith reproduced:

A fireman, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I went to work for the Salt Lake fire department on or about the 24th day of May, 1892, and have been continuously in the department until the 8th day of April, 1893.

At all times during my stay in the department the chief, W. A. Stanton, has been in the habit of using profane and abusive language about the department, rarely however addressing such language to any individual. One of his favorite remarks has been that he wants "the s— of b—s around here