ENGLISH SEASIDE RESORTS.

Pen Picture of Fair Bournemouth-on-the-Sands.

It is in England and Yet Glows With Newness and Progress—Paradise of Pines—Romances and Tragedies of an English "Boom"—A City of Villas and Palatial Homes.

[Special Correspondence of RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

BOURNEMOUTH (Eng.), Aug. 24, 1891.

Regarded from almost any standpoint, Bournemouth is unique among the great seaside resorts of England. It is truly a health-giving spot without certification. Its scenic outlook is grandly beautiful without appeal to guide-book, which it does not possess, or to the imagination, which it lovingly prompts. It is rich without being vulgar; aristocratic, though not insufferably so; popular, and yet dreamfully quiet. The omnipresent 'Arry, 'Arriet and "Tommy Atkins" of every other known resort in England are here unknown. And, more noticeable than all else to the American loiterer, it is in England and yet glows with newness and progress.

While it ever recalls the brightness and sunny gaiety of our own best resorts, we have not any one to which it can properly be likened. Take the almost matchless foreshore of Old Orchard Beach, put behind it the picturesque and rugged surroundings of Bar Harbor, add a million pines from the trackless forests of Maine, give these the tender somnolence of dear old Newport, and then permeate the whole with that breezy spirit of endless unrest which has wrought the magic in such places as Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, and you will have something like the delicious composite that wins your steadfast affection here.

There is something in the very dash and vigor of Bournemouth that lays hold of the American heart. It gives one a tingle and glow to know that our hearty Western word "boom" is known and applied here with pride. To find anywhere in England such radiant activities, is a feast of delight in a desert of conservatism, inertia and antiquity. They say that but a trifle over fifty years ago the beautiful situation of Bournemouth was still undiscovered, although some years before George III. held his court at Weymouth, but a little distance away, and the military band played "God save the King" whenever his Majesty emerged from his bathing-machine to indulge in a sea bath. It was in 1836 that Sir G. W. Tapps Gervis plunged in the pine forest and made a clearing. He built a house here and there, leaving the pines with their saffron-colored cones standing between. The interlacing valleys lent themselves to the formation of roads, which were made fir-fringed and pine-plumed. Other builders extended the settlement and dotted their villas among the pines, until a grandly beautiful and wide-spread city of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, the greater portion being members of the English aristocracy and nobility, has been planted in a pine forest, sloping down to the "chines," or tiny canyons, which open out to the circling cliffs of sand for the wash of the mighty sea.

Many romances of sudden wealth have been written in Bournemouth's growing. Sidney Brown, one of the men who helped rebuild Chicago after the flames had swept that city into world-heart 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 Durant estate, comprising the entire Bourne Valley, three miles long, running through the center of Bournemouth, and covered by its most princely buildings and lovely pleasure gardens, is owned by one marriageble maiden, a Miss Durant. This lady's father came into possession of the property after years of litigation and discouragement so great that he finally offered his solicitor, one Fox, an attorney at Norwich, £3,000 to accept his equities in the property, pay the costs and rid him of responsibility. The honest, or hesitant Fox, refused, but has made in fees and commissions a hundred times that amount out of the estate, while the lonely heiress is worth millions. The Shelley estate, formerly a few hundred acres of sand dunes and pines, 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 receiving 450 annual ground rents for countless half acre lots. It lies between Bournemouth Pier and Christ Church Head, on what is known as East Cliff.

The present Lord Malvern, one of the Bank of England Directors, though always a man of great wealth, added millions to his properties through the peculiar influence he exercised over two old ladies—Lady Talbot and sister—who both died within a few months' period at above 90 years of age some seven years since. They owned 800 acres of this once pine wilderness. Lord Malvern accommodatingly became their business "adviser"—a sort of financial lady's maid to the eccentric old couple. On their death the community was startled to learn that every iota of the vast estate had been bequeathed to Lord Malvern, who immediately made short shrift of all the old servants and other dependents.

Pages of similar romances and tragedies in the marvelous increase of values in Bournemouth, though the city's history is a brief one, could be related. The practical side of this development is also curious and entertaining. The city has no "streets." All its thoroughfares are "roads," "avenues," "crescents" and "quadrants." They are all winding, and there are no "squares." The splendid improvements have been almost exclusively made by speculative architects and builders. As values advanced, parcels or tracts were apportioned them by the agents of various estates, the latter providing improvements in adjoining thoroughfares. These sites are all acre or half acre lots, and with the exception of those of one estate they are leaseholds of ninety or ninety-nine years' duration, on annual ground rentals of from $50 to $600 per lot, payable half yearly, and with what is known here as "peppercorn," or free ground rent for the first year, in deference to the builder's risk.

The curious thing about Bournemouth residence property, from first to last is, that no sooner is any villa erected and ready for occupancy, whatever its price, than it is already sold to some London gentleman or nobleman. The struggle here is not to sell houses already built, but merely to force building sites from the rich estates. The result must be that, with unlimited outlying piney tracts, the city will become one of tremendous area and always a city of villas and garden-girdled, palatial homes. Only one estate sells freehold sites, and these are on conditions which render the word a ridiculous misnomer. An equity of redemption is securable on a thirty years' purchase. To illustrate: If a building site is secured at $500 per year ground rental, after thirty years, and the payment altogether of $15,000, it becomes "freehold," subject to all manner of restrictive covenants, such as that the property be not used for business purposes, that the building upon it shall not be in any manner changed, that no additional buildings shall 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 $25 to merely add a bow or window to one's house. A few rooms are being added to the Bourne Hall Hotel property on Poole Road, and the license fee is $3,500. So that while there are from 200 to 400 residences in Bournemouth, each one of which cost $25,000 and upward, and from twenty to fifty which have each cost $125,000 and upward, there are practically no people in Bournemouth who absolutely own their homes, save the half dozen possessors of the great estates.

Nature and invalidism have made Bournemouth. The climate of Great Britain is Death vailed in humidity, ever leaving in nearly every household ineradicable pulmonary disease. There are in the two islands enough aristocratic invalids, or titled and untitled rich people who have this sort of invalidism 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 magical city of the "English Rivers." They altogether exist nowhere else in Britain. This is solely why a wilderness, where heath-covered, pine-hid sand dunes, worth half a century since less than $60 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 profit-making value of more than $600,000 per acre!

Bournemouth is less than three hours' time from London, and is reached by the London and Southwestern Railway. The first scent of the sea is got at Poole. Three miles more and you are at Bournemouth. There are Bournemouth east and west stations. These are set far out from the crescent, pine-imbedded city, so that those who come within the fairy place shall see no railway smoke and grime, and never be disturbed by the locomotive's whistle. There is no dirt nor poverty at Bournemouth. The most startling noise is the swell of the great orchestral bands. Birds sing here as in the wildwood. The primeval forest is still standing, and the threnodies of the wind in the pines go on and on when night has stilled the birds.

Where the people have felled the pines they have planted rhododendrons, the arbutus, the laurestina, myrtle and bay, and a myriad of other shrubs and evergreens instead. These grow on the south coast in almost tropical luxuriance. The silvery Bourne, springing among the heath at Kinson, scarcely more than a blue thread here, shows the sinuous valley depth, with the wide, fair city gently ascending to the east and west. Its journey is a pathway through a noble garden. Just before it reaches the city edge and the sea it wimples through an evergreen and evershadowed arboretum, sweet, solemn and still. These gardens are interlaced walks, drives and devious wooded nooks. Avenues of ancient pines are softly melodious here. The sun steals through the vaulted roof in flecks and splinters of light. This is the famous "Invalids' Walk."

The shore and seacape at Bournemouth are the most beautiful to be found in Europe. The shore is a perfect crescent, facing the south, twelve miles in length, terminating on the east in the bold Christchurch Head, and on the west in the still bolder headland and stacks of the Old Harry Rocks. The foreshore, penetrated by one of the handsomest piers in England, is an eighth of a mile in width, golden and level, with no pebble upon it as large as a pea. Behind this, broken only where the Bourne meets the sea and shows its sides, terraced with superb villas and almost palaces, is a continuous cliff of pure sand, here and there indented with tiny "chines." The cliff is from 100 to 300 feet in hight. All the "chines" are merry burrows for children and lovers. Lookout houses and "shelters" line the edge for miles above. By night the shore is ablaze with light, the sea ablaze with harbor and sailing lights. By night or day the eye never rests upon the sea without glimpses of hundreds of steamers and sails. Straight across the Solent, toward France, is the Isle of Wight, the Needles foam white at their feet. The whole is a dream of majestic beauty and repose. Bournemouth is ideal—for the rich. The poor man can but look upon it and steal the ravishing picture for distant, striving hours.

Although Bournemouth itself is new one does not have to remain long a visitor to find it, its near headlands and islands and its outlying moors and forests, rich in associative interest. In its beautiful St. Peter's Church is a fine memorial window to the poet Keble, who died in the "Evergreen Valley," leaving to the region the legacy of a saintly name and blameless life. Ancient Swanage, just over there to the west beyond Old Harry Rocks, where time itself seems dreaming, was the favorite haunt of that grand man and noble writer, Charles Kingsley.

Near is the Isle of Purbeck. Its dark purple marble is found in nearly every cathedral of England. The same island has also been made noted in the "Life of Lord Eldon." He used to "breathe long columns of air" here, it is related. When he was Lord Chancellor and lived in Purbeck his mansion took fire, and through this circumstance England temporally lost its historic great seal. His first care at the time of the conflagration, he told a friend, was for the great seal, of which the Lord Chancellor is custodian. By way of securing it during the confusion he buried it. The next morning when he came to reflect, he could not remember the spot, and his whole family and retinue of servants were set probing and digging about the walks and carriage ways until it was found.

At Corfe Castle one is reminded that Sir Christopher Hatton so loved the place for its healthfulness that he induced Queen Elizabeth to alienate it from the crown lands in his favor. The ivy does not cling thicker to old Heron Court, the seat of Lord Malemsbury, than do literary associations. The founder of the family wrote "Hermes," perhaps the greatest tome of reasoning since the time of Aristotle. When its author entered the House of Commons Charles Fox thought it no place for him, for the great writer on grammar and harmony was sure, in Fox's opinion, to find "neither the one nor the other" within that august body. The late Lord Chancellor Cairns lived and died at Bournemouth, and is splendidly remembered in the Cairns Memorial Hall. Among the heath hills of near New Forest, you may see the relic tree of King William Rufus, and at Stony Cross Hill is the stone set up to the memory of the same red-headed ruffian whom Tyrrel shot purposely or by accident.

Then there is the noble minster at Wimbourne, the wonderful old Norman priory at Christchurch, and everywhere along shore, among the chines and caves of Tilly Whim, mementoes of smugglers and pirates. Not so very long ago the freebooters did a thriving trade between this coast and the opposite coast of France. The coast guards many a time found their match in these daring fellows, and blood was let nearly as often as brandy and tea were taken. The coastwise folk believed smuggling no crime, and one who lost his life battling against law died the hero's death. In Kinson Churchyard you may still read this inscription over the grave of one who fell by the hands of the crown myrmidons: "To the memory of Robert Trotman, late of Royd, in the County of Wilts, who was barbarously murdered on the shore near Poole, on the 24th of March, 1765.

"A little tea, one leaf I did not steal,
For guiltless blood I to God appeal;
Put tea in one scale, human blood in 'tother,
And think what 'tis to slay thy harmless brother."

If there is a shrine in England sacred to the poet Shelley it is here at Bournemouth. He was born at Field Place, in the County of Sussex, and was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia in July, 1822. His body was recovered and was interred in the burial place at Rome for Protestant strangers. Mary Woolstonecroft Shelley, his wife, died near Bournemouth, and was buried February, 1851. She was 54 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, where his widow, Lady Shelley, still resides. They had no children, and the title of Baronet passed to Colonel Shelley of Avington, near Winchester. The latter is a nephew to the poet and cousin of the son, the late Sir Percy. In the quaint old Priory Church at Christchurch Head, at the eastern edge of Bournemouth, may be seen 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.

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LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine glass of Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

HOFFMAN CHANGING BASE.

He Leaves Ventura County Amid Tears and Sobs.

What Will Los Angeles Do With Him?—Heartfelt Words Spoken to Young Men Who Want to be Reporters—Chances of Promotion.

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

This is a very sad day for Ventura County. The sun came up in a dejected way, and peeked dimly through the foggy, tear-laden atmosphere. The breeze sobbed as it swept through the fields of corn, and sighed despondently among the beans. The tide came in with a sullen roar of discouragement, and then went out again.

All nature is in mourning hereabouts.

And why?

Because I am going away.

Aye, I am about to evaporate, plunk myself into the most voluptuous seat in the 6 o'clock train and light out for Los Angeles, where great preparations for my reception are even now in progress.

All day long members of the Farmers' Alliance, the Ventura County Geological Society, the Society for the Amelioration of the Indigent Greaser, the Society of Truth, the Kangaroo Lodge of Jolly Boys of the Old Mission, the Consolidated Real Estate Transfer Companies, the Philharmonic Society, the Young Ladies' Own Club, the Mutual Consent Bureau and several other orders and organizations have been dropping into my study, wishing me luck, shedding a few tears on the bouttonaire of my coat, begging for a lock of my hair and departing with groans of anguish.

I am very sorry that I cannot remain in Ventura County. I have often felt sorry when leaving other counties, but I feel extraordinary sorry now. I have paid cash for everything in this county except watermelons, gnats, mosquitos, rattlesnakes, three bilious attacks and the diarrhea. I shall leave behind me no bills, which will be a very great matter for surprise to myself. But it shall never happen so again. I won't do it any more, 'pon honor.

In Ventura County I have thoroughly enjoyed myself, after a fashion. I have wandered through the old church yard by the ancient mission; I have tramped over the bones of the 3,850 good Injuns that lie therein, and have mused and speculated upon the thriftiness of the man who summer-fallowed the boneyard last summer and harvested an enormous yield of barley hay among the stones and bones this season; I have perambulated around the old schoolhouse wherein I received many beneficent bastings; I have seen my old schoolmate, the Sheriff, who did not ask me to visit him, but allowed me to inspect the jail; I have met old friends who were really and truly glad to see me; I have fished from the wharf and caught a fish as long as my finger; I have delved among the hills and found petrified fish, shells, sharks, whales and a sea serpent; I have stuffed myself with raw clams, mussels and periwinkles; I have gathered sea moss until the Board of Health stopped me; I have shed tears over the grave of good old Deacon Hickinson, who gave me a load of bird-shot once, and which I still carry concealed about my person; I have scrubbed myself with natural soap; I have frolicked with gnats until my ears are mere stubs; I have studied the sonorous language of the greaser; I have pondered by the grave of Carmencita and sat on the stone where Jeff. Howard sat when he drew his forty-rod limit and conversed with the Sheriff. I have had a hilarious time, indeed.

I do not go willingly from the sacred precincts of Ventura County. I would rather stay all summer, but business is business, and I must away, etc. I shall go with a tear as big as a doughnut in each eye, however.

Perhaps, it strikes me, I have not done justice to Ventura County while here. Perhaps I have not written up all that I should have written. Perhaps I have overlooked something in my careless way. Perhaps I have been too strictly truthful. But I assure you I have tried to evade the odious truth whenever possible. I have lied to the very best of my ability, and if I have not pleased the patient, long-suffering friends of my youth I can't help it. I may be able to do better when I come again.

Los Angeles, I am informed by a dispatch from the Chief of Police, is getting ready for me. The bands are hard at work on "See, the Cankered Hero Comes," and the Y. M. C. A., Y. M. I. and W. C. T. U. are decorating their rooms, the Salvation Army is practicing new steps, and Go Sin is giving his laundry a dose of whitewash. The welcoming ode is being rehearsed, and the street sprinklers are being drilled regularly. There is also a large amount of $ wagered as to which hotel I shall stop at, and all the restaurants have added fish to their regular bills of fare. There is considerable suppressed excitement, and several additions have, in a quiet, unostentatious way, been made to the police force.

After the circus is over I will give you a brief description of it.

Ventura County has been for eight weeks the scene of various religious doings. Camp-meetings, revivals, Holiness Band meetings, regular services, etc., constantly at hand. In that part of the Santa Clara Valley known as the Cienega there is not more than one unregenerate sinner left, and he is going away forever. He is going down to Los Angeles, where the people are waiting for him.

I came very near going into the newspaper business at Ventura. That city has a population of about 2,500 and has four papers, three weeklies and one daily. This is not enough. There should be five or six more among which to divide the county printing, the city printing and the job work which comes in occasionally. But the four journals, the *Free Press*, *Democrat*, *Unit* and *Observer*, manage among them to handle the enormous quantity of printing the county requires, and find space somehow for the vast amount of news which their vigilant reporters bring in with handcarts, sleds and stone boats. It is pretty rough on the reporters, however, and every now and then one of them fags out, gets pallid and haggard, lies down peacefully on the imposing-stone and dies with a sad, sweet smile around his mustache. But the people must have the news, and there are always noble heroes in Ventura ready to jump into the breaches left by the dead reporters.

I had with me when I came a printing outfit, with which I sometimes marked my underwear, and I had a great notion to start a paper with it, but the *Observer* got there ahead of me. I gave the outfit to the editor of the Ojai *Recurrent*, and he moved to Ventura for more ample accommodations and brought forth the *Unit*. I am now on the lookout for a quiet little burg where there will not be so much brain fag, and when I find it I shall issue the "Illustrated Daily Leg." One feature of journalism in Ventura is the peculiarly piquant flavoring of the editorial and local columns, a peculiarity and piquancy which is now as rare as it is refreshing, and which does good to the heart of the trammeled journalist of the metropolitan press, who must confine himself to the stilted phrasing of modern times. But in Ventura there are no strings, nor flies, on the journalist. He may pick up piquancy until his back aches, but his readers never feel piqued. (This is a joke, and you are expected to laugh.) I add the following, which will explain my meaning. It was clipped from a recent issue of the *Democrat*. I have thought best to leave the name blank:

"It has come to our ears that Parson —— is again engaged in a confidential way, rehashing that old yarn about how he gave the senior editor of the *Democrat* pecuniary aid some years ago when the latter was in great distress and need, etc. We were under the impression that we had lambasted the old hypocrite, on that same proposition, while he was trying to run a paper at Santa Paula, so painfully that he would not have the temerity to recur to the subject again, publicly or privately; but it seems we had not entirely fathomed the depths of his unadulterated meanness. He is going around again, boring with that exploded and time-worn lie, as many as he can get to listen to him. But, as everyone knows —to be an unmitigated, conscienceless, irredeemable liar, it makes very little difference what he says."

There is something refreshing! What editor, held down and handicapped by metropolitan journalistic etiquette, does not, after reading that, feel like grasping editor McGonigle by the hand and saying, in husky, passionate tones: "Well done, old man! Where do you and the Parson dine to-night?"

Incidentally I may add a word in praise of Editor McGonigle. He is a man among a thousand; a man from the soles of his boots to the topknot of his head. He is blunt, and doesn't hesitate when he has an opinion, and his expressions, sometimes roughly coated, often cover perfect gems of thought. Straight as a fiddle-string, tuned for the "Devil's Dream," is Editor McGonigle.

Apropos of newspapers and journalism, I am sometimes approached by young men who have served their time at school and college, and are anxious to become reporters, editors, correspondents and one thing and another connected with journalism. I have with me now a letter written by a young man who, when I last saw him, was only a schoolboy. He thinks he has literary taste, or a taste for literature, talent, genius, or something, which will enable him to "advance rapidly from the lower steps to that hight from which a man may look down upon the world and exclaim: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

That is all right, that is. It's very nice when we look at it from a distance. But

I would not advise any young man to hunt long for a position as a reporter unless he is dead sure that there is a reporter inside of him, gnawing at his vitals. If he cannot sleep of nights without dreaming of interviews; if he cannot exist without scribbling notes all over himself; if he has visions of free passes to theaters, prize fights and Sunday-school entertainments; if he thinks the hardest of all hard drudgery is delightful; if he can fight and lie, and sit patiently on a hard chair until the hindermost buttons of his pants get tangled up with the whiskers on the back of his neck; if he can go into the Morgue and view a thirty-day-in-transit corpse unmoved; if he can see human depravity and human suffering and understand it all; if he can bear to run his legs off after an item and camly watch the blue pencil shimmer through his work like a silent flash of summer lightning; if he can pull himself out of bed at 3 A. M. and follow a fire engine a mile through a pelting rain; if he can do this much, and no more, there may be something in him. After five, or ten, or fifteen years of this sort of apprenticeship he will probably find out whether or no he is to shine as a fixed star in journalism, or twinkle merrily for awhile and explode.

Climbing up from the lowest round to the hight mentioned by my enthusiastic young friend is not so luminously beautiful. It is not one step over another. Every now and then there is a slip, and more or less climbing must be repeated. But it is a good school—a school in which one learns things never found in books; where the lessons are hammered in and not forgotten. It is a school governed by human nature, and in which the sorrows, the burdens, the smiles and tears of humanity form the greater part of its alpha and omega.

To the reporter the saddest of all sad stories become common things enough. He must see the misery, as well as the happiness of life, and generally it is more misery than happiness. Weak humanity is always gathering, carrying and eating its Dead Sea apples, dreaming its dreams, and building its castles in the air, facing the destruction of its hopes, going down or painfully toiling up again. The reporter who sees these things must learn, and if he is a manly man the knowledge he acquires is of great and lasting benefit, not only to himself, but to others, for he sees behind the scenes, and understands.

For this reason I believe there can be no better school for a sturdy, intelligent young fellow who has his heart in the right place. But I would not advise any young man to become a reporter unless he is quite sure that he will be successful. There is nothing easy about reporting. It is not "a soft racket." It is the hardest of hard work. No matter how gifted, how versatile and forcible a reporter may be he will run to the end of his string at last, and find a long rest the sweetest thing life holds.

As to working up from the reportorial ranks to a position in the editorial sanctum, I shall say nothing. Life is too short.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

Fillmore, Ventura Co., Sept. 1, 1891.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

SEVERED.

You tell me that I must forget—
Must dream no more of thee;
You ask me to renounce my vow—
My plighted troth to thee;
'Twas you who taught me first to love,
So faithful, fond and true.
That love still lives within my heart—
It is treasured there for you.

You say that time will heal the wound—
The cruel scar efface,
That now embitters heart and life
That sorrow's hand has traced.
Alas! I know it ne'er can be—
For me life's joys are o'er;
Time ne'er will heal the wounded heart
Nor happiness restore.

I give thee back thy plighted troth,
Though not without regret,
And should we never meet again
I ne'er shall thee forget;
And when you bow at pleasure's shrine
It is this I'd ask of thee—
Tho' other love shall fill thy heart,
You will sometimes think of me.

I've drank the lees from sorrow's cup
That have filled my life with gloom,
While 'round my pathway, once so bright,
Dense shadows darkly loom;
Yet memories sweet of other days
May bring me tranquil rest;
And tho' from me you are estranged,
I ne'er shall love thee less.

—MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

West Oakland, August 26, 1891.

SHE LED THE WAY.

And Finally Emerged, Bedraggled, but Still in the Ring.

"Come along here, Sary, I'm goin' through this crowd," said a thin-faced old lady last night, as the parade was passing along High.

"Grandma, you cannot get through there."

"Hey? Can't, can't I? Come along."

With a wild swing of the arms and a nudging of the elbows the old lady dived into the crowd.

"Grandma!"

"Come along h'yer, Sary, push that fool out o' the way. Get back there, you fool—"

"Grandma, I can't—"

"Keep right behind me, I'll get ye through—keep off my toes, ye big-footed idiot—h'yer, miss, put that umbrella down or I'll break it."

"Grandma!"

"Come right along! Knock that seegar out o' that fool's mouth. H'yer, you impudent nigger, git out o' the way. Right along." And the ins and outs of the old lady were truly wonderful.

"Oh, grandma, I'll be killed—"

"Killed nuthin'—come right along. H'yer, git back; out o' the way there; quit scrowing; don't blow your smoke in my face; hain't you got no sense? Where is your manners? Ma ever whip ye for ill-manners? Right through this way, Sary! Stand back there! H'yer, you little fool, git back; don't kill the child; where's the police? Confound such a place; here, keep comin', Sary! Stand back! Out o' the way! What's the matter with you, fool? Offen' my feet! Git back—come on, Sary—" and the old lady and her young charge emerged from the far side of the crowd, looking like a pair of towels emerging from the rollers of a wringer.—Columbus Post.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

LIFE IN LONDON.

How the English People Go Summering.

Some of the Leading Persons in Parliament—Visit to Christ Church School—Annual Award of Prizes by the Lord Mayor.

[Special Correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

LONDON, August 10, 1891.

Although the London summer has been so cool that no one has been driven by the heat to leave town, still the first week in August is as general a season of flitting here as in more torrid climates. The London mode of flitting is, in its way, peculiar. In the case of a family flight, on the day preceding departure a huge covered van appears at the front door to take to the station, furniture, stores, or things of that nature that may need to be moved to the summer residence. On the day of departure itself an omnibus, with one or two horses, as the case may be, appears at the door. In its capacious interior the family—seldom numbering less than eight or ten—is safely stowed, while all the trunks or "boxes," as they say here, are placed on top of the vehicle. It is one of the funniest sights in the world to see these boxes poised on the curving tops of the omnibuses. How they remain there is a mystery to the average American, for they are not strapped on, and there seems to be nothing to save them from instant overthrow, except, perhaps, the narrow little rail running around the top of the 'bus. These convenient omnibuses and vans are provided by the railroad companies, and entirely take the place of the express wagons which we Americans employ for the conveyance of our luggage.

As to the places to which these English flitters go—they are innumerable. Every known resort at the sea shore, or in the mountains, is crowded now with the escaping Londoners. Those of high degree have gone, of course, to their country houses to recuperate after this unusually dull season; but the average Englishman is not a person of high degree, and he, the person of limited means, city man, stock-broker, professional man or shop-keeper, as the case may be, takes his family to lodgings, or steps into a furnished cottage which some other Englishman is willing to rent him for a month; for it seems to be a confirmed habit on the part of the Englishman, who lives in a place having scenery, or air sufficiently attractive to warrant him in so doing, to step out of his house for a month or more. He considers the three guineas, or upwards, per week, which he receives for the use of his home, sufficient compensation for the wear and tear of his household effects. He, himself, rents, perhaps, some other Englishman's house during the time for which he has surrendered his own home. As all concerned are undoubtedly benefited by the changes, it would be impolite for an outsider to express any wonder at the performance, even though to no little extent it conflicts with our usual ideas of the sanctity of an Englishman's home or castle.

The group of cottages clustered near some large hotel, and occupied by their owners, year after year, have no part in the Englishman's plan for his summer holiday. The summer hotel is regarded with almost as little favor as the summer boarding-house, and he would never think of building or owning a house near one of these great caravansaries. If he does not hire a secluded furnished house he takes his family into lodgings where he fondly fancies that he has the privacy of his own home. Nevertheless, at Felixstowe, and Eastbourne, and Worthing there are both hotels of goodly size, and boarding-houses, all of which are well patronized. Tourists, perhaps, make up a fair proportion of the patrons of these houses; but widows, with marriageable daughters, elderly bachelors, or young men, bent on having a good time, form no small part of the boarders at these houses, all of whom are unmistakably English. It is simply the average father of the family who prefers the seclusion of lodgings or a hired house.

The proroguing of Parliament on the 6th really brought to an end this very dull season—dull on account of the financial difficulties that began last year with the Barings' failure, and on account of the prevalence of the influenza. Even Parliamentary matters had an unusual monotony, which even the discussion of the Free Education Bill failed to enliven. I spent one of the best evenings of the session listening to the debates in the House of Commons. On account of the recent death of his son Mr. Gladstone was not there, but Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Matthews and the leading Ministers were present, and each in turn answered the various questions put to him. The contrast between the general aspect of the House of Commons and our House of Representatives is very great. The dimensions of the former room is so much smaller that it is hard to believe that it holds as many members. Its extreme dimensions are only 75 feet in length, 45 feet in width and 41 feet in hight. The benches, so-called, rise from the front a little above one another on each side of the Speaker's chair. In spite of the upholstered green leather covering of these benches they look fairly uncomfortable. The members sit bolt upright, rather near together, with their hats on. They have no desks. No newspapers near them. No supply of stationery on which to scribble, and so perforce are almost compelled to attend to the business under consideration. There is an air of dignity in the high, narrow room, which is lacking to the House of Representatives, and this air of dignity is increased by the appearance of the Speaker in his gown and wig, in his high-backed chair, with his two clerks, similarly attired, at the table below. The table, too, with handsomely bound books of reference lying upon it, with the great mace, lying across one end, has a particularly home-like look. It was my misfortune to be present in the House on a day when certain dry matters, connected with railway charges, came up for consideration. But it was also my good fortune to have a good view of the obstreperous Mr. Atkinson, who has, of late, been making himself so conspicuous in the House, that finally the Speaker had to order his suspension. Mr. Atkinson is a pleasant-looking gentleman, with a shock of white hair, he has an agreeable and humorous expression, and he wore a pale, pink cravat that harmonized very well with his white hair.

Dr. Tanner, too, with his smooth face and corpulent figure, was a conspicuous figure among the Opposition members, while of the Ministers, Mr. Balfour spoke the most impressively. In appearance and manner Mr. Balfour reminded one irresistibly of Matthew Arnold as he appeared during his last visit to America.

The one thing which seems strange to an observer at the House is the limited size of the ladies' gallery and the absurd thick, iron grating through which they must gaze at the floor of the House. It is said that this grating was put up to prevent the members from being distracted by the fair spectators. This harem-like arrangement is certainly effective in this respect, although it can hardly be called agreeable for the ladies inclosed behind the bars.

Like a good many wiser people I had been under the impresssion for some time that the old Christ Church School, where Coleridge, Charles Lamb and many other great men went to school, was an extinct institution, although the buildings themselves might be objects of interest. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that I found myself, not long ago, on the way to the school to take part in the exercises of the annual Speech Day, or rather to listen to the speeches of the boys and to see the Lord Mayor award prizes to the successful boys, more than a hundred in number. For Christ's Hospital is to-day a flourishing school, with nearly 800 pupils, keeping pace with all the modern educational improvements. It was interesting, of course, to see the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, trimmed with fur, and to watch the hundreds of boys in their quaint costume, long, blue coats reaching the feet, knee breeches and orange-colored stockings, with low shoes. But it was even more interesting to walk through the court-yards and cloisters—for Christ Church occupies the site of a thirteenth century monastery, and, indeed, in general appearance is hardly altered from what it was in those ancient days. In spite of the fact that the school has an income of £75,000 the rooms are all furnished in the plainest fashion. The floors are uncarpeted, the bedsteads are made of iron, and in the school-rooms there is little besides the huge old-fashioned desks that look as if whole generations of boys had hacked at them. In addition, however, to the Spartan-like lavatory, where every boy washes his hands and face each morning, there has been built within the past twenty-five years a finely-tiled swimming tank. A curiosity in this tank is a rod marking the spot where three of the old London parishes meet, and there, within this tank for many years, it has been the custom for the three Sheriffs of these parishes to come once a year and beat the bounds of the parishes.

Christ Church School covers a large area of ground in the very heart of old London, near Newgate. The boys there cannot get all the air and exercise deemed best for them, and, in within a very few years, it is probable that the old buildings will be pulled down, while the school itself will be moved to the country.

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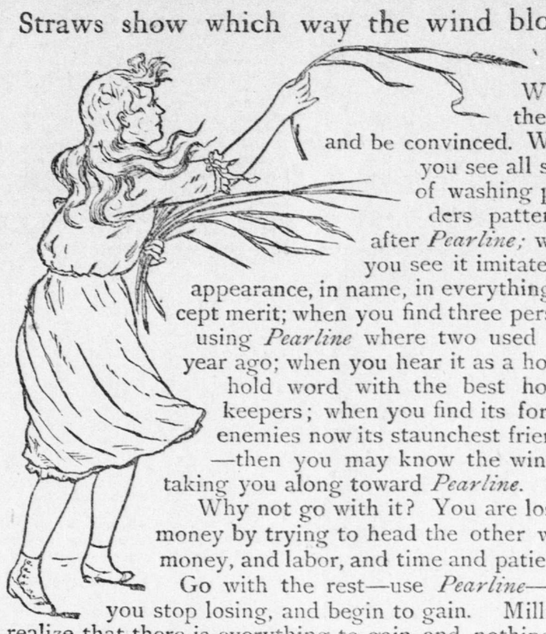

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