

Angel Inn

year, we come back to Norfolk," philosophizes Polly.

"I shall sail the Broads," said the Invalid, gazing back at the great wherry with a sigh.

Early next morning we left our comfortable lodgings at the Maid's Head. Again we saw Wymondham and Thetford in the distance as the train flew past, and, with a glimpse of Ely and Cambridge on our way, we pulled up at last in London again at St. Pancras. We had left many things undone. We had not seen half Norfolk, but we had discovered that it is a county full of diversified charm, and with greater variety than any part of England into which our tour had led us. The Maid's Head was not cheap, perhaps, but it was good, for all the inns which glory in the modern title of hotel cost at the very least three or four dollars a day. Norfolk is rich in charming little wayside inns, picturesque and tidy, but, as we found elsewhere, they had no beds to offer the traveller; plenty to drink, but little to eat. The majority of the smaller and older inns have fallen into the hands of the brewers, alas! who care more for the sale of their beer than for the preservation of the picturesque and ancient hospitality.

Our tour was over with our farewell to