

## *Angel Inn*

glimpse. The flint churches, with their thatched roofs, all out of proportion to the size of the congregations who support them, are sprinkled thick over the landscape, and the skipper told the Invalid such tales of the treasures in brass and carving they contain that she heaved mighty sighs of longing. We made a record sail; we skimmed down Wroxham Broad and peeped into Ranworth, but we passed by five other little lakes. We heard tales of three others into which our large boat could not sail, but which are well worth visiting. A summer land flitted past our eyes, and we hated to leave it. Along the banks and in small boats out in the stream we saw patient anglers, and one queer little covered boat, moored in the reeds, was pointed out as the abode of a professional eel-catcher. It was a diminutive house-boat of exceedingly rude description. Polly and the Invalid plied the skipper with practical questions.

For a party of four or five, the expense of two weeks on the Broads would not exceed three dollars apiece per day, taken in the most extravagant fashion. For the artist there is sketching, for the sportsman fishing and sporting, and for every one a lazy, happy life surrounded by unwonted beauty of scene.