lighthouses and tractors. Don't leave town without a stop at the North Island Museum (northhaven mainehistoricalsociety.org), where you'll learn about the area's evolution from a Native American territory to the lobster-fishing hamlet it is today. —KATE SEKULES

Southeast

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

It's easy to love antebellum Charleston, with its scented gardens and live oaks, starched demeanor and polite exchanges of the day. Although you can still meet a traditional sweetgrass basket weaver such as 78-year-old Sue Middleton at the City Market (thecharlestoncitymarket.com) or thumb through vintage Southern recipe collections at Heirloom Book Company (heirloombookcompany.com), off lower King Street (a.k.a. the Antiques District), the slide rule of charm has recently shifted farther north, to upper King. This red-hot frontier of urban renewal is occupied by a new generation of tattooed hipsters who irreverently refer to home as “Chucktown.” Browse the asymmetrical leather jackets by designer Rick Owens and Isabel Marant's embroidered skirts at Worthwhile (shop worthwhile.com) before slipping into the speakeasy-inspired Cocktail Club (thecocktailclubcharleston.com) for an impeccably crafted pre-dinner drink. (Look for the door with a “C.”) Just up the road, chef Mike Lata of downtown's much-loved F.L.G. has opened the Ordinary (eattheordinary.com), a casual seafood joint known for its clam cakes and triggerfish schnitzel. Live music is never far from any street corner—and the Charleston Music Hall (charlestonmusichall.com) is the go-to spot for everything from Argentinean tango to homegrown country-rock duo Shovels & Rope. In the adjacent Ansonborough
district, the 18-suite Zero George (zerogeorge.com; ss), set in five restored town houses clustered around a central courtyard, has started welcoming guests with expert-guided antiquing trips, afternoon cocktails in the salon, and Lowcountry cooking classes. —SHANE MITCHELL

West

SPRINGDALE, UTAH

It’s just a 2½-hour drive from Las Vegas to this small town on the Virgin River, but the desert gets empty and wild surprisingly fast. Springdale is the anti-Vegas: serious canyoneers mingle with fine-art photographers at weekly gallery openings, the Springdale Fruit Company sells organic fruit smoothies, and plein-air painters head to workshops at the Zion Canyon Field Institute. The biggest draw, however, is nearby Zion Canyon, a narrow funnel of 2,000-foot-high sandstone walls glossy with a crimson patina and top-heavy buttes that appear to shoot straight up from earth to sky. By far the best place to stay is the understated Desert Pearl Inn (desertpearl.com; ss). Like the rest of Springdale, it’s authentic without trying too hard: reclaimed old-growth Douglas fir floors and a tawny palette of neutrals provide a soothing retreat from the blazing red rock outside. During late spring and summer, crowds are a fact of life here, but the guides at Zion Adventure Company (zionadventures.com) can steer you through the lesser-known hikes. If you absolutely must trek the popular, precipitous, and