

## THE DECOROUS DUTCH.

How the People Live in Holland, and Some of Their Curious Customs.

The man is "lord of all" in Holland, and woman is almost without the shadow of estimation. He is a sort of a bear, tame and good natured, but still full of the brunt element. His countrywomen are actually afraid of him, especially when outside of their own door. Not that the men are dangerous, for rarely is it heard that the bears have bitten. Look out in the street, and you will see that the ladies walk in the road and the gentlemen on the sidewalk. Always so, no matter how muddy or dusty the road is, or how many teams are passing. Watch them, and you cannot help but notice that the gentlemen and ladies never speak to each other on the street. That would be a breach of etiquette that society would hardly pardon.

Even when a man meets his wife is not permitted to ask what he shall bring home for dinner! The gentleman bows first, the same as in France, and a lady may have bows from men whose names she does not even know. And the bowing is a marvel! The forehead almost touches the knees in the act, and there is no half-way work about it—no nodding or a sweeping touch of the hat, but an entire removal of the hat to supplement that intense bow. Everybody bows, then take off their hats to one another and profoundly bow.

A lady is never known to pass a club-house or a knot of men on the street. If she is obliged to pass up a street where there is a club she does not dare to brave the dreaded windows, but will cross the street until she is past the house, and then cross back again. I have seen a lady of my acquaintance make the round of several streets to avoid a club-house, being at the time in a great hurry to reach an apothecary, whose shop was next beyond the club. If a lady, alone, or accompanied by other ladies, must needs enter a confectionery, a library, or other places where men will naturally go, and finds a gentleman or two there, she will retire as precipitately as if she had seen a case of small-pox. The men know this, but unless my lord, the man, has quite finished his business, he will not retire. The lady retreats in a most undignified manner, and the human bear finished his book or chocolate, even though the lady is waiting at the door for him to leave.

But a change comes over the woman at home. No longer is she the afraid body of the street. She has at hand the kettle of hot water, the flat-irons, and other articles of defense that a woman can use if necessary, and no longer does she fear the bears. She is quite "at home." She does not put herself to any trouble for the sake of her guests. In the morning she never dresses for breakfast, but comes to the table in demi-toilette, her hair on the crimping pins, a calico gown loosely buttoned over skirts by no means new, with no collar, her shoes unbuttoned, and frequently without stockings. After breakfast it is quite awhile before she gets dressed, and meantime, if she receives callers, she goes into the parlor in her breakfast toilet.

But the social etiquette is not to be compared to that of the table. If one is curious the other is supremely droll. It is amusing to see the people eat. They take their plateful as soon as they are helped and cut it up into morsels. Then they lay the knife in front of the plate, and, leaning on the table with their left hand, proceed to eat all with the fork. I never saw food eaten otherwise except that some desserts are shoveled with the spoon instead of the fork, two spoons lying with knife and fork at each plate. All this is etiquette. Beside the plate, hand-rest is sometimes placed, for it is necessary that one should half recline on the table! There is no such thing as changing covers, and, be the courses two or twenty, they are served on the same plate, and the same knife, fork, and spoon are used. The napkins are kept in service until the washerwoman has to meet a big bill for soap!

One supper, at which I was a guest, I shall always remember. At 9 o'clock the hostess left the card-board, spread the tablecloth, and placed the dishes. Then she brought out a spirit lamp, which she lighted with a match from the match-box on the table, and, having ground some coffee in a little hand-mill, she set the cafetiere over the lamp, where it boiled merrily during the meal. The bread came on in a loaf and in a long basket, and was cut into thick slices, and so passed around. The butter was in a little round earthen pot, each person scraping out with his own knife as much as he wanted for each piece of bread.

The cheese came to the table in a similar pot, and was also scraped and eaten spread on the bread over the butter. Near the bread basket, on a round tray, was a partly cut loaf of brown bread, and slices of three or four kinds of cake, including the invariable fruit cake. Preserves were placed on the cloth in a shallow dish, and it was passed around. The milk, fresh from the dairy, was drawn from a jug, that, in the absence of a sideboard, naturally reposed on a mat by my lady's side. After the meal a china wash-bowl was brought out and the dishes washed on the tea-table by the mistress, who used the snowiest of serviettes, and neither spilled a drop nor wet her fingers. While the dishwashing was going on the family and guests remained sitting. —*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

### Shooting Deer in Summer.

It was a delightful evening of May, 1870. I had been to listen to an able discourse on the probable immortality of human and animal life. The faithful dog, the patient and long-suffering horse, and shy wild animals, were ably and interestingly discussed. I returned home, and, as my wife was away on a visit and I was alone, I called my faithful hunting dog into the house with me. Retiring to rest, I fell into a fitful slumber, when I distinctly heard my name called. Rousing up, I saw a mist-like form, with beautiful, expressive eyes and a sweet, quiet voice said: "Come with me." An irresistible power seemed to control me, and we passed up into mid-air, above my dwelling, when, with a seemingly familiar voice, my

companion asked me if I would like to visit the Adirondacks. "Oh, yes," said I, and, twining its transparent drapery about me, we flew along rapidly. As we passed along, I recognized the lake and the very place where, a year before, I shot by torchlight at a large doe, wounding her so severely that she was just able to get away out of the water and up into the woods. As I spoke to my companion she seemed to sigh, while a shudder passed through her frame. Slowly we turned from the lake; and passing up the side, we came to a beautiful glade, and, descending, here alighted where the tall, woody grass and forms formed a natural bower. Looking around I saw two little fawns emaciated and starving. Their unkempt faces showed the want of the toilet of their mother's tongue. Their little weeping eyes were glossy and death-stricken. I could only just hear a plaintive whispering bleat of the little dying infant deer. And, as I stood there, one, leaning forward, fell prone upon the grass dead. The other settled down in his little knees and closed his eyes in death. Near them lay the festering form of their dead mother. Turning away from the cruel, sickening sight, I spoke to my companion. She sightingly said, "It is the deer you shot on the lake. Ah!" says she, "the Angel of Mercy passed by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies." Heartsick, I asked to return home, and, as we neared my house, I asked my companion who she was. She replied, "I am the spirit of that deer you shot at, the mother of those dead fawns." —*Forest and Stream.*

### Artists' Models in New York.

Among the Academy models some time since, was the son of a banker in Wall street, who had failed during a financial crisis. Later, the young model obtained a position in a downtown bank, but such was his pride in his physique and his interest in art that he continued to pose in the evening classes. Another model, valued for his fine muscular development, was a blacksmith by trade. Another was a house-painter, who, during the winter months, when all his trade are thrown out of employment, supported himself in this fashion. Still another, also noted for his fine development, was a German athlete. One model, well known in his day at the Academy, was a half-breed Indian employed as coachman in a wealthy family. In his leisure hours he posed at the Academy, and became a popular model, but one day his employer discovered his artistic bias, and forced him to desist. He has since returned to the equine sphere he adorned, and resides in an inland city. Another temporary model was the son of a prominent artist in another city. Many studies of Arabs executed in New York during the past few years have had for their model a negro attached to the Academy, whose head and figure offered a perfect type of that race. A prosperous manufacturer of picture frames in an interior town, having failed in business, became a model in New York. \* \* \* A few artists in New York have their models acting also as domestics or studio-retainers. This is a foreign custom imported by artists who have received their schooling abroad. Under these circumstances, a sort of comradeship arises between the artist and his faithful model, which has its pathos as well as its grotesque side, since the enumeration of the model is apt to depend upon the successes or failures of the artist. There is a colony of young artists in New York which possesses a retainer known to the world as "Sammy"—a youth of muscular type, with blonde mustache and hair, and a fresh complexion. His face and figure fit him for all spheres of model life. One day, he posed as a stalwart fisherman, in a pea-jacket, a disreputable hat and high sea-boots. Another week, in a dress-suit borrowed for the occasion, he figures as a ball-room gallant, with one arm encircling the waist of a bald-pated lady-figure, arrayed in silken robes, likewise borrowed, into whose glass eyes he gazes with an expression of the deepest tenderness. He has even appeared as a bold horseman seated astride a wooden chair, which was placed on a table, tightly clutching two pieces of clothes-line for reins, with his body inclined at the angle necessary to imply a furious galloping on the part of his fiery steed, and his coat-tails spread out and fastened to the wall behind to illustrate the action of the wind. In addition to his accomplishments as a model, this young man does everything an artist's henchman can be expected to do in the line of general usefulness. —*The Century.*

### That Unruly Member.

As is well known to most of the people in Austin, Mrs. Col. Yerger is a fearful scold and scandal-monger. She jaws her husband until she nearly drives him crazy.

A few days ago, on his coming home from dinner, he perceived that his wife had her jaw tied up.

"What's the matter with your jaw, Mrs. Yerger; is it tired?"

"Oh, I have been to the dentist's and had two teeth pulled, you unfeeling brute!"

"Happy, happy teeth! I only wish I was one of them."

"What do you mean, Col. Yerger?"

"Nothing, except that those teeth are at last beyond the reach of your tongue. They ought to be happy. I would be happy if I were beyond the reach of your tongue. How happy those molars must be!"

He made him think so more than ever before he got through with him. —*Texas Siftings.*

### No Right to Complain.

A man who had been crippled up pretty badly in a railroad accident, in Texas, went to the office of the company, in San Antonio, and complained.

"Why?" replied the cattle-claim agent, "you ought to keep your mouth shut, and be satisfied. You only had your legs broken and your shoulder dislocated, and yet you grumble. We kill men deader than Julius Caesar almost every day in the week, and none of them ever come around here raising a row and talking about damages." —*Texas Siftings.*

## MAN.

Poetic Thoughts Concerning Him.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told; and his very monument becomes a ruin. —*Washington Irving.*

To understand man, however, we must look beyond the individual man, and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. —*Carlyle.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man. —*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. —*Young.*

Man whose Heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Burns.*

Stood I, O Nature! man alone in thee.  
Then were it worth one's while a man to be.  
—*Goethe.*

A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America lie folded already in the first man. —*Emerson.*

Such is man! in great affliction, he is elevated by the first minute; in great happiness, the most distant, sad one, even while yet beneath the horizon, casts him down. —*Richter.*

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? —*Shakespeare.*

When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
Then man is dead. —*Whittier.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. —*Bacon.*

A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humor, good-breeding, mirth, and gallantry; while he exerts these latter qualities twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other nobler virtues. —*Steele.*

God, when heaven and earth He did create,  
Formed man, who should of both participate.  
—*Sir J. Denham.*

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving, too, and full as vain.  
—*Diderot.*

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;  
The king, the beggar, are the same.  
Dust formed us all. Each breathes his day,  
—*Gay.*

Nobler birth  
Of creatures animate with gradual life  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in  
man. —*Million.*

The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates on roads, and in markets, instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged. —*Lavater.*

Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot on this globe, and limited, in his existence, to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can control, and which unceasingly seeks for the author of his destiny through the immensity of space and the ever-rolling current of ages. —*Colton.*

### No Cut in Wages.

The employees of a Michigan railroad had been trembling in their boots over a reduction of wages, when an agent, dispatched from headquarters, passed along the line and said to the various station officials:

"I am happy to inform you that there will be no cut in salaries."

"Good. My salary is so small that I could hardly stand a cut of 5 per cent."

"The road is not making any money, but the President feels that every employee is earning his salary, and that, perhaps, the fall business may bring us out all right. Put your name down for what you can afford."

"On what?"

"Why, on this paper. It is a subscription to buy the President a \$2,000 silver tea-set as a token of the esteem of the employees. Let's see? You get \$600 per year. If you put your name down for \$500 you will be giving all you can afford. Rest easy, Mr. Blank, there will be no cut in salaries." —*Wall Street News.*

### Women Doctors.

Women doctors are increasing in numbers all the time and have a good practice. I suppose that there are some four hundred women practitioners in the country now. They do a general practice, but, of course, do not attend men except in case of emergency.

A woman doctor who attends men is not considered in good standing. Many women are educated in this country and then go to foreign countries to practice. There is an especially good field for them in such countries as India and Japan, where male doctors are not allowed to attend women. —*Dr. Atkinson of Washington.*

### Casket-Making in China.

According to the Chinese, casket-making has been known to them for many thousand years. They labored, however, under this drawback: they did not know how to give the final touch by which the lid is fastened—the only method that struck them as feasible being to place a boy inside while the cooper tightened the hoops and secured the lid in its position. But how was the boy to be got out? This remained an unsolved problem for 3,000 years.

"YANKEE DOODLE" was written in derision of the appearance of the Continental troops who joined Braddock to beat the French in 1753. Dr. Richard Shuckburgh wrote it as a parody on a song sung in England as a caricature of Cromwell. But it failed in its purpose as a nation of whistling boys can testify.

THERE is something exquisitely cool in a Yankee's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps: "Wall, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

## The Utility of Pain.

The utility of pain is seen in the membrane which sweeps the surface of the eye, for instance, in several animals, whenever any irritant particle is brought into contact with these delicate structures. The pain caused by the foreign body sets up reflexly a muscular contraction in this membrane, and thus it is brought across the eye, sweeping the surface, and so the offending matter is removed. When the foreign body is too fixed to be so removed, disorganization of the eye follows, and amid a general destruction of the organ the irritant matter is got rid of. —*De-*

*struction of the eye in these animals would be a common occurrence if it were not for this muscular arrangement, and pain is the excitant; it is, as it were, the finger which pulls the trigger, and so the machinery already provided and prepared is set in action thereby.*

*In man the suffering caused by a foreign body in the eye calls the attention to the part and leads to its removal. If it were not for the pain so produced, irremediable mischief would often be permitted to go on unchecked, because unnoticed. Not only does pain so defend the eye from the injurious effects of foreign bodies, it often serves to protect the delicate organ from overwork; and where pain is so produced rest is given to the part, and recovery is instituted.*

### The Big Brewery.

Mr. J. Hirsch, College Point Brewery, L. I., N. Y., writes that he employs a large number of horses and hands, and, having tried St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure, for rheumatism, aches, and pains of his men, and for galls, splints, thrush, wind-galls, and other afflictions of his horses, finds it a superior to all remedies, and would not be without it.

### A Chance for Inventors.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry says there is need at the present time of some electrical devices by which easy communication can be had between houses, manufacturing establishments, stores and offices; between dwellings and stables, conservatories, libraries, etc. It is not necessary that words should be transmitted, but signals representing words or specific wants, suited to the needs of parties as they are found in all neighborhoods and towns. What is wanted is something that may be a substitute for the telephone—something which any one can use; but it may be much less extensive in its capabilities. It would seem to be easy to devise apparatus suited to this want, but it needs thought and the exercise of a considerable degree of ingenuity.

If this need can be satisfactorily met, it will serve an important end, and do much to break down the oppressive and outrageous monopolies connected with telegraphy and telephony. The latter as a monopoly is fast becoming more unbearable in its rapacious exactations than the telegraph has ever been.

### Who Has a Stomach.

Of which he or she can truthfully say, "It was never out of order." There are some human "interiors" whose digestive powers seem akin to those of the ostrich. Yet it may well be doubted if even they have not felt a passing dyspeptic qualm at some time or other. Thousands less lucky, the chronic victims of indigestion, have, although the inherent weakness of their stomachs seemed an insuperable obstacle to recovery, eventually regained complete digestion, and the power of digesting food again. —*Dr. Guyot's* "Remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia."

"The road is not making any money, but the President feels that every employee is earning his salary, and that, perhaps, the fall business may bring us out all right. Put your name down for what you can afford. Rest easy, Mr. Blank, there will be no cut in salaries." —*Wall Street News.*

"I am happy to inform you that there will be no cut in salaries."

"Good. My salary is so small that I could hardly stand a cut of 5 per cent."

"The road is not making any money, but the President feels that every employee is earning his salary, and that, perhaps, the fall business may bring us out all right. Put your name down for what you can afford. Rest easy, Mr. Blank, there will be no cut in salaries." —*Wall Street News.*

"I am happy to inform you that there will be no cut in salaries."

"Good. My salary is so small that I could hardly stand a cut of 5 per cent."