

**WONDERFUL BROECK**

THE ORIGINAL SPOTLESS TOWN IS IN NORTHERN HOLLAND.

A Neatness and a Brilliance That Are Absolutely Painful Pervade the Whole Place—Rules Which the Inhabitants Must Observe.

Far up in northern Holland among the dikes and canals of the little kingdom lies Broeck, the original Spotless Town. The palings of the fences of Broeck are sky blue. The streets are paved with shining bricks of many colors. The houses are rose colored, black, gray, purple, light blue or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets or at the windows. The streets and houses, bridges, windows and barns show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful. At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth-brushes, aqua fortis, whitening for the window panes, rouge for the forks and spoons, coal dust for the copper, emery for the iron utensils, brick powder for the floors and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this wonderful town:

Citizens must leave their shoes at the door when entering a house.

Before or after sunset no one is allowed to smoke excepting with a pipe having a cover, so that the ashes will not be scattered upon the street.

Any one crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse.

A cuspidor shall be kept by the front door of each house, where it may be accessible from the window.

It is forbidden to cross the village in a carriage or to drive animals through the streets.

In addition to these established rules it is the custom for every citizen who sees a leaf or a bit of straw blown before his house by the wind to pick it up and throw it into the canal. The people go 500 paces out of the village to dust their shoes. Dozens of boys are paid to blow the dust from between the bricks in the streets four times an hour. In certain houses the guests are carried over the threshold so as not to soil the pavements. At one time the mania for cleaning in Broeck reached such a point that the housewives of the village neglected even their religious duties for scrubbing and washing. The village pastor, after trying every sort of persuasion, preached a long sermon, in which he declared that every Dutchwoman who had faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this world would find in the next a house packed full of furniture and stored with the most various and precious articles of use and ornament, which, not being distracted by other occupations, she would be able to brush, wash and polish for all eternity. The promise of this sublime recompense and the thought of this extreme happiness filled the women with such fervor and piety that for months thereafter the pastor had no cause for complaint.

Around every house in Broeck are buckets, benches, rakes, hoes and stakes, all colored red, blue, white or yellow. The brilliancy and variety of colors and the cleanliness, brightness and miniature pomp of the place are wonderful. At the windows there are embroidered curtains, with rose colored ribbons. The blades, bands and nails of the gayly painted windmills shine like silver. The houses are brightly varnished and surrounded with red and white railings and fences. The panes of glass in the windows are bordered by many lines of different hues. The trunks of all the trees are painted gray from root to branch. Across the streams are many little wooden bridges, each painted as white as snow. The gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon, perforated like lace. The pointed facades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance or something resembling a bunch of flowers. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for everyday entrance and exit and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. The paths are hardly wide enough to walk in. One could put his arm around the flowerbeds. The dainty arbors would barely hold two persons sitting close together. The little myrtle hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year-old child. Between the arbors and the flower beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by miniature wooden bridges, with colored pillars and parapets. There are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes, tiny staircases and miniature kitchen gardens. Everything could be measured with the hand, crossed at a leap, demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes and disks, with their trunks colored white and blue. At every step one discovers a new effect, a fresh combination of hues, a novel caprice, some new absurdity.

The rooms are very tiny and resemble so many bazaars. There are porcelain figures on the cupboard, Chinese cups and sugar bowls on and under the tables, plates fastened on the walls, clocks, ostrich eggs, shells, vases, plates, glasses, placed in every corner and concealed in every nook, cupboards full of hundreds of trifles and ornaments without name, a crowding disorder and utter confusion of colors.—Public Opinion.

**SECONDHAND STORES.**

Modern Houses Vastly Different From the Old Time Junkshops.

"One of the curious aspects of modern business conditions," said a philosophic business man, "is the growth of what we call the secondhand business. There are more secondhand houses now than ever before, and I attribute it to the changes in style which are constantly taking place in all things which enter into the social life. When one speaks of a secondhand store, there are many persons who will think simply of secondhand furniture, bureaus, wardrobes, tables, beds and things of that sort. But the business has become so extensive that one may find almost anything in either the useful or the ornamental line in these places.

"I am not speaking of the curio shops either, where you can find anything from an antiquated penny to the rarest and most elaborate thing in an artistic way, old pictures and new ones, old books, old anything you may call for. I have in mind the regular secondhand houses which do a complete and up to date secondhand business. Go into one of these places and see for yourself the changes which have been wrought in the business.

"Time was when one of these places was a junkshop merely, a sort of old furniture hospital or almshouse, a place for chairs with broken arms and tables with broken legs and beds with scarred heads and old clocks with broken faces and missing hands and all that sort of thing. But the conditions are different now. You see, people want to keep up with the procession. Styles are always changing. A new kind of furniture comes in. The furniture on hand is good as new, but one must have the new thing, this new, magnificent kind of sideboard or this new colored bedroom suit or this latest thing in something else. The old stuff is sold and the new kind bought.

"This is one reason, and the main reason, for the growth of the secondhand business. Of course the change has not affected merely furniture and household goods. It has applied to all the utilities and all the ornaments, and hence a vast variety of things may be found in the secondhand store."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Frank Stockton and Poetry.**

Frank Stockton never could write a successful poem. In this connection the novelist frequently told a good story on himself. In his youth in conjunction with his brother John he wrote many poems with which he afflicted the editors of various Canadian periodicals. The effusions always came back. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems was ever accepted the brothers came to the conclusion that the editor had no conception of good poetry.

To prove their belief they hunted up and dispatched to him an ode, little known, by Milton. Within two days they received a check and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it after all," Mr. Stockton used to say, "and gave up trying to write it."—Philadelphia Record.

**One Woman's Way of Painting.**

The bright wife of a bright Philadelphia newspaper man has to do some of the housework herself, as her husband's income does not justify the luxury of employing help. The other day, finding out that the floor needed painting, she procured the necessary materials and early in the afternoon set to work.

When her husband returned in the early evening, he found her in tears in the center of the room. She had painted the floor all around herself, and there she was, on a little dry island in the middle, afraid of crossing the wet paint for fear of spoiling all her work. Her husband, instead of imitating Sir Walter Raleigh, procured a board and released her from duress vile. Then he meantly told the story.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**A Former Predicament.**

The cook in a southern family was fat, black and sixty and a devoted churchwoman. A "laboring brother" in the same church, a widower with a dozen children, was so assiduous in his attentions that he could be seen haunting the kitchen at all hours. The mistress of the house finally said to the cook:

"I do hope you don't mean to marry that old man, with all those children." "No, ma'am," was the reply. "I done been kitched in dat predicament once already," which was the first intimation that had been given in a long service that she was entitled to wear the weeds of widowhood.—Detroit Free Press.

**Hugo's Egotism.**

Victor Hugo had a very exalted opinion of himself. One of his intimates called on him once and found him walking in his garden, apparently thinking deeply. The visitor asked the great French poet what he was meditating upon. "I was wondering," replied the poet, "what I should say to the Creator when I meet him. Can you imagine what I would say?" "Yes," answered the poet's friend. "You would say, 'My dear confreere.'"

**Her Generosity.**

Madge—I hear you take your sister to the matinee every week.  
De Garry—I do.  
Madge—if you'll take me there as often as that, I'll promise to be a sister to you.—New York Times.

It doesn't matter so much how many mistakes Moses made if we only follow up the advice he left us when he did hit the nail on the head.—American Thresherman.

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No. 45 Freight, daily, Deadwood, Billings and intermediate stations, departs at 7:30 p.m.  
No. 46 Freight daily, for Lincoln and intermediate stations, departs at 6:30 p.m.  
No. 47 Freight daily, except Sunday, for Deadwood and Billings, departs at 10:50 a.m.  
No. 48 Freight daily for Lincoln and intermediate stations, departs at 8:05 a.m.  
No. 49 Freight, for northwest, departs at 4:00 a.m.  
No. 50 Freight from northwest, arrives at 7:15 a.m.  
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