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**OLD DUTCH FARMS.**

Some of the Oddities of Life in the Netherlands.

Of the manner of life in Zealand, Netherlands, an observer writes: "The Dutch farmhouse is usually built after a uniform model. The living room usually occupies the whole of the ground floor and is a sitting room, bedroom and kitchen rolled into one. The bedsteads are screened by green curtains or hidden away like cupboards, but what is called the show bedstead—prunk-bedden—always occupies a prominent place in the room. But, then, it is never used; it is kept exclusively for the purpose of proving the high respectability of the family by the fineness of its linen sheets and the richness of the counterpane. Kept nominally in honor of the guests, the most honored guest would not be allowed to use it. In larger or more modern farmhouses a separate room is set apart as a show place, or prunk-kamer, but there is, as a rule, no bedstead, and the room is furnished as a parlor. This room, like the bedstead, is never used by the household for general purposes, but on the occasion of the death of a member of the family it serves as the bier chamber. In some farmhouses a wing has been added to the original building, and in such cases it is divided into two or three small bedrooms.

"As a rule, the stable or shed for the cows forms part of the house and is separated from the living room only by a wooden wall or partition. The door of communication is generally fitted with glass windows, so as to keep the animals under supervision. There is also a class of open farmhouses where there is no partition at all and the animals literally live with the family. Nowhere is the old fashioned theory more firmly held than in Holland that the odor of cows is beneficial to consumptives. Indeed, sometimes those who are tuberculous will go to sleep with the cows in their manger. Over the cow sheds are the hay lofts, and sometimes these serve as sleeping places as well.

"In many of the older farms there is an open fireplace without a chimney, and the smoke finds its way out as best it can, helping in its passage to cure the ham, sausages and black puddings which depend from the beams of the ceiling. The furniture is strictly limited to chairs, tables, the linen press, which is the ornament of the chamber, and perhaps a spinning wheel or a mangle. The ornaments are probably no more than some delft ware hung round the room, generally in racks, and a Dutch clock. The library consists of the family Bible.

"Food of the Boer class is as simple as the rest of their life. The staple dish is buckwheat porridge, and pig meat, especially in the form of hams and sausages, represents the chief article of the principal daily meal, with little or no variety. Coffee is the universal beverage, and the only intoxicant taken is one of the numerous forms of gin distilled in all parts of the country. Treacle is also largely used, while sugar is regarded as a luxury. The bread used is black or rye, but there is also a brown loaf made with treacle and mixed with raisins."—Chicago News.

**Old Roman Banquets.**

When at its zenith the Roman empire laid all the barbaric countries of the world under contribution to supply the tables of its nobles and wealthy citizens with the fine luxuries of life. Asia and Africa poured in the rich spices and fruits of the tropics, Germany and the great north countries raised the grains and wild berries, Italy and the fertile land of the Franks cultivated the vineyards to make or express the wines, every strip of seacoast from the Mediterranean to the Baltic contributed its quota of fish and the forests of Brittany yielded the wild game of the woods—birds, beasts and fowls—for the banquets of the proud, dissolute rulers of the vast empire.

With the choice products of a great world so easily obtained there were wanton waste, foolish extravagance and a strange disregard of the value of expensive luxuries, and the historian dwelling upon these times delights in recapitulating the various articles of diet arranged in tempting manner upon the groaning tables at the great feasts and banquets. But, excepting Nero's dish of peacock tongues and Cleopatra's cup of wine with the dissolved pearls in it, the menu of our modern banquets would compare favorably with those spread in the times when gluttony and greed for luxury were insidiously sapping the strength of Rome.

**Origin of April Fool.**

Very curious things may be discovered by people who love to mope among old books. Here is a very free translation from a Parsee record not accessible to many: "It happened in a remote year, when the inhabitants of a land were engaged in sun worship early on the 1st day of April, that a shining man stepped forth from the earth, proclaiming the purifying uses of fire. He called and counseled all who had damaged household stuff, such as broken kneading troughs, tattered curtains, coffeepots with holes in them, lame furniture, worthless books and all such things that might be considered the dry refuse of life, to make a pyre on the plain outside of the city and to celebrate this burning the first day of every April, after which the ashes might be used to fertilize the ground. So the householders began to carry forth. But their wives did seize on each miserable article, saying: 'Do not so. Behold, let us hide it in the attic seven years more. It may come handy.' Then the angel or messenger was wrath with humanity that would not purify itself by fire, and he said, 'From this day you shall call one another and be called April fools.'"

**He Had Proof of His Skill as a Polisher**

**F**RANK MILES DAY, the well known architect and essayist of Philadelphia, stepped carefully from a Persian rug of dull green and old rose to another rug of rich blue, for the polished floor beneath was dark and smooth and slippery, like ice.

"Rather a good polish there, I think," said Mr. Day's host, a resident of Rittenhouse square.

"Remarkably good, indeed," said Mr. Day.

The host just then slipped and nearly fell, and the architect, with a laugh, went on:

"A friend of mine has beautiful floors, and the other day he sent for a floor polisher.

"I want these floors polished," he said to the man as he led him about the house. "They are, you perceive, fine ones. They ought to come out as lustrous as rosewood. Do you think you're capable of doing them justice? Give me some proof of your thorough competence."

"That's easily done, sir," the polisher replied. "You just go and ask Colonel Snow, next door but one, about my work. He'll tell ye. Why, governor, on the polished floor of Colonel Snow's dining room alone five persons got broken limbs last winter, while two ladies slipped down the grand staircase during the Easter week ball, and one dislocated her hip, while the other fractured three ribs. You ask Colonel Snow, sir. I polished that floor and that there staircase of his'n."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**He Ran For Lawyer.**

A man from Pennsylvania went to Vineland on a business errand. The town was strange to him, and he was unacquainted with the man (a lawyer) he had gone to see. The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself on the edge of the town without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old negro and asked the way of him and learned that the house lay about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said to the old man. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?"

"He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the negro.

"You're sure?"

The old negro scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eye.

"Now I think of it, boss," he said, "pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Invitation Declined.**



"Come and dine with me tonight, dear boy."

"No, thanks, old chappie. That would mean I should have to wire to my wife, and it isn't worth it."—Tatler.

**A Fish Story.**

Brown had returned from a fishing expedition and after partaking of a most welcome dinner was relating some of his fishing experiences, says the Buffalo Times.

"Last year," said he, "while fishing for pike I dropped half a sovereign. I went to the same place this year, and after my line had been cast a few minutes I felt a terrific pull. Eventually I landed a fine pike, which had swallowed the hook, and on cutting it open to release the hook, to my amazement—

"Ah," said his friends, "you found a half sovereign."

"Oh, no," replied Brown, "I found 9s. 6d. in silver and 3 pence in copper."

"Well, what became of the other 3 pence?" queried his friends.

"I suppose the pike paid to go through the lock with it," answered Brown.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

**The Date.**

"When does one cease to be a bride and become a married woman?"

"The day the postman brings her a husband the first bill from the dressmaker."—New York Life.

**Satisfactory Answer.**

Museum Visitor—Why do you eat that looking glass?

Human Ostrich—Oh, it's food for reflection.—Pueblo Chieftain.

**Making Money.**

He was a counterfeiter and was clever at the game. He tried to make a living.

But they stopped him just the same.

The secret service agents gave attention to his tale, but they said it wouldn't answer, so they clapped him into jail.

But when he got his freedom he wrote a stirring play about some counterfeiter, and the thing began to pay.

He's making lots of money, for his drama is the rage. Now they really cannot stop him making money on the stage!

—Yonkers Statesman.

**OPERATION WOUNDS.**

A Serious Danger to Which Surgeons Are Exposed.

By the term "operation wound" is meant a poisoned wound received accidentally by the surgeon while operating upon a patient suffering from blood poisoning, but it differs in no way from an accidentally poisoned wound which any one is likely to receive. It is simply the beginning of blood poisoning.

This term blood poisoning is employed to express a disease resulting from the entrance into the blood of the germs of putrefaction or of pus formation or the absorption of the poisons elaborated by these germs existing on the outside of the body. It is a much less common affection now than it was before the introduction of antiseptic surgery.

In those days hospital wards, even the cleanest, harbored millions of septic bacteria. The knives and other instruments used in operating, although carefully washed in soap and hot water, were in effect no different from the poisoned arrows of the savage bowman. The lint used to pack the wounds, the bandages employed to keep the lint in place, the sponge with which the wound was washed at each dressing, were all impregnated with living germs of disease, and finally the very hands of the surgeon, scrupulously clean as they seemed to be, were coated with the microbes of suppuration and putrefaction.

It is no wonder that certain operations now performed daily in every hospital in the country with perfect results were so uniformly followed by blood poisoning that the surgeon who dared to perform them, except when death would otherwise be inevitable, would have been guilty of malpractice.

Today it is not the patient who is in danger of blood poisoning, but the surgeon, who may accidentally inoculate himself through a scratch or a hang-nail.

The first signs of this are a feeling of soreness in the arm, for a finger is usually the site of inoculation, and redness and a slight swelling at the point where the poison entered. This redness soon extends up the inner side of the arm in streaks which mark the lymphatic vessels. The bacteria are passing through them to gain entrance finally into the general circulation. The glands in the armpit, through which the lymphatics pass, also become hard and swollen.

Soon the patient begins to have fever, alternating, perhaps, with chills, and then the symptoms of general blood poisoning appear.

The treatment of this infection is purely surgical. The wound should be freely cut open and disinfected so as to remove the source of the poison. If this is done in time and with sufficient thoroughness, blood poisoning may be averted.—Youth's Companion.

**His Waiting Place.**

There was a "stub" railroad that ran from Anaconda, Marcus Daly's winter home, to the main line of the Northern Pacific at Garrison, where it connected with those splendidly equipped trains, serpentine voyagers upon the prairie sea, that leave St. Paul and swing across the continent through canyon, forest and plain, dropping headlong down the west slope of the Cascade range into Seattle the third day out. These trains went west by way of Missoula, near Daly's ranch home. In winter storms in Dakota delayed these fliers, in spring the freshets, in summer heavy passenger travel and in fall the cumbersome movement of the harvests. Daly was once on the witness stand and under cross examining fire by a legal representative of the Northern Pacific railroad. "Where do you live?" the first question was sharply asked. "I have a residence at Anaconda and one at Hamilton," replied Daly. "Well," immediately queried the lawyer, "where do you spend most of your time?" Quick as the flash of a quail's wing came the answer, "At Garrison, waiting for Northern Pacific trains."

**Buttons According to Rank.**

Buttons play an important part in the dress of the Chinese mandarins. Those of the first and second class wear a button of coral red, suggested, perhaps, by a cock's comb, since the cock is the bird that adorns their breast. The third class are gorgeous with a robe on which a peacock is emblazoned, while from the center of the red fringe of silk upon the hat rises a sapphire button. The button of the fourth class is an opaque, dark purple stone, and the bird depicted on the robe is the pelican. A silver pheasant on the robe and a clear crystal button on the hat are the rank of the fifth class. The sixth class are entitled to wear an embroidered stork and a jade stone button, the seventh a partridge and an embossed gold button. In the eighth the partridge is reduced to a quail, and the gold button becomes plain, while the ninth class mandarin has to be content with a common sparrow for his emblem, with silver for his button.

**Cooking Accounts.**

The word cook, used in the sense of "cook up accounts," is generally put in quotation marks, but the phrase has been almost long enough in use to give it indisputable standing. Smollett wrote of "cooking accounts" in 1751, and proofs were "cooked" a century earlier, but somehow "cook" remains what the dictionaries sniff at as "colloquial" in this sense, while "concoct," which means to cook or boil together, has the status of a fully accepted word. The Romans used "concoquo" and the simple "coquo" alike in the metaphorical sense of pondering and devising, but the obvious metaphor of "cooking" accounts never occurred to them.—Chicago News.

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