



A COWS' PARADISE.

Washed, combed, groomed, petted, and luxuriantly stabled in winter like the finest of our race horses and put to graze in flowery, well-watered green fields in summer, the Holstein cows of Holland can envy no animal the world over.

The two lions represented upon the heraldic shield of the Netherlands might well be replaced by two great black and white Holstein cows, for the masses of the people worship cows. Cows they watch sometimes with more care than they give their own children; cows they nurse through sickness, cows they save their money to buy, and of cows they talk while awake and dream while asleep.

Children are brought up with parental reverence for cows, and no member of the human family is thought too good to sleep under the same roof with the beloved kine.

The traveller landing in Holland during spring time will see vast herds of fine cattle in every stretch of green meadows—and stretches of green meadow are everywhere in this flat and almost treeless country. Every shadeless field is defined by a deep stream of pure water flowing between prim, flowery banks, which serve, instead of fences to keep the cattle within bounds.

A grotesque sight to people from places where cows are not of the first importance is the spectacle of the most delicate cows enveloped in canvas coverings. The costly creatures, lately freed from their warm winter stables, are apt to take cold from the inclemencies of the early spring, hence their blankets are not removed until the weather becomes safely warm.

The cattle remain under the blue vault of heaven day and night from the first of May until the first of November. Then they are taken into the cow-houses to remain through the cold Holland winter. During the summer the cows are milked twice a day in the fields.

"Cow stable" is to us a name for a humble and unclean edifice, but cow stable in Holland has another meaning. No parlor is purer nor more carefully tended than the habitation of the much loved kine.

The busy Dutch farmer does not usually care to give any of his time to curiosity-seekers, and it is not always easy for the stranger to gain admission to his household; but we secured a letter to a farmer near Broek, in North Holland, which admitted us to his cow-house, and to his residence at the same time. Both were under one roof. Cow stable and parlor adjoined, and one was quite as clean as the other.

We were conducted to the stable first, which in reality was a wide hall, with a strip of oilcloth down the centre. Rows of tiny square windows, high up on both sides, were curtained with spotless lace or thin white net, tied back with ribbons. Pots of blooming-flowers were set on the sills of the windows looking south.

Beneath each curtained window was a cow-stall—there were twenty-six in all, such luxurious and dainty little places! On the floors, which were of porcelain, a thick layer of clean, white sawdust had been placed, and this was stamped into patterns of stars and wheels and circles, and various geometrical designs.

Of course the return of the cows from the fields to their winter quarters breaks

these pretty sawdust designs into a confused mass, but during the summer they are carefully preserved thus.

Before and behind each row of stalls runs a trough of clear water, the first for the cows to drink from, the second to wash away all impurities. In the ceiling behind every stall is fixed a kind of iron hook, whose strange and ludicrous office is to hold high in the air the cow's tail, that she may not soil the carefully combed member!

One wonders that the cows' tails, after many generations of this tying-up process, do not grow straight up. One extravagant book of travel tried to make us believe that the tails are often tied with blue ribbons, but this we found to be an exaggeration.

It is not, however, an exaggeration to say that the cattle, every day during the winter, are washed off with warm soap-suds, dried, rubbed, combed, coddled and talked to, as if they were children; that the air of their stable is as pure as the atmosphere outside, and that no pains are spared to keep them healthy and comfortable.

Under such kind treatment they become plump, glossy and gentle animals that repay their owners by an enormous quantity of milk.

Leading us from the cow stable into an adjoining apartment, the farmer's wife showed us long rows of cheese presses containing round, firm Edam cheeses which would be ready to remove from their molds after thirty-six hours of pressure.

Every press, every bowl, every churn, every linen cloth, every pot and pan used in the making of this cheese, spoke of the most absolute cleanliness, and told of hours of washing and scrubbing and rubbing.

After seeing the filthy manner in which macaroni is made in Naples, I made a vow never to touch a mouthful of it again. After seeing the sweetness of the cheese-making process in Holland, I made a vow to eat Dutch cheese whenever I could get it. In cleanliness and purity it can be excelled by no manufactured article of food in the world.

"Clean! clean!" clean! we repeated again and again, and the rosy little farmer's wife smiled with pleasure. "Clean" was evidently the one English word that she could understand.

She invited us into the living-room just in front of the cow's apartment, and offered us milk. As we drank we looked around the room and sniffed the air suspiciously, but although the stable was adjoining, not the slightest odor of cows could we detect in that clean little room.

The one elegant piece of furniture here was a tall carved Dutch chest. Our hostess opened the doors of this, and displayed piles of white linen therein, enough to stock a shop. Opening another door, which we had supposed led into another room, we saw it was simply the door to the bed, which was just a shelf in the wall piled high with feathers and linen. Whether the Hollanders shut themselves in entirely in these curious beds, or leave the door ajar while asleep, I could not learn.

"Perhaps they are the cows' beds," suggested a giddy one of our number. "Ask her!"

The little smiling woman shook her head in reply to the question, though after what we had just seen we should

hardly have been surprised if she had told us that on cold winter nights the cows curl themselves in these downy niches in the walls.

The wooden pattens of the farmer who had brought us here in his calash were now clattering on the stones outside, and we knew that it was time for us to leave this "cows' castle." With the pleasant lowing of fine Holsteins in our ears, we drove across the green fields and into the road which led to the canal-boat that was to take us away.

How broad and round was our host, the rich owner of herds of fine cows! In his black cap, blue blouse and white wooden pattens, what an ideal type of a Dutch farmer!

I shall never forget the gratified smile he gave us when we praised his splendid cattle, and told him that nowhere in the world, outside of Holland, could we have seen their equal.—Eleanor H. Patterson, in *Youth's Companion*.

A YOUNG HERO'S DEATH.

There were many instances of personal bravery among the officers and crew of the ill-fated British warship, 'Victoria,' when she was sunk by the 'Camperdown,' but none was more striking or affecting than that related of one of the Midshipmen. Herbert Marsden Lanyon was a 'middy' on the 'Victoria,' one of the youngest and brightest of the group of merry youths on the great warship. He was seventeen and he had already served on smaller naval vessels so acceptably that he secured promotion. No lad was more loyal or more promising, and his boyish features were the index of a heart at once gentle and fearless. On the day of the fatal collision, midshipman Lanyon was at his post as a petty



BRAVE MIDSHIPMAN LANYON.

officer on deck. After the 'Camperdown' had rammed the 'Victoria,' the latter quickly began to settle, and it soon became apparent that she was doomed. Vain efforts were made to keep her afloat, and at last an attempt was made to get out the boats. There was no panic, but when the men realized that they were face to face with death, the word was passed that each must try to save himself quickly. Hundreds sprang overboard into the sea; others clung to the rigging in the vain hope that even yet the threatened disaster might be averted. In that dread moment, when Admiral Tryon saw that his order had caused a terrible calamity he was passing from the chart-room to the bridge when he saw Midshipman Lanyon at his post of duty. All the others were striving to escape, fearing that the next moment must witness the overturning of the 'Victoria,' when all would be engulfed in the vortex.

The Admiral turned toward the little 'middy,' who had touched his cap in respectful salute: 'Save yourself,' he said huskily. 'Be quick, my man! Don't you see, she's going down?'

The little 'middy' smiled, but did not move. The 'Victoria' was already capsizing, and lay at a fearful angle, her bulwarks gradually sinking to the surface of the waters.

'Quick!' repeated Admiral Tryon, as he pointed to the sea now alive with swimming sailors.

Again the little 'middy' smiled and a halo seemed to hover about the brave young face. 'If you please, sir,' he said, once more saluting, 'I stick to the ship and if I go down I go down with the Admiral.'

Brave young heart! A moment later, with a great lurch and a throb as of a giant in agony, the mighty warship heeled and capsized and both Admiral and 'middy' sank to rise no more. But whenever the story of the loss of the 'Victoria' is told, when men falter and women weep as they speak of the gallant Tryon who went down with his ship, they recall the heroism of the little midshipman who perished with his Commander rather than desert his post.

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

"Oh, dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad! Now I've got to stay indoors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all, and I'll have to just stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the ducks' backs."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine," said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack.

"Now, let me give you three rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy; 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books are all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's a newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! Why, how you talk."

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out a tea tray and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many pleasant amusements, and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good night, dear little sunshine maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read: "Sunshine Factory.—Uncle Jack and Little Jennie."

MISCALCULATION.

The Boston *Globe* prints a story which reminds one of the old saying about the shoemaker and his last.

A Yarmouth captain had a small coasting schooner lying in port, and decided to give a lesson to painters in general by himself painting the vessels name on her bows. He could not reach high enough from the float, and did not care to put out a swinging stage, so he reached down over the side to do the lettering.

After finishing the job on one bow, he went ashore to view his handiwork, and this is what met his gaze—T I D V W

THERE IS NO END to the sky.

And the stars are every where,

And time is eternity.

And the here is over there.

And the common deeds of the common day Are ringing bells in the far away.