

A Glimpse of Holland Life.

The morning sun had mounted high enough in the sky to send his rays into Greta's room, when she was awakened by a noise. She listened. It was the sound of a boat grating against the side of the canal. Who could be coming to their back door so early? She sprang out of bed, and ran quickly to the open window. A disappointment awaited her. It was only her father's boat, which the maid-servant, Charlotte, was pushing along, slowly making her way to the landing-stairs.

"Where have you been so early, Charlotte?" called out Greta.

"Are you there, youngsters?" said Charlotte, looking up at the two bright faces at the window; for the little Amelia had been roused by her sister's wild jump from the bed, and had also run to the window.

"Bad Charlotte, to wake us so early!" cried Amelia.

Charlotte laughed. "You wouldn't think me bad, Minchen, if you knew all the good things I've been buying at market. Have you forgotten your cousins are coming to-day, all the way from over the sea? I'm sure they'll be hungry enough."

It was not necessary for Charlotte to remind these little girls of the cousins who lived in the city of New York, in the far-off land of America. For the last month little else had been talked of in the Van Schaick mansion besides the expected visit of the Chester family. Mr. Van Schaick and Mrs. Chester were sisters, and this was but the second visit the latter had paid her old Holland home since her marriage. On the first visit her children were not with her; but now Mr. Chester was coming and the two boys. Many were the wild speculations the girls indulged in with regard to Americans—what they would look like, and what they would say and do.

Great, then, was their surprise when the travelers arrived, to find that their Aunt Chester was very like their mother in appearance and dress. Mr. Chester did not in the least resemble their father, but he was not unlike many other men they had seen, and he did not dress in wild-beast skins. As for the boys, Greta poured her tale of woe into the ears of the sympathizing Charlotte. "They are just like English boys!" she said, contemptuously. Greta had often seen English boys, and there was nothing uncommon about them.

This was soon forgotten, however, when Greta discovered what pleasant companions the boys were, and that they could put the Dutch words together almost as correctly as Greta herself. Will Chester, who had reached the dignified age of thirteen, had felt much troubled at the thought that he would have "only girls" to play with at Zaandam, especially as Greta was a year younger than himself.

Within an hour, Martin said, "Let us take a walk. I want to look at this queer place."

The Van Schaicks lived in Zaandam, and it is indeed a queer place to American eyes. It is a large town, with but two streets, one on each side of the Zaan River; but these two extend for a long distance, and are crossed at frequent intervals by canals, so that Martin soon got tired counting the little bridges the children passed over in their walk. Will was not quite sure whether the brick-paved street was all roadway or all sidewalk.

"I don't see any carriages," he said, after studying this matter for some time.

"People don't ride much here," said Greta.

"There are plenty of carriages in Amsterdam."

"How do they get about, then?"

"On our feet and in boats. Look at our fine river, and there are ever so many canals! What do we want with carriages?"

"It must be jolly going everywhere in boats," said Will. "I should like that."

"We have some very pretty boats," said Greta, much pleased. "Oh! wouldn't you like to go fishing? I'll ask father to take us some day soon."

"Well, if that isn't funny!" cried Martin, with a burst of laughter, not having heard what Greta had been saying. Will joined in the laugh, and Greta looked around in vain to discover the cause of their merriment.

"Looking-glasses on the outside of the houses!" explained Martin, pointing to one opposite. "I guess they're put there for the girls to look in as they walk along," he added, mischievously. "They can't wait to get home to admire themselves."

Why, they are on all the houses!" said Will.

"To be sure, said Greta. "What is there funny in that? And the girls don't look in them any more than the boys, Mr. Martin. Don't you see that they are placed so that folks can see down the street without leaning out of windows?"

"What lots of flowers!" was his next comment.

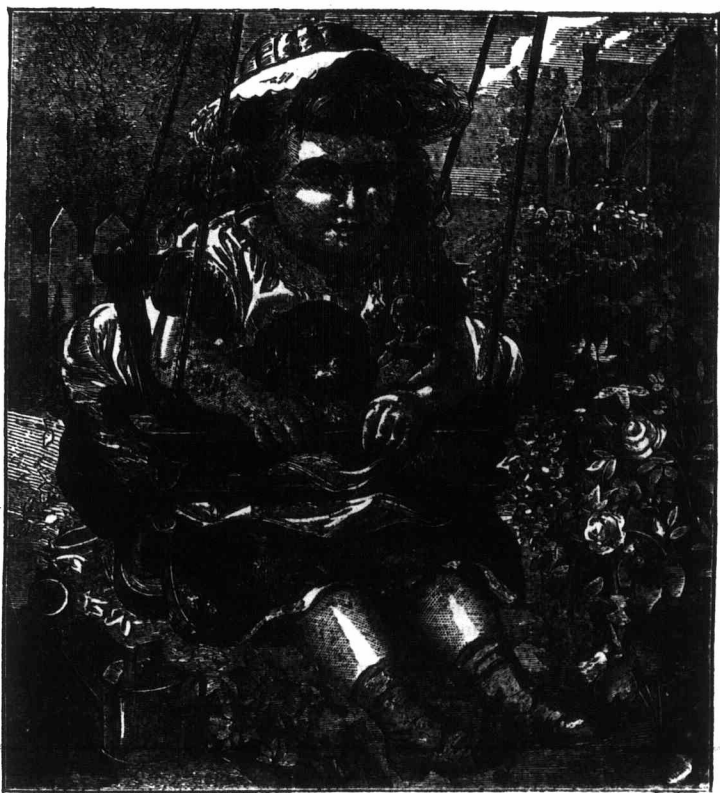
"They are everywhere, except in this brick pavement, and nothing could grow here, it is so clean."

"And such pretty houses in the gardens!" said Will.

"But they are so small," said Martin. "It would take a dozen of them to make a New York house."

"My goodness!" said Greta, turning her head back as far as she could, and looking up at the sky. "How do you ever see up to their roofs?"

"Divide Martin's twelve by four and you will come nearer the truth," said Will, laughing. "But, at any rate, the houses are pretty—painted green and yellow, with red-tiled roofs."—From *St. Nicholas* for June.



SUMMER IS HERE.

This is the Way.

BY EUDORA MAY STONE.

This is the way the Spring appears:
Cold March winds and April tears,
Zephyrs gay, buds of May,
Birds that sing the live-long day,
Fickle wind that whirls and veers;
This is the way the Spring appears.

This the way the Summer stays:
Starry nights and sunny days,
Roses bright red and white,
Idle clouds all feather-light,
Idle wind that roams and strays;
This is the way the Summer stays.

This is the way the Fall returns:
Sorrowing wind that sighs and mourns,
Skies cloud-crossed, gems of frost,
Summer birds and blossoms lost,
Maple grove that glows and burns;
This is the way the Fall returns.

This is the way the Winter comes:
Santa Claus and sugar plums,
Wind that blows, drifting snows,
Aching feet and tingling nose,
Rosy cheeks and frosty thumbs;
This is the way the Winter comes.

Hints on Bouquet Making.

BY MRS. J. B. ROOT.

A bouquet seems an easy thing to make when all the flowers are so beautiful separately. Surely just to pick them and put them in a vase is simple enough, but, alas! Nature possesses a subtle secret for blending colors which we poor mortals cannot wrest from her. The moment we transfer them from their garden home to our drawing room the charm is gone. Then experience comes to our aid and gives us the following hints:—

Don't Crowd Your Flowers—Flowers have their individualities and affinities which we must recognize and respect. For example: A spike of brilliant scarlet gladiolus, with a feathery bunch of asparagus, and a gleam of white feverfew here and there, will light a shady corner like a torch; but smother your stately blossoms with phlox, verbenas, and a host of floral beauties, you will see at a glance how the effect is weakened. Again, petunias with their stiff, sprangly stems and delicate blossoms are very difficult to combine with any other flower, but give them a wide mouth vase and no rivals and they are positively graceful, while their delicate perfume fills the room with its fragrance.

Mass Your Colors—This is of great importance. Put your scarlets and crimsons and purples in separate bunches, use white to blend them, and you cannot fail of a good effect. Yellow is the sunshine of a bouquet, but it must be used sparingly or it will produce a glare. A wise choice of this color always lends cheerfulness.

It should be remembered that green is a proper color to be used to contrast with any flowers. In colors, yellow and red are not admissible. The contrast is bad so, blue and red is in bad taste. Blue contrasts well with orange; yellow sets off violet nicely. Strong colors are not admissible with tender ones. They will destroy the tone however elegant they may be in themselves; white should not be used against them, but white relieves all colors except pale pink and lavender. Thus all strong colors may be toned with white and green. Ferns are admirable for toning colors, and few are prettier than the well-known variety, maiden-hair. Mignonette is admirable almost anywhere. Sprigs of lobelia are also elegant. In fact, when once the taste begins to be exercised in the arrangement of flowers, it opens a world of beauty that will be an ever-increasing pleasure and delight. It is naturally an attractive employment for ladies, and one in which they are quite apt to excel. — *Prairie Farmer*.

Cooking for Health.

There is no more important branch of "preventive medicine" than cooking. Bad cooking may cause a dwindling of the race, ruination of temper, and deterioration of the morals. Good cooking, on the other hand, is accompanied by national prosperity and domestic bliss. So say the promoters of the national training school of cookery, who are undoubtedly right in the main, and are deserving of all imaginable success. Now, cooking is both an art and a science. For its progress as an art we are not greatly concerned, although our profession would undoubtedly suffer in pocket should fine art cookery go out of fashion. "Elegant" dishes are generally whitened sepulchers, and the forerunners of blue pills and other disagreeable correctives. The bulk of people live in big cities, and if we were asked to name the most predominating characteristic of our urban population, we should say "dyspepsia." Those who spend their days in dark offices, chambers, or consulting rooms, and keeping their noses everlastingly upon their respective grindstones, seldom know that digestion which should wait on appetite.

Hitherto their dinners have not been so skillfully prepared as to demand the least possible effort from a jaded stomach; but let us hope that the national disgrace of indigestibility will no longer dim the brightness of our hospitality, and the number of patent medicines which are sold so largely in this country as aids to digestion will undergo a rapid diminution.

The three degrees in medical treatment.—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.