

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

## A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

The peasant women of Europe are noted for their picturesque costumes especially in the more remote parts. In the black forest we have seen some of the most beautiful costumes of bright colours. At a peasant fair in Bulgaria we saw great crowds of men and women arrayed in the most gorgeous dresses. The women in blue gowns embroidered with gold lace and the men's coats elaborately decorated. The peasant girl of Holland in our picture has one of those curious costumes which are so characteristic of these peasant women almost everywhere through Europe. You may almost tell from what province or part of the country they come from by some sort of peculiarity in their headgear. The one in our picture is by no means so ornamental as some of them. The women of Holland often have gold bands on their heads with gold spiral ornaments on them and frequently all their wealth is spent on these ornaments. The engraving shows beautifully the transparent quality of the veil which partly covers the face. The bright coloured kerchief worn around the neck is one of the most picturesque features of this garb.



A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

## SOME SECRETS ABOUT AIR TRAVELLERS.

"See that fine fellow? Way above your kite he goes, Fred. I wonder why that swallow doesn't go up here? I wonder why all the little birds stay low, and all the big ones sail high? Are the little fellows afraid, do you think, Fred, like the boys in swimming, who are afraid to go into deep water?"

"No, they are not afraid—the birds are bravest—at least some are. Haven't I seen king-birds whip hawks? The big ones are stronger and have wider wings, that's why they can fly higher."

"Fred", with a very wise

"I believe they are some-thing, 'cause why can't our turkey fly higher than I?"

"You think they are afraid, mamma?"

"Now you want me to decide which is it, I see. Neither of you have found the whole. It is not the size of the wing, nor the amount of confidence in the air. I don't believe birds think anything more about being in the air than men do about being on the ground, nor do they get dizzy, no matter how high they fly. The shape of the wing decides how high they fly."

"But aren't all birds' wings shaped just alike, mamma? I thought they were."

"That shows that you have not thought about it. See here, when you try to push my sunshade against the wind, which way does it go easier?"

"Why it pulls hardest, because the wind gets in the hollow place."

"Yes, it pushes more air ahead of it, or displaces more air that way. Well, the birds that soar high have wings made very

hollow, or concave, and as they have to displace, or push away so much more air, it makes it easy for the bird to keep up. That bird up above Rob's kite is a vulture. He can sail for hours without flapping his wings."

"But the swallow can beat him, mamma. I saw a race one day, and the little bird got away."

"That is because the smaller bird has flat wings, narrow and sharp-pointed. He

can work them faster. If you try to fan yourself with your hat, you can't make as rapid strokes as with a flat fan."

"But mamma, some fans move quicker than others, I know."

"Yes, because some are stiff, and some bend. The stiff, flat fans are like swallows wings, this plant, silk fan, fringed with feathers, is like the owl's wings."

"What's the name of that pretty fellow who wavers so—see him?"

"He'll tell you his name when he gets where he's going; listen for it. The reason of his wavering is that he first closes his wings and then opens them—there!"

"Do you mean that pounder? Oh, I know; it's a wood-pecker."

"Well, I cannot see yet why our old turkey can't fly as well as any of them. His wings are hollow."

"Yes, they are hollow, but not concave and long like the eagle's."

"Then I can tell after this by their wings how high or how fast birds can fly."—*Youth's World.*

## "YOU'LL DO, ABRAHAM."

NEARLY all great men have been plain men. True greatness lies very near to the heart of the common people. There is very much that is homely and simple in it. That is why it is admired. A writer in a Chicago paper, in describing the journey of Mr. Lincoln to Washington, to his first inauguration, relates this incident.

As we neared New York it was hinted that Mr. Lincoln rather dreaded meeting Fernando Wood, then mayor of the democratic city, who had achieved a reputation as an orator.

"I have no speech ready," said Mr. Lincoln, when I spoke to him upon the subject; "I shall have to say just what comes into my head."

When the train slowed up and the crowds could be seen through the windows, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks."

She was a little, old, plump, and motherly woman, and, as she opened her hand bag, Mr. Lincoln lifted her upon the seat of the car. Standing there she combed, parted, brushed his hair, and arranged his necktie.

"Do I look nice, now, mother!" he inquired affectionately.

"You'll do, Abraham," replied Mrs. Lincoln, and he kissed her and lifted her down.