

JAKE STARTS A PAPER

The Brethren Find the Funds and the Editor the Fun.

THE TERRORS OF LIBEL LAW.

The Doctor Argues With the Editor, and the Former Has an Eyeopener Given Him.

[FOR THE SUNDAY HERALD.—Copyright.]

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"What's he got for a thing or dis yere book up? It is all right fur er church ter hab er religious paper, but I never yer er er congregation er puttin' up money fur er paper or de wort—er paper or sin, you must say."

"Oh, you must say er paper er sin," Gid- eon replied, "fur de fact is, you doan know er paper or sin fur er paper writ de posses an' printed by de saints. You couldn't tell de letter dat Paul writ ter de Chillum of Lyral from er summons sent out by er justice or de peace; an' yit you come up yere an' try ter fight erin de literariness or dis yere 'munition. Youse eruff ter make er man 'shamed or hise'f."

"If I could make you 'shamed or 'yose'f," the doctor answered, "it would be dat in dis congregation er monstus big sacrifice."

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"Yes," said the doctor, "an' when I fights I fights ter kill."

"Does you know dat when you doctored you doctored to kill, but I didn't know you made it er pint ter fight de same way?"

"Oh, you is fectin' out de pints of de argument, is you? Wall, dat's jest what I wuz er waitin' fur."

The doctor, without waiting for the editor to reply, snatched out a razor and made a lunge at him. The editor sprang to one side, and an "old white stick" gave the physician a crack on the summit of his bald head. Late that afternoon, while an old woman was at a darning, needle and a tow string, sewing up the doctor's head, the wounded man said:

"Ah! Lawd, er man dat keep his eyes open er maun mighty night er day. It is er good deal er smart den I wuz dis mornin'. I wonder dat awful pussion is in his head. You better let him er lone," the old woman answered.

"No, I got ter go an' see him."

The editor was preparing to close his office when the doctor showed open the door. "What you want yere now?"

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The paper man asked, beginning to feel for the "side stick."

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ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

It is Hard to Beat the Dutch in the Kitchen.

HOUSEKEEPING BELOW TIDE.

How They Set a Breakfast-Table—Bedrooms and Attics in North Holland—Brush and Broom.

HOORN, Noord Holland, Oct. 11.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—Three hundred and seventeen years ago the Dutch and Spanish fleets engaged in the shallow waters of the Zuyder Zee at this quaint old town. Looking from my window across its narrow street I see an irregular row of ancient houses, whose gables run up like flights of steps, and which nod and bow sociably to one another, as if much the polite custom of houses built in the vicin- ity of the low countries. Across the brick fronts of three of them, darkened by age, that famous sea fight is still pictured. The high round sterns of the sixteenth century craft stand out in relief on broad stucco bands. Smoking cannon sticks from their sides. The sea rups in great waves. On the middle house of the three, inscribed between the flag ships, is a stanza from an OLD DUTCH SONG

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Now, as then, the baker's boy blows a blast on his horn, when the bread comes from the oven, and the housewives start for the hot loaves. This morning the shop next door to a gilt crown decked with box leaves in black, that the fishing boats had brought in fresh herrings. The group of boys whipping tops under the willows has altered little since a charge of cavalry when they run in their wooden shoes.

THE WOMEN OF HOORN, with their white caps and their picture- esque gold hair ornaments, form strange groups to a modern eye as they gather in the doorway knitting. Their costumes have altered little since the days of Cape Horn for his native town. Indeed the housekeeping ways smack strongly of bygone times. The old-fashioned Dutch pride in carefully ordered rooms and the subdued brightness of furniture and uten- sils still holds sway. The scrubbing and the polishing is so continuous that one wonders the very bricks were long ago rubbed away. From an up until noon the houses which front on the canals have their windows filled with miscellaneous articles which are being washed and washed again. Mevrouw, my landlady, apple checked with black and white, stands over her maids while on hands and knees they scour the street which is paved smoothly with bricks and kept almost as immaculate from end to end as the kitchen floor. The very pigeons lie in the sun by the side of the Dutch plate, white and tidy. They are tethered by chains fastened to staples near the door stone and look in the eyes of the valets to bathe and comb them. Once or twice a week a little open space at the entrance to the house is filled with mat- tresses, feather beds and blankets, the contents of all the bedrooms in Hoorn seem to be emptied into it for wholesale airing and beating and sweetening. City women are sometimes busy with switches at once and the scene is curious and animated.

MEVROUW, MY LANDLADY, has an especial horror of spiders. The en- ergy with which she hunts them is some- times destructive of comfort, but one morn- ing she admitted me to the sacred precinct of her kitchen, and from that moment all was forgiven. The high room, with its huge oak ceiling beams, is the largest in the establishment and indubitably the clean- est. It pleases one to picture the zeal and the housewifery to which it has been given scope for more than two centuries. The Dutch version of a modern range has been set in the throat of the old chimney, but the projecting hood, of much such a shape as one may still see in a few houses near Brooklyn and in Albany, is partially open, giving one a glimpse upward at the pattern of windmill, old Dutch soldiers, and Dutch fishing boats and cattle in pas- ture.

In one corner is a circular staircase lead- ing to the floor above. The kitchen is so much in honor above other apartments, be- ing the shrine of the most sacred culinary mysteries, that it extends in height the other rooms, and the staircase gives upon a balcony, so to call it, which runs the en- tire length of one side of the kitchen, over- looking its operations and giving access by a doorway to the private dining room. The floor of which is six and a half to seven feet lower than the kitchen ceiling. The staircase itself, built by Mevrouw, comes every morning is worthy of some attention. It is a fine piece of woodwork, painted a house color, with a railing of black with iron, with curious carvings of the newell posts and with, for brackets supporting the balcony, the figures of clove bent double, with bread leaves on their heads for cushions.

I HAVE NOT AN IDEA of the names of the kitchen utensils. The Dutch housewife seems to use six brass or copper or pewter things where an Ameri- can cook uses one, and that of humdrum. There is a wide shelf over the door whereon great platters stand and catch the sunlight. These are cupboards filled with glass doors all sorts of shining things glass. This I have noticed; the steak is a curious elaborate and decorative- tive in its pattern, according with the Dutch feeling that the best is not too good for the kitchen. In my walks I see men and women putting off their wooden shoes at house doors and stepping in stockinged feet into the living room. A fanciful per- son might connect the fact with the Mus- liman's custom at mosque entrances, but with the practical Dutch is not reverence for the household gods so much as an earnest striving to keep the kitchen clean.

Breakfast in Hoorn is a matter of state and ceremony. I have not yet been able to satisfy myself whether the manner in which Mevrouw serves the table is her usual custom, or is adopted through a conserva- tive hesitation at trying to learn the real ways of a person whose Dutch is at once barbarous and limited. In either event, the row of alcohol lamps in old Delft ware which stretches across one whole side of the table could hardly be paralleled in the Netherlands. Over one lamp the coffee is kept hot, over another the tea, over a third there is chocolate, and the fourth and fifth provide respectively for beer and milk and for an odd little table kettle, in which one is expected to cook for one's self the maternal eggs which are brought to the dining room in the state in which they were left by the hen. The Dutch bread is as good as one finds anywhere in Europe, quite equal to the Parisian and much better than the average in Germany.

THE COFFEE AND BEER, which satisfies the Franchman and Ger- man—who agree if in nothing else in their morning meals—is no breakfast for the "hearties." Dutchman, Chinese and three different stages of oldness is added, dried beef, probably worst and almost which the small dried fish called skink, which all Holland eats at all times and which women often carry in their pockets as small boys carry apples. Even in Holland one does not arrive at the chop or steak of

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Great Hosiery Bargains.

We offer a Great Bargain in about 200 dozen Misses' and Boys' best quality Colored C. G. French Ribbed and English Cashmere Hosiery, in sizes 6 to 9, at 30c, 35c and 40c a pair. Prices quoted are just one-half actual value.

100 dozen Men's Colored Wool Socks at 35c a pair; regular price 40c. Men's Natural Wool and fancy Colored Shirts and Drawers at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 a pair. This whole line is 25 per cent under our regular prices. Large assortment of Day's Silk Scotch Plaid Windsor Ties at 35c apiece.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS.

We are offering several hundred dozen Ladies' Handkerchiefs at 35c apiece. The lot embraces every variety in plain White and Colored, Borders, and are great bargains; reduced from 40c and 50c apiece. Our 5c and 10c Handkerchiefs are the best values in this or any other city.

Special Bargains.

1 case Crochet Bed Spreads, made from No. 12 Cotton, at 95c. 2 cases of Domestic Outing Flannels, best quality, at 13 1/2c per yard. Old and broken lots of Damask, Huck, Crape and Turkish Towels at two-thirds value.

We have 1 case of Factory ends of various qualities and lengths, of unbleached Canton Flannel, to close at a bargain.

Ladies' Walking Jackets.

The assortment