SPORTS OF WINTER DAYS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Season When Nature Beams Kindliest in Her Snow and Icy Fastnesses.

HIGH LIFE IN THE WOODS.

Pursuits That Heat the Blood with the Mercury Forty Below Zero.

WHERE LADIES AND INVALIDS BLOOM

WAY up in the Adirondacks, hidden amid the high hills and mountains which on every side surround it, lies a little village.

Remote from the noise and tumult of city traffic, secure in its own charms, guarded by giant sentinels—which, if we are to believe the scientists, were the "first to rise out of the profound"—Saranac Lake offers attractions superior to any other winter sort in this country.

If you have not experienced the delights and benefits which are the variable result of a season spent within its boundaries your conception of the Adirondacks in winter is apt to be very vague and indefinite. Many are prone to think the mountains dreary and picturesque, and there is or has been a prevailing impression of their inadequateness as a dwelling place in winter.

This erroneous view, I am thankful to say, is being rapidly changed the past few years, and judging from the increasing number of visitors the day is not far off when the Adirondacks as a winter resort will enjoy as great a prestige, and deservedly, as that already accorded them as a summer resort.

Where else, if you please, may one ride for miles over the white roads which wind about the mountain sides and in the sheltered valleys? Where else skim over the glistening surface of many a frozen lake, through some of the finest scenery in America and with the merry jingle of sleighbells to make glad the country around?

ADIRONDACK LIFE.

Adirondack life is for the greater part one of outdoor activity, and it is this, in conjunction with the the bright costumes, that appeals so strongly to mind and eye. Unconsciously we fall in with their ways and dress as being the more fitted to place and climate, and we find ourselves staying out all day long, even in the coldest weather.

The diversity of costumes gives a color to the life not noticed elsewhere than in Canada.

The winters are cold, proverbially so, the average temperature being about zero, the mercury

TOBOGGANING.

very frequently falling to twenty and twenty-five degrees lower, while it is no unusual thing for the spirit thermometer—since our aforesaid sprightly recorder congeals at a very low temperature—to register forty below zero.

Dressed in heavy clothes and flannels, with fur coats, hats and gloves, felt shoes and heavy woollen leggings, one may defy the coldest blast from Arctic regions, and we find men and women, the weak and the strong, city visitors as well as the natives, out in the crisp air for hours at a time participating in those healthy sports characteristic of the Adirondacks.

The transformation in a single night's ride from New York's slush and dirt, from the din and smoke of a great city to the comparative quietude of a mountain village, is indeed great.

It seems as if one had dropped into a fairyland—an Arctic one to be sure, but rather the more novel. The intense cold, the great quantity of snow, the merry sound of the bells, from the loud clatter of the farmer's string to the musical chime of some high stepper, ring out in joyous medley—all, with the bright costumes, heighten the effect.

Gliding over the smooth white surface of the village streets, past the houses roofed with snow, along the banks of the steaming, dark river which winds through the heart of the village, you meet team after team of gayly bedecked sleighing parties, all bundled up in furs and seemingly insensible to the cold.

MOTLEY ON RUNNERS.

What a motley yet picturesque array of lumber sleds, farmers' pungs and gay turnouts that pass and repass one another on the common avenue!

You see ruddy faced men and women, boys and girls, some of the boys with their toboggans, "bobs" or double runners, others with skates slung over their shoulders.

The girls are rosy and bewitching in their blanket suits and tocques, or "tams," and their blithesome laugh comes cheerily to the ear. Just at this time all are imbued with the spirit of the holidays. Some of the men have cut small evergreen trees and are bearing them homeward. A sled is also filled with Christmas trees. Kriss Kringle does not forget his children in the mountains and every household has a tree for the taking.

Among the many and varied sports which may be enjoyed in and about Saranac Lake may be mentioned skating and the sundry games played by skaters, tobogganing, snowshoeing, coasting, iceboating and ice sleighing.

When to these are added hunting the fox and hare, and walks and drives through the wood roads, it will be seen there is a varied assortment to please the most fastidious.

If you enjoy participation in these pastimes, are fond of outdoor life and not afraid of the cold, then make a visit to the Adirondacks in winter and you will never regret it.

But of course you must not come to the mountains save with this intention, for Adirondack life is so essentially an out of door existence there are no attractions to one staying within doors. Then, indeed, you would have that "dreary time" that people unacquainted with the real mode of life suppose exists.

REYNARD'S ATTRACTIONS.

Do you enjoy fox hunting?

If so you may be sure of great sport, for the foxes are very plentiful in the Adirondacks. The days when there are no hunting parties out are few and far between, and on the morning after a light fall of snow every one who hunts at all takes to the hills. Then there is music—it is sweetest of music to the hunters' ears. There is a special zest shown in hunting this game in the Adirondacks, for whereas in season are killed ten deer not more than one or two foxes bear out the proportion, and that with allowance for the disparity in numbers hunting fall and winter. Tricky Reynard himself is responsible for this state of affairs. We all know how he often outwits both dog and hunter.

The hounds are in full cry! Shall we not follow them as they dash over the snow and across the hills in pursuit of the game? Now we strike a fresh trail, by no means the first tracks we have passed this morning, but in the depths of these prints there lurks that magic scent which fires the dogs with enthusiasm, and we know the fox has but a short time passed.

The dogs quiver with excitement and tug at the leash in their eagerness for the race. Now they bound off, almost burying themselves in the snow, so impetuous was their rush. But the deep snow impeded their progress and they are obliged to go more slowly. Their motion is a series of jerky leaps. They take the scent readily and with their noses buried out of sight follow the trail across the fields to the bottom of the hill—which on this side rises abruptly—and make their way in a zigzag fashion to the top of the cliff.

For awhile they course about the edge of the jutting rocks, their deep baying echoed back from the walls of the precipice—then there is a silence.

The dogs have lost the scent! They are puzzled, but for a moment though, when again their glad cry rings on the still air.

The courses the dogs have taken being decided, we separate without delay for our respective watch ground.

Leaving me to make my way to the top of the cliff my guide hastens to a point about a mile distant where is an excellent watch ground, and he hopes to reach the spot before the fox has passed.

Perhaps the fox is not yet started up. As likely as not he is resting after his night's prowling and has made his couch in the shelter of some rock or fallen tree. Be assured he has heard the hounds, for the woods reverberate with their loud yelping. Reynard is no sluggard, but first he listens and makes sure it is his trail the dogs follow. Satisfying himself on this score he makes off. He has no reason to fear the dogs. He is their peer in speed, and in those very requisite qualities, in cunning and in daring, he is far the superior of any dog.

As the dogs run, slowly or swiftly, so the fox keeps either to the hill or takes to cover or the swamps. In the one case he will circle the hills time and time again, often for hours. On the other hand, if closely pressed, he exerts his wits to throw the dogs off the scent. This he accomplishes in many

MEETING A LUMBER TRAIN IN THE WOODS.

"WRAPPED IN FUR."

fold ways, for his trickery and craftiness are proverbial. He upsets all our theories and calculations with a persistent disregard and pays not at all any respect to our wishes.

While these few remarks relative to the habits of the fox—with which, perhaps, many of my readers are familiar—have taken your attention have been scrambling up the face of the cliff.

'Twas oft so steep the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain.

Or in less elegant phrasing than that of Scott, I scrambled up on all fours.

Apart from the stimulus of the hunt I think I should not undertake the climb for mere pleasure's sake, at least not while the deep snow covers icy ground and rock, affording at best a treacherous foothold, not improved by the way the rotten twigs snap as one makes a desperate clutch for a support higher up.

Several times I slipped and nearly lost my balance, in which case I should have had a pretty fall and enjoyed an enforced descent hardly to my choice, but it seems to be the rule in these cases one never does fall.

It is with a glow of pleasure and pardonable pride in having surmounted any difficulties in the way of ascent that one stands on the brow of this cliff.

MUSIC OF THE DOGS.

The music of the dogs has lent encouragement in the climb, and now, on reaching the top of the cliff, their baying from afar is borne faintly, but distinctly, to the ear, and in the still, cold air sounds as clear and resonant as a distant bugle note.

They have passed over a knoll higher up, and, judging from the sound, they are swinging around again; they must have gone by my guide's watch ground—perhaps not in sight for a shot, or may be he has not yet reached his station.

The sounds draw nigh, the fox may be far ahead, he is evidently on this "runway," and at any moment may break cover and enter this little clearing.

Nearer and nearer sound the clarion notes; they are surely coming this way and I shall have a shot.

Every faculty is on the alert, and the blood dances in my veins. I am in exultation. In another second the fox will bound into view.

Confusion!

The dogs have swerved aside and are skirting the wood.

The fox has winded me; either that or his acute instinct has caused him to avoid the clearing. A dash across the open space in the hope of cutting off the game proves futile, and I arrive only in time to see the dogs disappear.

Still the race continues over the hill. A fervently uttered wish that my guide may yet redeem the day is scarcely expressed when a shot is heard—then another shot.

Then a faint halloo. The barking of the dogs continues for a few minutes, then stops.

I answer my guide's call.

The fox is ours.

SLEIGHING OVER WATER.

Ice sleighing is very enjoyable, there is such a delicious sensation in gliding swiftly over the glassy lake. Those who have not enjoyed a drive on the Saranac can little know what they miss.

A fine trip and one often taken by the midwinter visitor includes the Saranac Lakes—Upper and Lower—and Round Lake. The distance, both ways, is thirty miles, just an enjoyable distance, by the way, in this cold climate, when the trip is broken with a stop for dinner at the picturesque Rustic Lodge, that typical Adirondack hotel, which is quite famous, and is situated on the no less famous Indian camp. With the intervention of the numerous "carries" almost a complete tour of the lakes may be made and this pastime constitutes to many minds one of the chief charms of this frozen clime.

Walking constitutes one of the enjoyable pastimes of the winter colony at Saranac Lake, a no inconsiderable charm of the mountains lying in the many wood roads, paths and trails with which the country abounds and bring one in a few minutes into the depths and solitude of the winter forest. On every side the deep snow lies soft and gray, threading the limbs and clinging to the trunk of each tree. The majestic pine and the graceful evergreen are alike clothed in the soft raiment.

The gnarled limbs of some of the trees are twisted and distorted and fierce in their contrast of black and white, while again the play of light and shadow through the mesh of branches is soft and harmonious in its delicate lacework effects.

Have you not been among the pines and heard their whispering and sighing as if in communion with nature?

To-day the air seems filled with glad rejoicing

A MORNING WALK.

and the woods resound in praise of nature's chaste adornment.

Countless little marks and indentations dot the snow, a meaningless jumble to the tyro, but to the initiated it is as plain as can be, and he distinguishes the different marks as partridge, squirrel, hare or fox track. Once we came upon a deer's tracks. One sees their tracks but rarely, however, for it is their custom during the winter months to huddle together, forming a "yard," as it is termed. As a rule, in winter, the deer are not molested, save perhaps in very remote places away from the markets, and then but to supply some guide or settler with the necessaries of life.

LADIES AFTER GAME.

The hare grows to a very good size in the Adirondacks. They are very plentiful and afford very good sport. They are, as you know, to be found in the frozen marshes and among the second growth, where these herbiverous creatures find the most tender tidbits.

With a good dog one need not return empty handed, and with good luck and favorable weather a half dozen may be secured.

The extreme cold days and a dry snow are not the best times for the sport for the dog loses the scent very easily; after a light fall of snow and a mild day is much to be preferred and with better results.

I have occasionally started a hare up and had a shot without the aid of the dog. It seems a strange trait of the hare that, with very often fatal results, he almost invariably returns to his starting point; yet it is so, and based on this knowledge the sportsman covers the ground where his dog has started the hare, that being his best chance of a shot. A quick eye and aim are the requisites in shooting hares, for they are scarcely distinguishable in color from the snow, and they run rapidly about the thick brush and over fallen trees and stumps.

Often shooting parties are organized which number several ladies, who are very enthusiastic over the sport and have quite enviable reputations as marksmen, or, to be more exact, marksladies.

They will take their stand on one of the wood roads where the game has been started and blaze away at the hare as he bobs back and forth across the road.

TWENTY DEGREES BELOW.

Twenty degrees below zero and go driving!

"You must be crazy," I hear you say.

Not at all, my friends; we do that sort of thing in the Adirondacks.

Granting it twenty degrees milder, how many do you know of a most extended acquaintance who would be out on such a day?

The average New Yorker would still huddle about his fire, and perhaps scarcely to be blamed, for feeling the raw, biting winds which almost always accompany cold weather along the coast, and enjoying the crisp, bracing Adirondack air, are as far different from one another as it is possible to conceive. The air is so pure and invigorating that, properly clothed, one need not fear the cold weather.

Already this winter we have had several mornings when the thermometer registered twenty and twenty-five below zero, and on each of these days I have taken either a walk or a drive, and have invariably met others in the same pursuit of enjoyment. Neither pen, pencil nor rarest imagery can do justice to the charms with which Nature has endowed these mountains.

At all times beautiful, yet on these especially cold days the mountains are magnificent, the atmosphere clearer and rarer, and one steps so much lighter and more buoyant.

As we step out of doors, bundled in furs from head to foot, the air seems very mild—auspiciously so, even; we are almost inclined to doubt the veracity of the thermometer. It is, however, not long ere we waive our hasty suspicions of that instrument.

We stow ourselves snugly in the cutter, wrapping the heavy robes about us, and the horse dashes off. Our way leads by the winding and twisting river, which we cross on the log bridge thrown over its dark waters, the torrent below hissing and seething as it dashes over the rocks, and from the surface rise clouds of steam. Each twig and branch on the bank and by the water's edge is coated with the frozen vapor and the delicate tracing takes marvelous and intricate forms.

IN THE FROST KING'S REALM.

On the high hills there is a sheen of frostwork in delicate gradation, silvery tones and crystalline shapes—beautiful specimens of the handiwork of that great artist, the Frost King. We rise on a hill, from which prominence we enjoy a lovely view. With what distinctiveness those giant peaks of the Keene Valley are seen; Massey, McIntire, Colden, Haystack and a dozen others thrust their hoary heads far up in the air above the environing hills. Nearer White Face, with its grand symmetrical lines drawn with cameo precision against the exquisite blue-green of the sky. The broad tract of the avalanche which, seventy years ago, swept down its side is plainly visible, save where it is hid here and there in the depths of those mystical shadows which lie on the mountain side.

The crisp, bracing air causes a delicious tingle

ICE BOATING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

and thrills one with pleasurable emotion, and every breath is as invigorating as a sip of champagne.

There is an intoxication in the air, and the after effects prove the efficacy of the draught. A lumber sled is coiling up the hill; how it creaks and snaps as the broad runners slip over the hardened snow! The driver beats his mittened hands and

"STRIKING THE TRACKS."—FOX HUNTING.

stamps his feet as he trods along behind his team, which he guides with the long lines used by the lumbermen. The sweat over the horses freezes as fast as it appears and the animals are coated with ice. They blow voluminous clouds of steam from their nostrils, and as we pass by I notice they wear lung protectors with which many of the lumbermen provide the horses, and which they certainly need, being much of the time unblanketed.

WRAPPED IN FUR.

We pass several teams with ladies, and from the chatter and peals of laughter which greet our ears we conclude they are enjoying themselves.

They are wrapped in those fur coats which both men and women while driving wear in the Adirondacks. They are generally of cowskin or of buffalo, though one not infrequently sees white, black and mottled furs, to which the dealer gives all manner of names, as polar bear, Russian dog and other high sounding names. The plain, unvarnished truth is that the hide of the American dog enters largely into their construction. Impervious to the weather, they more effectually than any other wraps protect the wearer from the intense cold and piercing winds. Fortunately, inclement winds are the exception rather than the rule, and they are never the accompaniment of low temperature, for which we are truly thankful. Imagine twenty below zero and a "nor'wester" blowing!

These fur coats are fashioned very loose and long, and have great collars which when turned up almost hide the face from view. There is scarcely any perceptible difference in the cut, and from the rear it is difficult to determine the sex.

While ungainly in walking—and they are rarely worn for that purpose—they are the universal wrap for driving and sitting out.

And of this custom of "sitting out" in the Adirondacks let me say a word, though but a word, for it is not my intention, save but incidentally, in this article to speak of the Adirondacks as a health resort, though facts and figures prove it one of the greatest sanitariums of the world. I might instance hundreds of invalids who have received incomparable benefit, but of this I trust to speak more fully another time. It seems a strange anomaly for persons, many of them at present too weak to take exercise, to sit out of doors in this cold climate. Yet on this exceedingly cold day we pass numerous houses with one or more bundled up figures on the stoop.

Besides being clothed in heavy underflannels and garments, the usual fur coat and cap, rugs, footwarmers and felt boots are utilized.

As the patients seem to thrive under the treatment no defence is needed.

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

Our horse, a bay (at least so when we started out), is now so changed in appearance his owner would never recognize him, for every dark hair has turned white with the frozen sweat.

We meet others in the same condition. Some men with whiskers we knew to be black at first escape recognition, so disguised are they in their frings of white encircling their ruddy faces. There is a halo of frostwork about every object.

We are amused at the appearance our friends present, and enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense, and as we step from the cutter, manfully voting a ride on such a day the highest possible earthly beatitude, we find on glancing in the mirror that our own faces present a no less striking appearance than those we had passed.

Taken in connection with the holiday time, should our little boy and girl friends of the city see us they would imagine themselves in a veritable Santa Claus land.

HEIGHT OF THE WINTER SEASON.

No other place in this country offers so many and varied attractions in winter as the Adirondacks.

The season has opened most auspiciously. There are several hundred visitors about, and the cold weather which set in early in November and has continued with unabated zeal ever since bears out the promise of the goose bone and predictions of the natives that there is to be a "real old fashioned winter."

Accommodations may always be had in the village; nearly every house "takes boarders," and there are several quite famous landladies who have catered for many prominent people.

There are a couple of small hotels in the village, and at the Hotel Ampersand, two miles from the village, situated on the lake, one may be quartered as comfortably as at any first class city hotel.

Both in the village and at the Ampersand every opportunity is given for encouragement to the sports which appeal so strongly to city visitors.

There is an excellent togoggan slide where one may start directly in front of the house and go skimming up the lake.

Iceboating also is enjoyed on the Saranac Lake, as well as on Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, which latter lakes are some few miles from Saranac village. It is particularly exhilarating to whiz along with the speed of a locomotive, and it is also a time when it is advisable to be bundled up about as warmly as you know how.

I have spoken of sleighing on the ice, and I should also make mention of the races which the villagers have of late years inaugurated. They take place on the Saranac Lake, generally the last of January or first week in February, and attract many people.

Prizes are given, and from Lake Champlain and for fifty miles around the people assemble.

It is a winter fair time. The races last four or five days and the visitor enjoys as much as the races the heterogeneous crowd and the motley dress.

So by no means think you have exhausted the portfolio of beauties in a summer trip to the Adirondacks. Until you have tasted the delights of winter life your cup lacks the spice and you have not the true flavor.

COULDN'T STAND THE CHEESE.

ONE OF DELMONICO'S JAPANESE GUESTS COMMITS AN UNPARDONABLE ACT.

"Well, how did your dinner for your Jap come out?" It was one young painter speaking to another as they met in the studio of a mutual friend.

"My dear fellow," said the second in the swellest of accents, matching his irreproachable clothes (for this set scorn long hair and Bohemia, and are wholly swagger), "it was a failure, that dinner was a failure, and from causes that could never have been predicted by even the most devoted admirer of Japanese art unless he had chanced to know more about the Japanese organization than I did. I can give you points that will be exceedingly valuable to you if you ever contemplate giving Jap dinner parties.

"You know my little coffee colored gentleman was a fresh importation; that was one reason I took to him so. I thought I'd be on hand to see how everything struck him from the first. My boy, it was not Eve only that suffered from curiosity. I found out too much. First, then, in giving your Jap dinner party, invite guests that have been here some time and are in a degree inured to suffering."

The friend broke in:—"Oh, I begin to see: your dinner didn't agree with Mr. Okako. Did he have a violent colic on the spot?"

"Listen, we went to Delmonico's. When we went in there was old Pallette Knife just finishing his dinner. Now, I had been wanting to bring Okako and the old fellow together. I knew Okako would interest him vastly—he is so fond of odd and varied phases of the human, as he calls it—so I beckoned to him to come over and take his coffee at our table while we ate our oysters. He came; but, alas! it was not only his coffee that he was taking, it was his cheese, and thereby hangs the tale—there is the cat walking calmly out of the bag.

"Did you know anything of the peculiar sentiments of the Japanese toward cheese? I think travellers are a mighty useless lot. They never tell you any of these little things that would be of some use in these international socials. They tell you that Japan is the land of bad smells. Now, that does not naturally lead you to the conclusion that the Japanese have the most sensitive olfactories in the world, but, like other paradoxes in this wild world, it is true.

"Mr. Okako's sensitive olfactories spoiled my dinner party and put him through untold suffering. Old P. R. had a piece of Roquefort—very good Roquefort—brought to him, and its odor was what no superhuman effort of will could make endurable to Okako. How could I guess what was making him turn a delicate bronze green?

"You know the Japanese are the most polite folks in the world, and he is the most polite little creature in Japan, so he sat there till he was limp, and finally—well, he left brusquely. It was the first brusque thing he ever did in his life, and he feels as if he had committed murder. That's the worst of it. The little gentleman will never be comfortable in my presence again.

"His explanations and apologies don't satisfy himself, though they have filled me with pure pity. He says that all his countrymen suffer greatly from the cheese at dinner, but that they learn to get used to the odor after awhile. In fact, he says the Japanese sense of smell grows less acute after a time in our atmosphere. That's curious, isn't it? Sounds a little cheeky from inhabitants of a country that we think reeks with impossible smells; but Okako never means to be cheeky; he'd rather be anything else in this world. With his Oriental ideas of ceremonial he seems to think he's justly liable to imprisonment for the little scene that my dinner party broke up in—over the oysters."

SHORT LIVED.

Author—What do you mean, sir, by continually alluding to me as a "flat?"

Publisher—No offence intended, I assure you; to my certain knowledge you are living wholly on your first story!

LIEUTENANT HENN'S VERY HAPPY FAMILY.

What the Gallant British Yachtsman Has Already Accomplished in the Way of International Mediation.

DINING AND DIPLOMACY

On the British Depends Whether or Not a Race for the America's Cup Shall Be Sailed.

Lieutenant Henn, of Her Majesty's Royal Navy, special ambassador and envoy extraordinary from Great Britain to the New York Yacht Club, is at this moment taking rest and recreation in Florida. He was in New York less than a week, but if he had remained here much longer his friends—and he numbers them by the legion—might have killed him with great kindness.

But although the merry yachtsmen overwhelmed the lieutenant with festivities, he was by no means unmindful of his mission. The jovial Irishman lost no opportunity of telling the magnates of the New York Yacht Club how unfair he considered the dimension clause of the new deed of gift.

AN ELOQUENT IRISHMAN.

Backed by such arguments as Henn adduced, the big chiefs listened and were almost convinced. The arid logic of the Royal Yacht Squadron was nothing as compared with the burning eloquence of the gallant naval officer. He tried to persuade our yachtsmen that the diatribes of Mr. Dixon Kemp in the London "Field" amounted actually to nothing, and that Kemp was one of the brightest and best individuals that ever drew the breath of life. His little denunciations of Yankee boats and Yankee methods were simply the eccentricities of excelling genius. Kemp and Ashbury were both O. K.

Lieutenant Henn is a yachting enthusiast, warm blooded as one of Charles Lever's heroes; thoroughly imbued with the sportsmanlike spirit of fair play, and eager to see another fair and square race for the America's cup.

Utterly devoid of the prejudice which seems to warp and deform so many of the British yachtsmen that have commendable aspirations after the America's cup, he is anxious to see settled all the wretched little differences that at present exist between the only two yachting nations in the world.

There can be no mistake about it. I say advisedly "the only two yachting nations in the world." America and Great Britain are the only countries that have entered into the noble sport with any true zest. Newport and Cowes may be called the actual centres of the world's yachting. There is scarcely a pin to choose between them. Of course, we all admire the recent laudable efforts of France to shine in this direction. Her navy is grand. Her merchant marine is improving every year, but the most patriotic Frenchman cannot blind his eyes to the rigid fact that France as a yacht racing country is not at all in the front rank.

AN EVENTFUL DINNER.

Lieutenant Henn dined at the Knickerbocker Club. He was the guest of Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, who is an admirable representative of all that is good in yachting, in naval affairs and in clubdom's high domain. Commodore Gerry sat on the port hand of Kane; Henn was his vis-a-vis; Mr. Lloyd Phoenix and Mr. Stephen Peabody—that capital fleet captain—brought up the rear procession.

Mr. Kane, among his other virtues, has the very knowing knack of selecting the choicest vintages out of the commonplace ruck of a modern club's cellar. On this occasion he surpassed himself. I will not say a word about the wines he chose. It might make his fellow members envy him his talent as a connoisseur. The menu was worthy of the Knickerbocker's chef. All hands feasted in royal style.

It was during the walnut and wine act that a compromise was arranged. The New Yorkers, with Commodore Gerry leading, gave Lieutenant Henn to understand that the Deed of Gift was quite as unalterable as the Declaration of Independence, the signers of which were represented at the banquet by proud posterity.

Mr. Henn was impressed, but he didn't weaken worth a cent. He told his friends that the dimension clause was the work of a sea lawyer and unworthy of the traditions of a club with the haughty prestige of the New York Yacht Club.

Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody hinted that the "mutual agreement" clause might fittingly put an end to all disputes, and this suggestion seemed to be one likely to end the trouble.

The result was that Mr. Henn was empowered to write a letter to Mr. Dixon Kemp informing him that the Deed of Gift was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, but that if the Britishers meant business an international match race could easily be arranged on terms fair and equitable.

What action will Mr. Kemp take?

The "Field" has abated somewhat of its malice in its yachting column recently. Perhaps Mr. Kemp has come to the conclusion that the tactics he pursued while here with Mr. Ashbury were wrong, and that a policy of conciliation would be preferable.

The difference between Dixon Kemp and Lieutenant Henn is wide. They are not built on the same lines. The sailor is straightforward. The editor is a diplomatist. What shall the harvest be?

SAILOR BOY AND SAILOR GIRL.

To return to a more gratifying subject. The sailor has gone to Florida. The editor is still in London. All the American friends of Lieutenant Henn will wish him the very finest sport in his shooting and fishing expedition. Nobody can appreciate it better, and no foreign cup challenger deserves it better. He was brought up to the sea. He has been a "midshipmite" plucky and bold. He has a love for the ocean, and the charming girl that he met on the Mediterranean station and that afterward became Mrs. Henn took even more kindly to the sea than her husband. The Brasseys may have "done" the ocean on a more extensive scale. Their yacht, the Sunbeam, was bigger. But I doubt if the Sunbeam got more pleasure out of life than did the Henns in their yachting peregrinations in deep water.

The Galatea was built for an America's cup challenger. Her designer told Lieutenant Henn that he had an excellent chance of carrying off the America's cup. The Genesta had been beaten by the Puritan, but in Mr. Beavor-Webb's judgment the Galatea would be more than a match for the Mayflower. The Galatea joined the fleet of the New York Yacht Club during the squadron cruise of 1886 in New Bedford. And from that moment Lieutenant Henn became a marked favorite of American yachtsmen.

I had the advantage of being present at the two Mayflower-Galatea races. Henn acted like a sportsman. His wife behaved like a heroine. No quips. No quibbles. Henn was beaten and he knew it. He didn't propose to appeal to the courts. Being a gentleman, there was no necessity of applying to a higher tribunal than that of sportsmanship. Ashbury and Henn were constructed by different experts.

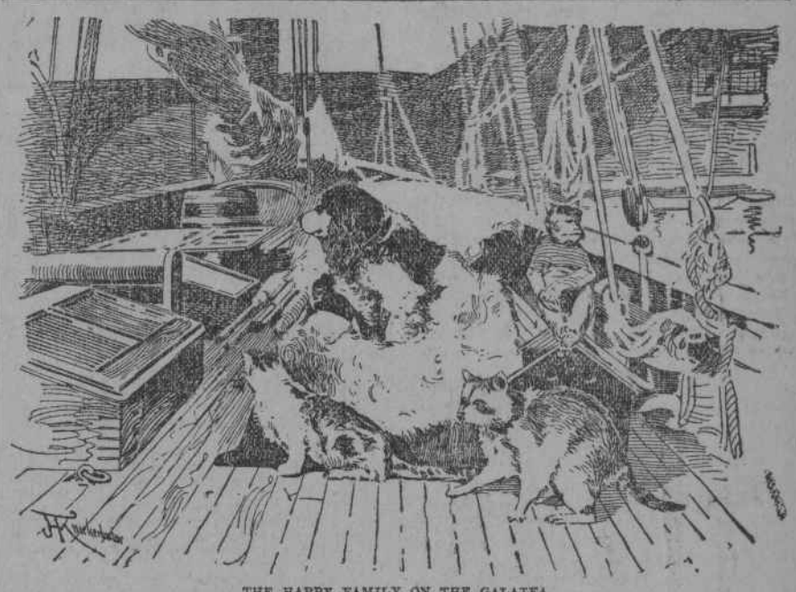
Mrs. Henn is as ardent a lover of the sea as any of her sex celebrated in fact or fiction. The Galatea, the "old tin frigate," has scarcely been out of commission since she was over here on international racing intent. Dry land has little charm for this purely amphibious couple with little predilection for inland towns.

ANOTHER 'COON WANTED.

It is not often that the Galatea is paid out of commission, but this year Mrs. Henn made up her mind to try and catch another 'coon to fill the place of her old pet carried off by the inclemency of foreign climes. That the Galatea is snugly at anchor. Her happy family is being properly cared for while Mrs. Henn is hunting for the successor of the 'coon.

The first time I made the acquaintance of the Galatea's monkey was when the "tin frigate" was in dry dock. The monkey was wearing the same buttons as Mr. Henn, and he refused to allow me the privilege of boarding his craft. Mr. Beavor-Webb had taught the whole of the "happy family" to protest against strangers ascending the gangway. The monkey gibbered and gesticulated; the magnificent dog barked and looked as if he would like a piece of newspaper man. The cat mewed; and as for the raccoon, why he stood up on his hind legs and wanted to chew me up. All this time Mr. Beavor-Webb was teaching the happy family to rebel. In a little while the Lieutenant returned. Dog, 'coon, cat and monkey were taught better manners. Mr. Beavor-Webb took a back seat on the taffrail. I was asked below to splice the main brace, and the health of the talented but rather bad tempered designer of the Galatea was drunk with all honors.

The happy family still exists. The monkey still climbs. The dog bays. The cat catches mice. But the 'coon's memory alone exists. May Mrs. Henn be successful and fill the place of her lost pet is the ardent prayer of her sincere admirers in Yankee yachtdom.



THE HAPPY FAMILY ON THE GALATEA.

YALE'S NEW LAUNCH.

A FINE COACHING BOAT OF HIGH SPEED TO BE BUILT FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

The committee in charge of the matter of ordering a new steam coaching boat for the use of the Yale Boat Club and University crew have, since their trial of the steam launch Zuyder Zee on the Hudson River, some time ago, given up the attempt to secure a launch already built as they cannot find one to suit them.

They have taken the matter of building a new launch into their own hands, and have directed Messrs. Reilly & Crowley, of Brooklyn, to build the new craft. Mr. Samuel Ayres, the Bay Ridge launch builder, has the contract for building the hull of the boat, and she is to be in readiness for the practice pulls of the Yale 'Varsityes in New Haven Harbor by the middle of May.

The contest calls for a 52-foot launch that will steam 14 knots per hour for 90 miles. Mr. Ayres intends that the boat shall do even better.

He was the builder of the old Yale, the famous eight-year-old coaching boat of the Yale crew, which has followed them so many times to victory and which is to be given up, among other reasons, for the fact that she has not enough freeboard.

The new launch will be 52 feet long, about the same as the old Yale; 8 feet 6 inches beam; 4 feet depth of hold, with about 3 feet draught. She will differ from the old Yale in many ways.

She will have four inches more freeboard, will be slightly fuller forward, not so full amidships, and will have two feet more of waterline. This latter change is expected to considerably increase the speed of the boat over the old one. The handsome stern of the old Yale will have to be somewhat sacrificed to make this change, but Mr. Ayres has modeled a beautiful boat for the Yalensians.

Her frames will be of oak and she will be planked with cedar. A cockpit will run nearly her full length and will be covered with a movable canvas awning. The engine and boiler will be housed. The launch will have a displacement of 16,956 pounds. Reilly & Crowley will put a boiler into her and a triple expansion engine.

MR. KETCHUM'S NEW CUTTER.

H. C. Wintringham, the Bay Ridge yacht builder, has on the stocks in an advanced stage a saucy looking cutter yacht for Mr. A. P. Ketchum, of the Atlantic Yacht Club. She is being built after designs by Mr. Gielow, of this city, and is of the following dimensions:—

Length over all, 45 feet 6 inches; at the water line, 33 feet; beam, 12 feet; at the water line, 11 feet 1 inch, and draught, 6 feet 9 inches.

She has graceful lines, and will be given a long

THE GALATEA'S PET MONKEY.

cabin trunk, well lighted. About nine tons of lead ballast have been fixed in her keel. Her timbers are oak and she will be planked with yellow pine. She will have seven feet overhang.

The cabin will be finished in white pine, with mahogany trimmings. There will be no staterooms, but wide berths will be supplied, and numerous lockers.

Her mast will be 32 feet from deck to hounds; main boom, 36 feet; gaff, 21 feet; topmast, 25 feet; and bowsprit (outboard), 16 feet.

The yacht will be ready for sea April 1.

OLD CRONIES REUNITED.

AFTER A SEPARATION OF FORTY YEARS THEY MEET ON AN "L" TRAIN AND INTERCHANGE REMINISCENCES.

Going up town in a Sixth avenue "L" train the other evening, I sat next to an elderly gentleman who appeared to be an object of considerable interest to another elderly party on the opposite side of the car.

Suddenly the latter arose and, confronting the former, remarked:—"Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "T. C. Smith, but who are you?" And then the following conversation ensued:—

"Well, well, I thought I knew you. Say, were you not a clerk in the Board of Education some thirty-five years ago?"

"Why yes I——"

"I think Peter B. Sweeny was Assistant District Attorney at the time—a bright young fellow he was, too—we three used to travel together at that time. You don't know me then?"

"No (after some deliberation), I can't say that I do."

"Do you remember a chap they used to call 'old Bean?'"

The effect was electrical.

"Why, goodness gracious me, is it possible? Bean, old C. C. Bean! why you old rascal, where have you been all these forty years?"

I was much amused at the reminiscences that were interchanged between these old cronies during the rest of the trip. One had gone West and become a Congressman and had reared "a whole family of girls—pretty as pictures, too." The other had been all over the world, was a happy grandfather, and had finally settled down to the practice of law in this city.

Both were apparently "way up in the seventies," fine, vigorous specimens of manhood too, and, as they got off at the same station and went down the steps arm in arm together the lapse of years was entirely forgotten in the renewal of their old time friendship.

IN THE CAPITOL LOBBY.

Stranger—Who is that fine looking gentleman?

Washingtonian—That? That's Grimshaw, the noted corner, who was acquitted in the United States Court last week.

Stranger—Who is that man near him, who looks like a counterfeiter—his partner?

Washingtonian—That? Why, that's Congressman Henshaw, the author of the Free Coinage bill!