HIGH CARNIVAL ON VAN CORTLANDT'S POND.

'Twas a Glorious Week for Skaters, Though the Park Ball Was Not Up.

FUN ON SILVER RUNNERS

Hurrah for Old Van Cortlandt, Who Dammed Better Than He Knew—Opening the New Skate House—An Artist on a Bender—Sorrows of the Patient Man—Travelling on One's Shape—High and Charming Times in the Dark of the Moon.

SOMEWHERE in desolate wind swept space, two hurrying shapes met face to face.

"And who are you?" asked the Graceful Glide.

"I do not know," said the Awful Slide. "I only tried 'em on last night."

This is poetry a long way after Aldrich. It is also skating with a capital S. It makes all the difference in the world whether you are a Graceful Glide or an Awful Slide. But, as the novelist says, let us not anticipate.

The sweetest thing in all this wide, wide world, next to a home made candy pull, with a pretty girl at one end of the candy and your own sweet self at the other, is a skate on Van Cortlandt Lake in the dark of the moon.

There are grand possibilities here for the man of genius, grander than any furnished by art, literature or the pursuit of knowledge.

Books, pamphlets, sermons might be written on the possibilities of skating in the dark of the moon; but they wouldn't begin to cover the subject as well as a good pair of double rockers, a strong arm,

"WHERE'S CHARLEY?"

a steady nerve, and a well groomed mustache, backed by a zealous and inquiring sort of mind of a chap who does not run when a sheep cries baah.

How do I know? Been there! Yes, been there, and seen how others do it.

JUST AS OUR GRANDSIRES DID IT.

No man with poetry in his soul can watch the varied drama of contemporaneous human events which has been taking place the past week on this crystal stage and not feel proud of the progress of the human race as exemplified therein. It is idle rubbish to say that all the manhood has gone out of men or all the sweet and trusting femininity out of women. I do not think that the pretty ankles of our grandmothers were ever more wayward and bewitching. I do not think they needed more support from the strong right arm of our grandfathers or that they had more delightful ways of suddenly shooting out of plumb and coming bang up against his sturdy legs, giving him a thrill as he pushed

"NOBODY LOVES ME."

them back into place that was full of inexpressible delight. Nor do I think that the skaters of long ago could ever skate closer together or get down in under the lee rails of the old gentlemen any more successfully than the lasses of Van Cortlandt Lake do at the present day and present night.

Of course—and that's the joke of it—our dear grandmammas could beat our grandfathers all hollow skating, just as the girls can beat the boys today. But that was when they were apart. Let them but once touch hands—presto!—ballemacchio!—all the power goes out of she and runs into he, and the sexes take their normal condition. It is a wonderful example of what magnetism will do, and shows us that we ought to be firm believers in mesmerism, spiritualism, mind healing and all the other wonderful isms that are hanging by the eyebrows to the skirt of electricity.

See?

In olden times the sweet singers used to say Selah. But this is a busy age, and we have shortened it to See.

OUR CREDITOR.

We certainly owe the original Mr. Van Cortlandt a big debt of gratitude about that lake. The old

"HOLD ON TO ME," HE SAID.

gentleman—I presume you have heard of his death—dammed wiser than he knew when he put a dam across his swamp meadows and raised up the pretty little pond which bears his name. His only known motive was to get a little humble water power to grind flour for New York, whose appetite was not quite so large as it is to-day, and a place where he could gather ice to supply the worthy Dutchmen in summer, and keep their schnapps from climbing too quickly (the original ginn fizz) out of the top of the tube. But the fates were wiser than he. So they made him build his pond right where the new park was going to be, just on the line of the New York and Northern Railroad, and just far enough away to be out of the eyesight of those fussy little old gentlemen, the Park Commissioners, who cannot see skating among the things to be until the water has turned to ice clear to the bottom of their horrid old ponds and there is none left in which to drown skaters—anathema upon them!

If Van Cortlandt had put his pond a little nearer or a little further off—put it on top of one of the neighboring hills, for instance—all would have been lost. It just seems as if destiny had guided his hand. He built not for himself but for posterity, and these are the days—and the nights—when posterity is gathering in the crop of joy where he sewed thrift and mosquito hatcheries to raise bumps on the skins of the National Guardsmen on their new parade ground.

Here's to Van Cortlandt, then, and if he ever comes back to earth we will try to get Tammany and "Mare Grant" to appoint him Park Commissioner. He certainly would be able to see skating as soon as the Park Commissioners of Brooklyn. And I honestly believe that he would put the red ball up as soon as there was ice enough to hold a horse and not wait for it to hold a locomotive and a train of cars, after the timid fashion of to-day.

NOT A GRAND TRUNK LINE.

Speaking of the Northern road, I will not say that it is the grandest or most handy line of steam cars in the world. The Little Wizard and I do not pretend to run it for the benefit of the public chiefly, but only in a parenthetical way. Its chief end is to take Mr. Cyrus W. Field and a few other old fogy directors of the Western Union who live up in Westchester county to and from their business. Between whiles the rolling stock is used up to transport the common herd—that's you and I.

There is an arrangement with the "L" roads by which you just miss a Northern train going north and an "L" train going south, and generally the train despatcher is able to fix it so as to make you climb over a miserable bridge at 155th street. You enjoy an hour's waiting at that salubrious spot and the railroad does not charge you a cent extra for lodging, perhaps because it thinks it has got all your money already with its grand local tariff, which is eminently calculated, when taken in connection with the running of its trains, to build up the section of country through which it runs—some time near the end of the twentieth century.

But even waiting has an end. When our impatience seems ready to burst the cork, and our skates are fairly burning a hole into our backs, the guard shouts out, "All aboard for Yonkers and way stations!" and that means us.

"Have you your air cushion ready, dear?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then forward! And let the man who fears draw back."

One speaks bold words with a Peter Cooper attached behind.

DID GEORGE WASHINGTON EVER?

Van Cortlandt certainly had an idea to the future park and the needs of the coming generations when he built and graded his little pond. It lies amid the hills and trees in a pretty little dell, and you could almost imagine that it was a natural lake if you would only take care not to look southward toward those mosquito meadows that are lying in wait so patiently for the coming of the white trousers of the Seventh, when the new parade ground has all been brought in and dumped from the neighboring highlands.

It is a bigger pond than you would think at first sight, for it winds around a headland just like a little Killarney—a very little one—and the hills on either side shut it in quite picturesquely. Cover those hills with snow, as they have been covered during the week just past, and you have a scene that is as truly wintry as any that Montreal can show, at a hundredth part the expense and no customs line to pass.

I don't think that George Washington ever crossed the Delaware at this point, but if you look to the top of the hill you will see the old stone Van Cortlandt mansion where he sat (or sate) and waited for the British to come and knock a chip off his shoulder, and drank untold flagons of hot punch (but this is a State secret) and smiled upon the Van Cortlandt dames in a manner worthy of being framed and hung up.

So you see romance has a right to come here in the dark of the moon, or the light either, for that matter; and she will find history here ready to give her a welcome.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

To our astonishment we found that the spirit of modern improvement has come to this historic spot, and our old friends, the Park Commissioners, are the mediums.

By way of ornament they have besprinkled the landscape with a number of signs, which say to the wayfarer in substance—I forget the exact language:—

THIS IS PARK PROPERTY.
Don't let us catch you touching anything that you cannot carry away. If you do, look out for us. Scatt!!!

They have ornamented the ice with several very handsome policemen in gray and a few harmonizing signs which say "Danger." Here and there along the sides you see some grand old locomotive headlights that are calculated to throw a reflection into one's very soul, they are so powerful. And last, but not least (this is an original expression of my own, patent applied for) they have just put up the cutest little shingle cottage that ever you saw. It looks just like one of the commuters' stations on a suburban railroad, but it is a more important affair than that, let me tell you, for it is the skate house.

"ALL OFF FOR DE RINK."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Here is where you take your Arabella when the winds blow cold and the cops will not let you warm your nose against her glowing cheeks, and tighten up the buckles of her skates—oh, happiest task of youth!

You know how it is done; I need not tell you!

The little foot rests as lightly as a feather on your left knee, the right being on the floor. With a feeling of reverence you touch the rounded ankle, and feel as if it were a testament or something sacred that must be handled with care. With your left hand you clasp it gently, while with the right you seize the naughty strap. You give it quite a pull.

"Oh, much tighter than that, please," says the Sweet One, unconscious of the volcano in your breast.

"Ouch—oh!" for you have nearly cut her ankle off this time.

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Have you forgotten it? Ah, you old rascal! I see you blushing clear to the top of your bald head. I

DOUBLE DANGER.

am afraid that all your ankles have not been so innocent since the day when you were young and buckling Arabella's skates. But let that pass.

The new skate house is quite bewitching. It has the grandest pair of stairs, which you descend, after getting on your skates, to the level of the ice—at least you would have thought them grand if you could have seen the artist come down them, as I did.

THE LETTER V.

The artist esteems himself a skater. Some years ago he got a blacksmith to turn him out a respectable pair of sled runners, and now and then he puts them on in order to show a later generation that the spirit of grace is not dead yet in the land.

He got them freighted up to Van Cortlandt Park, and in an idle moment laid down the magic pencil and took up the steel which is sometimes deadlier than the sword. Having attached himself to his so-called skates he started to come down those stairs. In an unconscious but happy moment he got his arm entwined about the balustrade. It was well for him that he did so, for the suddenness with which his feet started to fly to Washington's Headquarters was only equalled by the sinuous and mighty manner in which his arm tightened its grip on that banister.

For seven seconds we saw a beautiful representation of the letter V in the human form divine, then the feet came down on the steps with a bang which awoke the echoes and made the park policemen jump, and the artist was ready for the fray.

Could he skate?

Could he skate!

IT WAS A PATIENT MAN.

About an eighth of a mile away was a man whom one of the officers characterized as the most patient man he ever saw.

"I do believe he has fallen a thousand times," said the officer admiringly. "But he picks himself up and goes at it again cheerfully. He is going to skate if it takes a leg and the ice holds out. He

COOLING OFF.

was here all day yesterday, and he seems to have started in for another day of it."

The patient man was about an eighth of a mile away and as hard at it as if skating was algebra and he was determined to find what *x* equals. He would strike out, fall down real hard, pick himself

A MIDWINTER SKATING SCENE IN VAN CORTLANDT PARK.

up, strike out, fall down, and repeat. You never saw such a man. He reminded me of that historical spider that climbed up and fell down for several years in a prison cell, and thus kept some king or other from going insane or dying of *ennui*. You never would die of *ennui* while watching that man.

Poising himself like a seabird, the artist who skates gave one glance toward us.

"Look at me," he said.

It was entirely unnecessary for him to say so.

I have heard tell of blue streaks, but I never saw the blue streak equal to that one. He only struck out once. That once sufficed. There was a long brrrrrring sound on the ice—you know that unspellable sound of skates—and then the patient man was struck amidships. The two men doubled up so as to overlap each other and went down with a mighty crash, and when I looked next it seemed as if each had suddenly grown a dozen arms and legs. I never saw so many arms and legs attached to two men before. I thought I would die that blessed minute. So did the artist and so did the patient man. I will say nothing about profanity, as this is the glad new year. I begged the artist to sketch his hat and clothes for me, but he refused with what seemed a good deal of unnecessary asperity.

Well, sirs, will you believe it, the patient man resumed his skating, but the "skater" thought he would confine his efforts to sketching the mishaps of others. So if the portfolio accompanying these few solemn words of history should assume rather a sanguinary complexion you will know who had blood in his eye, and why. But for Heaven's sake don't tell I told you.

If it was not for the danger of frightening you off from the lovelier portion of this tale I would like to tell you about a gray haired gentleman named Barnes and how he cut the figure 8. But I will forbear. Perhaps if I tell you that he got up to 1,873,451 in the space of four seconds, with several counties yet to be heard from, you will understand without more extended description what a success Barnes made of it.

BEAUTY IN MANY FORMS.

But, after all, you must wait till night, when the locomotive headlights are illumined, and the surface of the ice, newly swept by park workmen, has grown hard under the cold breath of the north wind, if you would see Van Cortlandt Park at its gayest.

The curlers have had their afternoon games and retired; the tender blossoms who lack the blood of that hot lass who comes down the lake with her cloak thrown back from her shoulders in order to cool off, and who only seem able to skate by sunlight, have taken their southward way. The shadows, Heaven bless them, have grown very

THREE GRACES FROM MACY'S.

dense when once you get out of the pathway that the headlights cut through the blackness of the night. The stars are out in all their wintry splendor, and that is what I like about stars; they are content to illuminate the heavens and themselves, and not go making plain young people of the earth uncomfortable, just like your moon, your sun and your horrid electric light, by casting glaring lights in all the dark corners of this mundane sphere.

Yes, it is very nice in the dark corners. But it is not safe to go treading or skating about them or you are likely to run down a kiss in the fresh bloom of its youth and just cut its head smack off. And if you are a man of delicate sensibilities you would not sleep well after committing murder so cruel.

NO COUNTING NOSES HERE.

How many are there out? Who can tell? Some thousands, certainly, for the lake is black with them. There are tens of thousands more in the city below who would like to be here. But, gracious goodness! it isn't such a joke to tackle the "Little Wizard" roads. One must be a devotee of skating, indeed, who will risk life and limb and the wear and tear on patience which attends an evening's séance at Van Cortlandt Park.

Is it love on skates that you would see? It is here in every form.

Is it fancy skating—the inner edge, the outer edge, the double entendre or the double and twist? You can have the latest figure dished up in the latest style.

Or, perchance, is it just plain and pretty, graceful skating by the thousands who are content with this high form of the poetry of motion? Well, I am sure there is no lack of that.

"THE PATIENT MAN."

Look at the Three Graces coming hand in hand down the centre of the pond. Can you point me anything on the stage that makes deeper inroads on the masculine heart or masculine pulse? One must study and train for years to make a dancer; and, when your dancer is made, what an artificial motion it is, after all!—a sort of graceful calisthenics.

But here is grace in its highest form, taught by the ice, and the shiny runners, and by Dame Nature with just the slightest of artificial tuition. And the three little shop girls from Macy's who can talk the glibbest slang in the world and who were brought up here by their several "fellers," and who will punish beer and pretzels before they get home at midnight, can give all the dancing masters points and beat them in a canter.

There go a couple who prefer the glare of the headlights to the darker shadows beyond. She is perfect master of her skates, and he—well he can do pretty well at a pinch with her to steady and uphold him. But in an evil moment he thinks that he will electrify the crowd by skating backward while she skates forward, and disaster dire and dreadful meets him. He will not forget that sore place on the back of his head for many a day. And who is going to sew up the rent in his trousers—to pay his rent, so to speak, with Jack Frost beating like a landlord at the door.

HE DOES NOT TRAVEL FAR.

Here comes a gentleman who is travelling on his shape. He does not travel far, and that travel is chiefly perpendicular. And yonder is a humorous fellow who tries a flirtation with a danger signal and makes a "mash" that is not altogether to his satisfaction, though eminently to that of the onlookers. Danger! I should say there was danger.

A weary cop leans up against the diminutive club house of the Curling Club and thinks of home and pie. A naughty curler asks him if he will have some ginger ale. He says he will and winks. What comes to him is brought in a ginger ale bottle, it is true, but it makes him cough, and the tears flow fast as he wipes his mouth off with a husky "Tanks."

But hark! A distant too-oot! It is the last train down. My, what a rush of skaters to the shore! Some have not even time to get off their skates, but go clumping down to the little station as best they can, and pile on board the train still accoutred for the war. And what a noisy, happy crowd it is that fills that train. Song, shout and loud guffaw; jokes that are not funny and fun that is not jocose, and health and honest weariness in every bone and sinew.

We want more skating, oh, Park Commissioners, and we want it now. The lower lake may be slow in freezing over, but all the week the upper lake in Central Park has been as hard as iron, and you

THE FIGURE EIGHT.

might have furnished pleasure to a hundred skaters to every one who got so far as Van Cortlandt Park.

You hold a sacred trust. It is to furnish as much fun and exercise and health for the people out of Central Park as the Park is capable of producing. When there is possible skating there, on any of the ponds, and you do not make the most of them, you are derelict in your duty, and deserve I do not know what dreadful penalties.

Besides it is awfully stupid in you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, don't you know!

THE MENU IN FEMININE HANDS.

HOW LOVELY WOMAN FLOUNDERS THROUGH A RESTAURANT BILL OF FARE.

Did anybody ever observe without amusement a woman order luncheon in a restaurant? There is certainly nothing funnier unless it is two women ordering.

Some one has aptly said that "were it not for the eyes of the sterner sex upon them, it is more than probable that women would begin with ice cream and end with soup."

Of course there are exceptions, and many ladies who are accustomed to dine and lunch at hotels, either alone or with their husbands, become as fastidious as men. But take the ordinary fair and youthful creature; no matter how hungry she may be, she either tries to get out as cheaply as possible or else she orders the most incongruous dishes.

The latter class will go into a fashionable hotel-restaurant, perhaps two together, and order soup for one and then fill up on bread and rolls, which, with the best butter, makes a very tolerable repast. At least so says a leading hotel man.

"Thus," he continued, "had we not been obliged to charge extra for bread and butter served with soup only, they would get off for ten cents apiece and yet have the advantage of the best surroundings, as well as the most excellent table service.

"With others it is not a matter of money at all, but simply of queer tastes and ideas, and frequently an ignorance of the nature or amount of the dish ordered. Some who intend to have an extended luncheon will order soup for two when there are only two ladies, although as a starter soup for one would be plenty.

"Others will order lobster or chicken salad, with a glass of milk, and this will be followed up with an order for ice cream or charlotte russe, with chocolate éclaires to cap the climax.

"Many look at the *menu* without its conveying any idea to them, and then order at random from pure helplessness.

"However this may be, a woman seldom orders a soup, then fish and winds up with a well cooked *entrée*, with a small cup of *café noir* if she cares for it.

"But, after all, perhaps the feminine palate differs from the masculine one, and in any case if the ladies are satisfied no one should complain."

SONG OF THE PICKPOCKET.

I'm a gentlemanly rascal of a pattern that is neat,
I do a little business like others "on the street;"
I cannot bring myself to work, for I'm a man of sense,
And prefer to use my genius getting other people's pence;
In devious ways and various I work my fellow man,
And lighten heavy purses on the Little Wizard plan.
I "squeeze" the pockets that are "long" (we call it "pinch," but yet
What boots the term so long as we the golden booty get?)

I like a "corner" now and then particularly dark,
Where I can catch an unsuspect, like any other "shark."
In "puts" and "calls" I am adept, and when I "call" you bet,
The other fellow "puts up" quick and I the "sugar" get.
I love a "falling market," too, for it gives an easy chance
To "hustle" him with a sandbag, and then go through his pants.

Manhattan is the stock he likes, and so do I as well,
Because it gives us both a chance to raise profitable "L;"
But there's one thing I can't understand about the "wizard" sort,
And that's where lies the profit of catching a fellow "short."
And there's another little point in which comparison ends—
I'm crooked perhaps, but you never heard that I went back on my friends.

I like to take a "flyer" in a railroad now and then,
And mingle with the bustling "crowd" like other gentlemen;
"Step up there, please," conductor cries, in accents most irate,
Tips me the wink, then you should see how deft I "operate."
Purse, watch and pin, whatever "hocks" or spends,
A gilt edged corporation I, and "pass no dividends."

H. W. B.

SKATING BY THE AID OF THE WIND.

Description of an Ingenious Danish Device for Adding Wings to Flying Feet.

BOYS AS LIVE ICEBOATS.

Lieutenant Werroth Shows Herald Boys the Way to Make and Use the Skate Sail.

Well, boys, in my talk with you to-day I am going to tell you of a little ingenious device known as the skate sail, which when used in skating will carry you along with the velocity of the wind over the hard frozen surface of our ponds, lakes and rivers.

It can be easily made and skilfully handled by any of you, it not being at all necessary that you should be master of the early lessons in seamanship or familiar with the principles involved in the sailing craft.

The skate sail had its origin among the Danes some quarter of a century ago, and at the present day is extensively used by their pilots and sailors on the frozen Baltic.

In this rig you are boat, captain and crew all rolled into one, and upon being convinced of its simplicity and the ease with which it can be constructed and managed when skating, will no doubt become very popular among the boys this winter in their games of "fox and geese," "shinney" and polo on the ice.

In making the sail I would advise you to do the sewing yourself, for it will accustom you to handling the palm—a large, glovelike thimble for the palm of the hand—and needle, teach you to form the stitches and seams, and much that pertains to the art of sailmaking.

BOYS AS SAILMAKERS.

Again, you will be required to take a stitch from time to time, or do some repairing to save the sail when caught out alone on the ice far away from any habitation. I will acknowledge that sewing is not the most amusing pastime for boys, especially when there is much of it to be done; but remember that in sailmaking, as in all arts, patience and repeated trials are requisite for acquiring the skill that produces neat and handsome work.

Make the sail of light cotton duck or yacht drill. The former is light in weight and closely woven and accordingly will not allow the wind to blow through it, or in other words "will hold the wind." It comes twenty-two inches wide, with eighty running yards to a roll or bolt. See that the material you purchase has a good and even selvedge or edge and is free from tightness.

Having procured a palm for twenty-five cents, a couple of sail needles for ten cents and a sufficient amount of sail twine for fifteen cents, with the dimensions given in figure 1 we will next proceed to draw a diagram of the exact size of our sail on a smooth floor, using a piece of chalk to make our rude sketch.

Make the sail three feet in width at the upper edge, or "head," and as the sail must be at least five feet high apply the end of the duck to the top of the diagram, unroll until you reach the lower edge, or "foot," and then cut off without waste. Having cut off three such strips, or "cloths," from our material, lap their edges to about one inch and proceed to sew them together on one side with a double thread well waxed; then turn the canvas over and sew the opposite side in a like manner. In this way the sail will have a double seam equal in width to the distance of the blue thread running lengthwise in the material from the selvedge.

As it adds to the neat appearance of sails when pressed out by the wind to have the two side edges, or "leeches," and the "foot" cut a little curved instead of straight, you may now trim off at these parts as much of the sail as you may see fit, the amount removed being wholly a matter of taste and judgment. Sails treated in this way are said to be "gored" on the "leeches" and "roached" on the "foot." When in use, as the greater part of the strain will be brought upon the edges and corners, and in order that your sail may withstand any undue pressure, I would advise you to sew a two-inch hem around the sail, and on each of the four corners stitch extra patches of canvas, called strengthening cloths, or "tabling." Along the top of the sail and five inches apart, with also one in each lower corner, stick eyelet holes and work them similar to buttonholes; also a double row across the sail at a distance of a foot and a half from the upper edge. In making these eyelets if you will remember to pass a round wooden pin tapering to a point, called a "fid," through the holes when finished much will be added to the neat appearance of your work.

The top of the sail is spread out to the wind by the use of two strips of wood called yards, the upper one being the topsail yard and the other the shoulder or lower yard. The bottom of the sail is held out by means of two additional sprits, known as hand sprits. The yards and hand sprits should

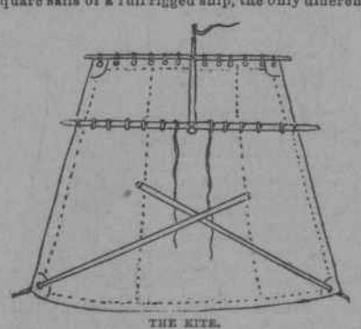
UNDER FULL SAIL.

be made of some light wood, spruce or even bamboo fishing rods being strong enough for all purposes. Cut the yards of equal length, each not less than three feet long, the topsail yard, however, being made somewhat lighter in weight than the lower yard.

The hand sprits for our size sail should be each four feet long. Having passed stout cords, called "robands," through the rows of eyelets, bind the sail securely to the yards, each roband passing around the yard and tied with a square knot on top. You have probably noticed rows of little cords sewed to the sail of a boat at intervals parallel with its lower edge. These are called "reef points," and are used to tie the sail down when necessary to reduce its size for safety. A similar row might be put on your sail midway between the yards in case you should at any time wish to roll and tie up the topsail when blowing hard, or, as is nautically termed, reef the topsail.

BOYS AS ANIMATED ICEBOATS.

A little mast is loosely connected to the shoulder yard at its middle by means of a piece of leather, the upper part being rigidly secured to the topsail yard. A flag or pennant carried on its upper end will be useful in indicating the direction of the wind. Your sail when finished will resemble the square sails of a full rigged ship, the only difference



THE KITE.

being that in all ships' sails the topsail and lower sail are in two separate parts, while yours is in one continuous piece.

The fascinating pastime of skating is greatly enhanced by the use of the skate sail, and upon the supposition that you are the happy possessor of a pair of good club skates, let us put on our sail and give the rig a trial to "see what she'll do." Always get your skates on first of all; then, with two straps leading from the shoulder yard, fasten the sail to your back by first passing the straps over your shoulders, crossing them on the breast, back under the arms and around the waist, and then brought forward and secured in front of the body by a hard knot. Hold the body erect, the head well back and the knees slightly bent, as this greatly assists one in maintaining his equilibrium. Insert the ends of the handsprits in the eyelet holes in the lower corners, cross them and grasp the upper ends firmly, for by them the bottom of the sail is held in position.

SENSATIONS OF THE SPORT.

As you are a novice I would advise you to make the first trial under reduced sail, and then when you have gained sufficient confidence in yourself set all your "kites" or sails to the wind. Any boy can learn to handle this sail with the ease and grace of the yachtsman in guiding his swift little racer, and I can assure you that the sport afforded by its use will well repay you for all the labor spent in its construction. Some falls will of course at first occur, but they will not be hard ones, for the tendency will be to raise you from your feet, in which case the body will fall backward and be, in a great measure, supported by the wind, thus saving you the humiliation attached to the too frequent "cutting of stars." The sensation experienced as you go gliding swiftly over the smooth surface is indeed peculiar. You feel as if your body had been relieved of all its weight and that your feet have a constant determination to leave the ice, thus producing the sensation of flying through the air on the wings of some huge bird.

Should you wish to lessen the amount of sail surface while skating shoot into the wind sufficiently to bring it a little on the opposite side of the sail when the topsail will drop back, after which you may continue on with the topsail hanging down behind.

SOME GOOD RULES.

When sailing as near to the wind as it will permit always see that the foot to windward, or the one nearest the sail, is a little in advance of the one to leeward, and if at any time you wish to set the topsail, bend the body forward, permitting the wind to get under it and lift it in place. In changing your direction curve round against the wind, and when it blows full in your face lean well forward, at the same time raising the sail by means of the hand sprits until parallel with the ice, in order that the wind may strike its edge, thus offering no resistance in turning round until the wind blows on the opposite side of you. With the slight resistance of the skates on the ice so little will your advancement be retarded that you will glide through a semi-circle before you wish to set your sail again and proceed in a new direction.

Great speed can be attained by the proper management of such a sail, and it was once my pleasure to witness an expert keep pace with one of our fastest ice boats. The swifter you go the more caution must be exercised, for at high speeds it is extremely difficult to keep the skates on the ice. At such times, however, lean well against the wind, and in extreme cases bend the head so that the pressure on the topsail may be exerted in a downward direction. In passing a companion give him plenty of room and cross well on the windward side of him, or else you may becalm his sail and very likely cause a capsize on the ice with fatal results.

Lieutenant PRESTON H. WHERROTH.

Bright is the scene to-night, for women fair,
Attended by a concourse of escorts,
Assembled are. The gay crowd gathers there
To homage pay in Terpsichore's courts.
Like lustrous gems the beauteous cohorts
Seem lovelier 'neath the sparkling lamps of night,
And the warm blood in flitting blushes sports
The maiden's cheek in tinted glow, as bright
As the pink rose bathed in the morning sun's soft light.

Bright is the scene to-night, the festive dance
Lures old and young, and low, melodious strains
Float with voluptuous swell that doth enhance
The witching power of music's charm, and gains
Fresh votaries, who turn in mazy lanes
And to the rhythmic tune wind in and out,
As beauties on the arms of gallant swains
Glide o'er the floor, and gorgeous colors float
In dreamy sway, like winds kissing the petal's pout.

There is a lingering sadness as the last
Sweet echoes gently fall upon the ear.
And Phœbe's heart, with strange thrill beating fast,
In plaintive sigh bespeaks her inborn fear,
Which whispers love, as he to her draws near.
"Good night," he lowly murmurs, "may I take
One rose to cherish as a souvenir?"
She gives him one. "This I accept," he spake,
"On love's behalf, and not for Charity's sweet sake."

S. B. McB

SKELETONS CHEAP FOR CASH.

THEY ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD LIKE MERCHANDISE IN THE CITY.

"Is it really true," I asked an uptown dealer in surgical goods, "that human skeletons are bought and sold extensively in the city?"

The man hesitated a moment and then replied:—"I don't know that there is any secret about the trade. It does amount to quite an industry, but we look upon the purchase or sale of a skeleton in the self-same light that we regard any other transaction of a business nature.

"Skeletons are procured in a perfectly legitimate manner," he continued, "and are carefully prepared for market. The source of supply is, of course, from various hospitals and morgues throughout the country. The bones are prepared for use by a long and laborious process and the work of articulating the various parts is conducted by an experienced anatomist.

"It is not a simple matter to make up a skeleton from a heap of dismembered parts, except a man thoroughly understands the human frame and can fit the various bones to a nicety.

"When prepared for sale the skeletons are bought by academies and schools, museums of natural history and of the dime variety, physicians and surgeons, and by others who have use for the article, either for the purposes of study or to utilize them as attractions for a show.

"The strangest thing of all about the business is perhaps due to the fact that in the skeleton trade, as in every other, there is a variety of qualities of the article and even a base adulteration—for what else can a spurious skeleton be termed?

FIRST QUALITY.

"An A No. 1 skeleton is a valuable addition to any surgeon's cabinet," continued my informant. "As such it commands a good figure in the market—$300 is the price demanded for a first class 'case of bones.'

"There is another quality of a heterogenous make-up, formed from the skull of Tom, the ribs of Dick, the right leg and arm of some other unfortunate, and the whole completed by odd bones furnished by any number of individuals.

"The various members thus arranged by a competent workman form an excellent skeleton for a theatrical display or a chamber of horrors. They are of course of but little use for purposes of study, except as a curiosity illustrating what a man can do with a job lot of material. The members thus patched together are derived from innumerable sources, dissecting tables and places of that kind.

"Of course the composite skeletons thus formed do not command as high a price as the Simon Pure article, but if they are capped with a genuine skull they are much more valuable than the imitation variety and will bring at least $150."

"How about the imitation?" I asked.

BASE FABRICATIONS.

"The spurious article in the skeleton industry," the dealer said, "is made from compressed paper pulp and other materials, which form a compound not unlike papier maché.

"These interesting specimens are in exact imitation of the real articles.

"They are used chiefly in the ritual of one of the secret fraternal orders and are scarifying enough to terrorize any neophyte into keeping the dreadful secrets of the order.

"Being entirely a product of manufacture they can be made in assorted sizes. They range in price accordingly—a child's size is sold for $75, an adult for $100, and a heroic size for $150. The range of price is entirely arbitrary with the dealer, for the skeletons are really not worth $5 a piece.

"Packed in a casket, however, and suspended by a silver hook from the skull they serve every purpose for the ritual as well as the genuine article."

"One of these imitations was recently shipped by a Fourth avenue dealer in Masonic goods to a lodge in Lowell, Mass. The box containing it broke open while in transit and the delightful contents was spilled on the floor of an express office. To the uneducated expressmen the article was a real skeleton, and the story that a crime had been committed was immediately reported to the police and the news was telegraphed over the country.

"The facts relative to the manufacture of skeletons came to light during the investigation which followed the discovery of the contents of the box in the New England express office."

"Are there any other varieties of skeletons?" I ventured to inquire.

RARE VARIETIES.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but they rarely ever find their way into commerce. The doctors watch them too carefully during life, and the variety is only to be met with in some hospital cabinet.

"They are the frameworks of people who have in life been sufferers from some peculiar bone disease.

"A woman now suffering from a curious complaint known as ackromegale is now in one of the city institutions. The disease is one in which the bones of the entire body continue to grow, skull and all. Such a skeleton would be invaluable to a dealer, but we never meet with such a rare variety."

Surely commerce, I thought as I left the dealer in surgical implements and skeletons, finds curious channels.