

AN ENJOYABLE SPORT.

INFORMATION ABOUT SKATE-SAILING.

An Art Which Originated in Standing with Your Back to the Wind and Allowing Old Boreas to Bowl You Along.

Condensed Instruction.

The practice of skate-sailing is an outcome of the old custom of standing with your back to the wind and allowing old Boreas to bowl you

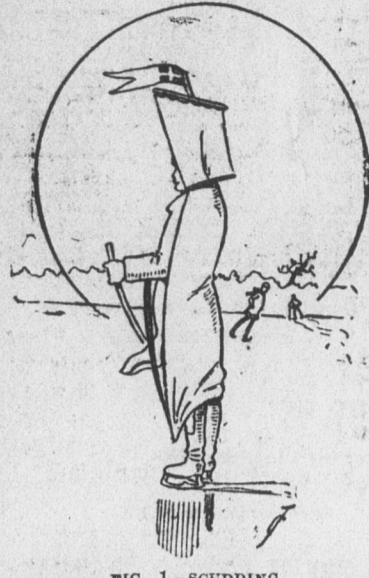


FIG. 1—SCUDING.

along, in lieu of any muscular exertion on your own part. It has been remarked in the long books which describe skate-sailing that somebody ought to have discovered this art before, because it is so simple. But there are many valuable inventions in this world which, though quite simple, have remained a long time



FIG. 2—PORT TACK.

bottled up, and probably a great many more will be made through some accident. Ice yachting is a sport of very recent adoption, and it is essentially the same as skate-sailing. Those who know how to sail a catboat would have very little trouble in learning the theory, though there is considerable difficulty in getting the knack of the sails. The best way

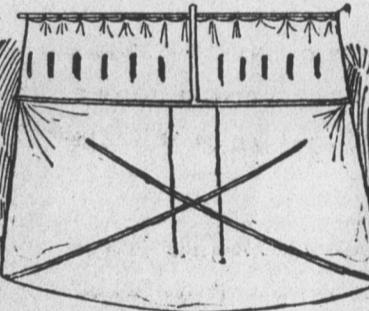


FIG. 3—BACK OF SAIL.

to learn thoroughly is to begin by holding your coat or umbrella open and then with the wind at your back allow yourself to be propelled forward. Next try to deviate your course slightly to the right or left, holding the coat or umbrella at the

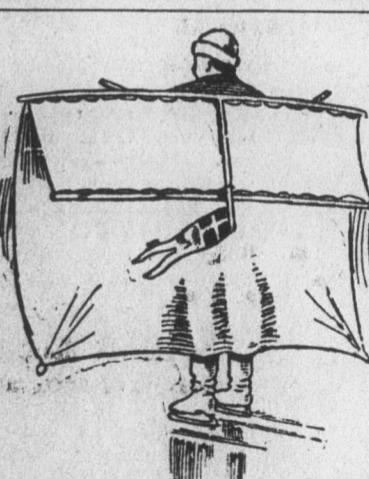


FIG. 4—DOWN TOPSAIL.

same angle as before, with respect to the direction of the wind. After you have done this you will find yourself at the other end of the pond with no means of getting back, apparently, except by the vigorous use of your legs and that in the face of a brisk



FIG. 5—STARBOARD TACK.

breeze. Here is where the science comes in.

In order to get back you will have to discard your coat and umbrella and adopt a sail, so that you may tack. There are many different kinds of

sails employed. The one represented in the picture is much used in the Danish islands, and a brief description is given. The frame consists of



FIG. 6—READY ABOUT.

five bamboo rods, to which the sail is attached, as shown in Fig. 3. The sail should be made of cotton duck. The top is about 4 feet 10 inches across, the center 6 feet 2 inches, and the bottom, along the straight line from corner to corner, 7 feet. The total height is 7 feet, of which 2 feet is the depth of the top sail. The manner of putting the apparatus together is shown very well in the cuts. In running before the wind, as you did in going across the pond, you simply hold the spars as shown in Fig. 1. When your course is at right angles to that of the wind, or against it, it is necessary to point the sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes. By facing or turning the line of the skates to an angle of about 45 degrees to the right from the direction of the wind, and holding the sail about half as much "off," you will be enabled to tack, or work your way in a zigzag fashion gradually back to the point from which you started. This tacking is very well shown in Figs 2 and 5.

Skate-sailing is a very pleasant sport for a lazy man. It requires very little exertion, and, at the same time, affords all the exhilaration of a fast drive or a yacht race. The sport has not been widely adopted in this immediate vicinity, though it is very popular in Canada and is quite extensively in vogue in the New England States.

Cheers for the Captain's Wife.
A veteran sailor, Captain Eastwick, declares that all of the women with whom he was ever at sea, he never met more than one who could refrain from asking questions in moments of extreme peril and urgency. That one was his wife, and elsewhere in his autobiography he pays another tribute to her courageous disposition. He had just ridden out a gale with much difficulty in the Indian Ocean, when he was sighted by two Dutch brigs of war, which immediately gave chase. He ordered all sail spread, but his ship was insufficiently manned and much precious time was lost.

It was morning, and my wife had come on deck, and stood with my glass in hand looking at the two brigs, while I had myself taken the wheel, so as to spare every man for the urgent work at hand. Every minute I glanced back over my shoulder to see the position of the enemy. They had every stitch of canvas spread, and were sailing three feet for our two.

A great feeling of despondency came over me as I saw this and thought of my young wife standing there in front of me, and of the fate that might be in store for her. And then, to increase the danger, the brigs opened fire, and a shot came skipping after us, but fell short.

In a few minutes more they fired again, and now it was evident that we should soon be in range, and I called to my wife to go below. But she refused to do so. Another shot came closer to us than any previous one, and I shouted to my crew up aloft to redouble their exertions; but they, unable to cope with the work in hand, answered that they wanted help.

There was only myself left who could aid them, and I dared not leave the wheel. We were sailing close to the wind, and any deviation from our course might throw all sails aback, and be our ruin.

My wife perceived my extremity. During the voyage she had three or four times, by way of amusement, taken a short trick at the wheel. This gave her confidence for the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation she ran to my side.

"Give me the wheel, Robert," she cried, "and you go help! I will do my best to keep her head up."

There was no time to remonstrate, and indeed her assistance came like aid from heaven. With a blessing for her pluck I handed the helm over to her, and darted up the shrouds.

As soon as the crew saw what had occurred, the noble example seemed to animate them with new vigor, and when I joined them, and was able to assist as well as direct, we managed to complete the bending on the fore-sail.

The shots from the Dutchmen were coming fast and thick now, but hope was in our hearts. Sail by sail we got a splendid spread of canvas on the Endeavor, and as each fresh one began to draw, we first held our own, and then gradually left our enemy behind; and when, after an hour's work, I returned to deck, we were practically out of danger.

Then one of the men took off his cap and called for three cheers for the Captain's wife, and never, I think, did any lady at sea receive such a compliment as burst from the throats of those rough men, whose best instincts had been appealed to by the brave deed they thus spontaneously applauded.

An Uncomplimentary Doctor.
Hartford girls are renowned for their beauty. It must be admitted that there are a few plain women in town, but they were born elsewhere. One of the latter, who is really painlessly homely, called on a physician who is as plain in his speech as his patient is in respect to her face. He tried to cheer her; her ailment was a trifling matter, he said. "Oh, Doctor!" she groaned, "I feel worse than I look." "Then, my dear young lady, I fear there is no hope for you."—Hartford Post.

The theater deadhead is opposed on principle to an income tax.—Boston Transcript.

WOMEN'S WORK.
The Close Relation of Her Household Work to Health.

She was a woman of mild and innocent appearance. It did not seem possible that she could hurt a fly. For years she and her husband had labored to earn a home. Now it was half paid for. The faithful wife had risen early in the morning to get her "man's" breakfast; religiously washed, dressed and spanked the children. She had kept the house neat and tidy, and had sat up until late at night to repair many an unfortunate rent, and "piece out" many an unpleasable garment. Her life had seemed a hard, toilsome one, but the hope of a home free from debt spurred her on. At last the blow came! Her lord and master came home and announced that he had joined a strike, and would work no longer for a shop that did not employ "union" labor. Then it was that the little woman arose in her might. "John Henry," said she, "for seven years I have worked sixteen hours a day for board and lodging, with a new dress once a year. You have worked eight hours a day, and partly paid for our home, and had plenty of cigars and beer. You strike; I strike too. Either you go to work in the morning or I'll go home to my mother." John Henry was thunderstruck. A woman strike! Why it's preposterous! But here was the cold facts; John Henry faced it, succumbed to fate, and went to work. But, suppose my gentle reader, suppose the women were all to strike, what would become of us? We give it up. In order that, like the good Sunday-school books, our story may have a moral, I will say something about "women's work and women's health." It is a popular saying that a perfectly sound woman is a rarity. So it would seem. But, why is this so? In the first place, women dress unhealthfully. They contract the waist too much. A perfectly healthy woman ought to breathe as deeply as a man. Can most women do it? We think not. They rest the weight of the wind, or against it, it is necessary to point the sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes. By facing or turning the line of the skates to an angle of about 45 degrees to the right from the direction of the wind, and holding the sail about half as much "off," you will be enabled to tack, or work your way in a zigzag fashion gradually back to the point from which you started. This tacking is very well shown in Figs 2 and 5.

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Why He Was Polite.
"I was coming West over the Wabash the other day, and had for fellow-passengers a Missouri stock raiser, his wife, and a Boston exquisite. We entered the house, and found a miserable rag carpet upon the floor, and upon the dingy walls, besides the usual chromo of some cheerful deathbed scene, we noticed the picture of a cemetery, with an unhappy individual under a weeping willow, shedding tears over a dismal tombstone. Near this was framed a memorial, in a black border, of some dear departed. A framed marriage certificate made the collection very appropriate and complete. The woman's solitary diversion was saving pennies and attending the country prayer meeting. We dined with them. Our bill of fare consisted of some tough, stringy, boiled beef, some soggy boiled potatoes, a heavy dark material called bread, and some celluloid pie. With such surroundings—a bad family history—living on inedible, ill-cooked food, could any woman help becoming insane? We think not. How shall we prevent the ill effects of women's work? 1. By intermittent periods of rest. Every woman should provide herself with a lounge upon which she can throw herself at intervals during the day, and permit no amount of prospective work to interfere with her daily rest. 2. Women need exercise. Even after a hard day's work, let her take a long walk in the open air. Women need more variety in their work. The introduction of lawn tennis as a popular game will produce a generation of stronger women. For healthy women, horseback riding is unsurpassed as an exercise. Dancing, in moderation, is likewise excellent. Rowing is an admirable stimulant of the circulation, and, strange as it may seem, the homely art of sweeping is not to be despised. When you take a walk, have an object. Take up the long-neglected study of botany, geology or photography. Have some charitable work, and don't watch your little aches and pains. 3. Dress sensibly. Your husband will agree with me that you never look so sweet and lovable as when you wear your tea-gowns. You don't need to appear slovenly. The most artistic dress is that which shows the true shape of the human form, without exaggeration or distortion, and is far more healthful.—Health Record.

BICYCLES OF ALL KINDS.
A Remarkable Exhibition Recently Held in London.
The largest bicycle show on record has just been held in London by the Stanley Cycle Club. It was chiefly curious for two things—the wonder

ful and fearful variety of tires and the reaction in favor of ordinaries. There are very few of the old-fashioned tires to be seen, but superior as the new kinds are they look very ungracefully. Beside some of the new inventions the prehistoric bone-shaker would look elegant. Every possible accessory to a cycle is exhibited—seats to be affixed to safeties, so that they may accompany father in his rides without fear of falling off, and errand boys' boxes, patent pedals and handles, the latest thing in saddles, bells, lamps and brakes, suitable clothing for cyclists, glue for tires, cyclometers, spick and

Encouraging Matrimony.
In Norway there is a premium on marriage by giving married people a discount. Thus a man and his wife can travel for a fare and a half, a schedule of rates much more satisfactory to everyone than "children half price," and much more reasonable. It is suggested that this privilege is liable to abuse. A prudent man might prolong his courtship indefinitely at reduced rates. This, however, could be easily prevented by obliging married people to carry their certificates about with them, as they could easily do, in red morocco cases, like commutation tickets on railroads.

High Enough Anyway.
The Eiffel tower is eight inches shorter in winter than in summer.

AUTOMATIC NEWSDEALER.

You Drop Your Nickel in the slot and Get Your Favorite Newspaper.

One of the latest pieces of automatic machinery invented for practical purposes is the automatic newspaper seller now being manufactured extensively in Ohio. The picture shows the machine as it will appear in hotels, depots, and other public places, where it is expected it will largely do away with the enterprising and interesting newsboy. It is not possible to describe the mechanism, but its ingenuity can be imagined when it is known that it will sell any size and weight of paper from the forty-page Sunday blanket sheet to the four-page penny daily, and will return proper change when the price is under a nickel. It can also be set to make change for any coin, and it cannot be cheated. If the buyer sets it for change for a half dollar, and then puts in a quarter instead, the machine outsharps the would-be sharp by returning no change at all. While it is not expected that it will supplant the newsboy, it will, undoubtedly greatly lessen their number. It is easily loaded and unloaded,



NEWSPAPER SELLING MACHINE.

and one boy can manage fifty for a morning and the same number for an evening paper. The saving in commissions over the newsboy is very large, and is expected to run 100 per cent. annually on the cost of the machine, which is \$50. The first machine put in operation paid for itself in three months.

San Francisco's Samson.

Edward T. Berry has been a piano mover in this city continuously the seventeen years past, says the San Francisco Examiner. Berry is a big man, standing six feet, stocking clad, and weighing 260 pounds. He is so well proportioned as not to appear so heavy. He is a native son, having been born forty-two years ago in Del Norte County, near where Rouge River meets with the sea. Del Norte was a wilderness then, and Berry grew up a sportsman and an angler, pursuits which made him strong of limb and sound of wind. When a youth he went in for athletics somewhat, and was the premier wrestler of Northern California until he was apprenticed to a tanner and currier. That trade did not suit him, and as he tried horse training, a profession in which his strength first became noticeable. Teaming followed, and as one of its most lucrative branches Berry took up the moving of fine furniture. His daily work is to move from fifteen to twenty pianos up and down stairs, sometimes several flights.

Berry manages one end of the piano, while two men can barely handle the other. The strong man also takes the lower end in going up stairways, often being compelled to sustain the whole weight of instruments of the "grand" form, which weigh between 1,200 and 1,500 pounds. He estimates his daily lifts of dead weight to be fifty, and the weight lifted each time to average 1,000 pounds. As the weights must be sustained for a length of time, the feat becomes the more remarkable. That so many years of service at such task labor has not broken him down Berry believes is due to the fact that he has always been regular in his habits, sleeping long hours and refraining from drinking. He claims nothing for himself as to strength, but along Kearny street and among expressmen generally he is considered the Samson of the profession. Berry has never tested his strength to the uttermost, but thinks that with suitable harness he might lift a ton and a half. Without such aids he would not care to lift more than 1,500 pounds, and would avoid such a lift if possible.

Gen. Sherman and His Friend.

Gen. Sir John Bisset, K. C. B., an English soldier who has long enjoyed the Queen's favor and who is known on this side of the water from his command of the troops in Canada, was an old-time friend of the late Gen. Sherman. Their intimate acquaintance grew out of a visit. Gen. Sherman made to Gibraltar during Grant's administration at the time Gen. Bisset was Governor of that stronghold. At the close of the visit the hero of the march to the sea gave his host an American rifle elegantly mounted in silver, and Sir John on his part for years thereafter sent Gen. Sherman a brace of English pheasants every winter, timing the departure of the game so that it should arrive in New York in season for old Tecumseh's Christmas dinner. The last present of the kind reached New York while Sherman was on his death bed, too ill to eat the game, but he had the birds placed on his bed to be looked at and admired. The letter acknowledging the receipt of the game, written at the General's direction, put a melancholy end to the long correspondence between the two friends. Gen. Bisset is now a handsome old gentleman with silver hair, but soldierly bearing, and is quartered at Folkestone.—New York World.

His Motives Were Selfish Ones.

A Bostonian, who often gives money anonymously to various altruistic enterprises, was asked by a lady the other day to put his name down for a certain large sum he had contributed, says a Boston paper. "It is very noble and unselfish of you not to trumpet your generosity abroad," she said, "but I think people ought to know." "Noble, unselfish! Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear woman, I keep dark out of pure selfishness. I don't want all the charities in town to pounce down on me at one fell swoop!"

AVERSE TO ANY CHANGE.

Chinese from Their Infancy Learn to Ignore Any Such Thing as Monotony.

It seems to make no particular difference to a Chinese how long he remains in one position. He will write all day like an automaton. If he is a handcraftsman he will stand in one place from dawn to dusk till dusky eve, working away at his weaving, his gold beating or whatever it may be, and do it every day, without any variation in the monotony and apparently no special consciousness that there is any monotony to be varied. In the same way, says a writer in the Melbourne Leader, Chinese school children are subjected to an amount of confinement, unrelied by any recesses or change of work, which would soon drive Western pupils to the verge of insanity. The very infants in arms, instead of squirming and wriggling as our children begin to do as soon as they are born, lie as impassive as so many mud gods. And at a more advanced age, when Western children would vie with the monkey in its wildest antics, Chinese children will often stand, sit or squat in the same posture for a great length of time.

In the item of sleep the Chinese establishes the same differences between himself and the Occidental as in the directions already specified. Generally speaking, he is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can lie down on his bed of stalks, of mud bricks or rattan, and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not distract him.

In some regions the entire population seem to fall asleep, as by a common instinct (like that of the hibernating bear) during the first two hours of summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity, no matter where they may be. At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as two hours after midnight. In the case of most working people at least and also in that of many others, position in sleep is of no consequence. It would be easy to raise in China an army of 1,000,000, of 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows with head downward like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.

The same freedom from tyranny of nerves is exhibited in the Chinese endurance of physical pain. Those who have any acquaintance with the operations in hospitals in China, know how common, or rather universal, it is for the patients to bear without flinching a degree of pain from which the stoutest of us would shrink in terror.

The Christopher Columbus.

About two years ago a new variety of vessel called whaleback began to be used for traffic on our great lakes. The vessels received their names from their likeness to the whale. They are round-decked and flat-bottomed and but little of the bulk is above the water. The peculiar advantages of the whaleback seemed to make it desirable as a means for the transportation