

IN OLD WINTER'S TOLLS

The Snow-Clad Season in the Cold Northwest to be the Gayest of the Year.

A Royal Welcome Waiting for Winter's Coming in This Particular Locality.

Sports That Will be Inaugurated in St. Paul When the New Year Has Come.

Snowshoes and Toboggans—The Curlers and the Skaters—A Carnival.

Hail, winter! Hail the snow-crowned season when black earth puts on her shining garb, when Boreas pants great gusts that bite the cheek and whistle right merrily past the whitened fields, when King Frost scatters his diamonds with a reckless hand and bids his gnomes and fairies paint fantastic pictures on the windowpane! Poets may sing of spring, and the May-pole twined with wreaths of roses, and the spring is a child, weakling, the pet of lords, that sheds tears if but a cloud float across the sky. And the summer, she is but the spring grown up, passionate and fitful, at times pouting and sulky, and again burning and withering with her fiery glances. Artists have painted autumn, in russet garb a maid demure, that knows not her own mind. Sometimes she would turn back and join the summer in her passion freaks, and yet again she lists to winter's wooing and almost welcomes him to her bosom arms. She is a fit subject for the praise of those whose minds, mellowed with age, turn now to memory, now to future joys, and in an idle, dreamy mood, allow the days to slip away, unconscious that they go. But winter is a man, a kindly one. He strides over the earth like a monarch, or with his bounding horses dashes across whole continents and spreads his ermine cloak for the silvery moonbeams to dance on. He touches the firs, and they stiffen. He splits out great blizzards that sweep over the prairie and batter and bruise the forests. Then he relents. He weeps, and when his tears fall on the trees he turns them to diamonds and rubies, and the sunshine paints them like rainbows. He is playful,

ashwood toboggan, a half dozen at a load, perhaps, have an advantage over those who have gone down the same slide on an ordinary sled, or a double runner, to wit, it isn't so much work to pull the toboggan back for a fresh start. The toboggan is light, its under side worn smooth by the first few slides, may have an ornamental cord attached that a lady may loop on one arm and easily draw up the hill again. For, in spite of the fact of the general celebra-



tion here this winter, and the prominence in the community of many who will use the toboggan, the fact still remains that the toboggan must be drawn up the hill before another slide can be had. It has been suggested that this fact will furnish a good number of boys a fat field for speculation in a moderate way. Sometimes great wrecks occur with the toboggan. Two of them collide as they try to cross each other's paths; possibly some one gets frightened at the swift speed, and losing a grip on the rails, rolls headlong in the snow. Fortunately, in falling from a seat in the toboggan, one has not far to go, and it is generally acknowledged that half the fun comes from being spilled out occasionally. The sport is new in St. Paul, and the interest that will center in the first ride will be great. Of course some of the ladies will hesitate at first. They go so fast and seem such frail, shell-like things, and on the quiet it is safe to bet that some of the great big men who have made the enthusiastic speeches booming the carnival will hang back a little if the course is very icy and the slide steep. But the boys; just give them a toboggan and tell them they are in danger of losing their lives if they slide down. A dozen of them will pile in at once, heads and legs regardless, and with a yell that will wake the echoes, go scooting down the incline, the faster the better, to the bottom of the hill; while their fathers, seeing them safe, will remember how they used to slide "belly bump" when they were boys and wore copper-toed boots, and will fall in for the general fun.

The curling stone has been brought to St. Paul, too, and the brawny Scots will set



and kisses the cheek of a maiden that blushes red at his boldness. He is saucy, and he shoots a frost-tipped arrow through the nose of those who would brave him, leaving a sting that is painful. He hangs great icicles on the roofs of the houses and whisks the white folds of his cloak through the doors and the windows.

Right merrily will St. Paul meet old King Winter in this year of our Lord. Never before such an ovation has he received in the Northwest. The city has been waiting for his coming for weeks. Prominent citizens will turn out on snowshoes to meet him. Others will pack themselves in toboggans and scoot down the slides, while the winds play with their tasseled tuques and put a healthy glow on their muffled faces. Skaters will welcome old winter most warmly, and skim gracefully over the rivers and rinks that he has kindly offered them as a substitute for the brick floors were the rollers revolve. Those who have cutters will dash more swiftly than ever upon the solid snow, and the sleigh-bells will jingle a rhythmic anthem in winter's praise. The curling stones will bound over the ice, striking the deep notes in the general song that goes up. A palace will be built wherein Jack Frost himself will hold court and receive all those who welcome the days of his rule. The announcement that winter is coming undisguised through this realm peculiarly his own at this season of the year, has gone forth and everybody is waiting to greet a glimpse of him and doff their hats as he passes by. Heretofore the chief business of St. Paul people on the arrival of winter has been to keep warm, to wear fur coats and burn antiseptic in a vain attempt to ignore the fact that the thermometer drops down to the point below and that winds whistle the snow everywhere, some three or four months of the year. This year it is different. The people will meet winter on its ground and let him cry "hold, enough!" that gets tired first. A whole army of snowshoos will suit a general satisfied smile when all predictions of an open winter have failed. Hundreds have joined the club and bought their shoes ready for the semi-weekly "run" that the constitution of the club prescribes. Several are an invention as only for boys; that is lacking to the success of the club is snow. The sport is new in St. Paul, but those that are in for it expect to make great records on the shoes before the winter is over. For the first time in St. Paul the skis



will be used—the long sled runner like pieces of ash or fir, that the Norwegians use in their native hills. Wonderful feats are performed on these, they say, the expert leaping sometimes forty or more feet straight away and going over precipitous forty feet straight down while scooting at a rapid rate of speed. A company with regular military tactics is to be drilled on these, and the novel sport will be a leading one at the carnival. Those that go down a slide on the light,



THE ICE SWALLOW.

A Boat that Outstrips the Wind in Its Flight.

A Sport that Excels Yachting and Tobogganing.

Yachting is charming, tobogganing is exhilarating, ice boating is charming, exciting, and exciting. Yachting would lose half its charm were it not for the fleecy foam that the sharp prow of the boat tosses in the air and the half-mooning, half-sportive way in which it careens in obedience to the will of the broad, bellying sails; rather than the chill spirit of hyperborean realms; all these requirements for the happiness of the lover of aquatic and outdoor sports, the ice boat possesses. It does not rush through a waste of restless waters as a yacht, nor dash in a short-winded way over an artificial course as the toboggan, but it starts slowly and steadily with gradually increasing speed until it flies like a white-winged bird of vast proportions over and through a field of glistening glass, filling the air with a world of scintillating particles that float and dance in the sunlight, catching and transmitting hues of dazzling brilliancy as if themselves imbued with the spirit of frolic.

An ice boat is not a thing of beauty as it stands idly with its sails folded at its moorings; on the contrary, it is ungainly, awkward and inharmonious in its make-up. A long, slim boat rests on three smooth iron runners like those of a skate, one under the prow, one under the center and one under the stern post. Across the bow is a long, strong outrigger, each end of which rests on a heavy skate. From the bow to the stern, around the ends of the outrigger, is stretched a girder of iron to strengthen the boat. At the stern is a tiller, which turns an iron rudder that dictates the course of the boat. A little forward of the ice boat is a mast, to which is rigged a jib and gaff sail. The boat is usually constructed to hold two persons besides the sailor, who sits in the stern and handles the tiller.

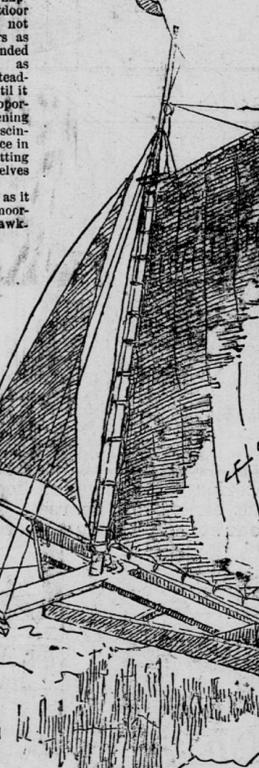
The rate of speed attained by the ice boat on a smooth course with a stiff breeze behind it, is wonderful, and they often speed over a mile in much less time than a minute. To the philosophical mind the question naturally rises, "Does an ice boat travel faster than the wind that propels it?" and to this question the scientist answers, "Yes!" It does not seem possible or natural, that an object can escape from an influence on which it depends for advancement but in the case of the ice boat it is proven that it can, for it will sail a mile in a minute on a forty-mile an hour wind; a fact which has been repeatedly proven. But notwithstanding this unnatural peculiarity of the boat, it is stubbornly refuses to advance before the wind blown into its sails from a bellows in its stem, as would an East Indian man-of-war.

Sailing before the wind with a clear course, there is no danger to be apprehended in the ice boat, but if put on the wind and it is blowing at more than an ordinary rate, if the sailor is not an expert, the probabilities are that he will capsize the outfit before he has made a dozen tacks, and when an ice-boat goes over there is almost invariably a total wreck, for the long outriggers acting on either side as levers, throw the boat and its occupants into the air, and when they come down they strike with more emphasis than graceful. And yet with the attending danger sailing on the wind is much more enjoyable than slipping away before it, the possibility of a broken limb or neck lending a savor of excitement to the situation, and then greater speed can be gained on the wind than sailing straight away before it, another poser to the man of ordinary reasoning calibre. The river at this point offers splendid facilities for the cultivation of this sport,

WHICH COULD BE ENJOYED FOR AT LEAST TWO MONTHS IN THE YEAR, AND THE BLUFFS AND HIGH POINTS ALONG THE BANKS ON EITHER SIDE OFFER FINE OPPORTUNITIES TO SPECTATORS, WHO COULD WATCH THE FLYING BOATS FOR A DISTANCE OF THREE MILES, AND RACES COULD BE MADE EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING.

A Perplexed Puss in Boots.

To keep the feet warm while one is on the way to a party or ball with these fair but frail foot coverings there are the most lightly comfortable "party boots," made of heavy cloth, beaver, matisse or velvet, and lined with soft, long white fur finished around the edge with gray or brown. They open in front, and have a white tongue, over which the sides of the boot fasten into place with three ties of ribbon. You mustn't forget to take these off, however, in the dressing room, as did a



New debutants last winter, says the Boston Globe. In the sweet confusion of maidenly bashfulness she walked out upon the polished floor for the first waltz, the initial revolutions of which disclosed to the view of the astonished spectators not the tiny, satin clad feet but two tarry, big-browed extremities like the paws of a bear. She made the entire round of the room before anybody volunteered to stop her, and her mortification over the mishap was such that she is said narrowly to have escaped an attack of brain fever.

WHOM BUY?

My neighbor wears a cotton dress—She comes with marigold and cress—All dripping, cold together, The willow basket in her hand—Is bright with water and with sand, This happy, happy weather! "Who'll buy?" Who would not buy? They grew beneath an April stream, Beneath an April sky! Again I meet her, flushed and brown, With braid and bonnet slipping down; She looks upon me gayly. She knows the grassy upland farm Where berries ripen high and warm, And redder deeper daily! "Who'll buy?" Who would not buy? She found them in the summer fields, Beneath a summer sky! To-day she enters at my gate; She steps inside the ill to wait; And so once more I find her. Alack! the whirling leaves are brown—And he who shook the chestnuts down—Is standing there behind her! "Who'll buy?" Who would not buy? They found them in the autumn woods, Beneath a frosty sky! —Dora Read Goodale in St. Nicholas.

IN GARMENTS OF FUR.

The Merry Multitude Shaggy Like the Bison at Midwinter.

Encased in Fur, the Cold Winds Are Given the Laugh.

The Count Borena, the Polish exile, on his last visit to St. Paul, said that the general appearance of the men and women on the approach of cold reminded him of his native country. Here, more than in almost any other city that he visited, as his wife Modjeska appeared in the cities of the Union, people seemed given to wearing furs. That this is true is to be gained from the casual remarks of visitors at any time between the middle of November and the middle of March or later. Furs, furs, furs, at the theaters and churches; fur on the policeman and the driver, and fur on the rounded form of the belle. Nothing is more comfortable in both cases, and nothing adds more to natural charms in the latter. Dwellers in St. Paul, who are perhaps clad in fur themselves, or at any rate see fur-clad figures on every street and at every hour of the day do not notice this as does the stranger. Sometime when you happen to think of it stand at a corner of Third street, anywhere between Wabasha and Sibley, and watch the figures as they pass. See if the shaggy, bundled-up appearance of the pedestrians is not calculated to impress one who has come from a more southern city, where a coon skin is a curiosity, and where seal-skin saques are seldom or never needed. Nothing is more unbecomingly than a man full rigged in fur. The broad collar of his shaggy coat upturned until it meets the hairy cap that buries his head; his hands in gloves of fur, and simply a pair of feet and six inches, or so, of shin, about the only thing that stamps him as a human being. His gait seems awkward, his movements bungling, and as for his shape—all are just alike and with no more style or beauty than a bear that is being skinned by a man looks absolutely like a little sawed-off that would roll one way about as well as another. A shaggy bear that is being skinned side the coat collar and covered with icicles on a frosty morning but adds to the effect. But such coats are not worn for style, and they are not worn for utility. Following this man will be the man with the mink skin or another, perhaps, stately in his walk and with an air about him that says, "Just watch my smoke" while I go by. In the making of my coat a hundred of the sly animals have yielded up their shaggy pelts. A whole army of the little animals has tendered me their skins that I may put on a little style this winter. My coat is finer than the ordinary coon skin and I know it; don't let the lighted end of your cigar touch my garment as you pass me, for even a spark might singe a dozen of the glossy hairs and leave a blemish that furrier's art could hardly heal, and he goes down the street, comfortable and the object of mild envy on the part of some less lucky than himself. The buffaloes less frequently seen than a few years ago, and the dealers say that it will not be long before it will rank with the more costly of furs, so rapidly have the animals been thinned off by the sportsmen and the fur dealers. The Russian dog and lamb, the coon and the bear skin are nearly as often noticed as the buffalo, that only a short time ago had things all his own way comparatively in this section of the country. But not much less noticeable than the shaggy or shiny coats of the men are the soft seal skins of the ladies. If there is anything in the old saws of the paragraphs on the relationship that a seal-skin saque bears to general peace and good-nature between husband and wife, then there are more contented heads of families in St. Paul than in almost any other city of its size in the country and at any rate more than in Southern latitudes. That the weather is so cold here as to make the wearing of seal skins a thing of necessity, in possible cases does much to add to the general attractiveness of the streets. It is not safe to loan any money to the man that will not admit the general attractiveness of a lady of any age in a seal-skin saque and cap to match. They are attractive and they know it. It is said that, so far as comfort is con-

TAKEN THROUGH ICE

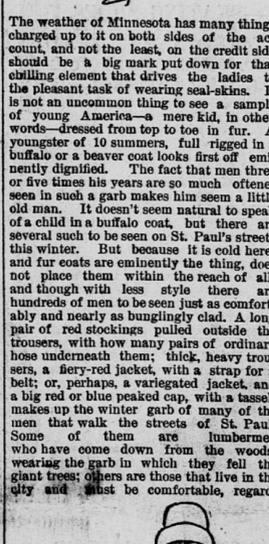
Are Numerous of the the Sportive Finny Tribe in This Particular Season of the Year.

History Silent as to Whether Sir Iko Walton Gathered Them in This Way or Not.

Through the Ice, Where Mosquitoes Never Come, is the True Philosopher's Method.

Camping on the Lake—A Shiner for Bait—A Cold But Pleasant Sport.

History does not say whether or not Sir Iko Walton, the apostle of fishing, was wont to try for his favorite game with any other allurement than the rod and reel with fly attachment. If he did not; if he refused to relax from the strict ruling that insists upon the artistic method of catching fish; if he were an aesthete in that which has made him famous, he lost much of the fun that is always to be had in cold latitudes, where fish and ice are to be found in the same lakes, where many of the minor ills that attend the manipulations of the rod and reel can never make their way. Many and fine are the bass, or if not the bass the pickerel, that is looked upon with a feeling of disdain by the true sportsman in such localities as the finer grained specimens abound, that breathes for the first time the thin air through his stringy gills, that pantily for the water, as he is drawn through a hole in a foot of ice by a fur-clad fisherman, who had lain his deadly hook beneath the back fin of a minnow and waited patiently until the signal came that his bait had proved alluring. Sometimes when the holes are made a half a hundred in a row, and in each hole a line, the winter fisherman will build for



BOLD AS SANSON.

How a Highwayman Tied Seventeen Men and Robbed Them.

Among many well-planned robberies, with the skillful execution of which Henry Garrett, the famous highwayman, distinguished himself, chiefly conspicuous was the feat he accomplished of "sticking up" seventeen men, not far from Dunedin, and relieving them of their valuables. The process of "sticking up" is charmingly simple. The operator pounces out from his ambush upon an unsuspecting party of travelers, and, with loaded revolver raised, he cries out, "Ball up!" whereupon everybody knowing what it meant—all the men instantly throw their hands in the air. Anyone making an effort to get at his arms is shot. If requires a certain amount of courage to do this trick well. Mr. Garrett, as usual single-handed, managed his seventeen men himself. In a short time he had them all tied to trees and then at his own convenience he emptied their pockets. With the kindness of heart which was so pleasing a characteristic of our amiable bushranger, he made a good fire, boiled a billy of water and gave them all tea. Moreover knowing the soience of tobacco, he filled—from their own pouches—the pipes of such of the party who smoked and lighted them. Then wishing them a kindly "Good night, good night!" Mr. Garrett vanished.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The snow is beautiful to see, And to the poet gives delight, When over lawn and over lea It lies, a mantle pure and white. But when six inches deep, or so, It lies, at noon, beside his door, And must be shoveled off, the snow The poet deems a blasted bore. —Boston Courier



BOY BEING MERELY NOMINAL.

When caught they are soon transferred to huge tanks with ever changing water, and fattened for the winter. In an average year they retail in lots of fifty or one hundred at from one to five cents each. The sport has a single drawback. It is cold w.r.k.

Pile high the wood on the hearth, scattering the chill, and bring out a keg of the old Falernian, if you please, as Horace once remarked.

