

### SONG OF THE SKATES.

Hear the ringing of the skates!  
Gleaming skates!  
What a racket, rich and rollicking,  
The rhythmic sound creates!  
How they clink, clink, clink,  
Like the clanging of the "chink"  
Which the miser loves to handle as he pours  
It in his crates!  
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,  
On the glassy ice at night,  
While the youth and maidens mingle  
With their shouts of wild delight,  
As they go  
To and fro,  
Gliding here, dashing there,  
Rosy cheeks, flying hair,  
Sturdy lads, and lassies fair!  
Ho! Away with melancholy!  
Let us frolic and be jolly  
On the ice.  
Though old fogies think it's folly,  
Yet it's nice.  
Let us skate, skate, skate,  
Till our hearts become elate  
With the merriment and jollity that such a  
pleasure brings.  
While old Time with mirthful twinkles  
Flies with laughter-laden wings.  
How each skater navigates,  
Radiates and gyrates,  
As his speed accelerates,  
And he circumulates  
On the smooth and shiny surface with his  
scintillating skates!

### TROUBLE ABOARD.

Some years ago I ran an old schooner out of Mobile. She was a small craft not more than 100 tons burden—and had originally come from some northern port. I called her the *Eutaw*, and I made many profitable runs along the coast of the gulf, and two or three times I doubled the capes of Florida. While we lay at Mobile taking in a load for New Orleans, two of the most desperate villains in Alabama were apprehended. Their names were Adolph Leroy and Matt Vickers, and they had committed a good many robberies and more than one murder in the country between the two big rivers. They were lodged in the jail at Mobile, and as soon as they were thus secure the evidence came in against their fast and strong, the number of burglaries and highway robberies they had committed was also beyond compute, and at least five murders were fastened upon them. But one morning it was found that the prisoners had escaped, and those who had been so free to testify against them turned pale when they received the information, and turned away in mortal terror. A reward of \$4,000 was offered for their recapture, or \$2,000 for one of them. But they were not to be found. No one had seen them, and no traces of them could be discovered.

On the second day after the escape of these rascals I was ready to sail, and got under way about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. My crew consisted of only myself and my two sons, Stephen and John. Stephen was 20 years old and Jack 18, and they were both of them stout, rugged boys. Our runs were so short that I found this to be crew enough, though, very frequently I took one or two more hands. But on this occasion we had promise of a quick, fair passage, and we three concluded to run her through. We had a fair wind for a start, and ran down the bay at a good rate, opening the passages between the Dauphin and Mobile Point a little after 6. We were just passing the light house, and I had the helm, when I sung out to the boys to stand by the sheets. Stephen went to the main sheet, but I didn't see Jack. I waited a few minutes, and then sang out again. Presently the boy came up from the forepeak, but instead of going to the sheet he came aft, and I was just going to tell him to go back to the fore sheet when I discovered that he looked real kind of startled and fearful.

"What is it?" says I, forgetting the sheets; for I knew that when one of my boys showed a quivering lip there was something more than ordinary to say.

He put his fingers to his lips and told me to speak low. "For," said he, "we've got passengers aboard."

"Ha—runaway negroes!" said I. "Not quite so simple," returned Jack, with a dubious shake of the head. "We have got two villains aboard."

"What two?" "Leroy and Vickers!"

"Get out!" said I, thinking he must be joking.

"Father," said he—and when he spoke "father" in that way I knew there was nothing but sober seriousness in what was to come after it—"I tell you they're aboard this schooner! They're in the hold, chock for'd; and, what's more, they mean to come out when we get well out-side! I've heard it all!"

I steered straight out and listened to Jack; for I knew it must be as he said. We had no forecastle parted off from the hold, as all of us that ever wanted passage had plenty of room in the cabin; but we had a forepeak parted off chock in between the bows, where we stowed all rigging and tar buckets and such kind of stuff. While we were running down, Jack had gone into this place to pick out some rope yarn, and as he found an easy seat upon an old sail, he sat down there, with his back against the bulkhead, and began to unlay a piece of rope for the yarns. He had not been at work a great while before he heard a noise among the boxes in the hold, and after listening a few minutes he knew that somebody was in there. He knew it could not be either I or Stephen for he had heard us both on deck; so he thought it must be a negro. Presently he heard a voice

and then an answer. There were two of them—and they were white men, too. Jack sat as still as a mouse, with his ear to the thin bulkhead, and he could hear nearly all that was said. He soon discovered that they were the two villains who had escaped from the lockup in Mobile, and that they meant to kill us and throw us overboard as soon as we got outside and then make a run across the gulf to Cuba.

As soon as I heard Jack's story I knew it was all just so, for he could repeat the very words they had spoken. They had crawled into the hold two nights before, and as we had commenced to fill up forward before that, they had not been disturbed. They had weapons with them, and had managed to get some bread and water. And they had kept the run of the time pretty well, for Jack heard them tell over how long it would be before night would set in, and they had it to a very few minutes. They knew we should be outside by dark, and then they meant to come on deck. I asked Jack if he was sure they hadn't heard him in the forepeak. "They couldn't," he said, "for I never made a bit of noise after I knew they were there. They had been further aft when I went down, and were crawling back to their old nest when I heard 'em. No, they don't suspect that they're discovered."

When I first began to reflect on this I must confess that I was more than bothered. I was startled and fearful. I thought what notorious, bloodthirsty villains they were, and with what perfect readiness they would cut our throats and toss us overboard.

"Stephen," said I as I saw how thoughtful he was, "what do you think of it?" "Why," said he, raising his head and speaking as coolly as though he had been talking about ordinary business. "I think we'll pocket that \$4,000!" "Eh?" said I.

"We've got 'em hard and fast," he added, "and we can lay low and take 'em. There ain't but one way for 'em to get out of the hold while the hatches are on, and that's through the forepeak; and I suppose they've already got a passage marked out through the bulkhead. The boards are thin, and they can easily get one or two of 'em out of the way. I rather calculate they'll find something falling about the time they show themselves on the deck."

As soon as Stephen began to speak I saw how simple and practical our advantage was; and when I saw that Jack was cool and confident, I had no more fears; but set about the work of preparation at once. I knew that the cargo was so stowed that the villains could not reach the cabin bulkhead, and I also knew that they could not force the hatches. Of course they could reach the deck in the easiest way possible, and that would be as my boy had said. It was now past sundown, and we had left the Dauphin on our quarter, and by dark would be well outside. The wind was from the northwest, so we had it on our beam, and needed to pay but little attention to the sails.

The little hatch or scuttleway to the forepeak was just abaft the heel of the bowsprit, and as it had been left open all day, we left it open now. We had pistols aboard—good ones—as we always carried aboard the docks; and one of our first movements was to see that these were carefully loaded, for we might have to use them in a case of an emergency. Then we arranged that Stephen and I should conceal ourselves behind the bits by the bowsprit, and that upon a given signal, Jack should leave the helm and conceal himself abaft the foremast, ready to render such assistance as might be necessary.

As soon as the night had fairly shut in Stephen and I crept noiselessly forward and took our stations by the bitts. It was not very dark, for there were no clouds in the heavens, and the stars shone bright and clear; still it was dark enough for our purpose. We had not lain there 15 minutes when I heard a sound from below and I whispered to Stephen and asked him if he had heard it.

"Yes," he said. "They are moving a board away from the bulkhead."

I could hear them very plainly, and as soon as I was satisfied that they were coming I threw a small stone upon the deck. This was the sign agreed upon with Jack and he immediately came forward and took up his station directly abaft the foremast. He had lashed the tiller so that all 'was safe for the time on that score.

Presently I heard the tread of the villains among the rubbish in the forepeak, and directly afterward I saw a human head slowly rise above the opening of the little hatchway. It remained in sight a moment and then disappeared. I asked Stephen if he saw it.

"Yes," said he, "and they'll both be up presently."

"Your hand is steady?" I asked.

"As steady as ever a dead calm was, and as stout as a hurricane," he replied.

Just as he answered, I heard a foot upon the ladder, and I grasped my handspike with a firm grip, and looked to my pistol to be sure that it was ready for use in case of need. The head soon reappeared, and this time a body followed it. One of the rascals came slowly, and stepped upon the deck not four feet from where I was

concealed, and in a few seconds afterward his companion followed him.

"Hist!" said the one who had come up first, as the other reached his side. "They are aft. Shall we use our knives first, or get some clubs?"

"Get clubs," was the response, "and use the knives if we need them."

"All right. We'll find handspikes somewhere. We shall take 'em by surprise and finish 'em before—"

I don't know what more the fellow might have said for at that moment he began to look around, as though hunting for a handspike, and I was fearful that he might discover me in my hiding place, so I passed the word to Stephen, and we leaped to our feet. My man heard the movement behind him, but before he could turn my handspike was upon his head, and he staggered against the weather-rail close by the cat-head. I saw that he was stunned, and I leaped after him. He warded off my next blow with his right arm, but it cost him dear, for it broke the bone short off above the elbow. The knife which he had drawn fell to the deck, and before he could recover himself I succeeded in knocking him down.

Stephen's first blow had been more effective than mine, for his man sank beneath it, and was securely bound before he could give any signs of returning consciousness. Jack had sprung to my assistance, and was ready with his pistol just as I broke the villain's arm; but he saw how matters were going, so he reserved his fire, knowing that I wished to take the fellows alive if possible. We bound his legs together, but when I found how badly his right arm was broken I left that one to hang, and lashed the left arm to the body.

As soon as this was accomplished we put the schooner about and made back toward the bay, for I was determined to land the rascals in Mobile as quickly as possible. We moved them aft upon the quarter deck, and when they came to their senses and realized what had happened they raved in all sorts of shapes. They swore that no jail or prison could hold them—that they should surely get away again, and that their first work should be to send me and my two boys out of the world; but if we would let them go, they would be more considerate and would not harm us. They kept up this strain until they found it would not work, and then they assured us that that they had untold sums of money concealed in various places, and if we would let them go they would make us rich.

But they succeeded no better than before, and then they went into the bloody threats again. This they kept up until they found that we were paying no attention to them, and then the one whom I had attended to, and who proved to be Matt Vickers, seemed to discover that his arm wanted caring for and ere long he began to groan with pain. But I could give him little help. I fixed a cushion for his arm to rest upon, and thus he had to remain and make the best of it. He begged me to let him up, but there was so much ugliness in his tone that I wouldn't trust him.

We dropped anchor close to the city about 11 o'clock at night, and Jack pulled ashore in the boat and brought officers aboard, into whose hands we resigned our prisoners. Matt Vickers had his arm set by an experienced surgeon, but not long afterwards he got his neck broken by the hangman, and in this latter catastrophe Adolph Leroy kept him company.

The reward of \$4,000 was cheerfully paid over to us, so that our little bit of trouble and excitement turned out well for both ourselves and the community at large.

### Habits of the Aye Aye.

This curious lemurine animal, which is confined to certain districts of Madagascar, has received its name from the Malagassy expression of surprise, "Hay! Hay!" The name should be written Halhay, as each syllable commences with an aspirate. Native reports are contradictory as to its habits in a wild state, but Rev. G. A. Shaw has sent to the Zoological Society of London some notes on one in confinement. It eats bananas and the small fruits of several native shrubs, and fancies rice boiled in milk and sweetened with sugar, but will not touch meat, larva, moths, beetles or eggs. It does not hold its food in its hands, as some lemurs do, but uses them to hold it upon the floor of the cage. After it has eaten it invariably draws each of its long claws through its mouth, as though, in its natural state, these had taken a chief part in procuring the food. It is not so easily tamed as some writers have said, since Mr. Shaw's experience was that his example was "very savage, and when attacking strikes with its hands; with anything but a slow movement. As might be imagined in a nocturnal animal, its movements in the day are slow and uncertain, and it may be said to be inoffensive then." A number of superstitious beliefs are by the natives connected with it.

JEWELRY may be nicely cleaned by dipping in hot, soapy water and polishing with a little white powder and a piece of chamois. It is better not to try this too often with gold watches.

### Summer and Greeley.

Charles Sumner, many years before he was known in Politics, sought the acquaintance of Horace Greeley in New York. He found the journalist much engaged, and was invited by him to come to his house the next morning and take breakfast. Mr. Sumner was not an early riser, and he liked a good breakfast when he did get up. He rather anticipated one in this case. At the early hour named by Mr. Greeley he left the Astor House, took a stage, and rode several miles up Broadway, and after much difficulty found the residence of his new friend at an old-fashioned farm-house, situated in the middle of an orchard between Broadway and the river, where he was hospitably received by the occupants. After considerable conversation with Mr. Greeley the latter remarked to his wife, who had come into the room, that Mr. Sumner would probably like something to eat. She expressed a doubt whether there was anything in the house, at which Sumner, who was really hungry after his long ride, was somewhat—well, surprised, to say the least. "Why, mother," said Greeley to his wife, "you must have some milk, some bread and milk in the house." She thought that it might be so, and soon appeared with a mug, two bowls and some crackers, which she placed on a bare pine table, and the two incipient philanthropists ate their breakfast in peace. Anybody who knew Sumner and his dainty ways in these things can appreciate the situation. No doubt it was the first and last time he ever did justice to bread and milk. The friend to whom Sumner related this incident had a feeling, which time rather strengthened, that the older philosopher was practicing a grim joke on the gay and somewhat festive young man from Boston. Sumner, however, never could appreciate a joke, and considered the transaction a real one so far as good faith was concerned, although he related it with considerable glee. Perhaps he had in his heart something of the feeling of Thackeray, who once said to a friend in Boston, "I often wish I knew whether Becky Sharp was really guilty when found by her husband with the Marquis de Steyne under such remarkable circumstances."

### Vienna Tragedies.

News from Vienna in relation to burning girls to death fixes the crimes in one, Hugo Schenk, who is an American citizen. It is asserted that in 1865 he ran away from Vienna to America, where he spent several years. Schenk has so far confessed only to the murders of the servant girls, but he and his brother and an accomplice named Schlossarek have murdered at least twenty persons. He excuses himself by saying that he narcotized his victims and that they died without pain. Schenk behaves in a most cynical manner. He plays chess in his cell and writes poetry of a sentimental tone. There were frightful scenes at the police office. The relations of the murdered girls came to identify the things found with Schenk. Many recognized Schenk as the man who had promised to marry their missing relatives. Schenk has a wife in Bohemia. She expresses herself to an interviewer in most tender terms concerning him. She said—"If Schenk wants me I will go immediately to Vienna to afford him consolation. I have spent with him many happy hours that will never be forgotten." Frau Schenk is a governess in a wealthy family.

Schenk partly confessed his crimes, but denied some of the charges. The locksmith in whose house he was arrested was also taken into custody. It is said that four families have for many years lived solely upon the savings of murdered servant girls, and it is thought likely Schenk's victims will be found to exceed half a dozen. He confessed to one crime which none suspected, and also to having murdered an aunt and niece of the name of Timal. He did not show much courage while being examined and fainted several times. Schlossarek, the locksmith, seems a more determined character; but his wife, who was ignorant of his crimes, was difficult to deal with. In her despair she seemed ready to kill her baby for being a murderer's child. It is declared that a band of at least sixteen persons all lived in one house in the remote suburb of Rudolphshaus, near Vienna, and planned these murders.

Hugo Schenk was the member entrusted with the work of enticing the girls away and murdering them with Schlossarek's aid.

The first of the cases in which Schenk is suspected dates back to August, 1878, and the last is supposed to have occurred in August last. The earliest victim was Theresa Ketterl, thirty-seven years of age, from Munich, who was employed as cook in the household of an official of the Ministry of Finance. The police was informed that she had been seen at six P. M., on the 4th of August preceding, in the company of a man apparently about thirty-five years old, who on the day before had been going about with her. The stranger was waiting for the missing woman near a house. She came out, and they walked about till nine P. M., when the woman, who is represented by all as of highly respectable character, returned toward her home. She had made the acquaintance of the man by means of a

matrimonial advertisement. On August 4 she said she was going to make an excursion to the mountains, but that she would return before her master did. On the day named she carried a lady's enamelled watch, with chain, several rings and bracelets and a savings bank book for 1,177 florins. It was then ascertained that on August 6—that is, two days after her departure—the book was presented at the savings bank and the money taken out. The woman had taken with her her dog in a basket. On August 10 this "basket" was found in a carriage of the Vienna Paris express train. The basket was empty, but the dog's straw-colored hairs in it were enough to identify it.

On the 20 of December the police received information that Katarina Timal, from Bohemia, forty-seven years of age, and her niece, Josephine Timal, thirty-three years old, a chambermaid out of service, living in a suburb of Vienna, had left with a certain Hugo Schenk, pretending to be a railway engineer, for Cracow, and had not been heard of since by their relatives. This information was lodged by the three sisters of Josephine, the niece. The Director of Police, being informed by telegraph of the occurrence, at once remembered that case of Ketterl, in which the circumstances were similar. It was shown that Josephine Timal was in service, with another girl named Maria Grausam, in the establishment of an old lady in April, 1883. They were both well-behaved, diligent girls, and had, the first 750 florins and the other 500 florins in the savings bank. They thought of marrying, and, like Ketterl, each of them advertised for a husband. Two days afterward Josephine Timal received a letter asking for an interview. The writer came to the house and introduced himself as an engineer out of work. He spoke, however, of a rich aunt, and seems to have gained over the girl very quickly, for after the first interview she told her friend that she was very happy and hoped to make a good marriage. After a further courtship Josephine told Maria that Schenk insisted on her leaving service, as he could not marry a domestic servant. Josephine left her mistress on May 25. It struck the friend Maria as strange that the bridegroom did not come to fetch his bride, but sent her a message, through a commissionaire, that he was waiting for her in the square before the Votive Church.

Nothing has since been heard of Josephine. But in a short time Schenk presented himself at the house of one of her sisters, and told her that he wished their aunt, who was a cook, to take charge of his household. He persuaded the aunt, who had 1,100 florins in the savings bank, to consent, and left Vienna with her on the 4th of June, and the money was all withdrawn from the bank soon afterward. The aunt has not been seen since her departure.

On the information being laid, searches were made, and it was stated that the money had been taken out by an unknown man; and it was also found that the pretended engineer had used, in his correspondence with Josephine, a man who passed for his servant, but who was really his brother, Karl Schenk, a railway servant, employed on the Western Railway, and the father of four children. This trace was followed up, and it was discovered that Hugo Schenk had first gone to Prague and then to Linz, where he had been staying since the 1st of November. The inquiry was pursued with great caution. The Director of Police went to Linz; but Schenk, it was found, had left for Vienna.

### A Robber's Roost.

A robber's roost was discovered by Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie, of Denver, recently, in a gulch near Webster, Colorado. Returning from a visit to their daughter, whose home is at Grant Station, they lost their way. They traveled until nightfall before they found a cabin. In it was a rude table, some chairs, a large open stove, and a good supply of fuel, and on a shelf were six loaded revolvers, several cartridge belts filled with ammunition, and three pairs of spurs. Mr. Guthrie stabled his horses in the dark, and re-entered the cabin and fastened the heavy door with a huge bolt that fitted into slots in the logs. At about midnight Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie were awakened by sounds outside. A man said—"I wonder who is there! Shall we force the door?" The answer was—"Tain't no use; that door will stand as long as the cabin itself." Then the voices faded away. Mr. Guthrie lay until long after daybreak ere he ventured out. Then, on going to harness his horses by daylight, he found in the barn six mail bags that had been opened, and other evidences of highway-men's operations.

SQUIRREL ON TOAST.—Mince the meat of a cold squirrel very fine, chop an equal quantity of onions and mushrooms and stew them until tender with a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of cold gravy and a little salt and pepper. When the vegetables are tender put in the mince; let it boil up at once, and serve it immediately on toast.

SWEETBREAD.—Parboil and let them stand in cold water for half an hour. Wipe dry and place in the oven in a pan in which has been put a cup of water and a tablespoonful of butter. When brown remove them and serve immediately.

### French Receipts.

Dinners are always welcome, and they have become the only form of entertainment which is universally popular and sure to "draw." There was a time when dinners were only given to attract amiable, powerful old fogies, when no hostess in her senses would have thought of wasting the best crust of Bordeaux and Burgundy on young gentlemen whose mustaches had not yet sprouted. Even ladies on the right side of thirty used to think that a dinner was a rather coarse and tedious infliction, only to be endured once in a while; but now, to the great delight of the Faculty of Medicine, whose members make rare incomes out of the public mania for indigestion, every man who can afford to live in *les appartements* sets up a man cook to tamper with his friends' stomachs. You cannot make the acquaintance of a Parisian without his bidding you to dinner, and at his table he introduces you to others who mark you down speedily as a victim for the mysterious concoctions of their chefs. All this high feeding would require a good deal of exercise to keep its effects in check; but Parisians are not addicted to any form of exercise except lounging. Ladies drive out to the Bois in the afternoon when the weather is fine, and men stroll up and down the Avenue des Champs Elysees to see them pass. Very few men ride; some go and practice with the foils occasionally at a fencing-school; but even this is too much of an effort for the Parisian in easy circumstances, who, after his saunter in the Champs Elysees, generally kills the time before dinner by paying visits. In this matter, again, customs have curiously altered of late years, for inexorable etiquette used to compel gentlemen who called ceremoniously upon ladies to put on dress clothes, and after this pious practice had fallen into abeyance frock coats and gray pantaloons were long regarded as indispensables; but nowadays visits are paid in cutaway coats and dogskin gloves, which may or may not smell of tobacco, according to the wearer's taste. Every body smokes; there are many ladies of position who plead guilty to a half a dozen, daily cigarettes, and at some houses where a conservatory is annexed to the drawing-room the afternoon caller is graciously told to "light up" if he pleases. Should he prefer tea and cakes, there they are. Tea is now understood in Paris, and is no longer served up in weak, straw-colored infusions, but in honest brews of refreshing strength. Many Frenchmen, however, cling to the national delusion that a *petit verre* of brandy or rum is needed to bring out the flavor.

### The Disappearing Bang.

The decadence of the bang is announced. A matter of such importance cannot be ignored. In all ages the dressing of the hair has occupied the feminine mind to a very large extent. The Talmud informs us that Eve, in the Garden of Eden at the dawning of the world, curled around her rosy fingers the silken ringlets that fell upon her pearly shoulders when she observed the approach of Adam through the trees. Even St. Paul, in his powerful epistles, draws attention to the fact that hair is the adornment of a woman, and a charm that she should glory in. Tarquin became enamored of Lucrece when she saw her shimmering tresses kissing her blushing cheeks, as she bent over her spinning wheel. Napoleon became infatuated when his eyes rested upon the raven coils of Josephine. In view of the potent charms attached to "Only a Woman's Hair," the general public will be interested in learning that bangs are disappearing from the foreheads of the fair leaders of fashion. A few years ago a young lady without bangs would have been as obsolete as a 3-cent postage stamp. Now one who wears bangs is looked at askance, as much so as if she appeared in a dashing jockey costume. The bang is out of date. It has served its purpose, and must go. The new styles are the Saratoga wave and the Grecian coil. The Saratoga wave is a revival in a modified form of the custom which prevailed twenty-five years ago, when ladies were wont to part their hair in the middle and bring it down in two semi-circles from the centre of the forehead, covering the ears, and fastening it at the back of the head. The new style makes the curve toward the back of the head begin at the temples. The effect is to bring out the attractive features of the face and conceal bulging foreheads and creased temples. The Grecian coil is a skillful twisting of the hair at the back of the head. It has a very charming effect, and makes a pretty woman perfectly irresistible when she turns her back.

GRAVED HAM.—Boil a ham remove the skin and set away until cold. Rub all over with a well-beaten egg. Mix together two cups of rolled crackers, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and milk enough to make a thick paste; spread thickly over the ham and set in the oven to brown.

CLAIMS WITH CREAM.—Chop fifty small clams, not too fine, and season them with pepper and salt. Put into a stewpan butter the size of an egg, and when it bubbles sprinkle in a teaspoonful of flour, which cook a few minutes; stir gradually into it the clam liquor, then the clams, which stew about two or three minutes; then add a cupful of boiling cream and serve immediately.