

## GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nestling head  
Of a maiden fancyed.  
Thus the grave-eyed woman said:  
"Richest gifts are those we make,  
Dearest, than the love we take  
To be loved and love's own sake,  
That we give for love's own sake."  
"Well I know the heart's unrest:  
None has been the common quest  
To be loved and love's own sake."  
"Favors undeserved were mine:  
At my feet as on a shrine  
Love has laid its gifts divine."  
"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet  
With their sweetness came regret,  
And a sense of unpaid debt."  
"Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
Was it vanity or pride  
That a deeper joy denied?"  
"Hands that ope but to receive,  
Empty close; they only live  
Richly who can richly give."  
"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes,  
"Love is sweet in any guise;  
But its best is sacrifice!"  
"He who, giving, does not crave,  
Likewise to him who gave  
Life itself the loved to save."  
"Love that self-forgetful gives  
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
Late or soon its own receives."  
—John Greenleaf Whittier, N. Y. Independent.

## A SINGULAR STORY.

### Marriage, Murder, Desertion and Miraculous Detection.

A Girl in Male Attire Crosses the Ocean to Find Her Father—Success of Her Mission—A Romance in Real Life.

Perhaps the most romantic and startling story of facts that has ever come to light in Iowa was related to your correspondent to-day, and which is certainly unknown to the citizens of Dubuque. My informant is one of the oldest and most influential citizens of this city. In answer to the well-known reporter's query, "What's new?" he said: "I have a long and interesting story to tell you, and you will be the first newspaper man to whom it has ever been told by me." Leaning back in his cushioned chair and placing his heels on an old-fashioned looking desk, he told the following story: Away back in the early days of Dubuque a family, consisting of man and wife and one daughter, came here from St. Louis. Their names will be withheld for the present, but may be given later. The husband and father engaged in the business of a miner, and for a time was quite successful. He was rather shabbily dressed, but showed signs of refinement and education in youth. He was a Frenchman. After a while he lost what little money he had in the mining business, and became almost destitute. Dubuque in those days was a dreary wilderness, built mainly of frame shanties, and populated for the most part by Indians. He, without any prospects of making a living for himself and family, became a wreck, bordering upon insanity, the sequel of which was his being found dangling from a rope in his own room, cold in death, having committed suicide. His poor widow and orphan girl were prostrated with grief; the former fainted at the ghastly sight and remained in a comatose condition for more than two days, at the end of which time preparations were completed for the interment of the supposed dead body. It was even inclosed in a casket, when the startling discovery was made that the person was only in a swoon. It is needless to say that the supposed lifeless form was immediately removed, and such restoratives as were procurable were quickly administered by willing hands. She rapidly recovered, and was soon in her former state of health, but, as I have made known, in a very destitute condition, and how to eke out a living for herself and child added much to her distress. Eventually she obtained a situation as "maid of all work." In addition to this she taught her child how to read, write, etc. Years rolled by and the child grew to be a young lady, earning her own living. Dubuque was at this time rapidly growing. Immigrants poured in from all directions, enlarging Dubuque to quite a village.

Among the new arrivals was a boy who emigrated from Europe at the age of eighteen to seek a livelihood in the great West. He possessed a remarkable ambition to rise in the world. He commenced on a starvation salary, and was afterward employed in a little grocery store, where he soon became a partner in the business. About this time he met and fell in love with the young lady I have just referred to. Though poorly clad she was exceptionally pretty and quite intelligent. This brief acquaintance was only an introduction to a long and clandestine courtship which followed, a description of which is unnecessary. Suffice it to say it did not deviate much from the "rules" in use at the present time. It was of a fourteen months' duration and ended, as the average play does, in a happy marriage, though this happiness, it must be said, was short-lived. Five years swiftly passed—the mother-in-law during this time died—and three bright little children were the fruits of that period of conjugal life. Two were boys and one a girl. When the youngest was only three months old the father became engaged in a quarrel with his partner in business, during which he, unintentionally, it is said, dealt him a blow on the forehead, wounding him in such a manner as to cause his death a few weeks after. He was held for trial for murder—the trial lasting fourteen days—and convicted of manslaughter, and was accordingly sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. This was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, and for a time fears of her becoming insane were entertained, but she braved the billowy sea of grief and soon landed safe on the shores of good health. The imprisoned life was soon changed to a free one, for after a life and death struggle he succeeded in releasing himself from the prison walls. His escape was not detected for several days, and his whereabouts was unknown. A diligent search was kept up for some time, but no trace of him could be found. We will follow him, however. Immediately after his escape he proceeded to New York, where he took passage for Dublin, and arrived there five weeks later, this being the time it took in those days to sail across

the Atlantic. His arrival was greeted warmly by his many friends and relations, as they were completely ignorant of his past career. Communication with his wife and family was necessarily cut off, as such action might possibly lead to his discovery and capture. We next find him employed in an extensive linen factory on Sackville street, holding the responsible position of foreman of the entire establishment. His integrity, ambition of furthering his employer's business interests and honesty in discharge of his duties in that position gained for him the confidence of his employers, and he was soon made general manager of the concern at an enormous salary. The announcement of his marriage to the daughter of the senior member of the firm in question created quite a sensation, as they were, socially speaking, not suited for each other, she being of very high social standing in the metropolis of the great but little island, while on the other hand he was comparatively ignorant and obscure in that respect. This was the primary, if not the principal cause of frequent quarrels thereafter. Time passed, and two children were born to them.

We will now take a trip back to his former, or American, wife and children, from whom he was forced to part several years previous. After his escape from prison the news spread rapidly over the wires that a man answering his description was killed at Lancaster, Pa. This news was received as official by the authorities, although the body had not been identified as the escaped convict. The poor woman also received the news as positive proof of her husband's terrible fate. Herself and family accordingly remained in mourning for over a year for a man who was then alive and who was to be untrue to his devoted wife and children. The expiration of several years of supposed widowed life brought back to light the great mystery and an awful tale.

On a cold December evening a tattered but intelligent looking boy, apparently of sixteen summers, appeared at the door of her residence and politely asked for some potatoes, saying he was on a long, fatiguing journey, and without money. The request was readily granted, and after politely thanking her for her kindness and telling where he was from he took his leave. No more was heard of him or seen of him there.

The summer of 18— witnessed a grand steamboat excursion on the Mississippi from St. Louis. Among the large number aboard was the boy who appeared in Dubuque as an outcast, but who had now grown to respectable manhood under the rays of a Southern sun. As fate would have it, the generous old lady who had befriended him when he was destitute was also aboard, accompanied by her daughter. He immediately recognized her, introduced himself, and an interesting conversation followed, in the course of which a pressing invitation was extended to him to pay them a visit in their Dubuque home. The invitation was accepted and a short time afterward fulfilled. It may, perhaps, seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the names of both parties remained a secret until the day of his visit. Imagine their position and the friendship that arose when the facts became known, and the inquiry which followed may be termed the "key" to the deep mystery existing, the circumstances of which are already known to the reader. The scene following the young man's story of his early life, his parents, etc., beggars description, as it was now settled beyond a particle of doubt that the supposed dead husband and father was no other than the man before alluded to, and what is still more remarkable, the mysterious acquaintance proved to be his son, born to his illegal wife. He said that he left home because of his father's brutal treatment of his mother. A secret correspondence between the wronged woman in Dublin and her son in Dubuque ensued, when for the first time did her terrible position as an illegal wife become known to her. A pen picture of his grief and consternation on receipt of the news of this startling disclosure is beyond the writer's ability; it can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, the meeting of herself and husband was by no means affectionate. The crisis comes at a later stage.

The correspondence was uninterruptedly carried on until the actual situation of all concerned was revealed, and in some unaccountable manner the United States authorities were made cognizant of the fact that an American convict and murderer had been discovered in Dublin. The Secretary of State made a prudent investigation of the case which resulted in establishing the true identity of the man in question, but for some reason or other his arrest was not demanded, consequently we have no more to add to this chapter. During this time his American wife and daughter were sorely afflicted, and in a perplexed state of mind, not knowing whether to recognize the young man as an impostor, or endeavor to obtain the real facts in the case. They chose the latter, and at once dispatched a letter to the address given by the informant, but no answer came. A second and a third was written with the same result. Many long and anxious days and sleepless nights were passed in vain.

Now that all efforts to communicate with him by letter were of no avail, another plan was concocted to carry out their purpose. The mother was growing old and feeble and unable to undergo the hardship and fatigue incident to a sea voyage, this being the only medium through which the proof of the young man's story could be ascertained. Not to be baffled, the daughter, who was only in her teens, made the sensational assertion that she would dispense with petticoats and don the pantaloons. This was accomplished, and she at once set out on her long and perilous journey, leaving the feeble mother to take care of herself, the other two children having died in the meantime. As she presented more of a masculine than feminine appearance her plan was very successful, but she ventured no familiarity with any of her "fellow men," although she dined and made her toilet in the same rooms as those occupied by the other male passengers. After a long and tedious voyage she arrived in the beautiful and home-like city of Dublin. Her next exploit was to endeavor to procure employment at the establishment where

her father was supposed to be employed. To this end many shrewd and ingenious inquiries were made relative to the firm. The desired information being obtained, she at once appeared at the office, wearing male attire. Her application for a clerkship was made to an intelligent-looking gentleman, apparently thirty-five years old, who politely informed her that a good recommendation would be necessary before she could be employed, and adding that if such could be obtained he would be most happy to employ her. She departed discouraged and down-hearted, knowing that the required document could not be had in a strange city. She wandered several days about the streets and suburbs, and at last was inspired with a hopeful thought, and called upon a clergyman, to whom she told the entire story of her experience, etc., since leaving Dubuque. After due hesitation, he gave her a letter of recommendation. Returning with this, she was at once employed and worked faithfully for several weeks before she gained sight of her father. The meeting was an affecting one. She ran to him, threw herself at his feet, and cried out: "O, father! father! I'm your daughter and came from America to look for you." The scene will never be forgotten by the few who chanced to be present. A great sensation followed; the entire press of Dublin devoting several columns each day to comment and criticism on the male-female clerk. The illegal wife was now beyond all doubt as to her position, and immediately applied for a divorce, which was granted after considerable difficulty. The three children who were the fruits of their married life were claimed by her and granted by the court with the exception of the boy, who immigrated to America, who was given to the father. The glad tidings of the finding of the father were immediately dispatched to her mother in Dubuque, and for the first time in almost a quarter of a century, communication was opened between the legal husband and wife, which resulted in her emigration to the city of Dublin, where a few years of happy life were spent, when she died, and was shortly after followed to the shores of the unknown beyond by our hero. At the time of his death he was immensely rich, and willed a handsome fortune to our little heroine (his daughter), also half of his entire estate to his son who was the means of bringing about the happy end. But to the son's loss, he has never been heard of since. Should he be in existence still this little communication we hope will be the agent to establish some clue to his whereabouts, and convey to him the news of his good luck.

Of the wronged woman and her two daughters we have nothing to tell, for the reason that their lives from the time of our last sight of them here are entirely unknown to our informant, and as to the heroine, she is living that happiest life of woman, "an old maid," and attributes this happiness to the pantaloons.—Dubuque Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

## DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Ladies' Switches, Buttons and Glue Made Out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South Side street corner, where a horse with a broken leg had been shot. As the owner stood ruefully surveying his loss a fat, dark complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly:

"Say, mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"

The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd, and remarked:

"The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can have it, but I'm blessed if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drop out it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it raw to one of the tanneries. It will then go to some boot and shoe firm, who will proceed to make it up into shoes. The leather, being soft and waterproof, makes up nicely and commands a fancy price."

"Shoes made of cordovan, as the leather is called, are considered the proper thing by swells and sell well. The tail, when it is long and bushy, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the tail and tack the skin onto a handle, and there we have it, all ready for use as soon as it gets dry."

"But, what do you do with the remainder of the body—the bones and flesh?"

"O, they come in handy. I raise lots of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were to buy beef for them it would cost me a small fortune. When I get or buy dead horses I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it don't cost me much."

"The hoofs I sell to some glue factory, where they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizers. Ground bone is the stuff to spread on your garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons, large and small, out of bones. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made from horse bones than anything else in that line."

"Now, if you want any meat for your cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the former possessor of the horse did not seem to relish the idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh, and declined the offer with thanks.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A New Orleans minister recently married a colored couple, and at the conclusion unnecessarily remarked: "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." The indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied: "On such an occasion as this it is customary to give the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."—N. O. Times.

## BIG PROFITS.

What the Grocery Keepers in the New York Tenement House Region Make Out of Their Patrons.

The corner groceryman in tenement house districts charges the highest prices for the necessities of life, and reaps therefrom the greatest profit. Bread, butter, coal, tea, coffee, potatoes, and the like—on all these he makes a profit of 100 or 150 per cent. The continual mortgage on the poor man's salary at the close of the week by the claims of the grocer, the uncompromising refusal to take a cent less than the amount shown on the pass-book, the threat to sell him out if he won't pay, the necessity of feeding his wife and children—all combine to make hundreds of honest and hard-working men subject to the leeches who cling to their purses and grow fat and sleek. The cost of living to a poor man is considerably greater, in proportion, than that incurred by the richest railway magnate in the country. He is taxed for everything. When the Government reduces the taxes on tea or coffee the consumer derives no advantage. The price of the adulterated article is the same as that of the unadulterated. The extremely poor man may theoretically be the child of the State, and his interests as carefully conserved as those of the East India Company, but in reality he is allowed to shift for himself and to defend himself from all the enemies that his paltry income of two dollars or three dollars a day raises up against him.

Good potatoes can be bought at the market for \$1.80 a barrel. They are not the highly cultivated vegetable—the Early Rose or such varieties—but they are big, wholesome potatoes that contain fully as much nutriment as the more expensive kinds. The price charged at the corner grocery for a small measure of ordinary potatoes is ten cents. As not a few of the measures are arranged with false bottoms, there is sometimes five of them to the peck. But allowing that the men are honest enough to give fair measure, the cost of a peck is forty cents, or \$1.60 a bushel, and \$6.40 a barrel. This method of selling potatoes enables the grocer to obtain a profit of 225 per cent. on a single barrel of potatoes. The profit when the question of credit arises is considerably larger. Then the customer is required to pay fifteen cents a small measure, sixty cents a peck, \$2.40 a bushel and \$9.60 a barrel, or a modest gain to the dealer of 500 per cent. Corner grocerymen say that they would rather sell a barrel of potatoes than a ton of coal, notwithstanding the fact that they make 150 per cent on the latter commodity. When false measurements are reckoned, the enormous profit on a single barrel of potatoes will become nearly double. The grocer in these stores does not deliver articles that are purchased. The cost of help is reduced to the minimum, and almost the only thing that eat into a corner-groceryman's profits are the expenses of supporting his own family. Although it is a criminal offense to defraud persons by means of weights and measures of false quantities, the inspectors usually either wink at the violations of the law or are believed to be satisfied with a little present now and then.

Coffee is capable of more adulteration than perhaps any other article of domestic consumption, without the fraud becoming manifest. With this fact in view the groceryman uses the facilities for cheating to their full extent and reaps the consequent profits. Lower grades of coffee only are sold in the low groceries. Mocha and Java seldom find their way among the very poor, simply because they cost too much. To adulterate ground coffee, powdered roast bark is used in combination with the well-known chicory. To increase the quantity of the bean coffee a small edible bean is roasted and mixed. It is so like the coffee-bean in size, shape and color that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. An enterprising Jerseyman managed to invent a machine to turn out coffee beans in black walnut and stained pine woods, and these also are used to adulterate the better quality of coffee. Brazilian coffee is generally used by the cheap grocers. It comes in prettily plaited bags in quantities of seventy-six pounds. A bag costs \$7.60, or ten cents a pound for large quantities. By judicious adulteration of one-fifth of a pound of wooden bean, the price is lowered two cents, and makes the coffee, as sold, cost eight cents a pound. For cash this quality of coffee is sold for twenty cents a half pound or thirty-five cents a whole pound. At this rate a bag of coffee that originally cost \$7.60 would sell for \$36.40, or at a profit of about 300 per cent. As the price of coffee is raised ten cents a pound when sold on credit, a half pound would cost twenty-five cents and a bag would be sold for thirty-eight dollars, leaving a profit of \$30.40 on seventy-six pounds of Brazilian coffee. The profuse use of the bean in adulteration is extremely injurious, and causes sleeplessness. The adulterations of coffee are much more flagrant than the use of glucose in sugar or oleomargarine in butter, and yet the Government has taken no measures to suppress it by law. In consequence, the person who is not able to go to an importer and pay twenty-five dollars for a bag of Mocha is in considerable danger of drinking walnut infusion instead of honest coffee.

It is only the poorest persons who are anxious to secure credit. The American workman is nothing if not independent. So long as he pays cash on the nail he will do so with a promptness that might be emulated by more favored persons. It is his wife, usually, who runs him into debt and makes him adopt the credit system willingly. It is distasteful to him at first. Then he begins to see that once in he can not get out of the meshes that the corner groceryman has spread for him, and he makes a noble effort to break loose. He struggles, but in vain, and ever afterward is the slave of a remorseless master. When he wants to buy tea and enjoy a quiet cup now and then, instead of going to the importer and paying \$5 or \$6 for a chest—enough to last him a year—he goes to the corner groceryman. A chest of Formosa tea of the lower grade weighs fifty-six pounds, and costs the grocer ten cents a pound. He charges thirty cents a half-pound where

cash is paid, and forty cents where credit is requested. At this rate a chest which cost him just \$5.60 to open in his own store brings him in a profit of \$28, as he can sell the fifty-six pounds for \$33.60. If he sells the chest on credit, as is almost invariably the case, he obtains a return of \$44.80 on his investment of \$5.60, a profit of \$39.20. But the groceryman is not satisfied with this profit of 700 per cent. He goes to work and adulterates the already poor tea and serves up a decoction that might make a well-constipated cat wince. By this method he increases his profit one-quarter as much again, and after exhausting the resources of his trade, makes a \$5 chest of tea pay him about \$55, or a profit of about 1,000 per cent. And with all this he hangs over his miserable customer's head the fear of having his home sold to the highest bidder.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## FASHIONABLE CRUELTY.

Slaughter of Birds for Ladies' Hats—What Mr. Bergh Thinks of It.

Walking up Broadway one fine afternoon lately, a Tribune reporter noticed an unusually large display of plamage on ladies' hats. He saw the wings, plumes, heads, and bills of red birds, yellow birds, robins and humming-birds, and almost every variety of the feathered songster known, doing duty in adorning the headwear and trimmings of the enthusiastic devotees of fashion. In many instances the birds that looked so pretty on these jaunty hats were complete, and the stuffed songster looked as gay as in life. In the windows of a millinery store, frequented mainly by wealthy ladies of fashion, the reporter saw many hats thus decorated. With a hesitating step he went in, and was met by a stout dame, who wore an elaborate dress dotted with dead fireflies. In life these fireflies had undergone a squeezing process, which caused the phosphorus in them to exude, and has the effect of making a brilliant costume.

The store-keeper informed the reporter that the fireflies are imported from warm countries, mainly the Indies, where they are prepared for market. She had them for sale. One of the large counters was almost entirely covered with stuffed birds and various parts of birds, ready to be placed on hats and trimmings, as the fancy or taste of the wearer might suggest.

"Are you not afraid of being arrested for cruelty?" asked the reporter.

"No, indeed! We import them," replied the woman, looking the reporter out of countenance. "They would not arrest a woman?" she asked, or rather stated, in the most assuring manner.

The reporter called on President Bergh, who said: "I have noticed lately that this cruel onslaught is increasing. There is a greater display of these little tortured creatures than ever before. I notice it in the fashionable stores in upper Broadway, in cheap Sixth Avenue, and down in Eighth Avenue. This wanton slaughter, flaying birds alive and tearing feathers from their quivering bodies is the most barbarous cruelty that can be practiced. It is an insult to the civilization which we boast. The savages can do no more than that. If he does take a few feathers from a fowl it is the pride of a warrior that prompts him, not a merciless vanity, and he is therefore more excusable than our more cultivated and refined people. The feathers are plucked from these living birds, and their limbs are torn from them while in the agonies of death, under the impression that if the feathers are cured while the blood is warm they have a fresher and more lasting tint."

"They may import a few," continued Mr. Bergh, "but the demand for birds has become so great of late that the Jersey farmers are now trapping pigeons and raising squabs for this market, to be sacrificed to cruel fashion's whims. The squabs are killed when only a few weeks old and their plumage is fresh and bright. A stuffed squab sometimes looks more cunning on a hat than a full-fledged pigeon. Stuffed squirrels are also largely used. What is more ridiculous and yet suggestive of insatiable vanity than to see a couple of squirrels on a woman's hat? These squirrels are brought over from Jersey and the Long Island bogs by boys who sell them at fifteen or twenty cents each. The young squirrels are generally selected for this bloody sacrifice because of their more desirable size. Cats were formerly used, but there was so much trouble in cutting their skins down to the proper size that kittens have been substituted.

"It seems that nothing—not even the most defenseless and prettiest of God's creatures—the birds of the air, can escape the merciless hands of fashion's slaves. Fashion has such an unlimited power that our women are not only deaf to mercy, but ruin their own health and sacrifice their lives in following its arbitrary decrees. A few years ago England, and even India, took steps to prevent the slaughter of birds. But America has done practically nothing."

"If the wealthy ladies of fashion of this city should set the fashion by discontinuing this cruel practice, a great deal could be accomplished. If the leaders of society would cease using ornaments that were obtained only through cruelty, there would soon be no demand for them. The prevention of this slaughter rests with the leaders of fashion more than with this society, for the work is done so secretly that we can not trace the doers to their butcher-shops or get even the slightest evidence. We only see the results of their cruelty. So popular has this cruelty of plucking live animals become that live geese are picked under the impression that the feathers make a better bed than if they were plucked after the goose was killed."—N. Y. Tribune.

Farmer Jones borrowed Smith's wheelbarrow. He loaned the wheelbarrow to Brown on condition that Brown would lend him his plow. He loaned the plow to Robinson on condition that Robinson would lend him his horse. By this time Jones didn't well know which belonged to whom, so he sold the horse and pocketed the money. This is a profitable business. It is called rehypothecation.—The Judge.

The annual product of maple sugar in the United States reaches forty million pounds.

## FASHIONS IN SKATES.

The Ancient and the Modern Styles—Winter's Glorious Sport—The Means for Enjoying It Open to the Million.

Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: "I'll hie me to my sweetheart's gate, and beg her to come out and skate, before the ice is water." If such a man exists, it is altogether probable that he never experienced the mingled bliss and suffering of boyhood, but arrived at his present soulless state at one miserable bound. To the American boy, small and big, and the American girl also, the joys of winter are boundless, but to none of them is attached the deep importance accorded to the privilege which combines a glorious winter day, a frozen surface, smooth as glass, and a pair of skates with edge so keen that the flying figure's pathway is defined in clear-cut, graceful curves, that tell of the perfect bond of sympathy existing between the skater and his steels.

Time was when the "poetry of motion" wasn't a harbinger of the miseries of frozen toes and benumbed fingers. The ancients who indulged in the pastime were satisfied to propel themselves over the frozen face of nature on pieces of hard-filtered wood or of bone. Gradually these primitive skates gave place to others more nearly approaching, in principle at least, the perfect skate of the present day. But the art of skating as practiced to-day as well as the skate now in general use, belongs to the present generation. Iron and steel have forced their more clumsy wooden competitors from the field, and no "city-bred" youth will betake himself to any of the ponds in Central Park nowadays unless he can afford to attempt the "grapevine" on a pair of skates that would blush at the sight of a leather strap. Yet the old strap skates were held in high esteem not so many years ago, and feats of endurance performed on them still stand as a record in the unwritten annals of the sport.

Twenty-five years ago the "swell" skate was of German make and was called the "Dutch turn-over." The steel-runner tempered in front in a series of curves, one within the other, the end of the final twist being decorated with a brass ball. The runner was grooved; the foot-plate was of wood. There were various modifications of this skate, all more or less alike. All were fastened with straps, and those who used them no doubt still recollect the agonies suffered in attaching them to the feet on a bitter cold day. For traveling long distances, years ago, and also for fast skating, the skate generally used was known as the "long reach." The name is descriptive. The runner, from a foot to eighteen inches in length, was quite shallow. The top was of wood and lightly constructed. The wooden-rocker has seen its day, as have all wooden-topped skates. According to dealers, it is still in favor in rural districts, but only in regions which are decidedly "country." The market contains nothing new in skates this year, but the most fastidious taste can easily be suited from the immense variety which the market affords.

Wooden-topped skates, furnished with straps, can be purchased for from 90 cents to \$1.75. Few more expensive than these are made, except for special orders. Those who prefer a low-priced skate, mini-wood, can be accommodated for 60 cents. These, however, are furnished with a toe-strap. A skate devoid of wood and straps can be bought for \$1.25. The "steel" of which this skate is popularly supposed to be made is a fair quality of iron. Women's wooden-topped skates, of comfortable make, can be bought for from \$1.25 to \$3.75 per pair.

## MR. PARKHURST'S DILEMMA.

The Unfortunate Predicament in Which He Found Himself on a Recent Sunday Morning.

The neighbors of Maurice J. Parkhurst, of North Eighteenth street, advised him when he put a flag-staff on top of his house, in order to celebrate Governor Cleveland's election, that his idea of having a gilt ball in the middle of the pole was absurd. Mr. Parkhurst thought that he knew better, however, and so ran his halliards up through the ball and floated the standard of Democracy from the top. He swore, moreover, that the flag should always fly from his roof during the incumbency of his party. The wind of Saturday night interfered with this plan, and yesterday morning found Mr. Parkhurst's banner flat on the slates. Its owner, while eating his breakfast, told his wife that it should be up again before he went to church, and that he had climbed trees when he was a boy. Accordingly, he repaired to the roof, and, finding that the rope was broken, proceeded to shin up the pole. He found no difficulty in getting to the top, and, having fixed the rope, started back.

The location of the gilt ball interrupted Mr. Parkhurst's down-trip. After he had let his legs go below the ball he found that its protruberance was so great as to prevent his closing them about the pole beneath. Mrs. Parkhurst, who had been admiring her husband from the settle, screamed as she saw his dilemma. He climbed back to the top of the ball and took in the situation. Along Columbia avenue, near which Mr. Parkhurst lives, people began to go to church. Mr. Parkhurst tried again, but found that the circumference of the ball and the length of his legs retained their original relations. Meantime his wife ran for the neighbors. When they came they saw the obvious impossibility of either cutting the pole down or getting a ladder long enough to reach the middle of it. Mr. Parkhurst swore. Then a thought occurred to him. "Just catch hold of that halliard and let me down easy," he said. "The pulley's new and I guess it will hold." Two men immediately manned the life-line, and in the manner of a flag Mr. Parkhurst was flung gracefully to the roof. He immediately hauled up his banner, and said yesterday that he would continue to keep it and the gilt ball in their old positions.—Philadelphia Times.

Berlin, Germany, has only fifty churches. Only 20,000 of the million of inhabitants are church-goers.