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B. F. SCHWEIER.

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NO. 15.

## THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one—

And you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;

You would have been surprised to see what I have seen to-day;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on those coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—

But then, they knew I wasn't one they called a millionaire;

So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;

'Twas bootless and uncushioned, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger, with gold and diamonds on him;

They led him to a cushion'd seat far in advance of mine;

I thought it wasn't exactly right to seat him up so near,

When he was young, and I was old, and very hard to bear.

But then there's no account for what some people do;

The finest looking now-a-days off gets the finest pew.

But when we reach the blessed home, all un-  
cushioned and pray.

Watch the don'ts of the Christians sittin' near  
me round about,

Pray that God would make them pure within  
as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon the  
rich and great

I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar  
at the gate;

How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar  
form grew cold.

And angels bore his spirit to the mansion  
built of gold.

## MAUDE AND LENA.

New Year's day; the air clear and  
crisp; the ground covered with a man-  
tle of snow, sleigh-bells ringing out  
their inspiring jingle, and a holiday  
air over all the great metropolises.

In the home of Maude Ingraham, the  
child of the great New York banker,  
the tables were spread with the luxuri-  
ous repast that was to be offered to ex-  
pected callers, the drawing-room frag-  
rant with rare exotics was closed and  
brilliantly lighted, and Mrs. Holt, the  
ex-governess and present companion of  
the motherless girl, was fussing here  
and there before dressing, to be sure  
everything was in order before the  
guests arrived.

There was a shade of sadness upon the  
motherly face of the old lady, and  
more than once she wiped a tear from  
her eyes, murmuring:

"Ten years to-day! Ten years to-day!"

In the room above the drawing room  
Maude Ingraham was sitting in a wide  
arm-chair before an open grate fire, not  
asleep, but none the less lost in love's  
young dream. Upon her slender figure  
was a costly diamond ring, but there  
only the evening previous by Walker  
Dunn, her accepted suitor, and her  
father had promised to present the  
lover to his friends as Maude's future  
husband.

A dress of snowy tulle, lace and  
delicate rose silk was spread upon the  
dressing table ready to adorn the pretty  
blonde, and Finette, her maid, wonder-  
ed in regions below stairs, why Miss  
Maude did not ring the bell to have her  
hair dressed.

In the midst of her musing Maude  
was interrupted by a servant, who an-  
nounced:

"A woman who begs to see you,  
Miss."

"Did she send her name?"

"No, Miss, and she's a beggar, I  
think. She is miserably dressed."

"Let her come up. It is a new year,  
and a good day to help the poor."

The man went down stairs again, and  
in a few moments a woman appeared at  
the door. Though it was dead winter,  
and bitter cold, her dress was shabby,  
patched calico, covered by a miserable

## MAUDE AND LENA.

apology for a shawl, and her bonnet  
was a corner of the same shawl folded  
over her head. She was very pale, very  
thin, a most wretched object.

She stood silent a moment after clos-  
ing the door behind her, and Maude  
looked at her with puzzled eyes, 'till  
slowly a tender smile came upon the  
pallid face.

Then, with a great cry, Maude rushed  
forward, and gathered the slender, wa-  
sted figure in a close embrace, raining  
kisses upon her lips and cheeks, sob-  
bing over and over:

"Oh, Lena! Lena!"

"When her first burst of joyful wel-  
come was over, she drew her visitor to  
the fire, gently placed her in the deep  
arm-chair, and knelt beside her, strok-  
ing the white cheeks with loving touch.

"Are you so glad I come, Maude?"

The question was asked with a wist-  
ful love, and eyes full of deep happi-  
ness.

"Glad? I can never tell you how  
glad!"

"And my father? Does my father  
ever speak of me?"

Maude's face saddened instantly.

"I see," said Lena, softly. "But I  
came to make one last plea for forgive-  
ness, Maude."

As if to answer her words there was  
a tap at the door, and a voice asked:

"Yes, father," said Maude, springing  
up to open the door.

Mr. Ingraham entered the room with  
a smile upon his lips. But in a moment  
it vanished as his eyes fell upon the  
white face resting against the arm-  
chair. There was no glad recognition,  
as he asked, coldly:

"What is that woman doing here?"

"Oh! father, do not—Oh! do not  
speak so!" Maude sobbed, taking both  
his hands in her own. "See how pale  
and ill she looks! She has come for  
forgiveness—for a place in her home.  
Oh! for my sake, forgive her!"

And the stranger in her own home  
spoke no word, watching father and  
sister with eager eyes.

"For your sake," repeated Mr. In-  
graham. "It is for your sake I will send  
her away. You were but a child, Maude  
when she left us. You did not under-  
stand the disgrace she brought upon  
her father's house."

"But now—" Maude would have  
pleaded.

"Listen," said her father, in a cold,  
stern voice, with his eyes as full of  
pain as they were of anger. "Ten  
years ago to-day, New Year's day,  
Helena Ingraham eloped from her  
father's house with a man she had  
been forbidden to see or to know—a man  
her father knew for a gambler and a  
scoundrel. Is this not true, Helena?"

"It is true," was the quiet reply.

## A COOKING-LESSON.

In this manner a cooking lesson is  
given in New York. When the cook  
appears, exactly at two o'clock, the gen-  
erality of ladies present prepare with  
pencil and paper to take down her  
words, and make note of her actions,  
and an accidental glance I got at the  
notes of a lady who sits next me makes  
me smile at this amateur reporting.

Every casual remark of the cook is  
hastily scribbled down, and matters of  
import and no import jostle each other  
so confusingly that one cannot but  
wonder whether the hurried scribbles  
can ever after be deciphered.

The cook is an honest-looking English-  
woman, middle-aged, wearing a com-  
fortable, dark, marino dress, entirely  
without ornament, a large, white apron  
with bib, white sleeve-covers extending  
over her elbows and held there by  
elastic bands, and a neat lace cap. Al-  
though she occasionally drops an "h"  
and makes a lapse in grammar, she ex-  
pounds her proceedings clearly and  
with very little superfluous loquacity.

She is "quite explicit," too, for when  
an ounce of butter is required she says,  
"You take an ounce of butter," and  
then she herself proceeds to take it and  
weigh it in her brightly-scoured scales.

She has also cans of varying sizes  
in which she measures off the exact  
quantity of milk, broth, or water, requir-  
ed. One of her convenient implements is a  
"frying-basket"—a sort of saucapane of  
wire in which she places things that are  
to be fried and browned, then plunges  
the frying-basket in an iron saucepan  
containing boiling lard.

Of invaluable service, also, are four  
large porcelain basins, which stand near  
her, marked with the monogram of  
the school. In these she washed care-  
fully her various vegetables before  
cooking them; in one, she peeled her  
potatoes and cut off waste portions of  
the cauliflower, etc.; one of them stood  
quite apart, and herein she rinsed her  
hands frequently—the scullery-maid  
changing the water for her more than  
once in the course of the lesson.

A clean towel lay by this basin; no soap  
was used. As the lesson progressed,  
questions were asked her by different  
ladies in the audience, and her explana-  
tions in response furnish much valu-  
able information, not only in regard to  
the particular article in hand, but upon  
the whole matter of cooking.

At the completion of each dish it was  
announced among the audience to be  
tasted, and I can truthfully say that every  
vegetable treated was fit to issue from  
the kitchen of the most celebrated Paris-  
ian restaurant, and culinary practice  
can go no higher.

At precisely four o'clock the lesson  
terminated, and every vegetable remain-  
ing in the list on the blackboard was  
standing in battle-array, as pretty as a  
picture, on the long counter in front of  
the cook. To be sure, the *saucapane* pro-  
vided were rather *hors de combat*, for I  
believe everybody in the audience had  
tasted of them—and luscious, indeed,  
they were. But the cauliflower and  
the sea-kale were respected; the "rib-  
bons and chips," (a sort of Saratoga  
fried potatoes, the ribbons being long  
peelings like an apple-parer, and the  
chips, and the chips, the remaining  
shavings, and the money from their  
pockets; and then, entering the carriage,  
which stood so thickly as to almost  
block the roadway outside, they gene-  
rally made off with their booty. I cast  
a longing eye on the potato croquettes,  
those being so temptingly browned and  
so convenient to transport in a paper  
bag; but, alas! a venerable lady, with  
silvery curls and a seal cloak which  
reached to the ground, was too quick  
for me, and had bought the lot and  
handed them to her footman before I  
could say "Croquette!"

Whatever form the sentiment gen-  
erally inspired in Sicily by the brigands  
may assume, the ground of it  
is respect for force, mingled with a  
feeling of dread. Indeed, it sometimes  
happens that if a band is ordered to  
their chief tent or killed, his disbanded  
followers are refused food and shelter  
from the peasants; but none, not even  
a man of social position, will dare  
to utter a word of blame against a  
*Capo-Banda* in power. It often happens,  
indeed, that you will hear persons who  
have every appearance of being honest  
and well educated speak with indul-  
gence and sympathy of the deeds of a  
brigand. It forms part of brigand poli-  
tics to win the support of the poorer  
classes by doing now and then some  
generous action. The legend of the brig-  
and benefactor is handed down from  
generation to generation, and no *Capo-  
Banda* of any worth fails to avail him-  
self of some occasion to give a dowry  
to some poor girl, to pay the debts of some  
peasant, or publicly to reproach one of  
his followers for having waylaid a poor  
muleteer, and to condemn him to re-  
store the plunder. This is explained  
in part the peculiar power of the brig-  
ands, and how a *Capo-Banda* in the  
territory where dominates is the recog-  
nized authority, and plays the part and  
performs the offices of a regularly con-  
stituted Government. It is, in short,  
no exaggeration to say that the rela-  
tions of a *Capo-Banda* with the persons  
on whom he levies taxes are as regular  
and peaceable as those of a government  
at tax-gatherer—even more so. When  
sent to ask the land-owners for pro-  
duce or for money, he often makes  
known his demands in the most court-  
eous terms, and the land-owners in  
equally courteous forms respond to  
them. Thefts, ransoms, and appropri-  
ations in the form of common crimes are

## THE THRESHING FLOOR IN SPAIN.

The threshing-floor era has again  
come into use in Spain. It is an insti-  
tution of ancient times. A circle some  
thirty feet in diameter is drawn by the  
primitive means of a stick and string,  
and the circumference bordered with  
good stones. Over the interior area,  
first well broken up by a pick, clay is  
licked spread and leveled, and water is  
then beaten smooth by heavy mallets  
and then dry in the sun. These floors  
which are often the scenes of great fe-  
stivity, of moonlight dances and quiet  
hours of chat after the day's work is done  
and the tired workmen throw themselves  
on the filled up sheaves to smoke  
their cigarettes, present also at the time  
of the wheat threshing as characteristic  
scenes as any, perhaps, to be witnessed  
among these primitive husbandmen.

The sight of witnessing the threshing is  
one novel and pleasant to behold.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has be-  
come a Governor of Christ's Hospital,  
being the first lady Governor in 400  
years.

## HARRY OF THE WEST.

There were residing at Ashland, the  
residence of Mr. Clay, near Lexington,  
in 1843 and '44 three of his grandsons  
and myself, attending the classes of  
Transylvania University. During the  
fall of '42 Nicholas Longworth, of Cin-  
cinnati, sent to Mr. Clay five gallon  
demijohn of wine, sealed with ordinary  
wax, and stamped with a letter "L,"  
that had the appearance of having been  
cut from a piece of rough wood. Charles,  
Mr. Clay's confidential colored servant,  
was requested to place the demijohn in  
a secure place in the cellar. Mr. Clay  
gave us the privilege, after finishing our  
class studies each night, of going to the  
cellar for what applies and cider we  
wished. On one occasion Henry Duralde  
one of the mess, proposed to me instead  
of filling the pitcher with cider to tap  
the demijohn of native American wine.

We did so, and continued to do so night  
after night, as we preferred it to cider,  
until it was empty.

A consultation was held, and an unan-  
imous opinion expressed that something  
must be done, and that without delay.

We brought into our confidence the old  
Gardener, Mike, at 11 o'clock at  
night, and snuck six inches on the ground  
which resulted in his assisting us, in  
consideration of a quarter of a dollar  
cash in hand, in taking the demijohn to  
town some three miles distant, and for  
fifty cents a gallon, get an old dutch-  
man who made a precarious living by  
trading whiskey at night with colored  
persons, to fill up five gallons of the same.

On our return we smeared over some  
sealing-wax; and having a letter L from  
the end of a broom-stick, branded it, and  
placed it once more in the cellar where  
it belonged.

During the fall of 1844, when there  
was every indication that Mr. Clay  
would be elected President, he gave a  
dinner party to Tom Corwin, Charlie  
Morehead, and many of his near friends.  
As usual, at this dinner Mr. Clay had  
his household family, including our-  
selves, present. We sat down to the  
table at 2 o'clock, as was customary at  
that time. After a long and sumptuous  
dinner, during which time many wines  
were discussed, Mr. Clay said: "Gentle-  
men, I have an abiding confidence the  
day will soon come when America will  
produce to be the great wine-producing  
country of the world, and with you,  
permission I will produce a sample of  
the first American wine ever made, from  
my old friend, Nicholas Longworth.  
Charlie, my boy, can you go down in  
the cellar and bring up from the right-  
hand corner that demijohn of wine that  
came from Mr. Longworth?" "Yes,  
sir," "Hold, Charlie; see here. Now  
you do so with very great care. Should  
you shake it the very least bit you will  
spoil it. Now, Charlie, just set it with  
the greatest ease on the floor beside me,  
and I'll take it all right. Now, my good  
boy, take the cork-screw and extract the  
cork, and don't shake it. There, there,  
take it under your arm, easy if you please,  
and just tip it a little all round. Now,  
gentlemen, we will, with your permis-  
sion, drink standing, to the health of  
our friend, Nicholas Longworth, the  
manufacturer of the first native wine  
ever made in America." As the wine  
was touched the lips Mr. Clay looked at  
the boys seated at one corner of the table  
and with that stentorian voice that  
was so peculiar to him when roused,  
cried "Boys!" We slipped from our  
seats, through the side door, and as we  
entered the cedar trees out of sight,  
heard such a shout from the guests as  
we never heard in the mansion at Ash-  
land.

Half a century ago the country Doctor  
was a travelling apothecary. In a dingy  
small black trunk he carried the tooth-  
puller, a lancet or two, and a small  
stock of the druggist's kind of drug-  
store so finally together on the edge of  
each piece, and the two pieces are laid to-  
gether so that the holes correspond. A  
small bolt, called a rivet, having a head  
formed on one end, is heated red hot and  
is then passed through the two holes in  
the plates or bars. The head stops it  
on one side, and the hot and soft point  
projects at the other side. A hammer  
is held against the head of the rivet to  
keep it in place, and with hammers the  
soft point is beaten down till it makes  
a new head by spreading over the edges  
of the hole. The rivet at once cools and  
contracts, and binds the two pieces of  
iron so firmly together that the fibers  
of the most powerful strain can never pull  
them apart. In this simple manner is every  
plate, bar and beam joined together  
throughout the ship.

It seems impossible that mere flat  
plates and angle bars can be so securely  
fastened together without nails or  
screws. Wood may be dovetailed and  
fitted together, and may be bound with  
nails. Iron is simply lapped piece upon  
piece at the edge and sewed together.  
It is treated as a fabric, except that the  
thread that binds the cloth is continuous  
and in the iron sheet each needle hole  
has one piece of thread knotted on each  
side. Suppose two plates or a plate and  
a bar are to be joined, holes of a uniform  
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It was in the summer of 1864, while  
the armies of the United States and  
Confederate States were confronting  
each other on the James, below Rich-  
mond. On a certain day a Federal  
attack, which was thought to be decoy  
was made on the south side of the river.  
We thought we saw evidences of a real  
attack on our side. Occasionally the  
white picket line would open fire. The  
gunboats at Deep Bottom would send  
900 pounds crashing through the timbers  
of the rear of what had been the Libby's  
factory, but was then General Lee's  
headquarters. At about 2 o'clock P. M.  
the artillery opened on our left. A few  
minutes afterward we heard the unmis-  
takable roar of infantry firing. We  
then knew that the lines of battle were  
engaged on our left. The pickets  
opened and kept up a rapid firing in our  
front, the gunboats sending their infer-  
nal machines more frequently. We,  
the Boockbridge Battery, were ordered  
to double quick into position on Libby's  
Hill. On our way up, everything look-  
ed as though we were on the eve of a  
terrible conflict—the roar of artillery  
and infantry, the rapid movement of  
troops into line, and the solemnity that  
seemed to have impregnated the whole  
atmosphere. As we passed the Libby  
house we saw General Lee in the yard.  
He was standing just under a low tree,  
with one arm extended, as if reaching  
for something on the limb. As we got  
nearer to him we could see what he was  
engaged in doing at such a time. A  
little bird, whose mother was just teach-  
ing it to use its wing, had, in its first  
effort, fallen to the ground. His dumb  
mother, regardless of the death and  
carriage that intelligent man was deal-  
ing to his fellow, was uttering pitiful  
cries for her fallen offspring. General  
Lee reached down and picked up this  
little creature, and when we passed was  
in the act of placing it where its mother  
could care for it.

The yield of gold in British Colum-  
bia last year yielded \$1,700,000, and the  
export of coal amounted to 154,032 tons.

## THE STRUCTURE OF AN IRON SHIP.

There are but two forms of iron used  
in shipbuilding, the angle bar and flat  
plate. These plates come from the roll-  
ing mill, and are of every imaginable  
shape and size. The usual size of a  
plate or sheet is a little more than one  
yard wide, and from two to four yards  
long, and three-fourths of an inch thick.  
Out of these two shapes nearly every  
form of modern iron structure may be  
made, be it ship, bridge, dock, or water  
tank. From the wooden patterns of the  
ship have been made the frames, and  
from the model are copied the shape  
and dimensions of each sheet of iron  
that is to cover, as with a skin, the out-  
side of the ship's hull.

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white picket line would open fire. The  
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900 pounds crashing through the timbers  
of the rear of what had been the Libby's  
factory, but was then General Lee's  
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the artillery opened on our left. A few  
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the Boockbridge Battery, were ordered  
to double quick into position on Libby's  
Hill. On our way up, everything look-  
ed as though we were on the eve of a  
terrible conflict—the roar of artillery  
and infantry, the rapid movement of  
troops into line, and the solemnity that  
seemed to have impregnated the whole  
atmosphere. As we passed the Libby  
house we saw General Lee in the yard.  
He was standing just under a low tree,  
with one arm extended, as if reaching  
for something on the limb. As we got  
nearer to him we could see what he was  
engaged in doing at such a time. A  
little bird, whose mother was just teach-  
ing it to use its wing, had, in its first  
effort, fallen to the ground. His dumb  
mother, regardless of the death and  
carriage that intelligent man was deal-  
ing to his fellow, was uttering pitiful  
cries for her fallen offspring. General  
Lee reached down and picked up this  
little creature, and when we passed was  
in the act of placing it where its mother  
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