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NO. 1.

## POETRY.

### MOUNT TABOR.

BY JOHN HAY.

On Tabor's height a glory came,  
And, shrouded in clouds of lambent flame,  
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw  
Christ and the prophets of the law;  
Moses, whose grand and awful face  
Of Sinai's thunder bore the trace,  
And wise Elias, in his eyes  
The shade of Israel's prophecies,  
Stood in that vast mysterious light  
Than Syrian moons more purely bright,  
One on each hand—and high between  
Shone forth the God-like Nazarene.  
They bowed their heads in holy fright,  
No mortal eyes could bear the sight,  
And when they looked again, behold!  
The fiery clouds had backward rolled,  
And borne aloft, in grandeur lonely,  
Nothing was left "save Jesus only."  
Resplendent type of things to be!  
We read its mystery to-day  
With clearer eyes than even they,  
The fisher saints of Galilee.  
We see the Christ stand out between  
The ancient law and faith serene,  
Spirit and letter—but above  
Spirit and letter both was Love:  
Led by the hand of Jacob's God  
Through wastes of old a path was trod  
By which the savage world could move  
Upward through law and faith to love.  
And there in Tabor's harmless flame  
The crowning revelation came.  
The old world knelt in homage dew,  
The prophets near in reverence drew,  
Law ceased its mission to fulfill  
And love was lord on Tabor hill.  
So now, while creeds perplex the mind  
And wranglings load the weary wind,  
When all the air is filled with words  
And texts that ring like clashing swords,  
Still, as for refuge, we may turn  
Where Tabor's shining glories burn—  
The soul of antique Israel gone—  
And nothing left but Christ alone.  
—Schöner.

## MISCELLANY.

### A Case of Absent-Mindedness.

Gustave Planche was poor, as literary geniuses generally are. He submitted to his poverty half through a stolid disinterestedness and half through a carelessness which came from his temperament, treating questions of interest with the disdain of a poet and the simplicity of a child. The editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" tried to clothe and feed him without alarming his pride, but with indifferent success. On several occasions he entered into conspiracies with the hire of Planche's lodgings to steal the critic's worn-out clothes and replace them with new, made after the pattern and color of the old. Planche being absent-minded did not remark the substitution. This absent-mindedness was one of his most striking traits. One day some one remarked a black stain on his trousers, and spoke to him of it, adding that it was the more conspicuous being on gray. "What gray?" asked Planche. "My breeches are brown." "What, do you call that brown?" The critic looked down at the article in question, and saw that it was indubitably gray. "Yet I would have sworn that it was brown," said the wearer. He evidently thought of a garment he had worn in time past.

In his wanderings he sometimes did not return to his lodgings for two or three days at a time, when the landlord took advantage of these absences to rent his room for a night or two. Two or three times Planche returned unexpectedly, when the landlord persuaded him that he occupied another room than his own. At first Planche, on these occasions, thought there was some mistake, but when the man of the house repeated with an air of conviction that the room into which he was ushered belonged to him, and pointed to his books and papers for which he had a quick memory, he allowed himself to be persuaded.

Through love of isolation or the fear of being assisted, he kept his address secret. For a long time even the editor of his magazine, M. Buloz, did not know it, and only discovered it by accident. He saw him in a little hat shop having his red dress hat, in *extremis*, put under the iron, and drew near an overheard the address. It is hardly necessary to say that a new hat found its way to his lodgings, and that he did not note the difference between it and the old one.—*The Galaxy for February.*

### A Famous Painter at Work.

A Paris correspondent of *The Academy* writes an entertaining letter concerning Charles Durand and his manner of painting. When sketching for his picture of "David" which represented a nude figure of a young girl standing in a meadow, he had a cage built entirely of glass, about thirteen feet square, in the park under the trees, in which his model could undress without fear of catching cold, while he could see the human flesh in full light and in its exact relations of color with the leaves of the trees, the verdure of the grass-plots, and the flowers of the borders. The correspondent describes Durand as "an agreeable man with a fine tenor voice. He stops short in the midst of his work as soon as he feels tired, takes a guitar, and hums Spanish airs, accompanying himself in a style that would bring to the balcony all the pretty girls in Granada or Seville."

Professor Hind, the astronomer, suggests in *Nature* for December 27, the chance of seeing Encke's comet with the large telescopes in English observatories. Its least distance from the sun will be attained at midnight on the 11th of April next.

## THE ROUNDWOOD GHOST.

At last I had an habitation of my own, an imposing red-brick structure, roomy enough to furnish homes for a full score of demure little mortals like myself.

"You will lose yourself in this great barn of a house, Madelon," said Aunt Jerusha, who had accompanied me to Roundwood to be the ruling divinity of the *menage*.

"It would not be much of a loss to the world in general if I should."

"Humph! I have no predilections for mistletoe boughs and old oak chests. I want no such skeletons rising up to murder my rest."

"Trouble comes fast enough without borrowing it."

"At any rate, I've spoken my mind, and not without reason. It is doubtful if you have heard all that I have concerning your new possessions."

Aunt Jerusha looked so solemn that I quickly asked:

"What have you heard?"

"Roundwood has a ghost. You needn't laugh—it may prove to be no laughing matter. I got the story from the servants. Not a soul of them but is convinced the house is haunted."

"Tell me what they say."

"It is really quite dreadful, Madelon. They declare that Madam Belgrave can't rest quietly in her grave, but comes back to her old room night after night, and walks the floor until morning."

"Has anybody seen her?"

"No; but all of them have heard her pacing up and down the apartment."

"Humph. The ghost must be laid. I don't like the idea of being disturbed at all hours of the night by any such unfeeling people."

"Nor I," dryly. "But who will do it?"

"I will," was my answer, as I caught a sunbonnet from the wall, and darted out into the garden to escape Aunt Jerusha's solemn visage while I ruminated upon the ways and means.

However, the prim, old fashioned garden, with its quaint angular walks, and funny little beds, from which the flowers lifted bright and smiling faces, as if in welcome, soon drove all thoughts of the ghost from my head.

I wandered up and down the box-bordered paths, peeping into grape arbors, and summer-houses, inhaling the balsamic odors in the air, and hugging to myself the delicious sense of possession until I grew quite jubilant. Of all my pleasures, that of proprietorship was the keenest just then. And why, indeed, shouldn't a nice brick house, with available grounds be a "joy ever."

I had reached the lower portion of the grounds, and was looking around upon my domain with quite the air of *une grande princesse*, when my gaze suddenly encountered a free and easy figure leaning over the wicket in the hedge-row. Startling at the vision, I rubbed my eyes, looked a second time, and exclaimed, involuntarily: "Lawrence Belgrave!"

The figure lifted its hat and smiled a cheerful good morning.

"I am no spirit, Miss Lane. Do, pray, try to look a trifle less startled and dismayed."

My emotion was quite pardonable—and for his reason; to this man I stood in the light of a usurper—I had cheated him out of his inheritance. He had been nearer related to Madame Belgrave—in fact, a sort of protegee of hers, whom she brought up with the understanding that he was to inherit her coupon bonds and bank stock some day. But, twelve months prior to this time, there had been a violent quarrel between the old lady and Lawrence, he had left Roundwood in high dudgeon, and, to retaliate, Madame Belgrave had made a will, leaving all her property to me.

The quarrel was never made up, and Madame died very suddenly in a fit, which found her incapable of expressing any last wishes she might have had, so the will in my favor was the one produced at the funeral, and I found myself suddenly transformed from a country schoolma'am with one decent silk and two merinos, to a very rich woman with the means to supply her wardrobe indefinitely.

So you will comprehend that if I felt somewhat dismayed on seeing that vision at the gate, I had abundant cause for it. However, I mustered up courage, and went and shook hands with him quite cordially.

"You did give me quite a start, Mr. Belgrave, and I might as well plead guilty to it."

"I am sorry." Then he stood looking at me curiously a moment. "I suppose that I ought to congratulate you, Miss Lane, on your recent good fortune. Shall I?"

"If you can do so sincerely—not otherwise."

He laughed. "Then I'll keep my breath for other purposes."

"Shall you ever forgive me for having supplanted you?"

"I don't know, my great expectations have turned out nearly as delusive as those of poor Pip. I ought to hate you, Miss Lane, but I don't—quite."

"Thanks for the margin that saves me from utter condemnation."

"I can't help thinking," he went on, reflectively, "that Madame Belgrave meant to restore me to favor finally, and that only opportunity was lacking. Proud and obstinate as she was, I'm sure she loved me."

"And so, on the strength of that opinion—which may or may not be correct—you expect me to abdicate in your favor?"

"I did not say so." Again his eyes swept my face curiously. "Is it in your heart to be so generous?"

I shook my head.

"Remember, I've tasted the cup of

poverty—and it is bitter to my palate. It seems delightful to be rid of the toil and anxiety attendant on earning one's own living; I don't think I could take up the old burden again."

"I knew you would like lotos-eating."

"Who doesn't, for that matter? Besides it has all the zeal of a new sensation just now. I may tire of it—but that seems impossible."

"Not to me."

"Appropos of this inheritance of mine, I'll tell you what I am willing to do, Mr. Belgrave. I'll share it with you. He opened wide his eyes, as if suspicious his ears had played him false.

"Are you serious?"

"I never was more so."

Ah! conscience has begun to prick you already."

"Not a bit of it."

There was a slight pause, and then he said, with an amused smile: "And so you are anxious Roundwood should have a master as well as a mistress?"

"You know I do not mean that," I returned, blushing and speaking quite angrily. "This inheritance more than meets my luxurious notions—you have a sort of claim upon it—I am quite willing to make over the half to you. Indeed, an idea of that sort has been in my head all along."

"This is Quixotic."

"No, it is making two people happy and comfortable instead of one."

"But I refuse to be made happy and comfortable at your expense. If Madame Belgrave had wished me to share her property, she would have left some document expressing the desire."

"Perhaps there is a will that has not come to light," said I, laughingly.

He gave a quick start, and changed color.

"I can't help thinking so, but is a delusive hope, I fear."

"You are entirely too anxious to consign me to obscurity and school keeping again."

"No, you should never go back to that drudgery, if—"

He stopped suddenly, hesitated a moment, then held out his hand.

"Really, I feel like an intruder here, Miss Lane. I'd better say good morning and leave you, before I am betrayed into any further folly."

He turned abruptly away. "Did you know there was a ghost of Roundwood?" I called after him.

"No," looking back.

"They say Madame Belgrave—a sure indication that she is displeased with something—probably the unjust disposition she made of her wealth."

An expression I utter failed to comprehend floated over his expressive face.

"You have no occasion to be troubled on that score," he answered, and went his way.

I watched him until the windings of the road hid his tall, stalwart figure entirely from view, and then returned to the house in a reflective mood.

"Aunt Jerusha," said I abruptly, "I am going to sleep in the haunted room to-night."

She stared at me utterly aghast.

"You foolish child, you would never dare—"

"Have the room thoroughly aired and made comfortable." I interrupted, in the brusque, decided tone of one who does not wish to enter into any argument. "I shall occupy the apartment to-night, so the least said about a matter the better."

Occupy it I did—at least for a season—taking up the line of march about eleven o'clock.

Aunt Jerusha followed me to the door and there said good-by, with a face as solemn and a tone as lugubrious as though I were about to be hung.

"Scream if you are frightened, Madelon, and we will all hasten to your assistance. I hope you won't be a raving maniac in the morning. I've heard of such things."

"I'd rather be crazy than a fool," was my impatient rejoinder.

Madame Belgrave's room—as we called it—was a large chamber on the second floor. The furniture was quaint and old fashioned, of some dark foreign wood, with immense carved feet that looked very odd and ridiculous to my new fashioned eyes. The walls were of oak, thickly paneled, and over the carved chimney piece was a raised figure typical Heaven only knows of what—with a diminutive shield extended in one hand.

I had barely glanced round at my quarters when something flitted past my head with a whizzing sound, and lighted in the middle of the shield. A quick, half frightened glance at the object in question brought a smile to my lips. It was a bat.

Now I had always a great antipathy to these vampire like creatures; so catching up the poker from the fender, I aimed a deadly blow at the intruder.

The bat escaped unhurt through the open window, being too quick for me; but the poker descended with considerable force on the spot where he should have been. The same instant I heard a sharp, clicking noise, and the shield slid away, revealing to my astonished gaze a small chamber constructed in the massive chimney.

In this novel hiding place lay a pile of papers. Trembling a good deal, I caught up the topmost one and hastily examined it by the aid of the flickering candle. Instantly I knew that my startled conjecture was a shrewd one, and that I now held in my hand Madame Belgrave's true and last will and testament, and Lawrence Belgrave, not I, was the rightful owner of Roundwood!

It was scarcely a pleasant discovery to make. Thoroughly bewildered, I dropped into one of the quaint easy chairs, trying hard to command my wandering senses sufficiently to realize it in all its bearings. My candle

sputtered and went out, presently, but I still sat there quite oblivious to the fact, thinking only of my loneliness and the treadmill of poverty to which I must return. At last I was aroused by a rustling sound, and a muffled step on the balcony without. With a sudden thrill of horror I beheld a dark figure rise up before the window, and slide noiselessly over the sill. The next instant a dark lantern flashed its light over the room. I started to my feet with a shriek of uncontrollable terror; in an attempt to rush to the door, my limbs failed utterly, and I crouched pale and panting against the wall.

"Miss Lane! you here!" said a voice; and the man put down the lantern and came toward me. "I beg a thousand pardons for giving you such a start."

It was Lawrence. I rose up again, thoroughly ashamed of myself for having manifested such extreme terror.

"My emotion was excusable," said I with all the old sauciness, for I had grown bold as a lion again, now there was no real horror to confront. "I did not expect to see you at Roundwood to-night—hence my surprise."

"The fact is," he replied, manifesting considerable confusion, "I have come here every night for two weeks back, hunting for Madame Belgrave's will. Lawyer Green has told me she destroyed it afterward as it has not come to light. I hold to a different opinion. The will was in my favor as you must readily guess, and I believe it is hidden in some place which Madame was prevented from disclosing by the awful suddenness of her death."

"Then you were the ghost?" I gasped.

"I suppose I must have been."

"Well, it is laid for ever."

"You have no further need to haunt this apartment. Here is the missing document for which you have been searching; to-morrow I will abdicate as gracefully as possible, and Richard shall have his own again. And while he stood staring at me, as if quite dumbfounded, I pushed the will into his hand, and made a second effort to gain the door.

This time it was Lawrence who detained me forcibly.

"Don't go, Madelon," he whispered, his arm gathering me to his side.

"Now I can speak my mind freely. I'll not be master here unless you consent to be mistress, for I love you too dearly. What say you?"

I will not repeat my answer. But if Aunt Jerusha had hurried to my rescue—as she declared she would do—a few minutes after I first shrieked for assistance, she would have beheld a tableau that might have given quite a shock to her strict ideas of propriety.

## WEeping After Kissing.

Mr. Punch has derived great amusement lately reading the commentaries of sages of the English press on the following passage:—

"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his head and wept. Gen. xxix, 11."

The following are the different explanations:

"If Rachel was a good looking girl, and kept her face clean, we can see what Jacob cried for."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"How do you know but Rachel slapped his face for kissing her, and he cried in consequence."—*Ladies' Treasury.*

"Weeping is frequently caused by excess of pleasure, joy and over-happiness; perhaps it was so in the case of Jacob."—*Hardwick's Science Gossip.*

"The reason why Jacob wept was Rachel's refusing to let him kiss her the second time."—*Nonconformist.*

"We are of the opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept because the time was lost."—*City Press.*

"The young man wept because the damsel kissed him."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Jacob wept because Rachel encouraged him to kiss her twice more, and he was afraid to do it."—*Methodist Recorder.*

"Jacob wept because Rachel threatened to tell her ma."—*Sunday Gazette.*

"He wept because there was but one Rachel for him to kiss."—*Clarkensell's News.*

"He wept for joy; it was delicious."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

"We believe that Jacob wept because Rachel had been eating onions."—*British Standard.*

"We believe that Jacob wept because he found that kissing was not half so good as it was said to be."—*New Zealand Examiner.*

"A mistake—it was not his eyes but his mouth that watered."—*Ladies' Chronicle.*

"He was a fool, and wept because he did not know what was good for him."—*English Woman's Advertiser.*

"He wept because it was not time to kiss her again."—*Express.*

"Peace, all of you! Is there anything beneath the starry firmament or the golden orb of day, in nature, or in art, equal to the first kiss in sweetness and entrancing felicity? Our word for it there is not; and as Jacob had never kissed a pretty girl before, his first enjoyment of the most delightful pleasure of life fairly overcame him, and he wept for joy and blissful happiness."—*Horsley Hornet.*

## A Romance of Minnesota.

In St. Paul they tell the story of Maggie Flynn. She loved and was loved by a worthy young man, who hoped soon to make her his bride, but slander's envenomed tongue poisoned her reputation and caused her lover to cancel their engagement. She, suffering unjustly from the cruel blow, lost her reason, and would have been carried an incurable patient to the insane asylum had not the employers of her quondam lover investigated the stories affecting her character and ascertained their utter groundlessness. He was traveling, but they ordered him home, told him the good news, and sent him to claim Maggie before she should be sent to the mad-house. She was with the Sheriff, who was about to convey her to her destination, when the young man came into her presence. At night of him, the clouds that lowered on her intellect broke away, and—bridal-veils—not straight-jackets are in order.

## Russian Romance.

Russia has not, it appears, escaped the epidemic of scandal in high life, which seems latterly to have been making a tour of the world. A great trial has just been brought to a close at St. Petersburg which throws much new light upon Russian character and society. Even in these days of enlightenment, it is astonishing how little is known of Russia, its social customs and events, beyond the frontiers of the Czar's territory. The trial of the Abbess Mitrofanina, reveals, especially, a degree of religious fanaticism hardly suspected. Her conviction for a series of forgeries which, for their long duration and impunity and vast extent, can scarcely find a parallel in the records of criminal audacity, has been attended by the unfolding of a tale as startling and sensational as it is unprecedented. The Abbess, it seems, is a lady of patrician blood. The daughter of Baron Rosen, formerly Commander-in-Chief in the Caucasus, her first appearance in public was as a lady of honor to the Empress of Russia. Impressed, probably, with the Czarina's own religious zeal, Baroness Rosen soon resolved to devote her life to the service of the Church. Brilliant, full of energy, enthusiastic in faith, she attracted the attention of the venerable and beloved Charote, Patriarch of Moscow. He induced her to become the abbess of a convent; and soon after she herself, using her influence at the Imperial Court, founded a new order of Sisters of Mercy at Moscow, with branches at St. Petersburg and Pokoff. Into this project she entered with a vigor and persistency which were amazing. Her great need was money; to procure this she employed methods at first cunning, then criminal. An especial favorite at Court, she procured offices and titles for rich and ambitious merchants, who in return contributed liberally to her order. Sometimes she borrowed large sums and refused to return them. Sometimes she coaxed merchants to lend her their names on blank promissory notes, which she filled up at will. She employed such crafty artifices and carried them out with such consummate skill as to stamp her as a woman of remarkable intellect and resolution.

But a time came when artifice could no longer avail her, when she had exhausted her credit with the merchants, and her schemes to secure funds by mere stratagem. In her fanatical zeal the Abbess was drawn into the domain of crime. Hospitals, almshouses, convents, retreats had risen rapidly under her direction; still she could not rest satisfied. Her first criminal act was to forge the bills of a rich lumber merchant to the value of the sum of 22,000 rubles. Then she pitched upon a wealthy lady who, owing to her dissolute habits, had been placed under trustees by her wealthy husband, and induced herself into her confidence, received her in the convent, and extracted from her not only large sums, but signatures to blank promissory notes. Thus the husband soon found bills in circulation against him, signed by his wife, to the amount of 270,000 rubles. The Abbess Mitrofanina became emboldened by success. Her schemes took a more audacious turn than ever. A rich old Skoptsi merchant had been thrown into prison at Moscow, where he died. In no long time a flood of bills purporting to have been signed by him appeared in circulation. They were drawn in favor of the irrepressible Abbess. She stated that the old merchant had given them to her as a payment for her efforts to procure his release from prison. His heirs resisted the bill and declared their suspicion, which speedily took the form of an arrest, indictment and trial. The Abbess conducted her own case with amazing skill and nerve. She examined the witnesses, and proved herself a perfect mistress of the minutest details. But notwithstanding this her friendship and influence with the Czarina and her success in packing the jury with religious zealots, she was brought in guilty on every count. She was sentenced to an exile of three years at Yeriset, and to confinement in Siberia for eleven years thereafter. It would be hard to find so strange a story in the criminal records of any country. It is interesting, however, that Russian justice, once aroused to self-assertion, is inexorable, and bears as heavily on the patrician as on the peasant; and not that not even a cherished familiar of the Palace, and one protected by the priesthood, can violate the Imperial laws with impunity.

## Depth of Quiet People.

Some men draw upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hundred faces you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds and yet you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, serene such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths, close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over and sound deeper, but your line doesn't bring up. What a deep spot that is! You think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever. You never thought of it, but your quiet lake is unfathomable. You are none the less impressed from these facts that it is a quiet lake.—*William Quarterly.*

## VARIETIES.

The art of printing in oil colors was invented 1410.

They have discovered two more Venuses in Rome.

The place for proof-readers: the house of correction.

What animals are always seen at a funeral? Black kids.

When is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

The school-ma'am may not be a mind reader, but she makes readers mind.

The area of the British Empire approximates to 7,709,500 square miles.

In Paris 671 women get their living by serving as models for painters and sculptors.

Somebody says that King Koffee is a wreck. Somebody says that all kings are rex.

Why am de pen dat Sir Walter Scott wrote wid like a ribber in Maine? Cense it am the Pen-ob-sect.

A tariff union of the islands of the Pacific, at the head of which will be Australia and New Zealand, is proposed by the latter colonies.

A recent traveler has discovered that the ladies in the north of China bang their hair, and considering the habits of the people have probably done so for the last thousand years.

Two thousand dollars in gold were lately paid in London for a cup of coffee. "The cup of coffee" was made by Madrage—on his ass. It was a wonderful specimen of the painter's art.

It was a woman—Elizabeth, countess of Thanet—who first petitioned the Irish government for a penny-post. This was 171 years ago. Subsequently for that valuable hint she was awarded a pension of £300 per annum.

Miss Braddon looks like the principal of a girl's school or a spinster aunt. She is tall and rather angular, past forty, wears her dark and gray-streaked hair cut short, and has coarse lines about the mouth and a deep furrow between the eyes.

A rupture has occurred between the first and second kings of Siam, father and son. The latter took refuge in the British Consulate at Bangkok, and disbanded his forces. A British gunboat has left Singapore for Bangkok to protect the British subjects.

Applause in an Italian theatre is not always a sure sign of success. There was a case recently of a composer being called before the curtain twenty-four times on the first performance of his opera. The theatre was closed the next night for lack of patronage.

Electricity is now announced to be an effectual cure for toothache. One Dr. Bouchard, of Paris, states that even when the tooth is greatly decayed a perfect cure is frequently obtained, and temporary relief is almost invariably. Sometimes the application is continued half an hour, although fifteen minutes is usually sufficient.

All who handle money must occasionally get a hold of counterfeit bills, for the Note Printing Bureau at Washington makes the startling admission that seven out of the nine denominations of the national bank notes have been counterfeited. Nor is this the worst yet. It is further asserted that the makers of spurious notes are getting more expert every year.

It has puzzled many people to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for furniture should be called rosewood. Its color certainly does not look like a rose, so we must look for some other reason. Upon asking, we are told that when the tree is first out the fresh wood possesses a very strong, rose-like fragrance, hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees. The varieties are found in South America and the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten in length can be cut from one of them. These board planks are principally used to make the tops of pianofortes. When growing in the forest, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty, but such is its value in manufacture as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras, the Government has prudently had great plantations of this tree set out in order to keep up the supply.

Will alcohol freeze? is the last conundrum. It is stated, as an example of intense cold, that, in Montana, on the night of Jan. 13, the mercury in the thermometers all froze, small quantities of mercury in vials became congealed, and proof whiskey placed out of doors froze solid in half an hour. This last item elicits an expression of incredulity. The proof whiskey that froze in half an hour is regarded by a contemporary as beyond belief. The freezing of the mercury happens at 30 or 40° below zero, but absolute alcohol, it is declared, has never been frozen, though Prof. Faraday found it looked a little turbid when subjected to a temperature (artificial) of 160° below zero. High wines contain 75 per cent. of alcohol. Proof spirits of Government standard are placed at 60 per cent. alcohol. The alcohol this Montana whiskey contained would have separated from the water in the process of freezing like the "core" in a frozen barrel of cider. If it actually froze solid, it was a harmless whiskey. In the severest cold of the Arctic explorations proof spirit never froze. The probable explanation of the Montana phenomenon is that the spirits were set outside in an open vessel, when the whiskey evaporated rapidly and left the component water frozen.