THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. I.

GRAHAM, ALAMANCE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1875.

THE GLEANER. PARKER & JOHNSON.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid: Clubs! Clubs!!

Graham, N. C.

copies to one P. O. 1 year..... 6 months " " " 6 months....
" " " 1 year.....
" " " 6 months... No departure from the cash system.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
1 square	\$ 2 25	\$ 3 60	\$ 4 50	\$ 7-20	\$ 10-80
2 ""	3 60	5.40	7 20	15.80	16 20
3 "	5 40	7 20	9 00	16 20	22 60
4 "	6 30	9 00	10 80	18 00	27 00
5 "	7 20	13 50	16 20	22 50	32 40
	10 20	16 20	18 00	27 00	45 00
olumn '	13 50	18 00	27 00	45 00	72 00
1 "	-18 00		45.0	-72 00	126 00

One inch to constitute a square.

POETRY.

A MORNING SONG. I wake this morn, and all my life Is freshly mine to live; The future with sweet promise rife, And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear, New love to give and take; Perchance new burdens I may bear, For love's own sweetest sake

New hopes to open in the sun, New efforts worth the will, Or tasks with yesterday begun

Fresh seeds for all the time to be, Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass That turns my foot aside, In each uncurling fern I pass, Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall In shades across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall But life of every day:

Yet if each step in shine or shower Be where Thy footstep trod, Then blessed be every happy hour That leads us nearer God.

MISCELLANY.

A Healthy Village.

Dr. Frank Richardson writes to the

London Times from Harbottle, Morpeth: "The interesting letters which have appeared in your columns during the last week or two upon the mode of committing 'Earth to Earth' tempt me to send you the following instance of a district in which that unpleasant pro-cess is postponed in a singularly unu-sual manner. The large parish of Al-winton-with-Holystone is situated upon includes the upper vale of the Coquet, and extends about twenty miles in length and several in breadth, comprising 44,472 acres. Its population has 1861 to 1.272 at that of 1874. The occupations of its inhabitants are almost equally divided between the tending of sheep and the cultivation of cereals upon lands which rest in nearly similar proportions upon free stone and porphyry. During the year 1874 six deaths occurred in this parish, being at the rate of 47 per, thousand, one of those laths the parish of the parish the parish of the deaths being that of an unfortunate young shepherd who perished in the recent snow storm. This mortality was lower than usual; during the pre-This mortality was lower than usuar; during the previous ten years the number was 106, an annual average of 7.9 per thousand. Of these 106 deaths there were 16 between 70 and 80 years of age, and curiously, 29 above eighty years, considerably more than one quarter of the to-tal deaths thus occurring in people above 80 years old, or 273.6 per thousand. Now, is there anything excep-tional in the ages of the inhabitants to account for this low death rate? The aged and very young, among whom proportionally the mortality is highest, exist in large numbers. Within two miles of my house I know nine octoge-narians, and a tenth, our parish clerk, died last week at the age of eighty-three. In this village of Harbottle, with one hundred and twenty inhabi-tants, there are thirty seven children with one hundred and twenty inhabitants, there are thirty seven children under fourteen years of age, and during the last twenty years no child has died and for nearly four years no one until the case just mentioned. I may add another instance of the large proportion of children existing and their immunity from death. A farmer in this parish and his three shepherds, who have occupied their present situations nearly thirty years, have among themforty-seven children, and not a single death has occurred in these families. The inhabitants have abundance of plain, substantial food, excellent water good residences as a rule, and regular but not severe work in a pure, bracing atmosphere, and are highly intelligent and generally abstemious. I am indebted to the Rev. At Proctor, who has been upward of forty years the esteemed vicar, for the corrobation of the statistics of this parish which I have now given you."

THE TWO PATHS.

BY PAUL PLUME.

They say that Bearstrack used to be a merry old place in former times; but however pleasant tradition may hand down those by-gone times, I know that for a long time there was ever a skeleton

at its domestic fireside.

Martin Timberlake, who for years dispensed hospitality with lavish hand, was a gentleman of the olden school, a man full of honor, and with that nice sense of propriety that makes a liberal with read everyther makes a liberal culture and generous mind.

No man in the land more sincerely deprecated the civil strife which devastated one portion of the country and paralyzed the other, than Martin Timberlake. So deeply did the dis-asters of his country affect his mind, that he sickened and died in the first year of the war.

He had two sons. Horace, by his first wife, was a man of forty years, with dark complexion, and a silent and thoughtful mien. Morris, the son of his second partner, was a light-haired, blue-eyed man of thirty, with so joy-ous a temperament that he never knew a sad hour. Horace would have chosen medicine as his vocation, and Morris would have espoused the bar; but Mr. Timberlake, who was possessed of large means, never would permit his boys to leave his roof to engage in any business so long as he lived.

There was no lack of servants in those

days, and as every guest was usually provided with one, the old mansion generally resembled an huge inn. It may have been that Martin Timberlake, amid all the confusion incident upon a house full of guests, found relief from the thoughts which preyed upon his spirit. Some men in his condition would have drowned the past in deep beakers, but he never joined the nightly revels of his friends, though he furnished them an unlimited quantity of good wine, and bade them be happy in their own way.

The kind of spirits that he entertained scarcely waited for the invitation of the second scarcely waited for the second scarcely waited scarcely waited scarcely waited scarcely waited sca

tion, for they came of a race of deep drinkers and hard riders; and in later days they marched to meet death with an unblanched face and obstinate courage worthy of a better cause.

The disposition of Horace Timber-lake kept him aloof from the social gatherings in his father's hall. His inclinations rather led him to shun than court the humor of the men assembled there. But Morris could sit it out with the stoutest, and his laugh never failed, nor his spirits flagged, so long as the wine was flowing. He, therefore, was the most popular of the two brothers. Horace loved a lady who resided in a Southern city, while Morris was betrothed to one whose home was where the roses had but a brief life, and cold winds only the state of the

winds early stripped the leaves from the creaking trees. Is it a wonder, then, that these brothers took opposite paths in later days?

Mr. Timberlake was among those

who had early discovered the little war who had early discovered the little war cloud, at first scarcely larger than a man's hand, and his heart failed him when he contemplated things that were to be. When hot and angry discussion was running rife, his health began to fail so rapidly that it was a marvel to observe the change in his appearance. Then followed the crash which for a time hurried matters into a chaos. The lurid flame ran reddening through the land, and Martin Timberlake counseling his boys not to be carried away by the public clamor, sat down to await

Martin Timberlake never lived to see the end. He died imploring his sons to have nothing to do with this fratricidal strife. Did they obey him? I trow not, for matters waxed so hot in their locality that men had to show their hands without any discrimination. The brothers were sitting together one day, when Horace opened the con-

"Morris," he said, "we shall not be able to remain neutral much longer. Our poor father's dying request has been obeyed by us both as long as we could save ourselves from the whirl-pool. We shall be drawn into it ere long. What think you; speak, brother? You know my sentiments in regard to the fatal step our countrymen have taken, and yet it may have been im-possible to avoid it."

"Say not so, Horace, I never can be-lieve it; every evil that is now upon us springing from the hasty action of demagogues might have been avoided. Bad counsel from first to last has been at the root of all this. For my part I will never aid the cause in any manner

A smile just discernible apppeared about the corners of the elder brother's

"Alice Waring lives in the North, Morris," he said. The blood mounted to the face of the

younger, as he replied:
"And Mollie Hunter is a born
Southern woman."
Horace nodded his head as he spoke: "There's the trouble, Morris. She writes met that she would rather see me in the camp than idling my days at

Bearstrack. She is very vehement on the subject. I may be driven to it at last. Who knows?"
"Hush, Horace," interposed his brother. "We have loved each other to this year, hour : do not. I beseech to this very hour; do not, I beseech you, raise a barrier of blood between us. Listen to what Alice Waring says," and he drew a letter from his pocket

and he drew a letter from his pocase and read:

"Even if you should join the rebel ranks, I would love you, but it would break my heart to know that one I prized so dearly had allied himself to a cause that cannot have the blessing of heaven, and must inevitably receive the

detestation of every true-hearted lover of freedom."

"That sounds well, Morris; but it was written by one out of the sound of hostile cannon. The case is different bere; all our women are for war, san-guinary and vigorous, and I fear the man who refuses to take his musket stands small chance of favor in the eyes of the women of the South. I can per-ceive plainly that I shall have to choose between a suit of gray and something

"As much as I love Alice Waring," replied Morris, "I would give her up the moment I were compelled to such an alternative." He spoke with unusual warmth, as he gazed into his brother's

eyes.

The answer came slowly and sadly

from Horace Timberlake's lips.
"I cannot do it," he said. "God help
me if I err, but when I make the choice
it will be Mollie Hunter against the

universe."
The hand of Morris Timberlake moved till it clasped his brother's in a strong, tremulous grasp.

"Come what may, we shall always love each other. Is it not so, Horace?"

he asked.
"Aye, Morris," exclaimed his brother,
"by the grave of him who sleeps under yonder willows, I swear that I will never wayer in my love for you, though I had to sink the whole Confederacy

under my feet." The following morning Morris Tim-berlake waited in the breakfast room for his brother to descend, but finding him unsually late, he went up to his chamber. It was tenantless, A letter lay on his table, he snatched it up hurriedly, and found it was in Horace's handwriting, and addressed to himself.

It ran thus: DEAR BROTHER: I cannot find it in my heart to bid you good-bye, save by letter. Heaven grant we may soon meet again in days as peaceful as the past. Look in my drawer and you will jist. discover some money: I have divided fairly with you. Pack up and hurry North, if you can get there. Don't waste any time unnecessarily, for you may experience great difficulties in leaving. Let the old place take care of itself, our people will hang around it and provide for themselves as long as they are able. Remember my parting advice. Hurry away as soon as possi-

ble.
In haste, your affectionate brother

A week later, a horseman could have been seen working his way cautiously to the union lines. It was no easy matter to avoid suspicion, bur fortune favored him, and after many perilous adventures he stood in the presence of the Federal army.

Taken to headquarters, he declined

to answer the interrogatories demanded of him; he was committed to the guardhouse. There he remained some time, when he was unconditionally released with a pass North. Heavy fighting had occurred up to this time, and by chance he got possession of a Southern paper which had found its way across the lines, and saw his brother Horace's name mentioned as an officer in a Confederate regiment. This was the last intelligence he ever had of him, although on a certain day mid battle and smoke, he could have almost shaken hands with him, and he knew it not.

The sun was slanting along the roofs of a frontier town in Maine, when a

traveler, dusty, and evidently fatigued, was toiling up a green declivity toward a neat house literally embowered in roses, which climbed up from the porch to the second-story windows. The residence stood a short distance without the thriving town of P-

Morris Timberlake, for it was he, halted a moment, and gazed back thoughtfully at the city which lay in the distance. He had seen strange sights there that day, such sights as he never expected to have witnessed. There was unity of feeling, of purpose and of action. The streets were full of armed men, bands were playing, and loud and long huzzas filled the air, as heavy bodies of armed men hurriedly entered the long train of cars which were waiting to receive them and bear them away. He read on their stern and composed faces the purpose which nerved their hearts, and even from the lips of the children who were held up for a parting kiss to many bronzed faces, he listened to catch the meaning of what he saw, and he heard it, "To save the nation's life." Morris Timberake never forgot the expression.

Striding onward, his heart fluttered at the sight of a white dress by the garden gate. Thrice had the prairie oses bloomed in crimson luxuriance since he looked upon that form ; yet he would have known it on the instant if he had met it at the uttermost bounds of the earth. A moment more, and the exclamation of surprise, "Morris!" and the response, "Alice!" and then some tears fell from bright, brown eyes; but they were tears of happiness. That night, beneath a Northern sky, Alice Waring leaned upon the arm of a son of the South, and knew that his heart

was as loyal as in days gone by.

It is not my purpose to detail the pleasant hours Morris Timberlake passed in the presence of the one he loved the best. His cup of happiness had one bitter drop in it. He felt, sconer or later, circumstances might compel him to appear on a different

Mr. Waring had furnished two sons, then absent with the army, and Alice, usually gentle even to timidity, was now outspoken in her sentiments and very decided in her language.

"My country first," she one day said to Morris, in answer to some love appeal

termined features with a bewildered

look. He never could have believed it possible for Northern girls to have such depth of feeling.

They were walking in the garden and conversing about the war; Alice stooped down and nervously twisted a flower from its stem.

from its stem.
"Won't you put it in my button-hole?" arked Morris, with a pleading

The little hand moved irresolutely for a moment, then it was laid upon her lover's shoulder, and two brown eyes looked earnestly in his own as

"The day you march away under yonder flag (pointing to where the banners were flying over the city), I panners were flying over the city), I will pin a rose upon your uniform, though my heart may break when I reflect I may be sending you to your death. Aye, though for the rest of my days I may wear widow's weeds, I will joy over my own misery to know that I loved one true apough to see if the self-second. loved one true enough te sacrifice self

Morris Timberlake saw that her face Morris Timberlake saw that her face was very pale, but her voice was steady and her words decided. He caught her by the hand, and without uttering a word, they walked back to the house, each engrossed with the thought upperment in their hearts.

most in their hearts. Months passed away, the ripened grain had been garnered, and the chocks were full of yellow corn. The robin's notes were heard less frequently and crimson and golden leaves commenced to flutter in the autumn air. Af menced to flutter in the autumn air, at a change was passing over the face of nature, it was no less true of the moral change that was working deep upon the mind of Morris Timberlake. Something of his brother's gravity was now discernible in his conversation and mien. The hour for action came at there was no mistaking the motives which now moved him to the course he pursued. It could not be atcourse he pursued. It could not be at-tributed to sudden impulse or the hope of pleasing Alice Waring, else he would have put it into execution long before. Rather place it among the results of careful investigation and mature de-liberation regarding his country's trou-bles. When he shouldered his musket and marched away with his regiment

and marched away with his regiment, he did not share the ceaseless gaiety of his comrades; if there was no huzza on his lips, neither was there any regret; but his conviction of duty was perhaps as strong as the most boisterous of those rollicking soldiers.

And Alice Waring pinned a rose upon his breast and kissed him good-bye.

and marched away with his regiment,

How anxiously during the long winter night Alice Waring would sit by the hearth and ponder upon her soldier lover. And how nervously her hand would tremble when she read the news from the "front."

Christmas was coming apace; already the green wreaths were being woven to decorate the sanctuary in commemoration of the advent of the Blessed Redeemer; and while some hands were engaged in beautifying the temple of the Most High, others were remorselessly slaying their kith and kin in blood-red vengeance.

It is not yet time to have quite forgotten that thirteenth day of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg. How many a chair it left vacant in our broad land. How many a grief-stricken heart sched and ached, till God in his graciousness sent the Angel of Peace to still its beatings forever. Christmas was coming apace;

beatings forever.
Where the fight was thickest the

a hush in the very, air, for the Angel of Death was stalking over the scene. By-and-by they came to collect the wounded and bury those past relief, and they found Horace and Morris Timberlake within an arm's length of each other, near enough to have fallen on each other's neek and embraced—had they been living men.

Paid by a Song.

Farinelli had ordered a magnificent costume, and when the tailor brought it home, the artist demanded his bill. "I have not made one," answered the "But why not?" asked Fari-Because," said the trembling tailor. "But wh tailor, "I have a desire for my payment in but one form. I know that that which I desire is of inestimable value, and reserved for monarchs, but since I have the honor of working for one of whom none speak but with enthusiasm, I wish no other payment than that he sing me one song." Farinelli strove in vain to change his resolution and induce him to receive the money. The tailor was immovable, At last the great artist acceded to his request. Resolved that the enthusiast should be fully gratified, he exhibited before him all his wonder ous skill, after which the tailor, fairly ous sall, after which the tailor, fairly intoxicated with delight, prepared to withdraw, but Farinelli stopped him. "I am very sensitive," said he, "and it is possibly through that trait that I have attained my superiority over other singers. I have acceded to your wishes singers. I have acceded to your wishes and now you must yield to mine in your turn!" Saying which he drew out his purse and compelled the astonished tailor to receive nearly double the

Those succeed best in the world who Those succeed best in the world who keep some things to themselves; for instance, their aches and pains, and disappointments, and domestic and private griefs. A cut finger is not benefitted, by tearing off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eyes; tie it up, and let it alone.—Hartford Religious Herald.

worth of the garment.

The Modern School Girl. Everybody is aware that sentiment-

ality, slate pencils, and pickles go hand in hand with the modern school girl. She is as completely saturated with the first as David Copperfield was with love for Dora; she believes that friendship is a plant of immortal verdure, though her own limited experience ought to teach her that it is of deciduous growth; she keeps a volume of autographs of persons remarkable for nothing but their insignificance and bad handwriting; her scrap-book is a mosaic of moral maxims, comic songs, love-sick rhymes, and decalcomanie; her diary is not so much a record of her individual emotions as a reflection from the inner life of her favorite heroines in romance; she eats sweetmeats, and digests sensa-tional novels; her ideal is a black-browed lover at whom society shakes its head, after the manner of Rochester; while Lucy Snow's Paul Emanuel seems to her a very apology for a hero, at whom she would not vouchsafe a second whom she would not vouchsafe a second glance. In composition she is prone to indulge in the melancholic style, and if sentimentality is her god. Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., are the prophets whom she most affects. Read her letters to her comrades and those she writes home, and you would hardly guess that the same mind had framed them beth; the same mind had framed them both; the one is all extravagance and poetry, while the other is apt to be a meagre statement of progress, a financial complaint, with suggestions toward a dress reform; for our young girl has her practical side as well as her sentimental and puts no faith in beauty unadorned. She pours out her soul to her bosom friend; but entertaining an idea that older folk have no sympathy with the longings and aspirations of youth, and longings and aspirations of youth, and are wholly absorbed in the sordid cares of life, with small interest in the play of the finer emotions, her nearest kin are often left in utter ignorance of her peculiar faculty for gushing. And perhaps this is not as unnatural as it seems, since confidences must be invited by confidences; the bosom friend gives measure for measure, but are there not form unified for recovery critical between often gulfs of reserve existing between the school girl and her mother or grown-up friends in the matter of the motions?

Perhaps we would not have our school girl other than she is, with the excep-tion of the pickles and slate pencils, the too early lessons in flirtation which she practices, and the respect for dress which she develops. Only a few gene-rations back our mothers sent us to rations back our mothers sent us to school in cool ginghams—yes, and in warm linsey-woolseys fashioned in all simplicity; the jeweller did not bore our ears, nor hang chains about our small necks; nor did the mantus-maker shape our figures to her patterns a generation ago. But to-day we hear inquiries for corsets for children of ten-years, and we begin to reflect that the years, and we begin to reflect that the school girl may not be altogether to blame for her weaknesses and morbid tastes. She wears finer clothes at her recitations now than her grandmother donned on holidays—clothes more elaborately designed, and in such sickening mimicry of adult fashions that it would seem, after all, as if her precocious fondness for adornment might be reasonably charged to the vanity of her guardians. However, our school girl will doubtless work clear of her weaknesses in time. Her sentimentalities. nesses in time. Her sentimentalities will get winnowed in the process of living, and the chaff separated. The girl who weeps over "The Children of where the light was thickest the men could scarcely breathe for the sulphurous canopy, there fought two brothers; but they battled on different sides of the question—and yet they fought well.

And when the guns grew feeble and the rattle of musketry failed, there was and of masculine admiration that has been ingrafted on the tender sapling may be subordinated to higher im-pulses in proportion as the original stock is healthy and vigorous.

What a varying thing is the stream of life. How it sparkles and glitters! How it bonds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in shade; sometimes sportsometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence
were merriment and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were
derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs
like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now it plunges in fume and fury
over the rock; now it is clear and limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are flowing into it, each bringing its store of dullness and polution as it tends toward the end. Its voice, too, varies as it goes; now it sings lightly, as it dances; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way; and now it has no tone but the dull, low murmur of exhausted energy. Such is the stream of life | Yet per-haps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regular-ity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and floodgates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to qurst through the banks.

Two elements of real success in any undertaking are a comprehensive view of its nature and intents, and a faithful attention to its practical details. Thought and action are inseparably and equally indispensable. If we would thoroughly perform our task, we must grasp it mentally and do it reatiently. patiently.

patiently.

"Is there any man in this town named Afternoon?" inquired a Mississippi postmester as he held up a letter directed "P. M."

The fare thing. - A horse car ticket. A winter suit-The close of the

Woman hood—a bonnet. Man hood

A poor relation—Telling an anecdote badly.

Better run in old clothes than run

Why is a man who lets houses likely to have a good many cousins? Because he has ten-ants.

It seems as if it would make com-ositors howl to discover that there is only one em in a poem.. Four toddies down a man's throat

these cold days won't warm him up half so much as a single hot punch on the So many women leave their manners at home when they go out, it is a wonder that their little children do not

pick up some. "Dear Tom-come immediately if

you see this. If not, come on Sunday, This difficult invitation appears as a personal in the London Times. Tem Hood, at Lord Mayor's dinner,

once leaned back at about the middle of the feast, and requested the waiter te bring him the rest in money.

It is base to filch a purse, daring to embezzle a million; but it is great be-yond measure to steal a crown. The sin lessens as the guilt increases.— Schiller.

"J. Gray—Pack with my box five dozen quills." There is nothing re-markable about this sentence only that it is nearly as short as can be con-structed and yet contain all the letters of the alphabet.

Said she: "How long are you going to stand before that glass: "Said he: "Until I see how my ulster hangs. But that's just the way; a woman never takes any interest in her husband's dress after she's been married a year."

The destruction of the forests in Southern Indiana has approached such dimensions as to excite serious alarm among the resident population, who have to travel forty to fifty miles every time they catch a horse thief, in order to find a tree high enough to hang him

A Shakespeare relic of a singularly curious kind has come to light. It is a fragment of an edition of the first part of "Henry the Fourth," anterior to the one of 1598, which has hitherto been always considered the first impression. The text of this fragment preserves a word which has been accidentally omitted in all the subsequent editions. ted in all the subsequent edition

Anna Dickson describes the new so-Anna Dickson describes the new so-ciety bow, as executed by Washington ladies. She says that to bend the head except to acknowledge superiors, is out of fashion. The lady looks coolly in the face, smiles as sweetly as she can, and gently inclines her head toward the right shoulder, with a little backward movement at the same time. A slight, Frenchy shrug heightens the effect.

In the village of Sperenberg, about twenty miles from Berlin, Prussia, is the deepest well that has ever been sunk. It was bored by the authorities in order to obtain a supply of rock salt. The diameter varies from sixteen feet to thirteen inches; salt was reached at a death of 200 feet; however, was a death of the same tinued until a depth of 4,914 feet was attained, the bores being still in the self deposit, which has a thickness of over 3,907 feet. The work has occu-pled five years.

pied five years.

Lady Barker, in a recent work, gives her ides of a model boy as follows: "If I could make a model boy, I'll tell you what he should be like. He should love cold water and hate a lia. He should be frank and unsuspicious as becomes a noble, trusting nature, and yet he should be neither silly nor soft. He should have plenty of mannas. He should have an appetite like a wolf, for I should wish him to be tall and strong: but he must not be a bit greedy. He should have a fine, sweet temper, yet he should have a fine, sweet temper, yet he should be as the Yankee song says, 'an orkered man in a row, and he should know how to take care of himself with his fists.

There was a panie in a Paris street

his fists.

There was a panio in a Paris street over the conduct of a magnificent retriever in front of a window of a dealer in picture frames. He jumped yelled, barked, tried to throw himself through the glass; and he was mad, of course. They were about to kill him but a philosopher interfered. It seemed to him that all these eccentricities of the dog had relation to a portrait in the window. So it proved. All this was joy at eight of the portrait of a lady. That lady lived in Marseilles, and the dog had heen stolen from her many months belived in Marseilles, and the dog had been stolen from her many months be-fore. Strange chance to find its way home by the picture placed there easu-ally to exhibit the frame.

An alloy of copper, prepared as follows, is capable of attaching itself firmly to the surface of metal, glass and porcelain. From 20 to 30 parts of finely divided copper (obtained by the reduction of oxide of copper with hydrogen, or by precipitation from solureduction of exide of copper with drogen, or by precipitation from tion of its sulphate with xino)are into a paste with oil of vitrol. Separts of mercury are then added whole being well triturated, the amalgamation is complete the is removed by washing with be water, and the compound is allowed to the cool. In ten or twelve hours it be sufficiently hard to receive a brilling and to accratch the surface.