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THE GLEANER. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY PARKER & JOHNSON

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Clubs! Clubs!!

No departure from the eash system.

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POETRY. CONTRAST.

There is happy sailing for others Adover life's calm, sweet seas, Whose boats are gayly dancing Before the fragrant breeze; There are adverse winds and a billowy sea, And storms, and clouds, and gloom for me.

Some walk 'long paths all fair and sweet, Abloom with countless flowers, And scarce can tell which first to pluck In all love's radiant bowers; I walk along a thorny road, Bearing a cross-a heavy load.

Some have their homes all bright with love And sisses and fend good-byes, That only makes short absence sweet And tearless, sparkling eyes; There's a dear one's grave on the hill for me And rest, sweet rest, beyond the sea.

I, too, had countless treasures once. More than my heart could hold; Love scattered its pearls down at my feet, And crowned me with its gold. My pearls were gathered by the demon, Death My gold was tarnished by his breath.

God, steer my boat adown the sea. Through all the murk and gloom: Help me to walk along the road Where not one flower doth bloom: Open the pearl-gates 'cross Death's sea And give my darling back to me.

THREE SEASONS

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI

"A cup for hope !" she said, In spring-time ere the bloom was old; The crimson wine was pure and cold By her mouth's richer red.

"A cup for leve!" how low. How soft the words; and all the while Her blush was rippling with a smile, Like Summer after snow.

"A cup for memory!" Cold cup that one must drain alone; While Autumn winds are up and moan Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love, Hope for fair morn, and love for day, And memory for the evening gray And solitary dove.

MISCELLANY. A Wrong System.

It is no sign of gentility to be utterly indifferent to expenses. Many people think it is quite "the correct thing" to know nothing of the prices of common articles. Such ignorance is supposed to suggest the idea of vast wealth. But the facts are, that it suggests quite a different train of ideas. The truly refined and high bred, with abundant resources at command, know that it ad-

vertises a great ignorance of the world, a very limited education, and even less common sense. This sort of display goes hand-in hand with vulgarity, and stamps its possessor in a way that is "known and read of most men." People possessed of wealth, which is not founded upon "shifting sand," are usually most exact and systematic in all their money affairs. Ladies of wealth and good breeding see well to the ways of their households, and are strict in their domestic management, that no waste shall be allowed. As a rule, the poor are more wasteful than the rich—one reason why they remain poor. When a young couple, with their way to make in the world, begin housekeeping in a style that is only saitable in people of established wealth they do command the respect they wish in places where their reputation is of the greatest account to them. Business men, where confidence is a young man's best capital, will not trust him half as readily as if he had "begun small." If there is anything that makes home unconfortable, it is the continued rule, the poor are more wasteful than home unconfortable, it is the continued consciousness that one is living beyond one's means, and that a reckoning day is sure to come. Yet the calls for expenditure are incessant, and each keeps on buying, with no calculation how matters are coming out, until the final crash settles the matter for them. If you wish to get true comfort out of , and command the respect of those about you, learn to keep your accounts accurately, and spend your money with discretion.

OUR BOARDER'S STORY.

"How long has your husband been dead, Mrs. Clerris?" asked our Mag, with a bluntness that made us all

"He is not dead," was the quiet reply, but a quivering of pain mingled with the patient look of her face, and it did not need that mother should shake her head at us, thereby implying that no more questions were to be asked, for we were awed into silence and were very sorry that Mag's impertinence should have given us the clue to a story that was evidently so sad. We knew comparatively little of Mrs. Clerris, but she was the friend of equipments and through the head acquaintances and through them had desired to share the quiet of our country home as a boarder during the few weeks of her summer vacation from town. The pained look did not leave her face all that day, and when after all the work was done and mother sat alone upon the steps of the porch in the twilight that was fast giving place to darkness, Mrs. Clerris went out and sat beside her. She burried her face in her hands and cried quietly a few moments while her frame trembled and shook violently. At last mother ventured: "Mrs. Clerris, you must forget impertment question this morning. It was only mere thought-

lessness and I am very sorry."

'It does not matter," she said, "for.
I am going to tell you all about it. Perhaps I should have done so before."
"No you need not!" persisted
mother. "It is not necessary and, I assure you, there will be no unpleasant

conclusions drawn from what we have so inadvertently learned." But this was the story she told, giving

no heed to mother's assurances:
"I was but eighteen when I became
the wife of Miles Clerris—an inexperienced girl who knew little of life save of its indulgences and pleasures. An only child, my father's means had been sufficient to gratify all my little whims and caprices and petted all my life by lovingfriends, sorrow and disap-pointment had been terms almost unpointment had been terms almost unknown. It was considered a very fortunate thing for me when an opportunity arose of becoming the wife of the rich contractor, who had at first made mere business visits to our village; and I remember with what unconcealed satisfaction mother and father regarded the

marriage preparations. To be sure he was much older than I—being nearly thirty years of age, but mother said I needed some one to 'take care' of me, I was so young, while to me he seemed a very compendium of wisdom and, of course, goodness. So with many congratulations and the envy of half my young friends, I started under the most favorable suspices for my new home many miles away. It was an old place and the Clerrises had held it for years. There was an air of substantial comfort about it, which only wealth can give, and no wonder my girlish heart thrilled with pride as I looked upon it for the first time and thought that I was about to be its mistress. I soon found, how-

ever, that although Miles was the only son and heir I was hardly acknowledged even a nominal sovereign. The house-hold as it was had been of many years standing, and did not very cheerfully accept the new rule of an inexperiened girl. Mrs. Clerris, Sr., was still living room, was always querulously intrusive and fault-finding. A spoiled child my-self, who had anticipated great glory in the management of her own household, I could illy endure her interference and had not been many weeks a wife before my mother-in-law and myself had some very sharp passages of words. There was also in the household a Miss Slayton—a companion of his mother—Miles told me after introducing her; still her position in the household was always a mystery to me, for though the servants

med to hate her cordially she vet exerted over them a firm rule that I had never been able to acquire and in every event of the household seemed coolly but quietly to assert her own authority. To me she was always especially courteous, but her extreme reserve and lack of confidence exasperated me while her assumption of power was quite beyond my endurance.—She was 'more mistress than 1,' I had once passionately ex-claimed to Miles, but he always laughed

away my displeasure, soon changing the subject and never himself expressing approval or disapproval, I used to fancy that Mrs. Clerns and Miss Slayton were conspired against me and gradually there grew into my heart a fierce hatred for them both which of course made me

very miserable.
"Looking back now I can see that at first much of my trouble arose from un-guarded jealousy and passion, for I had no suspicion of the real state of affairs. It was not until after the birth of my baby and the lingering illness that followed that the real truth began to dawn upon me. It was torment inexpressible to lie upon my bed, helpless, entrusted to the sole care of a nurse and knew that my husband was in the company of that woman whom I hated so. In the long evenings I could hear the hum of their voices in the parlor below and the nervous, restless nights that were sure to follow greatly retarded me recovery. Often at twilight they would walk up and down the yard, and sometimes as they passed my win-dow I would catch low, tender tones of voice that I thought had been used only for me. Once there were words words of affection so distinct that they could not be misunderstood, and after that I could not name the horrible suspicion that I would intrude upon every thought for that she was a guilty crea-ture thus to endure the caresses of a married man I did not doubt.

what I so thoroughly believe and an at-tempt to dismiss her from the house would involve a revelation of all my suspicions, of which there was no sub stantial proof and which probably no one would believe after all. Thus I lived, a most wretched wife, finding my only consolation in my little son. My husband's tenderness—for he was at ways kind—seemed but the heartless dissimulation of an unprincipled lib-ertine. I could not dissemble the hard thoughts that were in my heart, and so grew merose and distant toward them all. As might have been supposed, to the relatives and friends who visited at the house, the stern, reserved woman who had kept her room and rarely smiled was not judged a very pleasing wife and Miles received much sympathy from all his friends. When my baby was a year old, God took him out from our wretched home. I think Miles grieved as much as I, for he was passionately fond of his little boy, but I would not allow his tears to mingle with mine and resolutely shut myself in my own room there to await alone the feeling of the days that contained such grievous chastening. On one of the wretched evenings that intervened before the funeral, I stood at the open window, tearless, watching the out-coming stars and thinking that to-morrow night my little boy would sleep beneath their faithful guardianship, when a scene forced itself upon me at which I was then almost too stupefied

to wonder. Miles came wearily up one of the graveled walks and seated himself in graveled wairs and seated nimself in seeming despondence upon a rustic bench. Miss Slayton followed, placing herself by his side, though she did speak to him, as he sat with his head upon his hands.

"My poor wife!" my heart aches for her!" I heard him murmur at last. And then Miss Slayton's voice said neeringly:

"Your wife, indeed! Ah, Miles Cleris, if she only knew!" was added in a softer done. Presently she moved nearer and leaned lovingly against him while her hand rested upon his. I could not hear the words she said, but he started up, angrily exclaiming:

"A curse upon you! I defy you" and pushing her from him he walked away and stood leaning against the

and pushing her from him he walked away and stood leaning against the trunk or the old elm. She followed. "You defy me! You have perhaps forgotten this little document." And she held up something. He seemed astonished and almost hissed between his shut teeth: "You

have lied to me."
"You were a fool to think I would ever lose sight of this," was the taunting reply.

ing reply.

He grasped for it and seizing her a little struggle ensued, but she broke from him and ran into the house and I heard her go into her room. Miles, too, soon walked away. Still I stood at the window, enwrapped in a mazy dream that had neither purpose nor definiteness about it, Night deepened, the moon rose and the veering outlines of shade crept steadily over the grass, yet I had no inclination to seek my pillow. As the shadows of the trees slowly cirled around the moonbeams at last directly upon the spot where Miles and directly upon the spot where Miles and Miss Slayton had stood beneath the elm hours before.

Something white upon the gleamed distintly in the moonlight. It recalled the scene I had witnessed and for tfle first time in days a definitenes of purpose possessed me and I deter-mined to know what it was. Hurrying down into the yard the glistening white thing was found to be a piece of paper. With almost insane jealously I ran back with almost insafe jeatously I ran back to my room and bent over the time worn sheet. My curiosity was cruelly repaid for there, drawn up with all the form required by law, I read a marriage certificate—a bond of union between Miles Clerris and Helen Slayton bearing date ten years previous. The clergy man's name appended—Jeremiah Newcomb—was a substantial proof of the genuineness of the article, for I well remembered it and the peculiar chirog raphy I had seen so often in girlhood

Dear white haired old man how little e guessed in his gentleness that a deed of his was lying in wait to stab me so cruelly! Ten years ago! that must have been in Miles' college days. And this woman was his wife while I—I had no legal claim to the rights I had tried to vindicate with such haughty arrogance. Too frenzied to rave or faint, 1 realized it all quietly, standing there alone in the night. There was nothing to palliate the enormity of the great wrong Miles Clerris had done me. I had been purposely and miserably

whose mourning for her first born had been rudely disturbed by the horrid fact that she was not even a wife. I flung open the blind, and threw the Saten-sent missive far out into the yard. I could not upbraid my husband with the discovery I had made, nor proclaim it to the world, for it was the seal to my own infamy. Neither could I ignore though for a moment something had say nothing about it, and the world will always believe, as it does now, that you are his wife, since there will be no proof to the contrary, and the old elergy-man is dead." Only the experienced, who know of what bitterness the human heart is capable, can dream what suffer ing came to me there. Presently I realized that the family were astir and crept to my bed, not to sleep, but to experience that semi-unconscious state that comes of utter prostration. Two
of the servant girls came to my room, and as they moved cautiously about, putting things in order, I knew they were preparing the house for the funeral

"Still it would not do to proclaim ceremonies, which were to take place hat 1 so thosoughly believe and an atempt to dismiss her from the house to the other that Miss Slayton had told at the breakfast table how some one had entered her room during the night and had rifled every drawer and box, and that even the peckets of her dresses had been visited. Of course they were full of consternation and wonder, and in or consternation and wonder, and in talking about it quite forgot their sleeping mistress as they supposed. After they had left the room Miles entered and stood by my bedside. He bent dewn and softly kissed my forehead as I lay, with closed eyes, and then I heard him sigh deeply and walk away. Miss Slayton met him in the hall and said in her sinuous voice: "I think if last night's burglar had searched the

if last night's burglar had searched the yard first he would have been more successful, for I have an idea that I found, this morning, the article he wished for," and her low sneering laugh came in through the open door. I dressed myself and sat with the others while the minister read of God's

goodness and his kindly chastening, and prayed for the afflicted hearts, all the while nearly wild for the hatred of God and man that rankled in my bosom.

Miles' tenderness maddened me, and when I sank, half fainting, from the coffin and he held me in his strong arms while his heart fell means and arms. while his hot tears fell upon my cheeks I longed to dash my hands in his face.

When it was all over and the house when it was an over and the nouse was stilled again for the night, I donned my bonnet and shawl, and taking my portmonniaie, which was always well supplied, walked to the station and took the train for your city. I remember the train for your city. I remember the long ride through hours and hours and the quiet breaking of the morning, but that is all; for I had been many weeks in your hospital cared for at public expense when I next awoke to consciousness. At last I was able to leave its sheltering walls, and it was with such loneliness of heart as I pray you and yours may never know, that I you and yours may never know, that I set out to find some means of support. At first it seemed a hopeless task—for where a man may walk unquestioned a woman is subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny, and what she will not reveal is registered for her condemnation unheard. I thought it expedient for many reasons to retain Mr. Clerris' name, and then the appellation of a married woman might offer a better protection than the "Miss Nelson" of my girlhood.

After many, many, discouragements, two years ago I secured the situation I now hold. It is remunerative and affords as pleasant a living as I can ever hope to have. I have often wondered by what means Miss Slayton was ever induced to occupy the position she did in Miles Clerris' home for she fully realized that she was his legal wife. human heart may be divided in its af-fection it would seem that he sincerely loved us both though none the less a villain.

Mag and I heard it all behind the blinds of the dining room, from whence we dared not stir as the story pro-gressed, Now, as mother and Miss Clerris arose and walked down the path we broke from our hiding place and ran off to bed like guilty culprits, scarcely saying a word even to each other. That was years and years ago. Mrs. Clerris is dead now, and, mayhap, upon the other side she solves the mystarian destine God had given so interious destiny God had given, so inexplicable here.

Happiness.

It is a false opinion that happiness is not now to be realized, but only to come hereafter. It is in contradiction to God's holy word, as we believe we are blessed now with all things that are really good for us. Yet there are persons who think that when some par-ticular grievance is removed they shall be happy. No! you will be as far from happiness as you are now. This is the folly and weakness of the mind, which vainly anticipates happiness earthly changes. But, on the other hand, as time passes by and under all circumstances, supppsing that we have the knowledge of the truth and are living in holiness and in the love of God, we may have days of heaven upon the earth. Lady Elizabeth Hastings said to the Countess of Huntingdon, "Since I have known the gospel I have been as happy as an angel." That one sentence was the means of the conversion of Lady Huntingdon, afterward the friend of Whitefield and the founder of chapels all over England. Who can estimate the number and importance of the effects which followed that change of heart and life?"

Insults.

It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition, than to take offence at a single unin-tentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feelings in society than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friendships have been sun-dered by that egotistical sensitiveness ever looking for offence. can all point to certain persons who are thus morbidly sensitive to a painful degree. They are disagreeable com-panions. We need not spend our time in pointing to them, however. We have each something to guard in our own character. We are each inclined to take offence too easily. If we could remove this ever-jealous watchfulness, society would gain a new charm, or rather it would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Pass neglect, then, and personal reflections, as grace-fully as possible, instead of taking the risk of being offended when no offence

Attila, so historians say, often dined on horseback. We prefer canvas back.

About Pearls.

The pearl is a very beautiful as well as costly ornament and is as much prized as any article of jewelry. There have been several theories advanced in regard to the formation of the pearl, but none are quite satisfactory. This but none are quite satisfactory. This is one of the mysteries that nature has kept hidden from us. The ocean and mountains are her work shops. The latter men have excavated and tunneled until they have discovered many things not before thought of, but she reigns securely in the deep blue sea. Many tressures are stored "far down in the green and glassy brine," but few are wenturesome enough to fathom the depths and bear away the rich spoil. It is very dangerous work for although It is very dangerous work, for although we have now the diving bell, making it possible for men to stay under the water for some time, they suffer if they go down very often or stay long. But some enterprises are attended with danger and not all as profitable as the pearl fishery.

The divers are provided with bags in

which to put the shells taken from the bottom of the ocean. These are then broken up and the pearls drilled and strung. Black people are generally employed for this purpose, as they are very expert; but, although they are very carefully watched, they sometimes succeed in secreting a valuable pearl.

The best fishery in the East is near the Isla of Caylor where the second

the Isle of Ceylon, where the season commences in February and lasts until April. A gun is fired as a signal for the boats. All go out and come back

together.
Twenty men go in each boat, ten of whom are divers; the remainder row and assist their companions in reascending. They go out at sunrise, remain busily engaged until noon, when they return, and are relieved of their precious cargo, and are ready for another trip. This is the way that the pearls which the people highly prize

Pearls possess an advantage over pre-cious stones taken from rocks in that they are found with that appearance which gives them their value. They are perfectly polished and finished be-fore they are taken from their ocean home, while stones obtained from the different kinds of rocks need cutting and polishing before they are fit for the use of the jeweler. Nature gives them their rough form, and leaves it to art to give it the finishing touches.

White pearls are most prized, though some persons prefer those deli-cately tinted. The Oriental pearls are the finest on account of largeness and

beauty. They are of a silvery white.

Pearls have been used as ornaments from the earliest ages, and among all nations. Even the Indians esteemed them before the discovery of America, for when the Spaniards first came over they found quantities of them stowed away; but they were inferior, being of a yellowish shade, because the Indians used fire to open the shells. Cortes describes Montezuma, the Mexican Emperor, at their first interview (1577) as wearing garments embroidered with pearls, and the natives also wore neck-laces and bracelets of them.—N. Y. Ob-

ween two trades-people in London. Both were hair-dressers, and lived opposite each other. Seeing that one throve by selling pomade made of bear's grease, the other knowing that it was just as good and more profitable to sell any other material in pots, with "bear's grease" on the label, started an opposition, using similar pots to those sold by his opponent, filled with an inexnsive unguent. The first dealer, who was known to keep bears in his cellar, and who had himself taken up once a week before the sitting alderman as a nuisance, by way of advertisement, killed a bear upon this, and hung him up whole in full sight in his shop. He also wrote in the window, "A fresh bear killed this day." The other, who had but one bear in all the world, which he privately led out of his house after dark every night and brought him back in the morning (to seem like a supply going or), continued his sale and an-nounced in his window: "Our fresh pear will be killed to-morrow. original vender then determined to cut off his rival's last shift, kept his actual bears, defunct, with the skin only half off, like calves at a butcher's, hanging up always at his door, proclaimed that all bear's grease sold in pots was a vile imposture, and desired his customers to walk in "and see theirs with their own eyes, cut and weighed from the animal." This seemed conclusive for two days; but on the third, the cunning opposition was again to the fore, with a placard founded on the opinion of nine doctors of physic, which stated that bear's grease "obtained from the will not make anybody's hair grow at all," in consequence of which he went on to say: "He has formed an establishment in Russia, (where all the best bears come from,) for catching them wild, cutting the fat immediately, and potting it down for London consumer. potting it down for London consumpion. And the rogue actually ruined the business of his antagonist, without going to the expense of killing a single bear, by writing all over his house, "Licensed by the Imperial Government, here and at Archangel."

The Chinese have names which correspond in frequency with the Brownsand Smiths of Ango-Saxon Christendom. Those most frequently occurring are Chin, Chang, Wang and Shih, which are the equivalents of "gold," "long," "prince" and stone."

To kill time—Take a horse and sleigh

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

The sentinel who did not sleep on his watch had left it at the pawn-

The fisheries on the coast of Scotland during the past season have yielded more than 8,000,000 of herrings.

When a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished, on the principle that panes and penalties go together.

The boy's new trowsers, copper-fast-ened throughout, and plated at the knee so as to be impregnable to friction are known as the "knee plus ultra."

The Americans being the better looking, of course had an advantage over the Englishmen in the late interview-ing of Venus and got more than their share of smiles.

A cake of ice sawed out by an Iowa Oity man had frozen in it a bass, which is described as being perfect to the end of its fins, and having all the appearance of swimming.

ance of swimming.

The most bounteous vintage France has known, the statistics say, is that of 1874. Not less than 2,000,000 hectares (600,000 acres, there-abouts,) have been cultivated as vineyards, and the product is estimated at 75,000,000 hectolites (or 1,687,500,000 gallons, very nearly). nearly).

During the year 1874 the life-boats of the National-Life-boat Institution saved 543 lives on the British coast, and saved 15 vessels from destruction. The institution also granted rewards to fisherman and others, for saving 170 lives during the year, making a grand total of 713 lives saved.

In the city of Cognac, France, there is an establishment fitted with an automatic indicator to guard against fire. It is simply a thermometer so constructed that when the ted that when the mercury rises to a certain point it starts an electric alarm, which rings a bell in the proprietor's quarters. It provides against fire as the ordinary burglar alarm against

The villa in which Michael Angelo was born, and in which he passed his childhood, is now occupied by a lineal descendent of his old enemy, Bacelo Bandinelli. There are in the villa several paintings attributed to the great artist, including that of the so-called Satyr, the upper portion of which only remains; and these are also two chimney-pieces said to have been sculptured by him in his youth.

The following test may be applied to quartz to determine its suriferous character: After being well ground and calcined it should be treated with a bath of iodine or bromine water, and allowed to digest in it for some time. allowed to digest in it for some time. Then a piece of filter paper should be soaked in the solution, dried, and burned to ashes in a muffle. If gold is present the ash is purple. One penny-weight of gold to the ton may thus be datasted.

Between forty and fifty years ago there was an amusing contest going on between two trades-people in London it! read it!" There is no peace till the letter is read; then, as it contains some charge against the manager, that gentleman has to come forward and ex-plain. It is not a bad institution, but they have just decided in the courts that it is "disorderly."

The following marriage certificate was recently found among some old archives of the town of Norwich, Conn. There was no date of the year, but the penmanship and paper both bore testimony to the extreme age of the docu-ment: "Married, at Norwhich, Sunday evening, 31st of December, Dr. Each Smith, so called, aged 66, more or less, a renowned collier, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Mary Molony a celebrated tailoress, aged 26 next grass: "How pleasant it is to see Turkeys and hens agree."

The good people of a certain town in the West are, or have been, in trouble about a schoolmaster hired without sufficient precaution. It being discovered that he spells "soldiers" "sodger," and "kerosene" "cerosene" and that he has many other bold opinions concerning orthography, the school committee have requested him to leave. But he refuses. They fasten the school-house door. He breaks it open and "keeps school" in spite of them. They have saked him to go, begged him to go, of-fered him money to go, but he still keeps on teaching that "sodger" spells "soldier." All but fifteen pupils have been taken out of the school; but if there were no pupils at all he wouldn't

A machine has at length been con-structed which will travel at a speed of nine knots an hour for 300 yards, and at a lower speed for no less a distance than a mile. It will maintain any direc-tion impressed upon it, and it can be launched either from a boat or an ironclad, by night or by day. In short it is a kind of explosive fish, which in obedience to its masters, will swim for a mile toward an adversary at which it may be directed, and will strike a dangerous blow. If ships at a distance of a mile can be struck with certainty by a mechanical fish discharged from a harbor, no anchorage will has afe, and when two fleets approach one another each will have to encounter innumerable foes. Every see and harbor will practically be a mine of torpedoes, and any vessel of light construction must be hopelessly doomed. gerous blow. If ships at a dista