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THE DREAM OF CALEB EDMONDS

"Christianity, indeed," said Mr. Edmonds, as he looked over his books in the little parlour behind the shop; "I am disgusted with such hypocrisy!"

There was a dark frown upon the brow of the man of business as he spoke these words, and an irritability in his manner of turning over the leaves before him, which spoke of some bad debt troubling his mind, and robbing him of his good temper.

"What is the matter?" asked a cheerful little woman by the fire, at whose side a basket of stockings told of a large family, and consequent demand in stitchery.

"Matter!" echoed the husband, "do you know what Welford owes me? Four pounds ten and sixpence!"

"Well, he will pay, I suppose?"

"Not he. The goods were purchased more than a year ago, and I have not had a penny yet?"

"What does he say when you see him?"

"Says he does not say much to me, I can tell you. I told him not to worry me with his excuses, but to bring the money; and that he need not cross my door again until he could do that."

"I am sorry for his wife," said the little stocking mender, presently; "she appears to be a truly pious woman."

"Pious!" retorted the husband, "yes, so is he; 'tis that disgusts me. Religion, indeed! and he owes me four pounds ten and sixpence. I thought the Bible said, 'Owe no man anything.' Christianity, forsooth!"

Mr. Caleb Edmonds was a highly respectable grocer in the town of Marly—, in fact, a man of substance, for business had prospered with him. He was industrious and obliging; rising early, working hard; and thus from small beginnings had risen to the possession of considerable wealth. But although an excellent man of business, Mr. Edmonds was a very ordinary Christian. True, he began the race, but he did not press towards the mark—alas! for "the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches," and "the deceitfulness of riches!" And, as it is characteristic of a low standard of piety to be harsh and censorious in our judgment of our fellow-citizens, so Mr. Edmonds, when he heard of any defect in the character of professors around him, was always the first to exclaim, "Christianity, indeed!"

Is not this too common to us all? Do we not, even if we give no expression to our thoughts, doubt and hesitate much more than we should about the reality of our "Ready-to-halts" and "Feeble-minds"? Do we not set up a standard of perfection for our fellows, which were too lofty, in our view, as a standard for ourselves? And are we not too ready to exclaim against the wanderings of others, even while we turn aside into forbidden paths?

Perhaps such thoughts as these had passed through the mind of Mrs. Edmonds as she sat over her work, for when she rose to leave her basket for some more active duty, she bent over her husband a moment, and said gently, "Caleb, I do not like to hear you say, 'Christianity, indeed!' as you did just now. Suppose your fellow Christians were to judge of you as harshly as you of them? You often say it," she continued hastily, "you doubted John Watson's religion yesterday because he lent money to your rival; and Thornton because he opposed you in business; and you shook your head about Miss Millwood's piety because she argued with you against total abstinence! 'Judge not that ye be not judged!'"

Long after his wife left him, these words rang in Caleb's ears—"Judge not!"

At last, as he sat in the twilight, between sleeping and waking—for business was very dull, and he could spare half an hour for rest—a vision stole upon him, and he passed, in imagination, rapidly through the scenes which follow.

At first he found himself in the front parlour of a house in a very quiet neighborhood, and in the presence of three male ladies, whose names he knew very well. They had their feet upon the fender, and their knitting laid aside—were evidently discussing the affairs of their neighbors.

"Such pride!" said the elder lady, whose name was Rayby, "what will come next, I wonder?"

"The most fashionable boarding school in R—, I assure you," said another—Miss Phillip.

"Ah!" said Miss Rayby, "and I can remember the time—of course I was very young then, but still I can remember—

when Caleb Edmonds swept out his own shop."

"Dear me! and now he has the upstart impudence to send his girl to such a school as that!" exclaimed Miss Sophia Millwood, the spinster who had not yet spoken.

"Oh, he is a professor, too!"

"Professor!" said Miss Rayby; "redigion does not teach a man such absurd pride as that!"

Miss Phillip shook her head, and began to lament the increase of false professors.

"Well," thought Caleb, "I believe that in spending some of my cash in the education of my children, I could not go very far wrong, but I find I—"

As he was saying this, he was in the drawing room of the very Watson of whom Mrs. Edmonds had spoken. A lady was making tea behind a silver urn, and a gentleman—her husband—sat behind her.

"Poor Thornton," said Mrs. Watson—for it was she—"I trust he will succeed."

"He shall, if by God's blessing I can compass it!"

"He is a very deserving young man," continued the lady; "the manner in which he bore the loss of his property would win esteem, even if he had no other claim."

Mr. Watson did not reply, his mind had wandered to another branch of the subject.

"That Caleb Edmonds," he said at length, "is a man surprised at the ill-feeling he displays."

"Towards Thornton?"

"Yes, he is evidently annoyed at the opening of another shop so near his own; whereas, in the principal street of a town like this, he should have expected competition. Besides, he has made a little fortune, and has nothing to fear; yet he will not treat George Thornton with ordinary civility."

"I thought he was a religious man," said Mrs. Watson.

"He pretends to be," replied her husband; "but I have not much faith in a religion which brings forth so little fruit!"

Poor Caleb! his wife's words—the Master's words—still sounded in his ears as he had never done before, meeting with a responsive echo in his heart.

Again the thought came, and Mr. Edmonds found himself beside a sickly-looking woman, who, leaning on her husband's arm, walked slowly towards the house of prayer.

It was impossible to look without interest upon her pale and anxious face—a face which had once been beautiful; and equally impossible to disregard the careful tenderness with which her steps were guided by the strong man at her side. Their conversation, too, was worthy of remark—they were speaking of the consolations of the Gospel.

"Who knows?" exclaimed the invalid; "perhaps there may be words just suited to our case this morning! Words for the poor!"

"Poor as regards this world only, Mary."

Her eyes brightened as she looked up cheerfully. "Yes, yes, rich in the treasure far more costly than earth's gold—God help us to look up, and to trust Him for the meat that perisheth."

They walked on for awhile, and then the wife said monotonously, "I sometimes fear that it is pride which makes me shrink from meeting Mr. Edmonds; I do shrink from it. Oh, if we could but pay him!"

"We shall be able to do so soon, I hope," said Welford. "It has been a hard struggle, Mary, starvation almost; but I think it is nearly over."

"Ah, it was all for me! I am sure Mr. Edmonds would be patient if he knew how much you spent in medicines for me, and how little work you have!"

"He is patient, after a fashion; and we have reason to be thankful for that; still, he has said some crushing things to me—harsh things which have made me doubt his Christianity."

"Nay," said Mrs. Welford, gently, "I would not judge him; how many inconsistent things we do!"

"You are right, I may not lift my voice; alas, but little likeness to my Lord is found in me!"

Again the echoing voice thrilled through the soul of the listener; again he heard the words "Judge not!" and as he dwelt upon them the vision slowly faded, and he, Bunyan-like, awoke, and beheld it was a dream! But the lesson of the dream was not quite lost upon him, for he awoke to a deeper spirit of Christian charity, a nobler self-denial, a holier humility, a nearer likeness to Jesus. He had been taught in that brief twilight musing one old lesson of the Book of God.

The fresher morning worship was just ended, and Charles Welford was about to go forth to his daily toil, when a gentle knock at the door spoke of a visitor. How great was the surprise of all when Caleb Edmonds entered.

"You are coming, sir—"

"I am come," said the grocer, interrupting him, "to express my hope that you are not under any concern about that little amount you owe me. Take your time, my good sir, take your time."

The poor man's eyes were filled with tears, as, grasping the outstretched hand, he tried to speak his thanks.

"My wife," said Mr. Edmonds, turning towards Mrs. Welford, "put something into my hand just as I left for you, ma'am." And forth from his pockets came tea, sugar and biscuit from the good wife's ample store, till Mary's eyes, too, filled with grateful tears.

"And now," said the visitor kindly, "don't forsake the shop; get your little parcels there, and pay just when it suits you. By the way, if a sovereign would be of any service to you, I have one which will burn a hole in my pocket—as the saying goes—unless I give it to some-

body." And before they could reply, he had laid the coin upon the table and was gone.

"Mary," said Mr. Welford, "let us thank God for this."

They knelt, and, as he breathed forth his heart's gratitude, his wife wept tears of joy, and even the little ones murmured the "Amen."

But Mr. Edmonds did not stop at this; it was to him Charles Welford owed a situation which soon after placed him far above the reach of want; it was to him he owed a host of debts, which came like sunshine to his inmost soul.

We hasten on. Not alone in the regard was Caleb Edmonds a benefactor, two days after his strange dream, he walked into his rival's shop, shook hands, invited him to drink tea at his house, spoke pleasantly about their "opposition," and even hinted at his own retirement at some future day, when his new friend would have a "better chance."

And from that time the charity which "sufferech long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, Apath all things, endureth all things," held an almost undisputed sway over the heart of Caleb Edmonds; and ever was the maxim of the Bible borne in mind—"Judge not that ye be not judged."

MONSTROUS MARAT.—A writer of Jean Paul Marat in the *Corinth Magazine* says: "At forty-eight years of age Marat is described as having been less than five feet high, and with a head disproportionately large to the size of his body. The upper part of his face was handsome, but the lower part, beginning with the nose, was that of a wild beast. The nose was flat and large, with nostrils that quivered; the mouth huge, and filled with large, jagged teeth; the chin square, and generally ill-shaved, covered with stubble of several days' growth. Naturally unclean in his person, Marat carried slovenliness for the purpose of inspiring greater confidence to the masses of the populace. He seldom wore a hat, but covered his head with a twisted handkerchief, red yellow and grey. His linen was worse than dingy, his shoes stringless, his stockings torn, and down at the heel, and his brown coat covered with stains, ink splashes and flakes of dry mud. In constant terror of his life, he never ventured out alone, but was always attended by a tattered mob of ruffians who called themselves his body-guard, and plied cudgel about them to clear him a passage through the street crowds. Women when they saw him trembled and turned their heads aside, children ran away from him; at the Convention House his entrance was the signal for a general silence, and often for a dispersion of half the number present. Marat, who was eaten up with a bilious vanity, gloried in the universal repulsion which he excited, and he had a grim, vicious way of smiling when fixing his eye on any member whom he disliked, saw the man turn pale and crumple. Such was the man who by means of all the scum of Paris kept the Convention in terror and thought to govern France."

DOGS AND THEIR COST.—The *St. Louis Globe* has been making some calculations from recent statistics on this question and sums up in reference to the State of Missouri as follows:

"Our 400,000 dogs furnish one of the most important economic considerations now affecting the State. In the first place they millitate against the mutton crop annually to the extent of at least \$5,000,000; secondly, they cost at an average of \$5 cents a week each, \$5,500,000—enough to run all our common schools and leave a large stealer surplus; thirdly, they slay annually, through hydrophobia, at least 120 persons which, at \$5,000 each—the average price paid by railroads for the very poorest of brakemen—amounts to the further sum of \$600,000. Here is a direct expenditure of nearly \$7,750,000 for dogs, not to mention the fines, and more remote sentimental damages resulting from law suits about dog fights and severance of friendship between the owners of the combative curs. Capitalized, our dogs represent a waste of \$80,000,000, and invested at compound interest, their worthlessness would pay off the national debt before 1900."

VERY SURETY UP DEER.—Hans Vondorselock bought a piece of land in the city, and upon it he proposed to erect a building that would serve him for a store, manufactory and a dwelling. When he came to strike out for the cellar he directed the mason to go several feet deeper than had been planned.

"But," expostulated the architect, "you are going deeper than ever I heard of."

"Very good," replied Hans, "I shall go so deep as I please. I own to ground all to way through."

His answer to the builder was equally put and ready. The building had gone up four stories, and Hans ordered another story.

"But, my dear man," said the builder, "do you realize how high you are going? Your building is already a full story above those around it."

"Never you mind de oder houses mine for den. I build ash I please mitout caring for den. I want dat oder story—hand ish very schup up dere."

A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman falls in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in fact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

(Written for Beacon.) LINES TO A BOY OF C. H.

BY THE SEX.

On her soft cheek of rosy bloom
The rose that that bloomed;
And in her richer hair perfume,
The ripening berry gleamed.

Her neck is as the lily fair
Or like the egg's white;
With such soft radiance of air
With which she's so fair.

Her eyes are like the morning beam,
Her ruby lips are ripe as they,
They seem with honey teeming.

But soon, alas! that bloom will fade,
The rose of youth soon dies,
Rude age will soon those charms invade
And dim the lustre of those eyes.

Oh! then while storms are far away,
Or ere she's chilled by wintry sleas,
Oh! let us pluck while yet we may
The rose of love and taste its sweets.

HOW SHE DID IT.

Peter Pennywise was in deep grief—All the hopes of a life-time were to be frustrated. The food ambition he had so long nursed, his pet scheme to make the name of Pennywise the greatest in the land, was now no more. His only son, Launcelet, was to be married, and married to a plebeian—to a girl who had wealth, but no name; no family, no necessary, or no coat-of-arms on the panel of her coach.

Could human misery be greater? Could the Ossa of grief piled on the Felton of disappointment make a heavier load of sorrow? No. The cup of Pennywise was full to the brim, and he must drain it to the lees, however bitter the draught.

Such was the tenor of old Pennywise's musings as he paced the velvet-carpeted floor of his library on the evening when our story opens. A conversation his son had had with him, as they sat together sipping their wine after dinner, had been the cause of this tumult in the breast of Peter Pennywise.

Launcelet was a weak-eyed and pink-skinned youth, with thin, yellow hair, which he parted in the center, and a little wisp of saffron whisker on each side of his face, the pulling of which with his nervous little hand constituted the principal employment of the son of the house of Pennywise.

"Father," said Launcelet, after gulping down two or three glasses of wine to give him courage—"father, what do you want I asked the pompous head of the house."

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do I think of what? I questioned the surprised Pennywise.

"Marriage," replied Launcelet. "Matrimony, you know. 'Two hearts with but a single thought, two souls that beat as one, and all that.'"

"I think that every man should marry, and I would be glad to hear that you had read your affections on some lady with the proper qualifications," said Pennywise.

"What are the proper qualifications, father?" inquired Launcelet.

"Family," replied the father—"family. Whatever else you do, be sure to never disgrace the name of Pennywise by a plebeian connection."

"Why, in our family such a very great one!" demanded the young man.

"A great one!" echoed Pennywise—"Why is the greatest in the land. Study carefully the genealogical tree that hangs in the hall, and which cost me five thousand dollars to have properly traced, and you will see that the name of Pennywise was as well-known as that of Williams at the time of the Norman conquest, and that the coat-of-arms is one of the most respectable and ancient that ever heraldy bestowed."

"Well, of course that's all true, father; but I've heard some of the fellows at the club say that grandfather was a pauper."

"Your grandfather was a broker and banker, as I myself am, and was fully aware of the responsibility of being lord of his family," said Mr. Pennywise, interrupting his son; "therefore he began my education by impressing the value of a family name upon my young mind, and so, when I had grown older, and he intimated to me that I ought to marry the highly respectable Miss Poundfoolish, I went to that lady, proposed, and was accepted. Thus I consolidated the two great families of Pennywise and Poundfoolish, and you and your two sisters are the result. But you ask my opinion of matrimony. Are you thinking of marrying?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Launcelet.

"And whom do you propose honoring with your name?"

"Miss—Miss Peterham," answered the youthful Pennywise.

"Peterham—Peterham; I never heard of a Peterham. Who is she?" demanded the old gentleman, with a darkening brow.

"She is very rich."

And Launcelet faltered.

"Riches are very well, but you do not need them. Your mother left you all her fortune, and I shall leave you half of mine if you marry as I wish. Who is this—this Peterham? What does her father do?"

"He keeps a large clothing establishment."

"What! it shall never be—never—never!"

"It must be," said Launcelet, going to the door, "unless I've popped, and she's accepted me."

The old man mechanically arose, and walked to his study, where he began pacing the floor, as we found him at the commencement of our story.

A gentle knock on the library door roused Mr. Pennywise, and bidding the knocker come in, settled himself in his easy-chair, and prepared to receive his visitor.

"The visitor proved to be the governess of the two Misses Pennywise, aged twelve and fourteen, whose disorderly conduct and willful destruction of wardrobe and text-books occasioned many visits to the library after the dinner hour by the governess."

She was a neat, pretty little body, this governess, and had often attracted the attention of the young bloods who came to visit Launcelet; but she paid not the slightest attention either to their compliments or glances, attending quietly to her pupils, and seeming wholly wrapped up in her charge. In fact, Charles Gushington, who was falling in love with every girl he met, once observed of her to Launcelet:

"Launce, that governess gal—what's her name? Amy Dorr?—ain't got any heart. The only thing she could love would be more pupils, or plenty of money."

"Good evening, Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, when Amy had entered the library. "What can I do for you this evening?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Amy, hesitatingly. "I wished to see you about my pupils, but I can see you are grieved and agitated, and, as I fancy I know the cause of your agitation, I will not annoy you with my common-places complaints."

"You know the cause!" gasped Pennywise.

"Yes, sir. I have no wish to intrude my opinions on your knowledge, but the cause of your grief is, I imagine, the approaching marriage of your son, and I think he is acting most foolishly."

"You are right, Miss Dorr," asserted the old gentleman—"you are right. He is acting most foolishly—most foolishly."

"Cannot you prevent it?" asked the governess.

"No; I am powerless—powerless. He will wed the tailor's daughter, and disgrace the great, the aristocratic name of Pennywise."

There was a smile playing around the corners of Miss Dorr's mouth, and a satirical twinkle in her eye, as Mr. Pennywise spoke of his aristocratic name.

"Can you not threaten to annulment him?" she asked.

"No use—no use," groaned the disconsolate Pennywise. "He has half a million left to him by his mother."

"A half million," cried Amy, and the smile and twinkle faded away, leaving her face stern and calculating looking. "Mr. Pennywise, this marriage would be scandalous. Listen. I know Miss Peterham well. In fact, she considers me her intimate friend."

"My son's wife the intimate friend of a governess!" sighed Pennywise, regardless of the feelings of the girl before him.

"Yes," replied Amy, not heeding the insult; "but she is only a tailor's daughter."

"Alas, alas! too true, too true!" said the unfortunate Pennywise.

"Mr. Pennywise," continued Amy, "you are rich, very rich; and I am poor, very poor. You regard this marriage as a disgrace to your family. I think I can prevent it. What will you give me if I do?"

"My dear Miss Dorr," cried old Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "if you can prevent my son from marrying the tailor's daughter, I will bestow upon you ten thousand dollars."

"To bargain," said the governess. "Please write a little agreement to this effect: That as soon as I give you proof that Miss Peterham is married to some one else than your son, you will pay me the sum of ten thousand dollars."

"Married to some one else than my son?" said Pennywise; "as he was writing the agreement."

"Yes," answered Amy, that is my plan. "I will make her marry a young man I have in my mind now."

"But my son will not permit it; he is fascinated by this tailor's daughter."

"I will see that he permits it," the governess said, taking the agreement Mr. Pennywise had drawn out and signed. "My duty is to prevent the marriage with Miss Peterham."

"Yes," said the old man; "do that and I will bless you."

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, wheeling around for his desk.

"To the best of fortune," answered the governess. "Please read this advertisement that I am going to insert in to-morrow morning's paper," and she handed him a slip of paper, on which he read the following:

"GUSHINGTON-PETERHAM.—On the 17th inst., at Grace Church, by the Rev. Jeremiah Waller, D. D. S. T. D., Mr. Charles Gushington to Emeline, eldest daughter of Jacob Peterham, Esq., all of this city. No cards."

"My dear Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "you have saved the family—you have done wonders! I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never pay."

"Well, here is a debt you owe me that you can pay," said Amy, producing the agreement. "I will thank you for ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. I don't want a check—I want the money."

"My dear Miss Dorr," said the banker, "if it took my last dollar, I would not repudiate your claim."

And, drawing a check for the amount, he called a messenger, and bade him go to the bank and get ten thousand dollars notes. After the messenger had departed on his errand, the old gentleman turned to the governess, and said:

"How did my son bear the news that Miss Peterham was false to him? Thank Heaven, my family will not now be disgraced."

"When first he discovered that Miss Peterham was receiving attentions from Mr. Gushington, he threatened to commit suicide; but I finally induced him to listen to reason, and he attended the ceremony last night."

"But how did you affect this alteration in him? You are a witch, or, I should say, a good fairy. How did you manage to do it?"

"Will the boy be long at the bank?" asked the governess.

"No, he is here now. I see you want your money before you give your information; quite right. Well, there it is."

And he handed her the money.

Miss Amy walked to the other end of the room, and placed the money safe in her bosom. Then turning to Mr. Pennywise, she said:

"And saved my son from an alliance with a woman socially beneath him," interrupted Mr. Pennywise. "You marvel among women, will you tell me?"

"How did you do it?"

"Well, married him myself. Good-morning, sir."

[From the New York Tribune]

LIGHTNING RODS.

There is never wanting a class of people who do not believe in the value of modern inventions. Nothing only the disasters that follow in the path of the steam engine, causing up the victims of accidents by land and sea, dwelling with emphasis upon the record of confusions, explosions, collisions, and shipwrecks, the doubters put the question whether the world was not better off in the days of sailing vessels and stage coaches, of whales oil and windmills. The difficulty in answering this question is that we have the statistics only of one side—the modern accidents. We have no record of the lives that are saved or lengthened by the convenience and facility of travel, by the rapid transportation of food which has rendered famine almost unknown, and by the innumerable ameliorations of hardship which improvements in their way of living have brought to the poorer classes. There is, however, this item of evidence on the point: mortality tables indicate that the average length of human life in civilized countries has been materially increased; and this fact must serve as an answer to the doubters.

All modern inventions that have been generally adopted, there is none whose utility has been so much disputed as the lightning rod. In its earlier years it was denounced as an insult to the wisdom of heaven; even its latest use its opponents decried it as insulting the wisdom of earth with mere charity. And in answering these doubters, there is the same difficulty in the argument that there is with most other modern discoveries. The opponent of lightning rods can cite instances where they failed to protect buildings; where, perhaps, there would have been no lightning stroke if a rod had not attracted it. And to oppose to this line of argument, there is no record of the buildings that are saved by lightning rods, and there cannot be. For it is not to be questioned that, in a large proportion of cases, the conductive power of the rod serves to relieve superfluous electrical tension without the violent discharge which we recognize as the lightning stroke. Where conductors are abundant, lightning strokes are rare, and hence no doubt their marked infrequency in cities. Where every chimney with its column of heated air adds its quota to the abundance of points of attraction for electricity, while networks of iron rails upon the streets and iron tubes beneath them assist in dissipating the discharge.

There are, however, certain statistics in point. In Germany there are insurance companies that provided especially against loss by lightning, and the testimony of their collected data is conclusive in favor of protection afforded by lightning rods. One of the most remarkable results of their investigation, backed by

an abundant compilation of instances, is that the frequency of damage by fire is materially lessened by the presence of any non-inflammable material to receive the first onset of the stroke. The lightning seems to lose, in the instances of striking, its power to inflame; or rather its expenditure this power on the point first struck, and its subsequent course it rarely sets fire even to most inflammable rods and buildings. The denser the body first struck, and the greater its conductive capacity, the more is the lightning robbed of its power to inflame; and thus a wire iron knob on the highest part of a building has served for the protection of an exceedingly combustible roof.

But perhaps the most valuable information on this subject was collected by the English Association of Telegraph Engineers. After long and disastrous experience in the frequency with which telegraph poles were struck by lightning, the English companies adopted measures that resulted in perfect security from this kind of damage to their property. To each pole they have attached a No. 8 wire, running from the upper end to the ground. They state that it is chiefly necessary that these conductors should be continuous; that there should be no joint unless well soldered; and chain-link rods, braided wire rope, and tubing are not as efficacious as the simple No. 8 wire. The Secretary of the Association referred to, Mr. Preece, has suggested further points of importance in attaching lightning rods to dwellings. The underground connection, where practicable, should be made with some large