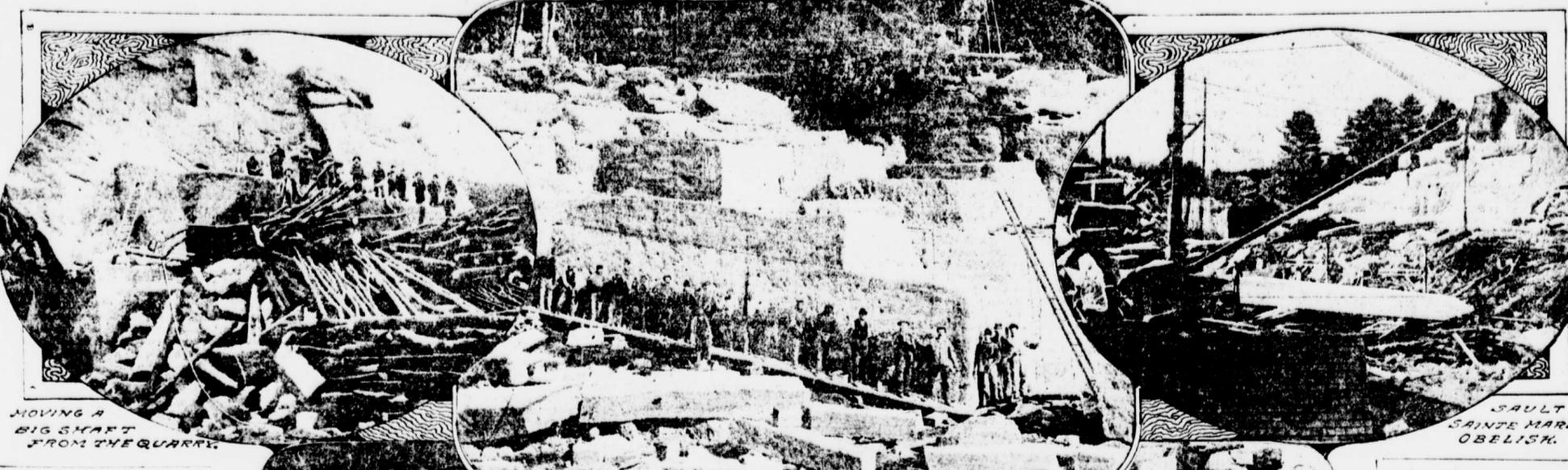


Modern Methods of Getting Out Giant Granite Shafts



MOVING A BIG SHAFT FROM THE QUARRY.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE OBELISK.

PREPARING THE SHAFT FOR THE WEST POINT MONUMENT.



GETTING OUT SAULT SAINTE MARIE OBELISK.

SHOWING THE STRUCTURE OF THE ROCK IN A GRANITE QUARRY.

The Pennsylvania Station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third street contains 5,000 tons of granite. Nearly 150 of the shafts and drums of stone have an average weight of thirty tons each. The quarry and prepare for market just one stone of this size requires the equivalent of ten men working every day for three months.

Not so many years ago, when the entire process of granite quarrying was done by hand, it would have been impossible to find a quarry in this country which could supply all the stone for a structure of this character. With the improved methods of quarrying in use today, the contract to supply the granite for the station was filled in a comparatively short time.

The process employed in extracting these huge granite boulders from the vein is as follows: A measurement is checked out along the ledge, which will yield four or five times the weight of the stone required. For example, the Sault Ste. Marie obelisk which commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the canal connecting Lake Huron and Lake Superior weighs fifty-three tons, but the original cut of which it was carved weighed over two hundred tons.

The necessity for blasting out a stone so far in excess of the weight of the desired is due to the fact that the first breaks in the vein are made with black powder. The discharge does not always crack the stone exactly along the lines which have been laid out in the ledge, but sometimes splits the portion broken out into several sections. Should the powder take one of its breaks, a measurement is calculated to yield a forty-ton stone which produces one of only ten tons, and all the work would have been in vain. Therefore they allow plenty of leeway.

Once the stone has been severed from the vein the breaking of it into smaller stones of the exact dimensions required can be done with accuracy. Rows of plug holes are bored in the stone with pneumatic drills. Iron wedges are then inserted along the line of the holes and the stone is split with comparatively little effort.

The most difficult step in the quarrying process is the removal of these enormous

stones from the vein to the workshop. Great blocks of granite are a mile long, and from the upper part of the vein, and no derrick yet constructed is capable of lowering such blocks in their original state to the bottom of the quarry.

In 1872 a stone weighing nearly 225 tons, from which was cut the Old Sault Ste. Marie obelisk at West Point, was severed from a vein in the quarry of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. For a time it seemed as if the stone would have to remain in the ledge, as there were no means available for moving it. Finally it was suggested that tiers of damage be built up against the side of the ledge and the stone rolled down these steps. The tiers were built and the stone, by means of cables, was gradually let down to the ground. Since that time the method has been in use at practically every quarry

in the New England States. Even today a stone is occasionally quarried which because of its great proportions cannot be removed to the workshop with the aid of the derrick. In such a case the derrick must be moved out to the stone and a temporary structure is usually erected about the stone in the ledge when the work of releasing it is completed.

The lowering of the stone is often done at great hazard. It frequently happens that the seams from which the stones are taken are so smooth and steep as to be a foothold. It is necessary, therefore, to suspend the men on ropes from above.

The removal of the stone to the workshop ends the unskilled laborer's part in the process. The work in the shed, which includes the priming of the stone to the

method of working by hand. It is no longer necessary for a laborer to rub the stone for days in order to secure the conservative lustre which is the mark of beauty in a block of granite. The same effect is secured to-day by a polishing process.

A rough surface is first put upon the stone, usually by means of a saw. This saw consists of a flat iron bar with holes along the edge instead of notches. It is run by steam and cuts by means of chilled iron shot. It has a capacity for making incisions of from four to five inches an hour.

After the rough surface has been put on, scoured wheels, also covered with chilled iron shot, are used over the stone to bring it down to a solid surface without bruises. Then the shot is washed off, and a wheel fed with corundum is

used to make the surface smooth, with practically no gloss. Finally, the stone is placed under a wheel covered with felt and fed with putty powders. This wheel revolves with a tremendous rapidity, and gives to the stone its final polish. Of late, much of the granite used for building purposes has been done in what is known as home finish. This is the term applied to granite without lustre and is produced by omitting the last two steps of the operation just described.

The polishing process is by no means the only improvement over the old methods of quarrying. Until recently one of the greatest difficulties with which the quarries had to deal was producing drums or cylindrical shaped stones. In attempting to secure smoothness by means of ordinary chiselling the stone was often wadded away until it fell below the required di-

rections and was consequently ruined. Today such an occurrence is provided against.

Round stones are bored out of the rough blocks with core drills, hollow steel cylinders about three feet in diameter. The drills are pushed downward under heavy pressure, and the drums which they grind out of the heart of the stone are as perfect cylinders as mechanical accuracy can secure.

The new facilities for producing gigantic blocks of stone have also necessitated corresponding improvements in the means of transporting them to market. Most notable of these has been the construction of the sixteen-wheeled flat truck car, which was first used when the colossal stone in the course of the Pennsylvania station was brought from the quarry in Massachusetts to this city. Previously in order to carry a stone weighing thirty tons or more it was necessary to join two cars together. The sixteen-wheeled car has a maximum capacity of 100 tons.

The total value of the granite produced annually in the United States is nearly \$20,000,000, which is more than the total value of all stone produced in this country twenty-five years ago. This amount represents the value of rough dimension stone only, the cost of which is about 75 cents a cubic foot. The value of the finished blocks reaches as high as \$30 a cubic foot.

Practically all the granite produced in the United States comes from the New England States. A peculiar characteristic of the New England veins is the fact that three distinct colors of granite are to be found in as many States, pink in Massachusetts, gray in Connecticut and green in Vermont. Green granite is something of a curiosity because of its rarity. The largest columns of this variety to be found anywhere are those which support the dome in the library of Columbia University.

Another characteristic of the veins in this part of the country is that it is known among geologists as the normal joint structure, the tendency of the vein to divide up into wide seams. It is due chiefly to this quality of the granite veins that such large single masses can be extracted from them.

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Spied On a Fox Family Doe Captivated This Man and Told by the Old Circus Man

A Lumberman's Observations of a Household in the Woods.

"I have seen a lot of funny things in the woods when I didn't have a gun," said an up-State lumberman, "but an exhibit in the domestic life of a fox family and of fox cunning that I once was favored with regard to heading the lot."

I had been out looking over some timber prospects and had sat down near the bank of a creek, alongside of a big rock, to rest a while. On the opposite side of the stream, not more than five rods away, was a high knoll. At the foot of that knoll a tree had been blown down by some old time high wind and by the fall the ground for quite a distance around had been loosened, showing a tumbled mass of earth and rocks and tangled logs.

Between the creek and the fallen tree the space was carpeted with a velvety stretch of grass. As I sat there looking listlessly about on the surrounding, I noticed by and by that the soil and stones at one side of the fallen tree were packed hard and worn smooth, indicating that something was in the habit of going to and fro there, and doubtless had a home beneath the tangle of logs. I was on the point of getting up, crossing the creek and investigating when I saw the nose and part of the head of an animal come cautiously out from a crevice among the roots, and I sat still.

It was plain that some animal was making a precautionary inspection of the surroundings. That inspection proving satisfactory, out from the tumbled mass stepped a fox bold and proudly, and at his heels came three little foxes.

The old fox, winking in self-contentment, sat down in the sunlight that was streaming in on that spot through the tree tops, while two of the cubs played with each other with her long bushy tail. At one which had unwisely ventured from the creek border too near the fox den had betrayed its presence to the other cub, and that pudgy little beast at once seized it and began putting it to all sorts of torment.

I had not long to wait for a new thing in the programme, for out of the bushes on the other side of the knoll another fox, the other head of the family, came trotting over the scene carrying a rabbit in his mouth. Stopping in the midst of the family group this fox tossed the rabbit in one ear, caught it again as it came down and then placed it on the ground before the other cubs.

The two old foxes sat on their haunches and watched with evident satisfaction and approval the cubs as they rent the rabbit and devoured it. The meal was soon over and then the whole family,

old and young, capered and frolicked about on the grass carpet in front of their home.

Suddenly the father of the family stopped his play and instantly the others became quiet. With ears erect, nose high in the air, brush stretched straight out in line with his back, forehead braided to the front and hind legs ready for a start, the fox for a few seconds stood motionless. Then he gave a low cry, and the three cubs tumbled hither and thither into the opening among the roots and disappeared. The cubs, safely below, the old fox followed them down into the retreat.

In a little while the cause of the fox family's alarm appeared. A chopper on his way home, carrying a log, took on that side of the creek, and at the very threshold of the fox den and went on his way.

I waited a long time then with no sign of a reappearance of any member of the family and I was thinking of moving on when I happened to turn my head and glance at the tree. There another animal sight was presented. In an open space near the edge of the water on the side of the creek where I was, and not more than twenty-five feet away, a mottled grise was scratching and pecking in the dirt. So I remained quiet and watched the bird.

By and by I mechanically turned my head and gazing toward the knoll I saw that fox eyes were not the only ones that had discovered the grise at the edge of the creek. The old dog fox across the way, peering out from his retreat among the roots, had seen the bird too. He had come partially out from the den and was watching the grise with eager eyes.

Presently he stole away like a shadow into the bushes at the lower side of the knoll and disappeared. A little later I saw him come creeping stealthily out, a hundred feet down the creek. He stood there motionless a moment, and then slipped noiselessly into the water. He swam the creek, gained the shore, seated the water from his fur by a few vigorous shakes and went silently out of sight in the bushes.

I looked up the creek again. The grise was still scratching and pecking in the open space near the water. That the bird was the object of the fox's interest he did not return to his den nor did I keep my eye out for the next development. It was not long in coming. I saw six Reynard's nose creeping, shadewlike, out from the bushes into that open in the rear of the unsuspecting bird as it stepped by step upon it.

"That he would have had his teeth in the grise's neck a moment later is as certain as bird and fox were there, but I wasn't going to stand for that, and before he could make his fatal swing I rose quickly to my feet.

"I whizzed the grise into the woods. A flash of red fur and the fox was gone. And although I sat down again and remained there a good half hour he did not return to his den nor did any of his family show themselves. It was plain that the show was over and I rose and went home."

"Stunned that I was not out out for a deer hunter," remarked, in confidential tone, a citizen who wouldn't have his name mentioned for the world, "I have made that now rifle of mine a Christmas present to a friend."

"It happened last fall up in Sullivan county. In the first place, I had never gone out as a deer hunter before, but tales that friends of mine had been bringing back to town for season after season about the fascination, thrill and all-around joy of following the deer chase through the dim lit aisles of the forest just lured me on to get a piece of that myself, and I bought a new rifle and went out after it."

"Now we come to how I took the trail of the big fat doe.

"That's the biggest and finest doe deer that has been in these woods for any while," said the guide to me, "and there ain't a feller in this party but what would almost give his head to get a crack at her. Now I'm going to give you a sure shot at that doe. If you slip along up the ridge here about a mile you'll find her. Go sneaky now, and aim just behind her shoulder."

"Leave that to me," said I to the guide, "just like that. And so I started off to sneak on that doe, get her, and accept the homage of my fellows.

"I made the sneak all right and the first thing I knew I saw ahead of me through the openings in the scrub oaks that doe standing broadside to me, not twenty yards away, her head up, and to all appearances undisturbed. I sank down behind a bush, and hauled up to let her have it just behind the shoulder."

"Before I could let her have it, though, a little one, and with a glad little bleat it began to skip and play about the doe, and the doe pranced around with it, and I could see her great brown eyes beam on it with a look that meant as much as the fond gaze of a mother on her baby ever did.

"That's the doe's fawn, I s'pose," thought I. "I wonder which of 'em I ought to lay low first, for I might as well get 'em both."

"Then by and by the fawn leaped into the bushes and stuck its head out, prettily cocked on one side, and the doe stepped into the bushes on the other side and peeked out at the fawn with the same cocking of her head.

"Why," thought I, "they're playing peek-a-boo with each other sure as hair on their hides!"

"Then the doe jumped back out of the bushes and out came the fawn, bleating softly, and nestled up against the doe

and the doe fondled it with her soft muzzle and lay down in the sweet ferns that grew thickly there. The fawn dropped down beside her, cuddled up against her, and as the doe gazed on it with that look in her eyes the little thing went off to sleep.

"I guess," thought I after a bit, "that I'm afraid that my hand trembles too much to make sure of laying that doe low. Anyhow I can't get a shot at her behind the shoulder the way things are looking. But the guide'll be sneaking along here before long. Something must be done. I think I'll do it now."

"And I did. I got up and gave a tremendous kick in the bushes.

"Like a flash that doe was on her feet and the fawn sprang up in fright. Away they went through the bushes and the last I saw of them was a white flicker of fur as the doe's tail disappeared in the woods further up the ridge. And I hadn't done it any too soon, for that doe had scarcely given me that last glimpse of her before she was back again, sneaking along to the spot from down ridge. He looked about in plain amazement.

"Wasn't she here?" said he.

"Just my luck," said I. "I caught a glimpse of her tail as she swished it out of sight up yonder on the ridge."

"Shucks," said the guide. "Now she'll make straight for the tamarack swamp and nobody won't get her. You ought to sneak better!"

"And that was the way I got the first impression that I wasn't out out to be a deer hunter, and I ain't quite sure that the guide got that impression, too, for next day we were to go out after a huge five-prong buck that had worried the hunters quite a good deal and which everybody was eager to get a shot at, and the guide said he guessed he would put me where the buck would be likely to run right over me if they got it going and maybe I would get a shot at it before its tail whisked out of sight."

"I said all right. If any buck came along and tried to run over me, I said, we'd see about it.

"Well, I stood where the guide put me. Time went along and they didn't seem to be able to get that impression. If they had been able to it hadn't seen fit to come along and run over me yet. I got hungry and sat down on a log and ate my lunch. Then I stretched myself out on the log and was about half asleep when I saw a movement in the bushes a good way off.

I got up with my gun in my hand. A moment later a big buck sprang out into the open space near me. At first he stopped and pranced a few steps and his eyes seemed to be fixed right on mine. And what eyes they were!

"I moved about in that open space as if he were stepping on eggs, but all the time his eyes looked straight into mine. There I stood, my gun at my shoulder, but

I couldn't any more pull the trigger than I could have risen and flown away."

"The buck dashed away until he was perhaps twenty yards off and then pranced right toward me, his eyes with that strange glare in them that held me in such a spell that although he was coming at me with his horns erect and antlers tossing threateningly I couldn't put the motion in my hand to pull the trigger and stop him with a bullet."

"He came so near to me that I could almost feel his hot breath, and then he backed away again, always with that hypnotic fascination in his eyes that he kept on me. I was just as helpless against that glare as the bird I said to be against the fascination of the rattlesnake's eyes."

"Against the buck danced toward me, and whether he would this time have jumped on me I don't know, but by an effort I found lung power and gave a yell that was enough to scare a further into fits, and that buck gave one tremendous leap and turned to dash into the woods. He didn't get there, though. The report of a gun almost in my ear broke on the stillness, and the buck tumbled in his tracks and lay there."

"I turned to see where the shot had come from and there stood the guide grinning. 'Well,' said he, 'I've seen fellows look with buck fever awful bad afore this, but I never seen one that had it so bad that he'd stand still till a buck kicked him in the head. I was just as helpless as you. Well, you see, that buck would have done to you if I hadn't followed him and stopped him.'

"Well, anyhow, that satisfied me that I wasn't cut out for a deer hunter, and I've made my new rifle a Christmas present to a friend of mine. I may get me a shotgun and try my hand at rabbits some day, but I don't know."

HOARDED GOLD IN CHINA.
Treasures of Empress Dowager Said to Have Been Sent to Europe.
From the London Standard.

Sales of gold have undoubtedly been made by the Chinese authorities and from cables which are now coming to hand from China it would seem that there is some prospect of the movement assuming rather large proportions.

No one has ever known the extent of the hoarded wealth of the late Empress Dowager, though all kinds of rumors have been current as to the accumulation of colossal sums. Now that by reason of the present disturbed condition of the country the meeting of the interest charge on the debt must impose considerable strain it would certainly not be surprising if sales were effected of some of this hoarded gold if only with the object of facilitating the prompt payment of the coupons on the foreign debt, a matter concerning which the Chinese Government has always displayed scrupulous care.

At present the only amount definitely known to have left China in the shape of gold is \$1,000,000, but there were reports in the city yesterday that something like another half million had been despatched, though there seems to be some doubt as to whether the destination is Berlin or London.

Why the Great Giant Never Walked Into Town Except in Settled Fair Weather.

"Big as he was," said the old circus man, "the great giant was like all the rest of us in his feelings and he was like us in his size as far as he could be, but his great size put him to many inconveniences that other people don't have to suffer."

"For one thing, it was difficult for him to get in and out of buildings. You see houses, stores, churches, barns, boats and all that sort of thing are built for men of ordinary stature, and many places plenty big enough for the run of men the giant had to stoop, bend over, sometimes crawl to get into."

"Why, even in cities of considerable size the only doorways he could walk into freely were the sootery doors of the theatres; and that winter when we took him on the road, a show by himself, we had the stage in the theatre or the public hall was not high enough to let him stand up straight on it without having his head out of sight in the flies. So you see, his size, source of great pride and profit as it was to him and us, really put him to a lot of inconvenience, and he was likely any time to be confronted with this difficulty in some unexpected way."

"In our winter quarters, as I have so many times told you, the giant's house had rooms that were carried up clear through two stories, and in the side of this house we cut a doorway high enough so the giant could walk in and out without bending. There and on the grounds around he had plenty of room to walk and move about standing upright like other men, but it was different in the town near by."

"He liked to go there, he liked to be around among folks and the folks there liked to see him. He couldn't walk in many of the residence parts because of the overhanging boughs of the trees. This was a very shady place, but he didn't mind that; he preferred the lively business centre, and there's where he used to go. He couldn't walk on the sidewalks on account of the awnings, he had to walk along in the street by the curb, and he used to find great pleasure in coming in and walking around like that, until one day when he happened to be caught there in a sudden very heavy shower."

"When this shower broke everybody ran for cover. People rushed into stores and into doorways and into houses, and under awnings, wherever they could go to get out of the rain, and of course the giant's natural impulse was to do the same. But he couldn't jump in anywhere the way they could, he was too big, and he happened to be just then where there wasn't any place that he could get into

even half comfortably. Finally he made for the nearest doorway and crawled, fairly cracked into that and on to a hall."

"Now, you know, this is too serious a matter to make fun of, and I never made fun of the giant; but really the people, friendly as they were, had to laugh over the giant this time. You see, this hallway was narrow, it was just wide enough to let him in and he couldn't begin to stand up in it, even bent double, and of course he couldn't turn around in it, and when the shower was over all he could do was to back out, and with his head inside he didn't know as soon as other folks did when the snow was over, and so everybody else was out again before the giant, and the whole town saw the giant backing out of the hall and they had to laugh over that. Friendly as they were, they couldn't help it."

"And that disturbed the giant greatly. He had a level head and he could see a joke, but nobody likes to be laughed at, and for some time he didn't go to town again at all."

"Why didn't he carry an umbrella? Well, he had one all right, the one I've told you about, don't you remember? The one that, when he carried it rolled up and held up straight above his head, looked like a church spire. But when he opened that umbrella it was as big as a dome; he could only carry it in ample open spaces, not in the streets."

"Then the old man had an idea; he was always thinking up wise things. He remembered the giant of So-and-so's, that was a hardware store on Main street, where they had an awning that came out from over the second story windows, an awning that was almost high enough for the giant to stand up straight under. And the old man suggested to the giant that if he got caught in a shower again, he make for that high awning, and the giant actually did that once—got in under that awning with a lot of other people standing around under it at the same time and looking up at him admiringly, and this experience sort of smoothed out and wiped out the recollection of that other experience of the doorway."

"But still he couldn't always be near that awning when a shower came up, could he? Certainly not. And he didn't know what place he might have to get into. And the upshot of it all was that after that winter, when the show was back there in winter quarters, the giant never took any chances. He never gave himself the pleasure of walking down into town except in settled fair weather."

Revolutionary Geneva's Uniform.
From the Geneva Journal.

An continental uniform more than 100 years old, which was once the property of Gen. Christophe de Reding, was found in the city of Geneva, Switzerland, in the late Margaret C. Bennett. The uniform is of white broadcloth with silk and satin waist, white broadcloth and satin stockings.