

TEMPTING MARKS FOR BOLTS

Lofty Spires of Churches Are Dangerous Because They Are Often Struck by Lightning.

The reaction from the intense heat of the past few days, which in various sections has taken the form of electrical storms of almost phenomenal destructiveness, has played exceptional havoc with the churches of New England. As many as a half dozen have been struck by lightning in this state alone, and in almost every instance the structure has been of the familiar style of architecture that was instituted by our forefathers and has been more or less cherished ever since.

Somewhat squarely built, with a lofty spire, the New England meeting house has been a familiar feature to the New England worshiper wherever he might find himself, and though all else was strange, that made him feel that he was in his own country.

The lofty spire, however, has proved an element of danger according to our recent experience. In almost every instance, as the reports run, the bolt "struck the steeple" and traveled downward.

In rural communities, especially where the church rises above most of the surrounding buildings and is crowned by a tapering tower as high as the main structure, it seems to offer a special challenge to the raging elements, whether they take the form of wind or lightning.

The "White church" at West Springfield, which suffered yesterday, had been struck twice previously during the past ten years, and in Wilbraham, Brookfield and other places it was upon the spires that the destructive force alighted.—Boston Transcript.

MARBLE QUARRIES IN ITALY

Though Wastefully Operated for 2,000 Years, the Supply is Still Inexhaustible.

Twenty centuries ago men were digging out the side of the Apuan mountains, in Italy, for as far back as that time they realized what could be done with the marble which composes so much of this mountain range. The mines or quarries are only within a few square miles of territory, but an army of 6,000 men and boys are continually employed, their earnings supporting 100,000 of the people of northwestern Italy. No one knows how much marble is contained in this range of Italian mountains. Though they have been opened for 2,000 years, and, as stated, the mining methods are attended with enormous waste, it is known that vast beds of the marble still exist. By digging longer and longer tunnels and shafts an inexhaustible supply can be obtained, for the beds are so extensive that some of the mines are worked at a height of over a mile above the sea, while many of the workings are over 2,000 feet above the sea. This is a great advantage to the Italians, however, because methods are still in use in quarrying, and getting out the marble which are hundreds of years old. But little advantage has been taken of the modern labor-saving machinery, such as electric and compressed air drills and saws, the principal tools being steel bars and chisels, mallets, while not only dynamite but gunpowder is placed in big holes, exploded, and frequently the side of the mountain will be so shattered by the explosion that the waste marble is much more than the block which is loosened.—Albert Wilhelm in Cassier's Magazine.

Model Prison for Women.

One important result of woman suffrage in New South Wales—the changed conditions of prison life for women, is being watched with interest by many countries. The new penitentiary for women at Long Bay is probably the most up-to-date comfortable and even luxurious place of its kind in the world. It is fitted with hot and cold baths, with well-ventilated cells painted in pleasing colors, electric lighted and stocked with suitable reading matter. Gardening, dressmaking, cooking and washing are taught. If incarceration is supposed to be an example to wrongdoers, there is undoubtedly a point at which comfort in prisons may be carried too far. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether any one is ever injured by kind treatment if intelligently directed. The Australian state has set a good pace in regarding these unfortunate women as in need of treatment rather than of punishment.

Routed Bear With Broom.

A huge mountain bear which haunts the Catskill mountains is no longer an object of terror in the neighborhood of De Wittville, N. Y. Its bluffing days are over—for it was put to flight the other morning by an angry housewife wielding a broomstick. Mrs. Silas Meisner left several pans of milk on the kitchen table while she went to the upper part of the house. She heard a tin pan fall and hurrying downstairs she found the bear lapping up milk from the floor. As she entered, she expected the brute to attack her, but after surveying her Bruin went on lapping up milk. Looking around for a weapon, she seized an old broomstick and began to belabor the bear over the head. Mr. Bear stopped his meal of milk, looked around surprised and then promptly turned tail and fled.

SCOLDING WIFE IS BERATED

Physician Declares Something is the Matter Inside of Her and Advises an Operation.

At a medical convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, Dr. C. W. Moots bore down with heavy hand and amid much applause upon the hatchet-faced individual commonly known as the scolding wife. He said:

"Every time I see one of these women coming into my office, with sharp face and flat chest and inelastic muscles, I am in doubt whether to feel sorrier for the patient or for myself. There is something the matter inside of them. They ought to be operated upon."

Spoken like a true medico, who finds a physiological basis for every ailment!

There are thousands of women in the world who do not look particularly good to the other fellows, and it is just as well that they should not. Wise nature knew what she was about when she threw the glamour of illusion over one man, so that he should think there was none other than the single paragon among her many sisters. And when he married her, she was that. Happy is he if the alchemy of love still invests her with charms forever gone. And if she has been a true and faithful wife, God help him if he has forgotten the bliss of the honeymoon and the day when he stood by her side with the promise on his lips to cherish and protect "until death do us part!"

FOURTH FLOOR IS FLY LINE

Above This the Household Pests Seldom Ascend, Says the Real Estate Man.

"One thing about a flat that summer tenants will never take an agent's word for is the fly line," said the real estate man. "They want to find that out for themselves and resort to various subtle schemes. One woman to whom I showed a flat Tuesday came back on Wednesday to look at it again and confronted me in triumph when she found several flies roosting on the window sill."

"I felt that you were mistaken when you told me yesterday that this apartment was above the fly line," she said, "so I rubbed a chocolate cream on the sill and came back on purpose to see if the flies had traveled this high up."

"Of course they had. With a chocolate cream for a magnet a fly would climb to the top of a metropolitan tower, but ordinarily it is safe to say that in neighborhoods where both street and houses are kept clean there is no fly line because there are no flies, while in blocks where the street is dirty and the houses clean the fourth floor is supposed to be about as high as a fly cares to ascend."—New York Sun.

Read Meter Through Opera Glasses.

"To the long list of celebrities that have been started at through my opera glasses the gas meter has now been added," said a city woman. "The meter in our flat is placed so high on the kitchen wall that a step-ladder, chair or table is necessary to boost the reader within seeing distance. Yesterday when the inspector came the step ladder was broken and the chairs and tables were otherwise engaged. He took the inconvenience very good naturedly."

"Just lend me a pair of opera glasses," he said, "and I can see it all right."

"The glasses were brought and the reader proceeded to stare through them. Presently he read off a row of figures."

"Are you sure that is right?" I asked.

"Positive," he said. "A pair of opera glasses is a part of the equipment of the gas man to help reach meters in inaccessible places, but I forgot mine this morning."

Buckeye Hit the Bull's-Eye.

Joseph E. Menges of the city civil engineer's office, was being entertained by some eastern traveling men during a recent visit he made in St. Louis, and the conversation drifted to points of interest in various cities. As the only Indianapolis representative, Mr. Menges was called upon to extol the virtues of his home town. He set forth ably upon his task. Recalling big industrial plants, fine public buildings and beautiful parks, Mr. Menges saved his best for his last.

"And there is the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument," he said. "It's the greatest monument in this country, and second to none in the world. When you hear of a great monument, what do you think of?"

"Why, a graveyard," answered one of his listeners, who hails from Cleveland.—Indianapolis Star.

Death of Garibaldi's Nurse.

The death has taken place at Aspromonte, at the age of 72, of Margherita d'Orlando of Rivignano. In her youth she was one of the most fervent patriots, and took part in the Garibaldi campaigns. In 1862 she was as Aspromonte in the capacity of nurse, and tended the wound received by Garibaldi. In 1866 she accompanied him in the Trentino when he commanded the "Red Shirts" in the Tyrol. Subsequently she became a sister of charity, and for 30 years, under the name of Sister Scholastica, ministered to the convalescents in the hospital of Portogruaro.—Nursing Mirror.

YOUR OWN LIFE A QUARRY

Out of It You Are to Mould and Chisel a Character, Said the Poet Goethe.

It was Goethe who said: "Life is a quarry." He does not mean the life outside of yourself. He means your own life, that separate part of God's universe over which he has set you as supreme master, king to rule the dominion. Goethe says that this life, your own life, his life, everybody's life, is a quarry. A quarry is a place where stone is gotten. The value of a quarry is always in the quality of its stone. Now life, if it be a quarry, is simply a place containing a something that is valued, unformed but with skill may be wrought into what is valuable. The stone from the quarry is chiselled into form. A greater value comes from the chiselling of this stone. Michael Angelo's "Moses" is witness of what a great artist may do with a chisel upon a block of marble. Really, then, if your own life is a quarry, you yourself must be the artist, and out of the material of the quarry you are going to make what is beautiful and wonderful to the world. Let me complete the entire quotation: "Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character."—John T. McFarland.

IS NOT FIT TO LIVE WITH

The Genius Always is an Impossible Creature Who Makes Family and Friends Wretched.

One of the strangest signs of the times is our universal admiration for geniuses; yet a genius, no matter how you view him, is always an impossible creature. He isn't fit to live with. If he is so unfortunate as to marry, he makes life miserable for his family. If he doesn't marry, he is a care to all his friends. And the probability is that no one will appreciate him in his own age. Yet when we hear that such and such a one is a genius, we experience an instant feeling of envy. Most of us would like to be a genius, if we could have, along with it, our own steady trails. We wouldn't give up our regular income, but if we could be a genius with it, we should like it very well.

Lombroso declares that geniuses are abnormal—degenerate types. Scientists term them in biological words "sports"—that is, they are exceptions to a rule. They are supposed to see things straight, whereas everybody else is abnormal. Bernard Shaw says that is what is the matter with him.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

Americans Globe Trotters.

There are many American girls who pride themselves on being globe trotters. A trip to Europe is insignificant to them; they have been around the world so many times they speak of it as something not unusual. But they do take pride in knowing the art of traveling, of getting along without so many petty annoyances that almost give inexperienced travelers nervous prostration. They are sweet tempered and merry and never seem to be ruffled by any unexpected circumstance. One of those experienced girls when asked why she got along so easily, remarked: "Well, I soon learned a few essential things and I never have any trouble. It is a mistake to travel in one's own hair. It always gets crumpled and straggling in the salt air, and so I always wear a few pin curls in the day and keep my own hair fresh for the evening. Furthermore, I always make it a point to tip the stewardess when I start on a voyage."

Saved By Its Tick.

The last thing the woman did was to put four rings in the clock on the mantel. "So thieves won't get them," she said. "I should think that would be simply inviting thieves to run away with them," said her friend. "That is a handsome clock, and thieves like clocks."

"They do," said the woman, "but they will never steal this clock. It ticks too loud. No wise thief will run away with a clock that goes like a thrashing machine. It isn't the alarm about his person that he is afraid of, for he can stop the clock, but the occupants of the flat are likely to return before he gets safely away, and if a loud-ticking clock is gone they will miss it the minute they step inside the door, and maybe given him a hot chase for his plunder."

Sent By the Sun.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.

More Pressing.

"Did you ever consider that old problem of where all the pins go?" "No, I am going to take up the solution of that problem as soon as I have learned where all the dollars go."—Houston Post.

The War Fifty Years Ago

The Situation in Front of Washington—Advance of the Federal Outposts—Confederate Outposts Retire From the Vicinity of Alexandria to Fairfax Court House. The Southern Commander at Manassas, General Beauregard, and President Davis at Odds—Davis Urges an Attack in Maryland—Location of the Army of the Potomac Commanded by General George B. McClellan.

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By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

DURING the second week of October, 1861, occurred a forward movement of detachments of the Federal Army of the Potomac. It was not an extensive movement, being little more than an advance of the picket lines. After the battle of Bull Run the Confederates had drawn rather close about Washington, placing troops of observation on several nearby Virginia hills. The occupancy of one of these, Munson's hill, only eight miles from Wash-

ington, had an interesting sequel. After this position was abandoned by the southern troops at the end of September it was found that they had no works worthy the name and that their armament consisted of two painted logs and a stovepipe. Yet with these "Quaker" guns they had held off the vanguard of the Army of the Potomac for several weeks. Their position and intrenchments looked formidable, and the Union troops let it go at that and did not attack. This was during McClellan's nervous weeks, when he was writing to his wife almost daily expressions of surprise that Beauregard did not attack him. Finally when the small force of Confederates at Munson's hill and other points roundabout withdrew of their own motion their positions were occupied by the Federals.

An incident at about this time throws a rather luminous side light on the situation and reveals something of McClellan's military tactics. It was reported that the Confederates were again fortifying Matthias point, on the Potomac, and were threatening navigation. To dislodge them a combined naval and military movement was planned. McClellan agreed to furnish the troops, and the Potomac flotilla of gunboats were to land these and cooperate in the attack. All was made ready and the boats prepared for the expedition. But no troops appeared. Inquiry at army headquarters elicited the information that McClellan's engineers had reported against the plan and said it would be impracticable to land the troops in the manner proposed. The navy replied that it assumed all responsibility for landing the troops.

Two Logs and a Stovepipe.

Another promise was thereupon made that the land forces would be ready the next night, and once more the boats got in position. Again the troops failed to show up. On a second inquiry being made the most satisfactory the naval officers could get was that McClellan opposed the movement, fearing it would bring on a general engagement, for which he was not then ready. President Lincoln, who had urged the taking of Matthias point, was chagrined by the incident, but deferred to the wishes of the general. Navigation in the Potomac was closed, and the administration came in for general censure in consequence. The chief naval officer in command of the Potomac flotilla asked to be transferred, feeling that he was losing reputation because of inaction for which he was not responsible. Possibly the Munson's hill Quaker gun affair was

Washington Safe.

Thus the Army of the Potomac at this time extended in a long arc with its wings resting on the river above and below Washington, its center in Virginia, west of the capital, with a strong advance occupying the hills round about and a heavy reserve, also the cavalry and artillery. In the capital itself, this, with an elaborate system of fortifications, rendered Washington comparatively secure from attack either in front or on the flanks, a condition at which McClellan had been aiming ever since he took command.

McClellan Attacks Administration.

This has a rather peculiar sound now, when we know that at the very time McClellan was writing these letters to his wife abusing the administration it in turn was preparing to place him in supreme command of all the armies of the United States. President Lincoln was having his own troubles. The course of events had made it imperative that he appoint two prominent commanders, General Winfield Scott, the head of the United States army, and General Fremont, commander in Missouri. Neither event occurred for two weeks, but both were being considered. During this very week Secretary of War Cameron and the adjutant general had gone west to hold a consultation with Fremont and possibly to discover the truth of the charges against him. Cameron overtook Fremont at Tipton, Mo., on the 13th, after which he returned immediately to Washington. As for General Scott, he had expressed the desire to be relieved as early as August. He was old and unequal to the physical and mental burden of conducting a great war. Frequent misunderstandings with General McClellan, then commanding the largest army in the field and charged with the defense of Washington, doubtless intensified his desire to be out of it all.



Copyright by Review of Reviews Co. GREAT LIEUTENANT GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT AND STAFF IN THE FALL OF 1861—SCOTT IS SEATED THE TALL OFFICER ON THE EXTREME LEFT FACING THE AGED "HERO OF LUNDY'S LAKE" IS SCHUYLER HAMILTON, GRANDSON OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON—HE BECAME CONSPICUOUS IN THE FIELD DURING THE WAR, NOTABLY AT THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10 IN 1862.

30 might be able to annoy Banks or possibly separate him entirely from McClellan's main command. It was a portion of Evans' force that defeated the Federals at Ball's Bluff. McClellan was pushing out reconnoitering parties at this time, and small bands of the Confederates were rolling in consequence. At one time it was reported that Leesburg had been abandoned, but this proved a costly error.

A rather interesting point is brought out in an article by General Joseph E. Johnston written after the war. On Oct. 1 a consultation was held between Jefferson Davis and Generals Johnston, Beauregard and G. W. Smith. Says General Johnston:

"In discussing the question of giving our army (the Confederate army at Manassas) strength enough to assume the offensive in Maryland, it was proposed to bring it from the south troops enough to raise it to the required strength. The president (Davis) asked what was that strength. General Smith thought 50,000 men, General Beauregard 60,000 and I 80,000, all of us specifying soldiers like those around us. The president replied that such reinforcements could not be furnished. He could give us only as many recruits as we could arm. This decided the question."

General Johnston also states that never had there been a purpose of

McClellan Attacks Administration.

Some rather illuminating side lights are also furnished in General McClellan's letters at this time. These letters are all dated early in October. Here are a few characteristic sentences: "I cannot tell you how disgusted I am becoming with these wretched politicians."

"We shall be ready by tomorrow to fight a battle there (Munson's hill) if the enemy should choose to attack, and I don't think they will care to run the risk. I presume I shall have to go after them when I get ready, but this getting ready is slow work with such an administration. I wish I were well out of it."

"I am becoming daily more disgusted with this administration—perfectly sick of it. If I could with honor resign I would quit the whole concern tomorrow."

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