

BIG INFUX OF GOLD.

Yellow Metal Flowing Into the Subtreasuries.

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR PAPER

Minerals Have Some Difficulty in Handling It So Great Is the Amount Deposited—Gold Reserve Mounting Upward Steadily.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The resources of the United States treasury as being severely taxed to meet the demands for paper notes in exchange for gold. In many cases the gold holders ask for United States notes of large denominations in exchange, as the latter are as available for reserve as is the gold, but they express a willingness to accept Sherman notes, or if necessary silver certificates if the government is unable to furnish United States notes. The demand for large denominations also is not imperative, the principal thing being to get paper money.

Reports from all parts of the country tend to show that nearly all of the gold withdrawn during the last seven weeks was for the purpose of hoarding, and now that the supposed danger is passed gold is being offered at the several subtreasuries or is being deposited in banks and so is finding its way into the government coffers. The rush of gold offers is so great that in New York, at least, the assistant treasurer has been compelled to refuse gold until such time as he was able to handle it, and in a number of instances currency has been shipped from one subtreasury to another to meet the unusual demands.

The reserve has passed the \$130,000,000 point, and the officials have no doubt it will reach a much higher figure before the close of the year.

The increase in business generally predicted, it is believed, will result in greatly increased receipts from customs and from internal revenue, so that the present treasury deficit is likely to be reduced to some extent before the inauguration of Mr. McKinley.

Heavy Gold Offerings.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—Reports of large gold offerings continue to be received at the treasury. Advertisements in the *Exchange* City banker had made an offer of \$300,000 in exchange for currency. One of the Colorado bankers had offered \$500,000, a Baltimore bank \$100,000, a St. Louis bank \$100,000 and \$200,000 had been offered at San Francisco. A portion of these offerings have been accepted and the others probably will be taken as soon as arrangements can be made conveniently.

COMSTOCK SUES FOR DAMAGES.

Wants \$50,000 For Dr. Levenson's Remarks in Albany Last Winter.

New York, Nov. 12.—As the outcome of a quarrel which occurred on Feb. 19 last in the depot of the New York Central railroad at Albany, Anthony Comstock has brought suit for \$50,000 damages against Dr. Levenson.

The summons and complaint were filed with the clerk of the United States circuit court of this district. In the summons and complaint Comstock says that in the course of the quarrel Levenson used this language: "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is Anthony Comstock, a notorious blackmailer, who never earned an honest dollar in his life."

The secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in his complaint says that this language is libellous and try it he has been "greatly injured in his feelings and former reputation," and asks \$50,000 damages therefor.

Levenson's address as given in the papers is Sullivan county.

KILLED BY A FOLDING BED.

Terrible End of Warren E. Mason, a Chicago Business Man.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Warren E. Mason, president of the Chicago Acetylene Gas and Carbide company, has died from a strange accident which befell him Sunday evening.

Mr. Mason arose to ascertain the time, and on getting back into the large folding bed jarred it so that the top fell over on him. Mr. Mason's feet reached the floor and he was sitting in an upright position when the bed fell, catching him in its grasp.

Relative, aroused by his cries, ran to his assistance, but only temporary relief could be given as his back bone had been broken in the vice-like grip of the heavy bed. Mrs. Mason was lying in the bed when the accident occurred, but escaped uninjured. Mr. Mason lived several hours, suffering untold agony.

Suit Against the Shakers.

Hudson, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Robert Valentine, the New Lebanon Shaker trustee, accused of swindling New York property owners and obtaining property by false pretenses, was examined before a referee at Chatham. It is claimed that if Valentine violated the covenant in his leases the others did so too, and that the real trouble is due to a jealousy. A referee will be appointed to take charge of what property Valentine possesses, and an action at once to be begun against the Shaker community to hold it to the indebtedness of Valentine.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.

St. Louis, Nov. 12.—Many of the delegates and most of the national officers have arrived to attend the first annual convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, which meets in Music Hall tomorrow morning and will be in session for six days. Miss Frances E. Willard, the president, who has arrived, met with the executive officers of the national body on business pertaining to the convention. Five hundred accredited delegates and as many more visitors are expected.

Columbia Liberty Bell Seized.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The Columbia liberty bell, which attracted attention at the World's fair, is in the hands of the sheriff. The McShane Manufacturing company of Baltimore, which cast the bell, obtained an attachment for \$1,500, the cost of casting. The association made no effort to save their property, and the relic will be taken to Baltimore for exhibition.

Six Sailors Drowned.

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 9.—The schooner *Waukegan* broke up while trying to ride out the gale at anchor near here and only one survivor of her crew of seven has been rescued. He is still too weak to talk.

SPIDERS IN BATTLE.

THEY CONDUCT THEMSELVES WITH ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

A Fight to the Finish Between a Black Tiger Spider and a Pair From the Gray Hill Tribe—The Bout by Rounds—All "Put to Sleep," Though the Black Won.

In the quiet laboratory of a Ninth street chemist the other day there was enacted a little tragedy which afforded a demonstrated lesson in the etiquette of duelling as it is conducted among the spiders. Few realize the intelligence these inconspicuous little creatures often display, and in fact few people besides scientists go to the trouble of spending an hour or so watching them.

The doctor espied a spider in the corner of the laboratory window sill. He procured a wide mouthed jar, and with a stick endeavored to push the spider into it. The insect turned savagely on it and darted quickly up the stick toward his hand. Stick and spider were dropped immediately on to the sill, from which in another instant the creature was scooped into the jar.

He lay still and bunched up at the bottom. His body was fully three-quarters of an inch long, the thorax mottled black and green, the abdomen purplish, round and marked with well defined stripes of black and yellow; the legs not very long, but stout, hairy and ending in unusually strong, double claws, while the head was armed with a pair of shining black mandibles that looked like small steel pinchers. One of the neighbors said afterward that it was a "tiger spider," and there was no question as to the aptness of the name. His behavior was so ugly and fierce that he made a good subject for testing the pugnacity of spiders with their kind.

The doctor was familiar with his own home, and having inside the capture he went up into his own garret, where the walls and corners were profusely decorated with "will you walk into my parlor" contrivances. He singled out a typical web and proceeded. The mouth of the web was opened out over quite a considerable area and ran back as a narrow tube, the whole being like the most delicately woven gray white silk. Throwing a tempting bait into the web in the shape of a fly, the doctor had no difficulty in sweeping two gray spiders into another jar.

He got a deep sided salad bowl and dumped the gray spiders in. They at once began running around the flat bottom, making wild dashes up the sides and tumbling over each other in their excited efforts to escape.

As soon as the tiger spider was shaken out of his pickle jar into the bowl the gray spiders ceased their wild actions and took up a crouching position at one side of the bowl bottom. The tiger spider made no effort to escape, but after one or two rapid reconnoiters of his surroundings acquiesced just across from and facing the hill tribes.

The first offensive movement came from the gray spiders. These were in the nature of slow advances and retreats along the circumference line of the bowl bottom, with the evident intention of taking the tiger spider on the flank. At each advance, however, the tiger spider sat up, resting on his four posterior and middle feet, while the two anterior legs were stretched out like the arms of a wrestler, and the strong caliper shaped jaws were opened to their fullest extent.

Suddenly one of the spiders made a characteristic but fatal dash. He seemed actually to leap at the big spider. But quick as the hill spider was, the tiger spider was equally so. As the long drab spider darted in, the big black and yellow fellow sprang up and faced him. The next instant they closed, and in a moment three of the hill spider's legs lay on the glass, and the tiger spider, holding his enemy in a bearlike hug, was burying his mandibles in the other's throat.

The killing had not been done, however, without receipt of injury on both sides. One yellow and black leg lay with the three drab ones, and there were two drops of black juice on the purplish abdomen of the tiger spider, which showed where the gray spider had planted his jaws in the rush.

Meanwhile, too, the second gray spider had not been idle, but was circling round and about the struggling pair. Then, seeing his opportunity, he dashed in, only to be faced by the burly fighter, who, to meet the new attack unnumbered, threw the body of the dead combatant from him with a gesture that was almost human.

The clinch did not follow so quickly this time. The gray spider succeeded in getting in and away, clipping off another yellow and black leg as he did so, but in the second rush he was caught, and the tiger spider's jaws were locked in his throat.

So ended the fight.

The tiger spider held on to his second corpse so long and quietly that I thought him dead also, until I raised him with my pen, when he staggered furiously against it, opened his jaws and rolled over, a corpse. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The New Woolens.

The winter's woolens are handsome and varied. Iridescent effects, rich heather mixtures and boucle effects are numerous, having, for example, a medium or dark woolen ground variegated by contrasting threads of silk, or the foundation is a blue or deep red, for instance, with a very shaggy raised design of glossy black wool on the surface. These materials will be much worn, with the small addition, perhaps, of a corded silk vest to match the silk intermixture or else the back ground. Very little decoration is needed for these showy textiles.

Not Embarrassed.

"Is it true that Pidge is financially embarrassed?"

"He is availing in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him any." —Chicago Record.

THE BEST PASSPORT.

It Is to Always Look Pleasant and to Be Graciously.

"What is the first duty of a good traveler?" asked a young lady who was about to start from New York on a long-tended European tour.

"To look pleasant and never to grumble," was the answer of a veteran wanderer who had crossed the ocean 20 times and gone twice around the world.

It was a good prescription and will help to make a good traveler of any novice. The fatigue of the longest journey can be perfectly offset if one can only be amiable and avoid the weariness that comes from fretting over what is unavoidable and worrying over trifles.

An American girl not long ago spoiled the pleasure of a party of tourists by complaining of everything on sea and on land. The ship was a dreadful roller, the cabins were badly ventilated, the cooking was abominable, the service was shocking, the officers were unkind, and the passengers were disagreeable and stupid. Nothing suited her, and she had not a good word for anybody. Every member of the party was indignant over her want of amiability.

"It makes me almost sick merely to look at her!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Perhaps she will cheer up," was the charitable response, "when she reaches port."

But she was as unhappy on land as she had been at sea. She was angry with the customs officers and told them that they had mauled and ruined her best gown. She found fault with the lovely rural scenery between Southampton and London. She pronounced English cooking to be utterly vile. She inveighed bitterly against the weather and the climate. She was not interested in cathedrals, castles, palaces, pictures, colleges, ruins or country made. She was bored by everything she saw.

One night she received a round robin signed by every other member of the party, expressing regret that she was not enjoying her journey and offering their sympathies in her vexations and discomforts. It was a bold stroke on the part of her friends who were worn out by her tiresome peevishness. Fortunately it was not unsuccessful. Not another word of complaint was heard from her during the remainder of the tour.

A pleasant cheerful face and manner that express kindness and good will make the best passport which a traveler can carry into a foreign country. They insure civility and courtesy from officials, fellow travelers and strangers and are an unerring resource whenever there is any misadventure. —Youth's Companion.

TWO VIEWS OF PENSIONS.

Not Many Rich in Our West, Writes Mr. President Harrison.

"There may be fair differences of opinion as to the extent and conditions of pension relief, but there is no room for doubt as to pensions," writes Mr. President Harrison in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "Eleven dollars a month for war service implies at least relief in case of wounds or sickness for the soldier and that the public will care for his widow and orphan children. When the law of pillage prevailed, it was otherwise, and when our rich men take to fighting our wars we can abolish the pension system, but that far it is as historically true of the armies that won our independence, delivered us from the Indians and the British and saved the nation in the great civil war as of the kingdom of heaven, 'Not many rich.'"

"There are two views of the pension question—one from the Little Round Top at Gettysburg, looking out over a field strewn thickly with the dead and around upon bloody, blackened and maimed men cheering the shot from banner of their country; the other from an office desk on a busy street or from an endowed chair in a university, looking only upon a statistical table."

Wealth of Actors.

The wealth of actors is generally overestimated. Joseph Jefferson, Ed Smith Russell, Joseph Murphy and William Crane are rich men, of whose solitudes there is little doubt. But most of them, like Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, while they make enormous sums, spend money as if they were possessed of Fortunatus' purse. They seem to go on the principle that governed Sarah Bernhardt, when, at one of her periodic auctions in Paris, she replied to somebody who protested against her prodigality: "I have my capital in life, and it will last as long as I do. When I lose it, I shall no longer be in need of money." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Tempting Offers.

One of the down town officers has this advertisement, which he has displayed in several newspapers:

"We agree to give all our customers five."

A patient medicine dealer, who caught sight of the ad yesterday for the first time, said that he intended to immediately insert another notice beneath it, as follows:

"I will cure those five cheap as dirt." —Syracuse Post.

Special Excise Agent Appointed.

ALBANY, Nov. 12.—Excise Commissioner Lyman has appointed Charles H. Mills as special agent for Albany county.

No Room for Doubt.

Proof, yes overwhelming proof can be furnished of the excellent curative qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "I caught a cold which led to a cough and pain in the chest (pneumonia). I bought Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and after taking one bottle of it, the cough began to disappear; when I finished taking the second bottle I was cured. Gustav Thurmayer, 49 Hickory St., Cleveland, O." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cents. Take only Bull's.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

It is a curious fact, and one that has often been alluded to by the naturalists, that "as soon as any organ, sense or faculty falls into disuse it degenerates in size or effectiveness and is finally lost altogether."

Certain parasitic insects, for instance, have so completely degenerated, if we are to believe the wonderful stories told by the entomologists, that they have neither eyes, legs, heads, mouths, stomachs nor intestines. Yet these creatures live, it is said, and "enjoy themselves after a fashion." A peculiar "fashion," indeed! Along this same line we may note the fact that animals and reptiles which spend the greater portion or all of their lives in caverns or in burrows in the earth lose the power of sight or have eyes that are only rudimentary. Slave ants and working ants have become so hopelessly dependent on their bondsmen that they will not only not seek food, but are utterly incapable of feeding themselves and will actually starve with food before them unless a slave is present to place it between their jaws. —St. Louis Republic.

Photographic Snaps.

Amateur photographers of the woods or wild scenes sometimes have extraordinary luck. For instance, there was a Russian who took a picture of a party of friends near a big patch of forest. When he came to develop it, he found that he had been a bear beyond the group making for the woods at full speed when the bulb was pressed.

Will Conway, an amateur photographer living up in Oneida county, N. Y., got a curious result from a snap shot at a clump of woods. When he developed his film, he found that three partridges had been sitting on the ground eight or ten feet from him, deeply interested in his actions, at the position of their heads plainly showed. Another of his shots also developed curiously. It showed a fox looking across a picturesque opening on a swampy woods road. Apparently, the fox had not noticed the photographer, because it was looking away, giving a side view of his body and a rear view of his head. The ears were sticking up and pointed forward, as if it had heard a mouse squeak in the direction in which it was looking. —New York Sun.

The Spirit of Modern Athens.

Modern Athens, which recalls in so many ways the Athens of ancient days, has inherited from her the privilege of being beautified and enriched by her children. The public treasury was not always very well filled in those times any more than in the present, but wealthy citizens who had made fortunes at a distance liked to crown their commercial career by some act of liberality to the mother country. They endowed the land with superb edifices of general utility—theaters, gymnasiums, temples. The modern city is likewise full of monuments which she owes to such generosity. It was easy to obtain from private individuals what the state could not give. The Olympic games had been held with no brighter a luster in the past of the Greeks than they could not but have their revival at heart. —Baron Pierre de Coubertin in Century.

American Whist Leads.

Attention is called to the fact that, as American leader, when first promulgated, were based on the ground of complexity, that there are only two rules of any importance in connection with them, and that both are easy of assimilation. They are: 1. Low card, lead fourth best hand. 2. High card, lead high card, lead (a) highest in hand if the lead was from four originally; (b) with high, indifferent cards, use the highest, if the lead was from more than four.

Any card player who is incapable of following these two plain rules would be well advised to confine his attention to such games as old maid or buggery my neighbor. —Oxendish in Scribner's.

The John Brown Medal.

The gold medal given by Victor Hugo and other Frenchmen to the widow of John Brown is in the museum of the Kansas State Historical society. With it is the original letter of transmission in Hugo's handwriting. Just before the Franco-German war a subscription committee was organized of French Republicans for the purpose of presenting to Mrs. Brown such a medal commemorative of her husband's life and death. The medal was delayed by political events until Oct. 21, 1874. John Brown, Jr., now the medal, with Hugo's letter, is Judge F. H. Adams. Nov. 18, 1887, he was deposited in the Historical society's museum.

Reminding Vanity.

Reminding vanity is not the product of our affections, civilization, but is as old as the history of the world.

The Jewish and Egyptian women were almost coquettes and well versed in the artifices of the toilet. When Joseph learned of this approach of John, he sought to enhance her charms by painting her face and blacking her eyes with antimony.

Judith, before she proceeded on her murderous mission to the tent of Holofernes, bathed and perfumed herself with infinite care and wrapped herself in a splendid veil, in whose voluminous folds she concealed her cruel weapon. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Constantinople's Great Fire.

In 1816 a large part of Constantinople was destroyed by fire, 19,000 dwellings, besides warehouses and other structures, going down before the flames. The value of property destroyed on this occasion could not be estimated, but was not great as would have been occasioned by a fire of like proportions in other cities, the greater part of the dwellings and shops in Constantinople being flimsy wooden structures.

Wonders Never Cease.

No one need regret the many rheumatism, because the modern treatment, Salvation Oil, positively cures it.

"I was a great sufferer from rheumatism, and the best of medical men attended me without result. I was then cured by using the oil. It certainly has worked wonders with me." —E. J. Phelps, Room 10, No. 100, Com. —Salvation Oil.

Hamilton, at the age of 14, wrote political essays that were noticed by the general public to day.

Shakespeare's first play, if he ever wrote any, was said to have been written at about the age of 21.

Reading and gambling have of late years become rather more general at Oxford than they were 15 or 20 years ago.

An English writer says the use of morphine by doctors is a constantly growing evil. In their case the temptation is enormous.

A mysterious ringing of electrical bells in a house in Switzerland was traced to a spider whose web had connected two wires.

Since the establishment in Paris of the postal betting system on June 2, 1891, the enormous sum of 400,000,000 francs has been wagered by the public.

The veddies, or wild hunters of Ceylon, amble the pounded fibers of soft and decayed wood with the honey to which they feed when meat is not to be obtained.

Light acts upon the brain, and those who sleep with their blinds up will find that, in summer time, when so few hours are really dark, their sleep is not refreshing.

Napoleon's lucky day was the 1st of the month. He was made a count on Aug. 3, 1804, was crowned Dec. 2, 1805, and married the empress of Austria April 2, 1810.

It is understood that the government of New Zealand will introduce a measure for the abolition of emancipating persons on the same lines as that dealing with smallpox, making emigrants at ships liable.

The ground under the city of Baltimore is full of caverns of unknown depth. A man was once digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out and he found his pick all through, nobody knows where.

James McNeill, who lived in the old city of the eighteenth century, was known as the gentleman highwayman. He was his reputation of money and his intelligence in doing so well that the fact of living which seemed him the most secure.

The lines of an honest man are not so likely like. When a tourist in Paris desires a passport, the post of the police is covered with the old-time police impression in ink on his skin. Some get. This paper, which is given to the tourist, is the passport.

"The Great Dictator" is the title given to the new play. It is a play about the life of Napoleon. It is a play about the life of Napoleon. It is a play about the life of Napoleon.

There is no doubt that the new play is a great success. It is a play about the life of Napoleon. It is a play about the life of Napoleon. It is a play about the life of Napoleon.

The parish of St. Clare, near London, has an interesting story. It is a story about the life of Napoleon. It is a story about the life of Napoleon. It is a story about the life of Napoleon.

A Swedish man, who has just been in London, has a story to tell. It is a story about the life of Napoleon. It is a story about the life of Napoleon. It is a story about the life of Napoleon.

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