A NIGHT WITH PYTHIANS.

General C. F. McGlashan's Visit to Columbia Lodge.

Addresses by the Commander, Hon. Grove L. Johnson and Several Others.

Brigadier-General C. F. McGlashan of the Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias, visited Columbia Lodge, No. 42, last evening in the capacity of Grand Chancellor of the domain of California. Chancellor Commander T. H. Waterland occupied the chief station in the lodge, while Colonel J. W. Guthrie adorned the Vice-Chancellor's office. There was a large attendance of Knights and prominent officers from the other lodges of the city, as well as visitors from abroad, prominent among which might be mentioned Hon. Grove L. Johnson, Past Representative L. Pizer, Captain A. E. Stearns, Master of Exchequer M. Hirsch, Keeper of Records and Seal C. E. Kleinsorge, Master of Finance Al Wulff, Captain H. K. McLennan, Master of Exchequer B. F. Perry, Past Prelate Charles Schwan, Past Captain E. G. Messner, Past Chancellor E. L. Stover, Past Chancellor N. Hoffelt, Captain Frank J. Dietrich, Chancellor Commander T. H. Mills, Colonel W. J. Hogan, Past Chancellor C. W. Morton, Captain W. B. Oldfield, Past District Deputy M. L. Jenkins, Past Second Lieutenant D. P. Brown, Grand Master-at-Arms Chris Wilke, and District Deputy Grand Chancellor William Quinton.

The members of the Uniform Rank were present in goodly number to extend a fraternal visit to their Brigadier-General. Their handsome uniforms, military bearing and excellent maneuvers produced a very fine effect.

Grand Master McGlashan made an interesting address. "I understand," he said, "you render this tribute to the head of an order you love, and I receive it in the same spirit. I have never been more courteously received, and in behalf of the order I thank you for this reception. There is a feeling in the order that when one gets to be Grand Chancellor he gets too far away from the order to be of any use. I never visit a lodge but what I try to do something for the good of the order. I know the reputation of grand old Columbia Lodge, but you ought to have the stars and stripes hung up above the Chancellor Commander's station.

"This is a loyal order, born in the days when the life of the nation was imperiled. It was organized to harmonize the unfortunate feeling that prevailed between sections of the country. A man with a spark of disloyalty in his heart has no business in the order of Knights of Pythias. A Grand Chancellor should come from the subordinate lodge and should be thoroughly familiar with its wants. All through the country there is a marvelous uprising in behalf of the Pythian banner.

"Down in Galt they have taken in thirty-two members this term, although suffering severely from hard times. Brother Voss of Triumph Lodge at San Jose said if each member of his lodge would bring in one member he would guarantee to bring in fifty, and he has already brought in twenty-four. In flush times perhaps a man can afford not to belong to this order, but he surely cannot these times. He can't afford to do without having loving hands around him in his hours of distress. We have gained 500 members the past six months, and will reach a membership of 11,000 before the end of the present year.

"Columbia Lodge has bravely held her own during the hard times in point of membership, and has gone ahead in finances. Some years ago the order had a boom, and it has taken some years to get over it. They used to admit anybody to membership, and it has taken years to get over the evil effects of that policy. God Almighty has seen fit, through Rathbone, to organize an order founded on a friendship that should manifest itself in the darkest hours of adversity. I thank God that we have lost the froth and foam we gathered in years ago. If there are unworthy members in Columbia Lodge let proper charges be brought against them to expel them from the order. It is wonderful that Knights of Pythias lodges can exist in cities where the members sometimes do not meet for months. The same difficulty does not obtain in my town of Truckee nor in the country, so it surprises me how well you keep up the order here.

"Members sometimes wonder whether so large a per capita tax is necessary. I am going to find out at headquarters just how things are, and I wish you would trust me to do it. Some think the secret work is changed too often, but this is a young order and the alterations are necessary in order to approach perfection. The new work, when rendered, is better than the old.

"Columbia Lodge needs a stereopticon. It would interest the old members, and bring in new ones. Regarding your work, I am acquainted with your officers, and I know they do their work creditably. I want Capitol Lodge, No. 157, to have a candidate and to work with their team when I visit that lodge week after next.

"The Uniform Rank is all right and is forging forward. We will have four divisions of the Uniform Rank in what used to be the Second Regiment.

"I want to say a good word for the Rathbone Sisters. Our order is eminently progressive, and I trust and hope and believe that the Knights of Pythias will be the first great order to recognize the advancement of women. Think of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Foresters! What a wonderful uplifting influence they have had for men! And let the same benefits be extended to the ladies of the land.

"As to the endowment rank, the insurance is safe, and every Knight of Pythias ought to prepare for his loved ones in case of his sudden calling away. I never heard of a worthy case where the endowment rank failed to pay.

"Pythianism is friendship, wherever friendship is needed. Down at the Presidio the members of Mars Lodge have taken great interest in behalf of an imprisoned brother, who seems to have been suffering unjust punishment.

"I wish to say to Brother Grove L. Johnson, whom I am glad to meet here this evening, that the other night I had the pleasure of meeting in a Knights of Pythias Lodge at Stockton Marion De Vries, so it seems that our order will be represented in the next Congress."

The Grand Chancellor then exemplified the unwritten work of the order and emphasized the importance of having a thorough knowledge of it.

Hon. Grove L. Johnson said:

"We have been entertained, as I knew we would be, by the eloquent, interesting and instructive speech of Brother McGlashan. We are and always have been friends in the varied walks of life. I am surprised, brothers, that you don't come here oftener, but I believe this is the first time I have ever been in this beautiful hall. It may be true, as the Grand Chancellor has said, that we in the city do not get together as well as those in the country, but if the spirit of fraternity is not fully exemplified here we ought to improve the existing state of things.

"There is much to think of in what the Grand Chancellor has said. It is time for us to turn over a new leaf. We may well be proud of our order. I frankly confess that I am not acquainted with the new ritual, but if it is an improvement on the old one, it must have a great influence in making men better. Building our order upon the nomenclature of the Knights of Old, our reward is the thanks of those we have benefited. I believe in fraternal orders. They are founded upon matters that appeal to men's minds.

"This order appeals to the stalwart side of humanity—to the manhood of every human being. Napoleon carried the eagle of France to every European Capital because he appealed to the martial and combative spirit of man. We, too, appeal to the combative spirit, and can fight against all the gigantic forces of evil. When Pythian principles are realized in their full fruition the beginning of the millenium will be at hand."

W. B. Oldfield, H. K. McLennan, J. W. Guthrie, L. Pizer and William Quinton made short addresses. The lodge was then closed, and the Knights adjourned to the banquet-room, where a feast was spread under the management of Colonel W. J. Hogan and Past Chancellor G. Luxenius.

After the banquet Colonel J. W. Guthrie called the assemblage to order and proposed toasts which were responded to as follows:

"The Grand Lodge"—General C. F. McGlashan.

"The Subordinate Lodge"—J. H. Liggett.

"The Uniform Rank"—Captain W. B. Oldfield.

"The Rathbone Sisters"—Hon. Grove L. Johnson.

"Capitol Lodge"—T. H. Mills.

"The Bureau of Relief"—M. Hirsch.

Ah Gee Discharged.

Justice Gill of Washington last evening discharged Ah Gee, the Chinaman who was accused of having threatened a boy with a pistol.

A Professor's Son.

A young son of one of the Harvard professors was using the hose a while ago out in Cambridge, when another professor came along and asked: "What are you doing, my boy?" And the boy replied: "I am a squirtin'," and let drive straight into the astonished professor's face. It was the same lad who objected last winter to his mother's giving a reception. She did not think it necessary, however, to submit to the youngster's demands and issued her invitations. The afternoon came and went, but nobody called. That evening some of the neighbors called and gently inquired who was dead in the house. "Why, no one," was the astonished reply. "Then, what is that crape on the door for?" And the mother of the young hopeful discovered that a heavy bow of black crape had adorned her front door all the afternoon, and that everybody who had come in response to her invitation had quietly turned away again. Truly, he is rightly judged "a case."

Do you have distress in the stomach after eating, or faintness, heartburn, headache, or other dyspeptic symptoms? Hood's Sarsaparilla will tone the stomach, give an appetite and cure you.

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MYRIADS OF UGLY SPIDERS.

The Multi-Legged Pets—The Only Spider Farm in America.

A Queer Industry Located Only Four Miles From Philadelphia on the Old Lancaster Pike.

There is but one spider farm in the United States. As far as the writer can learn there are only two in the world. Entomologists have collected and raised spiders for purposes of scientific observation and investigation, just as bacilli and other unpleasant animals are nurtured. Here and there a spider has been made a pet of by some lonely prisoner of Chillon or the Tombs, but spider farming as a money-making industry is yet in its infancy. What in the world is done with a crop of spiders? you ask. One has only to go four miles from Philadelphia on the old Lancaster Pike and ask for the farm of Pierre Grantaire to see what can be found nowhere else in this country, and abroad only in a little French village in the Department of the Loire, says the Philadelphia "Times."

Pierre Grantaire furnishes spiders at so much a hundred for distribution in the wine vaults of the merchant and the nouveau riche. His trade is chiefly with the wholesale merchant, who is able to stock a cellar with new, shining, freshly labeled bottles, and in three months see them veiled with filmy cobwebs, so that the effect of twenty years of storage is secured at a small cost. The effect upon a customer can be imagined, and is hardly to be measured in dollars and cents. It is a trifling matter to cover the bins with dust. That effect is easy to the veriest tyro in the wine trade. But cobwebs—that is different—cobwbes spun from cork to cork, cobwebs that drape the slender neck like delicate lace when the flask is brought to the light—the seal of years of slow mellowing and fruition.

SPIDER RAISING.

The Lancaster Pike is an old, old highway that trembled to the tramp of marching columns in the revolution. In one of the low, stone farmhouses, huge as the chimney, lives Pierre Grantaire, a veteran of the French army, who was conscripted as a middle-aged man from his father's farm in 1870 to fight the Prussians. For ten years he has lived here, a rather unique figure among the matter-of-fact farmers around him. For the tricolor always flies from his roof on the 14th of July, and the colors are draped half mast on the anniversary of the day that the hated Prussians marched into Paris a quarter of a century ago.

Old Grantaire has a wonderful vegetable farm, and sends in the choicest "green stuff" that is displayed in the Philadelphia markets. His neighbors know that he is a market gardener, and also raises mushrooms, and rather envy him the returns from his squabs that retail at 60 cents a pair this time of year. But few of them know of the spider-raising industry, which makes a substantial part of Pierre's busniess. It is not to the old man's interest to have this advertised, and he seldom takes a caller into the two rooms of his dwelling where his multi-legged pets cover the walls and weave their gossamer patterns everywhere.

It was a bit shuddering for the visitor, who had been brought up to smash a spider with a slipper or whatever came the handiest, to be brought into a room where there were spiders in front of him, spiders to the rear of him, myriads of spiders on every hand.

The walls were covered with wire squares from six inches to a foot across, like magnified sections of the wire fence used to inclose poultry yards. Behind these wire screens the walls had been covered with rough planking. There were cracks between the boards, apparently left with design, and their weather-beaten surfaces were dotted with holes and splintered crevices. Long tables running the lengths of the room were covered with small wire frames, wooden boxes and glass jars.

CURTAINS OF LACEWORK.

All of these wires in the room were covered over by patterns of lace tracery, in the geometrical outlines fashioned by the spider artists, inspired by the mysterious instinct which has made them weave their filmy snares in the same fashion since the world began. The sunlight streamed through the open door and the room seemed hung with curtains of fine woven lacework. The king of this fairy palace rapped his stubby pipe against the door, and the webs were dotted with black spots as the spiders scampered from their retreats in the wall cracks and a score of villainous looking pets as big as half-dollars emerged from their crannies on the table and clustered against their glass roofing.

"They think I feed them now," said Pierre, "but I fool them for you. They have brains, these little creatures. Ah, they are cunning. After you see them and I tell you of them you will not crush them more. You will say, 'The spider can teach me something. I will watch him. He is a diplomat, an architect, a mathematician. His knowledge is worth having.' Ah, there is a fine fellow running on your neck. Don't knock him off. He will not bite you. They are harmless. He wishes to give you a bon jour and make your acquaintance.

"You wish to know of the business first? That is like you people—money first, then the sentiment. There are 2,000 spiders in this room, all raising families and minding their own business. Is not that a teaching of the world and a lesson already? You see, in these frames I breed my pets, and when the infants are big enough to run about I take them in the next room, where they can set up for themselves, as you say. It is from there I sell most. They are great cannibals, my pets; they eat their children and the children eat each other. So I must get a good price for those that survive their childhood.

"It is not all kinds of spiders that make webs. There are those that live in holes in the ground and make for themselves trap doors, and some make soft nests in cracks, while others spin small homes in the grass or in the room corner. No, indeed; I have sought out kinds that weave themselves fine large webs of lines and circles. They only look artistic in the wine cellar or on the bouteille. They are selected ones. There are three families; the names of them are Spira Vulgaris, the Zilla and the Nephila Plumipies, which the entomologists will tell you are the grand web-spinners, the artists of the spider world.

"But what money is there in it, you ask. Mon Dieu, money, money—always money. I, who love my pets, to be always thinking of what they sell for! I will tell you now, and then you will talk no more of money, and I can show you something. A customer comes to me. He is a wine merchant from New York or Philadelphia, or perhaps he writes. He says that he has just stocked a cellar with five-year-old port or Burgundy, or something else. The bottles have brushed clean in shipping. They look like new and common. They will not sell for old wine. He has attached to them labels of twenty, thirty or forty years ago, some year of a grand vintage. He tells me so many hundred bottles. I know how many of my pets will soon cover his cellar in cobwebs of the finest old kind. I put them in little small paper boxes, a pair in a box. I ship them in a crate, with many holes for air. Maybe I send 200, 300 or 400 spiders. For them I ask half a franc each, $10 for every hundred. In two months you would think his cellar was not disturbed for the last forty years. It has cost him $40, or $50 maybe, but he may sell the wine for $1,000—yes, more than that—above what it had brought without any pets had dressed the bottles in robes of long ago.

"The merchant takes the parvenu and the nouveau riche, who are easy to fool and play with. He leads them down into the dark cellar. By the light of the candle the customer sees the rows of bottles. Their necks are deep in dust. It is easy to blow over them dust. The cobwebs drape them; they stretch from cork to cork—it is plain that there is here a great age. All my cobwebs, mon ami. The customer has what you call the pulling of the leg to him. He is proud. But it is good for him. Good wine is only meant for the man who knows it.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

"Perhaps a man has quickly made great wealth and keeps a grand establishment. He must have a fine wine cellar. Perhaps he buys himself old wines, dusty and cobwebby. But the cobwebs are broken and en deshabille when the bottles are moved to his cellar. They have not the tone, the look of the real old age, of the long years of gentle rest in the undisturbed dark, n'estce pas? Then he drives out to see old Pierre, or writes from New York or Chicago—I do a grand business in Chicago. Sapristi, I send him my pets. They work for him. Soon he can take his rich friends into his cellar, and they say, 'Mon Dieu, this is superb; it is magnificent. We give you congratulations, my boy.' This is what money cannot buy. My pets stop working, and they do what you call wink the other eye. They then resume their toil."

"Tell us how you raise them and feed them, Pierre," asked the visitor insinuatingly.

"Corbleau, it is a science, this raising of spiders. I have on hand at one time about 10,000 spiders, old and young. I brought some eggs from France, and the choicest webmakers to be found. Here is the queen of them all. Her children are the superb spinners. Many hundreds of my pets are her descendants. It is the kind bred by my great uncle in France."

The old man led the way to a glass dome in the corner, beneath which a filmy web of beautiful pattern stretched across nearly two feet. Pierre touched one of the meshes and a huge black spider danced nimbly out from her downy nest and ran up the vibrating thread to the old man's finger. He gave her a fly, and she tripped back within doors with her booty.

"This is Sara," said Pierre. "She has the grace, the chic, the slender beauty of the divine Bernhardt. She is the pride of all my pets. Ah, here is Zola looking at you."

A hideous, hairy monster had crawled up the fine wire netting that kept him within bounds, and stared sardonically not a foot away from the writer's nose. A start and an exclamation were natural, but Pierre looked grieved.

"I do not blame you much," said he. "Zola is good-natured and would not hurt you, but he has the horrible look. He has fits of bad temper sometimes. Then ventrebleu, look you out. He is the bird spider of Surinam. His body is two inches long, and he catches and eats small finches and sparrows when in the woods. His bite is bad poison. I doubt not it will kill you. But I tame him with kindness. Yet he is not pleasant to think of running around a room. He might have the bad temper. He would eat all my pets in one day. But he is king of all spiders—le grand monarch. Therefore I call him Zola, the most superb of writers.

"When the mother spider wishes to lay her eggs she makes a little web in a broad crack. See, here is one wearing her nursery. Then she lays fifty eggs, perhaps, like petite jelly drops. Then she covers them up in a soft silken cocoon and leaves them. In two weeks, longer in winter, they begin to hatch. It is very difficult. It takes one or two days. The eggshell or skin cracks off in rags. Mon dieu, but there is a great struggle for the infants. Then they grow, and in a week look like spiders. They molt often and shed their skins like a snake. I must separate the brood at a tender age. It is hard to break up the family, but, sapristi, they devour each other until the one is left, like your droll tale of the cats of Kilkenny."

CURED OF USING SLANG.

His Servant Interpreted It Literally So He Now Taboos It.

"Apropos to slang," said the man from the Hub, "you all know, for it is a matter of history, that we, the people of Boston, speak a purely classic language, and much fun is made at our expense by would-be wits on that account. But when I lived West with my family for a few years I acquired the pernicious habit of using slang. Strange to say, I learned it from hearing my own boys, who were so captivated by it that years of Harvard have not eradicated it."

Everybody looked sufficiently impressed and he resumed:

"We had a new hired girl, a child of nature, if ever there was one, and my wife was much distressed by her antics. I did not interfere, as it was an unwritten law in the family that none of its male members should give orders to the help. And it was seldom that I ever knew the name of the reigning goddess of the kitchen.

"But the boys were proof against the simplicity of this one. They poked fun at her, sent her on fool's errands, and explained things backward, until the girl's scant allowance of brains became completely befuddled. So I was not surprised when I found her waiting in the hall for me to ask me what time the 7 o'clock train left for Mills Village. I knew the boys had been guying her.

"I looked at her simple, moon-like face, her shock of wild hair, and quoting the latest phrase I had heard on the lips of my boys, I motioned her away. 'Go and soak your head,' I remarked.

"When I came home that night my wife informed me that the cellar was flooded and the girl half-drowned. She had taken me literally, but I assure you, gentlemen, she has cured me of using slang."—Detroit Free Press.

"How does Jibson stand prosperity since he came into his fortune?" "Oh, he stands it all right, but it is pretty tough on his friends."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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POLITICS IN WASHINGTON.

THREE CONVENTIONS HOLDING FORTH AT ELLENSBURG.

Efforts of Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans to Bring About Fusion.

ELLENSBURG (Wash.), Aug. 13.—The Democratic Convention met to-day at 9:30 and appointed a committee of thirty-one members, one from each county represented, to confer with the Populists and free silver Republicans regarding fusion. The convention then adjourned until 1 p. m.

The Populists' State Convention was called to order at 9 a. m. After an hour's wrangle over the manner of casting the vote of an absent delegate, the platform was taken up for discussion. The Populist Conference Committee of thirty-two, appointed last night, organized by electing Leigh H. Freeman of Yakima Chairman.

The silver Republicans met at 10 o'clock and appointed a Conference Committee of one from each county represented and adjourned to meet at the call of the Chairman.

The Conference Committees have been in session all day. At 6 o'clock this evening but little headway had been made, though the leaders express themselves as believing that a satisfactory solution would be reached. Reason is having sway, and but for the Governorship no great length of time would be required to adopt a plan of action.

There are twelve State offices to be divided and four Presidential Electors to be chosen. Owing to the peculiar construction of the State law, there can be but one set of Electors voted for by fusionists, as no name can appear twice on an official ballot.

While the conference bodies as a committee of the whole passed a resolution strictly forbidding members giving out news or information relative to their doings, yet much is known as to what transpired at to-day's sessions. The Democrats asked the Governorship, and in return were willing to concede to the Populists half of the electoral ticket, two Congressmen and five other offices, leaving about four subordinate offices to the free silver Republicans. The Populists demanded the Gubernatorial berth, all the electoral ticket and both Congressmen, and were willing that the other two parties should divide the nine remaining State offices as best suited themselves. However, this proposition was coupled with a well-defined intimation that they would accept the Governorship, half the Electors, one Congressman and one or two subordinate offices. The free silver Republicans modestly request one Congressman, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the privilege of voting for any electoral ticket.

In the convention to-day the Populists adopted a platform asserting allegiance to the Omaha and St. Louis platforms, and demanding a liberal exemption from taxation of personal property and improvements in or upon land. This latter plank caused a spirited debate, many contending that it was too long a step in the direction of a single tax.

ON THE TURF.

Results of the Races at Butte, St. Louis and Brighton Beach.

BUTTE (Mont.), Aug. 13.—The talent succeeded in picking four out of the six races to-day. Summaries:

Trotting, 2:13 class, three in five, purse $700, Monterey won in straight heats, Red Cherry second, Antrim third. Best time—2:13¾.

Trotting, 2:23 class, three in five, $500, Justine won, taking second, fourth and fifth heats, Silver King second, Grace Hayes third. Best time—2:19¼.

Running, six furlongs, purse $300 'Ostler Joe won, Tampa second Jim Blackburn third. Time—1:11¼.

Half mile, selling, purse $300, Gracie S. won, St. Croix second, General Coxey third. Time—0:48¾.

Half mile, selling, purse $250, Daisy B. won, Topaz second, Bob Tucker third. Time—0:49½.

Five furlongs, selling, $250, Marsh won, Nervoso second, Yreka third. Time—1:02½.

AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13.—One mile, Sammie Young won, Joe Hart second, Al Miles third. Time—1:50.

Five furlongs, Sea Robber won, Sugar Foot second, Tom Smith third. Time—1:04.

One mile, Castalia won, King Elm second, Agatine third. Time—1:50.

Five furlongs, Jack won, Devault second, Pascola third. Time—1:32½.

One and one-sixteenth miles, Cherry Stone won, Hot Stuff second, Brahama third. Time—1:55¾.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH, Aug. 12.—Five furlongs, Louise N. won, Contribution second, Rock Ledge third. Time—1:02½.

Five furlongs, Don Blas won, Meadowthorpe second, Florian third. Time—1:02¼.

One and one-sixteenth miles, Volley won, The Dragon second, Formal third. Time—1:49½.

Six furlongs, Regulator won, Cleophus second, Lithos third. Time—1:15½.

Two miles, Emma C. won, Mirage second. Time—3:29.

Five furlongs, Medica won, Titmouse second, Mormon third. Time—1:02½.

Some Household Hints.

A little salt sprinkled on a hot stove will remove any disagreable odor.

A cup of rock salt dissolved in the bath will prove as invigorating as a sea bath.

The mustard used for salads by both the English and French is frequently mixed with Madeira, sherry and other wines.

If a small piece of bread is put upon the point of the knife while peeling and cutting onions it will prevent the tears from flowing.

Lemons may be kept fresh and good a long time by putting them in an open stone crock and covering them with cold water. The water should be changed twice a week. Lemons treated in this way will become ripe and juicy.

A great deal of the unpleasant odor that is carried through the house from boiling vegetables may be avoided by putting a piece of bread in the water with the vegetables, and if a bit of charcoal be used the cooking of cabbage or cauliflower cannot be detected.

A favorite as well as nourishing drink for invalids is barley water. To prepare it place one quart of water in a saucepan over the fire. Wash well two ounces of pearl barley and throw into the water. Bring it to a boiling point, then add lemon and sugar to suit the taste. Draw the pan to the back of the fire and simmer gently two hours. Strain and cover until cold.

Gold and Silver.

Oregon has produced $21,999,696 of gold and $94,500 silver.

Greece has $500,000 of gold in circulation to $3,000,000 of silver.

Colorado has produced $68,246,222 of gold and $24,800,914 of silver.

Wyoming has produced $848,335 of gold and $13,060 of silver.

Nevada has produced $33,678,267 of gold and $104,191,259 of silver.

South Dakota has produced $50,923,627 of gold and $1,051,824 of silver.

Italy has $96,000,000 of gold coin in circulation and $16,500,000 of silver.

The amount of gold produced by the world's mines since 1492 is $8,397,395,000.

China is a silver country. The circulating medium comprises $725,000,000 in silver.

The Turks manage to get along with $50,000,000 of gold and $44,000,000 silver.

Canada has a circulating medium of $14,000,000 in gold and $5,000,000 in silver.

The gold circulation in Belgium amounts to $54,000,000, the silver to $54,900,000.

In Spain the people have in circulation $40,000,000 of gold and $155,000,000 of silver.

In the year 1894 France consumed in the arts $9,570,240 of gold and $5,454,750 of silver.

In 1894 the world's production of gold amounted to $179,965,600, of silver $215,404,600.

In Cuba and Hayti there are in circulation $21,000,000 of gold and $4,400,000 of silver.

The Russian jewelers and gold-platers used in 1893 $3,542,983 of gold and $3,117,000 of silver.

During the years between 1881 and 1890 the production of silver in America was $1,298,820,000.

Since the discovery of America the mines of the new world have produced $9,908,247,000 of silver.

Mexico is a silver country, there being only $5,000,000 of gold in circulation to $50,000,000 of silver.

Idaho ranks fifth in the production of precious metals, $35,201,629 of gold and $1,960,383 of silver.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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