

GOTHAM'S STORES OF GOLD

Vast Quantities of the Yellow Metal Held in New York. STRONGEST TREASURE CHEST IN EXISTENCE. Remarkable Care with Which It is Guarded Day and Night—Ceremony of Opening the Strong Box.

More coined gold, by millions and millions of dollars' worth, is packed away for safekeeping in the vaults of the clearing house, which has never been gathered here before, probably more than at this time stored in any other city on earth, excepting St. Petersburg and Paris; certainly as much as the total output of all the mines in the world last year.

This may seem an exaggerated statement, in view of the fact that the gold output of 1887 was the largest in history, being equal to at least \$203,000,000, yet it is well within the truth, since the gold coin holdings here now amount to between \$300,000,000 and \$210,000,000, and are probably nearer the larger than the smaller figure.

Moreover—and this statement is still more surprising—the world's visible supply of gold, estimated by the officials of the New York assay office, though now larger than ever before, amounts only to a little more than \$5,000,000,000, both coined and uncoined, so that, accepting \$200,000,000 as the measure of New York's present gold coin storage, it is quite equal to one-twenty-fifth part of all the precious yellow metal in existence.

Though all that has been said is strictly true, the facts being gathered from the manager of the New York clearing house, the assistant treasurer of the United States in charge of the sub-treasury here, and the superintendent of the assay office, it would be impossible to give exact figures as to the total amount of stored gold coin here for two reasons. First, there is no way of securing accurate figures of the gold coin holdings, and second, the holdings of the United States sub-treasury and the New York clearing house fluctuate from day to day. The functions of the clearing house include the storage of surplus gold for all the banks

THE GOLD NOW STORED IN NEW YORK VAULTS WOULD OUTWEIGH TEN FIFTY-TON LOCOMOTIVES.

belonging to the association, hence its vaults contain the bulk of all the gold coin in the city save that owned by the government. A few days ago its storage footed up to \$187,000,000, with a few millions more in prospect. On that same day the sub-treasury had \$60,000,000. If the amounts of gold locked up in bank vaults and held by private individuals could be determined and the sum added to the enormous total, the estimate here made would undoubtedly be found below and not above the actual holdings.

In addition to the vast sums represented by the figures quoted there was stored in the assay office on this day about \$105,000,000 worth of bar gold and the sum added to the holdings of \$227,000,000 in the clearing house and the sub-treasury swells the gross—aside from bank and private holdings—to \$282,000,000. Unquestionably there is enough more gold in New York at this time to raise the small total to \$300,000,000, or more than the world's output in the year of greatest production.

The presence at the nation's commercial center of so vast an accumulation of the world's standard money metal, due to no government's efforts at concentration, is unprecedented, and, while it is in one sense a source of gratification, the situation is not without its embarrassing features.

Perhaps the greatest embarrassment arises from the lack of adequate storage facilities at the clearing house. Its great strong box, or treasure chest, was built to hold \$105,000,000 and when it was erected three years ago there was little thought that its capacity would ever be tested. But though the estimated storage limit has long been overrun, no surplus millions are kicking around loose on the floor of the institution. On the contrary, by crowding the treasure chest, its capacity can be increased over 50 per cent, and the unexpected millions are today stored quite as safely and guarded as carefully as any of the stock on hand.

A Wonderful Treasure Chest. The great strong box of the New York clearing house, by the way, is the only treasure chest of its kind in the world, and competent judges say it is also by all odds the best, exceeding in security the vaults of the government at Washington and those of the Bank of England in London almost as much as a modern burglar-proof safe exceeds the iron key safes of our grandfathers.

Located somewhat lower than the sidewalk, it is about as large as a good-sized private dining room, having a frontage of twenty-five feet and a depth of twenty feet. Its ceiling is twelve feet high. The floor rests on a platform of steel railroad rails. Like the sides and top, it is six and one-quarter inches thick, and composed of layers of chrome steel plates, each plate being 3/16 of an inch thick, and these to be of almost diamond hardness, and all bolted together in such a manner as to "break joints" at every point. Where there are no other safeguards, the material used and the methods of construction would form an almost perfect guarantee against loss by theft, for it would take the most expert burglar, using perfect tools, more than twenty-four hours to make a hole through either floor, top or side. As a matter of fact, the additional safeguards are so elaborate that the gold would be secure even were the walls of the treasure chest made of wood instead of laminated chrome steel.

In the first place, and here is the point in which the clearing house strong box exceeds all others, it is entirely enclosed in a large underground apartment, 40x50 feet in size and twenty feet high, which is at all times brilliantly lighted by electric bulbs. Thus the walls of the treasure chest are entirely free from contact on the top and sides, while on the bottom there is no contact save at four points only.

the main floor to the level of a narrow platform reaching quite round the apartment, but separated by quite a space from the box itself. By this arrangement it is possible for the watchmen who guard the treasure night and day actually to walk under it at will, indeed, it is a part of their duty to do this at regular intervals. This arrangement also furnishes an absolute safeguard against burglars working from the bottom by means of a tunnel, and it would, of course, be impossible in the circumstances for any one to break into the box at any other point. In ordinary circumstances it is impossible to touch the chest at all, excepting at the bottom, since it is separated from the surrounding platform exactly as a feudal castle is separated from the immediate territory by its moat, while the roof is two feet lower than the ceiling of the enclosing apartment. An additional safeguard the treasure chest is surrounded by grating or grill of finely tempered two-inch steel bars, which reach from floor to ceiling, making it impossible for any one to get nearer than four or five feet without unlocking the grill doors. Entering the strong box is a matter of some time, if not ceremony, even to those who are authorized to pass through its doors and gaze upon its yellow treasure.

How the Chest is Opened. The doors can be opened only when representatives of two sets of officials—one from the clearing house itself and one from the associated banks, which own the gold—are present. In actual practice these officials are permitted nowadays by Mr. William Sherer, manager of the clearing house, and Mr. Frederick D. Tappan, president of the Gallatin National bank, who is also chairman of the bankers' committee on gold storage. When it is desired either to withdraw or put away gold, they both go to the apartment in which the strong box stands, but as everything is guarded by

prisoners. At Bull's Bluff, with only 1,900 men engaged, the union forces had 200 men killed in the battle and 700 men wounded and drowned. At the first battle of Bull Run the union army of 28,455 had 481 killed, 1,911 wounded and 13,000 missing. The confederates in the same battle lost 387 killed and 1,552 wounded. In the battle of Antietam the union army lost 2,108 killed, 9,549 wounded, and 753 missing. The confederates entered on the Maryland campaign with 45,000 effective fighting men. They lost during the campaign 15,000 in the charge on Kenesaw mountain. General Sherman lost 3,000 men. In the battle at Peach Tree creek the confederates lost 2,000.

In the first battle of the Wilderness the army of the Potomac had 143 officers and 2,103 men killed, 5,679 officers and 11,463 wounded, and 138 officers and 3,245 men captured. At Cold Harbor, in the same campaign, Grant had 143 officers and 1,702 men killed, 453 officers and 8,644 men wounded, and thirty-five officers and 1,780 men captured and 175 missing. In the attack on the Rappahannock the union army lost 1,274 men wounded. The slaughter in these battles was terrific because on both sides were seasoned and experienced soldiers who were trained to shoot well. The same is true of the battle at Antietam and the battle of Franklin.

At Plevna, in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, the Russians lost 20,000 men in one assault. During the siege of Plevna the Russians lost 40,000 men and the Turks 30,000. Over 40,000 men were lost in the different attacks on Belgrade. In the assault on Malakoff, in the Crimean war, the French lost 1,646 killed, 4,500 wounded and 1,400 missing. Among the killed were five generals and 140 other officers. The English in the same assault lost 385 killed, 1,588 wounded and 175 missing. In the attack the French captured and held their position; the English did not.

In the battle of Sadova between the Austrians and the Prussians the Austrians lost 40,000 in killed and wounded and 20,000 prisoners. The Prussians lost about 10,000. This was the heaviest battle fought and about 200,000 men engaged on each side. But in engagements corresponding to that of the battle in front of Santiago the loss during our own civil war, in the Franco-Prussian war, in the Russo-Turkish war and in the war between Austria and Prussia was as great as at Santiago.

The question raised in comparison of the new rifles with the old and their use in battle turns after all on the correctness of aim. In the earlier part of the civil war there was a good deal of wild shooting, but in the last two years the union and confederate soldiers held their fire until it was effective, and then shot to kill. At Santiago the troops on both sides were veterans, and it may be taken for granted that there was comparatively little wild shooting.

Naturally the Americans are better shots than the Spaniards. We come of a race of pioneers trained to shoot with a squirrel rifle. So far as the fighting or shooting instinct with the Americans is concerned, it is toward careful aim. A gentleman speaking recently of one of the churches in Chicago advanced the theory that Americans would shoot better than the Spaniards because the eye of the young men had been educated in base ball and other games that brought into play close measure of objects and distances. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were courageous and stubborn, he said, through education at bull fights and sports of a similar character. While the American had been training his eye and hand the Spaniard had been training the courage and brutal instincts of his fighting nature.

A Remarkable Rescue. Mrs. Michael Curran, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her, and she was unable to get on her feet for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless case of consumption and that no medicine could cure her.

Her cure was effected by the use of King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework and is as active as ever was. Price trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Kuhn & Co's drug store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Brown was wanted in Chicago. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 12.—Governor Tanner issued a requisition on the governor of Iowa for the extradition of William H. Brown, under arrest at Clinton, Ia., and wanted at Chicago on a charge of embezzling \$6,100 from Mary L. Cone in June.

from the Klondike region, but most of it was called in from Europe in the autumn of last year's business, through the balance of trade being largely in America's favor.

Big exports and small imports, heavy sales of American securities abroad and a great influx of new Klondike gold would tend to maintain present conditions, but while there is no expectation of a disastrous gold drain within the coming year, it is anticipated that the present store will be greatly cut down before snow flies.

IMPROVED RIFLES IN BATTLE.

Speculating on the Lessons Taught by the Battle of Santiago.

It has been assumed that in the battle in front of Santiago there was an unusually heavy loss in killed and wounded because of the improved rifles used by Americans and Spaniards. One of the important questions to be determined by this war, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, is the efficacy of improved firearms. It is not safe, however, to conclude that because improved rifles were used at Santiago the loss in killed and wounded was heavier than in battles where the old muzzle-loading rifles were used. General Shafter had in line at Santiago probably 17,000 men. He had twenty-two officers and 200 enlisted men killed; 81 officers and 1,203 enlisted men wounded, and 79 missing. The fighting was the fiercest order because the American troops were on the Spaniards protected by blockhouses and entrenchments. A great many officers were killed because they led their men in these charges.

At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., General Hood, with 30,000 men, assaulted the position held by General Schofield with 17,000 men. This was one of the fiercest battles of the war of the rebellion. General Hood lost 1,700 men killed, 8,500 wounded, and 702 prisoners. General Schofield, fighting behind hastily constructed entrenchments,

lost 189 killed, 1,033 wounded, and 1,104 prisoners. At Bull's Bluff, with only 1,900 men engaged, the union forces had 200 men killed in the battle and 700 men wounded and drowned. At the first battle of Bull Run the union army of 28,455 had 481 killed, 1,911 wounded and 13,000 missing. The confederates in the same battle lost 387 killed and 1,552 wounded. In the battle of Antietam the union army lost 2,108 killed, 9,549 wounded, and 753 missing. The confederates entered on the Maryland campaign with 45,000 effective fighting men. They lost during the campaign 15,000 in the charge on Kenesaw mountain. General Sherman lost 3,000 men. In the battle at Peach Tree creek the confederates lost 2,000.

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ALL SORTS OF MEN IN NAVY

Nearly All Trades and Many Professions Represented.

JACK'S LATENT CAPACITIES BROUGHT OUT

Curious Instances of How Plain Mechanics Show Their Abilities in Emergencies on Board Ship.

The enlisted force of the American navy is a queerly assorted lot of men. Nearly all of the trades, and many of the professions, are represented in our sea service by men far removed, in a correspondent of the New York Sun. Unless the men are desirous of getting, at the beginning of their naval careers, ratings aboard ship that require of them the performance of the same sort of mechanical work at which they make their living ashore, few of the naval recruits give recruiting officers nearly as high an opinion of their abilities as they do when they enlist in the navy. A plumber who wants to ship in the navy with the petty officer rate of plumber and fitter, of course, tells the recruiting officer that his trade is that of a plumber, and he has to pass an examination at that trade at a navy yard. A painter by trade who wants to get into the naval service with the ship's painter's rating badge on his watch arm from the start gives his occupation ashore as a painter as a matter of course, and has to prove his skill in mixing and with the brushes besides. But these ratings are based on the man's own rating, and when a tradesman who is bound to ship in the navy anyhow finds that he will be unable to get a billet aboard ship at his trade, he generally puts his name down simply as a laborer or a clerk. There is a method in this, and the man who does so is not one-half of the men of his crew are capable of doing until the man's respective capabilities are revealed by incidents that happen aboard ship. There are some curious instances of how men forward, down on the rolls as "laborer" or "clerk" show their talents and make decided hits in emergencies.

Discovering a Surgeon. One night about three years ago when most of the officers, including the surgeon, of a gunboat lying in San Francisco harbor were ashore attending a social function, a newly shipped coalheaver, whose occupation on the rolls was that of a laborer, fell down the hatchway ladder from the main deck to the machine shop. There was no one in the machine shop at the time. The coal heaver with his legs, the right one badly broken, dangling in the air, walked on his hands from the machine shop up forward to the sick bay where some of the bluejackets picked him up and deposited him on the deck. A big, stout marine who was on duty at the time called out to let him have a look at the nonworking revolution counter, and in five minutes the revolution counter was again attached to the starboard engine and working beautifully. The shock-headed Swiss was a mechanical genius, who had been practically brought up in the watchmaking establishments of his own country, and he is now the foreman of one of the big American watch manufacturing factories.

Touched the Harp Gently. At Newport last summer the officers of one of the cruisers gave a luncheon aboard to some of the fashionable folk of that resort. One of the ladies of the party, a harpist, had her instrument brought along by a servant and she played for the party in the messroom. The music was exceedingly sweet and moving and the lady was honored. When she had concluded her performance one of the bluejackets was called out by an officer to remove the harp to the messroom and place it in the steam counter to be taken ashore. The bluejacket happened to be an ordinary seaman of no particular account, who from the time the strains from the messroom had struck up he had been looking at the harp with a peculiar light in his eye. He was a Welshman, a member of the multitudinous Jones family. He brought the instrument to the gangway, hesitated for a moment, as if wondering whether he dared or not, and then he picked up the harp from the deck, grabbed a ditty box for a seat and sat down to play the harp. That ancient and noble instrument is rarely played in these days as this rough-looking Welsh bluejacket played it. The strings were as of gold under his touch. His harp music, strong, soft, plaintive and altogether beautiful, rang over the ship and all of the messroom party were at the gangway before half a dozen chords had been struck from the instrument. The bluejacket played on, heedless of the gaze of the people from the deck, and when he had finished a man in a trance. The owner of the harp, who of course knew masterful harp music better than any of the others, dissolved into tears over the way the bronze-faced bluejacket handled the instrument, and when he finished he received a "hand" from the party that made him flush very deeply, but he was a man who did not respond to inquiries. How and where had he learned to play the harp so superbly? Oh, he had picked it up years ago and he went forward. This sailor had joined the navy the day the Brooklyn yard on board the receiving ship Vermont and he gave his occupation as that of a clerk.

A young Washington man who was graduated from a school of art here several years ago, taking most of the honors, enlisted in the United States navy as a private marine for the sake of the opportunities for sea sketching thus to be obtained. He worked assiduously during his enlistment and when his time was out he had several chests filled with sketches made in many parts of the world. He has been working this material into water colors and oils for the last couple of years, his pictures are quick sellers and he is in a fair way to become rich from his sea-soldiering cruise in the navy.

Admiral Beardslee, in command of the Pacific squadron from the flagship Philadelphia, was in a hurry to get away on the arrival of a day ahead of time of the Australian steamer that was to carry the fleet's mail to San Francisco. The admiral had a voluminous report to make on the situation in Honolulu—this was during the last Hawaiian revolution—and he had to spend three hours in which to draw up the report, for the Australian steamer could not, of course, wait. The admiral came out of his cabin and told the officer of the deck at the gangway to send ashore with all haste for some one to take rapid dictation on a typewriting machine. When the man who had been a good deal of a miff at "sailing" overheard the admiral giving this order, and he walked up to Beardslee, knuckled his forehead in the usual manner, and volunteered to do the work. The admiral looked at the landman without much confidence in his gaze.

"What kind of a typewriter do you handle?" he asked the recruit.

"Any kind," was the reply. The admiral took the landman recruit aft and began to dictate into the blue jacket's typewriter. The recruit typed off in a style that opened the admiral's eyes. Beardslee dictated his report to the lightning swift bluejacket typewriter, the words hardly falling from his lips before the landman had them down pat. The admiral took the pages one by one. There wasn't a mistake in spelling, punctuation or paragraphing. The copy was absolutely clear, although the admiral had dictated at the rate of ninety words a minute. The Australian steamer carried Beardslee's report, and the landman was immediately rated admiral's yeoman, or private secretary. A yeoman is a \$60 a month chief petty officer. The bluejacket had been a court stenographer in New York.

A bluejacket who put in a three-year enlistment as a deck hand took his discharge from the navy two years ago when his ship was at Yokohama, Japan, and got a job as a shipping clerk. Two weeks after he went to work ashore one of his shipmates was arrested and locked up, charged with stealing a jirriksha. The sailor was tried before the consular court, but before his trial came off his ship left Yokohama for China. The ex-bluejacket conducted his shipmate's defense before the consular court and he conducted it so ably and with such a fine knowledge of the law that his man-of-war's man client was acquitted. The ex-bluejacket lawyer had been in his day the junior partner in a well known firm in St. Louis. Rum, indelicately mixed with politics and cards, had got him over the side of a man-of-war with a hammock and ditty bag, but he went in as a "laborer."

When the officers of one of our cruisers

on the Mediterranean station were giving a dance aboard one night about a year ago, the ship's dynamo broke down and all the lights on the ship went out at once. The swell congregation of American tourists and foreigners was in the midst of a wait on the main deck at the moment of the extinguishment of the lights and the women fell into a panic. The crew of the deck galloped to the dynamo room, where he found the chief electrician's mate, who used to be the chief electrician aboard our war ships, in despair. The dynamo was in such a condition that its entolion, whose course in electricity had been of a hurried and very superficial sort, reported that it would require a week anyhow to patch it up. The machinists were called forward, but machinists are not supposed to have much knowledge of electrical apparatus, unless they have been specialists ashore with that kind of gear. They shook their heads.

Then a bluejacket, who had shipped aboard in New York city a few months before, when the cruiser started on her Mediterranean trip, turned up in the dynamo room. He sized up the dynamo with the eye of a man who knew dynamos down to the ground, and while the officers and chief gunner's mate and machinists stood by watching him wonderingly, he made a few little adjustments with a wrench, and the dynamo started to whir, and the ship immediately became a blaze of light again. The landsman was down on the rolls as a laborer. But he had put in an apprenticeship of seven years at Mr. Edison's electrical works, and he is about the most valuable electrician—a chief petty officer—in the navy today. He is serving with one of the fleets in Cuban waters.

When the cruiser Columbia was in mid-Atlantic making her record-breaking trip from the other side a couple of years ago, the revolution counter of the starboard engine ceased working, which is a very complicated bit of machinery, for an hour or so, one by one, but they had to give it up. The assistant engineers took a try at fixing the counter, but they, too, had to abandon the delicate job. Of course the revolution counter was not necessary to the driving of the ship, but on this record-smashing cruise it was pretty essential that the counters should tell a correct tale. Up forward the story went that the starboard engine's counter had quit working, the men of the black gang doing the talking about it. A shock-headed Swiss, who had been shipped as a landsman at Southampton and was acting as "captain of the head," the meanest job aboard a man-of-war, heard the talk. He shambled aft to the engine room, reached about the counter, and called out to let him have a look at the nonworking revolution counter, and in five minutes the revolution counter was again attached to the starboard engine and working beautifully. The shock-headed Swiss was a mechanical genius, who had been practically brought up in the watchmaking establishments of his own country, and he is now the foreman of one of the big American watch manufacturing factories.

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A NEW SERIAL STORY FOR READERS OF THE SUNDAY BEE.

THE BLACK DOUGLAS By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," Etc., Etc.

In Fifteen Instalments, with Illustrations.

Will begin publication Sunday, August 7.

THE rich promise of Mr. Crockett's earlier work has been carried to a ripe fulfillment in "The Black Douglas." The pathos and sentiment of "The Lilac Sunbonnet" and "The Stickit Minister," the dramatic setting of "The Raiders," and the vigorous action and charm of recital which mark the author's shorter tales, are all combined in admirable proportion in the present story, which is pronounced by all who have seen it

"The Best Romance Since 'The Raiders.'"

This is Mr. Crockett's own estimate of the work. He says: "IT IS THE STORY WHICH I HAVE BEEN THINKING OF AND ARRANGING IN MY MIND FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS. THE FALL OF THE GREAT HOUSE OF DOUGLAS CONSTITUTED THE ONE ROMANCE OF MY BOYHOOD. Their castle of Thieve stands on an island in the midst of the river Dee, and to this day its great walls, over seventy feet high, defy the storms of Galloway. The backbone of the story is the culmination of the great family in the person of William Douglas, who as a boy of 21 held all Scotland south of the Tay in the hollow of his hand, who coined money at his own mint, and rode abroad with a more than regal train. Certain local heroes' famous in the annals of the country, also come into the story. The most popular of these are Brawny Kim, the historical Samson of Scotland, and his two sons, who will be useful in getting here and heroine out of their difficulties.

"I may say that this final tragedy of the Douglas is the most popular of Galloway tales, surpassing even the one which I have already told in the pages of 'The Raiders.'"

The time of this new Crockett story is in the middle of the 15th century, the historic period of Scottish literature. It is not a dialect story.

Mr. Crockett's earlier stories won the praise of Robert Louis Stevenson, who said of them: "They are drowned in Scotland. They affect me like a visit home." Crockett has been called the successor of Stevenson, but "The Black Douglas" entitles him to be known as

The Successor of Scott.

There is no other writer of the present time who is so thoroughly steeped in the romantic life of fifteenth century Scotland, when the age of chivalry had not yet gone out. There is none who wields the pen more skillfully, stirs the emotions more deeply or so invariably.

There is no better tribute to Mr. Crockett's success or to the appreciation in which he is held by the reading public than the remarkable demand for his work. Among fiction writers he is the man of the day. This newest Crockett story is stirring, masterly, and thoroughly human, admirably suited by its construction for newspaper serial publication.

WATCH FOR IT IN THE SUNDAY BEE.

BAD BREATH CATHARTIC

REGULATE THE LIVER

WEAK MEN