

WEIGHING GOLD COIN.

SECRET WONDERS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND LAID BARE. A Machine That Seems to Possess Human Qualities—A Visit to the Most Wonderful and Best Known Bank Vaults in the World.

What visions of untold wealth are conjured up by the very name of the Bank of England? When I made up my mind to visit the bank and its celebrated vaults I found that the matter was not so easy as some may imagine.

Since the dynamite scares in London it is exceedingly difficult to enter the portals of the bank. But, accompanied by my banker friend, whose name is well known and whose name is well known and whose name is well known...

Whenever the "open sesame" of the banker's name is whispered the well-balanced doors hungrily swing open, swallow me and my guide and snap almost noiselessly behind me. Involuntarily looking over my shoulder I see the name or catch a glimpse of my day.

The doorway opens into the bullion office, where all the gold and silver that enters or leaves the bank passes through to be checked. On the right is the gold; on the left the silver. The first impression is that of being in the order department of a wholesale trading establishment.

But a figure in a white apron quickly dispels the illusion. This personage in the apron is dressed in a blue vest, plain colored coat and buttons of two shilling pieces. His hat is a peculiar black velvet affair, and is a compromise between a beef eater's and a smoking cap.

A MARVELLOUS INSTRUMENT. A strange contrivance approaches the banker's room in a few hurried footsteps. The latter informs the man for (he is) that he wishes to show me everything to be seen. We are therefore first introduced to the scales, or, as it is termed, the "grand balance."

This marvelous instrument is a ponderous and peculiarly built weighing machine standing about seven feet high and weighing about two tons. The whole is under a huge glass case, access being gained through a sliding panel. The scale is worked by hydraulic power, and is the most accurate weighing machine in existence. The foundation, which is of solid concrete, is sunk to a depth of sixteen feet, so that not a jar can affect the clean balance.

The manager sets the hydraulic power in motion by means of a small wheel, and then touches an ivory button at the side. Immediately the entire scale, weighing hundreds of pounds, sinks seven inches and is ready for weighing.

"We will first weigh a postage stamp," observes the manager. On each side the scales are fitted with weights amounting to 400 ounces. When a weight is weighed the smaller weights on the balance are withdrawn, and the gold placed on one of the two levers. The gold is made up in 400 ounce bars, and the difference of one-thousandth part of an ounce can be detected.

The stamp being added to the 400 ounce weight another ivory button is touched, and the index jumps a distance of six inches. Think of it; six inches on the index for a postage stamp! But the most wonderful incident was yet in store for me.

"Supposing a bar contains more than this scale is made to weigh," explains the manager, "any other scale would go to this limit and give no sign. Not this one, however." To prove this he adds one-quarter of an ounce more than the maximum weight, when, instead of the index jumping, there is a rattling commencing ringing. There is something terribly human about this mechanism which declines to execute a task of which it is incapable. This is the only balance of the kind in the world.

The manager then moves away from the scale, and turning a handle in the wall suddenly illuminates a long vault, with the ceiling arched, which would otherwise pass unnoticed. Throwing the gate open we pass in, followed by one of the body guards in a chocolate brown suit.

We arrive at a door which admits us to an incandescent light in the wall, which visitors stand and gaze upon the wonders within. However, the bodyguard throws open the door, and stepping up to the chief, whispers a word in his ear. He approaches us with a warm welcome, and bids me walk up to one of the gold weighing machines, of which there are some thirty here. This is the room where sovereigns and half sovereigns are weighed when sent in by bankers and others. Here, again, hydraulic power is used.

A COMPLICATED MACHINE. A machine consisting of a complicated system of counter weights looks not unlike a sewing machine so to its lower half. This is completely enclosed in glass. A long feeder, like a tube cut in half, down its length, and made of brass, is set at an angle of 45 degs., and is filled with a long roll of sovereigns. These turn as they slip down to a circular, movable plate, slightly larger than a sovereign.

For a moment the plate seems to be deciding upon the merits of that particular coin. Then, as if it has made up its mind conclusively, it deftly turns the coin to the right, and it slips down a metal tube into a till below.

green, and rising up in round, pretty clumps or little mounds, made them especially pretty, and the fact of their being in full bloom at the time added to their pleasing effect.

Blue grape hyacinths flourish best in sod places, and will always furnish bloom, their slender little spikes of blue and white bells appearing as faithfully as spring comes, and the delicate foliage is quite as pretty as the grass around them.

A Joke That Failed. An excellent story is told of the late Professor Rogers and Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. These two gentlemen were giving a series of lectures in Lancashire, and at every town which they visited Dr. Dale noticed that his colleague, who always spoke first, made the same speech. In fact, so often did the professor give that speech that the worthy doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of taking the wind out of his friend's sails.

On their arrival at a town in South Lancashire Dr. Dale asked Dr. Rogers to allow him to speak first, an arrangement to which the latter readily agreed, so Dr. Dale rose and proceeded to deliver the speech of Dr. Rogers, looking every now and then with the corner of his eye to see how that worthy gentleman was taking this practical joke. Dr. Rogers sat calm and composed, and when at length his turn came to speak, he just as calmly rose and delivered, to Dr. Dale's utter astonishment, quite a new speech.

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. Dale said to his colleague: "I thought I had taken the wind out of your sails tonight." Dr. Rogers replied, "Oh, no, I delivered that speech when I was here a month ago."—London Tit-Bits.

The Czars' Income. The czar of Russia is the richest sovereign in Europe and one of the richest men in the world. The income of the imperial family of Russia is derived from the crown lands, which are regarded as the czar's private estate and treated as such. They comprise over 1,000,000 square miles, about one-third of the area of the United States, and include farms, pasture or grazing land, and forests, while hundreds of villages are built on them, the inhabitants of which pay their rent to the czar. Many gold, silver and other mines are included in the crown property, and the output of these is believed to be very large.

There are no means of ascertaining the exact income of the czar, since the imperial accounts are not open to the public. The books of a private individual, but it is estimated by Russians in official position at £2,450,000 a year, about \$12,250,000. Of this enormous sum a portion is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals, asylums, churches and theaters, but the larger part is swallowed up by the personal and official expenses of the imperial family.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Making War on Sacred Fishes. Perhaps the funniest thing to be told respecting the antiquity of fishing relates to the holy wars which were waged in ancient Egypt over the finny denizens of the water, the conflicts arising from the circumstances that, as often happened, one tribe would insist with the utmost irreverence upon eating up the fishes which the inhabitants of an adjoining territory held in divine adoration.

The child of today, in learning his alphabet, calls the letters by their names simply because the ancient Phoenicians were pleased to make similar figures the symbols of certain sounds, and it is thought very likely that the Phoenicians have been driven to invent that alphabet by the necessity of corresponding with peoples of various tongues incidentally to the great commerce which grew out of the fishery.—Washington Star.

In Doubt. One man has been discovered who thinks that his doctor's bill is too small. He could not believe his eyes when he opened it and saw that it was only one-fifth of what he expected. Now he says he is harassed by two fears—one that there has been some mistake, and that when he goes to pay his bill he will find that the figures have grown, and the other that his physician may think that his patient estimated the medical services at an extremely low valuation.—New York Tribune.

His Reason for Indulgence. Mr. Donner, archbishop of Bordeaux, was taken to task for his friendly intercourse with the Protestant minister in that city. The very tolerant prince of the church replied, "I pray you to have the pleasure of seeing him in this world, as I am not so sure of meeting him in the next."—San Francisco Argonaut.

First Police Official (anxiously)—I hear that you men have been beaten here a dozen indignant citizens to death. Second Police Official (holly)—If that horrible charge is true I'll—hang him if I don't have him transferred to another precinct.—New York Weekly.

Nearly 30,000 violent or sudden deaths occur every year in England calling for inquests, twice as many as the number of Germans killed in the Franco-German war, and for every violent death there are at least fifty accidents.

MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION. Oh, beautiful sunbeam, straying through the wide church door, I wish I with you, playing down on the cool stone floor. For I am so tired of sitting Upright and stiff and still, And you, you go dancing, flitting Gayly, wherever you will; And you've nothing to do but glisten, And no one is ever vexed Because you forget to listen, Or can't remember the text.

Dear sunbeam, I'm pondering, pondering Were they all fast asleep, the flowers? When you came on your bright wings wandering. To each in the morning hours, And where have you since been roaming The long, long hot day through? Will you welcome the purple gloaming That means going home to bed? Have you been to the river, I wonder? One river, shining and wide, Where water rocks flashingly under And cool woods rock with the tide. Did you see the big daisies bobbing? Were the speedwells like bits of sky? Did you hear the sad grasses sobbing Whenever the wind went by?

Dear sunbeam, I'll be so lonely When you have gone quite away, And even now you are only A faint gold splash on the gray. Ah! I know the sermon is over; I know the text—God is Light; Wait a minute, sunbeam, you rover, And let me bid you good night, And then I will go to bed.—Francis Wynne in Spectator.

GOOD AND BAD TASTE.

Judith Chollet Defines Them and Describes a Gown in Gold and Blue. What constitutes the difference between good and bad taste? Good taste may be fairly defined as an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, but it is impossible to lay down rigid rules of color and form by following which the effect of good taste may be secured. In the matter of dress, for instance, what is in good taste at one time or on one person may be ex-



BLUE AND GOLD TAFFETA GOWN.

cellent taste elsewhere. After a few broad laws of universal application have been observed there remain a host of minor considerations which must be settled by each individual according to her particular requirements. Certain persons maintain that only dark and dull colors should be worn in the street, because they are neat and unobtrusive. Others insist that brighter tints are equally appropriate and give an effect of life and cheerfulness, besides being more becoming. One authority declares that short walking skirts are ungraceful, unbecoming and immodest, and only a woman who is unduly anxious to display her feet will wear them; another revolves long ones as clumsy and untidy. A writer on etiquette states that a woman who enters a restaurant without wholly removing her veil is guilty of a gross indecency; another replies that as the rearrangement of the veil involves the adjustment of the hair it is a worse solecism to make a dressing room of a dining apartment. A critic of manners comments the woman who slips off the hand of her long glove into herself, rather than into the wrist; another avows that only a vulgarian will strip off and draw on in public gloves long enough to suggest history. It is at one time announced that nobody ought to wear black, as it adds 10 years to the apparent age. Soon after appears a recommendation of black gowns as being universally becoming and invariably in good taste. All these differing opinions may be both right and wrong, as circumstances alter cases in every affair of life, and an ordinarily clever woman needs only to exercise her gift of tact in order to be an authority unto herself, rather than any outside one that she can consult.

Whether brilliant colors are in good taste or not, they are fashionable at present. An illustration is given of a costume composed of blue and gold taffeta. It has a draped tunic of blue liberty satin trimmed with guipure. The halloon sleeves are of taffeta, and the bows are of gold colored satin.

JUDITH CHOLLET. Little Edith (on Miss Oldgold's lap)—Why, Miss Oldgold, you're not very old, are you? Miss Oldgold (blushing violently)—No, indeed, child; but why do you ask? Little Edith—Ma said you were old as the hills, but I don't believe it, for I rubbed my hand on your cheek just now and the paint is still fresh.—Munsey's Weekly.

General Lew Wallace and Secretary Foster are almost doubles in personal appearance, their resemblance being so striking that they are frequently mistaken for each other. Each is a man of medium height, weighing about 170 pounds.

It was not an uncommon thing for artists of olden time to paint their subjects with bare feet, but this is seldom done now, as it is said to be almost impossible to get a model with a well shaped foot.

Light and Shade. Too deeply blue! Too beautiful! Too bright! Oh! that the shadow of a cloud might rest Somewhere upon the splendor of thy breast! In memory gleams the golden light That hides thy fair horizon past my sight. Too crystal clear thy waves that leave below O'er green rocks fathoms deep the fringing snow. That girls thy headland cliffs is all too white. So as I passed, a sudden rain revealed The dusky gleam of a cliff circled bay, Where the sea, whose wonders are never leached, Makes moan of muffled thunder night and day— And awful shadows sweep, and all things seem Dark and mysterious as an evil dream.—E. G. A. Holmes.

IT GIVES WARNING that there's trouble ahead—if you're getting thin. It shows that your blood is impoverished, and your vitality is being drained away. Whatever you eat fails to properly nourish you. And just as long as you remain in this condition, Consumption, Pneumonia, and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases are sure to find their way into you. You should buy yourself up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Purify and enrich the blood, rouse every organ into natural action, and build up healthy, wholesome, necessary flesh.

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For Atlantic City, 8:30 a. m. For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:30 (express), 12:30 (express), 3:30 (express), 7:30 (express), 11:30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 7:15 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8:30 (via through car) a. m., 12:30 p. m. For Reading, Lebanon, and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., Sunday, 7:15 p. m.

For Potomac, 8:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m. Returning leave New York, foot of Liberty Street, 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m. (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 7:15 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9:05 a. m., 1:00 and 4:30 p. m., Sunday, 8:30 a. m. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

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