

Associates of the Bank of England.

The bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman—better known, perhaps, as the organizer and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter—which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only—bearing date July 27th of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the bank was but one million two hundred thousand pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercer's Hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. From so small a beginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres, and employs in town and country nearly nine hundred officials. All bank of England notes are printed in the bank itself. Six printing presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, &c., and then the numbers of the notes in consecutive order. The printing presses are so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is fifty thousand a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment. The "Library" of cancelled notes—not to be confounded with the bank Library proper—is situated in the bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the Bank-note Librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference—is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. As each day adds about fifty thousand notes to the number it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about four hundred thousand notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower bath arrangement for this purpose.

The stock of gold in the bullion vault varies from one to three million pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows carrying one hundred bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coffee of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force. In the event of the attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions. Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate name of St. Christopher le Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the bank "garden," the handsome "Court Room" or "Bank Parlor" abutting one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the bank, eight feet high, lies buried.—[Chambers's Journal.]

Is Keeping a Coin Given by Mistake Larceny?

At the Leicestershire, (Eng.) assizes, recently, a singular case of larceny was tried before Lord Justice Denman. A pensioner named Thomas Ashwell was charged with stealing a sovereign at Alstone. The prisoner borrowed a shilling from Edward Keogh, who handed him a coin on the street, near a lighted window. Keogh afterward discovered that he had given a sovereign in mistake for a shilling. The prisoner asserted it was a shilling, and told a policeman that a sovereign which he had changed was one which he had got for his pension.

The policeman afterward saw the prisoner go to the back of a house. The policeman followed and secreted himself behind a wall. He heard the prisoner call a man and say to him, "The policeman has been to me about that sovereign; I did have it and have spent half of it, but I'll be hanged if he has it back." The policeman then put his head over the wall and said: "So you did have it, did you? I'm the policeman."

A legal argument then took place as to whether this constituted larceny, it being submitted that what the prisoner did was to "keep" and not to "take." The Judge said the principle involved was unprecedented, and he left three questions to the jury, which they answered in a manner which was taken to be a verdict

of guilty. The Judge said the case was so important in the principle involved that he would himself take it to the Court of Appeal, and meantime the prisoner would be liberated in recognizances of £100 to come up for judgment when called upon after the legal question had been decided in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSE.

Croup is phlegm in the throat. This must be removed immediately for the child to breathe easily. We have three children, two of whom are inclined to have this disease. My remedy is one tablespoonful of lard with two of water, given with a drop of peppermint or wintergreen to give it a flavor, two or three times a day. This will either cause vomiting or work as a cathartic. When this is accomplished the croup is gone.

During arctic weather, plates and cups should be placed upon the table with an acquired temperature many degrees above frigid, or we must eat unpalatable gravies and sauces and drink our coffee and tea half-cold. If crockery is put in the oven to warm, it is apt to break or become discolored. The best method is to dip plates and cups in boiling water, let them remain for a few moments, dry quickly, pile and set on the table ready for immediate use.

A good polish for removing stains, spots, and mildew from furniture is made as follows: Take half a pint of 98 per cent. alcohol; a quarter of an ounce each of pulverised resin and gum shellac; add half a pint of linseed-oil; shake well, and apply with a brush or sponge.

A satisfactory way of washing cotton stockings is to soak the feet of the hose in cold rainwater for a day, then soap them, the feet especially, and put the whole stockings into a bowl of cold rainwater; leave the bowl in the oven all night; in the morning rinse out the stockings and dry them; they will be clean and soft.

A tablespoonful of brandy added to a pumpkin pie produces a flavor not to be equaled by other means; it takes away the uncooked or raw taste that all but the choicest varieties of pumpkin are certain to have.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

A mixture of finely powdered oris root, chalk, cigar ashes, and a few drops of rose water makes an excellent tooth powder.

Discipline in the Chinese Army.

A Shanghai correspondent of the *London and China Telegraph*, writing by last mail thus reports:—"I am told that the Woosung forts are to be reinforced by 4,000 men, who will march for their post in a day or two. A few Chinese soldiers passed through the settlement to-day in full panoply of war—that is, all of them had umbrellas open to keep their jackets dry, as they marched in the rain. Some of them had rifles on their shoulders in any way but the right one, more of them had flags with which to scare the French. They were most of them fine fellows, but lack the very essentials of making them formidable against an enemy, although they will no doubt prove formidable to the peasantry in the neighbourhood of their camp. The lack of discipline is a fruitful cause of trouble in the Chinese army; officers are often unfit for their positions and unable to control the men under them by gentle means, but they are willing to use harsh ones. Flogging is quite common in the Chinese camp, and there appears to be no limit to the number of strokes an offender may receive; for any infraction of the rules of propriety, any number of strokes from fifty to 500, or even 5,000 may be given. I have often seen 2,000 administered to a man for slight offences. Sometimes the licker himself gets licked for being too gentle in the use of his bamboo. Of course a long-continued beating on the fleshy part of his thighs, however gentle, soon beats the flesh in a black mass of deadened flesh, which is often broken and takes a long time to cure. The marks generally remain for life, but that is a matter of small consideration for officers who have themselves suffered from such punishment. Sometimes the officers appear to have a desire of avenging themselves on the unfortunate members of their corps, as an atonement for the wrongs they themselves suffered. Cutting off a finger or an ear, sometimes the lips, is resorted to as a punishment for slight offences. Many Chinese officers have but one ear."

Curious Scene in Church.

A sensational scene was enacted in St. Andrew's church, Toronto, on a recent Sunday morning. During the services the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell referred to the recent battle at Shebat Wells in Egypt, and related the incident of the guardsmen's charge to get water for the fighting men of the square, who were dying of thirst. "Thank God," said the reverend gentleman, "that such men lived who would die for their queen and country and for their fellow-men!" and as the eloquent minister, with flashing eye, called on the God of battles to protect the British soldiers who were fighting for the cause of righteousness, the organ pealed out "God save the Queen," and the congregation, who were moved almost to cheering, joined in the singing of the old hymn. Before the singing of the second verse Mr. Macdonnell asked the congregation to use the words "devilish" tricks instead of "knavish" tricks, to express contempt for the misguided men who were sacrificing lives and property by dynamite.

FUNNIGRAMS.

The ancient mode of warfare had some elements of superiority over the modern style.

"Anna, what must you do, before everything else, to have your sins forgiven?" "Commit the sins."

Suicides are not always prompted to become such by the belief that a non-est man is the noblest work of God.

A gay young Boston widow has her own weight in gold as an annual income. Such a prize is worth weighting for.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

Evolutionists should not feel hurt at being criticised. A great many men have been cut up for the benefit of science.

"You have owed that bill for board for six months. You ought to pay as you go." "Precisely. I intend to stay with you a year longer, and will settle as I go."

"Heart disease takes a man worth \$10,000,000," are the head lines in a Buffalo paper. We never have heard a woman called that before; but it isn't an inappropriate name, when you stop to think about it.

"Dietrich, your father-in-law is very low," said the physician. "I think he will hardly live through the night." "Ach, well," says Dietrich, "dot was all right. De better he is dead de quicker he is off."

On one occasion a friend of Lord Avonley came for advice under the following circumstances: "Mr. — has threatened to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," replied his lordship.

You would hardly notice the similarity between them, and yet the only difference between a little bird and a ward politician just before election-time is that the little bird pipes his lays while the politician lays his pipes.

"Are you tired?" asked a young lady of her escort, as he suddenly sat down on the floor of the roller-skating rink. "N-n-no," he stammered, "b-b-but I-th-th-think th-th the w-w-wheels of th-th-these s-s-skates are t-t-too-e-r-round, d-d-don't-cher-know."

"My husband is a brute," declared Mme. X. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

"I hear young Cimsonbeak has been acting at your theater," said Yeast to a theatrical man. "Yes, he has," replied the man addressed, with a world of meaning in his looks. "How did he act?" "About as bad as a man could act!" "You don't say!" came from this white-haired philosopher. "What part did he take?" "Well, you see, he was acting as treasurer for the company, and when he left suddenly he took the largest part of a week's receipts!"

Women in the English Mills.

Married women seldom think of forsaking the mill while their family is increasing, unless, indeed, the number of little children—who must not be left altogether without some one to take care of them—should be so large as to make it as cheap to stay at home as to pay a substitute, and their only hope of release is from some of the elder children being able to support the mother's place. I could name more than one case where the aggregate yearly earnings of the family are nearly three hundred pounds. Still, the mother trudges off to the mill daily with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters. The other day, in my pastoral rounds, I called on a woman who had lost her daughter from dyspepsia—a very common ailment among the families of the mill hands—and in the course of conversation it came out that her age was forty-eight, (of which forty had been spent in the mill) and that the death of the girl had disappointed a long-cherished hope of release from her life-long drudgery, which was now indefinitely postponed until at least a little girl of ten had grown old enough to take her place. The mill is the unfailing resort for employment, and is much preferred by the female section of the community to domestic service, on account of the greater freedom and better pay, for a smart young weaver or spinner is soon expert enough to earn eighteen or twenty-one shillings per week, besides having her evenings and Sundays all to herself. Talk of money-hunters in the better classes of society, the lass with the sturdy frame and deft hand to earn big wages, like the boy with the cake, will have many friends, anxious to be placed on even a more familiar footing.

German Corn Laws.

Prince Bismarck is endeavoring to establish in Germany a system of corn laws more atrocious than those which the English government was compelled to repeal forty years ago, but he meets with more opposition than he had anticipated. It is justly argued by those who have arrayed themselves against Bismarck's protective policy, that the increased duties on wheat and rye would enhance the cost of food to the working people in order to enrich a few speculators, without affording much benefit to the farmers. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the German people will be able to prevail against the iron-clad Chancellor. Bismarck has modes of persuasion that are wanting to the protectionists of this country.

How a Fortune Comes.

Years will often elapse before a doctor gets any return for the money which his friends invested in obtaining his diploma. On the other hand, a single fortunate case may bring patients by the score. About twenty years ago, a young doctor who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage money, and a week before his ship was to sail went into the country to say good-bye to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the platform when a groom in smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraphic message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of —, a member of the Cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the houses of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that "her grace was in a terrible way." The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it.

"I am a medical man," he said to the groom, "and I will go to the Hall to offer my assistance until another doctor arrives."

The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said,— "Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the Hall; anyone will tell you where it is."

The doctor went, was gratefully received by the duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient, which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The duke was suffering from typhoid fever; and when the eminent physician arrived from town, he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was that the latter was requested to remain at the Hall to take charge of the patient, and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight, and were printed in all the daily newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of five hundred guineas, took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

Cold tea is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

Mildew may be removed by dipping the stained parts in buttermilk and putting them in the sun.

To keep the lamps from smoking dip the wick in strong hot vinegar. Dry it before putting it in the lamp.

Table mats made of seine twine are exceedingly durable. They will wash well, and two sets of them will last almost a lifetime.

Pieces of cheese-cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges, and have a large enough supply, so that one set can be washed each day.

For cleaning white paint, take a small quantity of whiting on a damp flannel cloth, and rub lightly over the surface, rinsing with clear water, and wiping dry.

Sealskin garments should never be allowed to get wet, but when they do, the fur must not be dried by artificial heat, but by hanging out of doors, or else in a cold room.

A handsome table spread is of sage green moccasin silk, lined with surah of same shade, and ornamented by a design of pomegranates in gold thread over sage-green filloes, the ends finished with a fringe of silk and gold thread intermingled.

Hard Living.

It is no wonder that to men who live as does the English laborer America seems a land of plenty. The account is given by a writer in an English newspaper: His wages do not average more than twelve shillings a week. He rises before daybreak, breakfasts upon his cup of tea and piece of bread and lard, and sallies forth to plough, a crust and slice of bacon for outdoor dinner rolled in his greasy hankerchief.

He returns, tired and exhausted, at dusk, and thus his daily bread is gained by a monotony of toil only to be compared with the lifelong telling of a rosary of millstones. If he faint by the way, or get towards old age, wages are often reduced, and in some instances he must fall back upon the poor rates.

His wife's attention is mainly occupied by home duties—in mending garments, tending the garden and preparing meals. These latter consists of vegetables and bacon, bread, lard and cheese.

The Whistling Buoy.

The boy who whistles is a nuisance. However, everything has its use. The whistling buoy is now the greatest fog signal they have. It consists of a pear-shaped bulb that floats point up on the water. A long tube, open at its lower end, passes up through the bottom of the bulb and out at the top. The upper end is closed with a plate, through which are three holes. In one is secured a big locomotive whistle. In the other two are valves which open inwards. As the buoy rises on a wave the water sinks down in the tube and the air rushes in through the valves to take its place. Then the buoy sinks into the trough of the sea and the water presses up through the tube, forcing the air out. With the varying pressures the whistle makes the most heartrending sounds known to humanity.

The Story of Vesuvius.

A little more than eighteen centuries since, the form of the mountain was totally different; its height was probably some hundred yards less than at present, its outline a blunt, truncated cone, having a wide crater at the summit. No eruption in the memory of man had disturbed the peace of the district; scarce a tradition of such an occurrence appears to have lingered. The floor of the crater was overgrown with brushwood and trees, its walls were festooned with ivy and the wild vine. Once only does it become prominent in history, when the Capuan gladiators sheltered themselves for a while in this natural hill-fort, from which, under command of Spartacus, they escaped to begin the Servile war. In the year 79 of the present era there was a change; earthquakes agitated the neighboring district, and at last the imprisoned fires broke forth. From the crater of Vesuvius a huge dark cloud rose into the air, spreading itself out like a great pine tree presently a hail of red-hot scoria came rattling down over the flanks of the mountain, and as night fell the clouds grew larger and darker, and the shower of stones became thicker, heavier and more widely spread. All night long the darkness for many a mile was rendered still blacker by the thickly falling scoria, though illuminated at intervals by a lurid gleam from the mountain, and rendered yet more awful by the incessant earthquake-shocks. Morning dawned at last, and later still the air cleared; half the ancient crater-wall had vanished, leaving the fragrant which now bears the name of Somma, while beneath its ruins Herclaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae lay buried, and the ground, even at Misenum, was white as snow with the fallen ashes.

Buried Her Body in the Cellar.

Disclosures of a terrible murder perpetrated at Durand, Wis., on Sunday have just been brought to light. The name of the principal is Henry Catenhausen. He pounded his wife's head into a jelly while his children, four in number, wore at Sabbath-school. The inhuman husband, after committing the deed, dragged the body into the cellar, and dug a grave which was not of sufficient length to cover the remains. He propped up her limbs and forced the body into the hole. The dead was committed on account of domestic troubles. Catenhausen said if he had not killed her she would have killed him. They had four children, one a daughter, married, aged 23. The discovery of the corpse in the cellar was made by a man named Aver, for whom the victim had done laundry work. Catenhausen's extreme age, with attending infirmities, only saved him from being lynched on the spot. He has since committed suicide in jail by hanging himself.

Slow the Steamers.

If the transatlantic steamers will slow their trips we shall get no cholera. That is the belief of Dr. Pettenkofer, as set forth in a new German book. The disease cannot make a sea voyage of twenty days. If we could not cross the ocean from Europe in less time cholera would never reach us. There are unfavorable land routes. Cholera never gets over deserts which require more than twenty days for caravans to cross. South America enjoyed exemption from cholera until 1854, when fast-sailing vessels carried it from Philadelphia to Rio Janeiro, and a terrible epidemic was the result. Cholera makes the most remarkable jumps. The soil and its moisture, Dr. Pettenkofer thinks, play a principal part in starting epidemics. Clay soils in relatively dry conditions are most likely to assist outbreaks of cholera. His argument is that the rain-soaked earth has not had air enough for the animal germs to breathe. In heavy clay soils water drives the air completely out.

Graves of the Royal Family.

Heretofore, at their demise, members of the British royal family have been buried in coffins covered with crimson velvet, with massive silver ornaments; but a few years ago, when the Queen paid her first visit to the sepulchre, she observed that the coverings had become ragged and faded, and orders were given that all the coffins should at once be placed in new oak cases, on top of which are the plates and coronets on crimson cushions. The late Duke of Albany lies on a stone table in the centre of St. George's Chapel vault, with King George of Hanover, George III., and the Duke of Kent. The other coffins are on shelves each side of the vault. The Prince Consort's coffin was never placed in the royal vault, the Queen objecting to her husband being buried, even temporarily, in the same place with George IV. The task of covering all the coffins with oak cases has just been completed.

The Scheme Wouldn't Work on His Wife.

"I tell you it required lots of pluck for me to get up and start a fire this morning," said B.ack.

"My wife starts the fires and lets me sleep until breakfast," replied White.

"How do you manage to get her up?"

"Easy enough. I give a frounce and shout, 'House is on fire!' and she jumps right out of bed. Try it on your wife."

"I did try it once, but it wouldn't work."

"Why, what did she do when you shouted fire?"

"Jumped up and ponred a bucketful of cold water on me, and then asked if I thought she had put the fire out."

And now a man on Long Island has married his stepmother. If a man can thus far run counter to the prejudices of society, the young ladies of Long Island ought to be able to go a step farther.