

When Caley Went Home.

Caley rapped lightly upon the table with his nearly empty beer glass in token of appreciation and the watchful waiter, accepting this as a sign, whisked the glass away and replaced it with a fresh mug, before the singer had returned to the stage and the three-piece orchestra had completed the introduction.

Caley entered into an argument with the waiter as to the need of a fresh glass, but at the first notes of the song he handed over the coin and turned his attention to the stage.

It was an odd selection for such a place; a medley of old-fashioned airs in place of certain popular singers at the regular vaudeville houses, but to Caley it was more than a play upon sentiment, it was a direct message from home.

He could close his eyes and shut out the garish concert hall with its alert waiters and their ever-ready trays of glasses.

He could see an old-fashioned parlor with its time softened wall paper covered with portraits of the dead, crudely done in crayon. He could see the family Bible upon the marble-



"The girl threw back her head and laughed," the center table, the haircloth covered furniture and the little group about the cottage organ in the corner.

It was not a Sunday night else the book on the music rack would be the Gospel hymns. The well-worn copy of college songs and glees spoke of a week-day festival as plainly as did the calendar out in the living room.

It had been three years since he had stood by the organ and had sung these self-same songs: "Good Night, Ladies," "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "Seeing Nellie Home"—they were all familiar.

He was back in Canada Crossing, and some of the young folks had dropped into Nellie Bray's to spend the evening with her.

Then the vaudeville singer's strident voice grew softer and the velvet tones of "Home, Sweet Home" well up. The voice broke on the concluding bars until it seemed to echo as sobs that welled up in Caley's own throat.

Loud applause broke out and the singer came back to acknowledge the appreciation. The leader started "Home, Sweet Home," but the sounds choked in her throat and she shook her head as she left the stage.

Caley wondered if she, too, had remembered some pleasant night back home.

The leader continued to play the song, the cornet staying out and on the battered piano supplying a wailing accompaniment. The music clutched Caley's heart and he was sunk in reverie.

Then the proprietor of the place, a burly, coarse-featured fellow, hustled up to the leader.

"Cut it out," he commanded sharply. "These rummies won't pay nothin' wit' you weepin' like that. Give 'em something lively."

The "Home, Sweet Home," ended abruptly as the cornet player took his instrument and the lively strains of a popular air swelled out.

It had been nearly two years since he had heard from home. When one has no regular address or place of abode letters become an impossibility.

There were times when Caley sat in the police station, and there are other and more affluent occasions when he could hire a room by the week and had the price of a few dollars which permitted him to sit in a concert hall and pretend that he was enjoying himself.

This was one of his periods of affluence. Six dollars on a race horse had been swelled to \$126.

The girl had joined a friend in the diocese, in accordance with the easy custom of the place, and from her appearance it was evident that she had forgotten what it was which had brought her to her throat.

But Caley had not forgotten, and as he finished his beer he made a resolve. For the first time he had made a strike in a "long shot."



He would get a suit of clothes; he would not let the situation he rose and buttoned his coat. He stopped at the table at which the girl sat on the way out and dropped a dollar bill on its sloppy surface.

With sudden determination he produced the seal-hand shops. Then he would a ticket to Canada Crossing and home. It was just about time for the

spring painting and they would be glad to see him at home. With sudden determination he arose and buttoned his coat. He stopped at the table at which the girl sat on the way out and dropped a dollar bill on its sloppy surface.

"Your song was all to the good," he said hoarsely. "Get yourself a glass of beer with this."

Caley passed along without comment, and girl whipped the bill into her bodice before the sharp-eyed proprietor could see it and claim a commission.

"That medley's a winner," she said musingly to her companion. "It beats time how these rummies weep over 'Home, Sweet Home,' when they ain't even got the price of a ten-cent bod. A chap comes up to muck the other night and says, 'Yuh gimme a message, sis, I'm agoin' home.' Chee, ef I keep on Golossy'll have to close up his shop; there won't be no marks to buy."

"You sing it real good," volunteered her companion appreciatively. "That cry gaw gets 'em cinched."

The girl threw back her head and laughed. "Did yuh fall for that, too?" she demanded. "That ain't no cry gaw. The rotten place 'sso full of smoke mih pipes get froze. I get that dry—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the other accepted the hint and signalled to the busy waiter.

But out in the night Caley was wandering through the dark byways and the memory of that sobbing conclusion still rang in his ears. It was a message from above and it had called him home.

Don't Eat White Men.

It was only recently the news came out of the western Pacific of the killing of a missionary on one of the Solomon Islands to be the funeral baked meat of a cannibal feast.

Private advices from the official charged with the investigation of the murder comment upon the probability that the story had come out to civilization as a tale of cannibalism. The missionary had been killed, the writer said, for trespassing upon the sacred precincts of one of the native secret societies while their solemn mummery was in progress, due warning of which had been given by the deep reverberation made by energetic swinging of the bull roarer.

But there was a evidence of any sort to offset the statement made by the murderers that they had not eaten the white man. Their statement found confirmation in the condition of such of the bones as were recovered, for each had been brought to a high polish and stained with turmeric to a brilliant yellow.

The charge of eating white men seems very hard to down. Even now, when every one should know better, it is by no means unusual to find the statement that the Hawaiians at Kealahouka ate Capt. Cook, yet they were not cannibals at all.

In the western Pacific where cannibalism is constantly practiced except under the immediate eye of white men, it is natural to be suspicious of practitioners of such enormity. Yet it is highly improbable that a white man, who might be killed in the most jovial way by these savages, would ever be eaten by them.

Here is a piece of testimony on the subject from a sedate German who has lived for thirty years and more among these cannibals of the Pacific, Herr Parkinson of the Bismarck Archipelago.

"During my long residence in these islands, he writes, 'I have not been able to establish to my satisfaction a single case in which white men, though butchered, have actually been eaten by the Melanesians. The bodies of the murdered have often enough been dismembered and single pieces sent to remote districts as trophies of the perpetration of the murder, but as to the eating of any of these portions no definite information can be had.'

"It seems quite difficult to comprehend why the cannibal who eats his own kind should respect the white man as an article of food. Yet, if we consider the senseless superstition of the Melanesian, which in my opinion has driven him to cannibalism, because through eating the bodies of the slain he expects to come into a full enjoyment of all the powers of him who is eaten, thus does it become comprehensible that he will not eat the body of a white man whom he has killed because of his belief that the spirit of the murdered man will exert an influence over him which he does not at all regard as desirable.

"The late King Goro of the Shortland Islands once told me in answer to my question the not particularly flattering reason 'Spirit belong all white man, no good!' In general one receives the reply that the white man as meat does not taste good. This I hold to be a subterfuge under which the sly natives hide their dread of the spirit of the white slain."

Spoiled for Her Part.

Stage Manager—The girl that takes the part of the sleeping beauty in the show can't go on tonight.

Business Manager—Why?

"She ate a Welsh rabbit and she can't sleep!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A NUMISMATIC MYSTERY

Templeton Reid Was Known Only by His Coins.

ARE EXCEEDINGLY RARE

He Struck Gold Pieces in Georgia in the 30's and Later in California—Of the Latter Issue Only Two Specimens Remain—The Former Also Very Rare.

There are many coins which have a romantic interest for the collector on account of their historical associations, and yet others which have an equal interest because little if anything can be learned of their origin. To the latter class belong the coins issued by Templeton Reid assayer, who struck gold pieces of various denominations at his private mining establishment near the gold mines in Lumpkin county, Georgia, in 1830.

While the denominations of these coins and their designs are definitely known, next to nothing has ever been learned about Templeton Reid. All that is known is that in 1830 when the gold mines of Georgia were furnishing a not inconsiderable proportion of the gold production of the United States he conducted an assaying and smelting establishment at which gold coins of the denominations of \$2.50, \$5 and \$10 were struck.

Scarcest of the Reid coins is the ten dollar piece dated 1830. On the obverse it bears the denomination and the inscription "Templeton Reid Assayer," while the reverse shows the words "Georgia Gold," surrounded by a circle of stars. The gold pieces of this denomination struck in 1830, 1831, 1832 and 1833 weighed 248 grains, were of a fineness of .942 and had an intrinsic value of \$10.96. There is one other variety of this denomination undated, but of equal rarity with the dated specimens.

The only specimen of the ten dollar piece now known is in the mint collection at Philadelphia, where it has been preserved through the foresight of former United States Assayer Dubois, who was instrumental in organizing the collection of coins at the Philadelphia Mint.

Next in rarity comes the five dollar piece, also dated 1830. The last specimen sold brought \$555 at one of the Low sales a couple of years ago. It is probably the only specimen definitely located with the exception of one in the mint collection.

The third denomination, that of \$2.50, showed the same design as the five and ten dollar piece. It weighed 60 1/2 grains and was of a fineness of .932, with an intrinsic value of \$2.43. A couple of hundred dollars would be needed now to buy one of the little gold pieces.

After he ceased coining in 1834 nothing more is heard of Reid until 1849, when it is supposed that he removed his coining tools and machinery to California, where gold had just been discovered. There he struck gold coins of the denomination of ten and twenty-five dollars.

The California issues of Templeton Reid now exceed those of his Georgia mint in point of rarity. So far as is known there is in existence but a single specimen of each denomination and these, like the earlier issues of Reid's Georgia mint, owe their preservation to Mr. Dubois.

From appearance the coins were struck from California gold without artificial alloy, and the value of the ten and the twenty-five dollar piece was respectively about \$9.75 and \$24.50. The ten dollar piece differed greatly in design from any of the coins issued by other private establishments. On the obverse around the extreme edge are three concentric lines close together. In the center of a wide field is the date, "1849," and around the border just inside the circles is inscribed "Templeton Reid Assayer." On the reverse in the center of the field enclosed in three lines similar to those on the obverse, are the words: "Ten Dollars," and around the inner edge of the circles "California at the top and 'Gold' at the bottom.

The twenty-five dollar piece was unique not only in design but also in denomination, as no other coin of an equivalent value was ever issued in this country. It shows a single line around the obverse border inside of which is an ornamented circle similar to that on the borders of some of our present silver coins. Around this inside the circle is "Templeton Reid Assayer." At the top is the denomination in Roman numerals, XXV., surmounted by a dollar mark, and below is the date 1849.

The reverse has the same kind of ornamented border as the obverse, at the top being the word California in a curve, below which is the value, "Twenty-five." Still further below is a diamond shaped ornament with the words Dollars and Gold at the extreme borders.

Careful investigation in California fails to bring to light the slightest scrap of information regarding Reid. It is not known even where his plant was situated. Those who are interested in his history would almost conclude that he never went to California but for the existence of the two gold pieces which were struck in California gold, about which metal there are distinguishing features which positively identify it.

PETE, TAME MUSKRAT IS DEAD.

Careless Gunner Shoots Strange Pet of Farmer's Family.

Swinefield, N. J.—Wounded fatally by a gunner who had obtained permission to hunt for game on the farm, Pete, a tame muskrat, for five years the chief attraction of Charles Waters's place, crawled from a brook to the feet of his master, looked at him piteously and pleadingly and then died. Instantly there was a rage in the heart of Waters. He ran to the back of the barn and saw the slayer of his pet running across the fields toward Caldwell. When the news of the death of the rodent was communicated to the other members of the Waters family they denounced the shooting as "deliberate murder." Even old Rover, the family dog, dropped his ears when he saw the bleeding body of his playmate, and the cats, which had so many good times sporting with the muskrat in the baryard and down by the brook at the back of the barn, seemed to understand that some one had committed a crime which never could be repaired. Knowing the muskrat's feeding ground was back of the barn, Waters had expressly stipulated that the gunner should not do any shooting there. If that injunction had been obeyed Pete probably would be alive and well now.

In the spring of 1903 the home of Pete's parents was invaded and he and four other young muskrats were found there. Waters was attracted to Pete and decided to let him live. The others were killed. Pete became a pet in the Waters family.

He manifested his appreciation of kindness by becoming as tame and as playful as a kitten. From the hands of members of the family he ate pieces of tender cabbage, lettuce and celery. He seemed to know he never must touch that growing in the garden. Each day he would go to the brook at the back of the barn and dig up and eat flag root and other water bulbs, of which he was exceedingly fond. When he got old enough he built a house near the barn and stored therein his winter supply of herbs and roots. With the approach of winter Pete would retire to his home and only emerge from it on particular warm days. He would spend an hour or two in the house and then return to his snug winter quarters. The sagacious animal was engaged in getting sticks and grass with which to repair his home when he was shot. Although suffering mortal agony he immediately began crawling along the ground to find the man who had been kind to him ever since he was a fuzzy little baby rat.

HYPNOTISM AS ANAESTHETIC.

Boy's Hip Put Back in Its Socket Without Giving Him Pain.

Philadelphia.—Hypnotism was brought into play recently in the Hahnemann Hospital as an anaesthetic. The patient, six-year-old Clark Bender of No. 1112 Spring street, underwent the painful operation of having his dislocated hip put back into its socket without uttering a whimper.

To Ray Murray, an orderly in the hospital, belongs the credit of making the operation painless. When the boy was carried into the hospital by his grandfather, Samuel Edward, the old man objected to an anaesthetic being used, even when the doctors said that the boy was suffering from a dislocated hip and that the operation of replacing the bone, although simple, would cause the boy excruciating pain.

When the doctors and the grandfather were arguing the matter, Murray, who has read numerous books on hypnotism and has practiced the art on many employees of the hospital, said: "Leave it to me, and I will fix the boy so that he won't feel any pain." The orderly made a few passes with the hand over the youngster's face, and the child passed into a deep slumber. The hip was then put in place.

When the operation was over Murray had no difficulty in restoring the patient to consciousness. The boy said that he had not felt the slightest sensation while the doctors were manipulating the hip. He walked home with his grandfather. The dislocation was caused by a fall.

SOLD WIFE FOR \$25.

Transaction 22 Years Old Comes Out in English Court.

London.—Dunmow is a small town in Essex famous for the custom annually observed there of presenting a hith of bacon to a married couple who have not exchanged a cross word for a twelvemonth. This week Dunmow came into prominence for another sort of matrimonial relation.

A cottager 70 years of age was on trial on a charge of ill-treating his children. A much younger woman, who was generally supposed to be his wife, testified she was the legal spouse of another man who had sold her for a five-pound note twenty-two years ago to the prisoner, to whom she had in that period borne three children.

The Jerusalem Temple.

The original temple built by Solomon, 1,000 B. C., was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 586. Built by Zerubbabel, B. C. 534. Partially destroyed by Pompey, B. C. 63. Rebuilt by Herod, B. C. 21, and finally destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70.—New York American.

ABOUT PAPER CURRENCY

Some Bank Notes From a Distance Seen in New York.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

One Could Study Geography as He Passed Them. Along to His Creditors—Some Canadian Currency Which is Decidedly Unpleasant to Handle.

The money panic gave New Yorkers a chance to enlarge their ideas of geography. They had got used in this town to handling almost exclusively certificates issued by the United States. Now and then a bank note would appear, but usually it would be one issued by some well known New York bank.

When money began to get scarce more bank notes appeared, and then people got to checks. When paper currency again circulated somewhat freely a marked change in its character was noted. An employe of a business concern which paid in checks for a few weeks put his experience this way:

"It sure was a great relief to find real money in my envelope on payday. But there was never a yellow-back or other Treasury note in the lot. It was all new money which the bank where my employer deposited had issued as part of the authorized relief measures.

"Next week we got some more new money issued by the same bank. Then came a change. Little banks out of town had doubtless issued new circulation and had met their New York balances with it. Anyway I began to find in my envelope \$5 and \$10 and \$20 bills bearing the name of national banks in places I had rarely or never heard of.

"It got to be an interesting practice to read the names of places on the bills in the very brief time I had them before passing them over to their rightful owners, my esteemed creditors.

"I know it was all good money, guaranteed practically by the United States, but I invariably spent first the currency which had its origin furthest away from New York. One week all the money I got came from a string of small places in Wisconsin and that went extra quick. I helped it go.

"Well, sir, my money for a month or two did great stunts in geography. The week after Wisconsin a string of banks up in Connecticut furnished me with spending money, and the week after places in Pennsylvania previously unknown to me contributed to my support.

"Now we're getting good old Treasury notes again. The yellow boys are certainly good to look at. I suppose they have been reposing in bank vaults in the shape of legal reserve, whatever that is, or hidden away in the mattress of some tight-wad who was scared. But wherever they were, welcome home!"

Persons who handle the currency of different countries, find American money the most durable. The Crane mills in Massachusetts turn out the paper used by the Treasury in making currency and the secret of its manufacture is well kept.

Most of the paper money you get in Canada is atrocious unless it happens to be American. If you ever go to Canada you don't have to bother to get your money changed; American money is good throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. In the larger cities there is about as much American money as there is Canadian in circulation.

English money is as much a rarity to Canada as it is here. The Canadian notation is the same as the American, which makes the interchange very simple. They have two coins in Canada not used in this country—the silver five cent piece and the twenty cent piece. Beware of both.

The five cent piece is so small you are pretty certain to lose it, and every one is waiting to stick you with a twenty-cent piece in the hope you will take it for a quarter and slip it into your pocket unnoticed. Then in Canada you don't get the modest cents used here but copper pieces as large as a silver quarter.

But the paper money! Beware of that, too, in the smaller denominations. The Dominion Government issues one, two and five dollar bills and they are printed on mighty poor paper.

After they have been in circulation a little while they become frayed at the edges and seem to increase in thickness. They are larger than the American bills, too, and a dozen of them make a package uncomfortable to carry in the pocket. And this ragged money gets dirty quickly.

The bills of larger denominations are issued by the banks. Canada has a number of big banks which have branches all over. They are chartered by the Government and presumably inspected carefully, for they are hard to break.

Some of the bills issued by Canadian banks are works of art. The Royal Bank of Canada issued a ten dollar note which is a harmonized riot of color. It looks like ready money. The Bank of Montreal also turns out some good looking bills.

Many self-made men look as if they might have been greatly improved with a little outside assistance.

LAWS FOR AERIAL TRAVEL

Regulating the Proper Use By Aeroplane Pilots of the Conquered Empire.

New York City.—It has been suggested that the next thing will be to pass laws regulating the proper use by aeroplans of the newly conquered empire. This has already been done for balloonists. In 1871, when French balloons from beleaguered Paris were dropping on the "sacred soil" of Prussia, a royal decree declared them contraband of peace. And on the conclusion of peace a measure was passed which forbade, under penalty of death, any future similar aerial violation of German territory during war.

So long ago as 1820, again, balloon ascents were made illegal in Turkey, so far as regards Constantinople and forty miles around, and in 1872 the prohibition was extended to include the entire Turkish empire. France in 1784 it was solemnly decreed that nobody should be permitted to go up in a balloon "or any other kind of aerostatic machine" which was worked by burning spirits of wine or any other means of making a fire.

Later, in 1811, it was enacted in France that no balloon should be permitted to ascend with any species of furnace or stove; that no one should be allowed to ascend in a balloon unless he carried a parachute; and that ascents were not to be begun later than one hour before sunset nor earlier than an hour after sunrise. No ascents were to be undertaken during the gathering of the harvest nor for six weeks prior thereto.

HIS OWN PROSECUTOR.

Banker Thrashed Lawyer, Went to Court and Had Himself Fined.

Globe, Ariz.—M. Milick, a banker of this city, after thrashing Attorney W. G. Scott hurried before Justice Rawlins, swore out a complaint against himself, pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of \$10.

Asked why he did not wait to see whether Scott was going to prosecute him, Milick said:

"That man is a fine lawyer, and if I had not done what I did he might have sworn out a complaint against me and argued his own case; then I would probably have had to pay \$100 for beating him up; so I thought it was best to beat him to it and get the case off the books before he got to the courtroom."

COURSE ON INCREASING RACE.

Fashionable Girls' School Will Teach Motherhood Problems.

St. Louis, Mo.—In order that the students of Lenox Hall, a fashionable girls' school in the West End, may learn how to become good mothers and become acquainted with the problems of maternity, a trained nurse has been installed as member of the faculty.

First aid to the injured will be taught, but in addition the more delicate problems of maternity will be taken up. The prime object of the institution, according to its directors, is to make good, companionable wives, with a working knowledge of everything about the house.

DUSTED OFF THE HORSES.

Feather Dusters Were Used in Chicago Fire Department.

Chicago, Ill.—A verdict was issued by the Civil Service Trial Board that hereafter failure to clean horses in the service of the Fire Department by the old fashioned currycomb method would be followed by punishment. Testimony had been given before the Board that it was customary at some engine houses to clean the horses with feather dusters. One official asserted that he had heard that horses had been polished off by a rag dipped in kerosene.

25 MILES CROSS TOWN.

Philadelphia Finds Itself a City of Distances.

Philadelphia.—That Philadelphia too has some claims to being a city of "magnificent distances," is demonstrated by a little study just made by the Mayor's statistician. He shows it is possible to move forward in a direct line on a journey over twenty-five miles long and yet not once be without the Philadelphia city limits.

"Letter Telegrams."

Paris, France.—The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs supplemented the existing special letter delivery system in France with what are termed "letter telegrams." This new system provides that letters may be telegraphed between any two points in France at night at a cost of one-fifth of a cent a word, and that they will be delivered the next morning.

Two Brothers Invent an Aerocurve.

Turin, Italy.—Two brothers named Gemma, living at Novara, have invented an aeroplane, which from its shape they call an aerocurve. They claim that it is capable of making a flight of sixty miles an hour and can ascend to a height of 2,000 feet.

Predicts 200,000,000 in Forty Years.

Washington, D. C.—Prof. J. L. Snyder, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in an address, predicted that forty years from now there would be 200,000,000 population in the United States, and that the tendency now was toward segregation into classes.