# ANTIQUATED MONEY.

# MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN REDEEMED.

Many Small Notes Are Still Treasured as uriosities-A Little Comes in Every Year-How Counterfeits Are Stamped Facts About Scrip.

"Say, mister, are these any good?" in-quired a timid looking youngster of Doorkeeper Brady at the sub-treasury the other day as he hauled out a half doorn vices of more d

A close inspection showed that they were pieces of fractional currency, or "shinplasters," such as played so im-portant a part as a circulating medium before the resumption of specie pay-ment.

The young man was directed to the small change room, where he again asked the same question of R. C. Haff, who is in charge of that department. small Mr. Haff took the soiled and crumpled bits of paper in his hands, smoothed them out, and with the hasty touch of an expert singled out one of the pieces and turned around to a block of wood behind him that looked like a butcher's chopping block. He laid the selected piece of paper on the block and gave it a whack with a steel instrument; then, turning to the young man, he said: "These five are good, but that one is

counterfeit." As he spoke he handed back the bad token, and across the face was the word

"counterfeit," cut clean and clear. The steel instrument with which he had struck the paper was a sharp stencil die that cut the tell tale word so clearly that the bit of currency never would be current again, and any fool could see that it was worthless.

"Do you want these redeemed?" con

"Do you want these redeemed?" con-tinued Mr. Haff, as he pointed to the five grimy slips on the counter. "Yes, sir, if you please," stammered the youth, as he eyed with pained sur-prise the mutilated piece returned to him. Mr. Haff put two bright sliver dol-lars and a cliver exertor on the counter. lars and a silver quarter on the counter, which the boy picked up in a hurry, as though he were finding them in the street

LOTS OF MONEY LOST. "Do you get much of that old frac-tional currency now?" somebody said to

Mr. Haff as the boy went out. "No," he replied; "we get very little now-not more than \$2,500 a year. The amount coming in for redemption is growing less and less every year. It used to come in here by the bushel basketful. But for many years now we only receive it in driblets. We seldom get as much the tartime as that woung man just brought at a time as that young man just brought

"But it has not all been redeemed, has it?

"No, indeed; and, what is more, a very large amount will never be redeemed. There is now outstanding in old frac tional something like \$15,000,000. And of that it is estimated that not more than \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 will ever come in

"But where is the rest and why will it not come in for redemption?" "A great deal of it has been worn out

by the wear and tear of twenty odd years. Any quantity of it has been burned up in the fires that have occurred by the since the time it was issued, and in numerous other ways it has been lost or destroyed. Then there are some people who hold all they can get to use in send ing small amounts by mail, finding it handy. Then, too, the old currency is now so scarce that people keep the occa-sional pieces that come to hand as curicosities or pocket pieces. A great many coin collectors have crisp, un irculated specimens of it in their collections. I know one wealthy gentleman in the city who carries in his pocketbook, wrapped up with the greatest care, four clean, bright specimens—a fifty, a twenty-five, a ten and a five cent piece. He said it was the first money he ever earned. It was paid to him in these identical pieces was paid to min in these identical pieces brand new from the press, and he has kept them ever since for luck. I do not believe you could buy them from him to-day for \$1,000 apiece. He calls them his reserve capital, and if he ever loses a million or more, as he is now reported to be worth, he will have his ninety cents reserve to fall back on." reserve to fall back on."

DETECTING COUNTERFEITS. A good deal of the fractional currency that is brought to the sub-treasury for redemption turns out to be counterfeit, and the moment it comes into that place, no matter from whose hands it comes, it is hurried to a block and stamped "coun-terfeit" with the stencil cutting die. They ask no permission, but just go and

A DEALER IN SMALL COIN

A Unique Business That Amounts to Mill-ions of Dollars Every Year. Every working day, cloud or sunshine, during banking hours, a faded wagon of slight frame and leather covering, drawn by a Rosinante, with a meek visage and the cut of a worker, may be seen stand-ing a few minutes at a time in front of ing a few minutes at a time in front of some one or another of the many banks that abound in the neighborhood of City Hall. From this wagon descends a man

with an active tread and dark hair gray which an active tread and dark har gray-ing under the rains of probably fifty springs. In his hand he holds a canvas bag of large size and evidently of heavy weight, which he draws from the back of the wagon, and with which he enters a nearby bank. If he does not take a hag into the bank the process is reversed bag into the bank the process is reversed

bag into the bank the process is reversed and he emerges with a large bag of money, deposits it in the wagon and drives off rapidly. Few are better known to the opulent business men of the city and less known to the public at large than Theodore V. Smalley's comparison is Smalley. Mr. Smalley's occupation is that of a broker, a title borne by scores of wealthy and worthy citizens, resi-dents of the city, and not sufficient in itself to distinguish its bearer's avoca tion in life as in any way remarkable But the nature of the brokerage business that Mr. Smalley has transacted for over the last very years is unique. No one else in this city is in the same sense a proker. One or two others, perhaps, are in New York, which city, however, Mr. Smalley includes to a certain extent in his field of operations. He is a money broker is Mr. Smalley

He is a money broker, is Mr. Smalley To buying and selling money of the low-est denomination he devotes himself with singleness of purpose. Promising build-ing lots are no temptation to him. He is indifferent to rises and falls in railway shares, and as innocent in puts and calls as a fullisome kid of drawing room etias a frolicsome kid of drawing room eti-quette. Nay, it is even rumored that he cares not for even the elysium delights Gof the owanus canal.

Mr. Smalley buys pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars from churches, banks and newspaper offices and places of amusement, and sells to big stores, factories, pawn offices, banks and large business houses. A profit of 1 per cent. in the dollar on pennies satisfies him, as will seventy-five cents profit on \$1,000 in silver. Not often, he says, does he get more. It is in the magnitude of his transactions and not on the percentage that he finds profit. In a year he handles over \$3,000,000. He is punctuality personified, and many are the large stores in which the clerks time the

large stores in which the clerks time the hour by his daily arrival, laden with strong bags with pennies and silver. "Formerly," said Mr. Smalley, with a sigh, to the writer, "the profits were much greater. That was when trade dollars were in vogue, but now the busi-ness is down very fine and it is not on account of competition." "Are you not afraid of being robbed?" "I was robbed once, but I don't think Fwill be again. Around the banks rob-

"I was robbed once, but I don't think Fwill be again. Around the banks rob-bing is almost impossible. There is no more secure place that I know of. Officer Kelly is a vigilant officer. He has been a long time on his beat and knows stran-gers at sight and the character and pur-pose of every loiterer." It was on the 7th of March, 1881, that the sole arother or of which W. Smallor

It was on the 7th of March, 1881, that the sole robbery of which Mr. Smalley was the victim occurred. He had pur-chased early in the forenoon, and about a quarter of an hour previous to the rob-bery, several hundred dollars' worth of small money at The Eagle office, and had driven to St. Anne's church, on Front street, near Gold. While waiting a few moments in the pastoral residence for the Rev. Father McMeel a strange man took advantage of his absence, immed into advantage of his absence, jumped into the wagon, and, driving off at a furious gallop, escaped pursuit. The robbery created a sensation at the time on account of the audacious manner in which it was effected. W. H. Morris, whose sobriquet is "Country Conklin," was arrested upon suspicion, tried and acquitted. The money amounted to \$827, not a cent of which Mr. Smalley recovered.—Brook-

A Wealthy Oil Man. The richest man among the guild of oil producers is John McKeoun, of Wash-inton, Pa. About the time of the bashoil producers is John McKeoun, of Wash-inton, Pa. About the time of the break-ing out of the oil excitement on Oil creek he landed at Castle Garden with no more of this world's goods than thousands of other immigrants. His first world is the oil counterpresence. first work in the oil country was as a day laborer, with a pick and shovel, grading seats for oil tanks near Petro-leum Centre. He became a contractor

# FANCY'S FERRY.

sed his ferry many a time. Perhaps You've crossed his ferry many a time. Perhaps you didn't know it. He seats you in his ferryboat and then begins to row it; He dips his cars so softly that you cannot even

- hear them, And lo! you land at Fancy's docks before you know you're near them.
- Oh! Fancy's land looks very grand with high and airy, And bright impossibilities to mislea
- wary; And presently you find yourself, no matter what wur station, A-buil castles in the air that haven't a four
- dat And yet it isn't difficult to rear them till they'r
- Than anything you ever saw in
- spire: And Fancy seems so wondrous **kind**, he gratifies each notion-You've not a whim but is indulged through his extreme devotion.
- old Humdrum town you left behind seems sadly
- uminviting, With school, and books, and lessons that you're tired of reciting. But lo! what's this? Your castle shakes! Its
- walls are all a-crumble! stand amid a ruined mass, alive, but v You
- Then Fancy rows you home again-it doesn't take a minute; couldn't know-his boat's so swift-that you You w
- were really in it. But—at a word (with such a shock!) false fancy lands his wherry; What does he care for foolish folk who daily cross
- his ferry? -Julie M. Lippman in Buffalo Express.

Honesly and Conventionality. nality The root meaning of conventionality s a bringing together of the best forces of the head and heart to devise methods by which we may meet subject to com non laws; our social status is main mon laws; our social status is main-tained among our kind by our knowl-edge and interpretation of these laws. He who sees a conflict between conven-tionality and honesty bears the same relation to the social world that the Anarchist does to the political; he ob-jects to obeying laws that trammel his will will.

There is no greater evidence of crudi-y than a belief that a declaration of an ionest opinion is always in order and that silence is deceit.

that silence is deceit. Tact is regarded as a sixth sense by some, and if we stop to analyze it we would say that it was a perfect balance of honesty and conventionality, for the tactful person is of too high an order to be untruthful, and of too kindly a nature to be uncoventional. It is thalance to be unconventional. It is this balance that endows him with that attitude that lifts him above the mass of men. The woman who thinks it necessary to tell another that she has "gone off five years in one" is certainly honest, but she is not conventional, even though she can quote the written laws of every book on etiquette, and accepts all new acquaint-ances on the basis of the "rules for the use of cards." We endure her when forced to meet her, but we do not make opportunities for that privilege, nor value her the higher because she is perfectly honest.

Conventionality is to society what the criminal law is to the world at large, and should be so applied that the person who robs society of the possibility of pleasant intercourse, of graceful act and speech, of the power to meet imperson-ally, should be kept out by the combined efforts of those who believe that kindli-ness is the foundation of social inter-course.—Christian Union.

### Bigger Than Booth

The exception to the rule, if the script-ural saying that "a prophet is not with-out honor save in his own country" is really a rule, has been found, it was dis-covered, through a young man in the Booth and Modjeska company. His name is Clarence Duval, and he was assigned to the minor parts in the plays those great artists presented to the public. In "Richelieu" he played Francois, and This town is the young man's native place. It is the place where he was born, brought up, and where he went out of nights to steal watermelons with the other boys. other boys.

Young Duval was not exactly a prophet but he was a member of a great company and the town turned out in great force. The house was full, and it soon became apparent that Clarence was the star at-traction. Every time he came upon the stage he was greeted with applause, and for every little speech he made a bouquet of flowers was thrown him. Booth and Modjeska were terribly slighted that night, and as the actors stood bowing statistics of lice the last of producers. He had amazing good fortune and after operating in Bradford for several years left McKean county and then went to Washington county, The biggest wells in that wondersta



lo it. The same rule is followed, too, in the rotunda where the bills of larger denomination come in. Sometimes men get very angry when their bills are hand-ed back to them mutilated in such a

and ack to them intuitied in such a manner that they cannot be used. Not long ago the South Ferry com-pany sent up to the sub-treasury a bun-dle of the fractional currency represent-ing about \$100. It had been discovered back of a partition in the old ferry house, where it had been either stored acras or where it had been either stowed a vay or misplaced, and was found when the old building was torn down to make room

for the new structure. Mr. Haff shuffled through the pile and not only pronounced it all counterfeit but discovered that some of it had been brought to the sub-treasury at least brought to the sub-treasury at least twenty years ago, as the marks of the old stamps used as long ago as that to mark counterfeit paper money were still plainly visible on them. Each piece was subjected to the cutting process, and will probably not be presented again for re-domntion dempti

demption. All the fractional paper currency that is redeemed at the sub-treasury is sent to the treasury at Washington, where it is placed in the crematory and burned up, and all that is left of it is a sort of slag, a single pound of which may repre-sent a million. The rest floats off in noke.--New York Evening Sun.

The paradise of railway traveling must be Lower Hungary, where the com-panies are planting bedges of Provence Toscs.

The biggest wells in that wonderful ter-ritory have been his, and at times his income from his gushers has been as nucn as \$25,000 a month. Mr. McKeoun puts on no style, and might be mistaken any day about his wells for one of his workmen. His wealth runs into the millions. The oil producer who ranks second to him in wealth is Thomas W. Phillips, of New Castle, Pa.—New York World. much as \$25,000 a month. Mr. McKeoun

Our Queer English. A ship called the David E. Ward put into San Francisco in distress, and the papers of that city speak of "her" long voyage, "her" loss of spars, "her" ar-rival after many dangers, etc. The English language was evidently invented to sell as a puzzle. Had the ship been the Jenny P. Ward she would not have been referred to as "he." But why not? -Detroit Free Press.

### Eiderdown

Eiderdown. Eiderdown is the down of the eider duck. This duck is common in Greën-land, Iceland and the islands north and west of Scotland. It is about the size of g goose, and receives its distinctive name from the river Eider, in Denmark.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Years have been investigated by Herr Kastner, who shows that the annual number of cases has more than doubled in that time. In 1889 there were no fewer than 1,145 strokes. They are most frequent in the hottest months of the year, June and July, and in the hottest hours of the day or these following them nours of the day or those following them (from 3 to 4 p. m.) It appears that the thunder storms proceed from the hills, and the parts of their course most liable to be struck are woodless and flat places valleys of rivers and low meadows, near lakes, while wooded and hilly districts generally escape. This last deduction is hardly in accordance with our popular ideas on the subject.—London Globe.

## Had the Moon Down Fine

Had the Moon Down Fine. A small farmer was speaking to me about the weather. He said we should probably have a change with the new moon had any influence upon the weath-er. "Well," he said, "they say she has --particular a new moon," and after a somewhat doubtful pause he added: "Some says so, but other some says it's allers the same moon, and it does seem queer there should be so many new 'uns."--Notes and Queries. uns."-Notes and Queries.



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