MUTILATED MONEY.

HOW DAMAGED CURRENCY IS REDEEMED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Wonders Worked by Mrs. Brown, the Treasury Expert in Washington—A Few Cases in Which Bills Were Apparently Hopelessly Destroyed.

The redemption division of the treasury department is one of the most interesting of its branches. It is here that mutilated money comes for identification, and the form in which it comes tells to the chief of the division many a romance and many a tale of woe. There is much that is humorous and much that is pathetic in Mrs. Brown's public experience. That experience ranges over nearly eighteen years now, and in that time millions of dollars have passed through her hands, most of it in such condition as to be beyond identification by ordinary means.

There is hardly any way you can think of in which money is not mutilated or partly destroyed. Men light their cigars with it when they are drunk; rats gnaw it into tatters, and fire crisps it into brown ashes. Whenever there is a sudden cold snap at the beginning of winter the redemption division has a perfect harvest of mutilated money. One of the favorite hiding places which women have for their savings is the oven. When a cold day comes the woman probably forgets all about the money, builds a fire in the stove and cooks the bills to what is known in the cookbook as a "rich brown."

An interesting case is that of a woman living near Hamilton, O., who was burned to death. She had a pocketbook with her containing seventy dollars. Her children sent the pocketbook with its charred contents to the treasury department, and Mrs. Brown picked out the seventy dollars and identified it. A great deal of the money that comes in is partly burned. Wherever a part of the burned money can be identified and a satisfactory affidavit is furnished as to the facts the government restores the amount to the owner. But if a note is entirely destroyed the government is just so much ahead.

Much of the money which comes in for redemption has been damaged in railroad wrecks. When a car is burned in a railroad wreck no attempt is made by the express company to remove the money from the safe. The safe is sent direct to the treasury department and opened there. The money is usually in a pretty badly charred condition. It is taken out, and the treasury experts go over it and identify as much of it as can be recognized. Two years ago a package containing $22,000 was taken from a wreck near St. Louis, and all of the money was identified and restored to its owners.

A favorite hiding place for money with men who have no faith in banks is in their cellars. A Philadelphia man sent $280 which he had buried in a tin box under his cellar floor. When he took up the box he found the money mildewed and rotten. The package as it came into Mrs. Brown's hands looked like a bunch of tobacco leaves. It was almost impossible to distinguish the character of the notes with the naked eye. Mrs. Brown was picking apart the pieces bit by bit and arranging them on slips of brown paper cut to the size of a dollar bill. She said that she expected to identify the whole of it.

One man sent in some time ago forty-two dollars which had been taken from the stomach of a goat. The goat was not worth forty-two dollars, so he was sacrificed. The identification of this money was not a very nice task, but it was comparatively an easy one. When Mrs. Brown dropped the sticky mass into a basin of water the bills came apart and were very easily identified. This is not the only goat case which has come to the redemption division, and it has happened that even cows and pigs have been sacrificed to recover money which they had swallowed. There is one case on record where a baby swallowed some bank notes, and an emetic saved the money and possibly the baby. Babies do not often swallow an entire bill, but many affidavits are received accompaning portions of bills which say that the missing portions were swallowed by babies and "therefore wholly destroyed."

Usually when mutilated money is sent in for redemption the owner has a close if not perfect idea of the amount which is represented, but one old German in the west sent in some years ago what he claimed to be the remains of $5,000, and after a long, long investigation Mrs. Brown fully identified $7,100 in the package. A secret service agent was sent out to investigate the case, but he could discover nothing that would throw light upon the mystery, and so the mistake was charged up to the old man's stupidity, and the department sent $7,100 to him.

The redemption division receives very frequently pieces torn from bills, accompanied by affidavits saying that the remainder of the notes has been destroyed by mice. But the experts of the treasury department can tell in a minute whether a piece has been torn off or eaten off, and these petty frauds are never successful.

Treasurer Nebeker has a five dollar bill in his office made of sixteen pieces cut from five dollar notes matched so nicely that the ordinary eye would not detect the fraud. This composite note was sent in by a bank clerk in New York. The treasury experts detected the fraud immediately, and of course the bogus note was not redeemed.—Washington Cor. New York Press.

Little Economies.

At a recent gathering half a dozen people who spend their tens of thousands every year acknowledged a reluctance to light fresh candles, and one lady who is noted for her magnificent toilets confessed to being very angry with her maid if she bought English pins instead of American—which piece of economy netted a saving of five cents on every paper.—New York Tribune.

New Zealand Mutton.

The sheep farmer, it seems, finds that he can deliver his sheep, with a fair profit, for 2 pence a pound at the nearest port or freezing point. The killing and freezing process is undertaken chiefly by companies, which have established freezing stations at various convenient points along the coast, and which ship the carcasses, consigned to agents in London or elsewhere. One of the sights of the day at the Albert docks is the arrival of one of the New Zealand Shipping company's fine steamers, perhaps the Tongariro or the Rimutaka, or some other of the fleet with the sonorous Maori names, and to see the subsequent discharge of some 27,000 carcasses, each neatly wrapped in its winding sheet of white calico.

The whole year's exportation now figures to about 2,000,000 frozen carcasses and is rapidly increasing. Yet with all this depletion the number of sheep in the colony is rapidly increasing. The flocks have largely increased in number, and the export of wool has risen from about 64,000,000 pounds in 1882 to 108,000,000 in 1891.—All the Year Round.

Lucky Strikes.

Stories of unexpected fortunes are as common as blackberries. Somebody is always making or finding or inheriting a heap of money which seems to himself almost to have come from the clouds. Worthless shares become valuable, as happened to more than one man in the history of Devon great consols. A workingman discovers a rich mine, as Mr. Graham did in South Australia; or a relative from whom nothing was expected suddenly heaps everything on the kinsman who bored him least, as occurred last year within our own knowledge in a southern country. Only last week a pauper in a poorhouse was declared heir to £300,000, a sum which he probably could not have put down accurately on a slate, but which had been earned in Australia by a relative who died intestate.—London Spectator.

She Could Not Appreciate It.

In the drawing room of one of California's bonanza men, now living in New York, there hangs a painting of a very common country scene—a girl feeding a flock of turkeys. The money king's daughter says that her father cares more for this picture than for any of the other furnishings of his palatial home and often stands before it for long moments at a time. His boyhood was spent in a tiny hamlet tucked away in the Catskills, and when the pretty girl says, pettishly, "I don't see what you find in that tea chromo thing to admire," he sighs and answers, "No, for you never had such a home."—New York Times.

Man Outdone by Woman.

"You may talk all you like about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do."

"And that was?" inquired Mr. Snipps.

"Lost 50,000,000 hairpins and wore the wings of 3,000,000 birds on their hats."—Buffalo Express.

Mr. Roosevelt Tells a Story or Two.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a practical politician and has some good stories to tell of his experiences while in the legislature. In his address before the Liberal club on Thursday evening he told some of them.

One was of a legislator who used to ask him to support unconstitutional bills. "But, my dear friend," Mr. Roosevelt would say, "it's unconstitutional." "I never allow the constitution to come between friends," was the reply, and then becoming very indignant the man would add, "Mr. Roosevelt, the constitution doesn't treat little things like that."

Another man objected to his quoting Latin. "What do you mean by quoting Latin on the floor of this house?" thundered the objector, "when you don't know the alpha or omega of the language?"—Buffalo Express.

A Man's Nerves.

Mrs. Binks—Ooo! Doesn't it make you nervous to have the wind blow so this time of night?

Mr. Binks—Why?

"Just hear the windows! They rattle like everything."

"Um, it would make me nervous to hear the windows rattle if the wind wasn't blowing."—New York Weekly

Americans and Cedars.

For some unknown reason the cedar of Lebanon has never been a favorite with American planters, although it is hardy in the latitude of New York, and the few specimens here which have attained the age of 50 years and upward are noble trees.—Garden and Forest.

THE RAT'S OWN FAULT

IF HE HAD KEPT HIS HEAD HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN KILLED.

The Pretty Girl Would Not Have Been Frightened, George's Trousers Would Still Be Available, and the Small Boy Would Have Missed Lots of Fun.

The boy sat on the [illegible] box, [illegible] against the [illegible]. He was a short, stumpy boy, with an abundance of freckles held over from summer. The box was an ordinary packing box. It stood on the sidewalk in front of the Walton building in Franklin street, near where the Sixth avenue elevated road crosses. Underneath the box a long, lean, gray bewhiskered rat had taken up temporary quarters.

The rat was in bad luck. In the first place a sneaky looking dog, droopy as to tail, a mongrel of the kind termed "yaller," was lounging about, nosing in the gutter and yearning for an opportunity to display the devilry common to his kind. Behind the rat's refuge in a doorway a pretty young woman was talking to a much infatuated "George." An elderly and important looking personage, wearing gold mounted eyeglasses and carrying a gold headed cane, had just made an imposing descent from the elevated station and was promenading leisurely toward the box. A cart horse attached to a truck stood in front of a saloon near by waiting for the driver to come out. All was calm and peaceful. Then the rat came on the scene.

The first to see him was the boy. He jumped off the box, and the rat started out toward the station with the boy in hot chase. This aroused the dog, who, with a howl of anticipated sport, joined in the pursuit. The fugitive made straight for the elderly personage. The boy was a fairly good second and the dog a close third. The personage, becoming aware that something was coming his way, glanced over the top of the gold mounted eyeglasses.

"Hi, there!" yelled the boy. "He's comin your way. Head 'im off. Swather 'im one with th' stick."

The old gentleman "swathered." He missed the rat and hit the boy on the shins. The boy gave a shrill whoop, lay down on the walk and wept.

"Did it hurt you?" inquired the owner of the cane.

That made the boy so angry that he stopped crying.

"Did it hurt me?" he howled in righteous wrath. "Did it hurt me? You ol' gold headed snooper. How'd you like it ef I clubbed yer bloomin ol' shins with a waggin spoke? What'd you say ef a fat headed cove— Hi! Here he comes back! Grab 'im! Turn 'im back! Hit 'im when he goes by!"

The rat had doubled on his track and was flying up the street again with the dog several paces behind. In between the feet of the personage dodged the rat. The dog essayed to follow by the same route and got tangled up with the feet. Down came the personage, his gold headed cane flying in one direction and his gold rimmed spectacles in another. Then and there he offered a few remarks that wrung from the boy an admiring tribute. "Gosh," said he, "you can cuss."

In the meantime the rat was on his way up the street, and the pretty young woman who with her "George" had emerged from the doorway, was walking down the street engaged in conversation.

"Yes, he was just as nice about it as he could be; said it wasn't any trouble at all. He said— Oh! O-w-w-w-w! George! E-e-e-e-e-e! It's a rat! Help! It's coming this way. E-e-e-e-e-e! Help me up on this box. Yes, I'm all right now, but— Oh, George, do you suppose he can climb up here? E-e-e-e-e-e! Don't let him climb up here or I shall d-d-d-die!"

George let out a terrific kick that landed in the stomach of the pursuing dog. By way of retaliation the dog took off part of one leg from George's trousers, and fled across the street howling dismally until it came to the cart horse. Apparently connecting that animal with his misfortunes, the dog nibbled at its hind leg. The horse snorted and ran down the street with the truck clattering after. The rat, instead of taking this chance of escape, rushed frantically across the street and back again, with the boy, who had come up, followed by the personage, hot on the trail. The personage was regarding with undisguised admiration the pretty girl, who, with garments gathered and held up lightly in one hand, was standing on tiptoe on the box viewing the chase. George was looking at his trousers.

The owner of the truck came out of the saloon in time to see his property rattling down the street. As he started after it, leaving a trail of profanity behind him, a gaunt cat sauntered out of the saloon. Before the teamster had caught his horse the cat had pounced on the rat and put an end to him. Then the dog avenged his woes by catching her by the back of the neck and shaking the life out of her. The boy hit the dog with a brick on general principles. Then he returned to the personage, the box, George, and the pretty young woman. The latter was saying:

"Oh, dear! I was so scared. I hope I— Oh, George, did I hold my dress up so very high? Please say I didn't! That horrid old man with the eyeglasses!"

"Why, of course you didn't," said George promptly. The girl descended and walked away with him, her fears alleviated.—New York Sun.

Experiments with Pigeons.

Experiments have recently been made to determine the length of time through which a carrier pigeon will preserve the "homing" instinct—that is to say, how long a bird must be kept away from its original or home loft before it will lose the instinct to return. Recently seventy-two pigeons in the German military service were taken from Mayence to Brunswick, a distance of 170 miles, and kept in captivity a month. Then they were liberated. They started instantly in the direction of Mayence and arrived there in 4½ hours.—Youth's Companion.

Learning From Englishmen.

It is true that the English have cultivated sprinting, hurdling and the various field events somewhat less successfully than we, but for all distances above the quarter mile the English records (to use our American standard of comparison) are the world's records. This means that the prevailing interest abroad is less in the close gymnasium and on the dreary cinder track than in cross country runs [illegible] full of fresh air and steep his senses in sunlight. Likewise the Englishman's yacht is, as it were, his summer home, while his horses are the companions of the hunt and his travels. If yacht or horse wins races for him, so much the better.

But he draws the line when it comes to sacrificing their sounder merits for the passing glory of sweepstakes. Thus sport with him is pleasanter and less intensely exciting. It is fruitful in mental relaxation and rest as well as in bodily health. In short, Americans lack the strength that comes through moderation and repose, through wholesomeness of mind and body. We have yet to learn that the work of life is too serious for us to set our hearts and stake our health on the pastimes of idle hours; that our years are too few to be shortened by devoting workdays and playdays alike to the wasting passion of achievement.—John Corbin in Outing.

Living With a Broken Heart.

A remarkable case of survival for a week with rupture of the heart is reported. The man, who was 52 years old, short and plethoric, was playing football, when he suddenly fell down in a sort of faint, but recovered in a few moments and continued his play. Soon after the game was over, however, he had another and more severe attack, accompanied by pain in the cardiac region, and a few minutes later he was in a state of partial collapse, with shallow breathing, almost imperceptible pulse, and very severe pain over the heart. He gradually improved and was able to sit up, but seven days later he had another fainting fit and died.

At the autopsy the heart was found to be fatty, degenerated and very friable, and in the wall of the left ventricle was a break or rupture half an inch in diameter. It seemed most probable that the rupture was at first very minute or partial, not allowing the escape of blood into the pericardium, and that a week later some extra exertion caused a completion or enlargement of the rupture, resulting in the escape of blood and death.—London Lancet.

Untimely Criticism.

Untimely criticism is a barrier, shutting out affection from us and spontaneity. "Don't wriggle your feet so, my son," says the critical father to a boy vibrant with enthusiasm. The correction could have waited, and the boy, with dampened ardor, turns away, telling his next story elsewhere, while the father some day wonders why boys are sealed books to their elders. "Where did you buy that dreadful cravat?" Mary says to John in the midst of his cheerful salutation, when he is just about to tell her of a bit of good fortune. "Such silly sentimentality!" says John, with a shrug of indifference, to Mary at some new thought springing out of her heart, dewy in freshness as a newly plucked rose. And John and Mary each grow to mourn the fact that the best of the other sheds its fragrance elsewhere.

There are a hundred other barriers—the dwelling on material cares, the wanton disregard of social amenities, the sensitiveness to personal peculiarities.—Harper's Bazar.

Said to Be Better Than Morphine.

Mention is made of codeine sulphate as an extremely prompt sedative in affections of the respiratory tract, possessing an advantage over morphine in that it does not check the secretions, nor does it lead to a habit, nor has it disagreeable after effects, and it will alleviate pain. The dose varies from one-eighth to one-half, and, exceptionally, one grain, given in pill or in solution, frequently in sirup of wild cherry.

The officinal alkaloid is rarely used, the sulphate being preferred for the purpose. If administered in water, an insoluble residue is sometimes found, which, on examination, proves to be the alkaloid codeine, found in codeine sulphate from the excessive heat employed in concentration of the solution for crystallization.—New York Tribune.

A Bogus Bear's Ham.

The late Sir Richard Owen, the eminent anatomist, often had his skill in identifying bones tested. On one occasion his friend and neighbor, Lord John Russell, sent him a specimen for this purpose, and the professor quickly pronounced it the thigh bone of a pig. This explanation of the query was subsequently offered by Lord John: "President Buchanan had sent from America to the English statesman the present of 'a choice bear's ham,' and the family had breakfasted off it several times with much enjoyment. Somehow or other, however, suspicion was aroused, and the bone was sent to their scientific neighbor, with the result stated."—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Ancient Forms of Life In Australia.

Australia seems to have been a place of refuge for many ancient forms of life, and every now and then some supposed to have become extinct are found still existing there. The latest in this respect is a discovery by a Mr. Ogilby, a naturalist, in certain rivers of New South Wales of fresh water herrings, identical in every way to those before not found later than the latter part of the cretaceous and early part of the tertiary period.

Taken at His Word.

Mr. Fales—Yes, I'm going to begin over again. I want your spot cash prices.

Former Creditor—Those are the only prices this establishment ever will quote to you.—Clothiers and Haberdashers' Weekly.