Double "T"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

have aroused as much interest, mud?" perhaps, but the coin that was dug out fourteen feet beneath the surface of the earth was four times as big as a Canadian cent, and was like no other coin in the world.

It looked like a large copper medal cast in commemoration of some great man whose name began with a "T," that being the only inscription it bore, in prominent relief, one on each side of the

"Sufferin' cats, phwat's this?" asked Mike Tierney, hired excavator on the estimable enterprise known as the first Welland canal.

His nearest work-mate, looking for an excuse to rest his spade, gave the russet disc a careful inspection, handing it back with a grudging comment:

"You c'd buy a schooner the length av yer arm wid thot."

This was savory information to Mike, and he referred again and again to the possibility of anchoring said schooner up to the whistle screech of quitting time.

He repaired silently to Baird's side entrance to dazzle the innkeeper with his find, and was saddened to observe that beacon of omniscience utterly indifferent to the merits of the thing. Mike took it back and paid out a good nickel for

Someone less disinterested, however, saw the coin, and Mike found himself

COMMON copper cent would article, it sunk fourteen feet in the

"Quite possible, my dear Doolan. The earth hereabouts is partly clay and partly sand. It could very easily drop in the sand, and by alluvial action caused by various rainfalls, gradually work deeper and deeper until it reached the clayey subsoil from which it was

"Sounds sensible! And ye think the 'T' stands for 'to-come-soon,' manin' success and money on the way and soon to arrive?

"The 'T' undoubtedly stands for Tecumseh,' and there's a dollar coming your way right now if you wish to part with the bauble," said "Bud Wiser," taking the money from his pocket.

"I think I'll be kapin' it, thanking ye for yer advoice," said Tim, turning to leave. "Hello Mike, phwat the divil are ye hangin' round here for? A man av your eddication!"

Mike slipped out after him and remarked that he would like to have the coin back to show the "owld woman."

"Mike," addressed Tim Doolan with the assurance of new power, "you've thrown away fer a bumper av froth phwat was the makins av yer forchun. Oi'm only doin' me juty be me family be kapin' it."

Mike Tierney reflected for a moment and decided that he had the first right to the coin, and first rights were worth



This pretty young French girl is a traffic officer on the western front. Arques she controls the canal and road traffic of the British Army, soldiers as the "Belle of Arques," and her word is law as to the this point. She is shown in this photograph holding up a motor official photograph is the first to show women doing this sort of work near the front.

he drank good-bye to the tarnished

The new possessor, Tim Doolan, took it over to "Bud Wiser," the town historian, librarian and numismatlogoist to get his unqualified testimony of its worth. Mike Tierney squeezed into the reading room and slumped into a bench behind a high row of bookshelves, which separated the public from the private side of "Bud's" affairs. There he wrinkled his brows over the last edition of the "Post," while he cupped his ears in acute anticipation.

"This here coin," pronounced the wizard, rubbing in turn his misty spectacles and the tawny object under inspection. "Ah, this coin has a wonderful history. It is, perhaps, a little known fact that the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, had an amulet which brought him success and wealth, and it was nothing more than a coin hammered out of copper and tooled with the crude instruments of his time. It is a known fact that he traversed this part of the land before he was slain in the battle of the Thames. What is more plausible than the theory that this is the very coin, amulet of " and success? I would give a dollar for such a piece for its sentimental

you mane to tell me," charged slowly, "that whin your owld to come-soon, dropped the blasted only half pleased Tim because he could

enriched by two extra schooners while fighting for. So he approached Tim with a jaw set at stern defiance and a flinty glint in his eye. Tim was ever prepared to defend anything he had, and the fight that ensued was by no means one sided. It took place literally all over the main street of Torolow, from one side to the other, down and up, attracting crowds as it progressed. "Bud Wiser" was one of them, explaining excitedly to one group after another what it was all about. And the news of it spread like the flames of Sodom.

Mike had a lock hold on Tim and was reaching into his trousers pocket when the lock broke and they parted like a catapult string, while Tim's money clinked to the street. The double "T" coin was frisked by an unknown hand, and the fight was off. Mike and Tim grinned through their gore and shook hands, entering immediately into a compact to run down the stealthy purloiner of the lucky piece.

Tim had a son in the militia and a pretty daughter just out of convent. Mike's family were still bairns, the oldest two having died. Mike, therefore, did not have the worry that assailed Tim, for Patricia Doolan was setting her heart on a heathenish young captain of a canal boat. Jimmy Pearce.

Jimmy was paying more attention to Martha Bolling, daughter of the excavating contractor, owner of much plant and wielder of considerable power. This



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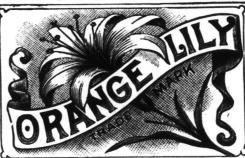
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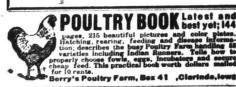


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