

Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

JANUARY 10, 1900.

No. 1.

SCRATCHINGS.

By M. A. BELL.

"The Philatelic Press of 1899."

We have now entered the closing year of the 19th century and in figures the first year of the new century. In looking back over 1899, many startling changes present themselves, especially in the field of philatelic literature.

In January, 1899, the "Stamp Tribune" was launched with very fair prospects, with Mr. Lev as editor and publisher and Mr. Verbeck as associate-editor and review-editor. The paper was at first printed in Harriman, Tenn., but later was moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where it still remains, having risen from fair prospects to as good prospects as any philatelic paper published.

"Stamp Talk" was first issued a little before 1899, but yet can fairly be called an 1899 paper. William B. Brown of Kansas City, Mo., was the publisher and Foster A. Lilly was review editor. The paper was published containing new and original matter and was meeting with success when the ill health of the publisher compelled him to give it up with the July number.

The "Michigan Philatelic Weekly" attempted to take a hold in philatelic circles, but after three numbers, disappeared.

About this time John Luther Kilbon gave up the *Boston Stamp Book*, one of the best in Philately, and the *Eastern Philatelist*, who as-

sumed control, was the gainer thereby. A short time after this, the same untimely fate overtook this paper and it sold out to the *Philatelic Bulletin*, which, however, still continues to exist.

In February the *Philatelic Advocate* took up the *Philatelic Messenger*, and is still published.

The February number of the *Texas Philatelist* was the last. It was sold out to the *Lone Star State Philatelist*, which in turn in the latter part of 1899, was combined with the *Virginia Philatelist*. The *Lone Star State Philatelist* was one of the favorites and it was with much regret that we saw it pass over the line.

In March James A. Kennedy surprised us with the *Nebraska Philatelist* from Hastings, Neb. With only four pages in its first number and unannounced, it has continued to put in appearance, each number better in size and quality.

In April the *Stamp Reporter* turned its face from the monthly to the weekly field, but after a few numbers gave up entirely.

Mr. Dodge also decided, about this time, to combine his three papers into one, the *Tri-Monthly Collector*, but after various struggling attempts to get it out three times a month, he saw his error and did the best thing he could have done, gave it up.

In May Ralph W. Tucker gave us the finest "first number" of the year in the "Stamp Exchange." All the leading writers were among its contributors and its success would

have been assured had not the publisher taken some foolish advice and raised the subscription price to fifty cents. This resulted in the closing up of the paper with the July number.

An anonymous burlesque stamp paper was the next and newest thing, in the shape of "Stampic America," being the brains of the C. family. This was closely followed by another, "The Rival Philatelist," and they, with more success than others, are still published, although the combined subscription and free list of the two does not, perhaps, equal one hundred.

The *Chicago Philatelist* appeared September 1st, well stocked, well printed and of good quality, but, alas! one number was all. Financial embarrassment the cause.

The *Jubilee Philatelist*, the *Philatelist's Window*, *Moline Stamp News* and *The Western Philatelic News* all tried their hand about this time and the hand has not been withdrawn as yet.

The *Philatelic Chronicle* is the latest and one of the best.

Other papers which have appeared during the past year are *Philatelic Literature*, *Junior Collector*, *Bi-Monthly Collector*, *Ohio Philatelists* and *Illinois Philatelist*.

The above perhaps does not mention all the changes in this field, but I believe it has taken in all the important ones. If one were to judge from the above list, it would seem as if the stamp business had been "booming" the past year, and it is only hoped that it will continue to boom in 1900.

Look out for Chapman's Adhesive. Like the mustard plaster, it's bound to stick.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

By Sopkins & Heverns.

NOTE. Before starting in to answer the numerous letters we have at our desk, we would respectfully inform the public that: We do not publish *Stampic America*; we know nothing about the *Rival Philatelist*; we have never seen the *Plymouth Rock*; and our name does not begin with a capital C.

CLAUDE T. RENO: (1) If you are not well up in grammar and rhetoric, a simple explanation at the head of your work will do. (2) No. "David Harum" is not a book on stamps.

ROY B. BRADLEY: We cannot inform you as to the proper way to mix Manhattan Cocktails. Either consult a bartender's guide or write Verbeck.

H. A. CHAPMAN: (1) Yes, the Adhesive ought to be a "sticker," but be careful you don't get "stuck" yourself. You know stamp "stickers" are common now-a-days. (2) Yes, we did have the opinion the ink and paper used in "Stampic America" belonged in your family.

A. HERBST: (1) In such a case we would advise you to retain a good attorney at once, Bridge of Albany might do. A breach of promise suit is rather a serious matter. (2) No, olives are not eaten with forks.

J.F. FARRELL: (1) It is proper when paying any attention to a young lady, when your intentions are serious and you have reason to believe she reciprocates your tender feelings, to ask permission of her parents to marry her. (2) No, a band at a wedding would be bad taste.

FRANKLIN STEARNS: (1) Yes, you looked very handsome in your picture which appeared in the December "Virginia Philatelist." (2) If you all helped Paalzow to move, we think that a good excuse for the delay of your paper.

A. DIETZ: (1) It was wrong of them to attach your real property when you had sufficient personal property to satisfy the judgment. (2) Bring an action of replevin against the sheriff.

R. C. BACH: (1) Yes, you have been discovered. (2) No, if you wish to fight on the other side you would not have to be naturalized, you are enough of a Boer (bore) now. (3) Wurtele will look after your young wife until the "barrier" is broken down.

WILLIAMS & CO.: Yes, we think Bach, Brassington, Ackley and the rest would join you in your new scheme. (2) What jail did you say it was?

HERBERT GILE: No, an essay on "Lovely Stamps" would do very well in your paper. (2) It is not absolutely necessary to pay the printer before you get your paper. (3) Yes, most of the writers you mention will supply you with contributions for "an inch ad. space."

C. W. K.: We are not familiar with the laws of your state, but the common law does not require you to print the name of the members resigning from the P. S. of A., then again it would take up too much of your valuable space. It is better, as you say, to only publish the names of the two members.

A Happy New Year to all.

WILL ISSUE STAMPS.

Government to Commemorate the Pan-American Exhibition.

The postoffice department has decided upon an issue of stamps commemorative of the Pan-American exhibition at Buffalo next year.

The stamps will be of the same size as those now issued and will be in the denominations of 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 and 10 cents.

Notice! I am compiling a set of books with the addresses of stamp freaks, those who substitute tamps, order stamps and do not pay for them, claim they were never received, that they have returned the lot, or in fact any who commit dishonest or shady transactions. Stamp Dealers and Collectors have been greatly imposed upon and something should be done to stop it. If you know of any dealers or collectors who belong to the dishonest class kindly send me their addresses with particulars. Should you wish to inquire regarding any one send a stamp to pay return postage and I will try and give you the information you desire. Now don't pass this notice without thought but contribute something for the general good and you will find it will be of great benefit to the philatelists at large. H. G. SMITH, Treas. American Philatelic Association, Winona, Minn.



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Above are all of the best quality. Can furnish cheaper; also other articles in Hardware and Sporting Goods.

C. F. RICHARDS,

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Am. Phil. Ass'n No 18.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

It was at the Waldorf-Astoria during horse show time and the dinner hour, the busiest time of the whole day at that wonderful hostelry.

Uniformed attendants flew here and there in the breathless haste, waiters and "omnibuses" hovered distractedly about the flower bedecked tables in the grand dining salon and the palm gardens, and through the rich corridors flowed a ceaseless stream of elegant women in trailing silken gowns and prosperous looking men in Tuxedos or swallow tail coats cut to reveal dazzling segments of shirt front.

The riot of luxury, feasting and enjoyment was at its height when two men met in the office—two men of forty or thereabouts, with that indefinable air of self-conscious power that marks the successful business man.

"By the gods, if it isn't Fred Fink!" exclaimed the taller of the two, stopping suddenly with outstretched hand.

"Teller!" cried the other joyfully, seizing the proffered hand, "I am glad to see you, old man!"

In another moment the two were seated in a couple of the big, thronelike feather chairs which the Astor millions have provided for the purpose of at once comforting and impressing the hotel patrons and were giving an account of themselves in true American fashion.

They had not seen each other since fifteen years before they had separated, after four years of intimate friendship at a fresh water college to go out and seek their fortune after the impetuous fashion of western youth.

"You have prospered, I hear,"

said Fink, "and have become an out-and-out New Yorker in fact and sentiment."

"Oh, I've had my ups and downs," replied Teller, with a little laugh, "but I'm on top now. As for being a confirmed New Yorker, well, Mrs. Teller, like most eastern women, doesn't care for the west. We've never done the conventional trip to California. She prefers crossing the pond when we travel."

In the last words was all the complacency of the man who has had a hard fight of it and won, but Fink easily forgave the little touch of vanity. He had been through it all himself.

"Then there's a Mrs. Teller?" he said, smiling.

"Oh, yes, and a Jack Teller, the second," replied the other. "You must see that boy, Ned."

"I want to," said Fink, but something wistful in his voice struck his friend.

"And you?" he asked quickly. "Surely you've not remained single, my boy?"

"I've never married," was the brief reply.

"Why, you're the very fellow to have a romance, I should think," went on Teller. "You used to be a sentimental chap at college, always writing verses and all that."

Fink laughed.

"Yes, I had my romance," he said.

"Well, I, am sorry it doesn't seem to have a happy ending," said Teller sincerely. "A wife is a great help to a man. I'd like to tell you before you meet her," he went on, bending forward earnestly, "what mine has done for me. She's made a man of me and proved that I was worth the job. She's been more than a wife to me. She's been my good, honest, loyal chum. There

are not many men who can say that of their wives."

"No, I fancy not," assented Frank, smiling.

"It's wonderful the understanding she had of the way a man feels, an inexperienced girl like her," proceeded the other. "You see, she was a stenographer in our office when I first met her, and I fell in love with her at first sight almost. I'd made a little pile, and when we were married I thought things were coming pretty much my way. But hard times settled it and I lost everything. For a long time it was hard work to get bread and butter, but that girl stood by me through thick and thin. When I was sick for a year with rheumatism she went back to office work and kept me and the boy with what she earned, with never a word of complaint or regret through it all. I tell you, old boy, she's got the stuff in her that heroes are made of. Goodness knows where she got it, that courage of hers. I never asked her about her family, and she's not one to talk much, but I fancy they were ordinary enough. I believe they came from some little town in New York state, and I know she never had anything much in her life. But now the struggle is over and I can give her about what she wants, thank God. I tell you, Ned, it's a pity you let one disappointment spoil your life. There's nothing so sweetens existence as the companionship of a good woman."

"And nothing poisons it like a bad one," said Frank bitterly.

"But surely the good ones outnumber the bad. Forgive me, Ned, but isn't it rather narrow to let one woman prejudice you against the whole sex? Of course, I don't know the story—"

"It's not pleasant," said the other man, knocking the ashes from his cigar with nervous fingers. "It all happened the year I left college. I met a girl in Denver. She was beautiful and clever, and you're right about my being sentimental, Teller. I fancied because her eyes were pure and bright as the stars in heaven that she must be an angel. She was poor, too. Her father was a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, and she was very unhappy, and I pitied her. Ah, I was very far gone, indeed. We were going to be married when I had made money enough, and meantime I was happy as—well, as happy as a fool. And then, one day as we were walking down the street together we met a man, a low fellow, with a dyed moustache. I knew him. He was a shoestring gambler, who came down sometimes from the mining camps and as vile a cur as ever breathed. To my amazement he stopped and spoke to me. 'What are you doing with my wife?' he asked angrily. I supposed he'd been drinking, and was about to brush him aside when I happened to look at her, and what I saw told me all. She was cowering before that beast, with every vestige of color gone from her face and her eyes fastened on his with such a look that in a flash I knew that her fear of him was no new thing with her.

"'Great God, Lucy,' I cried, 'tell me this isn't true.' But she only gave a little moan, and so I turned away and left them there. I never saw her again."

There was a moment's pause. The orchestra, from its perch on the landing of the marble stairway was playing an air from "La Bo-

(Continued on page 9.)

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VOL. II. JANUARY 10, 1900. No. 1.

EDITORIALS.

The publishers and editors of the **WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE** wish a happy New Year to all who peruse these pages. May the year "oughty-ought" be a prosperous one to us all, and especially to the **WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE**.

Cleveland is to have a Stamp Auction Sale on January 17th. It will be held under the auspices of the Garfield-Perry Stamp Club, and is expected to be the event of the Cleveland stamp season.

By the way, it may not be known generally that Cleveland boasts of one of the best local stamp clubs in the United States. The Garfield-Perry Stamp Club consists of about sixty or seventy of Cleveland's most prominent collectors. Its roll is graced by such names as J. V. Painter, T. O. Bailey, Dr. T. H. Tubman, W. H. Barnum and many other leading Cleveland business men. Monthly meetings are held in the Arcade, and good times are always enjoyed at the bi-weekly social gatherings at the homes of various members.

We trust that the many thousands who see this copy of the **WEEKLY** will appreciate our efforts to give the stamp fraternity a good, lively, up-to-date weekly, and will demonstrate it in a substantial way by sending in their subscription. The time was when it seemed almost sacriligious to see a first-class stamp paper contain any outside matter such as the **WEEKLY** presents in this number, but fortunately for the good of Philately, this feeling is no more. The best method of doing missionary work among our boys is to reach them through a medium they can understand and appreciate, and such a medium is the popular short story of today.

A child is taught to use bread as a solid food by first having it fed to him with something sweet and toothsome spread over it, and a novice to our hobby must be trained in like manner. Such a course it is our intention to pursue, and if you desire to help bring converts into the Philatelic fold, you may easily do so by encouraging us with your immediate support in the form of a **SUBSCRIPTION**.

The publishers have secured the services of Wm. B. Hale, the well known Stamp Drummer, as the traveling representative of **THE TRIBUNE**. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and to collect payment for same. Should he happen to drop in upon you at any time, both he and we would appreciate your "sub" (if you are a non-subscriber), and your "ad." if you are a dealer.

We may say the same of A. L. Seager, our Pacific Coast representative; S. J. Petree, our general agent, and C. E. A. Holmes, our

Canadian representative. Any courtesies shown to either of these gentlemen would be highly appreciated by the publishers of the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE.

We should like to call the attention of the dealers to the offer made in the prospectus announcing our advent.

The front cover page is printed in two colors and is without doubt the best position in the paper for the proper display of an "ad." The holders of the first contracts will be entitled to secure permanent positions on the front cover, provided the space contracted for is to consist of not less than Twenty (20) lines for at least Three (3) months. This offer stands good till the Hundred and twenty (120) lines on the front cover (six spaces of twenty lines each) are contracted for. After any of the contracts expire, space on the front page will cost 25% above regular rates.

If you are looking for a good position in a good paper at good rates, don't neglect to sign your contract at once as only Eighty (80) lines of the front cover are left uncontracted for.

Contract rates and blanks furnished on application.

We are mailing the WEEKLY to all the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. libraries, to all Philatelic Societies and Clubs, distributing through the Union News Co., on trains, through the American News Co., to dealers, stationers and school supply houses, and advertising liberally for subscriptions.

Should you have anything to suggest that might enable us to give you better service, let us hear from you.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

(Continued from page 7.)

heme," repeating the refrain over and over again with passionate insistence.

"Isn't it possible that there was some mistake?" asked Teller at last, a little awkwardly.

"No," said Fink, in a hard voice. "Her father came to see me afterward. She was getting a divorce quietly, he told me, and they had agreed to keep me in ignorance of the whole affair. Of course, the blackguard threatened to shoot me if I didn't marry his daughter, but when he saw I was not afraid of him, he let me alone. They came east after that, I believe."

"Perhaps she wasn't as much to blame as he," observed Teller, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps—she was very young. But such training in deceit doesn't turn out the women who make good wives, and divorced women are hardly in my line. No, there was no excuse for her, and it was only my luck. You fell in love with the right woman, and I fell in love with the wrong one—that's all."

A woman came down the corridor as he spoke the last words, a tall, elegant woman, in a modish gown, whose gleaming folds clung closely to her slender figure. A boy of eight or nine years held her by the hand, and both looked out on the world with the same eyes, great, beautiful gray eyes, at once proud and sad.

As the woman's eyes met Fink's they dilated suddenly and he started with a sharp pain at his heart that caught his breath.

How had she come here just when—the very woman of whom he had been talking? As he started up Teller glanced around and then

rose with a happy smile.

"Ah, Lucille," he cried. "I have met an old friend, Ned Fink. He must be your friend also. Ned, this is my wife."

The joyous pride in his friend's voice made Fink wince inwardly as he bowed ceremoniously.

"I am very glad to meet Mrs. Fink," she said calmly. How well he knew her voice.

"You'll dine with us, I hope, Ned," called Teller, over his shoulder, as he started on with the boy.

"Thank you, no. Leave for Denver in half an hour," replied Fink.

Then a sudden surge in the crowd brought someone between them for a moment, and the woman turned to him abruptly.

The pitiful appeal in her eyes went straight to Fink's heart, and he felt his own eyes grow dim with tears.

"He does not know," she said simply.

"He never shall," cried Fink.—Edgar Temple Field in Chicago Herald.

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MARSHAL OLSON,
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Minneapolis, Minn.

THE GHOST IN BROCADE.

On hoardings, in fields, on the covers of magazines, on the back sheets of newspapers, an advertisement headed "S.S.S." appears with the regularity of the sun. Additional information is accorded to the curious by the expansion of these mystic signs into the words. "Sarah's Salutory Sauce"—a condiment invented by Sarah Brag to tickle the palates of the epicures.

Her husband, a compositor in the office of a provincial journal, made a fortune out of it for both of them. He commenced quite in a small way by advertising it in the columns he set up, while Sarah, renting suitable premises in the town, personally manufactured her invention. The advertisements were read, the sauce was approved of, and as circles on the water its fame widened round the world. In twenty years Mr. and Mrs. Brag were almost millionaires, and having turned their concern into a limited liability company, retired to enjoy an old age of well earned ease and comfort at Alliston hall. "S.S.S." did its work well, and for once Fortune bestowed her favors on the deserving.

They were wholly unlike the millionaires of commerce or of fiction, these two. For they were neither anxious to get into society nor desirous of displaying their wealth with ostentation. Mr. Brag, indeed, had rubbed off some of his natural roughness whilst shouldering his way through the world, but Sarah, his wife, was as much a cook as she had been when she presided over the kitchen of Alliston hall. Now she sat in the drawing room and could without doubt have set up as a fine lady had she so desired. But her heart was ever in the back

premises, and her visits there were by no means infrequent. She remained always the uneducated, rough, warm hearted woman, devoted to her home and to her husband. I knew her value better than anyone, save perhaps Helen; and both of us were extremely fond of her, and indeed of Mr. Brag also. They were a typical Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.

But who am I, you will ask—and who is Helen, too? Well, I who tell this story am Geoffrey Beauchamp, an idle Oxonian and private secretary to Mr. Brag.

When I left Balliol, my father, failing in business, took his loss of money and reputation so seriously that he died of a broken heart, and joined my mother in the next world whither she had long preceded him. Finding myself an orphan, penniless and without a profession, I cast about for employment. I answered an advertisement for a secretary. In this way it was that I became acquainted with Mr. Brag. For three years past I have looked after his affairs—that is to say, I have written his letters, advised him as best I could, and have stood between his too kindly soul and the hungry horde of money hunters. And he on his part has treated me more like a son than a paid servant, which I have not failed to appreciate. So comfortable a position and so kindly a friend come not to every man.

Then there is Helen. She is looked upon as the daughter of the house, as indeed she is, seeing that she was born at the hall.

When Sir Ralph Alliston died, after a spendthrift career, he left his only child without a penny. The hall was sold, and the proceeds went to pay off the mortgages and the rest of the debts. So Helen,

poor helpless girl, had no choice but to go out as a governess. But Sarah Brag soon changed all that. She remembered Helen as a child, and when the hall was purchased by the money made out of "S.S.S." she sought out the orphan and insisted upon her returning.

"As my own child," explained the good soul; "seein' that 'J' and me ain't bin bless'd with babies. Not that I'm a lady, my dear, nor could ever have a daughter like you. But we'll put it like that to satisfy the 'conveniencies' of society."

What could Helen do but accept an offer so kindly and so liberally made. So she came back to her ancestral home, and found existence made as pleasant for her as Mr. and Mrs. Brag could make it. Then it came about that as I was young and Helen altogether charming we fell in love with each other, much to the delight, be it said, of our patrons. Eventually it was arranged that I should be Helen's husband; and that she should expect to inherit the substantial profits from "S.S.S."

"And if I might advise Mr. Beauchamp," said Mrs. Brag, beaming, "you should take the name and arms of Alliston, by right of 'Elen here; so that when we are dead and gone the old family will still be in the old place where they have been for Lord knows what number of years.

"Think," cried Mrs. Brag, jubilantly, "of the ancestors you'll have. Why, there's a church chock full of 'em—all knights and bar'nites. Fine, ain't it?"

I agreed that it was "fine" and with Helen's consent, indeed at her express wish, I promised the worthy couple to take the name of Alliston when I should lead the last

scion of the family to the altar. And this was the position of affairs when the ghost came; and I do not think there were four happier people in the whole world up to that time. Lady Marian spoil it all.

Lady Marian was the ghost's name. She had been a Georgian beauty a couple of hundred years ago—had rustled in silken brocade in the midst of Jacobite conspiracies. Her husband had preferred King George to King James, and desirous of keeping his head and property, had given her to understand as much. But it would seem that excitement was the breath of Lady Marian's nostrils and she made the hall a center of intrigues, which included the midnight visits of Jesuit priests, of French emissaries from his majesty over the water and of sulky squires who cursed the Hanoverian in their cups.

Sir Walter Alliston, being a jealous husband as well as a loyal subject, disapproved of his wife's pranks, and accused her of using politics for the masking of intrigues against his honor and her own. The lady, being of high spirit, denied the accusation, and swore never again to speak to her husband. He, more furious than ever, kept a close watch upon her, and one evening found a masked gallant leaving her apartments. Without a moment's hesitation he ran the intruder through with his rapier. When he tore off the vizard he found to his horror that the victim was Lady Marian herself, disguised for some excursion. Dying, she cursed him and his, and declared that she would haunt him and his descendants evermore.

"And she's kept her word," said Mrs. Brag, who told me the story, "for when Sir Walter died she

walked down the picture gallery the night before. She always comes to tell when one of the family is to die. I 'eard as she was seen just before 'Elen's father went off, and when Lady Alliston died I saw the ghost myself."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Brag! There are no such things as ghosts," I said.

"Oh, ain't there, but there is. I tell you, as I'm a livin', breathin' woman I saw the Lady Marion gliding along the picture gallery in brocade and 'igh 'eeled shoes, just as she wore when alive."

"Have you seen the ghost since you bought the hall, Mrs. Brag?"

"God forbid, my dear; for if Lady Marian comes again it will only be to take away 'Elen, seem' as she's the last of them."

As Mrs. Brag, with the superstition of an uneducated person, firmly believed in the warning apparition, I was not surprised on returning from a month's holiday in Switzerland shortly before Christmas to find her in a state of great alarm at the reappearance of her bugbear. Two weeks before my return Lady Marion, brocade, high heel shoes, cane and all, had twice been seen in the picture gallery—on each occasion at the midnight hour.

Mrs. Brag was certain that it meant Helen's death, and unable utterly to keep feeling of any kind to herself, had succeeded in infecting the whole house with her fears. Not a servant would enter the long gallery, as it was called, after dark; and even Mr. Brag, skeptic as he was, became uneasy when he came to think of what it might mean.

The girl herself did not look so well as when I had left for my holiday. She was pale and thin, and singularly silent. Her eyes, too,

seemed unnaturally bright. After Mrs. Brag had delivered herself of the story, and had stated her intention of calling in the vicar to exorcise the ghost, I was left alone in the drawing room with Helen.

"My darling you look ill," I said, clasping her in my arms; "surely you do not believe in all this nonsense."

She shivered. "I don't know," she said, nervously. "Both the housekeeper and the butler have seen the ghost. Mrs. Brag is always talking about it, and really I am beginning to think there must be some truth in it."

"Nonsense! nonsense! All this talk and fuss had made you nervous and ill; hasn't it, dear?"

"Yes, Geoffrey; I was quite well until the ghost came."

I saw very plainly how matters stood. Helen was sensitive and highly strung, and Mrs. Brag's foolish talk had wrought her up to such a pitch that the tortured nerves reacted on her delicate body. She was never a strong girl, but she was always very healthy. Worry was evidently what had made her ill. I no longer wondered that the Allistons had died when Lady Marion was rumored to have appeared. They were a nervous race. I realized therefore that if I did not do something to exorcise this spirit, if such it were, Helen would become seriously ill, and might die.

"It is a good thing I returned," I said to Mr. Brag, when Helen retired to dress for dinner. "That girl will die if this sort of thing goes on."

"I dessay, I dessay, Geoffrey; but how do you propose to stop it?"

"Find out the trick, to be sure."

"But 'ow do you know it's a trick, Geoffrey?"

"I'm sure of it. Tell me, have you seen the ghost?"

"Lor, no. I ain't a coward, Geoffrey, but wild 'orses wouldn't drag me to that gallery at night. I ain't seen it, but Parsons and Mrs. Jackson 'ave."

"Or think they have. What they have seen is someone dressed up like Lady Marion, mark me. Or else they suffer from hallucination. Parsons is sober, I know."

"Oh, yes; and even if he ain't, Mrs. Jackson is. She never touches a drop to my knowledge. No, tain't drink, whatever it is."

"And they both declare that they have seen the ghost?"

"Lor' yes. They take their oaths they have."

"Then it must be a trick. And if I catch the person who is playing it I'll—well, I'll make the false ghost a real one. Will you let me take charge of this matter, Mr. Brag?"

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"Of course, Geoffrey. I was just waitin' for you to come back. Find out what's wrong and knock all this stuff out of my old woman's head. She's mostly in hysterics o'nights."

"And no wonder when Helen looks so ill. Believe me, ghosts went out when gas came in. I think I shall manage to prove to you that this spectral Lady Marion is very substantial flesh and blood."

"But she may not be," urged Mr. Brag, somewhat dubiously. Lots of these 'igh families 'ave their ghosts to see 'em into the next world, I believe. Besides, who could be playing this wild trick?"

(To be Continued.)

ERRORS IN 59th—NOT CORRECTED.

By John Peltz.

The beginner collector—and sometimes even the advanced—is puzzled to see in a copy of Scott's catalogue, even the latest, 59th, stamps catalogued which he has never seen a copy of and never will, for, although the stamps are priced at a few cents, they have no real existence—at least not according to the catalogue description. When we send for the aforesaid stamps we get entirely different ones—from the catalogue description. And the explanation is: these are errors in the catalogue; the stamps described are those he gets, but are differently described in the catalogue. Most of the errors in the 59th have been corrected in the "Errata" in the front part of the catalogue—but not all of them. I append herewith a list of errors—not in the Errata—with the hope that it will prove instructive to my readers, who will be saved from unnecessary trouble and annoyance through these explanations.

In the 1890 issue of Austria, No. 57 reads type A 18; this should be A 12. There is as yet no higher type than A 14.

The 1888-91 issues of Hungary were printed on a paper with fine parallel vertical lines across the surface of the stamp, the color of the design was in nearly every case different from the lines, while the Roman figures of value are printed in black—always. Now, there seems to be a mistake in the catalogue. For instance, the 5 kr. is designated thus "5 k carmine and black." Why not say "5 k carmine and carmine and black?" All the other values have the color of design and lines, but not of the numerals. Why not add this also? The 1862-64 1 p. red and the 1892 $\frac{1}{2}$ p. gray of New South Wales are different in design, the chief being this: The 1 p. has ornamental work in all four corners, while the $\frac{1}{2}$ p. has only ornaments in upper corners and figures of value in lower. The catalogue would lead one to believe the 1 p. and $\frac{1}{2}$ p. were similar in design.

In the Philippine Islands newspaper stamps, 1892 issue, number 409 should read " $\frac{1}{2}$ c. yellow-green," not "blue green" as in the catalogue. Number 36, of Russia, reads: Type "A 4. 14 k. blue and rose," but the fact is that the 14k. value is very much different from type A 4.

Number 49, of Western Australia reads type "A 5. $\frac{1}{2}$ p. green," but the design is different very much so—from A 5, as can be seen at a glance.

The above errors should be corrected in Scott's next catalogue and extra cuts should be inserted of the three different types as described above.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

Under this heading I will endeavor to give everything in my power which I think will interest everyone who reads this column.

How many are there who understand how the officially sealed stamp of Canada is used? Very few, I am afraid. A letter opened by the department was closed again by placing an officially sealed stamp around the edge of the envelope where it had been broken. This accounts for the crease usually found across this stamp. Their present selling value is between 75c and \$1.00 and they are well worth that.

It is rather peculiar that so many correspondents make the mistake at the present time of dating their letters 1899 instead of 1900. In many of my letters the writers have written 1899 and crossed it out and put 1900, having afterward noticed their mistake.

Would it not be a good thing for some trust to be formed to swallow up all the little monthlies which subsist on a 10c and 15c subscription of between 500 and 1000, and sometimes not that? As a rule these monthlies do not publish more than six numbers, and do philately more harm than good. My reason for saying this is that the younger collector will subscribe to a 10c or 15c paper for 12 numbers because it is so cheap, and when the paper is discontinued, "through want of time, etc.," the young collector becomes discouraged and throws up philately altogether, whereas if there were nothing but firmly established papers to subscribe to, he would surely be a faithful follower of Philately.

A watermark detector is becoming more and more necessary in these days of prosperity and collections of minor varieties. If the price of one were not so high, they would certainly be used more extensively. An excellent way to prepare one at little or no cost is as follows: Procure a shallow glass dish with a smooth bottom, and not very large perimeter. Paint the outside bottom with black paint. Buy some benzine and put it in the dish to a depth of about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. With a pair of tweezers place the specimen, face down, in the benzine, which will improve rather than injure the specimen. The watermark, if any, will show up very distinctly.

If I may venture to give a little advise to those who want to speculate, I would say, if you have any Transvaal stamps, hold them; if you have not any, buy all you can at reasonable prices. I received correspondence from an English collector in the Transvaal which says that the present war is taking all the attention of the Boers, and that the stamp supply is running out.

It is rumored that the Canadian Government has a supply of the memorial jubilee stamps. One person I know of gave the required money for a set from $\frac{1}{2}$ c to 50c unused to the postmistress, who got the stamps for him without delay.

It is amusing the way that the boys who have 5 and 10 cents to spend go into a stamp shop and say, "Let me see some of your one centers." The dealer produces the required "one centers" and the boys look over them, each saying what they have, and asking numer-

ous questions, such as: "Got any 10 cent packets?" "How much is that?" etc., etc. They select four stamps and then remark, "Say, you give 6c worth for 5c, don't you? All the other dealers do." After they leave the store they may be seen with a crowd of boys around them bidding for the stamps which they bought at 6 for 5.

Perhaps there has been enough said about the second issue for Guam, but I think that American collectors should stop throwing mud at the Canadian Government because of speculation. When the United States sees a good chance for speculation it will not let it slip by. A previous example is the sale of newspaper stamps.

Did you ever hear one of your non-collecting friends, who knew that you collected stamps, come to you on some memorable day, with a parcel, and say, "Here are some stamps that I have been saving up for you for some months. I thought you would be glad to get them." You take the parcel, open it and look over the stamps, handling with great care and finding some 1c and 2c United States, together with some 3c Canada of 1869 and 2c present issue. You may occasionally find some 2½d Great Britain and some 5c and 10c France. These must undoubtedly be rare, because they are foreign. You thank the donor very much, saying that they were just what you wanted, a most appropriate gift, etc., etc., but all the while wishing in your heart that he had given you something else.

INSUPERABILIS.

CANADIAN NOTES.

Canada's progress in philatelic matters is now acknowledged by every philatelist. With our four monthlies, a good many dealers and quite a lot of collectors, we can now figure among the leading philatelic countries. Several dealers have started stamp columns and another new paper is to be published in Montreal.—"The Montreal Royal Philatelist."

R. C. Bach's shop on Beaver Hall Hill in Montreal is now occupied by the Mount Royal Stamp Co.

Surcharges were on sale last week at the postoffices in Hamilton, Quebec and L'Orignal. Imperial maps are at present used here.

A new stamp club has been formed in Montreal—the Canadian Philatelic Club—which is very successful.

Mr. A. R. Magill, my successor to presidentship of the Mount Royal Club, has enjoyed an eight day trip to New York. Mr. James Anderson is also about to visit New York.

Two new stamp companies have been formed in Montreal—The Holmes Stamp Company and the Telfer Stamp Co.

The great Barries affair which occurred in this city has caused quite a lot of talk and trouble, but everything seems quiet now.

Mr. Marks, of the Marks Stamp Co., left Toronto for the "old country" on Dec. 15th.

Weekly Stamp Tribune.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAMP COLLECTORS.

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" 10c Proprietary.....	.75
" 25c Protest.....	.15
" 25c W. Receipt.....	.35
" 50c For. Ex.....	.22
" 50c Lease.....	.20
" 50c Pro. of Will.....	.38
" \$5. " " ".....	.40
Omaha, 1c to 10c.....	.12
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VOL. II.

JANUARY 17, 1900.

No. 2.

TRANSVAAL AND HER STAMPS.

By S. P. LEV.

IN the year of grace, 1833, a general exodus of the Cape Colony Boers occurred, on account of their dissatisfaction at the liberal policy of the British Colonial government towards the South African natives. This exodus was renewed in 1836, and became known as the "Great Trek." Thus by 1837 a great many of the Boers had crossed the Vaal river, and reached the Trans-Vaal country, or the land beyond the Vaal, which was at that time under the despotic sceptre of Moselekatze, a refugee Zulu chief. Soon after their advent in the land of Moselekatze, a number of emigrant bands journeying to join the main body were attacked and massacred by the order of the fierce chief. Under the leadership of Maritz and Potgieter, the Boers avenged the death of their friends, by utterly defeating the army of the Zulu, and soon driving him out of the country beyond the Limpopo, where he founded the state known at present as Matchele, and leaving the Trekkers in possession of the whole region between the Vaal and Limpopo.

After several defeats by the savage chief Dingaan, which would have vanquished most people, but which only made them more desperate and more resolved to retain the land they wrested from Moselekatze, the Boers at last managed to utterly defeat Dingaan, who was

soon murdered by one of his rival chiefs who was friendly to the whites.

Till 1853 confusion and disorder reigned supreme, and the Trekkers were no nearer independence than formerly. But in this year they formally established the "Dutch African Republic," with Marthinus Wessels Pretorius as first President. In 1858 the name of the republic was changed to the "South African Republic."

From the very birth of the republic can be traced the cause which in 1881 and again in 1899 led to war with England. The Boers could not look with the eye of equality upon the poor black native, or the white British settler. It was this feeling that prompted the attack upon Livingstone and the plunder of his house by a command of the government in the fifties. It was this again that led to the passage of the unjust "Apprentice Law," which was the establishment of a disguised system of slavery; and further led to the Fundamental Law, which declared that the "people will admit of no equality of persons of colour with the white inhabitants either in state or church."

In 1867 diamonds in great profusion were discovered and a natural influx of foreigners was the result.

After a lot of trouble with England and Portugal, President Pretorius was forced to resign, and in 1871 he was succeeded by Burgers.

Till 1877 but little happened outside of the war with the Bapedi,

which resulted in the proclamation of the annexation of Transvaal by Great Britain (April 12, 1877). But in 1880 the Boers revolted, and after defeating the few British troops in three or four contests, secured the restoration of their freedom, but remained nominally under the "suzerainty" of the Queen. In 1883 S. J. Paul Kruger was elected President, and is still occupying that position. With his accession, and his stubborn and foolhardy feeling of contempt for the British, the trouble again began brewing, till it finally resulted in the present war.

Geographically, Transvaal occupies an area of 114,326 square miles, and is located directly north of Orange Free State and Natal. It is almost a square territory and is 50 miles from Delagoa Bay at its nearest point to the coast. Its population is about 750,000, of whom only 45,000 are Boers, the majority of the others being natives, and about 25,000 British. The leading towns are Pretoria, the capital, Potchefstroom, the largest town, Barberton and Johannesburg.

The Government consists of a president, elected for a term of five years by the members of the volksraad or parliament, assisted by a few of the higher officials, and the forty-four members of the volksraad who are elected by the people to serve a term of four years. The Transvaal frontier is connected with Delagoa Bay by a railroad completed in 1887.

And now for the stamps of this interesting country. Not till 1870 did the republic issue any stamps for postal use. In that year it had a series of three stamps of the following values prepared for it by a Mecklenburg house: 1 p. red, 6 p. blue, and 1 sh. green, but these

were never put into use, as the same year a local printing of them was made, but the stamps were imperforate, instead of rouletted as the other impression was.

The same year again the stamps were reissued with change of colors, and rouletted.

A new issue of a slightly different design made its appearance in 1871-75, in various shades, perfs, and with the addition of the 3 p. value.

When in 1877 the British annexed Transvaal the stamps all underwent a surcharge of V. R. TRANSVAAL in black, and in some cases in red. In 1878 and again in 1879 the type of the surcharge underwent a slight change—for the worse. In 1878 the British issued a new set of stamps for the Transvaal with the head of the Queen occupying the place of honor, and consisting of the following values:

1 p. red brown, 3 p. claret, 4 p. olive green, 6 p. slate, 1 sh. green, 2 sh. blue, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ p. vermilion being added in 1881. Seven different surcharges of the 1 penny value followed each other in quick succession, till in 1883 the republic again assumed control, and the old stamps were replaced in use.

A new design appeared in 1885, and was used on a handsome set of seven varieties, $\frac{1}{2}$ p. to 1 sh. This nevertheless did not put a stop to the surcharge business, for, for the next nine years it went merrily along, all issues on hand being utilized in this manner.

In 1894 another design made its appearance, but was again the subject of varieties, the early stamps containing two shafts to the wagon within the coat of arms and the later but one. The 1895 issue saw the advent of two new values, the 5

sh. and the 10 sh. Two more surcharges followed, and then came a 1 p. and a 6 p. of new designs. The 1 p. was without doubt the prettiest stamps Transvaal ever issued. It was intended to commemorate the golden jubilee of their settlement.

In 1896 a new issue made its appearance, resplendent in vicolors, and of a very attractive appearance. It consisted of:

- ½ p. green,
- 1 p. red and green,
- 2 p. brown and green,
- 2½ p. ultramarine and green,
- 3 p. red violet and green,
- 4 p. olive and green,
- 6 p. lilac and green,
- 1 sh. lustre and green,
- 2 sh. 6 p. heliotrope and green.

Seven varieties of revenues used for postage during 1882-84, 2 envelopes issued in 1872-73 of the 6 p. values, one registration envelope and four wrappers appearing in 1899, close the list of Transvaal's Postal Emissions.

In all Transvaal has credited to it about 170 distinct varieties besides about as many more minor and insignificant ones.

That the Transvaal page of your album is a good thing to have well filled has already been proven, but by the time the British Lion is done with his roaring and begins biting, to have a complete collection of Transvaal stamps will be a much better thing yet.

There have been discovered in Washington the one and three-cent stamps of 1882, printed on double paper, having eight small holes arranged in a circle, punched out of the upper paper, which is very thin and backed by a thick paper.

THE BEGINNER.

IT is the beginner that we should endeavor to interest and please. The boy or girl, man or woman, who has just started out in the field of collecting, with a great deal of anticipation toward the pleasures to be derived from its pursuit and a great deal of ignorance as to how to build up their collection.

The boy or girl generally finds an ad. of some dealer in their youthful papers, in which they become interested and either send for a packet of stamps or a selection on approval, which becomes the foundation of their future collections; while the older "beginner" is attracted by the collection of some friend or some handsome issue of stamps of their country and is thus brought into the ever increasing fold of the followers of philately.

Some beginners start with a blank book and pasters, which they cut to a suitable size, which suffices for their immediate wants, while others invest in a cheap album and a quantity of hinges. After having obtained these there comes the question of stamps. In many cases numbers of cheap packets are bought and then when the collection has, in this manner, reached some degree of prosperity and advancement they purchase a new album and after transferring the stamps from the old album to the new, they resort to the selections sent out on approval to fill up the numerous remaining blank spaces.

Now, it is very natural for the beginner to select from these approval lots, only the cheaper stamps, for at first he is either not inclined or not able to spend any great amount of money toward the completion of his collection.

By buying these cheaper stamps a great many countries can be nearly completed for a few cents on each stamp. Take Italy, for instance, after the issues of 1854, the postage stamps of this country are very cheap, about 92 stamps out of 109, which includes everything—newspaper stamps, unpaid letter stamps, official stamps and postal packet stamps—from 1854 up to date, can be bought for an average price of three cents and of the remaining 24 stamps, which are catalogued, the highest is priced at \$10 and only 10 others above \$1.00. Surely it cannot cost very much to advance pretty close to completeness in this country. Look at Germany. Over 81 stamps of this country are catalogued at less than 10 cents and could probably be bought for an average price of two cents each, and the highest price you would be compelled to pay for a single specimen of this country would be about \$2.00. This is not the highest price catalogued, by any means, but it is the cheapest price that a specimen can be bought for either used or unused. For instance, No. 5 of Germany, catalogued at \$30.00 unused, is catalogued at 25 cents used, and could probably be had for half that amount, and, therefore, the beginner, not usually being particular as to whether his specimen is used or unused, could obtain a specimen in one condition for a few cents which in another condition would be beyond his means.

France proper, has over 80 stamps catalogued under ten cents; Argentine Republic has 60 catalogued under 10 cents; Austria has 100, and Belgium has 60. Bavaria, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chili, Costa Rico, Salvador and Nicaragua are all cheap countries, having numerous

stamps catalogued under ten cents, and are good countries for the beginner, and can practically be completed for very little money.

These are the countries the beginner naturally starts on, not only because they have stamps that are interesting and beautiful, but because they are cheap and easy to obtain and are naturally the countries which are easiest to complete.

In this manner, by first taking the countries, having the stamps catalogued at ten cents and under, a beginner may, in time and at a very moderate outlay of money, have a good collection of from three to four thousand varieties.

After this degree of collecting is passed, then it is that the collector loses his title of "beginner" and commences to buy the higher priced stamps from sheets, which are sent him on approval. After a time he finds that this method does not enable him to complete his collection as fast as he desires and he then resorts to the "want list," the dealer's catalogue and the auction sale. It is when he has got up to this level that the collector not only loses his individuality as a beginner, but take that of the "advanced collector" or "philatelist."

So, do we find that the advanced collector or philatelist arises from the general collector and the general collector from the beginner, who gives us, today, the solid foundation and the basis for the future prosperity of philately.

The Bundi stamps are printed on paper made in Belgium and water marked "Made in Belgium for Nuzzurally Hebtolabeoy;" opposite this watermark, which is in two lines, is a man's picture with a high collar and in his hand a bouquet of flowers.

WHOLE ISSUES of NEW STAMPS

**Bought by Collectors Before
They are Used.**

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"It is a curious fact," said an enthusiastic philatelist of this city, "that a good many issues of postage stamps in different parts of the world have been snapped up entire by collectors and never went into actual postal service at all. It is well known that that was the case with the first penny stamp ever printed for the Transvaal. The incident occurred fully 25 years ago, and, as the story goes, a London dealer, who learned by mere accident that an order for the stamps had been placed with a European engraving house, sent an agent to the South African Republic to gobble up the issue as soon as it was placed on sale. The agent had a representative posted at each of the few postoffices in the republic, and before the slow-thinking Dutch postmasters realized what was afoot they were out of stamps. For that reason none of the original first issue bear a cancellation mark. If you see one that appears to have gone through the mails you may set it down as a counterfeit. Entire issues have frequently been secured in petty foreign states through the connivance of crooked officials, and in that connection I can tell you a peculiar story, which I believe has never been printed. Some years ago one of the Central American republics ordered a set of very beautiful stamps from a northern banknote company. The agent who came after them went to a collector and sold him 1,000 at a fancy figure, telling him confidentially that the rest of the issue had been destroyed in an accident with some chemicals. The scheme worked so

well that the enterprising Central American tried it on another speculative philatelist, and another and another, until he finally disposed of the entire lot and ordered a new set at the engraver's. When the truth leaked out he was on his way home, and has taken good care never to come back. Stamps of the original issue promptly became a drug on the market, and can be purchased dirt cheap on this very day."

SALE OF OLD STAMPS.

The 149th public sale of stamps, conducted by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., limited, was held Tuesday and Wednesday nights in Assembly hall, in the United Charities building. The F. W. Hunter collection attracted a crowd of philatelists. The prices, Mr. Hunter said, were fair. The bidding became spirited only when the postmaster series of stamps was offered. A 5-cent Baltimore stamp, date 1846, black on white, of original letter, went to Dr. W. C. Bowers, of Bridgeport, Conn., for \$255. A 5-cent Brattleboro (Vt.) stamp, date 1846, black on buff, with small red pen marks, to Dr. Bowers, for \$350; a 5-cent red New Haven stamp, date 1845, to Dr. Bowers, for \$315, and a strip of three New York stamps, on original cover, used in Boston, slightly creased, to H. C. Deats of Flemington, N. J., for \$18 each. The Scott Coin Co. bought a New York stamp signed by Robert H. Morris, the signature running downward, for \$124, and one in which the signature ran upward for \$19.

There are about 3,000 lots in the collection, and it took Mr. Hunter thirty years to gather them. The sale will be continued on Jan. 16, 17 and 18.

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EDITORIALS.

The Wm. Kunter Auction Sale, now being conducted in New York by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., seems to be attracting considerable attention to Philately. We have seen several liberal comments on the auction in leading daily papers, and give elsewhere in this issue a couple of clippings on the subject. Though this liberality is probably due to the monetary value of the collection, yet collectors are duly thankful for it, no matter what the cause. All such items in our daily papers are of great help to Philately, and they ought to be encouraged to continue in appearance.

The attention of the dealers is called to the "Seven Pointers" enumerated on front cover. Read them carefully, and then decide whether the WEEKLY is not deserving of your advertising support. It offers advantages that no other

stamp paper can duplicate, and you should recognize the fact that it will help your business if you have your advertisement regularly displayed within its cover. Be wise and give it a fair trial.

The Chicago Philatelic Society will hold an Auction Sale of Postage and Revenue Stamps at their club room, 651 Marquette building, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday evening, January 27, 1900. F. N. Massoth will be the auctioneer, and will dispose of 377 lots during the evening. The neat little catalogue issued by the society list several scarce and desirable single stamps, as well as 32 good wholesale lots. Some of the best lots offered are: No. 7, 90c 1857 unused, o. g.; No. 25, 1871, 24c, unused, o. g.; No. 53, Justice, 24c, corner gone; No. 55, 7c Navy; No. 148, Rev. 1878, 6c blue, rouletted, in United States Stamps, and several lots equally as good in foreign stamps. On the whole the sale ought to be a success, and prices realized ought to be above par.

As we go to press a telegram from New York informs us that Lot No. 1593 in the famous F. W. Hunter auction sale has been sold at the large sum of \$1,710. This is undoubtedly the largest price a single stamp has ever brought in this country at auction. This stamp is a 2-cent first issue of British Guiana. It is printed in black on pink ground imperforate. The specimen was purchased by the representative of an English collector. Mr. Hunter paid \$1,010 for the stamp at the De Coppet sale of a few years ago.

A number of other stamps sold during the evening brought good prices.

UNCATALOGUED VARIETIES.

By JOHN PELTZ.

I recently saw a fine specimen of the 1882 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent, Canada, which was on a thick, grayish surfaced paper. The 59th mentions the thick paper variety—no price—but fails to chronicle a gray surfaced paper variety.

I have two type varieties of the 1885 1 p. red, of Cape of Good Hope, in my collection; and one of them may turn out to be a rarity. The difference lies in the engraving. The type illustrated in the catalogue we will call for convenience sake type 1, the one discovered by me type 2. In type 1 the words "Postage One Penny" are in smaller capitals than in type 2. In type 1 the "twigs and flowers" are larger and better defined than in type 2. In type 1 the outer lines at both sides are straight and even, while in type 2 they are a bit broken and not straight. The above types I discovered myself, but not being sure whether they really were different I sent them to several advanced collectors who wrote me: "* * * we believe the two types are different * * * and advise you to keep them until you can find out their value."

It may not be generally known, but the fact is that there are two distinct varieties of each of the U. S. 2 cent caps. The difference lies in the caps which in some stamps are joined direct to the figure "2," and in other stamps a red horizontal line cuts off the cap from the "2." Thus there are four varieties of the "cap on both 2." Caps not cut off; caps cut off; right cap cut off; left cap cut off.

RETURN OF THE DIS-INHERITED.

Miss Acton stood by the center table in the library with a match in her hand. The big room was as dark as a cave. She could see absolutely nothing, but what was it she heard? Surely some one was moving softly over the heavy carpet.

"Who's there?" cried the girl.

The only answer was a sound of scurrying feet. Some one was hurrying toward the door communicating with the conservatory. Instantly the knob clicked sharply, but the door did not open because it was locked, as Miss Acton well knew.

The girl had an impulse to scream and another to run away, but her strongest desire was for light. She feared darkness more than the mystery that it hid.

It required less time than the tick of a clock for her to turn on the gas in the drop light and strike the match that was ready in her hand. The gas was ignited with explosive suddenness. All that was in the room seemed to leap into being out of the vanishing shadows.

With his back against the conservatory door and his outstretched hands upon the wall, as if to steady him, stood a young man, tall, lean and pale. He wore a long black overcoat, but it was hung open and revealed the garb of a convict.

"Do not be alarmed," she said, "I know who you are, and I will not betray you. Sit down, and we will decide what it is best to do.

"I read in a newspaper that you had escaped," she said, "but I did not suppose that you would dare to come here. Yet I believe that your father expected you and that he

went away to avoid the risk of meeting you.

The convict said nothing, but the intensity of his facial expression was a distinct contribution to the conversation.

"You don't understand," said the girl. "Probably you don't know who I am. Let me tell you the whole situation in a few words. You knew of your father's second marriage?"

"Certainly."

"He married my aunt, and I came here to live with them by your father's great kindness. We knew that he had a son, and that his name could not be mentioned in this house, but neither my aunt nor myself had the slightest knowledge of the cause of the estrangement between you and him. It was only by accident that I found out where you were."

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"Through your letter to him last spring—the one that he returned unopened. I noticed the Sing Sing postmark on it when it came. Of course, I did not then know it was from you, but he wrote the return direction upon the envelope. He sat at this table, and afterward I saw upon the blotter a part of the address reversed, of course, but legible, 'The State Prison,' and your middle name, 'Irving.'"

"Arthur Irving Vane. Well?"

"Then I knew that you were a convict, and it was easy to guess that your crime and your disgrace had caused your father to renounce you. But let me tell you a secret; he loves you yet. I know it; I am sure of it; and that is why I am going to help you tonight, though he would never forgive me if he knew it."

"And you read of my escape?"

"Yes; I read a few days ago that

a convict named Irving had escaped with two others. I knew, of course, that you had dropped your last name for your family's sake when you were arrested."

There was a moment's silence. Then the young man leaned forward with his face close to hers, and asked in a low, intense voice: "What are you going to do for me?"

"What do you need?" she asked. "Food? A hiding place?"

He sprang to his feet so suddenly that the girl was frightened almost to the point of crying.

"Money, money!" he whispered. "That's what I need. With money enough I can get out of this country and begin a new life on the other side of the world. If I go back to prison it will kill all the good that's in me. If I don't—if I get clean away—who knows what I can make of myself?"

"I believe that there is much truth in what you say," she replied. "If I could have advised you before you broke out of prison I would have told you to serve your sentence and then begin life anew. But I know that if you are captured now you will have to serve years and years in addition to your original sentence. I cannot ask you to do that. It is very wrong of me, but I shall help you to escape. How much money do you need?"

"More than you can get, I'm afraid," said he, gloomily. "I must make Australia somehow."

There was a safe built into the wall of the library. Miss Acton walked up to it, turned the knob of the combination lock and swung open the iron door. Within was a second door of thin metal, which the girl opened by means of a key that she took from her pocket.

There were books of account on

each side of the safe within, and between them three little drawers, with pigeonholes above and below. Miss Acton took a roll of money from the lowest of the drawers and handed it to the convict, who counted it rapidly:

"Four hundred," said he. "I can never do it with this.

"It is all that belongs to me," she said. "Of course, we cannot touch your father's money."

An inward struggle convulsed the young man's slender frame.

"Why not?" he said at last. "You said that he still loves me."

"It would not be honest," she replied. "It would be theft. Can't you make this do?"

"Australia is a long way off," said he. "I think my father ought to contribute something."

"No," said she, firmly, "I will not consent, and you should not ask me."

"I'm afraid it's all up with me," said the convict, sinking into a chair.

Miss Acton reflected deeply.

"It is possible that if I asked my aunt she might do something for us," she said, "but I can't get to her now, because there are people in the hall. They might look in here if I opened the door."

"There certainly are people out there," said he. "I've heard them talking for the last few minutes. But I could hide, you know."

"True," said Miss Acton, "and perhaps that's the best way. Get behind those curtains at the window."

The convict rose hastily. Miss Acton closed the inner door of the safe and put the key into her pocket. As she turned away she saw her companion standing with his face in his hands, while his form was shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the girl in tones of sympathy.

"It's nothing," he replied; "only—only you locked that door. You didn't trust me. Why should you? And yet if there was someone who did, someone in all the world who could see the little good there is in me"—

Miss Acton took the key of the inner safe door from her pocket and laid it upon the table.

"You see that I do trust you," she said.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," he murmured, and so strong was his emotion that he positively staggered as he made his way toward his place of concealment.

Miss Acton passed out into the hall—which was now light—and was greatly surprised to see in the reception-room on the other side her aunt in conversation with a young gentleman. He arose as Miss Acton approached, and she was the better able to admire his exceptionally fine physique. His face matched his form, being remarkable for strength and beauty, and, moreover, it had for her an aspect of familiarity. He looked as much like the master of the house as was possible considering the difference of their ages.

"Mildred," said the young lady's aunt, in a voice betraying considerable agitation, "this gentleman is Dr. Vane, my husband's son."

Mildred knew that Mr. Vane had but one son—and the other things that she knew or suspected in that moment will readily occur to the reader. Without a word to the visitor she darted back across the hall. The library door was locked. In another instant she was back again in the reception-room.

"Dr. Vane," she cried, "there's a

thief in the library. I have given him all my money and the key of the safe. I thought he was you."

"Thought he was I!" exclaimed the young man, astounded.

"Yes; I thought you were in Sing Sing, and that you'd escaped, and —"

"Thought I was in Sing Sing!" he cried. "So I was. I am assistant to the prison physician, and I have escaped—for a couple of days. But this thief! We must catch him. Has he locked the door? Then I'll break it down."

"No, no," exclaimed Mildred; "run around to the window. He will escape that way, Auntie, call the servants."

She flew to the outer door, dragging Vane after her. In a moment he was racing around the house. Mrs. Vane had run through the hall to collect a posse of male dependents.

Mildred, left alone, hastened to the library door and listened. Instantly the door was opened and the convict sprang out into the hall.

"I'm much obliged to you for sending the others away," he called out as he fled by her. "You're a pretty bright girl, I don't think."

Mildred sat down on the steps and burst into tears of rage. She paid no attention when her aunt, with the servants in her wake, rushed to join in the pursuit. Not till she heard the voice of Vane, returning, did she raise her head.

"You will beg the young lady's pardon for all that you have said and done," was what Mildred heard.

Looking up, she saw Vane holding the culprit by the collar.

"I recognize this fellow," the young physician continued. "His name is Irving. His home is only

a few miles from here, and it is not strange that he should have selected this house for a robbery that should help him in his flight."

"He need not apologize to me," said Mildred, "I don't deserve it."

When the elder Mr. Vane returned to his home on the following day he heard the story of his son's adventure. It lost nothing by Mildred's telling. The young man appeared as her rescuer from the clutches of a desperate brigand.

It transpired that the quarrel between father and son turned upon a question of marriage, Vane, Jr., objecting to uniting himself for life to the bride selected for him when both were children. As a matter of fact, the father's views had somewhat altered in the course of years, and he was ready to seize upon the adventure here narrated as a pretext for the beginning of a reconciliation which became complete a few months later, when the young physician, with Mildred's full authorization, suggested her as a substitute for the daughter-in-law that the elder Vane had originally chosen.—The Columbian.

SPECIAL MATERIAL USED.

Little Tommy—Say, pa.

Tommy's Pa—Well, my son?

Little Tommy—Are all men made of dust, pa?

Tommy's Pa—Yes, sonny; I suppose so.

Little Tommy—Well, say, pa; there must have been a lot of sand in the dust Admiral Dewey was made of.—Indianapolis News.

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THE GHOST IN BROCADE.

(Continued from last issue.)

"Ah, that's just what we have to find out."

But it was not so easy to find out. I questioned Mrs. Jackson and Parsons in the most exhaustive manner. They corroborated each other's story with such versimilitude and wealth of detail as to leave no doubt in my mind of their good faith. Evidently they had been a brocaded lady in the picture gallery; but, of course, it could be no such thing as a visitant from the other world. That was where they went wrong. I was certain it was someone playing a trick.

"Oh, you may laugh, sir," said Mrs. Jackson. She was such a stiff old dame. "But I do assure you that I saw the ghost with my own eyes. I was coming through the long gallery from Miss Alliston's room, and in the moonlight it came on, clack, clack, clack, in high heeled shoes. I could hear distinctly the rustle of the dress, and as it swept past me I smelt a perfume like that of dried roseleaves. It was Lady Marian sure enough, as I saw from the portrait in the gallery. I fainted dead away, Mr. Beauchamp, sir; and when I came to myself it was gone."

I confess to feeling a trifle uncomfortable at all this. Then Parsons took up the story.

"I didn't faint, sir, not bein' a woman," said he, "but my flesh was mighty creepy as it went past. I stared at it like a mighty stuck pig, though it was plain enough in the moonlight. It vanished all of a sudden by the painted winder at the end of the gallery."

"What were you doing in the

Long gallery at that hour, Parsons?"

"Comin' from master, sir. He'd a bad cold, and I took him up some 'ot rum and water. I wouldn't go to that there gallery again, sir, for all the crown jewels. It was a ghost, sure enough."

"Oh, was it!" said I, showing plainly by my tone that I did not think it was. "Call the servants, Parsons."

In a few minutes all the domestics in the house were assembled, and a very white faced crowd they were. Many of them would have been frightened away from the hall had it not been that the place was such a good one. I suppose, too, it was a case in which they felt there was comfort in numbers. I harangued them pretty freely for what I termed their nonsensical fears.

"Men and women come to years of sense," I went on, "well—I'm surprised. How can you believe such rubbish. Some one of you is playing a trick; and who it is I shall find out, so beware, all of you."

Of course they protested vehemently. But that was to be expected. "However," I said, "you can take this warning from me. I shall watch in the gallery myself with a straight shooting revolver, and if that ghost appears it shall have a taste of it. I am not going to have your master and mistress and Miss Alliston frightened by this silly trick."

Again they all protested. But I sent the lot of them away with more blood in their cheeks. Then I turned up stairs to dress for dinner. As I did so I noticed a pretty, timid looking young woman whose face I did not recognize. She

glanced at me uneasily, and was evidently disturbed.

"Who are you?" I asked, abruptly pausing before her.

"Jane Riordan, sir," she replied with a curtsey. "I am new here."

"What are you?"

"Under housemaid, maid. Oh, please, sir, do you really think there is a ghost?"

"No, you silly girl. The dead never return to this world."

"Please, sir, what about the Witch of Endor and Samuel, sir?"

"Oh, you are a theologian, I see. Well, we won't discuss that apparition. You must look upon that as a miracle and not be afraid."

She shuddered, and looked over her shoulder apprehensively.

"I am terribly afraid, sir, it's no use my denying it. I shall ask mistress to let me go."

"You will ask nothing of the kind," said I in my most peremptory manner. "Your going would only be the signal for general flight. You'll stay here like a sensible girl, until all this mystery is cleared up."

"Oh, sir, but will it be cleared up?"

"Of course it will, and by a very substantial leaden bullet, too. Now get on with your work and don't be a fool."

I saw there was only one way to deal with the thing, so that I spoke more brusquely to the girl than I would have otherwise done. Besides, she irritated me; she seemed so absolutely terrified with fear. She was calculated to infect the rest of them, though they seemed bad enough as it was. I went off to dress in no very good humor.

Mr. Brag's want of common sense over this affair amazed me. Usually he was a cool headed and logical man, as was conclusively

proved by the position to which he had attained. Yet apparently he was as nervous and distraught now, as any of the women. The ghost seemed to have been too much for him; to have knocked the grit out of him, so to speak. He was no more fit than a baby to deal with the situation. I put down his shortcoming at this juncture in no small degree to his lack of education.

Then there was the constant chatter of his wife, of whom this element of the supernatural had taken firm hold. She never ceased talking about it, and I suppose the strongest mind is in the end influenced by reiteration. It seemed as if Mr. Brag's were becoming unhinged.

I was glad that I had returned so opportunely. At least if I could show no light on the subject I could go to work with a cool head and an unprejudiced mind to clear it up.

Mrs. Brag continued to talk of little else but the ghost, whose appearance she seemed to think was quite in keeping with the season. It was astounding the number of legends she seemed to have accumulated. Headless phantoms, churchyard apparitions, ghosts in armor with clanking chains and "presences," who she said could not be seen but only felt in the most horrific way—upon all these she descanted in the most appalling manner. Helen shuddered. Mr. Brag shook his head portentously, and I must confess that even I felt uncomfortable. The old lady seemed so to environ us with the atmosphere of the supernatural that when a coal dropped from the fire we all jumped and she shrieked. It was really a most terrible state of things especially for Christmas.

I asked her about Jane Riordan. My question fortunately turned the subject, for it seemed that Mrs. Brag had a good deal to say about this young woman.

"Ah," she said, "hers is a sad history, my dear. Her father and mother were feller-servants of mine when I was cook here. The name wasn't Riordan, for that's Jane's married name. Craik's, what we called 'em—'Enery and Liza Craik, butler and housekeeper.

Helen looked up with interest. "Henry Craik?" she said, "why, that was the man who stole my mother's jewels!"

"The same, my dear. Oh, he was a bad one, he was; yet you'd think butter would not melt in 'is mouth to look at 'im. Liza was always sayin' 'e 'd die in gaol and disgrace 'er, and 'e did."

"Were the jewels recovered, Mrs. Brag?"

"No, Geoffrey, they weren't. My lady missed 'em one morning after a ball 'ere, when the 'ouse was full of guests. The whole box was stolen—five or six thousand pounds' worth, noless; and she only saved what she wore to the ball. All kinds of people were suspected of 'avin' gone to 'er room and taken 'em, but no one thought as Craik had done it."

"I heard something of the story myself," observed Mr. Brag. "He was caught selling a bracelet, wasn't he?"

"Yes, J., he was. He got leave to visit a dying friend in London, the old fox; and the friend was a pawnbroker, an 'e told the police, seein' as 'e recognized the bracelet from the 'and bills put about. Craik was arrested and sent to goal for years. He died there, and they never got anything out of 'im. Where he hid the jewels no one

knows, and no one ever will, my dears; for twenty years 'ave gone by since they were stolen."

"And how does Jane Riordan come to be here?" I asked.

"Her mother died the other day and sent her to me, my dear. 'Liza and I were born in the village and lived here for years as 'ousekeeper and cook. I can't say as I liked 'er over much, she was sly and deceitful; but I don't think she had anything to do with Craik stealing the jewels. He was bad enough to do that by himself. When he died in gaol Liza wrote to me, and I sent her money to bring up Jane. Then Jane married a bad husband, who left 'er, and when Liza died she came e'ere and asked me to 'elp 'er for 'er mother's sake. So I made 'er under 'ousemaid. I think she's a fool, Geoffrey, but honest enough."

"She appeared to be nervous, however."

"And no wonder with this 'orrid ghost," cried Mrs. Brag, looking around. "I tell you what, J., if you don't get the parson to exorcise that thing, I'll leave the 'ouse, that I will."

"Steady, old lady, we must see what Geoffrey can do first. He's watching in the long gallery to-night."

"Oh, Geoffrey, the ghost 'll 'ave you for sure."

"The ghost will have a dose of lead, Mrs. Brag. If you hear a shot, don't be alarmed."

"But you can't shoot ghosts, Geoffrey, they're shadows, my dear. You can see through 'em."

"I daresay. I never saw one myself. But this ghost is pretty substantial I'll be bound. But tell me, Mrs. Brag; was anything ever found out about the jewels?"

"No!" said Helen, before the old

lady could answer. "I remember my father searched everywhere for them and offered a big reward. He saw Craik, too; but he refused to say what he had done with them, and Mrs. Craik protested she knew nothing about it. They have been lost for years now."

"H'm! I wonder if Jane Riordan knows anything about them?"

"That she don't," said Mrs. Brag, with energy. "Liza was an honest woman I know; and the gal seems straight enough. If they'd 'ad the jewels they wouldn't 'ave lived in poverty so."

"Still, Craik might have told his wife where he concealed them."

"No Geoffrey, dear. She'd 'ave come to my lady or Sir Ralph about them, and got paid for bringing 'em back. If she know any-

thing she'd 'ave told for 'er own sake; for she was as poor as poor. Jane told me 'the most 'arrowing tales of 'ardship."

"I'll question Jane myself," said I, after some thought. "If these jewels could be recovered they would suit Helen very well."

Helen laughed and Mrs. Brag beamed.


"If it's jewels she wants I will give 'er 'eaps. Won't I, J.?"


"She's only to ask and to 'ave," said Mr. Brag; "but I wish I saw you more rosy and 'ealthy, my dear."


"I'm afraid this ghost is upsetting my nerves terribly," said Helen; "do what I will I can't help thinking about it."

(Continued in next issue.)

Interesting

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STAMPS ON APPROVAL. Prices below Scott's 1900 Cat. and 50 per cent commission given. 1898 Revenues, assorted 1c to \$1, per 1000, \$1.50. 1000 Continentals, 20c.; 1000 U. S. 5c. to 10c., \$1. 10 scarce foreign coins, 25c.; 10 old U. S., 25c. 10 Confederate bills or 10 broken bank bills, 25c. Collection of 500 different stamps, \$1.50; 1000, \$4.00. Good stamps and collections bought for cash.

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RUBBER STAMPS. Have reduced prices on rubber stamps to 5c per line. Order as many lines as you want, and remit 5c for each line and we guarantee satisfaction if we have to make the stamp over. Pad, any color, inked for 2,000 impressions, the regular 25c size for only 15c. One line dater, four bands, 20c. "Climax" Stamp Hinges 6c per 1000.

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100 vars. good stamps, nice album, 100 hinges, and a good stamp free,

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THE STAMP TRUST

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YOUR NAME and address on a Rubber stamp and 1000 Omega Hinges for 15c postpaid. Rubber Stamps exchanged for postage stamps. **W. A. CARR,** 6 Sycamore St., Rochester, N.Y.

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WHOLESALE POSTAGE STAMPS,
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Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

JANUARY 24, 1900.

No. 3.

LATEST NEWS.

Cleveland, O.—The auction sale under the auspices of the Garfield-Perry Club has been postponed until January 27th.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Assistant Postmaster Scott Raulston is at work on his report of the business transacted at the local postoffice for the year of 1899, which will contain some valuable and interesting data.

The report will show that the stamp sales for December amounted to a total of \$9,490.25, which is larger by far than the total received for stamps during any other month of the past year.

Paris, France.—M. Millerand has given to Joseph Blanc the task of composing the design for the stamps of lower value. The minister approves highly of the drawing presented by M. Blanc, and we must acknowledge that it is charming. On an oval that is drawn within a little rectangle the size of the stamp now in use he painted his design in a camaieu of three tints. To the right is a young Liberty, jauntily wearing a Phrygian cap and holding the scales of Equality. To the left under these immutable scales are two little Loves who are embracing each other fraternally.

Peoria, Ill.—An interesting decision has recently been made by the courts regarding the stamps to be affixed to orders to pay cash. The

case was one in which the employes of a certain woolen mill were in the habit of giving orders on the office of the mills for their pay in trading with a mercantile house when they went to purchase supplies. These orders had accumulated and the revenue officer insisted that they should be stamped to become binding in law. The mercantile firm which held the orders affixed the stamps and then sued to recover the amount, on the ground that the maker and not the holder of the order should stamp it.

The judge held that the orders were made at the request of the firm holding them and were made for the purpose of securing the said firm from loss through their customers failing to pay their bills. The mercantile firm therefore was the only party benefited by the drawing of the orders and for that reason the orders being "for their use and benefit" it was the intention of the law that they should pay for the stamps. The case was dismissed.

McGraw, N. Y.—Leon V. Cass is about to publish a directory of New York collectors and dealers. Several thousand names are promised.

Washington, D. C.—Instructions have been issued by the post-office department that fac simile copies of manuscript or typewriting obtained by a mechanical process in order to be entitled to third-class rates of postage must be presented for mailing at the postoffice

or depository designated by the postmaster and in a minimum of twenty perfectly identical copies separately addressed. If these conditions are not complied with first-class postage will be required.

La Crosse, Wis.—The La Crosse Stamp Co. has placed a very large order for variety packets with W. W. McLaren of Cleveland, O. It will take many weeks to fill the order. The company has also contracted for several hundred dollars worth of advertising in the popular boys' papers.

Baltimore, Md.—After the legislature adjourned Thursday members were notified their \$25 worth of postage stamps were available, and many eagerly sought and obtained them. Delegate C. J. Dunn, Baltimore, was successful in purchasing from other members several allotments at bargain counter rates. In some cases he coughed up \$24, and in others but \$22.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Indiana Philatelic Society met last evening at 310 Lemcke building. There was quite a large attendance and an auction sale of stamps was held. Thirty lots were disposed of, bringing fair prices.

Washington, D. C.—The receipts of the revenue office for the present week show an increase in the stamp department over the receipts during the latter part of 1899 that indicates the general upward tendency of business. The increase thus early in the year is noticeable from the fact that January sales of stamps and also the receipts for

other departments, are usually smaller in January than for other months excepting perhaps February.

For nearly every day of the past week the receipts of the stamp department of the internal revenue office have been above \$3,000. If the record thus made is maintained throughout the month of January the sales will be near the \$100,000 mark and the month will be a record breaker.

The larger receipts are not alone in the stamp department, but in the others as well.

New York City.—J. C. Morgenthau & Co. have discontinued the "Post-Office," having sold the entire subscription list to the publishers of another paper. The reason given by them for the action is as follows:

"We believe that the publishing of stamp papers has been greatly overdone, and is absolutely a harm to stamp collecting. We are so thoroughly convinced of this that we have decided to accept the offer of another publisher, and give up the publication of the 'Post-Office.' There are too many papers to get the support of dealers and subscribers, and we shall do all we can to discourage their increase."

The last clausd doubtlessly explains the true reason of this sudden decision.

We are very sorry to lose the "Post-Office." It has always been a welcome visitor, and will be sadly missed. But then, when the publishers begin to lose money, what can you expect? Crash!—a slight echo—and a peaceful rest. Requiescat in pace.

Sir Rowland Hill and His Influence on The Postal System of Great Britain.

By Inseperabilis.

Sir Rowland Hill, the author of the penny postal system, the third son of T. W. Hill, was born on December 3, 1795, at Kidderminster. His health during childhood was very feeble, owing to an affection of the spine. He was an apt student of mathematics, and at the age of twelve taught mathematics in his father's school, which was, at his suggestion, removed to Hazelwood in 1819, on account of the greater number of boys in that vicinity and for the purpose of carrying out properly a new system of education, devised principally by Rowland. After his marriage in 1827 he was forced to retire on account of ill health in 1833. He had been appointed in 1832 secretary to Gibbon Wakefield's scheme for colonizing Australia, and this is supposed to have led to his zeal in reforming the postal system. He made numerous investigations into the system, the result of which is so comprehensible that there is great danger of its originality and thoroughness and its greatness as an element in human progress, being lost sight of. He was not a post-office official, but after a laborious collection of statistics, he demonstrated to the world that the principal expense in letter carriage was in receiving and distributing, and that the cost of conveyance differed so little with the distance, that a uniform postage was in reality the fairest to all parties that could be adopted. In his famous pamphlet published in 1837 he, trusting that the deficiency on the

postal rate would be made up for in the increased amount of correspondence, recommended that within the United Kingdom the rate for letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in weight should be only one penny.

The employment of postage stamps is mentioned only as a suggestion and in the following words: "Perhaps the difficulties might be obviated by using a bit of paper just large enough to be a stamp and covered at the back with a glutenous wash which by applying a little moisture to might be attached to the back of the letter."

In 1838 a committee was appointed to look into the matter, which reported favorably, and a bill was brought in by the government which received the royal assent in 1839 and the penny rate commenced on January 10, 1840. Hill received an appointment in the treasury in order to superintend the introduction of his reforms, but he was compelled to retire when the Liberal government resigned in 1841. In consideration of this loss, and to mark the public appreciation of his services, he was in 1846 presented with the sum of £13,360.

When the Liberals returned to office the same year he was appointed secretary to the postmaster general, and in 1854 was made chief secretary. In these positions his ability as a practical administrator made itself felt in every department of the postal system, and enabled him to supplement his original discovery by practical expedients, realizing its benefits in a degree commensurate with continually improving facilities of communication, and in a manner best combining cheapness with efficiency. In 1860 his services were

rewarded with the honor of knighthood, and when failing health compelled him to resign office in 1864, he received from Parliament a grant of £20,000, and was also allowed to retain his full salary of £2,000 a year as retiring pension. He died on the 27th of August, 1879, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ALL AROUND THE COMPASS.

AMY L. SWIFT.

TO the landsman the title I have chosen for my semi-occasional remarks will perhaps be a bit of a mystery, but the sailor—looking back over his experience to days when the sails flapped idly against the mast for lack of a breeze, and the helm was of no use to keep the ship from “heading all around the compass” as the gentle swell lifted her this way and that—will know at once just what to expect under such a heading, viz., a series of comments touching upon whatever may come into focus as we view the philatelic scenery o’er. So much for the introduction, now what comes next?

* * *

What next? Well, a correction I think, a reproving gaze turned upon someone who has not been quite careful enough about bending the (or a) philatelic twig aright. Among the “Stolen Sputterings” of the *Philatelic Chronicle*, leading them in fact, is this: “The 2c carmine, 1885 issue of Cuba was the first stamp ever surcharged and used for postage in that condition. The surcharge was ‘y, $\frac{1}{4}$ ’ and the stamp was prepared for use in the city of Havana.” Here are errors with a vengeance. To begin with, the date is wrong for it should read

1855, but possibly that is the fault of the printer; secondly, there wasn’t any 2c in those days in that vicinity, it should be 2r; thirdly, the Y of the surcharge was a large capital letter instead of a small one; fourthly, the stamp thus treated was issued for Cuba and Puerto Rico, and not simply for the “city of Havana,” while fifthly and finally, I am by no means certain that it was the first stamp “eyer surcharged,” etc. The date 1855 is pretty early I grant, but if my memory hasn’t played me a trick (and it isn’t given to misbehaving that way) Hawaii is the country entitled to lead the van of the surchargers, as she thus treated her 13c red of 1853, thus having two years the advantage of Cuba. The surcharge was pen-written in black ink, and turned the 13c into a 5c. I have just consulted the Scott catalogue on the subject and find there is no mention of such a contrivance, but I am very sure that a stamp really appeared as described, although I am not prepared to say that it was as truly a government issue as was the Cuban one.

* * *

Eureka! The Gibbons catalogue lists it, and my memory is vindicated! It was a forlorn hope that led me to that, one founded on so small a chance that I did not even keep the paragraph open to state the result: that is why it has a paragraph all to itself, but I think the item is worthy of the honor, don’t you?

* * *

It is heralded that we are to be flooded with more “pigeongram” stamps, it having been discovered that “a few inhabitants exist on the Hen and Chicken Islands (about eighty miles to the north of Auck-

land)" whose temporal necessities absolutely require a pigeon service owing to a copper mine or two that exist on the island. Of course they could not get along without stamps, so the Great Barrier Special Post things were surcharged for use until a permanent set (we'll call it that by courtesy, there is no knowing how long it will stay permanent tho'!) could be prepared. Now Marotiri, the native name of the island, is all stocked with stamps of its own, so philatelists will please put some pennies in pocket and call on its agents. Shall you trouble to get the worthless labels? I wouldn't if in your place, and I won't in my own.

* * *

Germany is going to have some new postage stamps, a whole set of beauties with a few new values added to them. Well, we shall not grudge Germany her little flourish, for she has been such a steady going maiden, in a philatelic sense, these many years that she deserves a change. It is to be hoped though, that she will not overdo the thing as Madame Canada did; judging from her those who have long been the most lenient in their demands upon the stamp collectors' pocket book are the most likely to rush to the other extreme when the restraint is once removed. By the way, Germany says this set is issued in celebration of the entrance of the new century, and not all the arguments she reads in the papers about this century not closing until the end of this year has convinced her of being wrong. So when the new year came in January first her people jubilantly welcomed the advent of a century that will not be recognized in America until this year has closed. Funny, isn't it!

In the Boston notes of Mekeal's Weekly for December 21st, Mr. Wylie mentions having seen a Uruguay "Provisorio," A64, 10c carmine and black surcharged "Official," adding that he cannot find it listed in the catalogue. In view of the fact that the 10c carmine and black thus surcharged is duly listed on page 589 (No. 263) this item seems odd unless Mr. Wylie means that the "Official" surcharge is in addition to the other; in that case it is probably nothing more important than a late experiment such as South American countries delight in providing for collectors to purchase. Very likely we shall hear a little later how some worthy official ran out of stamps, making it "necessary" that some should be immediately manufactured for his convenience. Whatever the excuse the fact remains that there is another stamp to be watched for if it exists with two surcharges besides the single ones catalogued.

STANLEY'S FUNNY MISTAKE.

Stanley was studying his lesson and came across the word "triumph."

His aunt said, "That is a big word for a little boy; do you know what it means?"

"Oh, yes," said Stanley, very confidently; "it means a cat's mouth, auntie."

"Why, Stanley!" said his astonished aunt, "what makes you think that?"

"Well, in the book I got last Christmas," said the little boy earnestly, "I read a story that said: 'The cat carried away her kitten in triumph,' and in the picture I saw she had it in her mouth."

Weekly Stamp Tribune,

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VOL. II. JANUARY 24, 1900. No. 3.

EDITORIALS.

The publishers of the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE are highly elated at the cordial reception accorded their initial efforts in the journalistic field. Since the appearance of the first number we have been almost deluged with letters containing words of praise and commendation. To the authors of these the publishers extend their heartfelt thanks, and wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to not only keep up the standard of the WEEKLY, but to continually improve it.

As to substantial encouragement the publishers are pleased to say that they are being well favored. Within the past two weeks they have received over five hundred subscriptions. Last Friday alone the mails brought 93 subscribers. But there is still room for several thousand more, and before the year is much older, if the stream continues to flow steadily, as we have

all reasons to believe it will, the WEEKLY will be able to show a paid up subscription list of five to ten thousand. In order to help this along, we intend to offer \$100 in prizes in the near future. For full announcement see the next number of the paper.

Meanwhile, if you are a non-subscriber send us 10 cents for a three-months trial, and get a chance at those hundred dollars.

Through a misunderstanding the numbering of the last number of the WEEKLY was started with page 1, instead of 17. This has been remedied in this issue, though we are forced to start this number with page 33, thus seemingly omitting 16 pages. However, the mistake was unavoidable, and care will be taken that it does not occur again.

Complaints have been received from several parties against John C. Rice of Hornersville, N. Y. One of them, as given below, is self-explanatory:

Washington, D. C.,

January 18, 1900.

Dear Sir:—Who is John C. Rice of Hornersville, N. Y., who advertised in the Dec. (monthly) "Stamp Tribune?" In answer to his ad. I sent him 30 cents in silver for stamps, and a week later sent him a postal asking to hear from him at once, but have heard nothing.

A. L. Cummings.

The former publisher of the S. T. received the ad. from an agency, and as he knew nothing against the party, the ad. was inserted.

If any other collectors have been caught by this J. C. Rice we should like to hear from them so as to be able to make out a strong case against this philatelic "shark."

MINNESOTA NOTES.

Gopher.

Geo. W. Achard, who for years was one of the most prominent of Minnesota collectors, has again sworn off collecting, but judging from past experience it may be for a year or so, but unless something unforeseen occurs it is hardly likely to be a permanent swear off, as he has tried it too often and failed. George is now partner in one of the leading retail cigar and tobacco stores, and can be found during business hours at the Boston block, corner Minneapolis.

Speaking of Achard reminds the old timers of the North Star Philatelist, which he published from 1884 to 1888, and of which but few files are in existence and the early numbers of which are among the scarcest of the many little sheets issued during the ninth decade of the nineteenth century.

One of the neatest little collections (about 4,000 specimens) in the state is that owned by Charles J. Ingles, the chief claim clerk of the Great Northern Railway. He has been collecting since 1891, and is always on the lookout for a fine specimen of anything he needs. He is a member of the St. Paul Society and can attach Am. Phil. Ass'n after his signature.

Frank S. George, another of the old timers who some ten years ago published "The Northwest," originally an amateur paper published at Fargo, N. D., at which time, if I recollect aright, Frank was president of the N. A. P. A., but

afterward upon his removal changed to a philatelic journal is again collecting—this time U. S. revenue being his pets, and he has the different issues well in hand. Frank is on the road for a prominent typewriter concern, and isn't doing a thing to the different bank, insurance offices, etc., that he visits but stripping them of the 1898 issues they have on hand.

One of the younger collectors in years of collection having began in 1898 is Theo. Draz, the cashier of the German American Bank of St. Paul. Mr. Draz is one of the substantial citizens of the Saintly City, having come there years ago from his native New York, where he first saw the light over 50 years ago. His collection now numbers about 2,000, but it is safe to predict that the day is not far distant when it will rank in size and in importance with any in the Gopher state.

CANADIAN NOTES.

By C. E. A. Holmes.

By this mail I received a letter from Smith's Falls announcing a happy change in the Jubilee Philatelist. Miss Swift is now review editor.

The D. P. A. handbook has appeared and is certainly the best out this season.

The Mount Royal Stamp Co. is now dissolved and the stock has been purchased by Mr. McBain, while the fixtures were bought by the Holmes Stamp Co.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

A few hints to the beginner and medium collector on the condition, arrangements, etc., of stamps will not be amiss:

1. Never put a torn, dirty, heavily cancelled stamp in your album, no matter how valuable. No sensible dealer will buy it and it will only spoil the looks of your album.

2. Always put your stamps in the album by the use of a hinge. These can be procured at about 10c per 1,000 from a dealer. If you ever want to remove your stamps, you cannot do so without spoiling the page, and are liable to tear some of the stamps.

3. Always have your specimen free and clean from paper and all other such stuff. It will improve the stamp and the album too. A splendid way to do this is to put the stamp in water, luke warm. If allowed to stand for a short time the extra paper will come off very easily. If the water is too hot put in a little salt or the coloring matter in the stamp will run.

4. When you buy an album, get one that has the nation and its colonies grouped together like England and her colonies in one section, etc. This will add much to the beauty of the album. A better way would be to get an album with interchangeable leaves and then you could arrange the countries as you wished.

5. When you start collecting get a large variety packet of between 1,000 and 5,000, and a few smaller packets. Pick the best specimens from these and insert in your album. Then use your duplicates by exchanging them for perfect specimens that you have not in

your collection. In this way you can increase your collection wonderfully. Then when you have to buy your stamps from approval selections start with the 1c ones, getting as many of these as you have not already, then take up the two cent ones, then the three cent ones and so on up the scale. This is by far the most economical way.

6. Study your stamps. Be able to tell what you own and what you do not. When you get far enough advanced help the younger collector, remembering that you started once yourself. Teach him about watermarks, rouletting, perforations, and all such things that make Philately so interesting.


Inseparabilis.

Our First Advertisement in the Stamp Tribune

Should bring you a lot of new orders and to bring the orders we offer stamps at prices that will please you:

	CAT. PRICE.	OUR PRICE.
2c Certificate, orange.....	\$0.40	\$0.20
3c Telegraph.....	.25	.12
5c Playing Card.....	.90	.45
10c Proprietary.....	1.50	.75
15c Foreign Exchange.....	.60	.30
20c Foreign Exchange.....	.85	.43
25c Life Insurance.....	.20	.10
25c Protest.....	.25	.13
25c Warehouse Receipt.....	.60	.30
50c Foreign Exchange.....	.40	.20
50c Lease.....	.40	.20
50c Probate of Will.....	.75	.38

\$7.10 \$3.56

The above 12 stamps that catalogue by the 59th catalogue \$7.10 we offer for \$2.50. Price list free. postage extra. 

BURTON AND BURTON,
Lake Geneva, Wis.

GREAT SNAPS.

50c Blue, old issue Canada	25c
50c Jubilee Canada.....	25c
Persia, 1889 unused set of 8, complete.....	45c
Canada Jubilee, 1, 2, 3, 5c, unused.....	15c

Packet "B" 35c. Contains 50 varieties, including Honduras, Cuba, Trinidad, Sweden, Salvador, etc., for only 35c. Mostly unused and cataloguing over 3c. each. This packet is a bonanza for a dealer as well as a collector, as it contains stamps not found in a general collection of from 1000 to 1500 varieties. Don't forget the very low price, 35c. It's a snap.

Send want list to

F. R. NICOLLE,

295 Alfred St.,

Kingston, Canada.

A DISPENSATION.

AT sunset in a little town in Queensland the proprietor of the best hotel the place could boast of was surprised, not to say flattered, to see a gentleman, gold-headed as to his cane, and evidently rich and influential, to judge from his servant and luggage, alight from the coach with all the appearance of one who was going to stay a week in the place. He was distinctly an American, with a twinkling gray eye, a long aquiline nose, a clean-shaven upper lip and a small goatee, which he smoothed meditatively as he stood like a long legged Colossus of Rhodes, in trousering of a very broad check pattern, surveying the pride of the proprietor's heart, namely, the hotel.

"I guess it's not unlike my stables in Connecticut," he said, presently, as the proprietor came down to meet him.

"You must have fine stables, then," was the reply, offered gently, in the hope of turning away not the great man himself, but only his wrath.

"We have, sir; our stable yards are considerable. And I say it in praise of your shanty that it reminds me of my stables in Connecticut. I suppose you can give us a loose box for a week, maybe?"

The landlord recognized the free and easy American with plenty of money—the kind of man who was never too slow to give offense because he was the master of the situation by reason of the almighty dollar; he recognized the "colonel" and the "general," the man who travels as he lists the wide world over, and gets ready respect and deference from everybody.

"Certainly," he replied, "for a week or as much longer as you like."

"Well, I guess I only want to stay a week. You see, I arranged to wait here for Viscount Thurlton, who is going to join me next Thursday, and then we're going along to the new diggings just to reckon things up a bit to see whether the place is worth working on a large scale, as we do it in America. But I say, boss, this place is real dull after Brisbane; isn't there any theater or place of amusement? I reckon I shall die of dullness right here."

The landlord, already under the distinguished patronage of Viscount Thurlton, became oily, almost greasy, in his manner. He explained that there was no troupe at the theater at present, and that the only excitement was the trial of a man who was supposed to be concerned in a daring coach robbery committed some little time before in the neighborhood.

"Ah! That would be interesting," said the stranger. "I should like to see that. Stuck up the coach, did he?"

"Well, they say he did, but he himself swears that he is innocent, and that he was in Brisbane at the time the coach was stopped. If you would care to hear the trial, sir, I can get you a seat easily."

"I guess I'll take you up," returned the stranger, and it was agreed that the proprietor should escort the great man to the courthouse on the morrow, and by his influence secure him a good seat, just to enable him to while away the time until Viscount Thurlton came along.

It so happened, however, that when they arrived the body of the

court was full, so that the distinguished-looking American was accommodated with a seat on the bench, where he not only had a good view of the proceedings, but was seen and known by everyone as the friend of Viscount Thurlton, and a wealthy American who was going to buy the new digging township to "work it" as an ordinary man might work a potato patch.

The prisoner was standing in the dock with his eye cast down listening in despair to the conclusive evidence against him. Presently he raised his eyes at some direct question from the judge, and was about to speak when his eye fell upon the stranger sitting on the bench. He paused and staggered, then gripped at the air, and fell senseless in the dock.

When at last he was brought round he stood up, and, pointing to the stranger, gasped for breath and tried to speak.

"What is it, my man?" said the judge. "Steady yourself. I ask again, have you anything to say in your defense?"

"Oh, your honor!" said the prisoner, at last, "I am saved—saved at the last moment. I have already said that I was in Brisbane at the time of the robbery, and there is the man who can prove it."

All eyes followed the direction of his finger and rested upon the stranger, who started, looked confused, then irritated, and finally bewildered, as if he fancied the prisoner must be mad.

"If that gentleman will answer my question," resumed the prisoner, "I think I shall be able to prove to everyone that I was in Brisbane at the time I said."

The stranger shifted in his seat

nervously, and at last said, in tone of annoyance and expostulation:

"Your honor, I've never to my knowledge set eyes on the prisoner before, and I don't see how I can fix up his innocence. Besides, I guess I didn't come here to be questioned by every son of a gun that holds up a mail coach—I beg your pardon, your honor, but you'll allow the annoyance is considerable, anyhow."

His honor admitted it was, but straightway appealed to the stranger's better feelings on behalf of the prisoner until he was somewhat mollified, and remarked: "Waal, if he thinks it's straight wire, he can start in, and I'll answer his questions. I don't mind taking him up on that."

The stranger was then sworn, and as he stood in the witness box the prisoner addressed him.

"Sir," he said, "do you remember on the 3d of July a man running after your hat in the street in Brisbane and bringing it back to you on the pavement?"

"I can't say that I do," replied the stranger after a little thought: "no, I can't fetch it."

"Do you not remember his saying that he was out of work and his three children were starving? And then can you recall giving him a sovereign and saying: 'Here's a shilling for you?'"

The stranger was silent, as if he wished to remember the occurrence, but presently he shook his head and said: "No; it's no use—you must be mistaking me for some one else."

"Stay!" cried the prisoner again, in a voice of terrible tension, for it was his last chance. "Do you remember, before giving the sovereign, that the man told you he had

fought in the Crimean war and could show wounds—that he had helped his country, but his country would not help him? Yes, you must remember his showing you the scars—one at the back of the head, another on his right breast—”

The stranger interrupted him with a sudden exclamation: “I do, I do! The scar on your breast is a long one—a saber cut. Your honor, I remember meeting this man! I must apologize; his life was in my hands, and I nearly let him fall through. He is the man I saw in Brisbane.”

There was a profound sensation in court as the prisoner steadied himself and wiped the cold moisture from his brow.

“Can you remember the date on which this happened?” asked the prosecuting counsel.

“Ah, I’m afraid I can’t,” the stranger returned; “but I know this—it was three days after the Carlisle Castle arrived at Sydney, if it’s possible to find out what date that was.”

The newspapers of the first week in July were then consulted, and it was found that the Carlisle Castle arrived at Sydney on June 30, so that three days afterward brought it to the exact date required.

Again there was applause in court as the prisoner was formally acquitted. Finally, turning toward the stranger, the judge remarked: “In the interest of justice, I thank you, sir; your presence here today is one of those remarkable dispensations of Providence which are seldom met with.”

That night the acquitted prisoner, the American gentleman, and his servant rode through the bush in a jovial frame of mind. For rea-

sons best known to themselves they wished to put as great a distance as possible between the township and themselves before morning; and as they went they planned how they should hold up the mail a second time at no very distant date. But it was the last time the trick was played successfully in that neighborhood, for the distinguished American decamped without paying his hotel bill; moreover, Viscount Thurlton never arrived, and a rat was subsequently smelt and seen floating in the air of the neighborhood of the courthouse—a rat which had grown considerably beyond the “bud” stage. —Chicago Herald.

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THE GHOST IN BROCADE.

(Continued from last issue.)

"She is overwrought, Mr. Brag," said Helen, rising. "Indeed, I think we all are, with this horrid Lady Marian about. Come along to bed, Mrs. Brag. I'll come up with you."

"You'll have to stay with me all night, my dear," whimpered the old lady, "for I don't know as Geoffrey firin' off pistols won't be as bad as the ghost. Are you goin' to stay up, too, J.?"

"There is no necessity, I interposed. "I can watch quite well alone. When Mr. Brag hears a shot he can come to me if he likes."

"Oh, I'll come fast enough," said the old man, sturdily; "tain't flesh and blood I'm scared of, though I own I don't like the other thing. However, if the blessed thing belongs to this world or the next it's quite certain we've got to put a stop to its goin's on 'ere. If you don't catch it, Geoffrey, we'll shut up the house and go abroad. I'm getting quite skeery myself, and I ain't got over much nerve to speak of."

"Well, let me try my hand at exorcising the thing, Mr. Brag. If I can't manage it we'll do what you say. Helen will die if this sort of thing goes on."

"Lord, you don't think it's come for 'er?"

"No, I don't. It is some trick, I tell you. Leave me to find it out."

Mr. Brag shook his head doubtfully and retired to bed in his turn. Left alone I started on an exploration of the house with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. I examined all the doors and

windows and found them securely bolted and barred. I looked into what rooms I could, from cellar to attic, and found them empty. It was quite clear that beyond the inmates of the house there was no one. Then I made for the happy hunting ground of the ghost.

It had lately been snowing, but now the night was frosty and clear. A bright moon dispelled the darkness and the white world without was as clear as day.

The long gallery stretched the whole length of the west wing. On one side a row of tall windows admitted a good light on to the pictures on the opposite wall. There was a fair collection of these, but the Allistons had never been sufficiently artistic in their tastes or sufficiently acute in their judgment, to acquire masterpieces.

The portraits of Helen's ancestors were of most interest to me. There was a long series of them, dating from the Tudor time and representing some of the best work of the masters. These were let into the oak panelling with their gilded frames, and could not be detached from the wall. At the further end of the gallery was an ornate window of stained glass, and through this the moonlight fell, now weaving colored arabesques on the door and portraits. Here I paused before the picture of Lady Marian Alliston.

She must have been a supremely beautiful woman, this Jacobite conspirator, with the high spirit and strong will. Here she was portrayed as tall and stately of figure. A proud expression was on her almost swarthy face, and in the slenderest of white hands she gripped a walking cane. In a dress of rich brocade, with jewels on neck and arms, red heeled shoes and the

towering head dress of the period, she looked every inch a queen, and in her day must surely have moved and ruled as one. I could imagine those imperious brows frowning at the mention of the Elector! I could fancy those firm lips speaking the curse on her too hasty husband. There was something about this fair dead woman which reminded me of *Beatrix Esmond*; filled with the joy of life and born to dominate by the power of beauty and intellect. Yet she failed as *Thackeray's* heroine failed; but died more nobly, in the prime of loveliness without withering out into sad old age. Had Sir Walter's rapier not struck through the proud heart she might have been a *Sarah Jennings*. As it was she was thwarted by fate; and it was her sad destiny to appear as a bird of ill omen to those who sat in her seat of pride. Yet I could imagine her wrath when alive at the idea that her fair phantom would descend to scaring an old cook and her plebian husband. How ironical a fate!

But all this preamble leads to nothing. Although I watched in the gallery until dawn I saw no ghost. It was bitterly cold; and the vigil was uncomfortable and in vain. *Lady Marian* did not appear. I did not even hear the rustle of her skirts, much less set eyes on her face; and when I descended to breakfast, after an hour or so of sleep, it was to laugh at the superstitions of my friends.

"It is as I thought," said I. "*Parsons* and *Mrs. Jackson* both dreamed they saw the phantom. *Lady Marian* is too wise to revisit the scene of her death."

"Ah, but she don't appear every night," protested *Mrs. Brag*, wisely. "You wait, *Geoffrey*. She'll freeze your blood yet."

"Not while she knows that an armed watcher has his eye on her, *Mrs. Brag*."

"You still believe it is a trick, *Geoffrey*?"

"If *Lady Marian's* phantom is not merely the creation of *Parsons'* and *Mrs. Jackson's* dreams, I still believe it is a trick."

But trick or no trick, all my vigils were in vain. Night after night for quite two weeks I watched in that infernal gallery for the ghost which never came. Yet notwithstanding my disappointment, I could not rid myself of the feeling that there was some mystery about the apparition. It was possible that my public announcement to shoot the so-called ghost had scared the person, who, I truly believed, represented it. With this idea I went on a new tack and once more assembled the household.

"I have watched for fourteen nights, more or less," I said, "and no ghost has come to scare me. Therefore I believe *Mr. Parsons* and *Mrs. Jackson* have been deceived in thinking they saw one. There is no phantom here, so you can all set your minds at rest. For my part," and this was the most important point of my speech, "I intend to watch no more. If *Lady Marian* comes again she must go without an audience. Now all of you go away, and let me have no more of this rubbish."

Butler and housekeeper were both indignant at my aspersions, but they knew better than to protest openly, and went away with the rest of the servants to grumble in secret. An air of calm pervaded the tale, and *Mrs. Brag* began to pluck up courage. Also *Helen*, to prove what was undermining her health, became more cheerful and

less hysterical. My common sense had exorcised the ghost so far, but it had not solved the mystery. Determined to fathom this I still continued to watch in the gallery. But no one knew of my vigils, not even Helen; so if the trickster came, he or she, whatsoever it might be, would find me waiting.

For two or three nights the gallery was empty as the palm of my hand. But on the fourth night my chance came, and with it the ghost.

It was about midnight and the moon shining through the clear glass of the side windows and reflecting her light from an expanse of snow made the gallery almost as brilliant as day. I was hidden behind a curtain, midway along the gallery, and half drowsily was looking out into the maze of shadow and silver radiance. Suddenly in the absolute stillness I heard a faint sound. It was a tapping of heels, the rustle of silk skirts, and in a moment under the painted window I saw the ghost. It appeared from nowhere and I must confess it startled me very considerably.

It was Lady Marian sure enough. I was sufficiently close to it to see that. There she stood, with the tall head dress and cane, and rich brocaded gown, exactly as she was represented in her portrait. I caught just a glimpse of her face, but it was not sufficient for me to say with certainty whether it was identical with that in the picture. But the figure was certainly the same. I sat quite still and watched, and waited, one finger ready on the trigger of my revolver.

With the clacking sound described by Mrs. Jackson it came down the gallery. The stick tapped, and the long train rustled and the

moonlight played upon the rich hues of the brocade. It did not come near me, but kept close by the range of the family pictures, fingering the frames and passing its white hand over the surfaces. At times it stopped and with bent head scrutinized more closely the faces of the portraits. Then it began to glide back more swiftly than it had come. I rose, perhaps too incautiously, and I must have made some noise, for before I could raise my revolver to take aim the ghost started, retreated rapidly towards the painted window, and vanished.

Yes, before my very eyes it vanished. I hurried to the spot where I had last seen it, but not a trace of anything could I find. Unless it had dropped through the floor or had passed through a solid wall I could not see for the life of me how it had got away. Could it be a true phantom after all? No, my reason wouldn't allow such a supposition. Beyond doubt it was flesh and blood—some member of the household got up to resemble Lady Marian. I was more than ever perplexed.

I related everything to Mr. Brag next morning, but he kept my story carefully from his wife and Helen. They were recovering their spirits somewhat, and it would not do to damp them again by saying that I had seen the thing myself. Mr. Brag, indeed, was considerably agitated at this seeming confirmation of the apparition, and it was as much as ever I could do to talk him out of the conviction that spiritual it was.

(concluded in next issue.)

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Weekly

Stamp Tribune.

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Vol. II, No. 4.

Cleveland, O., January 31, 1900.

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U. S. 1895 Postage due 30c.....	\$0.40	\$0.20
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Price 10 Cents.

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300 varieties of foreign stamps. Each
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Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

JANUARY 31, 1900.

No. 4.

LATEST NEWS.

Washington.—National Board of trade adopted report favoring 1 ct. postage and cheap parcels post.

Paris, France.—An entirely new set of postage stamps for Persia has been made in the Netherlands. They were made in consequence of wholesale thefts on the part of high Persian postal officials. The new series has been changed in color, but not design.

Paris, France.—France has just issued a new series of stamps in commemoration of the approaching international exposition at Paris. The design of the new stamps represents a right-side profile of the allegorical figure of the French Republic, with one hand extended to a figure of "Justice," and the other holding a shield bearing the inscription "Droits de l'Homme" (Rights of Man). A small space in the foreground presents the value of the stamp, and the words "Republique Francaise" are inscribed across the base. The stamps are of values from 40 centimes (about 8 cents U. S.) to 5 francs (about \$1 U. S.)

London, Eng.—The price of the old Transvaal stamps seems to be rising in value. Among the first Republic Transvaal stamps disposed of at a sale here a few days ago were a 3d (1877) stamp, surcharged at back, seven pounds; a 1d error (1877-79), surcharged "Transvaal," twenty-nine pounds;

a 3d lilac on green of the same period, without surcharge, fifteen pounds 10s. Among the Second Republic stamps was a half-penny on a 6d stamp with queen's head, sixteen pounds. At the same sale a 15c Reunion, first issue, brought thirty-three pounds, a 30c Reunion, first issue, forty-six pounds, and a pair of 2d Mauritius, forty-nine pounds.

Paris, France.—The French Soudan has ceased to exist as an independent colony, parts of its territory having been transferred to the administration of Senegal, the Ivory Coast and French Guinea. The stamps of the colony have been suppressed accordingly.

New York.—The new stamps of Austria have appeared and comprise the following values: Postage stamps, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 heller, and 1, 2 and 4 crowns. Unpaid letter stamps, 1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20, 40 and 100 heller; newspaper stamps, 2, 6, 10 and 20 heller. Postage stamps for Austrian offices in the Levant, 5, 10, 25 and 50 heller, 1, 2 and 4 crowns.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Pittsburg club met last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. John Neesner, on North avenue, Allegheny, and listened to a paper on the stamps of the German colonies, which was read by Mr. A. G. Burgoyne. Mr. Burgoyne exhibited most of the German colonial stamps and many interesting specimens of colonial

cancellations on German stamps antedating the issue of special stamps for the colonies. Mr. Geo. W. Rode was reelected secretary and treasurer and he was also assigned to read a paper at the March meeting. The next meeting of the society will be held at the residence of Mr. Adam Daum, in Lawrenceville.

Paris, France.—Victor Robert, the well-known French stamp collector, has presented his splendid collection to the Paris Cabinet de Estampes in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of postage stamps in France.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The managers of the Buffalo exposition are making a determined effort to secure the issue of the commemorative set in chromo-lithograph in two colors, that will cast the Columbians and Omahas completely in the shade.

Allegheny, Pa.—The regular monthly meeting of the Twin City Philatelic society was held last Thursday evening at the club rooms on Sixth avenue. At the opening of the session Mr. George W. Rode was called to the chair as president pro tem. Mr. Meesner and Mr. Coe responded to a call for volunteers to read papers at the February and March meetings respectively. The society then proceeded to fill the offices of president and counterfeit director rendered vacant by the death of Mr. C. P. Krauth. Mr. Rode was chosen president and Mr. Doebelin counterfeit director, both by acclamation. Mr. Burgoyne was appointed to succeed Mr. Krauth on the library committee. Mr. Burgoyne ad-

ressed the society on the subject of the death of Mr. Krauth.

The meeting closed with an auction sale, in which a large number of lots were disposed of at good prices.

Pittsburg, Pa.—An oddity which came in the mail of a local firm a few days ago is the private stamp of a French wine grower, placed on an envelope apparently for advertising purposes, but duly cancelled as if it were a legitimate postage stamp. It is of the size and color of the 8cent Columbian, and the similarity is enhanced by the fact that the figure "8" appears at each side, representing, however, the number of gold medals secured by the advertiser, instead of an amount of money. In all parts of the world, it seems, there are post-offices where "any old thing" in the shape of a stamp passes muster.

Berlin, Germany.—The Berlin Club of Postage Stamp Collectors, on the occasion of a winter entertainment, had one hundred current German 3 pfennig stamps surcharged "Sanoach" and circulated them as a joke, with copies of a "Philatelic Evening Paper," published especially for the occasion and distributed among those present. As a result, scores of foreign philatelic journals, including some in the United States, have gravely announced a new set of German colonials. The Berliners are understood to be overwhelmed by the consequences of their prank.

New York.—The new German postal card, value 5 pfennig, has just been received here by dealers. The design is a vast improvement on anything in the postal card line

that the German government has yet issued. In the top right-hand corner appears the design of the 5-pfennig stamp, with the figure of Germania, and a large spray and garland gracefully intertwined about the whole. In the opposite corner there is a sunburst with the date "1900" in large figures in the center. The card is printed in green.

Chicago, Ill.—At the last meeting of the Chicago Philatelic society the following officers were elected to serve for the year 1900: P. M. Wolsieffer, president; W. R. Patterson, vice president; John J. Oesch, secretary; Chas. Schlieckert, treasurer; F. N. Massoth, manager auction department; Fred Michal, manager open stamp exchange.

Regular meetings remain as before, the first and third Thursday of each month at 651 Marquette building.

CANADIAN NOTES.

Today I have just received the D. P. A. handbook. I have not seen the previous annual books of the D. P. A., but of all books issued by societies that I belong to the D. P. A. is certainly the best. Illustrated with several photo-lithographs of prominent members, to which is added short biographic notice of each. The official matter is certainly interesting. As to Starnaman's Directory of Canadian Philatelists it is certainly better than any other issued previously. The press work is a credit to Messrs. Starnaman Bros., and the official handbook of Canada's national society is certainly a "record breaker."

Most of the pictures of the Mount Royal Stamp Co. have been sold to The Holmes Stamp Co.,

who intend starting a very fine shop before long. They are also about to publish a philatelic magazine, "The Mount Royal Philatelist." The services of many leading philatelic writers have been secured.

Mr. A. R. Magill has returned from his trip to New York, where he has probably made more than one purchase.

"Timber Toes" tells us that the map stamps are not yet exhausted. No, indeed, they are still on sale. Probably Mr. (Seebeck) Mullock intends keeping them up till 1901, and it will save him the trouble to issue a commemorative stamp, as he will have but to surcharge the maps. As for the 4c and 7c I don't think we will have the pleasure of seeing them.

Mr. E. Saulter has tendered his resignation as local auction manager of the C. P. C., which was accepted and Mr. A. C. Telfer, manager of the Telfer Stamp Co., has been named to fill the vacancy.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Jos. Denis (a well known collector's) father.

January number of the Jubilee was very good, and December number of Montreal Philatelist was excellent, but we have not heard from the Advocate, but we know Messrs. Starnaman reserve for us a great surprise.

If I. B. Unknown glances at these notes I beg him to kindly send me a copy of his universally renowned Stampic America and I will give him the well deserved credit for obliging me. My address is 5 Vercheres avenue.

What a 2-cent Stamp Will Do.

Youth's Companion.

It may not be out of place to give an illustration of the vast distances a letter may travel on the strength of a 2-cent postage stamp. Suppose one of the girl readers of the Companion in Key West, Fla., has a brother in the Klondike region who has risked all to dig fortune from mother earth, and writes to tell him the news from home. She drops the letter in the post-office at Key West, and it starts on its long journey.

It does not, of necessity, travel in a straight line to its destination, but must follow the twistings and turnings of the railroads, which have complete charge of it until the northwest corner of the State of Washington is reached. When it arrives at Seattle it has passed through fourteen States, and yet, so far as time is concerned, but one-fourth of the journey has been accomplished.

It now takes a sea voyage from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, and from the latter place is carried, as I have already described, to Circle City. It may be taken from there by friendly hands farther into the Klondike country, and finally delivered to the anxious brother, who has been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the next party from the nearest town in which a postoffice is conducted, in the hope that some one would bring him a letter.

This letter has now traveled in the neighborhood of 7,000 miles—by railroad, steamboat, stage, horseback and, perhaps, dogsled—and has been on the road for nearly forty days, without a moment's rest!

No profit, in money, accrues to

the government for delivering that letter; indeed, each letter sent into the Klondike costs the government for transportation many times the amount of postage charged; but in such cases, should we reckon the profit only in dollars and cents?

Should we not also consider the happiness and satisfaction afforded this brother as he sits by his fire, perhaps homesick and lonely, but now with a loving smile illuminating his face, as he reads and reads again every word his thoughtful sister has written about home, mother and father, and perhaps of some one else whom he holds dear? When, finally, he places his treasure under his pillow and seeks rest he is happier than for many a day; and Uncle Sam, who has contributed so largely to that happiness, does not regret the small pecuniary loss he has sustained.—Ex-Postmaster General James A. Gary.

Circulars are out announcing the second exhibition of the section on Philately, and asking for support from advertisers. This is a splendid medium to reach the better class of philatelists, and if the second exhibition is as successful as the first was, philately will receive another "boust" to be remembered. The exhibition is to be held at the Art Galleries of the Brooklyn Institute, 174 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y., from March 18th to March 24th, 1900. Inseparabilis.

The stamps of South Australia are to be printed in postal union colors.

U. S. I. R. on 2., 1898.

Surcharge inverted.
Blue Surcharge, well centered copies.....18c
Costa Rica, 1889 Issues, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c,
unused, the set8c

WM. B. FOZZARD,
WEST FALMOUTH, MAINE.

ASK FOR FREE MAIL DELIVERY.

The general demand for rural mail delivery may result in a short time in an effort to secure the establishment of the same all over the county. Every few days a delegation of people from somewhere in the county calls upon Postmaster Dewstoe with the request that they be granted rural delivery. Col. Dewstoe, while heartily in favor of the extension of the rural delivery system, has no authority in the matter and all that he can do is to forward the applications to the postoffice department.

At present there is but one free rural delivery in the county—one that is carried from the Chagrin Falls postoffice. The only opposition to rural delivery of mail that so far has appeared where the system has been placed in effect, has come from the fourth class postmasters, many of whom lose their jobs by the abolishment of their offices.

Postmaster Dewstoe is in favor of the uniform extension of rural delivery instead of establishing routes as at present.

"There is a great deal of irregularity about the system at present," said Col. Dewstoe yesterday. "One route is laid out here and another there, and under the arrangement the entire territory is not covered. For example in the Chagrin Falls route a corner of Orange township is left out of the rural delivery. The postoffice department should adopt a more comprehensive system and cover all of a certain territory instead of laying out a route.

"It would be a great thing if rural delivery could be established all over the county, but I don't think anything will be done to-

wards the extension of the system before the next fiscal year, which begins in July. I believe that within five years free rural delivery will be established in every thickly populated state in the country. At present there is not a township in Cuyahoga county that does not come up to the department's requirements for free delivery as regards population."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ridgway, Pa., Jan. 20, 1900.
Stamp Tribune Pub. Co.,
Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—I have noticed in your enterprising publication several articles on "Uncatalogued Varieties." Now I have in my collection a 2c lake, issue of 1890, that has a distinct cap on the left two. The cap is separated from the two by a red horizontal line. Do these stamps exist in large quantity, or are they few in number. Hoping to received an answer, I remain,

- Yours for "Philately."

Frederick L. Kline.

329 Centre St.

The Philippines seem to handle more heavy mail than any other of our new possessions, therefore there is a strong demand for stamps of high denominations.

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VOL. II. JANUARY 24, 1900. No. 3.

EDITORIALS.

In a very liberal review of the WEEKLY S. T., Mr. Stone of the Era makes the complaint "that the contents (of the WEEKLY) include two stories that have nothing to do with stamps." He further adds: "The paper should not call itself a stamp paper and then include miscellaneous matter. That should be left to non-philatelic journals."

Had Mr. Stone read our introductory explanation in the editorials of the number he had before him, we believe that he would not have made the statement given above. As we stated then, the object of the miscellaneous matter appearing in these columns is to make converts to Philately. With the course it pursues in this regard the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE reaches a class of people to whom

a stamp paper is a closed door, while the short stories contained in the WEEKLY is the key that helps to unlock this door. Stamps he knows nothing of, but a good story or anecdote appeals directly to him. And is it possible that once interested in a magazine its owner will lay it down without at least glancing at the stamp news and articles? We think not. The party who subscribes to the WEEKLY or buys it on the train or at the news stand, will soon learn to read the whole paper, and becoming interested in its contents it is almost impossible for him not to become interested in stamps. And then, who knows but that through this medium we may secure as ardent Philatelists as Mr. Stone himself.

As to his claim that no paper which has stories, etc., in its pages is entitled to call itself a stamp paper, why that's perfectly ridiculous. We may as well say that a daily newspaper is no newspaper simply because it publishes stories, or that a trade journal such as the Iron Age is no trade journal simply because its pages are adorned with anecdotes, stories and funny illustrations.

Besides, isn't a stamp collector as fond of good light literature as anyone? Most assuredly he is, and if the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE has any say between its covers he will continue to get it.

That the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE is a good paying medium to the advertiser is proven by the testimonials received from several of our advertisers.

F. R. Nicolle says, "My ads pay me excellently."

John Peltz says, "Results from my adv. in your paper are very gratifying."

The Stamp Trust says, "Of all new stamp journals yours is the only one we have decided to patronize, and we are glad to have done so, as our ads in the S. T. pay us a good deal better than those in other and much older papers."

H. C. Crowell states that his advertisement in No. 2 of the WEEKLY has brought better results than he ever expected.

And so they go, Mr. Dealer, you should get your share of this trade. Try an adv. in the next number, and see whether it will pay you to sign contract.

We are making a special offer on a three-month's contract. Send stamp for particulars.

Five hundred different Y. M. C. A. branches of the United States and Canada should receive a copy of this number of the paper. By special permission of the postal authorities we are enabled to mail them the WEEKLY for four or five consecutive issues free of charge. This is done to introduce the paper where we think it will do most good. We should like to have the paper on file in all our Y. M. C. A. libraries, and will make them a special offer, i. e., we will send the WEEKLY to any Y. M. C. A. library in the U. S. or Canada for a whole year on receipt of only 25 cts, providing the subscription is personally ordered by the branch librarian or secretary. The WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE deserves to find its place in any good Y. M. C. A. library, and you should have it in yours.

CLEVELAND AUCTION SALE.

The annual auction of the Garfield-Perry Stamp Club of Cleveland was held Jan. 24th at 217 The Arcade.

Although the attendance was hardly as large as anticipated, the majority of the lots brought very fair prices, in some cases as high as full catalogue value.

The auctioneer, Mr. W. J. Brodie, is to be congratulated upon the way he conducted the sale.

In all about 100 lots were offered, realizing a total of nearly \$200. The following is a list of some of the best lots with prices obtained:

U. S. 1855, strip of 3—12c on cover, \$2.00; Justice, 30c, good, \$7.75; Justice, 90c, nicked, \$10.50; Navy 10c, good, \$1.00; Envelope, 1864, 30c green, \$1.20; Envelope, 1864, 40c rose, \$1.15; \$10 Conveyance, Imperf. pair, one torn, \$3.25; \$50 Revenue, \$1.75; Great Britain, 1847, 1 sh. strip of 4, \$1.75.

The members present were: Messrs. H. P. Cushing, W. H. Schneider, W. W. MacLaren, N. P. Stockwell, W. J. Brodie, W. H. Barnum, L. H. Tubman, M. D., Jas. A. Humiston, Arthur Odell, Henry Pears, L. G. French, H. C. Crowell, W. P. Dunlany, M. D., H. A. Spear, P. H. Newhofs, W. C. Rhodes, and R. P. Beardsley. Among the visitors were Alvin Good, Police Lieut. Tressell, S. P. Lev, F. A. Stedronsky and Mr. Becker.

The next meeting of the club will be held on the third Wednesday in February.

R. P. Beardslee,
Secretary Garfield-Perry Stamp
Club.

POSTAGE STAMPS WILL NOT STICK.

Nothing but a mechanical hitch in the preliminaries stands now in the way of the government's carrying out a design which has been under advisement, in one form or another, for 25 years, for issuing postage stamps in books as well as sheets. It has been a special hobby of Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden, especially since he has noted the popularity of the little waistcoat pocket folios of paraffine paper used as stamp cases by persons who have to carry a good many stamps about with them, and who have had the bitter experience of finding them stuck together when most needed. At the bureau of engraving and printing, where the only difficulty now seems to exist, complaint is made that Mr. Madden proposes plans which, if executed in detail, would involve the making of entirely new plates for printing the stamps. It is more than likely, however, that so strong an impulse having now been given to it, the scheme will be carried out by the necessary concessions on the one side or the other. It is Mr. Madden's idea to have the stamps in sheets of six each, two or more sheets being bound into a little book with paste-board covers and sold for a mere nominal advance upon the price of the stamps themselves; books of twelve two-cent stamps selling for 25 cents, and so on. If this plan be adopted with regard to letter stamps, we shall probably see it soon followed by the internal revenue bureau with the war tax stamps.

As has been said, the idea has been under consideration for at

least a quarter century, and the fact that only at this late day is the government apparently approaching definite action on it shows how slow are all such movements for increased convenience to the public. Many readers of these lines will remember a time when, if one wanted to prepay postage on a letter, he had to carry it to the office, pay his three, five or ten cents, and see the word "paid" printed across its face in large letters by the use of a type-stamp and an ink-pad, just as postmarks are now put on in country offices. Somebody hit upon the idea of selling, for a price of the postage or a very small advance upon it, an adhesive stamp which could be stuck upon the letter by the sender at his own home. Not only did this involve a saving of hand labor for the postmaster and his clerks, but it spared them the nuisance of handling money and making change for each letter, or group of letters separately mailed; it acted as a check upon the postmaster's accounts, and it reduced to a minimum the trouble to which the sender of a letter was necessarily put. The natural inference is that the adhesive stamp would have come universally into use as soon as devised. The fact is just the reverse. The United States were six or seven years behind England in the adoption of a government stamp issue, although some of our more enterprising postmasters had gone individually into the business of issuing local adhesive stamps in order to save themselves needless labor. Nobody could offer any valid reason why the federal government should not have its own stamps; but with its usual inertia the government took its time about doing what had already been proved a wise thing. In France

they were even slower than we in adopting a government stamp system, stamps of the Paris postoffice having been used as far back as the reign of Louis XIV. The adoption of a government stamp series in France was at least ten years behind that in England. We are apt thoughtlessly to assume, too, that the perforated stamp sheet, as we know it now, is as old as the postage stamp system. This is an error. Perforations as a means of separating the stamps on a sheet came into play in this country as lately as '54-55, after government stamps had been in use about eight years. Up to that time the sheets were printed solid, and it was necessary to employ shears or a paper-cutter to get the single stamps apart.

It is worthy of note incidentally to this retrospect that a private business man put the value of the idea of binding stamps into books to a pretty fair test a while ago, when he went into the trade of selling books of stamps at a trifle less than the actual cost of the stamps, making his profit upon the covers of the books. A great many persons who would have welcomed the convenience if they could have bought such books from the government were suspicious of an undertaking in private control, on the same principle as the London crowd, in the familiar story, refused to buy British sovereigns at a half-crown each, when they were so offered, in order to settle a bet as to the average of human incredulity. The advertising stamp-book, with the stamp actually bound into it, therefore passed out of view; but the advertising stamp-case, into which each carrier puts his stamps for himself, is still with us everywhere.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

A few more hints on the collection of postage stamps may not be amiss:

7. Never pay more than catalogue price for a stamp unless it is a very desirable stamp or the only one lacking to complete a set or country. Buy your stamps in sets as much as possible, and when you have some countries nearly complete, strive to complete them.

8. Take time in placing your stamps in your album and let them have as much of a systematic arrangement as possible, which will make your collection look cleaner and neater, and I may say here that if you ever want to sell, a clean and neat collection will almost always bring more than a dirty and badly arranged one.

The United States government is to be commended upon the sensible way in which it intends to issue the set of stamps to commemorate the Pan-American Exposition to be held at Buffalo in 1901. The stamps are to be no larger than the ones in use now. It is not going to be a wall paper issue, but a stamp of sensible size. Another thing is that there are to be the 6 lowest denominations, thus allowing every collector to own an unused set for very little money. Some very pretty designs are about to be submitted, among which may be mentioned Niagara Falls and Whirlpool Rapids.

I have noticed that plate No. 5 of the Canadian 5c numeral, has the 5 inverted like 9. I also believe that there were only a few of these inexistence, the mistake being noticed before many sheets were sent out by the department.

THE FACE ON THE CANVAS.

It was at the matinee. The curtain had fallen upon a one-act farce, and the house was darkened for the biograph.

Two girls sat in the left-hand box, chatting together. Their faces shone whitely in the half-light. The lines of their profiles were so delicately fine that many turned to look at them.

"Last night," Mabel was saying, "I dreamed of muddy water. I kept dreaming of it all night long. It came on and on, rolling up to my very feet. The waves were big, turbulent, threatening. I was afraid."

"A sign of trouble," murmured Florence; "that is, unless cleared. Did it clear?"

Mabel frowned. She closed her fan and tapped it impatiently against the palm of her other hand.

"No, it didn't," she answered; "but what difference did that make? Do you believe in dreams and signs and wonders and all the rest of that tomfoolery?"

Florence pressed the tips of her gloved fingers against her mouth to conceal a yawn. "Not necessarily," said she.

The fact of the matter was that dreams and signs and wonders were a part of her religion, but the matinee was not exactly the place for a heated discussion. Besides, she was Mabel's guest.

"When did you hear from Arthur?" she asked, with a quick change of the subject. Arthur was Mabel's soldier sweetheart.

"That is the trouble," sighed Mabel. "I haven't heard from him for ages, but I am expecting him home daily. His regiment came last week, but he was not with it.

Perhaps he stopped somewhere to rest. It is a wonder they didn't all die down there in that oven of a place." Then under her breath she added, "I hate that dream of muddy water."

"I thought you didn't believe in dreams," exclaimed Florence.

"I don't, but——"

She was interrupted by the appearance of "Me and Jack" upon the canvas. There was a ripple of subdued laughter as the little girl fell from the ropes into the water; the dog swimming coolly off and leaving her there.

Picture after picture was then presented. There was the naval parade, the warships passing up the Hudson, the yachts skimming swiftly in front of them, partially obstructing the view of the sailors who stood like white statues along their decks; next Hobson walked leisurely down the deck of a little cruiser; then a review of the troops at Tampa was announced.

"Perhaps it is Arthur's regiment that is to be reviewed!" whispered Mabel, clasping her hands ecstatically together. "Oh, I hope so!"

There was a drum beat and before a dim vista of white tents the troops passed in review.

"Their faces look sad," said Florence, "and they walk as if they were tired to death."

A white dog, the mascot of the regiment, occupied the center of the canvas for a second, a soldier following.

A piece of paper floated along behind. Then came a row of six stalwart men. The man in front suddenly turned his face toward the audience. He looked straight at Mabel. His eyes were hollow and sad. Intense weariness was stamped upon every line in his gaunt features.

Mabel leaned eagerly forward. She laid hold of Florence's arm.

"Look, Florence!" she gasped. "Look, it is Arthur!"

In a moment the face was gone from the canvas, others had taken its place, the drum ceased to beat, the review was over, and the canvas was dark again.

Mabel was white to the lips. She hurriedly gathered up her belongings, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera-glasses.

"What are you about?" asked Florence; "the thing is not half over."

"I can't help it," said Mabel. "I must go now. The heat in here is stifling. I can't stand it. I must have fresh air."

Outside she trembled so that Florence took her arm.

"If I were you," she said, "I should be glad that I saw him. Why do you worry so?"

"His eyes were hollow and sad," stammered Mabel, "and his cheeks were thin. He looked so tired, so dead tired! Oh, Florence, suppose he is very ill, suppose—Oh, remember my dream!"

Florence affected an overwhelming surprise.

"I thought you didn't believe in dreams," said she.

"I don't, I don't. Who but an idiot would believe in such rank foolishness—but you can't help thinking—"

"Oh, yes, you can. Come, we will take this car, and I will see you home myself. Don't be silly."

By the time they reached the house Florence had coaxed the girl into something like her old gayety. She laughed at a bit of her nonsense as they ran up the steps together. They passed into the hall. On a little table reserved for cards lay a letter.

Mabel took it up and held it between her forefinger and thumb. It was old and yellow. A dozen postmarks disfigured the face of it, upon which there was no stamp.

Florence took it from her.

"I will open it for you," she said.

Mabel sunk upon her knees on the carpet. She remained there trembling, her white face clasped between her slender, bloodless fingers.

She saw once more the tired face on the canvas, the weary limbs dragging laggingly along, the hollow eyes peering straight into hers in all the sadness of a last farewell.

For, before Florence could read the contents of the letter—her heart had guessed the truth.—The Criterion.

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THE GHOST IN BROCADE.

(Continued from last issue.)

"But what on earth can it be, man?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "I have some sort of idea, but at present I won't state it lest I should prove to be wrong, I propose that you watch with me tonight, Mr. Brag, and together we'll see if we can't unmask the ghost."

"But do you think it will come again tonight?"

"I can't say. Perhaps not. It may be that the trickster, whoever it may be, has had a fright and will delay further operations for a while. It is someone in the house, I'm convinced of that. When I announced that I would watch nothing was seen of it. But directly I said I would give up watching, Lady Marian appears. What we must do is to watch regularly, Mr. Brag; even should it not appear for a week or more."

It turned out that I was right. Night after night we concealed ourselves behind the curtain, I with my revolver, Brag armed with a large dinner bell, with which he intended alarming the house when Lady Marian was captured. This went on for no less than ten nights. Then I took Mrs. Brag and Helen into confidence, and arranged a pretended departure from the house. I went off to London with great fuss and ceremony. But I got out of the train at the first station and returned to the hall by road secretly. And at 11 o'clock that night Brag and I were in our hiding place once more. And it was Christmas eve, the very time when ghosts should be abroad, according to legend.

"Now," I whispered, "the ghost is off its guard; take my word for it, he or she, which ever it is, will come." Brag said nothing, but gripped viciously at the handle of his dinner bell.

It fell out as I had anticipated. Shortly after midnight Lady Marian reappeared in the same guise as before. I could hear Brag's teeth chattering as he saw the apparition. The moonlight was as strong as it had been on the previous occasion, and Lady Marian, clacking and tapping as before, moved through it in precisely the same way. She glided along by the pictures and fingered the frame. Suddenly we heard her give a joyous exclamation, and there was a sliding sound as of something pushed back. A portrait vanished, and a black cavity was seen in its place.

Now was the time. I jumped up, and poising my revolver fired as truly as I could, and at the same moment Brag's bell clanged out vigorously. There was a shriek and a hurried scamper. Then as before the ghost of Lady Marian vanished before we could reach the spot.

"Where the deuce has she gone?" cried Brag, who was still ringing his bell hard.

"Through a sliding panel," I replied, guessing the means of exit was through the cavity.

As I lighted the lamp there was more noise and pattering of feet, and the half-dressed servants in all stages of dishabille and alarm came crowding into the gallery. Some carried lights, others pokers and sticks, but one and all were as frightened as they well could be.

And no wonder; for the clamor of Brag's bell was enough to wake the dead. Then came Helen and

Mrs. Brag fully dressed, for they both had waited up to witness the success of my scheme.

And it was a success—greater than I had dared to dream. As I said, a picture—that of Lady Marian had vanished—that is it had slid back into the wall, leaving a cavity which we proceeded to examine. Therein we found an iron box fast locked. But Brag soon had it torn open, to find that it contained velvet lined drawers and trays all heaped with the most splendid jewelry. Gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds—the mass glittered like a rainbow.

“See, Helen, your mother’s long lost jewels. So this is what the ghost of Lady Marian came for.”

“My gracious!” cried Mrs. Brag, dropping on her knees. “Look, my dear, all my Lady’s jewels! You’ll wear them at your wedding after all.”

But Helen did not look at them. She just stared at me, nervous and shaking.

“Geoffrey, who is the ghost?”

“Cannot you guess? Jane Riordan.”

“Impossible! Isn’t she here?”

“No, miss,” said Parsons, glancing round at the servants, “she ain’t with us.”

“Oh, Geoffrey, I hope you haven’t shot her.”

“Serve ‘er right if ‘e ‘as,” cried Brag. “But don’t cry, my pretty, she went through another sliding panel. Come, Geoffrey, let us look.”

“The spring in the frame, Mr. Brag. I’m sure of that.”

Instantly a dozen hands were busy with the frames, and we soon came upon a spring in that of a picture at the far end of the gallery. It opened noiselessly, and I stepped into the open space, fol-

lowed by Brag bearing the lamp. We proceeded along a narrow passage, ascended a flight of stone-steps, and finally emerged through another sliding panel into the back part of the house. On our way we picked up the tall cane, the gray wig and head dress and the brocade skirt.

“She stripped herself to get away,” said Brag, nodding. “Let us go to her room. She has one to herself, you know. Asked my old woman to give her one as a special favor, and for Eliza Craik’s sake she got it.”

The room was reached and we found it empty, with the last remnants of the disguise on the floor. On going to the back door we discovered that it was open and through it Jane Riordan had vanished into the night never to return.

So it was that I exorcised the ghost of Lady Marian. On Christmas day at breakfast we discussed thoroughly the stirring events of the night. Mrs. Brag was filled with anger at the way in which Jane Riordan had tricked her.

“I wonder how she knew about my lady’s jewels?” she said.

“Oh, there’s no difficulty in guessing that,” I replied. “The father must have told his wife where he had hidden them. I dare say he intended to fetch them himself when he came out of gaol. But he died before his sentence expired. However, he let his wife know, and she, of course, told Jane, who came here and tried to get them by masquerading as Lady Marian’s ghost.”

“And Eliza must have told her that story, Geoffrey. We often talked of the ghost. Oh, what a wicked woman.”

“But I wonder why Mrs. Craik,

being poor, did not try to get the jewels for herself. She would hardly wait twenty years before doing so."

It was Helen who said this, and I who replied.

"Well, I expect Mrs. Craik was either afraid, or did not learn from her husband behind which picture the jewels were hidden. I expect her reason was the last; for Jane, as I told you, went up and down the wall fingering the frames in order to find the right one. That was why she appeared so often in the gallery. Had she known the true hiding place one appearance and visit would have done. I see now that she feigned fear to me in order to ward off suspicion. From her looks I never thought she would be so clever."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Brag, "she married a scamp and I dare say, after hearing the story from 'Liza' he put her up to the trick."

"She brought the dress with her, I suppose?"

"She must have; and it was to carry on her wicked pranks that she made such a point of having a separate room."

"I wonder how she knew of the secret passage," said Brag.

"Liza again," cried his wife. "She was years here before I came, and so was Craik. I daresay they found the secret passage together and made use of it when they stole the jewels. And now I come to think of it, my dears, it was an actor Jane Riordan married. Oh, I'm well quit of her, I am."

"Yes, thank goodness, she's gone," said Brag. "We don't want no row about the thing. We've got the jewels, and Helen shall wear them on her wedding day."

"And what's more, we've got rid of the ghost," said I, smiling. "I

don't think you can ever believe in ghosts again after this, eh, Mrs. Brag?"

"No, Geoffrey, I can't. I dare say the ghost of Lady Marian that I saw myself was either Craik or his wife dressed up. No, I'll never believe in ghosts again." Nor did she.

So this was our Christmas ghost, which was no ghost. But true or false, it was a very seasonable apparition; and brought to Helen the Christmas gift of her mother's jewels. She wore them at her wedding with me shortly afterwards; for next Christmas there was no Miss Alliston, but a pretty Mrs. Beauchamp. Nor was there any ghost. Lady Marian in the person of Jane Riordan, had fulfilled her mission, and we never saw her again.—Fergus Kume in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Weekly

Stamp Tribune.

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Vol. II, No. 5. Cleveland, O., February 7, 1900. Price, 3 Cents.

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For the benefit of those who have not seen the "POST," would say it is not of the two by four species, but is FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT. Among our regular contributors we mention: Henry A. Chapman, Dr. B. A. Cottlow, Amy L. Swift, H. F. Colman, Willard O. Wylie, etc.

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Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 7, 1900.

No. 5.

LATEST NEWS.

Paris, France.—Stamp collectors are rejoicing in the prospect of obtaining next spring an extremely rare specimen of the new French postage stamps to be put into circulation about the time of the opening of the exposition. This is the 50 centimes stamp, designed by Luc-Olivier Merson to be placed on the local blue telegraph blank. The blank with this new stamp will hardly be put into circulation before it will disappear, as M. Mougeot is to diminish the price of this telegraphic message from 50 to 30 centimes and this lowering of the tariff will go into effect only a few days after the appearance of the Merson stamps, of which but a restricted number will be engraved on the telegraph blanks. From the day when the 30 centimes tariff goes into effect the telegraph blanks will bear the 30 centimes stamp designed by Mouchon. Consequently, the Merson stamp will at once become extremely rare and the stamp collectors are correspondingly happy.

Chicago, Ill.—It is reported from Washington that the post office officials are considering a plan to print the names of cities on postage stamps. Under the plan all stamps sold here would include as a part of their design the word "Chicago." It is argued that this method would give an additional index to the mailing point of the letter and an individuality to the stamps, like those of the "Columbian" stamps

printed for the World's Fair.

In speaking of the proposed postage stamp books last night Postmaster Gordon said:

"The Postal department has been considering a plan to provide postage stamps in a more convenient form for handling than in the present sheets. The idea of a small book for the pocket, containing stamps of different denominations and sizes, is along the line of such improvement. I cannot say whether or not it would be the aim of the department to sell the books at the cash value of the stamps. The use of the covers for publishing information about postal matters I have no doubt would make the books popular. Mr. Madden, who came into the position of Third Assistant Postmaster General in July, and who is assisting in this plan, has brought many good ideas with him. I consider this plan a good one."

Paris, France.—The complete set of the current French stamps for 1c to 5 fr. has been surcharged "Port Said" for use in the French postoffice at that place.

New York.—Turkey's forthcoming issue of stamps will be unusually large, embracing 29 values. There will be two series, one for internal use and the other for international purposes. Their values will be surcharged for printed matter, and there will be three unpaid stamps, 20 paras, 1 and 2 piastres. The design is said to be the most artistic yet employed by the Ottoman government.

CARRIERS WILL SELL STAMPS.

Wilmington, Del.—Postmaster Browne has issued an order for letter-carriers on outlying districts to sell stamps. In the business portion of the city the carriers will not have time to make sales. Carriers who sell stamps will not be expected to carry small change and persons who desire to purchase stamps from them will be expected to have the exact amount needed to pay for the stamps purchased.

Richmond, Va.—Messrs. Aug. Deitz and Franklin Stearns yesterday sold to a man in Europe a Confederate 5-cent postage stamp for \$600 cash. The sale was effected through a New Jersey broker. The purchaser is believed here to be a French millionaire. The stamp was issued in 1861 by a Confederate postmaster of Franklin, N. C. Mr. Stearns bought the stamp some months ago for \$25, making \$575 on the deal.

Pittsburg, Pa.—An English authority says that all the Cape of Good Hope stamps found in the postoffices of colonial towns occupied by the Boers have been surcharged "S. A. R." (South African Republic) for postal use.

Pittsburg, Pa.—C. P. Krauth has left his entire library of philatelic works to the Carnegie library of this city. The collection is exceedingly large and of great value, consisting of most of the standard works in English and German literature, and the cream of the philatelic publications of recent years.

Mr. Krauth's stamps, it is understood, were left in trust to a Boston

dealer, with the provision that they should be sold whenever the market is in such condition as to insure fair prices.

London, Eng.—Poor counterfeits of the 3c black of Liberia, 1881, are afloat. They are on extra thick paper.

London, Eng.—The Belgian franc stamp with Sunday label, is to be discontinued. In its place a new stamp will be printed from the 1893 plate in green.

ALL AROUND THE COMPASS.

(Amy L. Swift.)

Before veering around to another point let me add a sort of sequel to the final paragraph of the last series of my remarks, the paragraph wherein I mentioned Mr. Wylie's chronicle of the Uruguay "Provisorio," with an extra "Official" surcharge. Since writing it I have become aware that all three values of that issue (a commemorative set issued in 1896, you know) have been turned loose upon a suffering philatelic public with that double surcharge. Number one, "Provisorio, 1897," is in red; number two, "Official" is in black. Truly for "ways that are dark and deeds that are vain" the South American folks are almost as famous as the heathen Chinee himself. It is as hard to keep track of South American postal doings as of U. S. new issues, and in these days that is saying a good deal.

* * *

The 1894 surcharge of Panama, 1c on 2c rose, (catalogue No. 17a) is not a particularly rare stamp.

either in its proper form or in minor varieties thereof, neither is it as eminently respectable in philatelic eyes as it might be. There are numerous little differences to be found in the surcharges, most of them having been duly described, but I have just found one on an exchange sheet which I have as yet seen no mention of. In this copy the period after "HABILITADO" is a distinct dash, and more than that it is placed considerably above the place that it should occupy as a period, in almost exactly the position it would be entitled to hold if it were a genuine dash. In fact, I am not thoroughly decided but that it is a new surcharge entirely, to celebrate the passing of the old, or the coming of the new century, you know! There is another small item about it that perhaps ought to be noted viz., that the figure 4 of the date surcharge is broken so that except for the small remainder of the horizontal line it would pass for a 1, "1891" instead of "1894."

* * *

The sheet which held the above specimen came from India. I am used to receiving foreign exchange lots, registered and unregistered, but this one has opened a new experience to me. Never before have I had to sign anything to be returned to the sender. (I am referring solely to foreign registered letters, you understand), but this time there came with the letter a big square printed sheet of paper folded several times and tucked under the thread that tied the envelope. It is printed in French and English in parallel lines in case the receiver cannot read both languages, and it announces that it must be signed by myself and by the postmaster of

my home office, must be duly filled out here and there with date of reception, explanation of contents, and stamp of delivering office, and must then be returned under cover, registered, to the office from which it came. My postmaster thinks my foreign mail is a nuisance (probably!) and if all of it entailed as much bother as this particular piece I would be of much the same mind.

* * *

If Mr. Holmes, the Canadian correspondent for the "Tribune," will pardon a mild criticism I would like to suggest that he make sure of the truth of his news items before putting them into print. His announcement in the issue of January 24th that "Miss Swift is now review editor" of the Jubilee Philatelist is entirely without foundation, that is, unless there is another of that name besides myself dabbling in philately, and I certainly have not heard of any other. If I am the maiden referred to I must rise to remark that I am not review editor of the J. P., and have not even been invited to become so, that is, not since I declined to accept the invitation extended to me several months ago. Do you wonder that I think Mr. Holmes' news should be more carefully winnowed with regard to separating wheat and chaff?

* * *

Have you seen the new Mexico stamps? How pretty they are, decidedly the best things Mexico has sent out this long time. What a trial Mexican issues are! They are a good sized collection just in themselves, especially so if one goes in for all the varieties of paper, perforation and shade. Scott lists 636 varieties, exclusive of envel-

opes and cards, while Gibbons lists 810. If cards, wrappers, envelopes, locals and revenues were added to the number the total sum of stamps awaiting those who tried to "complete Mexico" would doubtless be enough to discourage any aspirant for such fame. Personally, I feel a sort of mental faintness every time my album opens at the Mexican pages, for where there is so much to be obtained it seems not worth the while to try for any, for this reason Mexico and I are not on very sociable terms, and doubtless many another collector is of a similar mind.

* * *

Among the speculatively worthless—or worthless speculative—issues which saw the light last year is one which has not received much notice from collectors; so little has it been discussed that there are probably a good many who are unaware of its existence, but it is no matter, for the set is not deserving of recognition. It consists of three stamps, one postage and two telegraph, issued by the "Revolutionary Government" of the Philippine Islands. They were never good for anything except as Aguinaldo and his admirers chose to use them between themselves, so they have no real right in any catalogues or albums, still as a sort of souvenir of the war episode they are collectible, but as souvenirs only, not as postage or telegraph stamps. The design roughly described, is a triangle with a star in each angle for the central figure, within this is a sun with rays, and just beneath the value, two cents, in the postage and one telegraph, the other having no value. CORREOS or TELEGRAFOS, as the case may be, is

above, and FILIPINAS below. Each stamp has three letter Ks somewhere on it, but I cannot say what they stand for.

WORTH REPEATING.

A novelty in the British colonial class will be the postal issue promised for British New Guinea, which dependency now uses the stamps of Queensland.

In September last the government of Chile, as a means of raising the wind, sold at the office of the director of the treasury, in Santiago, all the unpaid letter and telegraph stamps on hand; 4,874,016 stamps were disposed of, and they brought \$16,175, or about one-third of a cent apiece. Chile has decided to abandon permanently the use of unpaid letter stamps.

The Salvador stamps, with surcharge "1889," originated in the situation arising from the destruction of the national palaces by fire in that year. The postoffice was destroyed, but some smoked stamps were found in the ruins, and to prevent the use of these the government caused all stamps remaining on hand to be surcharged as indicated.

The kingdom of Wurtemberg has abandoned its separate postal system, and will use henceforward the stamps of the German empire.

The postal service in Uganda, Central Africa, was initiated by missionaries, the stamps being printed by means of a typewriter, and the value being expressed in cowries (100 cowries equal one ru-

pee, or about 28 cents). This value was paid to the native runners who carried the letters through the bush to British East Africa, the usual method being to place the letters in a cleft stick. The number of such stamps is small, and it is doubtful if any one possesses a full set of them.

The London Philatelic society has organized what is known as the "Philatelists' War Relief Fund." Contributions of stamps and other articles connected with philately are solicited, and those secured will be sold at auction and the proceeds divided between the Mansion House Fund and the "Daily Telegraph" Fund.

Captain Tilley, U. S. N., who is now at Auckland with the Abaranda, has been ordered to Tutuila, in the Samoan islands, where he is to assume control as governor under the authority of the United States. Unlike Captain Leary, the governor of Guam, Captain Tilley takes no stamps with him, but it is to be expected that surcharges for use in our Samoan colony will soon be forthcoming.

One of the most curious dresses ever made was probably that worn by a woman at a ball at Baltimore, it being entirely covered with postage stamps. The stamps, 30,000 in number, were pasted on a thin foundation and represented the postage stamps of every civilized country.

Did you ever spoil a stamped envelope in attempting to write an address on it? If so, you should

know that stamped envelopes, which are only spoiled by mistakes committed in subscribing, will be redeemed by the postoffice department at their face value.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the United States, is a stamp collector, and owns two copies of the rare Brattleboro on the original cover. These, she says, cost her nothing, having been found in her father's correspondence.

To show that the WEEKLY STAMP REVIEW has made a hit, a subscriber from Pittsburg, Pa., has sent us the following clipping taken from last Sunday's (Jan. 28) "Pittsburg Leader":

The "Stamp Tribune" comes to us from Cleveland O. It is a weekly publication, neatly printed and carefully edited, and contains all the current philatelic news and a serial story.

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	Cat.	My price
Seychelles Islds, 13c, unused	25	15
Gold Coast, 1s used.....	20	12
" 2s used.....	50	25
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Borneo surcharged on 100, set complete, 4c, 40c.....	91	50

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VOL. II. FEBRUARY 7, 1900. No. 5.

EDITORIALS.

The "Baltimore Herald" of Jan. 28, 1900, contains a splendid article on valuable stamp collections, consisting of almost two large columns and illustrated by eight cuts of scarce stamps.

In speaking of the late Hunter Auction Sale, the article says: "Taken as a whole, the sale was a disappointment, as it was expected much more than \$27,000 would be realized. As it represented, however, the profits of an investment of only \$8,000, the collector was well satisfied."

The writer then mentions a few of the best collections owned by Baltimore collectors with comments on each. The collections of the late Geo. E. Boynton, Gen. Thos. J. Shryock, Dr. Wm. J. Gascoyne, Bruce W. Jenkins and J. A. Ulman, are noted and briefly de-

scribed. Gen. T. J. Shryock is credited with a collection of over 20,000, and Dr. Wm. J. Gascoyne with nearly 13,000.

On the whole the article is well handled and ought to do lots of good to our hobby in Baltimore and vicinity.

The publishers regret exceedingly to be forced to discontinue the printing of the WEEKLY in two colors. Our friends and readers have no doubt noticed that each one of our former issues were from twelve to thirty-six hours late. The reason of this was the delay occasioned by the extra press work in making the second impression (in red). Of course we could go to press a day later, but by doing so we would deprive our readers of so much of the latest news, and this we would not do. Therefore, but one course was open to us, and this was to discontinue the use of a bi-colored cover. In future the WEEKLY will be out promptly on each Wednesday noon.

Another lengthy article was sent us by a friend in Wichita, Kans. It appeared in one of the local papers, and consists of a masterly review of the stamps of the Confederate States, especially of the collection owned by our genial secretary of the A. P. A., Mr. Hiram E. Deats, of Flemington, N. J. Other valuable collections are also mentioned, including the one owned by H. J. Duveen, which is valued at \$400,000.

Meekel's "Weekly Stamp News" has purchased the subscription list, good will, etc., of the "Post Office." Quite a boost for Meekel's.

South African Postal History.

The effect of the war in South Africa upon the stamp trade is visible in the greatly increased demand for stamps of all the South African countries, the belief being current that sweeping political changes are imminent not only in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but also in all the adjoining British colonies. Thirteen territories, now possessing distinctive postal issues are included in South Africa proper, that is to say in the stretch of country extending from the tenth parallel of south latitude to the Cape of Good Hope. Of these the most important, from a philatelic point of view, is Cape Colony, which has had stamps of its own since 1853. From that year until 1861, the stamps used were triangular in form. The first 1861 issue, the rough workmanship on which leads to its description as the "wood block" is scarcest, the cheapest stamp of that period being the 4d. blue, which is listed at \$12. The subsequent issues up to the present time, with very few exceptions, are all of the same design, showing an allegorical female figure with an anchor and a Cape sheep. Considerable surcharging was done from 1868 to 1892. Griqualand for many years used the Cape stamps with the surcharge "G" and as the printers dipped into all kinds of "G" boxes and alternately used red and black ink, the varieties are numerous. Natal begun business in 1857 with embossed stamps of crude design, all which command very high prices. In 1860 a new and beautiful design, bearing the familiar juvenile portrait of Queen Victoria was employed. From 1869

to 1876 there was wholesale surcharging, the word "Postage" being overprinted on the stamps in numerous varieties of type and position. Since then several different types of the queen's head stamps have been issued and surcharging has been continuous. British Bechuanaland in 1886 used surcharged Cape stamps, and in the following year adopted a distinct type. In 1892 the current English stamps were surcharged for use in that colony, and later certain of the Cape stamps were used with the customary overprint. The British protectorate began in 1888, by issuing the current English ½d stamp with surcharge, and in subsequent years fell back upon the stamps of the Cape and of Bechuanaland. British South Africa, now known as Rhodesia, was provided in 1891 with a set of stamps running in face value up to £10, the design being the coat of arms of the British South Africa Co. In 1891, owing to disturbances, the stock of stamps at Bulawayo ran out and the famous Bulawayo provisionals were issued. These are Cape stamps, surcharged "British South Africa." Zululand used from 1888 to 1896 surcharged stamps of Great Britain and Natal.

The Dutch republics are responsible for issues of stamps in great numbers and variety. The Transvaal made a beginning in postal affairs in 1870, when stamps printed in Holland and bearing the arms of the Boer republic were introduced. The design remained unchanged until 1878, except that during the British occupancy the surcharge "V. R." was employed. A set of queen's head stamps was issued in 1878. In 1883 the Boers reverted

to the arms design and this is still in service. A wagon such as the Boer farmers use appears in the engraving. By some misunderstanding the European engravers, in making new dies in 1894, depicted the wagon with two shafts instead of a pole, and as a consequence the '94 issue was promptly superseded by a new one of correct design. The Orange Free State issued its first set, consisting of only three values, in 1868. The need of new values led to surcharging which for many years was carried on to an absurd extent. Many of the odd surcharges are said to have been made specially for the benefit of thrifty officials who found speculation in stamps profitable. New Republic and Stellaland are represented by distinctive issues of stamps, but these for the most part are of uncertain origin and doubtful legality.

Portugal issues stamps for Angola, Mozambique, Nyassa and Lourenzo Marquez. The earlier issues of the two former colonies are of the crown type—that is to say, they bear a picture of a crown in the center of each stamp. The later issues are all of the conventional Portugese type, with portrait of the king. The only remaining territory is German Southwest Africa where the current stamps of Germany with overprint have been used for two years past. This territory, of course, will not be affected by the results of the war.—“Pittsburg Leader.”

Since 1894 the 1, 2, 3 and 4 centimes unpaid letter stamps of France have not been used at all. They were suppressed in that year. Nevertheless, the supply is beautifully abundant.

STORY OF A STAMP.

Worth a Quarter, then \$1,500, then
Went up in Smoke.

In the year 1851 a twelve-penny black Canadian postage stamp was printed by the Government at Ottawa. The public did not regard this somber issue with favor, and few were issued. One of these stamps was sent to the Hamilton postoffice where it was sold to an old man, who said it was a shame to print the queen's picture on a stamp that might be handled by profane hands. Tenderly the man put it on a parcel, sending it to a friend in the United States. Here, in the waste basket, it lay for many a day, till an errand boy found it and quickly transferred it to his album. Despairing of getting a good collection, and his fever somewhat abating, he sold them to a dealer.

The new dealer, on looking at the catalogue, found that what he had paid \$5 for was worth \$25.

Accidentally this stamp was slipped into a twenty-five cent packet and sent to a dealer residing in Hamilton. When the latter opened the packet he was astonished to find such a valuable stamp, and, being honest, wrote his friend to inform him of what had happened, offering him \$1,200 for it. The offer was accepted, and the stamp again changed hands.

By this time the stamp had increased in value, and not a few came from a distance to look at the treasure.

One day an English nobleman, who, through a Canadian friend, had heard of the stamp, offered \$1,500, which offer was accepted. The English Lord, falling in love with

an American heiress, and wishing to gain the favor of her brother, presented him with the stamp as a token of esteem. Here in its new and luxurious home, it came to a sad end, for one day the maid, by mistake, swept the stamp, which had accidentally fallen out of the album, into the fire.

In an instant the stamp, which thousands had heard of and longed for, went up in smoke to the broad, blue sky, leaving not a trace behind.

LESSONS IN STAMPS.

The child who possesses the beautiful set of Columbian stamps will learn from their designs much of the career of Columbus. If he has acquired the curious stamps of New South Wales, he will not fail to admire the map of the continent that adorns it; if he forget which country is inhabited by the kangaroo, his Australian stamps will duly inform him, and should he desire to know where his cod liver oil comes from, the Newfoundland stamps will teach him.

Stamps are instructive at all points. For instance any child knows from them that Salvador is volcanic, that Egypt has pyramids, that Holland has a little queen and Spain a still more infantine king.

Ah, if stamps and printing had not been such very recent inventions, how much more would not history have to tell us! Think of having the portraits and accessories of all the Emperors of Rome! Not as worn designs on rusty coins, but engraved on parchment by skillful workmen and carefully preserved in ancient archives. They would teach history indeed!

GORILLAS IN BATTLE.

The boys at the club had been telling wartime and hunting stories, and the talk had drifted around to fights in general when Capt. Jack Benton entered the smoking room.

"After the adjustment of our little unpleasantness with the south," remarked Capt. Jack, "I drifted back into civil life. It seemed monotonous, however, after the excitement of campaigning, and, receiving an offer to go to Africa and collect animals for menageries, I jumped at it. My work took me into the interior of Upper Guinea, which was then about as wild a country as there was in the world.

"One morning I left camp to make a circuit of some traps we had set in the night, and, as I wasn't on the lookout for big game, I took only a light rifle with me. Trudging through the woods, I came on a little clearing, and there, not fifty feet away, I saw a big male gorilla. He was on all fours, half squatting on the ground.

"He seemed to be trying to look as amiable as was possible for such a monster, and a second glance showed me the reason for this. At the right of the clearing was a second gorilla, smaller, but equally ferocious-looking, a fit mate for the first big brute. I had evidently discovered a gorilla courtship.

"The male gorilla, trying to attract the attention of the female by uncouth motions, was beginning to advance clumsily toward her, when suddenly a dull 'boom, boom!' sounded from far away in the forest.

"Up to that instant the male gorilla, while savage-looking, had given no sign of being angry, but

now all was changed. His huge jaws shut together with a snap.

"Then through the silence which had fallen on the jungle when the first sullen challenge was heard, came a sharp bark, followed by a deep humming sound. It was the terrible battle-call of a full-grown gorilla, the cry sent out when he is about to fight to the death for a mate. At the end of each echoing challenge the hairy giant beat with his big hands on his chest while at the other end of the clearing, waiting to bestow her hand on the victor, sat the female gorilla whose charms had inspired such jealous rage.

"Suddenly there was a little flurry at the left end of the clearing, and the challenger broke through the bushes into plain sight. I could see he was a veteran, with scars of many battles on him. Both gorillas were taller than the average man as they stood on their hind feet for battle, but their enormous breadth of chest and shoulders made them look like squatting, hairy giants.

"Neither of the big animals wasted time in preliminaries; they had worked themselves up into such an insanity of rage that only killing would satisfy. Each advanced on his hind legs until within six feet of the other.

"Then the younger gorilla began to fight. Stepping forward with marvelous quickness for such an ungainly animal, he struck a flail-like blow with his huge paws. Had the blow gone home, not even the big-boned frame of his antagonist could have withstood it. But the old gorilla had been in too many death grapples to be caught so early in the fight.

"Even as the big arm swung around he sprang forward, coming in close so as to miss the full force of the swing. The next instant he had swung his own arm around the younger gorilla's neck, encircling it with four feet of steel muscles and holding the enemy's head still upright, so that he could not bring the terrible teeth into play.

"Then the old gorilla opened his heavy jaws, and, getting a firm grip on the right shoulder of the younger gorilla, held on like a bulldog, tearing his way through the knotted muscle and sinews and shoulder blade of his opponent. At the same time the left arm of the old fighter wrapped itself about the younger gorilla in a rib-breaking grip.

"It was only for an instant, however, that things looked so desperate for the younger fighter. The first gorilla's splendid fighting ability and tremendous strength showed themselves. Whirling up his left arm, he fastened his long fingers about his antagonist's throat and tried to break his grip and shove his head back. I could see the muscles of his arm, shoulders and back gather themselves into big knots and bunch up as if they would break through the skin. A last desperate effort and the big head went back; then the old fighter's right arm slowly and reluctantly uncoiled from the other's neck.

"The younger gorilla had broken the death grip. Both big fighters were momentarily free and stepped back to regain breath and repair injuries.

"Although wounded, it was the younger gorilla that made the attack. This time he did not waste any efforts on blows with his huge

paws. When they had approached almost within striking distance the younger of the fighters made a rush.

"The older gorilla was taken by surprise at this sudden rush and change of tactics by his opponent. But, though at a disadvantage, he was too old a fighter to be easily dismayed.

"First he secured a grip on his opponent's throat, and, straining every muscle, tried to tear himself free from the infuriated grasp of the younger beast. He might as easily have broken a steel cable as the strangling hold of his enraged opponent. Then the older fighter relaxed his grip on the other's throat, and, placing both his big human-like paws on the younger's face, tried to force his head back.

"If the old gorilla could force the other's head back he would be free and might perhaps break his enemy's neck. Each of the two huge fighters seemed to know this, and put forth all of their giant strength. The snarling growls which marked the beginning of the fight had died away. Each animal was silent.

"For what was probably half a minute, but seemed an hour, the two semi-human shapes stood there putting forth every energy. At last the younger gorilla made a supreme effort, twisted his head suddenly, and before his opponent could dodge, had fastened his teeth in a death grip on the throat of the veteran fighter.

"Up to this time the battle had been fought in silence, but as the old gorilla gave up the contest and felt the teeth of his antagonist sinking deeper and deeper into his throat the pain was greater than he

could bear. He broke into a wailing cry that echoed through the jungle. I lifted my rifle and then lowered it, for I could not help the old gorilla, and to meddle in that fight with only my light rifle meant my own death.

"The half human wail broke out again, but while I was standing irresolute it ceased. The great fight was over, and the veteran of many contests had met the fate he had meted out to others.

"Then with a start it occurred to me that I would suffer a similar fate if I stayed in that vicinity. But I had no real cause for anxiety. The gorilla had other matters to think of. The last glimpse I had of the conqueror was as, with the glare of battle still in his eyes and covered from head to foot with his own blood and that of his enemy, he marched off in triumph toward her for whom he had fought so desperately and so well."

French postal employes are to be pitied. One paragraph of their rules and regulations reads that all employes are positively prohibited from reading the communications on the back of a postal card on pain of instant dismissal. Another paragraph threatens them with dismissal if they forward postal cards containing profane or otherwise objectionable language. What are the poor clerks to do?

A COMPLETE EXHIBIT.

"Eliza, there is to be a model American post office at the Paris Exposition."

"Well, Henry, you ought to go along to show how the model American husband forgets to mail his wife's letters."—Chicago Record.

SOME LIGHT ON PHILATELY.

These are the days of and this is the season of the year for institutes of arts and sciences and in those institutes are many mansions called sections. The multiplicity of sections is in proportion to the multiplicity of the arts and sciences, which are ever multiplying.

Within the last few weeks, reports the New York Tribune, one of the leading institutes of New York City has been busy in its section of philately with a most interesting lecture. Philately is quite different from telepathy, nor is it, as many of the vulgar think, a mania; it is, on the authority of this lecture, a science. Like politics, in the words of Count Smortork, it "surprises by himself" a study of great magnitude. It appears to be one of those studies to which a man may devote a lifetime, to the exclusion of all others—even grammar—without even getting to the bottom of it. In fact, the author of this lecture in one passage implies an uncertainty as to whether it has any bottom.

These statements, of course, apply only to advanced philately, of which the simple collectors and stickers in of foreign postage stamps have no more idea than a newsboy has of military press censorship. "The study now for advanced collectors," says a resume of the above mentioned lecture, "must be in the direction of shades, varieties of paper, thickness, texture, methods of separation," etc. Who but philatelists and the secretary of the treasury would suppose that "at rare intervals something that is startling" in the way of "United States revenues" comes up? For the nerves of the frail advanced philatelic student have

been strung up to the pitch where he will shy violently at the sight of a "part rouletted \$3 1898 issue." At the same time, if he be sound in his learning, he will not be startled at every little thing—"creased stamps," for example, and "all sorts of fantastic perforations." As to collecting the former, the lecturer says, in a becoming spirit of loyalty, "it is making much of the wrinkled paper used by the government." As to the latter, drawing upon the sister science of ethics, he points out that "if they became popular * * * there would be opportunities for no end of fraud."

GETTING INTO THE SUBJECT.

It would be futile for anyone not a member of the section of philately in an institute of arts and sciences to carry serious study of this lecture further than its earlier paragraphs. To the reader not versed in philately the text becomes obscure as he goes on. Such a one cannot hope to appreciate intelligently the import of the question, "Why is the Alexander blue so rare?" Even the lecturer seems afraid to go very deeply into this problem. The passages about the "50c mortgage," "the saw tooth," "the 25c power of Atty," the "blocks of four" and the "unused o. g. pair" are terribly difficult, though the key of it all seems to be a proper understanding of the "vertical pair." The unlearned reader who is not wise enough to skip most of this part may mistake philately for a Sherlock Holmes affair, when he reads "My theory is that these were used by those who used a great many stamps, and the office boy was detailed to do this cutting in his unoccupied moments;" then

again it glides once more into some strange unpublished theory of ethics, bitterly denouncing "unscrupulous persons" — perhaps those same office boys with "unoccupied moments"—who "have trimmed at the sides." Now it will look like an article on surgery or gambling, and anon suggests a highly condensed treatise on the fourth dimensions of space. And if the unadvanced reader has not a care his perusal may end in homicidal mania.

To be sure, there are points in the lecture which the general student may tolerably well comprehend. "A beginner even in philately can tell a stamp by the simple description," as the lecturer actually observes. Any schoolboy with a brand new stamp album can see that this lecturer rejects Mr. Sterling's theory of "surface colored paper;" that he really does not think very much of a recent work published by the Boston Philatelic society, although he seems inclined to hedge on this, and that, while he scorns to emphasize wrinkles in government paper, his loyalty does not prevent his openly blaming the federal authorities for "giving us eleven different stamps for use in paying a 2-cent tax" as well as for not punishing one Dr. Kilmer.

OBJECT OF THE SCIENCE.

Of the immediate object of the science in its advanced form the lecturer only speaks in passing. "I also think that one of the pleasures of and incentives to collecting is the probability or at least possibility of completing one's collection at some reasonable time in the future." The inference here must be that one would, in such a case, spend the remainder of one's days in bewildering one's grandchildren

with one's philatelic accumulations, and at last die smiling at their innocent inability to understand what made their grandfather do this thing. But even this satisfaction might be denied one, if the genius of philately should break out again in the third generation. There is also the still more remote probability that the abolition of internal revenue, or an outbreak of parsimony in the treasury or some special intervention of congress, or some other inconceivable accident might arrest the progress of many cases of acute advanced philately before the natural period of senile decay.

MILES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

C. F. Jenkins in the *Scientific American*, says that during the year of 1899 the United States bureau of printing and engraving issued 2,500,000,000 of the common red 2-cent stamps, enough to go almost twice around the earth. Stacked one upon another, they would pile up a hundred and fifty miles beyond our atmosphere, equal in weight to two of our big locomotives, and would make a blanket to keep the frost off the city of Washington. If these stamps worked in relays, each taking the letter as far as allowed by the postal regulations, the message would be carried beyond the most remote star, and at the fastest speed at the disposal of the postal authorities would occupy millions of times the age of earth in transit.

There are 31,000 distinct varieties of postage stamps.

156 VAR. used and unused Hawaii, etc. 16c. Soudan, unused, Camel Trooper, 1, 2, 3, 5 M, 1 P, 25c. 420 finely assorted foreign used and unused 10c.

FOREST STAMP CO., New Dorchester, Mass.

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We have one of the finest mixture of U. S. and Foreign Stamps ever put on the market at pound rates. It contains a large percentage of nicely cleaned and soaked stamps, free from paper, etc. The lot was bought from missionaries, and is worth fully 50 cents per 100.

Our Price, 75c. per pound.

THE STAMP STORE,

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U. S. AND FOREIGN.

A FINE THING

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DESCRIPTION—There are no envelopes, postal cards, revenues, torn, creased or heavily cancelled stamps in this lot. The Continentals found in all ordinary 500 var. packets are replaced by over 50 vars. of S. American and Mexican stamps. 500 ALL DIFFERENT, neatly hinged in approval books each containing 100 stamps.

Guaranteed to Catalogue over \$10. My price \$2.06.

An unused set of 1, 2, 3 and 5c Philippines on U. S. to the first three purchasers. Your money back if not satisfied. My motto is condition and my approval books (which contain stamps, cat. at 5c or more) will convince you of the fact. Send reference or deposit.

WANTED—Lightly cancelled, well centered copies of all U. S. Colonials in any quantity. Send what you have with price.

WINFRED C. PHILLIPS, Glastonbury, Conn.

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Last winter we made up a 65 variety revenue packet for \$1.00. This packet was made up entirely for advertising purposes, as we believed people would continue to trade where they get more for their money than they expected. Such proved the case and the many inquiries for this packet has decided us to offer it again. It contains 65 varieties of the 1863-79 revenues. Look in your catalogue and see what must be included in this packet to make 65 varieties.

65 VARIETIES OLD ISSUE REVENUES, \$1.00.

We send U. S. and foreign stamps on approval to responsible parties at 33½ and 50 per cent. discount. Write for our new 24-page list of stamps, mailed free on request.

BURTON & BURTON, Lake Geneva, Wis.

203 Stamps, Cat. at 1c to 10c, only
TEN CENTS.

FINE AND CHEAP.

JOHN PELTZ, ARLINGTON, MINN.

The Greatest Yet

1000 Varieties Full Count **\$4.25** Every Packet Guaranteed.

No Fiscals, Telegraphs, Cut Postal Cards, or Reprints.

DEALERS

Canada 10c. Maple Leaves, per 100 used.

\$5.75,

Condition guaranteed.

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Contains 300 unused stamps, all different, price only \$15.75, post free.

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Contains 25 all different U. S. Telegraph stamps, some very scarce, only \$2.00, post free. Address

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10 STAMPS Cat. about 30 cents. Only 10 cents. 2 vars. U. S. 1890 caps, only 6 cents. **JOHN PELTZ, Arlington, Minn.**

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Columbian, 1c-10c.....	10c
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2c.....	5c
6c.....	25c
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30c, ".....	60c
90c, ".....	\$1.35

Postage extra on all orders under 50c.

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Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

Weekly

Stamp Tribune

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAMP COLLECTORS.

Vol II, No. 6. Cleveland, O., February 14, 1900. Price, 3 Cents.

Retail at Wholesale Prices.

Br. Bech 38, 39, 40, new.....	.20
33, 34, 35, used.....	.22
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400 damaged stamps (some quite good)	80	
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1 Pocket Album to hold 100 stamps.....	10	
20 different Austria.....	12	
6 surcharged maple leaf Canada.....	10	
10 maps, (3 shades).....	10	
3000 Perfect Hinges.....	25	
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N. B.—Send for approval books and circular of Beardslee's Stamp Exchange.

JUST FOR FUN

And to get your dime in my pocket and my novel 20-page price list in yours, I offer all the following for

ONLY TEN CENTS!

100 var. Foreign, Turkey, Mexico, etc.,

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Next week for first installment of the **cheapest dime sets ever offered for sale in this country.**

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WEEKLY BARGAINS!

U. S. Revs., \$2.00 Pro. of Will.....	\$ 75,	\$ 38
2nd Iss. 30c.....	75,	40
40c.....	60,	35
\$2.....	60,	37
\$3.....	1 25,	70
3rd Iss. \$10.....	3 10,	1 75

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GLENVILLE, O.

Set New Cuban Issue, 1c to 10c..... 35c.

10c Spec. Delivery..... 18c.

U. S. L. R. Surcharged Inverted..... 18c.

Surcharged Cuban Envelopes 2c Green on

Amber only 3000 Issued, and 2c White, the

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Above lot \$1.20. M. Order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

SEND US YOUR GUESS!

We have chosen a number between one and one thousand, the winner of the same to receive \$100 in COLD HARD CASH. In case two or more guess the correct number, the prize will be equally divided. Should no one guess correctly, the one nearest will be considered the winner. Only condition of contest is that all guesses must be accompanied by 25 cents for a year's subscription to the PHILATELIC POST. Every contestant is entitled to FIVE guesses. All guesses must be in by the 1st OF MAY, 1900, as contest closes on that date. This is a BONA FIDE OFFER and your chance is as good as the next one's. Let us hear from you.

For the benefit of those who have not seen the "POST," would say it is not of the two by four species, but is FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT. Among our regular contributors we mention: Henry A. Chapman, Dr. B. A. Cottlow, Amy L. Swift, H. L. Colman, Willard O. Wylic, etc.

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NUNUNDAH STAMP & PUB. CO., Smethport, Pa.

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Both, 22c, postpaid. Any 1899 Baronial Envelope CAT. \$5.00, and a packet of stamps for \$1.25. Can you do better? Correspondence wanted with Canadian collectors.

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Cataloging 41 cents. 1 Pocket Album.
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Varieties of
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100 Approval Sheets, finest made..... 19c
1,000 Quaker Hinges, 8c, 5,000..... 30c

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Cheap but Good!

50 Vars. Stamps	- - -	5c
100 " "	- - -	10c
200 " "	- - -	30c
300 " "	- - -	60c
500 " "	- - -	\$1.25
1,000 " "	- - -	5.25

Above packets contain only genuine stamps, well cleaned, and selected copies.

Postage extra on orders under \$1.00.

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100 all different Postage Stamps, a neat little album, an assortment of Omega and Perfect hinges, and

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Only Twenty-five cents.

Five of the above lots to different addresses for \$1.00.

Get four of Your Friends to take advantage of this offer and get yours FREE.

Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

No. 6.

SNATCHINGS.

(By M. A. Bill.)

The latest scheme seems to be "Stamp Exchanges." They are all, more or less, carried out on the same plan as Mekeels' and you are cordially invited to send in your book of stamps and receive your preliminary credit.

An advertiser in Mekeels' has an angora cat, valued at \$100, which he wishes to exchange for stamps. Come! young men. Now's your chance. If you want to have your sweetheart's smiles—well—get the cat.

Unfortunately, I cannot say much in regard to our philatelic journals in this column, if I attempt to, the editor seems to think I am writing a review and "cuts it out." But to come down to it, I wanted to remark in the "Philatelic Advocate" for January. It has sixty-four pages and over. The reading is of the best; the advertisements plentiful and the cuts of our friends pleasant to behold. In fact, a neat production.

Those who sent money to Capt. Leary for the Guam stamps will be

compelled to wait until the second lot arrives at Guam, as Capt. Leary says he will fill no orders from the lot first received, but collectors and dealers must wait for the second lot. Up to December 9th the second lot had not arrived.

The following is the diary of a fatherly man, who encouraged his twelve-year-old son in everything, to his sorrow:

Sept. 2. Little Willie begins to talk about stamps.

Sept. 6. Little Willie buys a cheap album and some stamps from the neighbors' boys and starts collecting.

Oct. 3. Willie's twelfth birthday. I gave him a large album and 1,000 stamps I bought down town. Willie very happy.

Oct. 15. Willie starts out as a great dealer. I gave him sixty cents to advertise in the stamp papers with.

Oct. 26. Willie starts writing for stamp papers. Fairly crazy now about anything concerning stamps.

Nov. 1. Willie starts a stamp paper of his own called the "Long-Felt-Want Philatelist." Says he will be "great" in a little while.

Nov. 15. Willie borrows \$5.00 from me to pay the printer for his "number one."

Dec. 1. Willie's paper "busted."

"Financial embarrassment." I pay Willie's bills of \$6.05.

Dec. 25. Willie gives his stamps to some other little boy who is interested. His father will probably pay his bills.

Dec. 30. Received letter from my brother John, who lives in Coldwater, in which he says that "his Tommy" published one number of a stamp paper and it cost him (brother John) \$21.26 to get "square."

ERRORS

(By John Peltz.)

The 1890 5 kr. rose of Austria has been found with the figures of value in corners omitted; no price is put on them and they are very rare. I would advise collectors who have a quantity of common continental stamps on hand to search them thoroughly in case they find any of the above.

A recent number of a leading philatelic publication speaks about the 1890 U. S. 4c stamp being found in the color of the 5c stamp; brown; the change being done with the aid of chemicals. No doubt the person who started it was some clever rascal who thus saw a chance of making lots of money with little expense, but "the golden bubble burst."

The 10c vermilion envelope stamp of Canada, of the 1860 issue,

is only an error, being printed in the color of the 5c stamp. This is one of the rarest stamps known. The only known copy of this stamp in existence is in the possession of a philatelist in Canada.

The 1880 5c yellow of Venezuela was accidentally printed with the design of the stamp on both sides. A firm of stamp dealers in England a few years ago came into possession of one of these stamps, and offered it for the enormous sum of \$5,100. Rather a high price for an error! If they got it it is the highest price ever paid for a single postage stamp. Errors of the above nature seem to happen quite frequently; even we have them, for our 1898 1c revenue (Prop.) was found in this condition.

A noted philatelic author informs us that the catalogued errors of the stamps of Parma were not allowed to be used postally; they were merely sold as remainders after the issues were obsolete.

NOTES FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

(By Leon V. Cass.)

J. C. Rice of Hornellsville, N. Y., seems to have been trying, with some success, to gain his stamps without paying the long-suffering dealer for them.

I lost nearly a dollar's worth and at least one other dealer has been cheated by the same party.

My last letter directed to him was returned uncalled for. Therefore it would be a good idea to look out for him in some new locality.

The Buffalo fair stamp seems to be a sure thing. There is no use crying over what can't be helped, so collectors will have to put up with these labels with the best grace possible.

There are hundreds of collectors who are now enthusiastic collectors of foreign revenues where there was not one collector ten years ago.

As yet revenue collecting has not become popular enough to warrant the issuance of special catalogues and albums, but if the speculative issue keeps coming it is my opinion that many collectors will become disgusted with collecting postage labels and turn to revenue stamps.

Many new papers and societies are being heard from.

Don't do it brothers.

Help our old established papers and societies, instead of starting new ones.

Our new revenues are at last coming perforated. The high value Documentary issues perforated will doubtless be next to impossible to obtain in fine condition used.

There are a great many old U. S. postage and revenue stamps which are selling lower today than they ever will again. There are

many reasons for this which it would take up to much space to enumerate. If you buy now you will be able to say "I told you so" to your collecting friends who procrastinate.

You don't want to buy poor specimens, however, as you will find that each year the condition of a stamp will be more looked to; buy of the up-to-date class of collectors who are now termed "condition cranks" by the old class of collectors.

The collecting of minor varieties is not as much in favor at present as formerly. The increasing crop of new issues has a great deal to do with this.

Which is the most desirable, new issues of the speculative order, or minor varieties? To my mind, the minor variety is the lesser evil. What is your opinion?

The collector who collects old-time imperforate stamps in unsevered pairs, blocks or strips is wise.

Go thou and do likewise. If ever you sell your collection you will reap a golden reward.

WORTH REPEATING.

No other sovereign in the world has what the emperor of Germany, Kaiser Wilhelm, has. This is a little postoffice all for his own use. There is a special staff of officers detailed to look after, sort and dis-

tribute the hundreds of letters that come for the emperor every day.

According to a London journal, the number of postage stamps now current in the world is 13,811. England has 131, her colonies 3,843. The United States has only 268 different kinds, whilst the little republic of Salvador finds a use for as many as 272. The first year postal cards were used in the United Kingdom 75,000 cards were posted, and the number has increased so rapidly that at the present time over 382,000,000 are sold annually.

Heretofore the use of the colors prescribed for certain values of stamps by the International Postal union has been optional, but it is now made compulsory, the operation of the agreement to that effect dating from January 1, 1900.

Congressman J. C. Needham, of California, began to collect postage stamps when he was a small boy, and has never given up his collection, which is now one of the best in the United States.

The remainders of the 1, 2, 3 and 5-cent Cabot stamps have been destroyed, these being the only values of the set that conflict with the current issue.

OUR HINGES.

(By William Medbery Verbeck.)

A subject which should be of great importance to all collectors, is that of hinges.

We purchase our stamps and in order to preserve them properly in

our albums, we should use good hinges. Hinges that when once applied to the stamp and album will stick and not give way at every turn of the leaves. Of course, there are some collectors, but generally the more advanced ones and for whom this article is not intended, who do not use hinges, but have the albums where the stamp is slipped in grooves, an album made up on the style of Wolsieffer's approval cards.

A great many dealers have their own hinges, which they all advertise as "the best" and the only way for a collector to decide which is the best in his own opinion is to give all a trial.

The proper hinge to use is an onion skin hinge, one that will stick to the stamp when applied and one that will peel easily, when you desire to remove the stamp. If you can secure a hinge which will answer these two requirements, you will be saved many annoying delays and have fewer torn stamps in your collection and among your duplicates. It is owing to these hinges which "stick" but do not "peel" that so many torn stamps result.

Now as this article is purely a personal opinion given after a fair trial of all the leading hinges, I do not hesitate to say that the best hinge is the "Omega," manufactured by R. M. Gay & Co. of Brooklyn, N. Y., which hinge I have used exclusively, after discovering its merits. A close second to this hinge is the "Perfect." Both of these hinges can be purchased for ten cents per 1,000, and it is utterly impossible to make a good hinge for anything less.

You take a hinge that you pay

less than ten cents per thousand for, or even some of the inferior hinges for which you do not pay less and you will find your patience severely tried.

For instance, you wet one-half of the hinge and apply it to your stamp, then you take the stamp and wet the other half and when you take the stamp away from your mouth, you have either the hinge stuck to your tongue, your lips or the side of your face.

You then take a new hinge and go through the same performance and then perhaps after two or three wild attempts, in which you waste much valuable saliva, you succeed in wetting the other half of the hinge without its becoming detached from the stamp.

But your trials are not over by any means.

After having accomplished so much your next step is to place the stamp in the space set aside for it in your album. You do all this, but when you endeavor to remove your fingers from the stamp—Oh! No! It don't work, the stamp comes along too.

Now you have got to try it again, and you will probably not succeed in getting the stamp in the proper place to your satisfaction, until you have chased it all over the page, dropped it on the floor two or three times, and used several very strong words which relieves your feelings, and then in order to complete your task you are compelled to sit on the album for the space of five minutes in order to give the hinge a chance, for these hinges are bound not to stick unless great pressure is brought to bear on them.

After you have gone through this entire program, which may have lasted six or seven minutes,

what have you to show for it? One stamp, dirty and soiled from so much handling, stuck in its proper place on a very much soiled page, the result of your chase for the stamp across the lithographs and blank spaces.

Now, if you kept on at this rate, you would have at the end of an hour perhaps ten stamps placed in your album, most of them soiled, perhaps some of them, torn. You would also have a very unsightly page and you would be the loser of a vast amount of good humor and patience.

Perhaps after your album has been laid away for a few days, you desire to add new treasures to your collection. You open to the page, where but a few days before you had added new stamps, and you find them all loose, chasing each other over the pages.

All this is the result of using cheap and inferior hinges.

You may take some hinges which are in every respect good, as far as their sticking qualities are concerned, but should you at any time desire to remove the stamp to which this hinge is attached, you will find it a very difficult matter, you will work it carefully this way and then that way and after considerable tugging and pulling the general result is a torn stamp.

So, brother collectors (and sister collectors, too), use a good hinge by all means, either the "Omega" of the "Perfect" ought to suit you. They have pleased and suited me. Why not you? But never—O, never, invest in cheap hinges, thinking you are saving money, if you do, I assure you, you will find them all that I have painted them to be.

A good hinge at a fair price is the cheapest in the end.

Weekly Stamp Tribune,

PUBLISHED EACH WEDNESDAY BY

THE STAMP TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

327 Garfield Bldg.

Cleveland, O.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Within U. S., Canada and Mexico, 50c. per annum.
To all other countries,..... \$1.00 per annum.

Advertising Rates,..... 10c. per agate line.
Special Rates on Contracts of 500 to 2000 lines.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS:

Wm. B. Hale, "The Stamp Drummer,"
A. L. Seager, Pacific Coast. C. E. A. Holmes, Canada
M. Tausig, New York and Foreign Countries.

Address all communications and make all checks
drafts and money orders payable to The Stamp
Tribune Pub. Co., Cleveland, O.

We should be pleased to exchange with all first-
class papers. Send ONE copy to Wm. M. Verbeck,
Ballston Spa, N. Y., and TWO to the publishers.

Vol. II. FEBRUARY 14, 1900. No. 6.

EDITORIALS.

Mr. William B. Hale, of Williamsville, Mass., reports that the remainder of Russian Finnish stamps were bought up by a Parisian dealer, who with himself (Mr. Hale) have secured all there are. The stock was very small and no more are to be made. Finland has now to use the regular Russian stamps. The Paris price was at once raised to about double face value, and is very firmly maintained. Dealers and collectors having a stock of these stamps had better take good advice and hold on to them for some time yet, as in all probability the price will advance still further ere very long.

A printer's error occurred in the

advertisement of T. S. Clark, in a recent number of the WEEKLY. Mr. Clark says:

"Re my ad in your No. 4, Jan. 31. 'You have U. S. 1895 \$1.00—\$.06,' and I have been deluged with letters and had to spend considerable postage in returning the money sent me. Please look up my copy and see if it should not read 26c."

We regret that the mistake should have occurred, yet cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction of the fact that our readers "know a good thing when they see it." We trust that the numerous customers Mr. Clark unwittingly gained through the mistake, will continue to patronize his weekly bargain counter as advertised in each issue of the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE.

The Philatelic Post, Vol. I, No. 2, reached our desk just five minutes ago, and such was the impression it made upon us that we cannot close our editorials without first commenting upon this recent addition to the forces of Philatelic journalism. A neat, bulky and interesting magazine, it easily ranks among our foremost monthly exponents of Philately. The February number (the one now before us) consists of 24 pages, of which 19

are composed of solid and interesting reading matter, furnished by such able writers as Miss Amy L.

Swift, H. A. Chapman, Dr. Cottlow and H. F. Colman. The typography is excellent and good judgment is shown in the display of the advertisements.

Good luck and long life to the *Philatelic Post!* It surely deserves both.

The well-known "stamp drummer," Mr. Wm. B. Hale, started on his Southern trip last Thursday (Feb. 8). He intends taking in all of the Atlantic Coast states, as well as the entire South, and expects to cover the field in about eight weeks. Contracts for advertising space in the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE will be received by Mr. Hale, or may be sent direct to us. Mr. Hale is also prepared to book subscriptions to the WEEKLY. When he comes to your town remember the WEEKLY.

SECTION ON PHILATELY.

The Exhibition Committee of the Second Philatelic Exhibition to be held in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, during the week of March 3d to 11th inclusive, 1900, at the Art Galleries, 174 Montague

street, are hard at work to make it a success and are progressing very rapidly.

The sub-committee on catalogue and medals are receiving very little encouragement from stamp dealers in general in the way of advertising and it is hoped they will respond by sending in their contract blanks at once, also copy of advertisement. Blanks can be had by addressing the chairman, 192 St. Nicholas avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dealers that have contracted for space should send in copy at once, accompanied with a M. O. or check.

Rates for advertisements are as follows, viz.: Second cover page, \$20; third cover page, \$15. Body of catalogue, \$10 per page; \$5.50 per half page; \$3 per quarter page; \$1.75 per one-eighth page.

One inch space for collector's use, for a card or exchange notice, can be had for \$1.00.

As the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE mentioned, this as a splendid medium to reach the better class of philatelists.

Regarding the success of the exhibition it will far eclipse the first, if present indications count for ought.

Collectors desiring to exhibit should correspond with the chair-

man of the Exhibition Committee Mr. John D. Carberry, 1125 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for prospectus, etc.

Mr. J. M. Andrieni, the well-known American philatelist, conducted a very successful conference on the "Stamps of Sweden, Denmark, Iceland, D. W. Indies and Hayti," on Friday evening, January 19th, in the Art Building, before the members of the Section on Philately. Mr. Andrieni displayed several volumes of his collection of the stamps of these countries, and it goes without saying that the members were simply amazed at the beauty and neat arrangement of the same. Following the plan of most European collectors, Mr. Andrieni collects, so far as he can obtain them, a pair and a single specimen un-used, then as many varieties of used with different postmarks as possible.

There is no question but this is a good way to collect stamps, but on account of monetary considerations, it does not lie within the reach of most collectors to pursue this method.

Mr. Andrieni is a very active member of the Section and a member of the Executive Board.

Mr. John N. Luff, of New York,

delivered a very scholarly discourse on the "Stamps of China and Chinese Treaty Ports" before the members of the Section on Friday evening, February 2. With pardonable pride he exhibited his collection of these stamps, which is without doubt the finest collection of its kind in this country—his Shanghai varieties being particularly fine and complete.

Mr. Luff has a very pleasing way of interesting philatelists, being well versed in all the details of the stamps which he collects, and is able to punctuate his remarks with many humorous anecdotes connected therewith, which may help to convey many valuable philatelic facts worth remembering. Philatelists are always glad to see the smiling face of Mr. Luff.

Yours in our Science,

H. TOELKE.

192 St. Nicholas Avenue.

THE STAMP TRIBUNE,

VOL. I COMPLETE.

Price 65 Cents.

Prices on single numbers quoted on receipt of want list and return postage.

The Stamp Tribune Pub. Co.

327 Garfield Bldg.,

Cleveland, O.

THE CHICAGO PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

The 315th regular meeting of the Chicago Philatelic Society was held February 1, 1900.

Mr. P. M. Wolsieffer called the meeting to order with 11 members and 3 visitors attending.

The Governing Board ordered posted 39 applications for membership—27 for active and 12 for passive.

The treasurer was instructed to remit \$5.00 to the Brooklyn Institute for cost of silver medal, donated by the society, for award at the next exhibition.

The Governing Board named 15 per cent. to be the commission charged members of the society for selling fine lots of stamps at our auction sales.

Every member, both active and passive, will be supplied with the official journal, "The Weekly Philatelic Era," free of charge.

After appointing a committee to look into the matter of holding a banquet in the near future, the meeting adjourned.

JOHN J. OESCH,
Secretary.

THE JAILER'S BABY.

It was all the fault of the baby. So the jailer said, and so everybody believed. At the same time it was declared absurd that a baby should be allowed companionship with a murderer, and beyond all decency that bottles of laudanum should be left within its reach. Indeed, there was a great deal of talk, and much disappointment over the affair. Not since the lynching of the negro Tilly, two years before, had there been a hanging in the jail. And this time it was to have been conducted on the strictest principles of the hangman's code. So very proper were all the arrangements that the citizens spoke of the coming "execution" with quite the air of decorum which an eastern town would use to discuss a pink tea. Small wonder then that everybody—especially those holding tickets of admission—was outraged. In fact, so much was said that the jailer resigned, and he and his wife—with the baby, who had done all the mischief—moved to another town. The jailer's wife declared that his nerves seemed dreadfully upset about the whole thing and she was glad he had given up the "jail business." Farming was nicer work,

anyhow, she allowed, and the baby seemed to thrive better. As for the baby himself, he told me in strict confidence just how it happened.

The prisoner had never made the slightest effort to escape. From the time sentence was pronounced he seemed to begin to die. He would sit for hours without moving a muscle, would neither eat nor drink. A horrid sort of stupor possessed him, from which the kind-hearted jailer was powerless to rouse him, until one day he thought of his baby, Ted, the only bit of sunlight in the gloomy house of bondage. The lovely child blossomed like a Sharon rose in this desert of sin and death, and the very sight of him might, so the jailer thought, bring peace and healing. So one day the baby was brought to the death-watched cell. His tousled, yellow head peered curiously in, and his small voice had a ring of pity as he said: "Dark, poor man." And the prisoner came to the grating and stretched out eager hands, clasping the tiny fingers which rested trustfully in his. And nobody disturbed them, for the "poor man" was crying, and so they were not afraid.

The baby came again, and often, and they noticed that the prisoner

would always eat what he brought; a bit of candy, or a dirty lump of sugar was his daily offering, and it was never rejected. One day, the jailer came, too, and they both watched the boy. He was playing horse with a new piece of pine board. The prisoner glanced at it and said, grimly: "Won't they need that in the yard?"

The jailer could not answer, but kept his gaze on the baby, who had distracted the attention of the guard in the corridor. The prisoner grasped the door with both gaunt hands, and, putting his ashen lips as near the jailer's ear as the bars would allow, said, suddenly: "Have you any idea of how you are going to die?" The jailer was alarmed and distressed. He had hoped to lead the prisoner to forget his impending doom, if only for a respite of an hour, but this question showed him how poorly he was succeeding. He pretended not to hear and made a move as if to go, but the child ran to him, and, putting the stick through the bars, lisped: "See, horsy?"

A smile distorted his face as the man took the piece of wood, then let it drop with a shudder, speaking rapidly and low. "Dying is bad enough, I suppose, under any cir-

cumstances; but none of us is heroic when forced to sit, day after day, for a certain hour, when we are to begin the process of 'rotting in cold obstruction,' God! can you think, man, how it feels? What devilish irony in the fate that I, who have always hated any public display—"he choked, and the baby laughed—"should die this way; should perform the closing tragedy of my life before a gaping crowd. I tell you, man, it must not, shall not be."

His voice had sunk to a whisper, but his face was so livid with fear and threat that the jailer grasped his baby, and moved a step away from the cell door. The man behind it laughed, a dry, high-pitched laugh.

"I beg that you won't be frightened. I am not going to do anything violent, except to myself if possible. Do you hear, man? Except to myself. Listen to me. Every night you pray that your baby there may never be in such a devil-ridden hole as this cell. By those prayers, and as you hope for mercy for him, I charge you have pity and listen to me. I have no thought of escape. I do not fear death. What would life be to me now? I killed him for her and now—now I must die for him. Be it so, but not that

way"—and he pointed to the bit of new wood the child had dropped—"God! not that way." Then as the jailer moved a little nearer, the man staggered to his feet and whispered hoarsely: "An old bottle. I could break it in pieces; or a rope, but no, the guard would see me. Some drug; anything so it be strong enough, but bring it, oh, let me have it before—before they come to me."

Not a word had the jailer spoken during this plea of agony. Then the guard came up with the little one.

"The kid wants to kiss 'man,'" and the prisoner stretched his arm through the grating and stroked the curly head. The beautiful baby face lit up with an angel's smile. "By-by, man," he said, and his father carried him away with no sign of response to the wild look of entreaty in the eyes of the doomed man.

Next day the baby came again. This time he passed the guard, returning his challenge, "Hullo, two-year-old!" by only a dignified stare. He toddled up to the prisoner's cell and the first glimpse of the yellow head brought the wretched occupant forward. His attention was attracted to a small

tin can the child carried. "See there!" And the little one proudly tapped it against the iron grating. With feverish haste the man seized it and with an effort wrenched off the cover. Inside was a small bottle containing a brown liquid, which he smelled, then sighed as with an infinite relief. A second's hesitation; a glance upward, which was more a despairing inquiry than a prayer, and he raised the phial to his lips. Then he crawled to the cot and crouched upon it, while the baby tiptoed to see. Only the baby! No pitiless crowd of ghouls; no vultures watching the dying struggles of their prey; only the baby! And to the dying man's vision the aureole of hair and beckoning hands were those of a heavenly spirit.

The phial dropped to the floor, the shaven head sank back and the prisoner was free.

The annual review examination of the railway postal clerks who run into Albany was conducted February 6th and 7th in the Federal building at Albany by P. P. Waring, chief examiner of the second division. The clerks were examined in the various subjects which are necessary in the railway mail

service. The average will be reckoned according to the time taken by each clerk. An average of 99 per cent is required, and it is often the case that 100 per cent is made.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

(By Sopkins and Heaverens.)

C. W. Myers, Wichita, Kan.:—

(1) No, it is not absolutely necessary to bind your paper. The loose pages are unique. (2) No, people will not think you are a Spanish sympathizer.

R. L. Doak:— (1) We are not prepared to advise you as to the proper way to wear your hair. (2) Yes, we believe the ladies like to see "fluffy" hair.

Treymard Babcock:— (1) Of course your paper is "cute," we always thought so. (2) No, we would never have guessed that you printed the paper yourself on a hand-press.

Bogert & Durbin:—We cannot give opinions as to literary merits in this column. Write Mr. Paal-zow of the *Virginia Philatelist*.

L. A. Prevost:—Of course if you do not care to exchange with a paper, even though it advertises with you, we do not see any wrong

in it, but we would advise you not to read "sample copies" after the stand you have taken. Mr. Scott and Mr. Jewitt have done the same thing as yourself. Of course it does not increase your popularity.

Paul Cline:— (1) Yes, your surprises were very good, but look out that you don't, surprise yourself. (2) It is wrong of you to imagine we are responsible for *Stamps America*. Did Mr. Paalzow, tell you?

Erwin L. Fischer:— (1) Yes, we think you do very well with your writings in the *Perforator* and *The Buckeye Philatelist*. (2) If we were you, we would not attempt to write for all of the fourteen papers you mention. Mr. C. does that, we know, but he is especially fitted.

COMBINATION OFFER!

8 unused foreign Postal Cards
Catalogue Value **53c**
Special Bargain List No. 11. **FREE**
POSTAL CARD REPORTER No. 4
Containing illustrated supplement to 1898 Postal Card Catalogue price **10c**
63c

POSTPAID FOR ONLY 20c.

A. LOHMEYER,

922 Gilmor Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

WILL PAY LIBERAL PRICE FOR

Imperf. pairs 1c. Prop. 2c. Express, Prop. and Play. C., 10c. Power of A., 40c. Inland. 50c. Entry and Surety, 70c., \$1.30, \$1.60, \$1.90 For. Ex. \$2.50, \$3.50 Inland, \$3.00 Manifest, \$10.00 Charter and Mtg. Part perf. PAIRS, 1c., 3c., 4c. Prop. 3c., 5c. For. Ex. 50c. Life. Perf. PAIRS, 2c. Pr.p. orange, 6c. Prop., \$20.00 Probate; invert heads, second issue, 2c., 5c., 20c., 25c., \$1.00; third issue, \$1.00; 1871 issue, 2c., 4c., Match, 5c. Greenleaf Silk, Maryland wmk. Macklin. Medicine, Ayer liac. Bazin Campion pink uncut, Chase wmk., 4c. Kerr old, 2c. Rose wmk. Schenck REFR. Refer to any dealer.

CLARENCE H. EAGLE, COLLECTOR,
57 BROAD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

OUR 1900

Catalog tickles the Philatelic palate. Its Free for the asking.

U. S. REVENUES in fine condition, Imperforate have large margins.

Prices way down. Cat. price Our

2c Express blue, imperf.....	25	.10
3c Telegraph Green.....	25	.10
5c Playing Card.....	50	.25
5c Proprietary.....	\$1.00	.35
10c Proprietary.....	1.50	.40
50c Foreign Exchange.....	.40	.18
50c Lease.....	.40	.15
50c Probate of Will.....	.75	.35
\$1.00 Conveyance & L. Ins. the two	.30	.10
2.00 Blue and Black, 2nd issue..	.60	.28

They won't last long. U. S. Rev. Catalogued at 35c. Free to two first orders. We will sell you 50 different, all issues 1c to \$1.00 for 25c.

THE MICHIGAN STAMP CO.,
146 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

C. E. W. HOLMES,

STAMP DEALER,

5 Vercheres Ave.,

Montreal.

Stamps Bought, Sold and
Exchanged.

MOUNT ROYAL PHILATELIST.

Subscription, 15c per year.

Add rates:

1 page, 85c. 1 col., 46c. 1 in., 20c.

POUND MIXTURE.

We have one of the finest mixture of U. S. and Foreign Stamps ever put on the market at pound rates. It contains a large percentage of nicely cleaned and soaked stamps, free from paper, etc. The lot was bought from missionaries, and is worth fully 50 cents per 1000.

Our Price, 75c. per pound.

THE STAMP STORE,

Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

U. S. AND FOREIGN.

A FINE THING

for any one to sell to collectors having 2,000 varieties or less. Don't miss it.

DESCRIPTION—There are no envelopes, postal cards, revenues, torn, creased or heavily cancelled stamps in this lot. The Continentals found in all ordinary 500 var. packets are replaced by over 50 vars of S. American and Mexican stamps. 500 ALL DIFFERENT, neatly hinged in approval books each containing 100 stamps.

Guaranteed to Catalogue over \$10. My price \$2.06.

An unused set of 1, 2, 3 and 5c Phillipines on U. S. to the first three purchasers. Your money back if not satisfied. My motto is condition and my approval books (which contain stamps, cut, at 5c or more) will convince you of the fact. Send reference or deposit.

WANTED—Lightly cancelled, well centered copies of all U. S. Colonials in any quantity. Send what you have with price.

WINFRED C. PHILLIPS, Glastonbury, Conn.

TWO PRONOUNCED HITS.

The "Pocket Edition" of my Left Page Stock Book, which is mailed to any address at 15 cents per copy (nearly cost of manufacturing), and The "Stamp Button" made with a genuine stamp and sold at 10c. each or 12c. by mail.

EVERYBODY WANTS THEM.

.27 Mexico, 1874-83, 4, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100c., [Cat. 60 cts.] 7 varieties.

.27 Mexico, 1890-1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 20, 25c., 6 of them unused [Cat. \$1.03.]

25.00 Buys a splendid 2000 variety packet of foreign stamps only.

8.00 Buys a fine packet of 100 different foreign stamps.

4.00 Wolsieffer's Blank Album, 100 leaves or 200 pages. Specimen page for stamp.

P. M. WOLSIEFFER, 75 State St., Chicago.

The Greatest Yet

1000 Varieties Full Count **\$4.25** Every Packet Guaranteed.

No Fiscals, Telegraphs, Cut Postal Cards, or Reprints.

DEALERS

Canada 10c. Maple Leaves, per 100 used.

\$5.75.

Conditions guaranteed.

A. F. PUGH, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

MAKES A FINE PREMIUM

For Publishers or Dealers. What does? Why, our entire unused U. S. Env. 1894, 5c., blue on amber "Die B," Purcell make. Cat. by Scotts 3/4th at 50c. singly 16c. for ten or more 13c each. Orders under 50c. postage extra. Look at my "ad." in last issue.

Persons having large lots of obsolete U. S. (No. 1c. and 2c. after 1890) should send a list of same to me with price. I buy current 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 10c. at 5c. per 100. I take no copies with design cut into by perf., heavily cancelled or damaged.

WINFRED PHILLIPS, Glastonbury, Conn.

4c. for 4 Mos. LARGEST Stamp Monthly of Amer-

ica. CIRCULATION as large as of any founded in 1895. PRICE 25c. year and one free exchange notice. Each number has one or more illustrations of leading Collectors. "Ad." space and subs. exchanged for stamps. Particulars for postage.

Exchange Camera prints and negatives from here to Europe. Return good and more than received.

L. BRODSTONE, Pub.,
Box 60, SUPERIOR, NEB.

Big Attractions

TO PATRONIZE THE NEW STAMP FIRM.

Columbian, 1c-10c.....	10c
15c.....	12c
Omaha, 1c-10c.....	11c
50c.....	30c
\$1.....	75c
U. S., 1869, 1c.....	25c
2c.....	5c
6c.....	25c
1873, 12c.....	20c
1c.....	35c
1890, 1c-90c complete, 14 varieties.....	42c
Justice, 12c, purple.....	\$1 50
Post Office, 10c, black.....	75c
30c, ".....	60c
90c, ".....	\$1 35

Postage extra on all orders under 50c.

The Stamp Store,

Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

Weekly

Stamp Tribune

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAMP COLLECTORS.

Vol II, No. 7. Cleveland, O., February 21, 1900. Price, 3 Cents.

Retail at Wholesale Prices.

Br. Bech 38, 39, 40, new.....	.20
33, 34, 35, used.....	.22
Rhodesia 26, 27, 28, 30, 31 used.....	.30
" 53, 55, 60, used.....	.45
Niger Coast 8, 9, 18, used.....	.50
Zululand 1, 14, 15, used.....	.10
U. S. 1895, \$1.00, used.....	.28
Orange Free States, 1sh, used.....	.06
Canada Jubilee, 50c, used.....	.18
" 1890 50c., used.....	.16

Postage Extra on Orders Under 50c.

T. S. CLARK,

394 Alfred St., Kingston, Ont., Canada.

ODDS AND ENDS.

100 var. including 3 of Japan new issue.....	\$ 0 10
1000 mixed, good for sheets.....	25
4 blank approval books to hold 100 stamps.....	10
10 Canada maps (3 shades).....	10
2 packets, 50 var. in each.....	09
Set Royal Newfoundland issue, 1/2 1, 2, 3, 5.....	20
3 Piso, private proprietary.....	10
1 Johnson & Johnson, 1 Chas. Fletcher, and 1 Piso, Private proprietaries.....	10
150 2 sen Japan, obsolete issue.....	10
100 mixed Canada, many varieties.....	18
200 mixed foreign, good assortment.....	09
Cabot set, unused, complete.....	2 75

R. P. BEARDSLEE,

35 Cutler Street, Cleveland, O.

N. B.—Send for approval sheets and circular of Beardslee's Stamp Exchange.

DIME SETS.

Cheapest List Ever Offered in America.
Order by number.

No.	Country.	No. in Set.	No. Country.	No. in Set.
1	Angola.....	5	13 Cape Verde.....	4
2	Argentine.....	9	14 China.....	4
3	Austria.....	20	15 Colombia.....	7
4	Australia.....	15	16 Corea.....	3
5	Azores.....	5	17 Costa Rica.....	7
6	Bavaria.....	11	18 Cuba.....	9
7	Bosnia.....	5	19 Denmark.....	12
8	Brazil.....	8	20 Dutch Indies.....	8
9	British Guiana.....	5	21 Ecuador.....	7
10	Bulgaria.....	8	22 Egypt.....	8
11	Canada.....	11	23 Finland.....	9
12	Chili.....	8	24 France.....	20

10c. each; 11 for \$1.00; 42 for \$3.75.

Postage extra on orders under 50c.

List continued next week.

W. W. MACLAREN

25 Hough Place, CLEVELAND, O.

A Bargain!

THAT IS A BARGAIN.

One years subscription to the Philatelic Post, (regular sub. price 25 cents) 100 all different stamps, 1000 "Perfect" hinges, 7 really rare stamps, and a whack at that 2,000 variety packet, (the 1462nd subscriber gets it). 25 cents does the trick, but your money back if not perfectly satisfied.

All application for sample copies of the "Post," must be accompanied with two, two cent stamps.

Nunundah Stamp & Pub. Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Set New Cuban Issue, 1c to 10c.....	.35c.
10c Spec. Delivery.....	.18c.
U. S. I. R. Surcharge Inverted.....	.18c.
Surcharged Cuban Envelopes 2c Green on Amber only 3000 Issued, and 2c White, the two.....	.50c.

Above lot \$1.20. M. Order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

W. B. FOZZARD,

West Falmouth, Maine

C. P. S. AUCTION SALE.

The next sale of the Chicago Philatelic Society will be a good one. Have you received the catalogue of it, or do you wish to receive it? Drop me a card and I will see you get it promptly.

.12 Another question; Do you wear one of those popular "Stamp Buttons?" It pays to show your colors and let your fellow collectors know you are one of them. It only costs 12 cents and may bring you that many dollars worth of stamps. One collector turned up a lot of old correspondence with stamps through the medium of a button.

.15 Still another question; Are you using the "Pocket Edition" Stock Book which only costs 15 cents? You don't know what you are missing if you don't carry one in your inside pocket to protect your duplicates from loss and damage. Join the C. P. S. wear a "Button," use a "Pocket Edition" and keep in front.
P. M. WOLSIEFFER, 75 State St., CHICAGO.

BARGAINS.
3 Cuban Stamps.
 Cataloging 41 cents. 1 Pocket Album.
 My Price List For 12c. Post Free.
H. C. CROWELL,
 206 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

100 Varieties of
 Postage Stamps
 Postage 2c. **1c**

Only one to each customer, and order must contain two envelopes addressed to amateur collectors.

U. S. Rev. (new) 1/2c to \$1.00,	Set of 12.....	5c
Roman States.....	" " 14.....	5c
Peru, 1898 complete.....	" " 3.....	6c
Costa Rica, 1889, 1 to 50c.....	" " 6.....	6c
Bavaria Return Letter.....	" " 6.....	2c
No. Borneo, '87-'92, 1c to 10c.....	" " 9.....	18c
100 Approval Sheets, finest made.....		19c
1,000 Quaker Hinges, 8c, 5,000.....		30c

QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

Several London dealers exhibit the U. S. newspaper sets, which were sold by the government last year, with the label: "Don't buy these stamps. They are frauds."

We solicit correspondence with all buyers of stamps to whom we send on approval the finest selection on the market at **Low Prices.** We are always ready to buy good stamps, no trash wanted. This week we offer fine copy

90c U. S. 1869 for only \$12.50

BOSTON STAMP CO.,
 43 MILK STREET, Boston, Mass.
 J. FAVILL CAPRON, Mgr.

The Greatest Yet

1000 Varieties **\$4.25** Every Packet
 Full Count Guaranteed.

No Fiscals, Telegraphs, Cut Postal
 Cards, or Reprints.

DEALERS

Canada 10c, Maple Leaves, per 100 used.

\$5.75.

Conditions guaranteed.

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Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 21, 1900.

No. 7.

LATEST NEWS.

Washington.—The postoffice department will have ready for issue within three months, books of postage stamps. The book will be of convenient size, that it may be carried in the vest pocket, and will be issued in three classes, namely, books of twelve, twenty-four and forty-eight stamps, respectively. The cover will give the postal rates in the United States and foreign countries. Paraffine paper will be used to separate the stamps, so as to prevent adhesion.

The books will be sold at 1 cent advance on the face value of the stamps. Thus the books of twelve stamps will cost 25 cents, those of twenty-four stamps will cost 49 cents, and those of forty-eight stamps will be sold for 97 cents. The cost of the cover to the government is the same regardless of the number of stamps inclosed. For 1,000 books the government will pay \$2, and as they will be sold for \$10 a thousand the profit is easily calculated.

This will be a convenience for those who wish to carry stamps in their pockets and will not interfere with the old fashioned way of buying stamps at wholesale.

Chicago, Ill.—William Moore, arrested in connection with the alleged thefts of postage stamps from the Albert Dickinson Seed Company, was released from cus-

tody when he appeared in the Maxwell street police court. No evidence was heard, but at the request of the prosecution the charges of larceny were dismissed. William Dozier and David Cohen have been held to the grand jury, and Wednesday John Armstrong will be given a hearing.

Armstrong, it is said, systematically robbed the seed company of postage stamps and disposed of them with the aid of the other defendants. The young man, it is alleged, also appropriated a bank check for \$426, but was afraid to cash it. The check finally came back to the company and the arrests followed.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Several European stamp dealers, including one in Leipzig, one in Berlin and one in Paris, have applied to the Twin City Society for the privilege of placing approval lots of stamps on the local sales circuits. The society leaves it to the discretion of the sales superintendent, Mr. Henry Hunt, whether or not such license shall be granted.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The monthly meeting of the Twin City Philatelic Society, held last Thursday evening at the club rooms on Sixth avenue, was unusually well attended, twenty-three members and five visitors being present. President George W. Rode occupied the chair. Letters of resignation were

received from Messrs. William Grabowsky, J. P. Kredel and Henry Heineman. Mr. Ross D. Breniser was elected to membership and several new applications for admission were received and referred to the executive committee. The paper of the evening was read by Mr. John Mesner, Jr., whose subject was "The Stamps of the Olympian Games." Mr. Mesner sketched in an interesting manner the history of the games from the earliest times up to the revival of a few years ago and furnished many valuable details as to the origin of the commemorative issue of stamps and the way in which it ran the gauntlet of the speculators. The secretary reported having received the Boston Philatelic Society's great work on the revenue stamps of the United States, and it was arranged to circulate it among the members in the order in which requests should come in. The proceedings closed with an auction sale in which forty-seven lots were disposed of at remarkable prices, the bidding being spirited from start to finish. Many stamps were bid up very close to catalogue value.

Washington. — Postmaster-General Smith places the loss to the government on second-class matter at over \$20,000,000 for last year. The total deficit of the department for the year is \$6,610,000.

Paris.—At Port Said, on the Suez canal, two provisionals have been issued consisting of the surcharge, 25c on 10c in words and figures, printed in red. The stamps were affixed to letters at the office and not sold to the public.

London.—Affairs in Pretoria are in such condition that the issue of provisionals seems inevitable. According to newspaper advices the supply of ½d and 1d stamps has been for some time completely exhausted.

ALL AROUND THE COMPASS.

AMY L. SWIFT.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when the chase (so to speak) is a false report. The announcement that I was to review for the *Jubilee Philatelist* found place in the columns of the *Advocate* also, and publishers galore are now sending me copies of their productions marked "For review in *J. P.*" In justice to Mr. Holmes I must admit that he evidently had good grounds for his item, for he at once dropped me a line to explain that he received his information direct from J. M. Miner, editor of the journal in question. Another critic remarks that "That was a pretty big fib for a small boy," but what puzzles me most is the reason thereof.

I have just learned that the *Buckeye Philatelist* has given up the struggle for existence, and will be seen among us no more. The publisher isn't very original in his excuse for the sudden discontinuance, as he says it is due to "lack of time," but that is the regular standby sentence trotted forth by every subsiding publisher, so perhaps he felt it was really his duty to make use of it. Sometimes when I hear it I am almost exasperated into starting a paper myself so that I can have the satisfaction of mak-

ing a failure and giving the true rock-bottom reason for it. The *B. P.* had issued only three numbers, but they were all of higher grade than is usual with the majority of new journals, and it bore promise, both in itself and from its publisher, of continuance in well-doing, so that the news of its sudden collapse will come as a surprise to nearly all. Mr. H. A. Chapman, from whom I have the news, says he thinks he "will bottle up" his perforations hereafter; evidently he has come to the conclusion that they are too dangerous a contribution to send any journal, a sort of one-dose-warranted-to-kill concoction. This makes the second journal the article seemed to have a bad effect upon, the other being the *Chicago Philatelist*, while the *Perforator*, in which it first came to life, is held to have suffered a fall from its early high estate. It is funny, but of course merely a coincidence.

A counterfeit stamp is of no more financial value than is a counterfeit greenback, and unless held or given away as a curiosity, it ought to be as promptly and thoroughly destroyed as the law says counterfeit money should be. To advertise a counterfeit stamp for sale, even with a note as to its character, is a proceeding that ought to be decidedly and severely frowned upon by every collector who learns of it, for while there is no fear of a well posted collector being taken in by such an advertisement, it is just possible that some young beginner may buy the thing under the impression that it must be worth buying or it would not be offered for sale. Now we all know that the Great Barrier labels are counterfeits pure and simple, not actually

worth the paper they are printed upon, yet I see that a Canadian firm is advertising them at 15c each, and postage extra at that. The little word "fake" in brackets was included in the notice, but how much warning would that mean to a small boy or beginner? There are too many real stamps in the world for us to take to buying counterfeits, and even if there were not one might as well throw money into the midst of the Pacific as to buy them; it would be just as sensible.

Now that the authorities have decreed that all our current revenue stamps above 10c must be cancelled by three parallel cuts clear through the stamps instead of by pen as hitherto, dealers are urging that purchases be made at once before the "price goes up." For my part I fail to see force in this reasoning; it seems to me that if they were really certain prices on pen-cancelled would advance beyond the present rates they would be more apt to hold back their stock for said advance instead of making extra attempts to dispose of it. Besides this, we know that a great many of the dollar values must have been used which will come on the market later, thus the supply will continue for some time yet, and should be plentiful enough to meet the demands of all who need them. Then again, I do not see why the cut cancellations should be so much less desirable than the other; if done neatly it will not disfigure the specimens as much as the sprawly pen marks did. It is not as though a piece was to be clipped out as the Canadian folks often cancel their revenues. On the whole I have decided to wait awhile for my high

values, and see if it is not cheaper than it would be to buy at present rates.

The daily press is telling a story these days about a tiny letter that recently passed through the mails from Minden, Neb., to a young lady of Anderson, Ind. The envelope seemed to be home-made, and was a little smaller than the common 2c stamp, which covered one side so that the perforations made a nice fringe all around. The other side bore the address. The mail clerks indulged in considerable hilarity over the tiny epistle, and for fear of its being lost in some corner of the mail bag they hunted up a small box for it to travel in, and so sent it along in state to its destination. The sheet within was described as being just four times the size of its envelope, but it held a long chat nevertheless, over four hundred words of writing so tiny that it had to be read by aid of a magnifying glass. Of course it was done as a joke; it is fortunate for everyone, writer, mailing clerks and reader, that letters of such type are not the regular thing, it would take too much time to talk by mail if that style had to be followed in each letter.

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327 Garfield Bldg.,

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THE CHICAGO PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

The 316th regular meeting of the Chicago Philatelic Society was held February 15, 1900, in Room 651 Marquette Bldg.

The meeting was called to order by President Wolsieffer, with ten members and nine visitors attending. Upon ballot, the thirty-nine applicants posted at the last meeting were unanimously elected to membership.

The Governing Board ordered posted two applications for Active and one application for Passive membership. Applications to be voted on at next meeting.

They reinstated as a Passive member Capt. H. H. Bandholtz, whose resignation was accepted at the previous meeting. Mr. W. A. Patterson's membership was changed from Passive to Active.

They appointed Mr. Stan. Zajicek, a Chicago Philatelic expert, Counterfeit Detector and Manager of the "Circulating Sales and Exchange Dep't."

A committee of five was appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society.

The Auction Manager reported that the next C. P. S. auction sale, consisting of over 500 lots, will be held Saturday evening, March 3, at the Tremont House.

The Society's banquet will be held Saturday, March 10. All acceptances must be in the hands of the Secretary by Wednesday, March 7. JOHN J. OESCH,
Secretary.

THE PARCEL POST AND POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

There are two practical additions which will probably be made to the present postal service. Both are in full operation in other countries and their success is undisputed. It is rather curious that while we have no parcels post in our domestic service, we have conventions with several countries for international arrangements of that kind. The first of these was signed by the present postmaster-general and the special German envoy on the 26th of last August, and went into operation on the 1st of last October. It limited the weight in packages to eleven pounds, fixed the rate at 12 cents for each pound or fraction of a pound, and made due provision for the customs declaration and payment. This is the first convention with a European country, but as England, France and others are seeking the same conveniences, the service will become general, especially as this country has also parcel post conventions with several of the South American countries.

Naturally any movement for a parcel post arouses the opposition of the express companies, with whose lucrative business it would more or less interfere. For the same reason the influence that retards the establishment of the postal savings bank system comes from the savings banks. No institutions are better managed, and in none is the average of integrity and safety

higher. They have made a splendid record, and naturally they oppose any government scheme along the same lines. In them are five million depositors who have nearly two billions of dollars to their credit, and they wield an enormous influence.

But there is another side to the question, and it is very well summed up by Mr. Cornelius VanCott, postmaster of New York. He says: "There are thousands upon thousands of hard-working people who are either too far from savings banks to avail themselves of their privileges, or who have no confidence in banks of any kind, and who hoard their savings in some convenient hiding place where they are liable to be robbed, or perhaps even murdered in defense of their own. This dead capital amounts to millions. Not only a great burden of anxiety, it is, moreover, locked up out of the reach of circulation. If the government provided an investment at a low rate of interest, say 2½ per cent., where the question of security would be all in all, it would serve to encourage thrift and better citizenship, and bring millions into circulation. Great Britain has about eight million depositors who have intrusted to their government \$600,000,000. A shilling can be deposited, or stamps can be bought and deposited from a penny upward."

He points out further that there are more than twice as many money order offices as banks and every one of these offices could become a bank. He thinks that the system would not interfere with other banks, but would aid them by keeping the money in circulation. He emphasizes the fact that in France the profit is fully two hundred thousand dollars.—*Saturday Post.*

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EDITORIALS.

The steady growth of THE WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE is a matter of much gratification to its publishers, and of an increase of business to the dealers who advertise with us.

But in order to still further increase our subscription list, and consequently bring better results to our advertisers, we have decided to offer \$100 in prizes to those who are willing to spare a small portion of their leisure time in working for the WEEKLY. We hope by this contest to see our list doubled within a short time, and in order to discourage no one from entering the contest, we have made a special price of only 25 cents for a year's subscription, if submitted by a contestant. As your own subscription may be included, you should send same at once, and notify us that you in-

tend to enter the contest and compete for the prizes.

For full particulars see announcement on last cover page.

Several complaints have been received from subscribers who state that various numbers of the paper have failed to make their appearance. In reply we want to say that a copy of every number is mailed to each subscriber. The wrappers are all addressed and in the hands of the mailing agency by Wednesday noon, who deliver the papers to the postoffice by 6 p. m. of the same day. Thus if any copies fail to reach their destination, the fault is not ours but of the postoffice. In every case where we are notified of the non-receipt of any number, we will promptly mail an extra copy.

We have learned of the coming death of another one of New York's leading stamp papers. We are not at liberty to divulge the name at present, but it will be announced within three or four weeks.

An auction sale is to be held in Cleveland under the auspices of our new firm, The Stamp Store. It will be held in the latter part of March, though the exact date is not known yet. We were informed that the sale is to be catalogued in THE WEEKLY S. T., so all our readers will get a chance to send in their bids for what they may need.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Special to The Weekly S. T.:

One of the best newcomers on our side of the pond is Walter Morley's monthly magazine, christened by its publisher, *Morley's Philatelic Journal*. A. Preston Pearce, one of our ablest philatelic scribes, is the editor, and fills the chair to a nicety. The magazine is unique in the fact that it devotes the best part of its space to the instruction and gratification of the revenue, telegraph and railway stamp collectors. The contents of both the January and February (just out) numbers are head and shoulders above that of any other journal published in the United Kingdom, not in quantity, it is true, but decidedly so in their high grade, and in the authorship of its articles.

Our old friend, the *Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly*, has made its re-appearance very recently. It is fully up to its former excellency, and is being heartily welcomed back by its many friends. Mr. Percy C. Bishop is at the helm, and this should assure it of a safe and prosperous voyage over the often boisterous seas of philatelic journalism.

The London Society is chaperoning the Philatelic War Relief Fund, started among collectors. The committee stand ready to receive contributions of stamps, which will be sold by a prominent auction firm and the proceeds will be devoted to

the general war relief fund. If any of our cousins from "Uncle Samdom" wish to help the good cause, they may send their contributions to the secretaries of any leading English Philatelic Society or to any of the dealers, and the gifts will be duly and thankfully acknowledged.

The new set of English stamps promised us some time ago will not make its appearance till early fall, possibly about August.

The Philatelic Publishing Company, Birmingham, have issued their annual Philatelic Almanac for the year 1900. It consists of 48 pages, and is full of valuable information to the collector who desires to be up to date. Besides a large amount of useful philatelic matter, the almanac contains lists of philatelic societies, journals and new issues of stamps during 1899. Price 4½d. from the publishers.

Before closing his notes, your correspondent cannot refrain from saying a word of praise for THE WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE. The first few numbers completely took him by surprise. He could not imagine how a stamp paper could branch out into the highways of up-to-date journalism, but on second thought he saw the purpose, and highly commends it. Success to THE WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE, may it do a great work for the cause of our fair "Philatelia," and become the leading exponent of our goddess' charms!

Advertise in THE WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE. It will pay you.

CANADIAN NOTES.

The December number of the *Advocate* comes to hand. It is rather late, but makes up with a very fine number, in which I notice that to illustrate any stamp, foreign or local, is a criminal offence. The *Advocate* had to remove its cover design on that account, and the *Era's* Canadian correspondent tells us that Mr. Paxman, publisher of the Canada Stamp Album, has been in trouble for illustrating stamps. The *Montreal Philatelist* will also probably be obliged to not publish in future any illustrations of new issues.

Messrs. Brosseau Bros. are dropping out of the rank of dealers. This is really a loss for Montreal, as Messrs. Brosseau Bros. had an excellent stock. I learn from one of them that they are the happy possessors of one of the old Mauritius. Lately in the *Philatelic Chronicle* I advanced an item which I was not certain of and which caused a good deal of talk, but this time Mr. Brosseau himself told me, so let it be known that it is true.

6c and 8c maple leaves are on sale at the postoffice, and we don't see any more maps.

Another new paper (?) has appeared from Paspébiac, P. Q. Size 2x4½; 4 pages! Ye gods, what next?

Miss Amy Swift has been a little severe, I believe, in her criticism which is given in such a gentle manner in last number. Well, miss, I received the information that you were review editor of the *J. P.* from Mr. Miner, editor of *J. P.*, and so I was not so much to be blamed. After all, I have been so much criticized by my brother writ-

ers about the 12 p. black in possession of Mr. Paterson that I don't venture now to "crow" things I'm not certain of. Thank you, however, for your kind advice.

SOME REPRINTS.

BY JOHN PELTZ.

Although some philatelists may not know it but it is true that the 1850 4c black on blue paper of British Guiana exists in a reprinted condition, both perforated and unperforated. The reprints are also on coarser paper and were printed in lighter colors.

Scott's catalogue states that the reprints of the 1873 2c ultramarine of Peru differ from the originals by the paper, embossing and color. A good way to determine the reprints of the 2c is this: The genuine stamps can be distinguished from the reprints in the ground beneath the liama, which shows several blue dots and dashes, while in the reprints the ground appears solid.

About 1,000,000 copies of the 1873 10c green Republic stamp of Cuba were printed, and somewhat the same number were reprinted. The genuine original copies are very finely engraved, while the reprints show worn specimens of the plates, etc., and therefore an experienced collector can easily determine these stamps for himself.

So many of the stamps of Cuba are reprinted that Scott finds it impossible to list all of these. All the newspaper stamps have been reprinted; these can be distinguished from the originals in that they are not as finely engraved and printed.

The 1849 to 1860 issues of France have been reprinted, and what seems strange is that all of

these stamps are allowed to be used on letters as regular postage stamps. In this case it seems to us that the reprints should properly be termed re-issues, as they are available for postage purposes.

We sincerely wish that some one would come forward and explain to us how we could tell the reprints of the Roman States. Please do!

LUCKIE'S T MAN IN REGIMENT.

I.

"Ho, you beggars, why don't you raise a row and give us a chance o' fightin' an' glory, an' maybe promotion?"

Corporal MacBean shook his fist savagely at the colossal barrier of mountain peaks that barred the horizon, rummaged among his pockets for his tobacco and pipe, and sat himself down to smoke furiously and to think upon the incomparable beauty of Miss Janet Sloane.

Indirectly Miss Sloane was the cause of the remarks with which my story opens, remarks addressed not to the mountains, but to the swarthy, turbulent, throat-cutting crew who inhabited them, for there was, for once in a way, peace upon the northwestern border of India, and Corporal MacBean was thirsting for war and promotion—all for the sake of the bright eyes of Miss Janet Sloane, the daughter and heiress of Sergeant Sloane, of the Sappers.

Miss Sloane was certainly a very pretty girl.

So it happened that many gallant sergeants and privates without number, and even a sergeant-major who possessed house property at home, in distant Woolwich, were all sighing more or less for the love of Janet Sloane.

But Miss Sloane encouraged none of them, but smiled impartially upon them all, protesting all the time that she couldn't a-bear soldiers.

And even to the most hardened and callous warrior a smile from Janet was an experience not easily to be forgotten.

Corporal MacBean was not a recent victim of Janet's wonderful smile. Over six months had elapsed, since he had first fallen under the influence of that fatal smile, but, unlike most of his fellow victims, he had not recovered.

On this particular afternoon he could find no refuge in day dreams, for that very morning he had seen Janet smile with divine sweetness upon the sergeant major; and the thought of that smile, and of the legendary house property at Woolwich, rankled in his bosom.

In this inventory he was ungrateful enough to forget a very important item in his claims upon the attention of Janet Sloane.

"'Alla, Beano!" cried a little voice at his elbow.

Corporal MacBean turned, and the careworn puckers in his bronzed face smoothed out as his gaze met two round blue eyes fixed upon him.

This was the forgotten item—Miss Victoria Donnelly, daughter and sole heiress of Captain Donnelly, the special charge of Miss Sloane, and the darling of the whole garrison at Fort Curzon.

Miss Victoria was just three and a half years old, and was already beginning to develop the faculty of observation to an abnormal extent. She knew every man in the garrison pretty well by name—even the Ghoorkas, whose names were beyond all pronunciation.

She was very much attached to "Beano," as she called Corporal

MacBean, in accordance with the traditions of the garrison, and Beano shared in the popular adoration accorded to this frail, motherless baby.

Beano was always good for a game of horses, and once in harness would toss his head and paw the ground and curvet more nimbly than any real polo pony. Furthermore, he could dress rag dolls better than any other man in the garrison, the regimental tailors not excepted.

"Good afternoon, missie," replied Corporal MacBean in answer to a long, inquiring stare.

"Private Doolan got the toothache," announced Chubby solemnly.

"Has he," missie?" replied the corporal.

"Yeth," lisped Chubby with importance, "I heard the doctor pull it out in the 'othpital juth now. Private Doolan did 'oller!"

"Did he, missie?" inquired Corporal MacBean absently.

He was wondering where Janet Sloane could be, for her little charge had evidently given her the slip during their afternoon walk round the cantonments.

"I don't think Private Doolan 'th a very brave man," continued Chubby judiciously.

"Why not, missie?" asked the corporal.

"You wouldn't holler if you had a tooth out, I know. Nurth said you wouldn't, because you are too brave," added Chubby emphatically.

"Did she, though?"

Corporal MacBean sat up with sudden interest.

"When did she say that, missie?" he added, his face growing pale under the tan.

"When Private Doolan said, 'Yow, yow, yow!' And I asked her if you would 'oller like that."

"Did she, though, now!" said Corporal MacBean with animation. "D' you know what I am going to make for you missie?"

"A wockin'-'orse?" inquired Miss Victoria affably, as she squatted down comfortably by his side.

"Better than that. A whole bloomin' Noah's ark, full of lions an' tigers an' camels an' cows an' jackals. An' then there'll be Shem, 'Am, and Jacob, in green hats an' yellow breeches"—

"An' red coaths!" interposed Chubby breathlessly. Of course they'd have red coaths if they were in the service. Then there'd be yabbith"—

"Of course there'd be rabbits, missie, with long ears"—

"Like some other donkeys I know of—leading that child away when I'm looking for her every where, thinking that some o' those gun-stealing heathens from over the border had gone and got hold of her! It's ashamed o' ye I am, Misther Corporal MacBean!" interrupted a clear voice from the crest of the rampart.

II.

Corporal MacBean sprang to his feet like a shot. Then he saluted and blushed down to his heels, for there stood Miss Janet Sloane, in all the glory of her white-stringed bonnet, regarding him with a none too friendly look in her fine eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sloane," said Corporal MacBean humbly and ponderously. "I was not aware that you were in any anxiety about Miss Victoria, or I would have brought her to you at once. I was just telling missie that I was going to make her a Noah's ark."

"A nice Noah's ark you'd make!" remarked Miss Janet with scorn. "I wonder you don't try and improve your mind, instead of loafing about, reading a lot of trashy novels, and putting ideas into that child's head!"

The rank injustice of this charge reduced Corporal MacBean to the dumb silence of utter astonishment.

"You are unkind, nurth," piped Chubby's little voice. "An' you told me that Corporal MacBean was so brave an' good only just now when Private Doolan holered."

"Hold your tongue, miss, and come along o' me at once!" cried Miss Sloane, blushing furiously, and seizing Chubby's arm. "Don't I keep telling you that no good 'll come of you always talking to a parcel o' nasty common soldiers, learning their bad manners and their impudence? I wish you a very good afternoon, Corporal MacBean," she added. "And I'll trouble you not to go asking sneaking questions of a poor little innocent child about people who don't want to have anything to do with the likes of you! A corporal, indeed!"

Janet snorted indignantly as she disappeared down the other slope of the rampart. And Corporal MacBean sat down again to despair, for he did not understand women. One thing, he decided, he must distinguish himself soon, that he might have an opportunity of asking Miss Sloane to share his lot as a sergeant.

The opportunity came a few nights afterward. A half-hour or so before dawn three shots rang out. Then a sentry was found lying curled up on the ground, with a

long Afghan knife through his shoulder.

"More rifles stolen!" suggested those who came running up. The garrison of Fort Curzon were well accustomed to night visits from the well-greased and slippery rifle thieves from the hills.

But the word soon passed that something more precious than rifles had gone this time.

Chubby was missing.

Then it was remembered how vengeance deep and dire had been sworn against Captain Donnelly, in that he had procured expatriation to the Andaman Islands for the last pair of rifle thieves who had been captured within the confines of Fort Curzon.

The bugles blared out the "boot and saddle." Corporal MacBean heard a scream from Janet that cut through his heart like a knife. A red mist shut across his eyes, and he rode like a madman toward the mountains ahead, losing all sense of time in the heat of the wildly galloping hoofs. The best horse in the garrison was his.

The dawn broke in a swimming mist of blue gray. Then the distant mountain tops grew pink, and Corporal MacBean rode on with his eyes fixed on a cloud of dust a mile ahead.

There were four of them. One, two, three, four, he counted. Then he remembered that he was unarmed.

A rock defile opened around him as he drew steadily up to the group of horsemen that galloped wildly ahead of him. One of these turned in his saddle, and a shot came whistling back. Then they all drew rein, and the corporal's heart beat thick and fast as he saw a white patch drop from the saddle bow of the leader.

It was Chubby, unharmed; for she ran a little way, then paused and perched herself on a small boulder.

The horse beneath him thundered on. He saw the horsemen draw together, while four rifles were leveled at his breast. A spurt of flame, a sharp whistling about his ears, and he was upon them. One horse rolled over before him as he crashed into the group and felt his outstretched hand grip the beard and jaw of the man he had marked. There was a sharp jerk. His knees tightened on the saddle with a grip that twisted the muscles of his thighs to writhing knots of red-hot iron. He heard a crash behind him, and saw that his right fist gripped a handful of dark hair. He reined his horse upon its haunches and turned again. Two men lay on the ground very still, and a small voice cried from a neighboring boulder: "Go it, Beano!"

The other two men had dismounted and were crouching behind a boulder, which quickly sent forth two jets of flame, seemingly emptying MacBean's saddle. He had fallen on the body of one of the men who lay so still, and his enemies arose as they saw his body twitch. Corporal MacBean was simulating the last agonies of death as he slipped one of the scattered cartridges into the breech of his fallen foe's rifle. Two knives snicked out of their sheaths as his adversaries ran toward him. Then the corporal, cuddling his rifle between his knees, Bisley fashion, sighted and fired. The right-hand man toppled and fell, while the other doubled and ran just 300 yards before the pursuing bullet took him between the shoulder blades, so that his soul

went out in one great cough.

Then MacBean ran and picked up the little white figure that danced excitedly on the boulder, straining her to his broad chest in a paroxysm of relief.

"I was fwightened a little bit until I saw you coming," admitted Chubby, "but I didn't oller. What makes you shake so, Beano? Are you cold, too?"

"It's a bit chilly, missie, isn't it?" said the corporal, as he wrapped her in his jacket and carried her to his horse.

"What's the matter with those naughty men?" added Chubby. "They've gone to sleep."

"Yes, missie; they're very tired through being up so early," answered the corporal grimly. "Now, you go to sleep, too, while we ride back and find Janet."

"Why do you keep on kissing Beano?" asked Chubby of Janet, ever so long after they had found her.—*London Answers*.

"I wish I was a great big pudding mamma," said little 3-year-old Margie. "Why do you wish that?" asked the mother. "'Cause," replied the observing miss, "then I would get lots and lots of sugar put into me."

Subscribe to THE WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE. You should read it every week, as it the best paper of its kind.

DESIRABLE, BUT CHEAP.

Cuba on U. S. 1, 2, 2½, 3, 5 and 10c the set.....	75c
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All in fine condition. Orders under 50c postage extra. Approval books for reference.

WINFRED PHILLIPS,

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OUR 1900

Cata'og tickles the Philatelic palate. Its Free for the asking.

U. S. REVENUES in fine condition, Imperforate have large margins.

Prices way down. Cat. price Our

2c Express blue, imperf.....	.25	.10
3c Telegraph Green.....	.25	.10
3c Playing Card.....	.30	.25
5c Proprietary.....	\$1.00	.35
10c Proprietary.....	1.50	.40
50c Foreign Exchange.....	.40	.18
50c Lease.....	.40	.15
50c Probate of Will.....	.75	.35
\$1.00 Conveyance & L. Ins. the two	.30	.10
2 00 Blue and Black, 2nd issue...	.60	.28

They won't last long. U. S. Rev. Catalogued at 35c. Free to two first orders. We will sell you 50 different, all issues 1c to \$1 00 for 25c.

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146 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

FOR ADVANCED COLLECTORS.

Canada Jubilee, \$2 used, well cent.....	\$1 25
Canada Jubilee, \$4 used, well cent.....	2 25
Canada Jubilee, \$5 used, well cent.....	2 50
The 3 for.....	5 00
U. S. 1851, 12c. black, fine, used.....	1 00
U. S. 1851, 12c. black, unsevered pair	
U. S. 1851, 12c., magnificent unused horizontal pair, catalogued at \$20 each, the pair for.....	17 50
U. S. 1851, same, single.....	7 50
U. S. 1855, 90c. fine, unused, no gum.....	12 50
U. S. 1861, 12c., magnificent strip of 4, used, rare.....	2 00
U. S. '61, 12c. pair on part o. c., light gray, rare.....	2 00
U. S. 1861, 12c pair on part o. c., black	
U. S. 1861, 12c. pair on part u. c., intense black.....	75
U. S. 1861, 24c., various shades, each.....	30

EBOLIVAR.

Scott's No. 57, 10c. red, not catalogued—diagonal half used as 5c., on entire original, either half, \$2; both for \$3.50.

A handsome celluloid stamp safe free with each order over 50c.

FOR BEGINNERS.

34 unused, mint condition..... \$0 25
Including, Camerouns, Soudan, Madagascar, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Guedeloupe, Diego Suarez, Martinique, Cochin China, India, Anjouan, Benin, Reunion, French China, Guiana, Ivory Coast, Mayotte, Obock, Senegal, etc. Price 25c.

Postage | 265 Halsey St. **GEO. J. CARTER.**
Extra | Brooklyn, N. Y.

4c. for 4 Mos. **LARGEST** Stamp Monthly of Amer-

ica. CIRCULATION as large as of any founded in 1895. PRICE 25c. year and one free exchange notice. Each number has one or more illustrations of leading Collectors. "Ad" space and subs. exchanged for stamps. Particulars for postage. Exchange Camera prints and negatives from here to Europe. Return good and more than received.

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Box 60, SUPERIOR, NEB.

DIDN'T FILL THE BILL.

"Here's a poem on 'Our Daily Bread.'"

"Can't use it. What we want on our daily bread is butter."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

2c. Red Brown (Error) Envelopes.

These envelopes have been chronicled "2c. dark claret on white" and "2c. brown on white." The history of these envelopes and a copy of the official letter stating why these envelopes were not printed in carmine, and the cause of the red brown (error in color) will be sent with each of these envelopes.

I have secured a few of these envelopes and offer them for

\$2.00 EACH.

This price is very moderate, considering the small quantity which are known to exist. Please remit by bills or P. O. M. order and not by unused stamps.

C. F. ROTHFUCHS,

3118 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

POUND MIXTURE.

We have one of the finest mixture of U. S. and Foreign Stamps ever put on the market at pound rates. It contains a large percentage of nicely cleaned and soaked stamps, free from paper, etc. The lot was bought from missionaries, and is worth fully 50 cents per 1000.

Our Price, 75c. per pound.

THE STAMP STORE,

Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

U. S. AND FOREIGN.

FREE. \$100 IN GOLD! FREE.

In order to increase the circulation of

☞☞☞ **The** ☞☞☞

Weekly Stamp Tribune

The Publishers will give **One Hundred Dollars** to those who are willing to work for the weekly.

THE MONEY TO BE DISTRIBUTED AS FOLLOWS:

\$30 To the contestant getting the largest number of subscribers to the **Weekly**; the winner of this prize to secure not less than One Hundred subscribers.

\$20 To the contestant getting the second largest number of subscribers; the winner to secure not less than Seventy-five subscribers.

\$15 To the contestant getting the third largest number of subscribers; the winner to secure not less than Fifty subscribers.

\$10 To the contestant getting the fourth largest number of subscribers; the winner to secure not less than thirty subscribers.

\$5 Each to the **two** contestants getting the fifth and sixth largest number of subscribers.

\$2 Each to the **five** contestants securing the next largest list of subscribers; and

\$1 Each to the **five** contestants securing the next largest lists of subscribers.

SPECIAL.

All subscriptions entered in this contest will be accepted at

25 Cents per Year.

Send all subscriptions and 25c to pay for each as soon as secured, and you will be duly credited with them as fast as they arrive.

Get to work at once and **Win One of These Grand Prizes.**

Date on which contest closes will be announced later.

The Stamp Tribune Publishing Co.,

327 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Weekly

Stamp Tribune

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAMP COLLECTORS.

Vol II, No. 8. Cleveland, O., February 28, 1900. Price, 3 Cents.

More Retail at Wholesale Prices.

Canada Jubilee 50c.....	.18
" 1890 50c.....	.16
" 1859 17c.....	.65
" " 124c.....	.18
Newfd. 1867 1c br. lilac.....	.70
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" " 5c " ".....	.25
Canada 1897 5c 6c 8c 10c maples.....	.16
" 1898 5c 6c 8c 10c numerals.....	.12
Postage extra.	

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Kingston, Ont. Canada.

ODDS AND ENDS.

100 var. including 3 of Japan new issue.....	\$ 0 10
1000 mixed, good for sheets.....	.25
4 blank approval books to hold 100 stamps.....	.10
10 Canada maps (3 shades).....	.10
2 packets, 50 var. in each.....	.09
Set Royal Newfoundland issue, 1/4 1, 2, 3, 5.....	.20
3 Piso, private proprietary.....	.10
1 Johnson & Johnson, 1 Chas. Fletcher, and 1 Piso, private proprietaries.....	.10
150 2 cen Japan, obsolete issue.....	.10
100 mixed Canada, many varieties.....	.18
200 mixed foreign, good assortment.....	.09
Cabot set, unused, complete.....	2 75

R. P. BEARDSLEE.

35 Cutler Street, Cleveland, O.

N. B.—Send for approval sheets and circular of Beardslee's Stamp Exchange.

DIME SETS.

Cheapest List Ever Offered in America.
Order by number.

No.	Country.	No. in Set.	No.	Country.	No. in Set.
25	French Colonies.....	7	37	Japan.....	12
26	Germany.....	20	38	Luxemburg.....	8
27	Greece.....	9	39	Macao.....	6
28	Great Britain.....	15	40	Mauritius.....	5
29	Guatemala.....	5	41	Mexico.....	10
30	Guadeloupe.....	5	42	Monaco.....	5
31	Honduras.....	6	43	Natal.....	4
32	Hungary.....	13	44	Netherlands.....	18
33	Iceland.....	4	45	Netherl'ds, unop'd.....	6
34	India.....	10	46	Newfoundland.....	5
35	Italy.....	18	47	Nicaragua.....	6
36	Jamaica.....	6	48	Norway.....	14

10c. each; 11 for \$1.00; 42 for \$3.75.

Postage extra on orders under 50c.

List continued next week.

W. W. MACLAREN
25 Hough Place, CLEVELAND, O.

* A Bargain! *

THAT IS A BARGAIN.

One years subscription to the Philatelic Post, (regular sub, price 25 cents) 100 all different stamps, 1000 "Perfect" hinges, 7 really rare stamps, and a whack at that 2,000 variety packet, (the 1402nd subscriber gets it). 25 cents does the trick, but your money back if not perfectly satisfied.

All application for sample copies of the "Post," must be accompanied with two, two cent stamps.

Nunundah Stamp & Pub. Co.,
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Set New Cuban Issue, 1c to 10c.....	.35c
10c Spec. Delivery.....	.18c.
U. S. I. R. Surcharge Inverted.....	.18c.
Surcharged Cuban Envelopes 2c Green on Amber only 3000 Issued, and 2c White, the two.....	.50c.

Above lot \$1.20. M. Order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Wm. B. FOZZARD,

West Falmouth, Maine

BOOMING THE C. P. S.

Yes, the Chicago Philatelic Society is booming, because the members have made up their minds to hustle, and they are hustling. Any stamp collector can get many benefits by joining the C. P. S. If you are interested drop me a card for explanatory pamphlet published by the society.

.15 While booming the C. P. S. is strictly in our line, we are also booming the "Pocket Edition" Stock books at 15 cts each, [about cost of manufacture]; no trade rate.

.12 The "Stamp Buttons" are the sensation of the year, only 12 cts. No space to spare to tell about their value. Order one, wear it awhile, and you may make discoveries; 50 cts. per dozen to the trade.

P. M. Wolsieffer, 75 State Street, Chicago.

FREE. \$100 IN GOLD! FREE.

In order to increase the circulation of

*** The ***

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The Stamp Tribune Publishing Co.,

327 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Weekly Stamp Tribune.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 28, 1900.

No. 8.

LATEST NEWS.

Washington. — More postage stamps were issued last month than during any other month in the history of the postal service of the United States. Compared with the issue of the same month a decade ago, the sale of stamps shows an increase of 94 per cent. Last month the sales amounted to \$9,105,116, as against \$4,716,650 for January, 1890. The number of stamps issued indicates the enormous growth of the postal service of the country. Last month there were issued 467,048,545 of all denominations; ten years ago the record shows only 239,702,240.

London.—George W. Beavers, chief of the salaries and allowance division of the United States post-office department, has completed his investigation of the English postal system, and left to-day for Paris, where he is to institute the American postal station at the exposition. "England's postal service," he said "is better than that of the United States, in so far as London is concerned. The delivery of mail in this city, I find, is more expeditious than in Chicago or New York, a fact due to the larger number of clerks and carriers employed here. We need about 25 per cent. more employes to make the American service in the large centers of population what it ought to be. Our rural delivery, on the other hand, is much better than that in England. The postoffice de-

partment here concentrates its resources for London's benefit while all the mail for the small towns is sent to the district distributing office; whereas, in the United States we send all mail direct to its destination. I am compelled to say that, judging from what I have seen, some American postoffice employes do as much before 9 o'clock in the morning as British employes of the same grade do all day."

Washington.—Major Rathbone, in his report on Cuban postal affairs, recommends the addition of 15 and 50-cent stamps to the current Cuban issue, and as Guam and the Philippines already have these values, the suggestion will, no doubt, be adopted.

Lisbon, Portugal. — Portugal's Vasco da Gama commemorative stamps have turned out a dead failure, a speculation. The printing of the stamps and cards cost 63,900,000 reis (\$50,000) and the sale yielded only 63,400,000 reis, making a deficit of 500,000 reis (\$4,000).

Williamsville, Mass.—Mr. Wm. B. Hall, the stamp drummer, in a lot of Iceland stamps just imported direct, get a new denomination, viz.: a 4 aur, prettily bi-colored in gray and pink. This and 5, 16 and also 50 aur official are coming in the new perforation.

New Brunswick, N. J.—Mr. W. B. Hall, the well-known stamp

drummer, spent Washington's birthday in town. His enormous stock of stamps was somewhat reduced during his stay, while his bank account enlarged accordingly.

San Francisco, Cal.—Japan has established postoffices at Soochow, Hangehow, Sashe and Amoy, in China; and at Mokpo, in Korea.

Berlin.—A German stamp dealer was the successful bidder on the Philippine remainders recently sold at auction. The price paid is said to have been over 200,000 marks.

New York.—Nicaragua's new set of stamps for 1900 is making its appearance. It consists of 38 stamps—30 postage and 8 telegraphs. The stamps are very handsome.

SCRATCHINGS.

BY M. A. BELL.

When Jumbo was struck and killed by a railroad engine at London, Ontario, in 1885, P. T. Barnum at once telegraphed to Professor Ward, a taxidermist of Rochester, N. Y., to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant.

A Mr. Smith, who worked under Prof. Ward, says:

"It took us five hours to remove the skin and then we worked hard for fifteen hours more cutting the flesh from the bones. It was the hardest days work that I ever did, but we were well paid, getting a dollar an hour.

"In Jumbo's stomach we found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There was about a peck of stones as large as hens' eggs, and a collection of coins in

which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence and farthings, and American half-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides these there were a large number of bad car seals, and even an English policeman's whistle. Jumbo was evidently an active coin collector. Too bad he was not just as fond of stamps."

One of the best of the newer papers is the *Buckeye Philatelist*. We have no other reason for mentioning this except our natural admiration for the same and a desire to call the attention of others to this rising monthly.

One of our prominent stamp journals is advertising the "Life of Mr. Moody." Next in order will be "Bibles."

An excellent article on the postal service appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* for February 10th.

The February *Montreal Philatelist* contains a letter from R. C. Bach in which he thanks all his friends in the United States and Canada for their kind letters and is thankful all have not turned against him on account of that G. B. Is. affair. He promises when he gets back to refund every cent, and then says it is not much anyway. In my mind he admits his guilt in this letter, but is ready to atone for any wrong he has committed.

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS.

Auntie.—Where is the money you had saved up last week?

Tommy.—Father said I was to save it up for a rainy day. It was a rainy day yesterday, and so I spent it.—*Til-Bits*.

THE GREATEST BUSINESS OF THE WORLD.

The growth of postage in this country is amazing. In 1800 there were 903 postoffices, 20,817 miles of mail routes, and revenues of \$280,804. To-day the postoffices number over 70,000. There are nearly half a million miles of mail routes, and to use the words of the president's message, "the expenditures and the revenues will much exceed one hundred millions during the current year." The last congress was obliged to increase the postal appropriations sixteen millions of dollars, and it is more than likely that the present congress will have to add millions more to these extraordinary figures. The growth of the postal work goes on, and so far this year is ahead of all previous periods.

The postal service of the United States is the greatest business concern of the world. In the course of a year it handles from four to five billion pieces of matter—over 50 per cent. more than the postal service of Great Britain—about 100 per cent. more than the postal service of Germany, and over 100 per cent. more than the postal service of France. There are two reasons why it is not self-supporting: It does an enormous business for the government and its departments, and for congress and the different branches of the service, for which it does not receive a penny. The franking privilege which was voted to the presidents as an exceptional honor one hundred years ago, is now exercised by thousands of congressmen and officeholders, and the result is tens of thousands of tons of mail matter carried free.

But even with this gratuitous ser-

vice the department might show a profit were it not for the fact that it loses a great deal of money on certain classes of mail which it carries. Mr. E. C. Madden, third assistant postmaster-general, declares that a proper classification last year would have made an increase of fourteen millions in the revenues of the department, and the president in his message stated that if the wrong exercise of the privilege of the pound rate could have been corrected there would have been last year, instead of a deficit of \$6,610,000, a surplus on one basis of \$17,637,570, and on another of \$5,733,836. Postmaster-General Smith places the loss on second-class matter at over \$20,000,000 a year. Thus we see that instead of losing money the department could be earning a very great profit.—*Saturday Post*.

SYMPATHY.

Mrs. Greaves.—Herbert suffered dreadfully yesterday morning from shooting pains.

Mrs. Cutter (who does not love Mrs. Greaves, sweetly).—What a shame! Mr. Cutting mentioned that he saw him last night "half shot."—*N. Y. World*.

Johnny, aged 6, is a wise son who not only knows his own father, but his uncle as well. "Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your Uncle Tom can do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "Two hours," answered Johnny, "including the time they wasted in arguing about how it should be done."—*Chicago Daily News*.

OF INTEREST TO ALL.

INSUPERABILIS.

Some one is slowly but surely circulating counterfeited surcharges of the 3c numeral and maple leaf issues of Canada. I had correspondence from a person in Toronto who signed as J. R. Bracebridge, asking me if I would offer him 50c per 100 for the Canadian surcharges evenly mixed. His writing, etc., indicated that he was from "way back." I agreed to that price, and three days later received a consignment of 1,000 surcharges. They were undoubtedly counterfeits, apparently being done with a rubber stamp. They can be easily detected as there is no vertical stroke on the tail of the 2. I returned the stamps asking how much he wanted to surcharge 3c maple leaf and numerals per 100.

It is very disgusting to receive every day a number of new papers as sample copies. The example shown by Messrs. J. C. Morgenthau & Co., of New York, withdrawing the postoffice is a good one, but it would have benefited philately much more if two or three little papers dropped out of the race. The better class of dealers should not advertise in these papers and so support them. If this was followed out the number of insignificant little monthlies would quickly diminish.

The WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE once visited the Y. M. C. A. here. It was an object of curiosity to some who never took any interest in stamps, and by those who did every word was devoured with avidity. We see very few philatelic papers at the Y. M. C. A. here, but when they do come they stimulate philatelic interest greatly. Come again!

A large collection of over 8,000 varieties changed hands the other day for a sum between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Neither the buyer or seller will give any information on that point. It contained many rare stamps. Canada was complete excluding minor varieties. There was also a splendid showing in United States. There were none of the common continentals or 1, 2, 3c stamps in it. It is said to have cost the previous owner but \$1,500, so that he has a pecuniary gain as well as all the pleasure he must have derived from it.

One non-collector said to me the other day: "I don't see what you stamp fiends see in stamps." "Well," I replied, "there is a fascination about them that holds us to them." And I showed him a couple sets; one was the 1898-99 set of Hayti, and the other was 1894 set of Congo. When he saw them he said: "Say, they are pretty; what will you take for them?" I sold them to him, and he has taken up collecting. Of course I warned him not to buy every pretty stamp and gave him a few hints. He will, I am sure, soon know a few pointers about stamps.

THE STAMP TRIBUNE,

VOL. I COMPLETE.

Price 65 Cents.

Prices on single numbers quoted on receipt of want list and return postage.

The Stamp Tribune Pub. Co.

327 Garfield Bldg.,

Cleveland, O.

THE CONDITION CRANK.

 BY JOHN PELTZ.

There are many collectors of stamps who collect them in different ways. Some devote themselves entirely to one branch, collecting adhesives, or entire envelopes only, etc. And there are many collectors who are satisfied with any stamp, even if it is damaged a little, such as small corner missing, a perforation gone, etc., as long as it is a stamp. There are the happy-go-lucky collectors of stamps who are easily satisfied, and with whom dealers are glad to trade. But there are others: the condition crank collector, as he has been called, and it is he who causes dealers lots of trouble, because he invariably wants everything in the pink of perfection at 50 to 75 per cent. off current catalogue prices. But dealers cannot give such an enormous discount on perfect stamps because if they do they lose money in the transactions. This condition question has led to the inevitable but natural result that many dealers are selling stamps in two classes, fine and poor; charging more for the first class, since, in most cases, these are really scarce, and therefore not so easy to obtain, and it is all right and perfectly proper for dealers to sell them at a higher price than poor specimens, but it is strange that the condition crank collector is not willing to pay

for this extra charge on fine over poor stamps.

Mexican stamps are not much in demand at present, but when they will be the condition crank will have a hard time of it, for here, in nearly every issue, the stamps are poorly printed, perforated, etc.

The Scott Stamp Co. should price stamps in poor condition and in fine condition separately, and if they did it would put philately on a surer and firmer basis than ever, since both dealer and collector would be benefited thereby.

HAS QUEER DUTIES.

One of the oldest clerks in the postal service, and probably the oldest in New York city, is a deaf mute—Gustave Fersenheim, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday and the thirtieth anniversary of his service in the government employ. The mute's particular duty is to feed the drove of cats in the federal building. In this he takes a special delight, and every day for years his peculiar call is heard at the noon hour.

Then the cats assemble in the basement of the building. Fersenheim cuts meat up into thin slices and scatters them on the floor. A pan of water and more than a gallon of milk are also on the floor, and the entire repast is devoured in less than ten minutes.

A special allowance is made by Uncle Sam for the provisions for the cats.

Weekly Stamp Tribune,

PUBLISHED EACH WEDNESDAY BY

THE STAMP TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

327 Garfield Bldg.

Cleveland, O.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Within U. S., Canada and Mexico, 50c. per annum.
To all other countries,..... \$1.00 per annum.

Advertising Rates,..... 10c. per agate line.
Special Rates on Contracts of 500 to 2000 lines.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS:

Wm. B. Hale, "The Stamp Drummer,"
A. L. Scoger, Pacific Coast. C. E. A. Holmes, Canada
M. Tausig, New York and Foreign Countries.

Address all communications, and make all check
drafts and money orders payable to The Stamp
Tribune Pub. Co., Cleveland, O.

We should be pleased to exchange with all first-
class papers. Send ONE copy to Wm. M. Verbeck,
Ballston Spa, N. Y., and TWO to the publishers.

Vol. II. FEBRUARY 28, 1900. No. 8.

EDITORIALS.

And still they come. Testimonials from our advertisers reach us almost daily. Here are a few:

Flagler, Ia., Feb. 24, 1900.

Gentlemen:—I was surprised at the returns I received from my last ad in your valuable paper. I am well pleased, and will say that if anyone wants to advertise in a paper that brings results, just try the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE. * *

L. H. Reed.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 22, 1900.

Gentlemen:—Our ad of recent date in your paper has more than pleased us. The results are literally beyond our expectations, being far better than those from all the other papers combined.

Forest Stamp Co.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 22, 1900.

My ad in the WEEKLY S. T. has

paid me much better than I even expected it to do. I get several answers daily, and am naturally very much pleased.

R. P. Beardslee.

We have received catalogue of Bogert & Durgin Co.'s 139th sale, to be held at Philadelphia March 16 and 17, 1900. The sale comprises 1,012 lots of which about one-fourth are of U. S. Several scarcities are included.

From Kansas City, Mo., comes the news of a new stamp paper. It is to be known as "*Grant's Monthly Philatelist*," and is promised by May 1st, 1900. If the publisher's promises are to be given a literal acceptance the newcomer will be a hummer. The subscription price is 50 cents, and if price counts for anything the magazine should be one of the best monthlies in the field. Since the demise of the New York "*Stamps*" there is room for such a paper, and we trust that Mr. Grant will amply satisfy us.

EASY FOR A WOMAN.

Braggles.—I know a woman who had twins and one of them was five months older than the other.

Miss Ingenue.—How perfectly absurd! Twins have to be born at the same time.

Braggles (with a superior air)—Yes; but they don't have to die at the same time.—*N. Y. World*.

TWO LETTERS.

The picture was a decidedly pretty one—there was a sloping lawn leading down to the river Thames. An old-fashioned house with gabled roof and French windows, stood in the background. The windows were all open, for the day was a hot one in July. By one of them a girl stood in a white dress, with a crimson rose fastened into her belt. She was a pretty girl, with rippling black hair, a rich complexion, and fine sparkling eyes. She stood leaning against the window sill. She was impervious to the beauty of the landscape at the moment. Her eyes were lowered; she was reading a letter. The letter was on thick paper. The handwriting was large. Four sides of the paper were covered, but four sides of that paper in that special handwriting need not contain a great deal. The girl, however, found a deeper color coming into her face as she read. She was scarcely an instant devouring the words, then the letter fell from her hands to the grass at her feet. A little terrier came up and began to worry it. She did not notice him; she was looking intently out over the summer scene: her eyes had a troubled, wistful, puzzled expression in them.

"It's awful to think of the two letters coming the same day," she said to herself. "Of course, I know what this letter contains." Here she looked down at an unopened envelope which she was holding firmly clasped in her right hand. She hesitated as she glanced at it, and with an effort she took the second letter out of its cover and read the following words:

"Dear Margot: For God's sake, don't give yourself to that other fel-

low because he is rich. You know perfectly well that I love you to distraction. Yours,

"Robt. Cecil."

"Margot, Margot," shouted a gay voice. Some little steps were heard on the gravel, and a girl of 11 or 12 years of age, with a quantity of hair falling over her shoulders, ran around the house and up to Margot's side.

"Sir Peter Ansell is coming down the avenue, Margot—he is driving his mail phaeton tandem, and it's perfectly splendid to see him. Why, how funny you look, and what is that letter which Gip is worrying! Oh, Margot, it's in Sir Peter's handwriting."

"Pick up all the bits, Polly, do, do," exclaimed the elder girl. "Oh, you wicked Gip, what a nuisance you are. Why, I had scarcely read the letter, and—and"—

"Was it very important?" asked Polly, who was down on her knees helping to collect the scattered fragments.

"Oh, I suppose so; well, it does not matter. Is Sir Peter coming round here, Polly? Do I look all right?"

"You look splendid," said Polly, with emphasis. "Of course he's coming round here. It's you he has come to visit—we all know what he wants. Oh, Margot, do say yes to him. I do want to drive a tandem so dreadfully, and Bob said, this morning, he was going to get a pony first thing out of that old beggar of an Ansell, see if he wasn't. You have got to say yes, and see that you do. Oh, what letter is that you are crushing in your hand?"

"Nothing—nobody's letter," said Margot, incoherently. "How do you do, Sir Peter?" She held out

her hand to a stout, florid-looking man who now approached.

"Well, I thought I'd come over to make sure of seeing you early," he said. "I knew you'd be about reading my letter now, and I thought I'd strike while the iron was hot."

And here he looked significantly at Polly, who thought it best to make herself scarce.

All the color had fled from Margot's face. It was perfectly white—her eyes had the expression of a creature caught in a trap.

Sir Peter Ansel, however, was not a keen observer of human nature. If he noticed anything in Margot Forrester's face, he set her emotion down to the delight with which she had received his offer of marriage.

"Well, Margot," he said, "you have read my letter, and, of course, it's to be yes, isn't it?—you do love me a little bit, don't you?"

"Yes, I like you," said Margot, making a desperate effort.

"Well, that's pleasant to hear—you can easily change like into love, now can't you?"

Margot thought of Bob, who wanted good schooling; of Polly, who was running wild, without any choice of growing up as a young lady should; of her father, who was over head in debt, and of her mother, who had been worried straight out of this world by money cares.

She shut away the picture of the man who had sent her the other letter. "After all," she said to herself, "what does one girl's life matter? Sir Peter is a millionaire, and he can save us all. Yes, I'll marry him."

She turned her face toward the

burly countenance of her lover, and said bravely:

"You are very kind to me, and I suppose I'll love you in time."

"Yes, that you shall, and pretty soon, too," he answered. "Now, give me a kiss, Margot."

Margot held up her cheek—Sir Peter put his arm around her and kissed her several times.

The rest of the day passed in a sort of dream. There was excitement and delight in the Forrester household. Margot was kissed, blessed and congratulated by every soul in the place. Sir Peter had a long and eminently satisfactory interview with Mr. Forrester. Margot wondered how she was ever to go through with it. That other letter seemed to burn a hole in her pocket. She felt it wherever she went to drag her down as if with a sort of weight.

"You know perfectly well that I love you to distraction."

This sentence kept repeating itself over and over in her disturbed mind.

Sir Peter was coming back to late dinner, and special preparations were being made in his honor. Mr. Forrester was uncorking some of his latest good Burgundy—Polly was filling all the vases with fresh flowers. There was a festive air over everything.

Dinner was to be at half-past seven.

At half-past six, Margot put on her hat and went out. The great heat of the day was tempered now by a gentle breeze. Margot meant to give herself half an hour of solitude. She meant during that half-hour to read Cecil's letter, and then tear it into tiny fragments. When the letter was torn up, perhaps that tiresome sentence, "You know I

love you to distraction," would cease to haunt her.

She went down to the bank of the river, and seating herself under a tree took out the letter.

She had scarcely done so before a manly voice shouted her name. There was the dip of oars, and the gentle swish of a boat being propelled rapidly forward. Cecil, in boating costume, pulled up under the tree where Margot was sitting. In a moment he had jumped out, secured the boat, and was at her side.

"Now, this is luck," he exclaimed.

"To think that I should find you here, and absolutely reading my letter. Oh, I say, Margot, is it—is it all right?" His bronzed face was pale as he asked the question, his voice shook.

"No, it's all wrong," said Margot, with a sudden passion. "Oh, Robert, I'm not strong enough—I could not withstand them all. We are so fearfully poor—and father's debts. Robert, I could not help myself—someone had to be sacrificed."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Cecil, interrupting her and grasping her arm with such force that she cried out with pain, "you don't mean to tell me, Margot, that after my letter you have gone and—and given yourself to that fellow?"

"Yes, I have," said Margot, bursting into a passion of tears. "I have, and he's coming back to dinner and I must go."

"Look at me, Margot," said the young man. "You don't love him?"

"No."

"And you do love me?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you think you're doing a very wicked thing, a very unfair thing, to Sir Peter?"

"I am marrying him because he is

rich," said Margot, "and to help all the others. When a girl has a father and brothers, and sisters, she must sacrifice herself sometimes. I never told him that I loved him."

"Did you tell him that you loved me?"

"No."

"I repeat that you are doing wrong, Margot, and no good will come of it."

Cecil sprang down the bank once more and jumped into the boat. Margot returned to the house.

In the hall she was met by Polly.

"Margot," she exclaimed, "I don't know what can be going on, but Sir Peter arrived here about a quarter of an hour ago, and he was not dressed for dinner, and he seemed to be in a most awful rage about something. He is with father in the study. I was listening at the door and I heard his voice getting louder and louder, and father trying to soothe him. Oh, there, I hear the door opening and father is calling you. Run, Margot, do run, and find out what is the matter. Oh, dear, dear," and your face all stained with crying. Are things going to turn out wrong after all?"

"Margot," called her father, "come here at once."

She obeyed him immediately. He took her hand, drew her into the study, and locked the door.

Sir Peter, whose face was alarmingly red, was standing on the hearth-rug. He came straight up to Margot when she entered the room.

"Now, young lady," he said, "I want to ask you a plain question. Is that my letter that I wrote to you this morning, or is it not?"

Here he held up a much-chewed and disfigured morsel of paper.

"Yes," said Margot, looking at it.

"I'm really very sorry," she exclaimed. "Gip has been chewing it."

"You hear her," exclaimed Sir Peter, turning to Forrester. "You see, she confesses the whole thing. Now what excuse have you to make for such conduct, Miss Forrester?"

"Margot could have known nothing about it," began Mr. Forrester.

"Yes, I did," said Margot; "I saw him doing it, but the fact is I was so busy reading another letter that I did not wait to stop him. Sir Peter," she continued, "I made a mistake when I said 'yes,' this morning—I can't go on with my engagement. I find that I—I don't love you—that I shall never love you, and that I do love someone else."

"By Jove," exclaimed Sir Peter, "isn't that a nice confession to make? I write you a proposal of marriage, and you allow your dog to chew up my letter. You accept me in the morning, and you reject me in the evening, and finally you tell me that you love another man better than me. Don't you think you have behaved very badly?"

"I do," answered Margaret. "I have behaved dreadfully both to you and to the other man."

She left the room without another word and went up to her bedroom.

The day had begun badly, and now it was going to end badly. Margot did not dare to return to the bosom of her justly-aggrieved family again that night. She cried a great deal, finally she took Cecil's letter and read it carefully over—not once, but many times. Then she raised it to her lips and kissed it passionately, and then she got into bed, and, holding it open in her

palm, she went to sleep with it pressed against her cheek.

When she awoke the next morning she felt less unhappy; in short, things seemed to have cleared themselves a little in her brain.

She no longer felt that it was her duty to sacrifice herself for her family.

It so happened that Cecil, who had called early at the house that morning, was able to confirm her in this opinion.—*Lt. Meade in Hartford Courant.*

THE MARK OF THE LYDY.

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he said: "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's."

"Oh, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't a animal; it was another lydy."—*Collier's Weekly.*

Mother.—What is the matter with you children; why do you make so much noise?

Ella.—I am so cold on my back and want you to cover me.

Mother.—And you, Clara, what are you crying for?

Clara.—You did not hear Ella and so—I helped her cry.

An important decision was rendered recently in the Berlin courts. Herr Franz Reichenheim, while living in London in 1896, bought of R. Loewe, of Berlin, a Basel "dove" stamp, which he placed in his collection. At the international stamp exhibition in London in 1897, the judges pronounced this stamp bogus. On closer examination the

stamp was found to be an essay. Herr Reichenheim at once returned it to Loewe and demanded that the price be refunded. Loewe refused. Suit was entered, and the defense pleaded that Reichenheim had received the stamp on approval, with full opportunity to have its genuineness tested, and that, therefore, the seller was not liable. On this ground the case was decided against the plaintiff in the lower courts. Reichenheim appealed to the superior courts, however, and finally won, the superior judges holding that the sale to him was fraudulent. Loewe having represented that he was offering a stamp, whereas the article offered was only an essay, and no more to be regarded as a stamp than an essay made by a banknote designer is to be regarded as a banknote. Loewe has, accordingly, been compelled to reimburse Reichenheim in full, with the addition of interest at 5 per cent.

E. J. Nankivell says in his letter from London: "Perhaps a word or two may be of service in picking up modern issues of the Transvaal. Of the 1885 issue there are various perforations. In Scott's catalogue these are all jumbled up together. But those perforated $13\frac{1}{2}$ are very scarce and should be secured as soon as possible. At double Scott's catalogue they would be bargains. The $\frac{1}{2}$ d gray, Scott's No. 99, is selling at all sorts of prices, from 1s. 3d to 10s and over, and is the rarest of the lot. Only the $\frac{1}{2}$ d, 4d, 6d and 1s are found perf. 136." Mr. Nankivell poolpools the rumor that the Boers are surcharging Cape Colony stamps with the letters "S. A. R." If they used any surcharge, he says, it would be "Z. A. R." (Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek).

Allegheny-Pittsburgh, Pa.

The regular monthly meeting of the Iron City Philatelic Society was held Thursday, February 22, at the residence of Mr. W. S. Coe, 2427 Webster ave., Pittsburg, Pa. A very large attendance, President Bohm in the chair.

Charles Pahl and R. Townsend were elected to membership and several new applications for membership were received.

Nominations for different offices were next offered: President, Louis Bohn, Jr., A. Platy; Vice Prest., Harry Melvin; Treas., W. S. Coe; Sec'y, Emil N. Kiefer, Geo. Sheppard; Ex-Supt., Max Arnheim, Auction Mgr., Henry Hunt; Counterfeit Detector, A. Platy. Nominations closed, election at next meeting.

Mr. Martin, who is at present attending a military school, showed what great interest he took in the Society by offering his residence as next meeting place; same was accepted.

Society will soon have their meeting room a settled fact; it's about sure. Will be same one as Twin City meets in.

Auction sale brought fine prices. Majority brought above 50 percent. of cat.

A lunch served, then meeting adjourned after having passed vote of thanks to Mr. Coe for the amiable manner in which he entertained them.

An English boys' periodical recently took a vote on the recreation that its readers preferred. In a list of twenty-two pastimes, football came first and stamp collecting was eighth.

Protecting the Foolish.

Not only is this good postal service a method of speed, enterprise and safety—for instance, the Registry Division last year handled for the Treasury and Post-Office Departments alone \$1,800,000,000 without the loss of a single penny—but it is an alert watcher for all sorts of swindling, and it literally saves millions of dollars every year to the credulous people of the country. It stands between the robbers and their victims. It is to the credit of the Post-Office Department that it did more to kill the Louisiana Lottery Company and the whole lottery evil than all other agencies and influences combined. And recently when one of the new Napoleons of finance in New York was filching hundreds of thousands of dollars from the foolish on promises of 520 per cent. annually, it was the Post-Office Department that saved what could be saved for the victims and put a stop to the other schemes of that kind. In the petty swindles of the day it is about the only means we have for protecting the people.

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34 unused, mint condition.....	\$0 25
Including, Camerouns, Soudan, Madagascar, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Guadeloupe, Diego Suarez, Martinique, Cochín China, India, Anjouan, Benin, Reunion, French China, Guiana, Ivory Coast, Mayotte, Oboek, Senegal, etc. Price 25c.	

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3 Cuban Stamps.

Cataloging 41 cents. 1 Pocket Album
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Varieties of
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Only one to each customer, and order must contain two envelopes addressed to amateur collectors.

U. S. Rev. (new) 1/2c to \$1.00,.....	Set of 12.....	5c
*Roman States,.....	" " 14.....	5c
Peru, 1898 complete,.....	" " 3.....	6c
*Costa Rica, 1889, 1 to 50c,.....	" " 6.....	6c
*Bavaria Return Letter,.....	" " 6.....	2c
No. Borneo, '87-'92, 1c to 10c,.....	" " 9.....	18c
100 Approval Sheets, finest made.....		19c
1,000 Quaker Hinges, 8c, 5,000.....		30c

QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

Weekly Stamp Tribune,

PUBLISHED EACH WEDNESDAY BY

THE STAMP TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

327 Garfield Bldg.

Cleveland, O.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Within U. S., Canada and Mexico, 25c. per annum.
To all other countries,..... 75c. per annum.

Advertising Rates,..... 10c. per agate line.
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M. Tausig, New York and Foreign Countries.

Address all communications, and make all check
drafts and money orders payable to The Stamp
Tribune Pub. Co., Cleveland, O.

We should be pleased to exchange with all first-
class papers. Send ONE copy to Wm. M. Verbeck,
Ballston Spa, N. Y., and TWO to the publishers.

Vol. II.

MARCH 7, 1900.

No. 9.

EDITORIALS.

In a great many kinds of business it has become customary to enclose stamps for reply to propositions of various kinds as a means of insuring attention. That this liberality on the part of the business man largely fails of accomplishing its intended purpose is shown by the estimate that 90 per cent. of the postage thus presumably prepaid never gets into the mails in the intended way. The postmaster general now proposes a way to relieve the people who are thus burdened by a measure which at the very first glance seems grounded on good business sense. The bill provides that private persons and firms may have issued to them, on making a proper deposit, reply cards and envelopes addressed to themselves, and for their transmission through the mails without pre-

payment, the postage being paid as the letters are returned. The government is amply protected by the deposit, and its patron pays only for that which is delivered to him.

Mr. P. M. Wolsieffer has kindly favored us with samples of his famous "Stamp Buttons." W. W.— is anything if not original, and his latest production, the stamp button, is the best and most original thing he is responsible for. We would advise every reader to send to Mr. Wolsieffer for one of these cute philatelic advertisers and thus proclaim to the world your allegiance to our beloved hobby. We regret that we have not seen the "Pocket Edition" stock book, but we know that "if you see it in *The Sun* (Mr. W.'s ad) it's O. K."

We understand that Cuba is likely to have two new values added to its present series of stamps. Major Rathborne has recommended the addition of fifteen and fifty-cent stamps, and so we may expect them shortly.

Mr. Eugene Doebelin, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was unanimously elected international secretary of the A. P. A. by its board of directors. The vacancy was occasioned by the death of Mr. C. P. Krauth.

The Chicago Philatelic Society held on Auction Sale last Saturday (March 3, 1900.)

prices brought were as good as usual, and a few lots sold at near catalogue.

Remember that the price of the **WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE** has been reduced to 25 cents. Subscribe at once.

ALL AROUND THE COMPASS.

(Amy L. Swift.)

Collectors who receive specimens of the 1d and 2d of South Australia in the new colors are warned to be careful about putting them into water for the purpose of soaking off waste paper scraps, as both values appear to have been printed in aniline inks. This means that the colors are apt to run when wet, and that means a spoiling of the stamp. The rose shade of the 1d is the most susceptible to damage, but the purple of the 2d is not very far behind. I found this out by experience, and pass on the hint to save others from the feeling of exasperation that swept o'er me when I viewed the results of my thoughtlessness. The best way to treat stamps of such delicate health is to take off the waste scraps by aid of steam, but if the scraps are small that method is apt to mean burned fingers (here cometh in some more of the wisdom I have gained by experience) and then the next best plan is, lay the specimen face down on a blotter and apply water to the back by aid of a penknife, keeping the paper damp without letting it get

thoroughly wet through, until the scraps can be lifted off; the stamp should then be softly dried with a blotter without rubbing, and my word for it, it will pass through the ordeal without the tiniest particle of damage. Lots of work? Well, perhaps; but he who grudges the few extra seconds does not deserve to have a collection at all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.,

Mar. 3, 1900.

WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE:

Please inform me through the inquiry column of your valuable paper where I can have a stamp examined as to genuineness, and the cost. Truly, C. M. B.

[Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 189 23rd St., N. Y. City, charge 50c. for examining ten stamps or less, postage extra. All prominent Societies have Counterfeit Detectors who charge only a few cents per stamp.—ED.]

WILKESBARRE, PA.,

Feb. 27, 1900.

DEAR EDITOR:

Please note the following in the next number of your paper: "At last Pennsylvania can boast of having a Philatelic Society. Through the efforts of Claude T. Reno, of Allentown, Pa., the Pennsylvania Philatelic Society has been organized, and members are being daily added to the roll. All Penn'a collectors are invited to join, and for particulars, should address R. C. Potteiger, 401 S. River St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CANADIAN NOTES.

January number of *Philatelic Advocate* comes to hand. It is very good, as usual. It has an article on "Beavers," which is very interesting, but not at all philatelic. This will give a chance to the review editor of the *Era* to find fault of the *Advocate* as he did of the *Tribune*. Now, Mr. Starnaman, listen to what father Stone said about S. & T. and remember it for further use: "The paper should not call itself a stamp paper if it includes miscellaneous matter." Never mind, George, your paper is tip-top all the same.

Three dealers in this city (Montreal), have lost money through a collector in New York. This interesting party which has disappeared, used one of the most prominent dealer's name in order to get selections on approval.

The news circulating around that R. C. Bach, formerly of this city, had been wounded in South Africa, is false. It is A. C. Beach, of Vancouver, who was wounded, and his name was spelled wrong on the bulletin board of the editorial office of the *Montreal Herald*. The writer omitted the "e" which made it "Private A. C. Bach."

Mr. Miner sends me a letter which Miss Swift sent him in October, stating that she had accepted the position of Review editor. Probably Mr. Miner meant that Miss Swift would be Review editor, as she had accepted—

—long ago. In any case there has been no Review in last number of *Jubilee*, so let us all be good and quiet and leave the matter drop.

A writer said, in the *Era*, that R. C. Bach had never left Canada. I have seen letters, coming from him, postmarked in South Africa, and am sure he is now "bravely fighting the battles of his country," as Mr. Wustele says.

Mr. P. Legrand is the editor, advertiser, and publisher of the big 2x4½ paper spoken of in last issue.

The editor of the *Montreal Philatelist* denies the existence of "blue penciling" among editors. Another to be added to the "kicking list."

C. E. W. HOLMES.

CHICAGO PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

The 317th regular meeting of the Chicago Philatelic Society was held at the Society's room, Thursday, March 1, 1900.

The meeting was called to order by the President, with twenty-one members and two visitors attending.

The Constitution and By-Laws Committee reported having prepared a new Constitution, and as the Governing Board endorsed the same, it was adopted unanimously.

The Society tendered votes of thanks to the J. W. Scott Co. for donation of priced catalogues ;

Mr. J. N. Luff for donation of his book, "What Philately Teaches" and Mr. E. B. Sterling for donation of the rare stamped cheque, Sterling's 82a uncatalogued. This stamped cheque will be placed in the next C. P. S. auction sale and sold for the benefit of the Society.

The three applicants, posted at the last meeting, were unanimously elected to membership.

The Governing Board ordered posted ten applications for membership, nine being Passive and one Active.

A Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Oesch, Massoth and Wolsieffer, to perfect all plans and make all arrangements for the Society's banquet, to be held Saturday, March 10.

The Treasurer reported a balance of \$60.85 in the bank, after which the meeting adjourned.

JOHN J. OESCH, Sec'y.

It was moved, seconded and carried that all stamp collectors should join the C. P. S. Application blanks can be had by addressing the Secretary, 34 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

All Around the Compass - Continued.

He who wishes his collection to have a quick growth in numbers need only gather up shades of current issues and count them as varieties. Take for instance the 1d, 1889-91, of Victoria, A 42 in the catalogue. This has been listed as chocolate-brown, red-brown, yellow-brown, orange-brown, Venetian red, orange and brown on rose or pink.

Seven "varieties" of one poor little penny stamp; and now I have heard of still another, a carmine about the same as the carmine of our 2c. Of course it is all right for people to save different tints of color if they so wish, even if they do it in every one of the entire issue of the world, but I do think it savors of the ridiculous to catalogue every such variation of tint as a different variety. As for me, I save shades when they appear among my duplicates, but never go to the slightest expense for them, nor count them in as different when obtained.

I saw an India stamp of the 1854 issue recently with a rather odd cancellation—odd in its effect, I mean. It was just the diamond-shaped assortment of dots common to the cancelled stamps of that issue, but owing to their position on the stamp (the 4a red and blue) a first glance gave the impression that the central head was that of a saucily smiling young girl wearing a big, broad-brimmed hat with high trimmings. I had to look twice before recognizing the familiar head of Victoria under the dots, and even after fully satisfied that it was there, I never failed to see it eclipsed by that smiling maiden every time I held the stamp a short distance from my eyes. The dots and postmark together made the effect, but it was certainly both startling and odd, not to say a wee bit uncanny.

Inverted surcharges seem to be more the rule than the exception these days. Among those un-catalogued as yet I note an 8c of Perak with the over-print "Pahang—Four Cents" upside down, or down side up, perhaps I ought to say, and a Hankow "ONE CENT" of 1896 issue in the same forlorn condition. The mistakes to which over-printed stamps seem liable have rather hurt their desirability with many collectors, some of whom, those of the more thoughtful class, now decline to collect any variety of surcharge except the one originally intended by the issuing government. Guatemala has turned out a great many "errors" of surcharge recently, and there is reason to suspect that the mistakes were purposely made for sale to philatelists, though of course those interested say "No," even going the length of declaring that the workmen are watched to prevent any misuse of their opportunities; they say also that any or all of the errors are available for

postal use, but it is a suspicious fact that the great majority of those seen are unused.

Williams & Co.

Lima, Peru,

are not at all connected with us but we sell cheap and always fill orders.

Mr. J. Casnough has asked us for a selection on approval but we did not send him one, but will send you some in exchange for reference.

We Sell Great Barriers, 5c each.

The old issue surcharged "Fake" This is a bargain, write us any way.

THE HOLMES STAMP CO.,

5 Vercheres Avenue, - - - - - Montreal

156 VARIETIES.

Used and Unused, Hawaii, So. Africa, etc. 16 cts. finely assorted, used and unused over
420 100 var. 12 cts.
 Italy, 20 varieties,09 cts.
 Russia, 14 varieties,10 cts.
 Australia, 20 varieties10 cts.
 Bulgaria, 11 varieties,12 cts.

HARRY S. LEE, 47 Winter St., Boston.

SETS

Mexico 1884-90, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 20, 25, 50c.
 1 p., 2 p. (all unused) 30c
 Costa Rica, 1892, 1, 2, 5, 10c. 3c
 Roumania, 1893-'96, 1, 1½, 3, 5, 10, 15,
 25, 50 b, 1 l. 7c
 Greece (Olympian games) 1, 2, 5, 10, 20 l. 5c
 Sweden, 1897 Jubilee Postal, 12c
 Postage extra.

M. TAUSIG, 9 East 108th St., N. Y. City.

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The Subscription Price of

The Weekly Stamp Tribune

Has been Reduced from
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Two Dollars in Value, For One Dollar in Cash

In getting possession of the stock of stamps formerly owned by The Stamp Trust and S. P. Lev, we have naturally become overstocked in some things, and in order to get rid of them quickly offer the following lots at

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

65 vars. U. S. Colonies. This packet was a great seller when first introduced by the Stamp Trust. It contains stamps from Hawaii, Phillipines, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. We have several of them and offer them at **ONE DOLLAR**.

A pound and a half of our popular U. S. and Foreign Mixture, worth fully 50 cents per thousand, **ONE DOLLAR**.

Our great 400 var. packets is simply without a rival. It is true that others offer it as cheap, but for quality ours stands head and shoulders above them all. Each packet contains a stamp set at \$1.00. Our price, **ONE DOLLAR**.

115 vars. of U. S. stamps. This is the best U. S. packet on the market at this price. It contains many scarce stamps and a complete set of Columbians 1c-15c. Dirt cheap at our price of **ONE DOLLAR**.

200 mixed unused stamps cat. value over \$5, nicely assorted and in perfect condition. **ONE DOLLAR**.

A splendid mixture of 500 Foreign stamps. The very thing for approval sheets, or for exchanging. The mixture contains stamps from Hawaii, new issues from Switzerland, Netherlands, New South Wales, and many other desirable stamps. Catalogues over \$10. Price **ONE DOLLAR**.

Any **Two** lots for **\$1.80**; **four** lots **\$3.50** or **one** of each of the **six** lots, only **\$5.00**.

**REMIT MONEY BY M. O., OR BILLS.
NO STAMPS ACCEPTED.**

THE STAMP STORE,

Garfield Building, CLEVELAND, O.

OUR 1900

Cata'og tickles the Philatelic palate. Its Free for the asking.

U. S. REVENUES in fine condition, Imperforate have large margins.

Prices way down. Cat. price Our

2c Express blue, imperf.....	.25	.10
3c Telegraph Green.....	.25	.10
5c Playing Card.....	.90	.25
5c Proprietary.....	\$1.00	.35
10c Proprietary.....	1.50	.40
50c Foreign Exchange.....	.40	.18
50c Lease.....	.40	.15
50c Probate of Will.....	.75	.35
\$1.00 Conveyance & L. Ins. the two	.30	.10
2 00 Blue and Black, 2nd issue...	.60	.28

They won't last long. U. S. Rev. Catalogued at 35c. Free to two first orders. We will sell you 50 different, all issues 1c to \$1.00 for 25c.

THE MICHIGAN STAMP CO.,
146 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

20 varieties Uruguay (this is a fine chance to get these beautiful stamps) 25c.

Cuba on U. S. 1, 2, 2½, 3, 5 and 10c.....18c
Cuba 1899 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10c.....15c
Puerto Rico on U. S. 1, 2, 5, and 10c.....13c
Guatemala 1887-95 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 20, and 25c.....14c

TRANSVAAL 1896 ½, 1, 2, 2½, 6 p and 1 sh.15c
Guatemala Prov. 1c on 5, 2c on 5, 6c on 20, 6c on 5, 2c on 1, 1c on 2, 2c on 10, 1c on 10, 1c on 25, 1c on 5c, set of 10 for.....36c
PUERTO RICO 1874-75 25, 25c; 1876 25c (scarce).....15c
Honduras 1898 1, 2, 5, 10 and 20c (steam engine).....14c
Venezuela 1893, 5, 10, 25, 50c and \$1 Bol.7c

All the above postally used, in good condition. Money back if not satisfied. Postage extra on orders under 50c.

NOTE: By mistake the Cuba and Puerto Rico sets were put in my last Ad. at cost prices.

WINFRED C. PHILLIPS, Box 177, Glastonbury, Conn.

A FEW GOOD REVENUES.

\$5—Blue per. surcharged, price..... \$4.50
These are good copies. Guaranteed.
\$5—Red '98 issue. Unmutilated, only..... .18
Per 5—16c each. Per 10—15c each.
\$5—Red, Same, but slit copies, only..... .12
Per 5—11c each. Per 10—10c each.
\$10—Black '98 issue. Unmutilated, Fine, only \$1.00
Slit copies, Fine condition..... .75
Wholesale—60c each in lots of 5.
1c to \$1.00—9 var—per 100 sets \$1.50, 300 sets—\$3.80

The Pan-American Stamp Co.,
Boylston Bldg. - - - Chicago, Ill.

U. S. POSTAGE AND REVENUE.

'98. Reg. Prop. 12 var. tickets, per set..... .20
7 Sets for.....1.00
25 Varieties U. S. Postage..... .20
No Post Cards or Envelopes, all are as fine as silk, post-paid.

JOHN NEANDER, 146 4th Avenue, Albany, New York

WEEKLY

STAMP TRIBUNE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STAMP COLLECTORS AND OTHERS.

VOL. III.

CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 1, 1902.

No. 1.

Any of these six spaces would

make a prominent position for

your Advertisement. One or

more of these spaces may be had

on a time contract of twenty-six

weeks or longer at \$1.25 per week.

Weekly Stamp Tribune.

PUBLISHED EACH WEDNESDAY BY
THE STAMP TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.
680 Payne Av., Cleveland, O.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Within U. S., Canada and Mexico, 35c per annum
To all other Countries.....\$1.00 per annum

ADVERTISING RATES.

10 cents per nonpariel line,
Special rates on time contracts.

AUTHORIZED AGENT.

M. Tausig, 9 E. 108 street, New York City.

Address all communications, and make all
checks, drafts and money orders payable to The
Stamp Tribune Pub. Co., Cleveland, O.

VOL. III. JANUARY 1, 1902. No. 1.

EDITORIALS.

Good morning! Are you glad to see us back!

No introduction is deemed necessary. Here we are!

We wish all our readers a happy and prosperous New Year. May the year '02 remind all collectors that they "ought to" subscribe to the W. S. T., and all dealers that they "ought to" advertise therein.

Sometimes you take out your watch, look at it and find the time away off; you listen to it and find it ticking, apparently going; but the sound soon

stops and you know that you have neglected to wind up.

You give it a little shake and it resumes its feeble ticks for a few moments, then it dies out. There are lots of stamp dealers like such a watch—either no mainspring or a useless one.

A great many dealers neglect to keep their business going, neglect advertising—steadily and constantly. When they see their business falling off, they advertise a little, their business picks up—but it's only a feeble shake of a run-down watch. Advertise now; advertise constantly. Keep your time-piece well wound up. Advertise in the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE as at least one twist in the weekly wind-up. It will keep your watch a-going.

We quote from the editorial which appeared in the first issue of the W. S. T. two years ago, and thereby outline our policy for the future:

We trust that the many thousands who see this copy of the WEEKLY will appreciate our efforts to give the stamp fraternity a good, lively, up-to-date weekly, and will demonstrate it in a substantial way by sending in their subscription.

The time was when it seemed almost sacrilegious to see a first-class stamp paper contain any outside matter such as the WEEKLY presents in this number, but fortunately for the good of Philately, this feeling is no more. The best method of doing missionary work among our boys is to reach them through a medium they can understand and appreciate, and such a medium is the popular short story of to-day.

A child is taught to use bread as a solid food by first having it fed to him with something sweet and toothsome spread over it, and a novice to our hobby must be trained in like manner. Such a course it is our intention to pursue, and if you desire to help bring converts into the Philatelic fold, you may easily do so by encouraging us with your immediate support in the form of a SUBSCRIPTION.

We may add that as we control and operate our own printing plant our friends and advertisers need have no fear of our suspending publication.

We should like to have a few good stories for publication in the W. S. T. and in order to bring out the best in that line from the pens of philatelists, we offer three prizes for the best stories received in this competition.

The only conditions are that the stories are to bear directly on stamps or stamp collectors; and that 35c for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY

STAMP TRIBUNE, be enclosed with each entry. Any writer may send in as many Mss. as he or she pleases, provided a year's subscription is paid for with each.

The prizes offered are \$5 in cash for the best story received by us; \$5 in catalogue value of good stamps, for the second best; and a Scott's 1902 catalogue for the third best story entered in this competition.

All stories sent to us to become our property.

The closing date will be announced later.

A LUCKY MISS.

Khoja Nasreddin Effendi is the butt of many oriental stories. As many folk do in the East during very hot weather, Khoja slept on the veranda one stifling night. Awakened suddenly, he thought he saw a robber in a white robe climbing the garden wall and fired an arrow at him. He pinned the figure surely enough, but found it was a nightshirt which his wife had hung out to dry. So he began calling out, "Praise be to God!" until the whole neighborhood was aroused under the impression that it was a summons to Prayer. Angry at being disturbed several hours too soon, they fell to scolding Khoja, and asked what he meant by his conduct. "Ah!" he explained, "I was only thanking the Almighty that I was not inside my shirt when I shot an arrow through it."

THE FRENCH POST-OFFICE.

The French Postal System was founded by Louis XI., June 19, 1464, was largely extended by Charles IX. in 1565, and received various improvements under the respective reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII.

In 1627, France, so often during long ages pre-eminent in "teaching the nations how to live," originated a postal money-transmission system, prefaced by those cautions about transmission of coin in ordinary letters, which are now so familiar to our eyes in the American and English post-offices, but which were not seen there 20 years ago, and it was in this same year that a system for the cheap registration of letters was established which not only increased the already growing revenue of the post-office, but added security to letters and parcels of value.

The postmaster who thus anticipated 19th century improvements was Pierre d'Almeras and it is to him the

French people owe as deep a debt of gratitude as they ever owed to any of their famous generals or statesmen.

Postmasterships in France were not only sold but made hereditary in order that the postal income might in this manner be increased, and this, of course, gave rise to great competition for the favor of the King, for a man thus favored secured for himself and family a perpetual revenue.

The University of Paris, as early as the 13th century, possessed a special postal system, which it continued to have until the 18th century, when it gave up its rights for a large compensation.

But it continued to possess certain postal privileges until the Revolution.

The edict of Mazarin of December, 1643, shows that France at that date had a parcel post as well as a letter post and each head post-office in the kingdom had three officers, namely, a comptroller, a weigher and an assessor, who instead of receiving a salary were remunerated by the government's allowing them an

additional one-fourth to the existing letter rate and parcel rate, which was equally divided among the three.

The edicts of 1728, (Fleury) made sub-postmasters directly responsible for the loss of mail; they also made it necessary for all letters to be posted at the office and not to be given to the carriers and also, all MSS. and printed matter to be open at both ends.

The revenue of France by this time was quite considerable. In 1676, the farmers, who were postmasters, paid to the King 48,000 pounds in the money of that time and in 1776 they paid a fixed rent of 352,000 pounds and in addition one-fifth of their net profits. This income continued to increase and in 1870 the amount received by the government was about 4,000,000 pounds.

The most important reforms in the postal system of France other than those already noticed, were: the extension of the postal facilities to all the communes of the country—effected under Charles X., and thus placing France in 1829,

in certain postal features, in advance of the United States in 1879; the adoption of the postage stamp for prepaying letters and parcels; under Louis Napoleon in 1849; the issuing of postal notes; the establishment of a postal library; and the creation of postal savings banks. All these have gone to make France one of the leading postal countries.

(To be continued.)

A JUDGE JUDGED.

John Marshall day has brought out a flood of anecdotes about the great chief justice of the United States. The World's Work relates that once, as the judge was traveling toward Raleigh, N. C., in a stick gig, his horse went off the road and ran over a saplin, so tilting the vehicle that it could move neither to the right nor to the left.

As the judge sat thinking a way out of his dilemma an old negro came along.

"Old marster," said he, "what for you don't back your horse?"

The jurist thanked him for the suggestion, backed the horse, and promising to leave a dollar at the inn for the good advice went on his way.

The negro called at the inn and found the dollar awaiting him. He took it, looked at it and said:

"He was a gem'man for sho, but"—tapping his forehead significantly—"he didn't have much in here."

Stamps on app. 50 per c. com. Fast sellers. List free. FRED. B. WELLS, Bloomfield, Ill.

CHICAGO NOTES.

BY S. E. MOISANT.

The publishers of the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE have requested me to furnish their readers with notes from the Windy City and in accepting same will say that I will try to furnish you with all the latest and freshest news and notes at the earliest possible time.

P. M. Wolsieffer held an auction sale at the Great Northern Hotel Dec. 21. This sale was strong in wholesale stock, but the regular lots were not slighted. Prices, especially on wholesale stock, ranged high.

Mr. A. F. Merrill, President of the Chicago Philatelic Society has removed from the Stewart building to rooms on the fourth floor of the Marquette building, where his friends will find him. Nothing like being in the same building as the C. P. S. headquarters.

The Chicago Philatelic Society are still holding their

meetings at 1603 Marquette building, the committee having been unable to find a suitable place elsewhere. It is now high time that the Society was getting headquarters which would be exclusively for their own use. Although, at this time, the dues are inadequate for such a purpose, the time is coming and it is not far off either.

Although many people think that John J. Oesch writes the Chicago Notes in *The Weekly Philatelic Era*, under the nom de plume of "Clifford," such is not the case. They are written by Eddie C. Dodd, one of Chicago's most prominent Philatelists.

Chicago will be without a doubt, the convention seat of the National Philatelic Societies in 1903. Chicago had the boys in "'93."

The vault of a local coin and stamp dealer was recently searched by government officers who found \$13,000 worth of paper money issued by a defunct New Jersey Bank. The bills were supposed to

have been recalled. The officers of the government took the bills but I have not heard anything further regarding the matter.

We will not be surprised to hear in the near future that the dues of the passive members of the Chicago Philatelic Society have been raised. Passive members only pay \$1 per year, while the active members pay \$3 per year. There are only about three societies of the same kind as the Chicago society—they being the Collector's Club of New York, the Boston Philatelic Society and the Chicago Philatelic Society. The dues of the Collectors' Club is \$5 per year for passive members; the Boston Philatelic Society is \$2 per year for both passive and active members. It seems right that something should be done so that the passive members of the Chicago Philatelic Society pay more dues toward the support of the society. The amount of benefit received is far in excess of the dues they pay.

Subscribe for the WEEKLY STAMP TRIBUNE.

FOR 25c —

- 1 sheet (25) different stamps, cat. 75c.
- 1,000 hinges.
- 10 blank approval sheets.
- 10 Cuban stamps.

All for 25c., post free.

FOR 50c.—

- 1 sheet (25) different stamps, cat. 75c.
- 1 " " " " " \$1.75.
- 1,000 hinges.
- 25 blank approval sheets.
- 20 Cuban stamps.

All for 50c., post free.

FOR \$1.00—

- 1 sheet (25) different stamps, cat. 75c.
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CANADA'S CHANGE OF
COINAGE.

FOR WHAT REASON WAS THE COINAGE OF CANADA, MAURITIUS AND PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND CHANGED FROM PENCE AND SHILLINGS TO CENTS?

This question has been asked times innumerable, yet the right answer is seldom given. According to "The Stamp Collector", the following is the correct answer:

"There are three chief reasons why this change should have been made for Canada and Prince Edward Island, in fact for all of British North America:—First, to facilitate exchange between them and the United States; second, to be in accordance with the decimal system; and third, for the greater ease of the French Colonists. Perhaps it is not generally known that in the Canadian shilling, before the change, there were fifteen pence ("12d. currency" being 10d. English).

As to Mauritius, the change was not to cents and dollars but to cents and rupees, so that the cent would be nearer equal to the French centime. This alteration in the coinage was on account of the close proximity to the French Colonies of Madagascar and Reunion, and perhaps in this case also for the French Colonists in Mauritius, which was taken from France in 1810. Of course the rupee is used instead of the dollar because Mauritius is not far from India and groups of islands using Indian coinage.

The coinage of Canada was changed in 1859, the different parts of British North America following shortly one after another; while Mauritius adopted its new currency in 1878.

Have you any ability as a writer? If you have a stamp story you think is worth publishing, send it in at once.

MACHINE POETRY.

We have seen poetry which appeared as if constructed by the method described in the appended paragraph. Still it is to be hoped that the nameless author would have done better with the rhymes than did the grocer.

A man who had no soul for poetry and had never made a rhyme in his life, picked up an envelope in a Pullman sleeper where a certain author, who shall be nameless here, occupied a stateroom. On the back of the envelope he read the following mysterious words,

Nod,
Ring,
Clod,
Sing,
Wing,
Rod,
Spring,
Shod.

He knew there was a poem lurking in those rhymes, and sat him down to write it. After six hours of hard labor, he produced the following:

I know somewhere the daisies—nod—

I know the bells in music—ring;

I know the colors on the—clod,

I hear the brown thrush—sing.

I see a wild lark on the—wing;

The biting catfish bends the—rod;

'Tis spring—in all the world 'tis—spring:

Let all the mules be—shod!

"Bless me," he exclaimed: "this literary business is the easiest thing going! When I get home I'll just sell out the grocery store and whirl into it."—Forward.

Begin the new year right by
subscribing to the WEEKLY
STAMP TRIBUNE.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. CERTAIN IT WAS PLAGIARIZED.

On the subject of the Transvaal stamps, an interesting story is being told by an English newspaper man. An expert, who is proprietor and editor of a little magazine devoted to the interests of stamp collectors, recently expressed an opinion as to value of a certain Transvaal stamp.

A well known collector wrote to a rival paper ridiculing the opinion thus expressed, and stating that the price named was absurdly high. Upon this the editor aforesaid paid a visit to his critic, to whom by the way, he was personally unknown. The editor simply represented himself as a collector of stamps, and asked to see the Transvaal stamps of his fellow collector. He picked one out—one of the kind that had been the subject of editorial reference—and said, "What is your price on this?" "Twenty-five shillings," was the answer.

The editor paid the twenty-five shillings. It was much less than the value he had named in his paper, but he decided to "lie low and say nuffin." He proceeded to the establishment of a well-known dealer, and said, "How much will you give for this?" "Ten guineas," was the reply. The bargain was concluded, and as he put the money into his purse the editor laughingly related how he had bought the stamp only a few minutes ago from "that fool So-and So." The dealer joined in my friend's glee with suspicious heartiness. When he recovered breath, he said, "Well, I congratulate you, old chap. But do you know I have had a commission to get this very stamp, and I shall make fifteen guineas on the transaction."

There is no law against opening a postal card.

The familiarity of some persons with biblical phrases, and the ignorance of others, is well shown in the following story, the author of which was evidently not a Republican :

Soon after Governor Chase, of Ohio, took the Governor's chair it came in order of routine to issue the annual Thanksgiving proclamation. Being familiar with the Bible, he composed the document largely of Biblical expressions, taking for granted that people would recognize them and would be gratified by their manifest fitness and taste.

A Democratic editor pounced upon the proclamation at once and declared that he had read it before—could not exactly say where, but it was a barefaced plagiarism from beginning to end. Whereupon a Republican editor, springing to the defense, replied to the charge as utterly libelous, and challenged any man living to produce a single line in the paper that had ever appeared in print before.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A bore had been defined as a man who talks so much about himself that he gives you no opportunity to talk about yourself. We can all sympathize with the sentiments, if not the manners, of the man of whom Punch's artist, Mr. Charles Keene, used to tell with considerable gusto :

This person was sitting with a friend in an inn parlor, and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured to interpose an objection. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity.

"I ain't a-arguing with you," said he. "I'm a-telling you!"—Forward.

MARY'S LOVE LETTER.

"So you won't marry Hawkins Jessup?" said Squire Bergamont, knitting his black eyebrows together until they formed an ominous black bar across his forehead, and nearly frightened his bright-eyed daughter out of her senses. But Mary Bergamont stood bravely to the guns of her little citadel.

"No, father," said she. "Oh, how can you ask me father, when you know I don't love him, and never can?"

"Never is a long while," said the squire.

"Yes, papa, I know that," said Mary. "But indeed I mean it."

"You mean it, do you?" said the squire in low and measured tones. "Now, let me tell you what! It isn't that you don't like Hawkins Jessup, but that you have been goose enough to go and fall in love with that young idiot, George Lake."

Mary turned very red.

"Papa!"

"There's no use mincing matters," said the irate squire, "An artist indeed! Why don't he go into whitewashing and painting, and get a decent living?"

"But papa—"

"Needn't attempt to argue with me, miss!" said Squire Bergamont sternly. "I'll have none of it, and so I tell you if George Lake comes into my home, he'll be put out very quick! And so you may tell him."

So saying the squire strode out of the room. Mary looked after him with soft, sorrowful eyes. She was a delicate, oval faced girl, with saucy brown hair and straight features, as unlike the rotund and positive squire's as night to darkness. But she put down the iron with which she was "doing up" her father's shirts. Squire Bergamont would have thought it a crying sin to employ a laundress while

his daughter enjoyed her ordinary health—and leaned up against the window where the arrowy sunbeams came in through the tremulous veil of heart-shaped morning-glory leaves and drew from her pocket a note written in a strong, masculine hand:

"MY DEAREST MARY: I love you. Will you promise to be my own wife, spite of all opposition? Will you tell me so with your own lips?"

"Ever yours, faithful to death,
"GEORGE."

How her eyes glistened as she read and re-read the short and simple lines, pressing them finally to her red lips.

"I do love him! I will be his wife!" she murmured. "And I will tell him so the first opportunity I get. Only papa!"

A momentary cloud stole over her serene brow at this, but it was transient.

"I don't believe in elopements," said Mary Bergamont, still riveting her eyes on the sheet of paper in her hands. "I never did. But if papa still persists in opposing our marriage, I will leave my home and go out in the world hand-in-hand with George."

Just as the revolutionary thought passed through her mind the door creaked on its hinges. A heavy, well-known footstep sounded on the threshold.

"It's papa!" cried Mary.

In her consternation our poor little heroine could not find the entrance to her pocket in the multitudinous folds of her dress. For a second she was in imminent danger of detection; then she hurriedly thrust the incendiary document into the yawning mouth of a paper bag of choice seed-corn, which hung by the kitchen window. And the next instant Squire Bergamont was in the room.

"Mary," said he, "go up stairs to the left-hand corner of my middle bureau drawer and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

And Mary went out with a dubious glance at the nail on which the bag of early sugar corn hung.

When she returned the room was empty and Squire Bergamont was just climbing up into his lumber-box wagon, in front of the picket fence.

"Bring it out here," said the squire. "I'm going over to Miss Polly Pepper's to get my empty cider cask. She might have had the sense to return it herself."

He stowed the handkerchief away in his pocket, and was just taking up the reins when Mary rushed out again, crimson to the very roots of her hair.

"Father, that bag of seed corn?"

"O, it's all right—it's all right," said the Squire, placidly. "I promised a little to Miss Polly Pepper, and this is already shelled."

"But, father," gasped poor Mary, "let me tie it up first."

"Nonsense," said the Squire; I just folded the top over, and it'll go as snug as a thief in a mill, right atop of my bags of meal."

Away he rattled over the stormy road as he spoke, and poor Mary ran back into the kitchen to cry herself into a second Niobe.

"O, my letter!" sobbed she; "why was I such an idiot as to put it there?"

Miss Polly Pepper, a gaunt spinster of a very uncertain age and a very certain infirmity of temper, opened the bag of seed corn as the Squire drove off.

"Might brought it before," said she. "Promised it to us last fall. I do despise these folks that are always putting off things. Mercy, upon us! what's this? as she drew out the note; "some receipt that that shiftless Mary tucked away here to get out of the way! No, it ain't. It's a love letter!—and to me—"My dearest Mary,"—and signed at the foot George

Washington Bergamont; and that is his name. Well, I do declare! Ain't he far gone? 'All opposition.' I s'pose he means Mary and my two brothers-in-law, that think a woman over forty has no right to marry! But I'll see 'em furdur before I'll let 'em overturn my matrimonial prospects—see if I don't. "Tell him with my own lips.' Of course I will. I'll go right over there at once. Delay is dangerous! And if he is really in such a hurry."

Miss Polly's fingers trembled as she took her little corkscrew curls out of their papers and pinned on a fresh collar tied by a blue ribbon.

"Blue's the color of love," said she to herself, with a simper, "and it was so romantic of my dear George to think of proposing in a bag of seed-corn!"

The Squire was at his supper when Miss Pepper walked in, flushed with her long expedition on foot.

"Sit down and have a bite," won't you," said the Squire. "Mary, fetch a clean plate."

Miss Pepper took advantage of the momentary absence of her step-daughter-elect to proceed directly to business.

"George," cried she, almost hysterically, "I am yours!"

"Eh?" said the Squire.

"Forever and ever!" said Miss Pepper, flinging herself upon the collar of his coat.

"Are you crazy?" asked the Squire, jumping up.

"You asked me to be your wife," said Miss Polly, meltingly.

"I didn't!" said the Squire.

"Then what does this letter mean, eh?" demanded Miss Polly. "It's as clear a declaration of love as ever was writ. And good ground to sue on."

The Squire stared at the sheet of paper as Miss Pepper waved it triumphantly over his head.

"But I didn't write it," gasped he.

"Then who did?" asked Miss Pepper.

Just at this moment Mary, entering with fresh tea and a clean plate, caught sight of the letter.

"It's mine!" she cried, with a sudden dyeing of the cheek and glitter of the eyes. "My letter! How dare you read it, Miss Pepper?"

"I got it out of the bag of seed-corn," protested the spinster.

"And I put it there for safe-keeping," blushingly acknowledged Mary. And Mary confessed, "George Lake, papa."

Miss Pepper went home, crying very heartily, with mortified pride and disappointed expectations. And the Squire came to the conclusion that true love would have its way in spite of all dissenting of the parents.

"Papa," said Mary, "please may I have George?"

"I don't care," said the Squire.

And that in his case passed for an affirmation. But the Squire remains a widower still, and Miss Pepper's chances grow "small by degrees and beautifully less."

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