

PAID BY ADDRESSEE



THE AMERICAN PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION.

(Organized September 14th, 1886.)

J. K. Tiffany 23

President—J. K. TIFFANY, Room 172 Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Vice President—W. C. VAN DERLIP, Box 3416, Boston, Mass.

Secretary—S. B. BRADFORD, Ottawa, Ill.

Treasurer—H. B. SEAGRAVE, Pontiac, Mich.

International Secretary—JOS RECHERT, Hoboken, N. J.

Exchange Superintendent—E. B. STERLING, Trenton, N. J.

Literary Exchange Superintendent—H. C. BEARDSLEY, St. Joseph, Mo.

Counterfeit Detector—E. A. HOLTON, 8 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Assistant Counterfeit Detector—R. WUESTHOFF, Germania Bank, New York City.

First Purchasing Agent—WM SELLSCHOPP, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Second Purchasing Agent—H. O. HARRIS, Doylestown, Pa.

Third Purchasing Agent—A. L. HOLMAN, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill.

Fourth Purchasing Agent—CHARLES MUECKE, 468 Broome Street, N. Y.

Librarian—C. R. GADSDEN, Grand Crossing, Ill.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

H. N. TERRETT, Woodside, L. I. N. Y.

AUG. DEJONGE, Staten Island, N. Y.

J. W. SCOTT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LITERARY BOARD.

R. C. H. BROCK, Box 287, Phila. Pa.

W. C. STONE, Springfield, Mass.

W. A. MACCALLA, Phila., Pa.

Office of EXCHANGE SUPERINTENDENT,
130 East State Street.

P. O. Box 294.

Trenton, N. J.

188

Dear Sir—

I am in receipt of your lines of _____ enclosing
for which please find herein as requested:

| | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Sheets at .05c. | |
| Large Covers at 10c. | |
| Small Covers at 10c. | |
| Mailing Envelopes at .02c. | |
| Die Cut Hinges, 10c. M. | |
| Total | |

I shall be very much pleased to have you send me a good assortment of filled sheets and covers, and assure you I will do all I possibly can to give them the fullest circulation, and yet upon rapid circuits, and feel confident that if you will try the Exchange Department you will not be disappointed with the result.

Statements are sent out 5th of each month, and returns will be made soon as the accounts can be collected. Give me some idea of what you collect, and I shall be pleased to place you upon permanent circuit.

Respectfully,

Superintendent



THE AMERICAN PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION.

Organized September 14th, 1886.)

President—J. K. TIFFANY, Room 179 Laclede Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Vice President—W. C. VAN DERLIP, Box 3416, Boston, Mass.

Secretary—S. B. BRADFORD, Ottawa, Ill.

Treasurer—H. B. SEAGRAVE, Pontiac, Mich.

International Secretary—JOS. RECHERT, Hoboken, N. J.

Exchange Superintendent—E. B. STERLING, Trenton, N. J.

Literary Exchange Superintendent—H. C. BEARDSLEY, St. Joseph, Mo.

Counterfeit Detector—E. A. HOLTON, 8 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Assistant Counterfeit Detector—R. WUESTHOFF, Germania Bank, New York City.

First Purchasing Agent—

Second Purchasing Agent—H. O. HARRIS, Doylestown, Pa.

Third Purchasing Agent—

Fourth Purchasing Agent—CHARLES MUECKE, 468 Broome street, N. Y.

Librarian—C. R. GADSDEN, Grand Crossing, Ill.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

N. TERRETT, Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

AUG. DEJONGE, Staten Island, N. Y.

J. W. SCOTT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LITERARY BOARD.

R. C. H. BROCK, Box 287, Phila., Pa.

W. C. STONE, Springfield, Mass.

W. A. MACCALLA, Phila., Pa.

Office of EXCHANGE SUPERINTENDENT,
130 East State Street, }

O. Box 294.

Trenton, N. J.

188



ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 169.]

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1862.

[PRICE 2d.]

the washers should their brown bear jars, shall salute and congratulate each other. Again the shepherds seek their old haunts under the fir woods and by the furze patches; and I dare say their old companions the plovers and the wheat-ears rejoice to see them once more, and the rabbits gambol all the blither for their return.

MY NEPHEW'S COLLECTION.

MOST manias, whether chronic or acute, fail to become cosmopolite; they rage within a limited area, beyond which they do not spread; or they are confined to certain classes of society, above or below which they do not rise or sink. The rows of Donnybrook Fair are a notoriously Irish mania; howling religious revivals are American manifestations. In one century, choice tulips hardly got out of the hands of merchant princes; in another, they became the exclusive delight of weavers. Auriculas, with their formal and powdery beauty, have been stigmatised, by those who cannot grow them, as shoemakers' flowers. Lancashire is the centre of the gooseberry mania. Bull-fighting is a mania, which, although fierce on the spot, we should be sorry to see gaining ground outside the Spanish dominions. Every country in Europe has its own special mania; and there are doubtless plenty of little localities, both within the pale of Christendom and without it, each with its own pet mania, which, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, is born to break out unseen and waste its weakness on the desert air.

My nephew is a victim of the last new mania.

Harry is not a bad sort of fellow, being neither rebellious, saucy, unsteady, nor priggish. For his age I thought him wonderfully quiet and studious, given to more serious pursuits than most other juveniles. He brought with him, from Dr. Trimmeboy's establishment, a thick square strong-bound manuscript, entirely filled with a series of sums, ranging from simple and compound addition (with the lines ruled with red ink), through cube-root extraction, tare and tret, interest for various terms and at various rates per cent, timber-measuring and land-surveying, and concluding with a mild foretaste of trigonometry: showing how to calculate the height of a steeple—all transcribed in his own handwriting, with corrections, *passim*, by the

topic. If, alluding to the Court of the Vatican, I mentioned the intrigues of the ex-King of Naples, he replied perhaps, consulting the book again, "Ah, yes; I have it." If I wondered whether Hesse would make it up with Prussia, "Let me see; unluckily, no," was his answer, after a glance at the oracle. He never parted from the book. He thought more of the book than Abernethy did of *his*. It was his handy book, his *vade mecum*, his manual, his companion by day, and his bedfellow, I believe, by night. Beholding this strong attachment to figures, vague thoughts came over us of his being destined to succeed the astronomer-royal, or to rival the fame of Bidder and Babbage.

At the same time he seemed to become strangely and even unpleasantly inquisitive respecting our own private affairs. Neither Rebecca nor myself receive letters that contain deep secrets, political or family. We do not correspond with Garibaldi, Mazzini, or the Count de Chambord. We hold no communication, in cypher or otherwise, with any foreign government. Still, we like that the few letters we do receive should be regarded with respectful reverence—should be touch-me-nots, scarcely to be looked at, handed in on a waiter. We even thought of starting the fashion of having them covered with a napkin besides. Instead of which, Harry at once took to answering the postman's knock, although Mrs. Price, our housekeeper, always did so before his arrival. Not only that: we felt aware that the outside of every letter was scrupulously examined while he closed the hall-door as slowly as possible and returned to the breakfast-room at a funeral pace. Newspapers sent by absent friends—three distinguished families on our visiting list were then enjoying a continental tour—were subjected to the same inspection. Every cast-off envelope was carefully but silently secured, for the sake, as we thought, of studying and comparing the handwriting. We noticed also that, young as he was, more letters arrived for him than for us, the contents of which he never communicated. Strange, and slightly impertinent!

Yesterday, Rebecca's forbearance could hold out no longer. At the postman's rap, Harry jumped up as usual, before Mrs. Price—who is not so active as she was twenty years ago—could get to the door; and he returned with two letters, one half hidden in the cuff of his sleeve,

tenderness of look and manner than most women would have shown if they had been rescuing a half-drowned ~~fy~~ from a milk-jug—she silently and patiently fanned him for five minutes or more. No practised eye observing the peculiar bluish pallor of his complexion, and the marked difficulty with which he drew his breath, could have failed to perceive that the great organ of life was, in this man, what the housekeeper had stated it to be, too weak for the function which it was called on to perform. The heart laboured over its work, as if it had been the heart of a worn-out old man.

"It strikes you in that light, Lecount—does it?" said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "I think so, myself; I certainly think so. I won't pay the police a farthing if I can possibly help it." He took up the letter again, and became fretfully perplexed over a second reading of it. "But the man wants money!" he broke out, impatiently. "You seem to forget, Lecount, that the man wants money."

"Money which you offer him, sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount; "but—as your thoughts have already anticipated—money which you don't give him. No! no! you say to this man, 'Hold

COINS AND MEDALS.

Colonial, Continental and Fractional Currency, Confederate Notes and Bonds. Also Match, Medicine, and Playing Card Stamps, as well as Postage Stamps of all countries. Immense stock. ———o——— Reasonable Prices.

AGENTS WANTED

For the sale of above goods. Reference required. 50p. Catalogue 5cts.

Correspondents wanted in every quarter of the globe for mutual benefit. Write me.

A NEW PAPER.

On April 15th the first number of a new 12pp. monthly paper to be called —

THE PHILATELIC ERA,

will appear for the approval of the Philatelic Public. Subscription 15 cents per year. Advertising rates 50 cents per inch; \$1.50 per $\frac{1}{4}$ column. Circulation 1200. Address;

The Philatelic Era,

Box 368, - Cincinnati, O.

Send for a sample copy.

40 & 60 Per cent Discount.

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| J. F. Henry 1 cent | 3c. |
| " " " per 5 | 10c. |
| " " 4 cents | 5c. |
| A. L. Scoval 1 cent | 5c. |
| D. Barnes & Co. 4cents | 20c. |
| 10 var. Document | 5c. |

Postage Extra.

R. M. McFARLAND,

Box 182, - - - Henderson, Ky.

C. H. BOGERT,

Foreign Stamp Importer,

1415 Hyde St., San Francisco Cal.

— Sheets on approval —

"Scotts price" less 35 per cent discount.

This Paper from the press of

ROBT. L. CRIGLER,

PRINTER,

No. 1024 Scott St., Covington, Ky

Estimates furnished on receipt of stamp.

an average fleece is worth about seven shillings and sixpence.

The farmer who has got back his sheep from the washing without losing one by drowning (an accident that sometimes happens in the confusion and inevitable haste), and has had them sheared without getting them much cut, and has lastly been to the wool-market, and got a good price for his wool, may then turn the sheep out of his mind for a time, and go on steadily to his hay harvest.

And now the great annual Chiclebury sheep-washing is over. The blue pulpits are un-lashed, the hurdles pulled up and flapped together, the soiling-wales stacked and put away. The washers shut up their brown bear jars, shake hands and congratulate each other. Again the shepherds seek their old haunts, under the fir woods, and in the furze patches; and I dare say their old companions the plovers and the wheat-ears rejoice to see them once more, and the rabbits gambol all the blither for their return.

MY NEPHEW'S COLLECTION.

Most manias, whether chronic or acute, fail to become cosmopolite; they rage within a limited area, beyond which they do not spread; or they are confined to certain classes of society, above or below which they do not rise or sink. The rows of Donnybrook Fair are a notoriously Irish mania; howling religious revivals are American manifestations. In one century, choice tulips hardly got out of the hands of merchant princes; in another, they became the exclusive delight of weavers. Auriculas, with their formal and powdery beauty, have been stigmatised, by those who cannot grow them, as shoemakers' flowers. Lancashire is the centre of the gooseberry mania. Bull-fighting is a mania, which, although fierce on the spot, we should be sorry to see gaining ground outside the Spanish dominions. Every country in Europe has its own special mania; and there are doubtless plenty of little localities, both within the pale of Christendom and without it, each with its own pet mania, which, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, is born to break out unseen and waste its weakness on the desert air.

My nephew is a victim of the last new mania.

Harry is not a bad sort of fellow, being neither rebellious, saucy, unsteady, nor priggish. For his age I thought him wonderfully quiet and studious, given to more serious pursuits than most other juveniles. He brought with him, from Dr. Trimmeboy's establishment, a thick square strong-bound manuscript, entirely filled with a series of sums, ranging from simple and compound addition (with the lines ruled with red ink), through cube-root extraction, tare and tret, interest for various terms and at various rates per cent, timber-measuring and land-surveying, and concluding with a mild foretaste of trigonometry: showing how to calculate the height of a steeple—all transcribed in his own handwriting, with corrections, *passim*, by the

head usher. It was (for it is no longer) an autograph volume of which any ciphering-master in the land might boast.

His aunt Rebecca (my maiden sister) and myself, after close inspection of the manuscript, were duly edified—so duly, in fact, that I believe we never opened it afterwards, until the occasion I am about to relate. But what subsequently excited our approbation was the constant reference which Harry made to his model ciphering-book. He would lay down the *Times* to recur to its perusal. When I opened a light chat on the City article, he would take up his book, as a help to a clearer comprehension of the topic. If, alluding to the Court of the Vatican, I mentioned the intrigues of the ex-King of Naples, he replied perhaps, consulting the book again, "Ah, yes; I have it." If I wondered whether Hesse would make it up with Prussia, "Let me see; unluckily, no," was his answer, after a glance at the oracle. He never parted from the book. He thought more of the book than Abernethy did of *his*. It was his handy book, his vade mecum, his manual, his companion by day, and his bedfellow, I believe, by night. Beholding this strong attachment to figures, vague thoughts came over us of his being destined to succeed the astronomer-royal, or to rival the fame of Bidder and Babbage.

At the same time he seemed to become strangely and even unpleasantly inquisitive respecting our own private affairs. Neither Rebecca nor myself receive letters that contain deep secrets, political or family. We do not correspond with Garibaldi, Mazzini, or the Count de Chambord. We hold no communication, in cypher or otherwise, with any foreign government. Still, we like that the few letters we do receive should be regarded with respectful reverence—should be touch-me-nots, scarcely to be looked at, handed in on a waiter. We even thought of starting the fashion of having them covered with a napkin besides. Instead of which, Harry at once took to answering the postman's knock, although Mrs. Price, our housekeeper, always did so before his arrival. Not only that: we felt aware that the outside of every letter was scrupulously examined while he closed the hall-door as slowly as possible and returned to the breakfast-room at a funeral pace. Newspapers sent by absent friends—three distinguished families on our visiting list were then enjoying a continental tour—were subjected to the same inspection. Every cast-off envelope was carefully but silently secured, for the sake, as we thought, of studying and comparing the handwriting. We noticed also that, young as he was, more letters arrived for him than for us, the contents of which he never communicated. Strange, and slightly impertinent!

Yesterday, Rebecca's forbearance could hold out no longer. At the postman's rap, Harry jumped up as usual, before Mrs. Price—who is not so active as she was twenty years ago—could get to the door; and he returned with two letters, one half hidden in the cuff of his sleeve,

while he devoured the direction of the other with his eyes. We had long been expecting that letter. It contained, we knew, an expression of thanks and safe arrival in Queensland from a penniless but hard-working young woman whom my sister believed she was really patriating, while ex-patriating her, at her own expense. In truth, the girl's sweetheart had purposely gone out before her, with an understanding, and was ready for the reception of his well-beloved. We wished this little romance, in which Rebecca was an accomplice, to be kept as snug as possible.

"That is *my* letter, sir," observed my sister, sternly; "and I should be glad to have it, and others for the future, brought in directly, without being quite so closely examined. In my time, young people did not take such liberties."

"Because in your time——" stammered Harry, not daring to finish.

"Because why, sir? I insist on knowing."

"Because in your very, very young time, aunt, there were no such things as postage stamps. They are a magnificent invention of modern times. Here is the letter; but pray do give me the envelope."

"For what? What interest or right, sir, can you possibly have to inspect the postmarks of my correspondence. And, now we talk of correspondence, I should like to be informed what is the nature of yours. It may be all right and proper, and I dare say it is; but, until you are one-and-twenty, and we are relieved of the responsibility of your guardianship, I may observe that your uncle and myself ought to be made acquainted with its nature, and to have some idea of the persons with whom it takes place."

Rebecca uttered this little lecture with all the dry decision she could muster, looking at me, at the close of her speech, to second the motion. Then, as she really loved her nephew, and was too kind-hearted to feel easy while administering reproof, she made a retreat and avoided further discussion by breaking the seal of her letter and becoming absorbed in its perusal. I said nothing. Harry blushed, not a guilty blush, but a blush as it were protesting against unjust treatment. He soon left the house—as he afterwards confessed, to make private arrangements with the postman.

During his absence, and while Rebecca was making out her multi-crossed epistle, breathing a satisfactory "Ah!" at intervals, I went upstairs to my room, to look out of window with my hands in my pockets, as my wont is when anything occurs to puzzle me. His room door stood ajar, suggesting the possibility of finding a clue to the correspondence of which Rebecca disapproved. In a snug corner of his bookcase was the well-worn ciphering-book, which would not have invited further attention but for its bloated appearance, so to speak. It had grown plethoric, abdominal, and fat. It seemed to have taken in more good things than it could well digest. It was filled to repletion, witness sundry cracks, in spite of the extra binding duly charged

in the school bill. I took it down, really hoping to find a further triumph of my nephew's mathematical abilities, and supposing the additional thickness to arise from logarithmic calculations of excessive profundity. The sums, no doubt, would be overlaid with algebraic corollaries and commentaries. I opened the volume, half-fearing to behold an increase of figures, ascending vertically or descending transversely, and garnished with scales of red ruled lines.

Next the cover were loose letters, evidently not, as Rebecca dreaded they were, from any young person of the gentler sex. "Your last favour duly received," "on the 30th ult. we had the honour to forward," would hardly be the forms in which a fair one would avow her susceptibilities. There was mention of "France, 1848," "France, republic, presidency," "private offices," "scarce envelopes," and "local correspondence," which could have reference only to business or politics. Was my nephew in secret training for the foreign secretaryship? But on turning over the once arithmetical pages, a wonderful transformation met my eye, explaining the obese condition of the book. It was not exactly a palimpsest manuscript, but had been effaced by linings of paper mosaic. Each page was neatly ruled with blue ink into small square divisions quite irrespective of the sums upon it, and nearly each division was occupied by a postage stamp of some nation, colony, or community, whose name was hand-printed on a smart label pasted at the top of the page. A few old postage envelopes were honoured with a broad-margined page to themselves.

Beside the volume were three or four pamphlets, in French and in English, of Parisian, Belgian, and British publication, the happy authors of which could boast their second editions, revised, corrected and enlarged, with reproduction forbidden and every right reserved. I beheld Aids to Stamp Collectors; being a list of English and Foreign Postage Stamps in Circulation since 1840. I beheld Catalogue des Timbres-Poste créés dans les divers Etats du Globe. Further, I saw Manuel du Collectionneur de Timbres-Poste, ou Nomenclature générale de tous les timbres adoptés dans les divers pays de l'Univers; as if the author, Monsieur J. B. Moens, were on intimate terms with postmasters residing in the planets Venus and Jupiter. He assures us that the stamp-collector may apply to him in all confidence; for the correspondent whom he has with the stranger enable him continually to supply the generality of all the stamps (of the universe?). And then there was a severe libellus, of ninety-seven pages, Timbres-Poste, without preface, commentary, or peroration, but an index only, "on sale chez Laplante, Dealer in Postage Stamps for Collections, 1, Rue Christine, 1, Paris." This last looked about as light reading as a list of fixed stars, or the astronomical portions of Dietrichsen's Almanack. Besides, and on the same shelf, were ranged grammars and dictionaries of foreign tongues, picked up at book-stalls; tables of European

coins, weights, and measures, and, backing and supporting all, like a substantial buttress, a solid tome, entitled *Manuel du Négotiant, Traite, théorique et pratique des Sciences Commerciales*. For this learned treatise the name of the author, L. Rothschild, inspired me with a certain awe. I left it untouched, and turned over with bewilderment the pages of the metamorphosed arithmetical record.

While so doing, a light step bounded upstairs. It was Harry, who thus caught me in his sanctum, rummaging his private shelves, and surrounded by his precious documents tossed about in disorder. The boy looked astonished, but not in the least abashed or ashamed. He stood his ground like a man. After the first surprise at seeing me there, he seemed flattered rather than otherwise by the curiosity I was manifesting.

"And how did you come by all this rubbish?" I asked.

"By exchanges with correspondents, uncle," was his reply, in justification, "and also with my pocket-money."

"You were at liberty, certainly, to spend it on this, as well as on any other harmless nonsense; still it is a pity to throw money into the street."

"I beg your pardon, uncle; it is not thrown away at all. I have made a good investment. My stamp album is worth twenty pounds, if it is worth a single shilling."

"When you have proved that it is worth a shilling, I will believe that it will fetch twenty pounds."

"That is easily done. You know, uncle, there are two sorts of collections of stamps, the maculate and the immaculate. Maculate stamps, or such as have passed through the post, are marked, to prevent their being used again. I do not claim any value for those, because you, perhaps, will not admit that they have any value."

I nodded my perfect assent to this.

"And yet I have a Neapolitan stamp—here it is—of the late King Bomba, which I would not part with, for five shillings. Besides, as each country has different postage-stamps, so has each a different mode of defacing them. Just look, uncle. England does it by black bars, Hesse Darmstadt by concentric circles, France by a number of little black spots. Now, as it is possible that the rarity of certain discontinued stamps will tempt forgers to imitate them, if they commit any error in the mode of defacement, they will be caught most assuredly. Therefore, an authentic postmark on a stamp confirms its genuineness and increases its worth—"

"Which I ignore."

"I must tell you a true story, which I heard at the lycée. A maid-servant, who made use of a postage-stamp for the first time in her life, had noticed that all the letters she took in for her master were dotted with black over the stamp, like this head of the Republic. She supposed it was done to make the stamps stick

better, and imitated it as well as she could with a pen. At the post-office, it was at first suspected that some one had used an old stamp, to cheat the government. Inquiries were made, and learned 'experts' set to work, who proved the girl's innocence of intentional wrong. She got off with an admonition, lucky enough to escape further trouble."

"Is it possible she could have been so stupid?"

"There are more stupid things done than that. Among the curiosities found in letter-boxes are unstamped letters in considerable quantities, and mingled with them, though not exactly in the same proportion, single loose postage-stamps. There are people ignorant enough, after they have written and directed their letter, to buy a stamp at the office, and then, instead of sticking it on the letter, to throw it into the box at the same time with the letter, supposing *that* to be the mode of prepayment. The clerks do the best they can to distribute justice, in the shape of stamps, amongst the unprovided letters; but their utmost impartiality may not prevent some letter-writers from reaping what they have not sown."

"Beautiful simplicity! But you were to prove that your album is worth a shilling."

"Instantly, uncle. My collection is, for the most part, maculate, consisting of old stamps. I am not rich enough to procure unused stamps of all the countries in Europe—not to speak of the colonies—nevertheless I have a few. Now you must acknowledge, uncle, that unused stamps are worth their cost price. Here is a Würtemberg stamp for six kreuzers; here, a Swiss one for forty rappen, a Belgian one for forty centimes, a Norwegian one for eight skilling, and a Prussian one for four silbergroschen, all unused. Their joint value is more than a shilling English."

"I don't know," I demurred, speaking the truth.

"Again, here are French immaculates for eighty, forty, twenty, ten, five, and one centime respectively; that's more than a shilling. And here are English ones for sixpence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, and one penny. Do they make a shilling? Eh, uncle?"

"I suppose they do, and that you have the best of the argument."

"Yes. And I am in hopes, uncle, that I shall be able to make you entertain a higher opinion of postage stamps. They are a great discovery; and if so, their history is well worth studying. The man who invented them deserves as much honour as he who invented coin for cash transactions. By sticking a bit of paper, with a government mark, on a letter, you command its delivery, as soon as may be, at any place you choose to name. All the formalities and delays of money payments are avoided, including those connected with the money exchange of the foreign countries which a letter may have to traverse."

"That is, you mean to say that postage-stamps are a simple and convenient form of paper money?"

"I beg your pardon. Postage-stamps are

not paper money; they are much more than, and superior to, paper money. Paper money supposes moneyed capital of the precious metals, and, to have any worth, must be backed by a bank with bullion in it sufficient to pay them off whenever required. The bullion may run short, be spent, or stolen; the bank may fail, and the paper be good for nothing but to light a cigar with. Postage-stamps represent not cash to be paid but a service to be rendered; the only capital they suppose is the existence of human limbs and brains and the continuance of civilised society. So long as European nations endure, and people have a mutual interest in knowing what is going on in other places; a postage-stamp can never fall to the level of a bank-note issued by a broken bank. Perhaps even, one of these days, we shall have stamps to prepay other services besides letter-carrying."

"Your imagination is running along, my y, faster than I can follow it."

"Not at all, uncle; for the scheme is already put in practice to a limited extent. Did you ever hear of a ticket for soup?"

"I think, Harry, I have. But what has that to do with it?"

"A ticket for soup (about which so many jokes have been made) is a promise, by charitable persons, of a gift to be made. The soup received is the fulfilment of the promise, is it not? Applying the same principle to business, there are restaurants in Paris who sell you packets of tickets for dinners. Instead of paying for your board by the month (and paying for nothing whenever you are asked out to dinner), you keep the tickets in your pocket-book, and, whenever you want to dine, you present one; exactly as, when you want to send a letter, you stick upon it the proper stamp, and put it into the letter-box. The restaurant's ticket is a dinner stamp; it prepays the butcher, the cook, the wine-merchant, the rent of the dining-room, and the use of the dinner things, all through the agency of the head of the establishment, who is always there to supply the meal contracted for whenever called upon to do so. Subscription to the opera is something of the same kind. All I say is that we may carry the stamp system further, applying it perhaps to medical attendance."

"We will ask the Doctor what he has to say to it. Meanwhile, I begin to think that your time and money may not have been spent on mere unmeaning bits of coloured paper. To convince me thoroughly, can you stand an examination in the contents of your own stamp-book?"

"I believe so, uncle. Please begin wherever you like."

"How does a native Hanoverian spell the name of his country?"

"With two *ns*; *H, a*, double *n*."

"What does *Sverige* mean?"

"*Sverige* is Sweden."

"What is a *Freimarke*?"

"A Swedish *Freimarke*, an Austrian *Poststempel*, a Hanoverian *Bestelgeld-frei*, a Dutch

Post-zegel, a French *Timbre-poste*, an Italian *Francobollo*, a Hamburg or Lubeck *Postmarke*, are all and equally postage stamps."

"What is the shape of a Cape of Good Hope stamp?"

"Triangular. The French fellows at our lycée, when I showed them the beginning of my collection, were struck most of all with the number and extent of the British possessions. I told them they might have the same, if they only had the perseverance to go and settle in foreign lands. But they are a too stay-at-home people for that. Wherever they go, they are always thinking of their village steeple."

"What are the stamps with a crowned lion holding a shield, marked nine *grazie* and six *grazie*?"

"Ah! those are Tuscan, beginning to be rare and valuable. A collector sets a value on a postage stamp in inverse proportion to the stability and prosperity of the state by which it is issued. Those of the overthrown Italian Duchies, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, never very numerous, are now scarce, and will soon be priceless. The stamps of transitional governments, like the last French Republic, are eagerly sought, for the same reason. I am thinking of investing a trifle in Roman Pontifical stamps. When the temporal power has come to an end, those stamps will command anything in the way of exchange."

"What are— I can't make them out myself—those very pretty stamps, with oval medallions, green, red, and blue, in the midst of drapery of a different colour?"

"Those are Russian, for thirty, twenty, and ten copecks each. I cannot read the legend or inscription, because I have not yet been able to set myself up with a Russian alphabet, and a grammar and dictionary to follow."

"Your aunt and myself will manage that between us. Let us now go and see whether she has finished her letter."

"You have been a long while up-stairs," observed Rebecca, as we entered, returning her spectacles to their case, and handing me her Australian epistle to read. "She is quite well and happy. She has had a little boy, and is expecting another. She sends her duty and some Queensland bird-skins by the next mail, hoping that you and I are the same."

"I am glad of it, though the news is a little confused. Harry has been showing me his correspondence. You may give him the envelope, or he will be content with the stamp alone."

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

THERE is now living in Paris a quiet unassuming literary man, named Rufin Piotrowski, a professor at the Polish emigrant school at Les Batignolles, who, sixteen years ago, performed a feat of hardihood which, for energy, enterprise, and perseverance, is almost without a parallel. This worthy gentleman, arrested at Kamaniec, in Podolia, while on a patriotic mission from his brother exiles in Paris, and conveyed in

THE AMERICAN PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION.

(Organized September 14th, 1888.)

President—J. K. TIFFANY, Room 172 Laclède Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Vice President—W. C. VAN DERLIP, Box 3416, Boston, Mass.

Secretary—S. B. BRADFORD, Ottawa, Ill.

Treasurer—H. B. SEAGRAVE, Pontiac, Mich.

International Secretary—JOS RECHERT, Hoboken, N. J.

Exchange Superintendent—E. B. STERLING, Trenton, N. J.

Literary Exchange Superintendent—H. C. BEARDSLEY, St. Joseph, Mo.

Counterfeit Detector—E. A. HOLTON, 8 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

Assistant Counterfeit Detector—R. WUESTHOFF, Germania Bank, New York City.

First Purchasing Agent—

Second Purchasing Agent—H. O. HARRIS, Doylestown, Pa.

Third Purchasing Agent—

Fourth Purchasing Agent—CHARLES MUECKE, 468 Broome street, N. Y.

Librarian—C. R. GADSDEN, Grand Crossing, Ill.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

N. TERRETT, Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

AUG. DEJONGE, Staten Island, N. Y.

J. W. SCOTT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LITERARY BOARD.

R. C. H. BROCK, Box 287, Phila., Pa.

W. C. STONE, Springfield, Mass.

W. A. MACCALLA, Phila., Pa.

Office of EXCHANGE SUPERINTENDENT,

130 East State Street,

P. O. Box 294.

Trenton, N. J.

188

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the

at hand

relating, as per memorandum:

Sheets to the value of \$

Covers " " "

Total, \$

which will be promptly placed on circuits

Yours respectfully,

Exchange Superintendent.