

Riel.

He aquí, por lo menos, un pequeño correo nada vulgar. Un conmovedor recuerdo de la Nueva-Francia toma lugar aquí.

Sello de Turquía  
20 paras  
Media luna y caracteres árabes  
Impresión negra sobre amarillo  
Año 1868

— Por mi, llego de Stambul me reconocés sin duda por mi media luna. He entrado en los harems; visto cosas maravillosas: minaretes y un mar azul, como el de la Cannebière. Llego todo perfumado del Oriente sobre la factura de un vendedor de pastillas del Serrallo de la calle Rívoli.

— Entra, tú perfumarás el album.

— ¿Y tu?

— Del pié mismo de las pirámides. He atravesado todo el desierto dentro de la cartera de un inglés que quería suicidarse en la Meca. Al volver, en el barco, he encontrado al pequeño rey de España que venía de Filipinas en una carta recomendada. Este pequeño rey no es orgulloso, y supe que iba á la Haya á hacer una visita á la jóven reina de Holanda que ha hecho grabar su retrato para ofrecérselo. Volveremos á ver, sin duda, el imperio de Carlos V.

Demasiado habladora la esfinge de Egipto.

No queda más que uno delante mío, una bella mujer sentada, con una bandera en la mano.

Con cortesía:

Sello de las Colonias Francesas de 1 centesimo.—La paz con la bandera francesa en la izquierda y un gajo de olivo.—Impresión negra sobre papel azul.—Año 1881.

— ¿Viene Vd. de lejos?, señora.

— De Haití, de Madagascar, de Saigón, de todos lados donde Francia lleva su paso. He escalado las montañas, pasado los rios, siguiendo por todo su fortuna, y desplegando según el deseo de los que combatian por ellos á travéz de los mares, los tres colores que ves en mi mano.

El sitio de honor, á las colonias francesas...

¡Alta la bandera y suene la música!



— ¡Protesto! exclama este sello que se adelanta sobre él de las colonias francesas.

Sello de la República Oriental del Uruguay de 7 cents.

El retrato del general Don José G. Artigas

Color Marrón  
Año 1864.

— ¿Que me dices tú querido y simpático anciano? ¿Quién eres?

— ¡Como! ¿no me conoces, soy Artigas, el fundador de la nacionalidad Uruguaya, el hombre que con su santo patriotismo, con su honradez acrisolada, y su insigne valor, supo dar una patria a los hijos de la banda Oriental.

¡Gloria á Artigas!

## NOTAS FINALES

Recibimos los números 36 y 37 del *Boletín de Enseñanza Primaria* que tan ilustradamente dirige el Inspector Técnico Sr. Don José H. Figueira.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 18. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.  
 Tuesday, March 2, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by HARPER & BROTHERS. \$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

### VIÀ BRINDISI.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

**W**E left India in a bag of leather. Dark and narrow it was, but greater messengers than Postal Cards have to wait a while in darkness before the time comes for them to tell their message. Flowers have to—so do butterflies.

Do not think from this that I was lonely. Oh no. I rode next to a grand Letter in white, and not far from a portly Circular in buff. However, as he was not of my class, I shunned him. The Letter, on the contrary, charmed me; he seemed so self-contained, so wrapped up in his own thoughts. Besides, he bore a crest and a monogram and a superscription to be proud of. He was quite reserved; but before we passed Aden his angularity had so far worn off that I learned that he was commissioned to bear a message to a dainty young lady in the southwest of England. What the message was I could only guess. Letters are not nearly so frank about such matters as I have been taught to consider proper. Still, it must have been something very delightful, for one could tell from his crest and monogram that the Letter had been sent by a person of gentle blood, and in fact he told me that his master was a handsome young man in a military coat. Moreover, he said that this young man had given him a very warm pressure of the hand at parting (which had left a deep impression on him), and had even touched him lightly to his lips.

Possibly you have never reflected upon the fact that Postal Cards and Letters have any feelings. But wait. Perhaps one of our race is waiting at this very moment to undeceive you. After the right one comes along and tells you his message, you will know thenceforward that we are quite alive, and have great power over the affections.

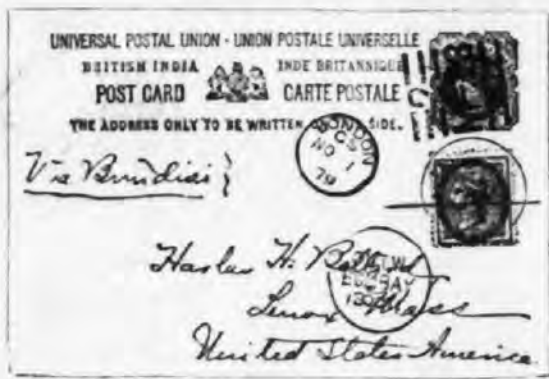
Post-office clerks have no sentiment. All along the way they handled us as rudely as if we had been mere blank pieces of pasteboard. One or two of them coolly stared at me till I was very red in the face, and then turned me over and stared again, until I felt as if I were getting read in my back. I am told that such rudeness is not uncommon. As if this were not enough, the fellow then laid me upon my back, and picking up a heavy instrument, struck me a violent blow in the face. It was as if I had been stamped upon, and I carry the marks of it to this day. Why he did it, I do not know, unless it was because I was a foreigner.

The gentleman for whom I was travelling was a student, and I was carrying a glad message to an old chum of his in Massachusetts. I lived with this student some weeks before he sent me on my errand. As I lay in a

*Page 221*

and study. He sometimes read them aloud. He liked Horace best of all. He would light a cigar, put his feet on the desk, and read Satires as if he were very happy indeed. I soon became fond of Horace too. I liked to listen to his queer stories of life in Rome, of his love of country life, and of his dear friends Virgil and Mæcenas.

My favorite story was the "Trip on a Canal-Boat." I used to picture to myself the jolly poet sitting by the prow of the quaint boat, watching the twinkling lights



alongshore, and listening to the loud songs and rude jests of the barge-men. So when I learned that I was to be sent on a long journey, you may believe it was no small comfort to me to learn that I was to go "vià Brindisi." I was to visit the very town to which the poet had travelled so long ago. Perhaps between here and Rome I might even catch a glimpse of the old canal. Fortunately there was a little crack in the side of the bag where I lay, and I managed to get a peep of the town. I could not see anything which satisfied me much. Brindisi is not what Brundisium was. When Virgil died there, when Caesar marched against it with golden eagles, when Antony threatened there the man who afterward became Augustus, it was a great city. It had an excellent harbor, strong fortifications, and sixty thousand inhabitants. Now it is nothing.

I can not tell you of all the interesting places I passed on my way. In fact, I hardly know myself where I did go, for I slept most of the time, and when awake, my bruised head ached so badly that I did not care to be curious.

In fact, until I reached Brindisi I had only once attempted to peep out. I did wish to view the Suez Canal. But for that I should have been obliged to go around the Cape of Storms. To be sure, in that case I might have caught a glimpse of Table Mountain and its vaporous "table-cloth," and have seen the rocky isle where Napoleon was caged. But that would have been small compensation for the tedious voyage. So I regarded the Suez Canal as

in some sort a friend, and I tried to see it. But the vulgar yellow Circular I told you of edged himself directly in front of me, and hid the view completely. I had no more remarkable adventures until we reached the Post-office in London. I did not suffer at all on the Channel, though my courtly friend the Letter and his pages were all quite distressed. He was unkind enough to say that my escape was probably due to the fact that I had nothing inside. I excused the discourtesy, under the circumstances, and was heartily sorry to part from him at London. Here I was taken out and given a breath of fresh air. But here, also, I suffered. Another clerk seized me, and struck me a violent blow on the breast. He certainly left a red mark upon me. I think that I shall not recover from my ill-treatment.

I have lived long enough to reach the one to whom I

was sent, and to give him glad congratulations on his— But, there! I almost told my secret. It is my greatest fault.

My life is nearly over. I meant to tell you of Bombay, its race-course, its fine harbor which gives it its name, its wealthy Parsees, and good Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, but I am too much worn out. I have had my face photographed for you. You can see my scars. You must not turn me over and read my glad message. That would not be fair. I too have a superscription. I have been of use. I have been told that after my death I may live again; that I may, perhaps, live in white, and become a grand Letter. I may even get a monogram and a crest. It is not impossible. Other messengers of glad tidings die and live again. Flowers do—and butterflies.

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Page 443 A CHAT ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

PHILATELY? What is that?

Many years ago, beyond the longest recollection of the oldest of the young people, a school-teacher in Paris (so one story goes) advised her pupils to get specimens of different postage stamps, in order the better to study their geography. There was a general searching among old letters to secure these little bits of bright-colored papers. Parents and friends were asked to save the stamps from their letters; strangers at the post-office were pounced upon, the moment they received their letters, for the stamps; and from this little beginning sprang stamp-collecting.

At first it was limited to boys and girls; but the older people, seeing the interest excited over these little pictures, and led on by their endeavors to please their young acquaintances, began themselves taking an interest in the things. From a pleasure it gradually became a study, and a most fascinating one; and soon there were no more enthusiastic collectors than the people advanced in years, wealth, position, and social, literary, and scientific attainments. And to-day many great people turn with pleasure from the cares of their life to the pages of their stamp albums, to look over the numerous evidences of the growth of the postal system, or to help some young friend in the filling up of a modest little blank-book.

In spite of the ridicule which has been heaped upon the collector of stamps, the interest in stamp-collecting is as great to-day as it was a dozen years ago, and from Prince Edward Island to Australia will be found stamp "merchants," as they delight to call themselves, stamp papers, and stamp agencies, to supply the continually increasing demands of young and old collectors. Societies exist in several countries, at the meetings of which most learned papers are read to show the why and the wherefore of this or that stamp, and even the government at Montevideo has authorized a stamp society, lately established there, to use a private postal card.

This pursuit of stamp collecting is called Philately, from two Greek words, which have been translated "the love of stamps," and those who engage in the pleasure or the pursuit are pleased to call themselves Philatelists.

This little "chat" shall be closed by a reference to the illustrations of some curious or interesting stamps, and a notice of stamps that have been issued during the past few months.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 3.

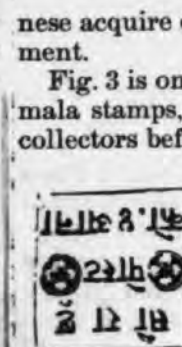


FIG. 5.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 6.

Fig. 1 is one of the series of United States stamps for postage on large packages of newspapers and periodicals, and represents a value of forty-eight dollars. There is a higher value of sixty dollars. These stamps are perfect gems, and are among the most beautiful in the world.

Fig. 2 represents one of the stamps in use to-day in Japan. It is only necessary to compare a specimen of this issue with the first stamps used in Japan to see how rapidly the Japanese acquire every modern improvement.

Fig. 3 is one of the current Guatemala stamps, printed in Paris, which found their way to collectors before they were delivered to the government. The thick black line on either side is a bird's tail—the quetzal, or national bird, one of the most beautiful on this continent.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent stamps used in two of the native states of India. The native stamps of India, ugly as many of them are, are among the most interesting found in the collector's album, and quite difficult to obtain.

Fig. 6 is one from the South African Republic, or the Transvaal, lately seized by England.

Some of the newest issues are:

ANTIGUA.—A new value, 4d., blue; and a postal card, 1½d., red-brown on buff.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The 4d., blue, surcharged in red above, "Three Pence."

DOMINICA.—New values of ½d., yellow; 2½d., brown; 4d., blue; and a postal card of 1½d., red-brown.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—A new value, 50c., same type as current series, in mauve.

GOLD COAST.—Stamps of ½d., golden yellow, and 2d., green; and card of 1½d., red-brown.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The 2½d. stamp is printed in blue, and the 2s. changes from blue to red-brown.

MONTSERRAT.—New stamps of 2½d., red-brown, and 4d., blue; and postal card of 1½d., red-brown.

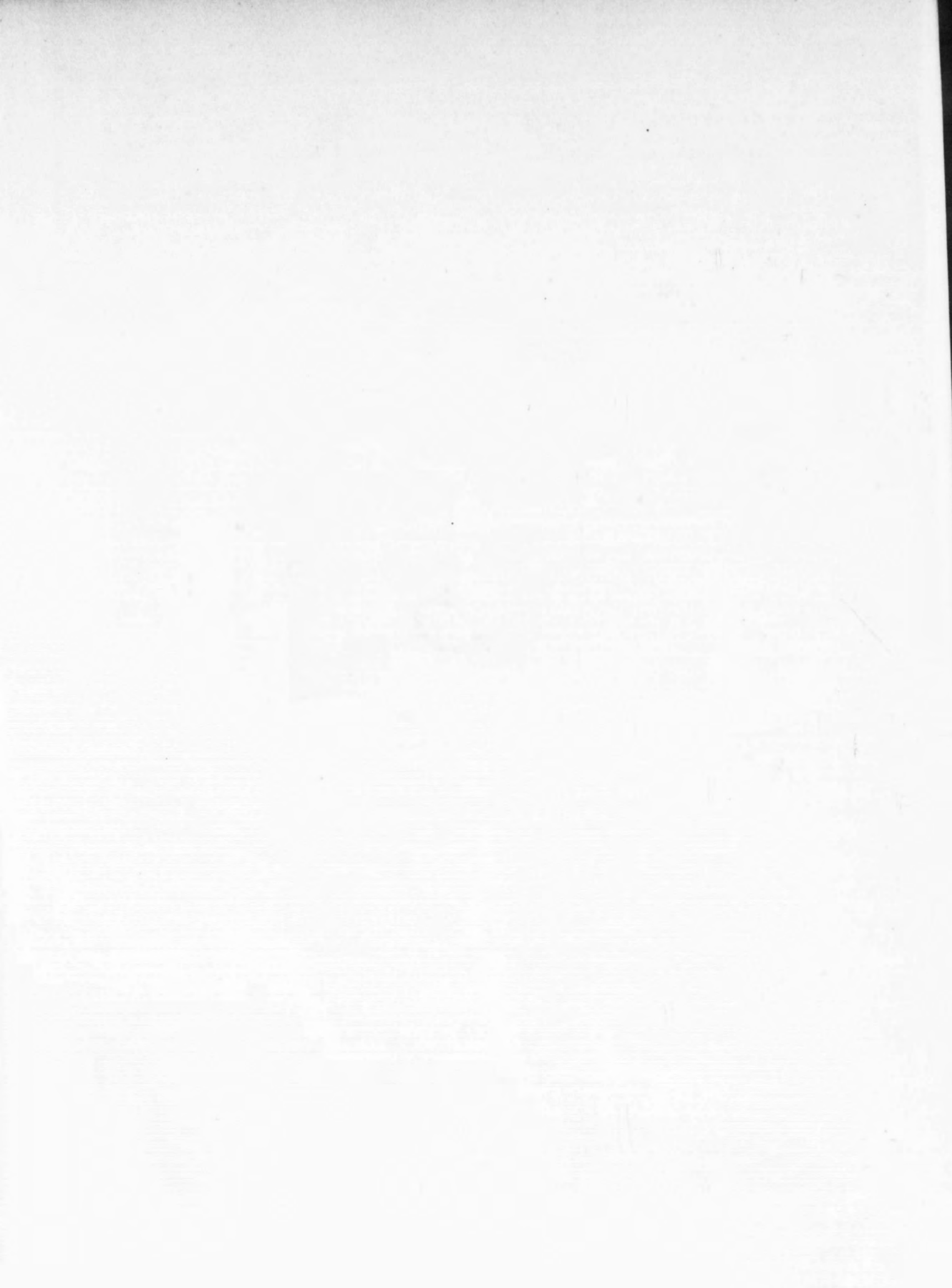
MARCH 2, 1880.

HARPER'S YOU

NEVIS.—New stamps of 2½d., red-brown, and 4d., blue; and postal card of 1½d., red-brown.

PERU.—A new series of stamps is in preparation, but for the present the authorities surcharge the current stamp with the words, "Union Postale Universelle" and "Plata," in an oval. The 1c. changes its color to green, the 2c. to carmine, and the 20c. is suppressed.

ROUMELIA.—This province of Turkey begins its stamp history with a postal card of the value of 10 paras, as expressed on the face, but in reality of 15 paras, at which it is sold.



STAMP COLLECTING.

BY J. J. CASEY.

I HAVE no doubt that many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE are stamp collectors, and that many more are ready to become stamp collectors if they are started properly. Little difficulty is experienced at the present day in getting a good assortment of stamps, because the great spread of the postal system, and the resulting increase of correspondence, bring the stamps of every foreign country into the business houses of New York. But the main difficulty is so to manage with the stamps as to make them more than a plaything for a few weeks—to make them really instructive, and their possessors real Philatelists.

The materials requisite for the beginner are very few—a blank book, some sheets of very thin writing-paper, and a small bottle of pure gum-arabic dissolved in water and made thin. Of course, when the collection increases and begins to assume form, this blank book must give way to a special album; but in the beginning a small book, worth, say, four or five cents, will suffice. Thus provided, you are ready to begin your collection.

Every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE has friends who have a correspondence more or less extensive, and whose desks are, therefore, store-houses of postage stamps. Requests for these stamps will seldom be denied, and in a very little while the beginner will have enough to make a start. Look over the specimens, pick out those that are the cleanest, and put aside as useless those that are torn or much defaced. Remove any superfluous paper from the back of the stamps selected for use by carefully touching the backs with warm water, when the adhering paper can easily be peeled off. Then cut the sheets of thin writing-

But why hinge the stamp? Simply to enable you to write under it the date of issue, its cost, and certain other matters connected with the stamp itself, so that you may have at hand the few facts necessary to be known—all of which is necessary if you wish to be a true Philatelist.

Another point to which particular attention is directed: do not cut the stamps close up to the printed designs; if perforated, do not cut off the perforations. Aside from destroying the appearance of the stamps, you also destroy their value for collectors. Not long since a very large collection of stamps was sold by auction. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars must have been spent in purchasing the specimens, among which were numbers of all rarities. The owner had trimmed and trimmed his specimens, cutting away everything up to the printed design. The collection went for a mere song,

in comparison to what it would have brought if the scissors had been left alone. No true collector fancies a mutilated specimen.

Thus far I have told you how to select your specimens, and prepare them for your blank book. At the outset it is likely you will receive nothing but current stamps of the several countries. Take all you get, select the best of each kind for yourself, and keep the others to make exchanges with your companions. That you may have some idea of the value of your specimens, it would be well to provide yourself with a catalogue of stamps, in which you will find full lists of all stamps issued, and in some many illustrations of the stamps. By exercising judgment in your exchanges you will soon be enabled to get together quite a number of good specimens from all quarters of the globe, and these without spending a single penny. Of course there is a limit to this mode of collecting, and you will soon find that you will require some loose change in order to add to your album. But do not let this frighten you. As interest in your collection increases—and it will increase if you start out properly—ways and means will suggest themselves for getting desired specimens, and you will be astonished how much you can do at a little outlay. My collection, which numbers over fourteen thousand specimens, and which at the very lowest estimate is worth \$15,000, has not cost me \$1500 in money. And all this by making judicious use of the knowledge I acquired gradually, and by following out the principles I have laid down for your guidance. And my stamps are to-day as great a source of pleasure to me, if not greater, as were the first specimens I got eighteen or twenty years ago.

What I have written thus far applies only to postage or revenue stamps. Stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards must be managed differently, but it will be well to leave the proper mounting of these until you have advanced with your "adhesives." For the present, therefore, it will suffice to say, Do not cut out the designs from the envelope, wrapper, or card. Keep whole. However, the system of stamps has increased so enormously

that it is next to impossible to keep up with the different classes. As a consequence, collectors are turning to specialties. Some devote themselves to postal adhesives, others to revenue stamps; some to stamped envelopes and wrappers, others to postal cards; and some, again, collect nothing but the private die proprietary stamps of the United States. Each of these is a field large enough in



FIG. 1.

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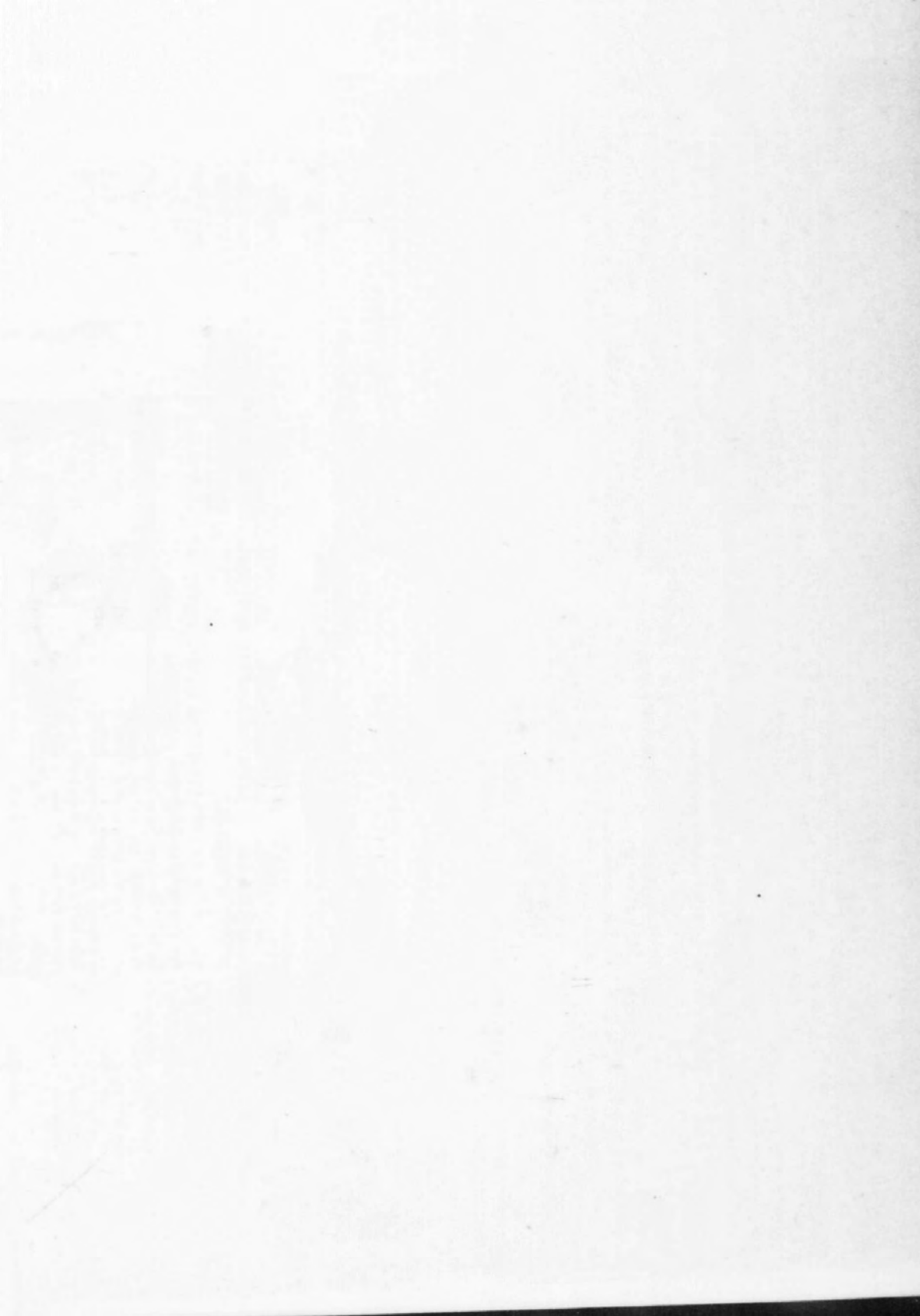
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FIG. 2.

perience of others. Again, the collection will increase in interest, which could not be the case if no pains were taken in the mounting, and it will increase in size. You will, of course, desire to transfer the stamps to a more pretentious and permanent album. A little moisture will loosen the strip from the first book, when it can be placed in the new book without damage. Even when here you may wish to replace it by a better specimen without injury to the book. Another plan is to mount the stamps on thin card-board a trifle larger than the stamp, gum a square of paper to the back of the card, and a touch of gum to the centre will fasten it to the page.







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itself to be covered properly, and the one who attempts to cover all, or even several, will require a very long purse, and more time than can be spared in this busy age.

Make your choice, therefore, and stick to that alone.

### FARM-HOUSE PETS IN JAPAN.

BY ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE Japanese people are very fond of pets. It is very rare to find a house entirely destitute of some favorite animal, from the costly *chin* (King Charles spaniel) to the bob-tailed cat that purrs near the tea-kettle on the *hi-bachi*, or fire-box. Canary-birds are quite common, and in place of something more rare, tiny bantam fowls are caressed and petted. Even a "rain-frog," or tree-toad, has been made a child's darling, while the little water turtles with fringed tails are prized as rare objects of delight.

In the country the boys of the family catch by trap or pit the wild animals on the hills, and tame them. Hares are the most common creatures caught, and in a little box of pine wood, with an open front of bamboo cane, the little pet finds a home. It soon learns to run about the house, and stand on its hind-legs to nibble bits of radish or lumps of boiled rice from the children's hands.

Sometimes the farmers find bigger game in their snares, such as badgers and foxes. If the badger is young, or if the boys can find an old mother badger's nest, the little cubs can be easily tamed. If kindly treated, kept from dogs, and not provoked, they are quite harmless.

But the big badgers are very snappish, and their bites are dangerous. In the picture we see the old lady of the farm-house, quite scared at the big badger which one of her sons has caught and hung up by the legs. See her girdle tied in front, as is the fashion with old ladies in Japan. "Naru hodo! what a nasty beast!" she is saying. By-and-by the boys will kill the brute with arrows, and sell the skin to the drum-maker and the hair to the brush-maker, and the dogs will have a fine feast.

What is that little board at the top, with a rope on either side?

That is the farmer's device to keep the birds away from his rice just planted. The string makes the crows afraid, and the short bits of bamboo clatter against the board, and scare off the little birds. The old badger is tied up by the legs on one of these posts in the field.

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

## WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### BENNY'S PARTY.

MR. MORTON'S school closed on the last day of June, and the parents of the pupils were so well pleased with the progress their sons had made that they almost all thanked the teacher, besides paying him, and they hoped that he would open it again in the autumn. Mr. Morton thanked the gentlemen in return, and said he would think about it; he was not certain that he could afford to begin a new term unless more pupils were promised, although he did not believe the entire county could supply better boys than those he had already taught at Laketon.

The boys, when they heard this, determined that they would not be outdone in the way of compliment, so they resolved, at a full meeting held in Sam Wardwell's father's barn, that Mr. Morton was a brick, and the class would prove it by giving him as handsome a gold watch chain as could be bought by a contribution of fifty cents from each of the twenty-three boys. Every boy paid in his fifty cents, although some of them had to part with special treasures in order to get the money: Benny Mallow sacrificed his whole collection of birds' eggs, which included forty-seven varieties, after having first vainly endeavored to raise the money upon two mole-skins, his swimming tights, and a very large lion that he had spent nearly a day in cutting from a menagerie poster. The chain, suitably inscribed, was formally presented in a neat speech by Joe Appleby; Paul Grayson absolutely refused to do it, insisting that Joe was the real head of the school; indeed, Paul himself asked Joe to make the speech, and from that time forth Joe himself pronounced Paul a royal good fellow, and even introduced him to all girls of his acquaintance who wore long dresses.

For at least a month after school closed the boys were as busy at one sort of play and another as if they had a great deal of lost time to make up. Getting ready for the Fourth of July consumed nearly a week, and getting over the accidents of the day took a week more. Some of the boys went fishing every day; others tried boating; two



III.

BY J. J. CASEY.

**I**N a previous chat with you I gave a few directions how to start properly in collecting stamps. You also got an inkling of the vast extent of Philately. While it embraces but two classes, stamps for postal purposes and stamps for revenue purposes, it has divided these two classes into several divisions, each of which has an equal importance, and each of which claims for itself all that can be given to it either of time or money. Jack of all trades, and master of none, can very truly be applied to stamp collecting. One who attempts to collect all kinds of stamps may, by the expenditure of a very large amount of money, succeed in accumulating a very great number of stamps; but one becomes merely an accumulator, and has ceased to be a Philatelist. The rule among collectors to-day is to take up some special portion of Philately, and to direct all their efforts to that portion.

Stamps for postal purposes include government adhesive stamps, local stamps recognized by several governments, private express stamps and private post-office stamps once prevalent in this country, stamped envelopes and stamped newspaper wrappers, postal cards, and proofs and essays. Stamps for revenue purposes include government adhesive stamps, municipal stamps, private die stamps of the United States, and proofs and essays. Here are divisions enough. To attain excellence, or even good results, in any one division, the others must be given up. One is just as fruitful of interest as another, but postage stamps of government issue are the most popular, being the easiest within reach.

Stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards should not be mutilated by having the design cut out. In the early days of collecting, attention was generally paid to the design only, which, whether in adhesive stamps or on envelopes, was trimmed up to the printed portion. The album-makers were responsible for this mutilation by marking off spaces in their albums. Collectors foolishly trimmed their stamps to fit into the prescribed spaces—a course which they have since regretted; for these trimmed specimens, exceedingly valuable, and oftentimes priceless when not mutilated, would not now be admitted into any first-class collection. Even to this day the album-makers virtually compel the collector to cut the impression out of the envelope, or else have an album with unsightly pages here and there. But under no consideration should the envelope or postal card be mutilated. You may say that it is not practicable to keep the entire envelope in a book. But you do not keep butterflies or birds' eggs in a book. Keep the envelopes and cards in a box until you can devise a plan of your own for mounting them. I have a very excellent plan for mounting envelopes and cards, and one of these days I may explain it to you.

Government local stamps are privileges extended to individuals or localities for postal purposes within limits. The most important of these are the Russian local stamps. You are aware that Russia has a large extent of territory; the postal service of the Russian Empire is not yet adequate enough to cover properly this vast extent, and accordingly it has extended to all the governments or provinces of Russia local mail privileges. As a result of this, over a hundred and ten towns have their special postage stamps. These are the most interesting of all stamps, from the many historical or emblematical designs engraved on them. A full collection of these stamps would number between four and five hundred specimens.

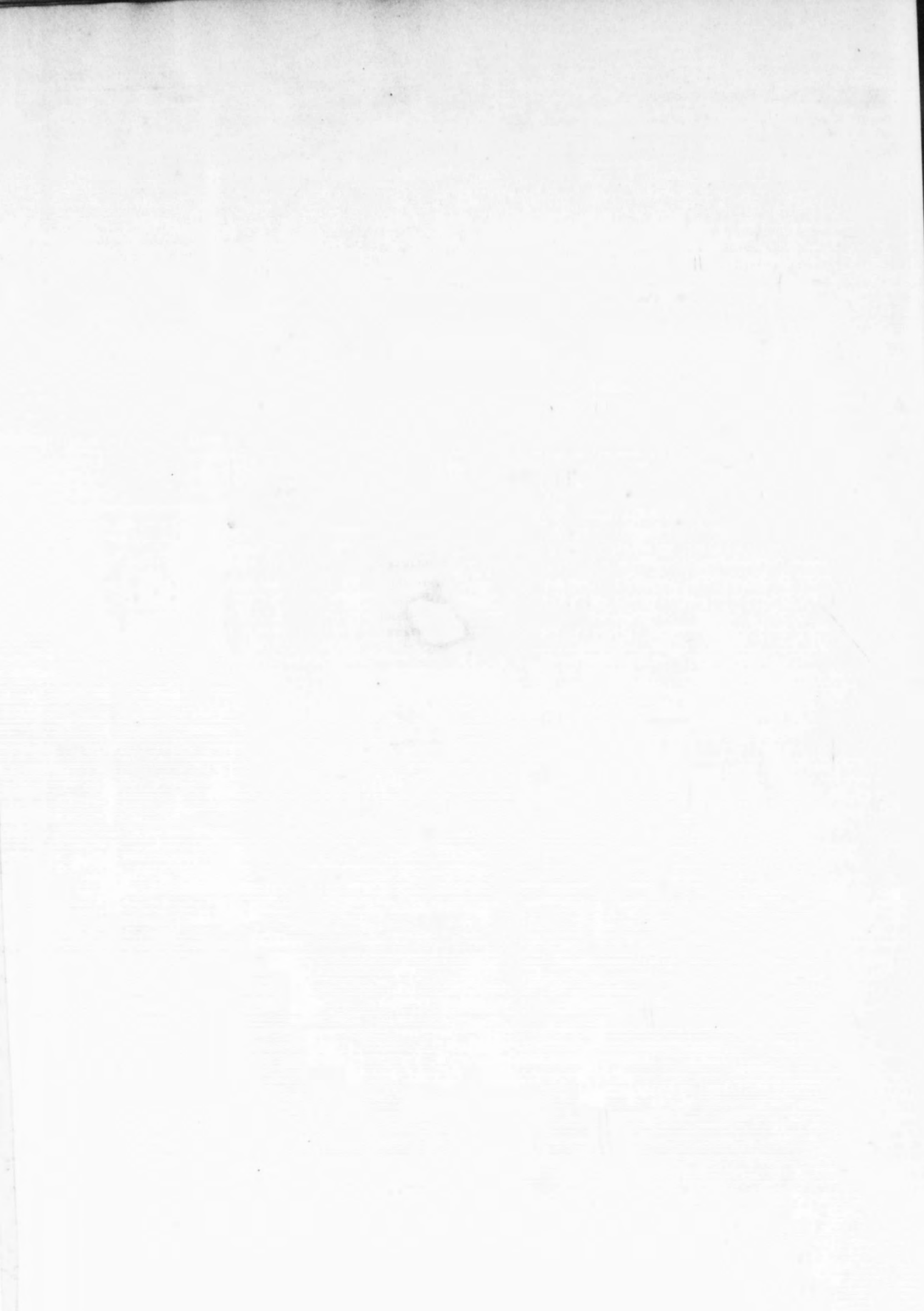
With these government local stamps must not be confounded what are sometimes, but erroneously, called "United States locals," but which are in reality nothing more than private express stamps. Between thirty and forty years ago, private individuals, and sometimes express companies, carried letters between various cities, or most usually within the limits of certain cities or towns. Payment was indicated by stamps. The Post-office Department soon broke up these concerns, as interfering with the postal privileges of the government, and none are now in existence as letter-carrying concerns save a few firms in this city to whom the privilege is given by one of the old colonial charters, and with which the government can not interfere. I shall not discuss the admissibility of these stamps into a collection, although opinion is divided. But I would advise my young friends to give them a wide berth. Of the hundreds which are known, you can not possibly get together enough genuine specimens to fill up a page of your book. To supply the demand there is no lack of counterfeits or concoctions, which will be represented to you as just as good as the stamps themselves.

But do not fill your albums with these vile forgeries. Many an album containing many fine stamps has been rendered almost worthless because page after page was plastered over with forgeries, reprints, and re-strikes of these private express stamps.

Among revenue stamps there are two most interesting classes—the municipal stamps of Italy and the private die or private proprietary stamps of this country. Revenue stamps are more in number than postage stamps, and, generally speaking, are more difficult to obtain, because of the higher values which the stamps represent. But the Italian municipal and the United States private die stamps will well repay the efforts of the young collector.

On one other point I wish to counsel you. Let there be consistency in your collection. By this I mean, let your stamps be all cancelled or all uncanceled. Nothing looks so bad as to see part of a set bright and clean, and the rest all smudged with cancelling ink. Cancelled stamps are in the main much cheaper than uncanceled stamps, and the collector has less difficulty in procuring cancelled specimens than he has in procuring uncanceled specimens. In fact, one difficulty collectors of clean stamps have to contend against is that it is almost impossible to procure clean copies of some of the great rarities. But these will not trouble you for some time. Bear in

mind what I said in a previous paper about putting in your collection none but perfect specimens. If you are careless on this point, you may be often imposed upon by many dealers, who will take particular pains to offer you their worst specimens.



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ON WHEELS—INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT BICYCLE MEET IN BOSTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## ON WHEELS.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

TO Boston boys Decoration-day of this year was a day long to be remembered; for in addition to the usual military parade, with its wagon-loads of flowers and beautiful floral designs to be placed on soldiers' graves, they had another procession to review—one that was as novel as it was interesting. It was a procession, a mile and a half long, of bicyclers; or, as they are more generally called in this country, "wheelmen." They were the members of the League of American Wheelmen (L. A. W.), gathered, 800 strong, for their annual meeting; and as they rode through the beautiful streets of what is known in Boston as the "Back Bay District," in double file, with gay silken flags marking the positions of the various clubs, bugles sounding, burnished wheels flashing in the sunlight, and thousands of spectators cheering, many a Boston boy determined then and there to become a wheelman.

While most of the wheelmen in this gay procession were men, its rear was brought up by some fifteen or twenty boys, who, under charge of one of the most experienced and graceful riders of the country, made a most creditable show, and proved themselves to be good and careful riders. The picture on the preceding page shows the contrast between them on their 36 or 40 inch bicycles, and their tall Captain on his 56-inch machine.

In the evening the wheelmen had Boston Music Hall, with its great organ, all to themselves, and here the most expert among them gave exhibitions of fancy riding that were very wonderful, as you may imagine by looking at the picture, and seeing "the way some folks ride."

Now it does not seem to me at all surprising that, after seeing all this, the Boston boy should be filled with an intense desire to become a wheelman; nor should I be surprised if every boy who reads this article should also long to own and ride a bicycle.

Well, if you, or your parents for you, can afford it, and you are a strong, healthy boy, there is no reason why you should not become a wheelman, and join the great parade that will take place on the 30th of May next year.

Some boys are afraid that they will fall while learning to ride, and therefore don't *dare* try. Such boys will never learn, nor do we want any cowards among our wheelmen. Of course there must be some falls, and some little danger attends the sport; but no more boys are hurt in learning to ride or in riding a bicycle than by football, base-ball, cricket, lacrosse, horseback-riding, or a dozen other manly sports in which boys always have engaged and always will. A little experience will soon teach the rider how to exercise the care necessary to prevent falls. He will learn to lean well back in his saddle when descending a hill, when about to apply his brake, or upon striking a stone or other obstacle. He will learn to lean forward when ascending a hill, and to dismount rather than to try and force his machine through sand.

That bicycling is a healthy exercise is a fact beyond dispute, as any physician who has the slightest knowledge of the bicycle will assure you. Velocipedes, or "bone-shakers," were injurious; bicycles are not.

Good bicycles for boys of from ten to sixteen years of age can be bought for from twelve to twenty dollars, and the very best will not cost over fifty dollars.

A good, easy-running bicycle can be driven up any ordinary hill, provided the road be smooth and hard, and a party of wheelmen, travelling over the ordinary roads of the Eastern States, will cover greater distances each day than if their means of conveyance were horses and carriage.

A moderate amount of luggage, sufficient for a week's trip, may be carried on the bicycle without inconvenience, and the perfection that has been reached in hub and head lamps renders it almost as safe and easy to ride by night as by day.

The best and most sensible bicycling suit consists of the uniform adopted by the L. A. W., which is of light gray throughout—blouse, flannel shirt, breeches, stockings, and polo cap, or helmet. If too warm, the rider can take off his blouse, and carry it very comfortably, rolled tightly, and strapped to the handle-bar of his bicycle.

Before closing I want to say a word about drinking. When a rider becomes very warm, and perspires freely, the temptation to drink, and to drink a quantity of almost anything that offers, is very great. Refrain from drinking anything just as long as you can, except at meal-time, or after your day's ride is over. The more you drink, the greater will be the desire to do so. If, while riding, your thirst becomes unbearable, to rinse your mouth several times, and take but one swallow of cool water, will refresh you as much as, and do you more good than, copious draughts. In riding through the country, be very careful where and what you drink. Water from wells or springs in small quantities is generally good. Water from ponds or streams is apt to be bad. Milk and lemonade are both good. In England the wheelman's favorite drink is milk and soda; in this country it is a soda lemonade: both are good. Beer is bad, very bad—almost the worst thing you could drink. It does not quench thirst, but increases it. It causes you to perspire freely, it takes away your wind, and leaves you panting and exhausted at the top of easy hills.

If the boys who are interested in bicycling have any questions to ask that have not already been answered, let them address "The Captain," through Our Post-office Box, and he will try and furnish the desired information.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

IV.

ALREADY many of my young friends are making inquiries about counterfeit stamps. I am not at all astonished. Similar inquiries have been made almost since the time when stamp-collecting came into vogue. Collectors are swindled every day. And the swindling trade will go on as long as there is a collector who can be swindled.

Whenever there is an opportunity to defraud, no matter how small the amount to be gained, there are always found persons ready to take advantage of the fraud. In the early days of collecting, scarcely a collector was free from the swindlers, either in the shape of forgeries of little-known stamps, or out-and-out humbugs in the shape of stamps that never existed. But with increased study came knowledge, and this knowledge was directed in great part to exposing the swindlers and their vile wares. But the trade was not put down. All the known stamps, both common and rare, were counterfeited in enormous quantities, and sent to agents, who by high-sounding advertisements, and under cover of a "Stamp Company" with a name as long as your arm, and with a prospectus more glowing than the prospectus of De Lesseps's Panama Canal Company, sold these counterfeits to the beginner as "great bargains." Master Jones envied his neighbor's collection because it contained some stamps which cost twenty-five or fifty cents each. But by chance Master Jones receives one of these glowing circulars from "The Great American Stamp Company" (with agencies in the principal cities), offering unheard-of bargains. A country has become bankrupt, or some enterprising member of the firm has persuaded a postal administration to sell to him for waste paper its stock of uncurrent stamps, and hence he is able to sell these great rarities for a mere trifle. Master Jones takes the bait, sends off his little earnings, and if he receives an answer at all—in nine cases out of ten he receives nothing—he is amazed to find a large assortment of rare stamps, some fresh and

clean, others nicely cancelled, but all tending to make Master Jones feel that he will soon humble the pride of his neighbor. Like older human nature, he keeps his purchases secret, as he wishes his victory to be a most glorious one for himself, the defeat a most humiliating one to his neighbor. But sooner or later Master Jones finds that he has been made a dupe. Not one of the stamps he has purchased is genuine. Those so nicely cancelled are as bad—in fact, worse than those which are clean. For the counterfeiter, with an ingenuity which might have found employment in better spheres, even counterfeited the government cancelling marks.

Now this is not an imaginary case. It is, rather, the experience of thousands and thousands of collectors, each one of whom has been swindled more or less by this vile trade in counterfeit stamps. It is impossible to estimate the injury resulting to Philately. If it were the dimes and quarters thrown away which alone were to be considered, the loss might be repaired. But it is the disgust, the doubt, following the disclosure, that cause thousands of young collectors, who were enthusiastic in their new hobby, to throw away their collections, and betake themselves to other pastimes.

But it is not always upon the beginner that the counterfeiter or the dealer in fraudulent stamps tries his hand. The trash that he sold to the beginner was in truth trash, and trash of the worst sort. When he could not succeed in getting copies of the wood-cuts that adorned the pages of many of the stamp journals, he had wood-cuts made, most miserable in execution, which could never have deceived the collector who at any time had caught sight of the genuine stamp. The counterfeiter often tried his hand at imitating the rare stamps, and in this, even among collectors who claimed to a certain knowledge of what is good and what is bad in stamps, he met with some success. In these cases, to give plausibility to his specimens, he charged a very high price for them. These counterfeits are of the finest execution.

In many countries, when the supply of low values runs out, the higher values are utilized by printing on the face of the stamps the expression of the value needed. And in other countries, notably many of the Portuguese colonies, the stamps of the home country are made to do service by having printed on them the name of the colony in which those stamps are to be used. The counterfeiter has stepped in here, obtained the genuine stamps before alteration, and then printed upon them a forged inscription either of place or value. They are very dangerous, of course, but not half so dangerous as a late trick which has been exposed. Many stamps are printed on water-marked paper. Water-marked paper has, so far, escaped the counterfeiter's arts. But it seems that some sheets of the water-marked paper on which were printed the stamps of Tuscany were obtained in some way or other from the post-office, and on these the counterfeiter printed forgeries of the rare Tuscan stamps. However suspicious the stamp itself seemed, it was printed on water-marked paper, and as this had not yet been proved to be counterfeited, the stamps would readily pass. Exposure came, but not until the forger had made many dupes, and had pocketed his ill-gotten gain.

Besides these counterfeits which are made exclusively for the collector, and which, therefore, are worth nothing, is another class of counterfeits which have been made exclusively to swindle governments. Because of this fact, and because many of them have actually franked letters through the post, these counterfeits are more valuable to the collector than the corresponding genuine specimens.

To give all the facts concerning counterfeit stamps, and the means of distinguishing them from the genuine, would take up every line of *YOUNG PEOPLE* for many months to come. This of course it is impossible to do. But a few words of caution will not be out of place. If

you decide to purchase, deal only with dealers of established reputation, and require a written guarantee that the stamps sold are genuine. Have no transactions with "Stamp Companies," which so often have been proved to be cloaks for swindling concerns. Keep clear of great bargains. Remember that stamps have a market value, and that any great departure from this value is suspicious.

There are no counterfeits of United States stamps or stamped envelopes, except in two instances: 1. The 5-cent and 10-cent stamps of the 1845 or first government issues have been counterfeited by the Post-office Department, although the genuine dies and plates are still in existence. These the government sells at face value; but to the philatelist they are worthless. 2. Stamped envelopes of the 1860 issue—1-cent, 3-cent, 4-cent, 6-cent, and 10-cent. Genuine specimens of these envelopes are worth from twenty-five cents for the 1-cent envelope, to fifty or seventy-five dollars for the 10-cent envelope. But the counterfeits were sold for a few cents each.

In fine, if you have any doubt about your specimens, send them to some advanced collector for his opinion, taking care to inclose as much postage for the return of your stamps as you placed on your letter when you sent it. I shall be happy at all times to give any of my young friends all the advice which they may require about their specimens.

### THE APPRENTICE'S LEAP.

A STORY OF LONDON BRIDGE.

BY DAVID KER.

SUNSET over London, on a fine summer evening in the days of "good Queen Bess"; tall, quaint old houses, with peaked roofs and countless gables, standing up on every side, and the Thames lying in the midst like a broad sheet of gold, save where it was flecked by the dark shadow of London Bridge, then a regular street, with houses along each side of it.

Just above the middle arch rose a house larger than the rest—that of Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker, and Burgess of the city of London. The sunset made a glory upon the windows of the old mansion, and lighted up the balcony, on which Sir William's baby daughter was crouching and clapping her tiny hands with glee at the sight of it, and stole into the work-room, where the youngest apprentice, Edward Osborne, was beguiling his task by singing the ballad of "Brave Lord Willoughby," which was as popular in that age as "Glory Hallelujah" is in this.

"Ah, if I could but have the chance of doing such a deed as that!" murmured the boy as he ended.

"Well, well, my brave lad," answered the cheery voice of old Sir William, who had entered the room unperceived, "you're on the right road to it by being diligent at your work. Keep to that meanwhile, and never fear but the chance of doing great deeds will come all in good time."

Little did either speaker or hearer guess how soon and in what way those words were to come true. Scarcely had the old knight left the room when the boy was startled by a sudden shriek from the balcony overhead, and by something white flashing past the window into the depth below. Sir William Hewet's only child had leaped out of her nurse's arms, and fallen headlong into the river.

The faint splash was instantly answered by a much louder one, and the distracted household, as they rushed in a body to the fatal balcony, saw Edward Osborne's brown curly head far down the shining stream, shooting straight as an arrow toward the tiny white speck that floated a little way beyond him.

"He has her!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No, he's gone past. Stay! he's turning again."



A CHILD OF SOUTHERN GERMANY.

"Hurrah! he's got her at last. Thank God!"

The anxious father's straining eyes were already too dim to see anything clearly; but the joyous shout of his keen-eyed serving-men told him that all was well, and in another moment he was hurrying toward the scene of action as fast as his feet could carry him.

But the peril was not over yet. Good swimmer as he was, the furious swirl of the current, together with the weight of his own wet clothes and those of the child, was fearful odds against the brave apprentice. Twice his head dipped below the surface, and all seemed over; but he still held the rescued infant above the water with one hand, while struggling for life with the other.

"Courage, my hearty!" said a hoarse voice beside him. "Hold up just another minute, and all's well."

At the same moment a boat pulled by two sturdy watermen, who had put off from the shore on the first alarm, came sweeping up to the sinking boy. A strong hand caught the child from his failing grasp, while in another instant he was seized and dragged into the boat after her, just as the last remnant of his overtaken strength gave way.

"Git her head round, Tom," said one of the boatmen to his comrade, "and pull with a will, for that's the youngster's father running this way, or I'm much mistaken."

Scarcely had the boat touched the wharf on her return, when old Hewet sprang into her like a madman, and finding his child unhurt, flung his arms round the neck of the half-drowned apprentice.

"God bless thee, my son!" cried he, fervently. "Let them never call thee a boy again, for few *men* would have dared as much."

"Let them call him a *hero*," said a voice from behind.

The boy looked up with a start. Beside him stood the handsomest man he had ever seen, in a rich court dress, looking down upon him with grave, kindly eyes. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, famous even then as one of the greatest men whom England had ever produced, but destined to become more famous still as the colonizer of Virginia.

Ten years from that day there was a great merry-making in the old house on London Bridge, and Sir William Hewet, still brisk and cheery as ever, though his hair was now white as snow, sat at the head of his own table, amid a circle of guests whose names are in every history of England. At his right hand was his daughter's newly made husband—a tall, fine-looking young man, whose clear bright eyes faced that brilliant assemblage as boldly as they had looked down into the foaming waters of the Thames years before.

"This is the man to whom I have given my girl, fair sirs," said the old knight. "Many a rich man and many a grandee have asked me for her; but I always said, 'Let the best man win.'"

"And so he has," cried Sir Walter Raleigh, grasping Osborne's hand; "and the fairest lass in London may be proud to bear his name, for I'll warrant it will be famous yet."

Raleigh spoke truly. A month later, the ex-apprentice was Sir Edward Osborne; yet a few years, and he had become Sheriff; and when the Spanish Armada came, foremost among the defenders of England was Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, from whom the English Dukes of Leeds are still proud to trace their descent.



LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.



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s WITH US," remarked Sam, as he an-  
ishing off and rowing leisurely down  
at low water now, so you'll have to

By holding on to the bushes with one hand, and stretching out the other, he succeeded in getting hold of Sam's trousers, at which he struggled and pulled with all his strength. Although it could hardly be expected that so slight a boy as Tim could do very much toward handling so heavy a body as Sam's, he did succeed in freeing him from the mud, and in pulling him to the surface of the water.

After nearly five minutes of hard work, during which Tip did all he could to help, Tim succeeded in pulling the fat boy into more shallow water, where he managed to get on to his feet again.

A mournful-looking picture he made as he stood on the bank, with the water running from every point of his clothing, while the black mud in which he had been stuck formed a cap for his head, and portions of it ran down over his face, striping him as decidedly as ever fancy painted an Indian.

He was a perfect picture of fat woe and dirt, and if he had not been in such peril a few moments before, Tim would have laughed outright.

He was evidently trying to say something, for he kept gasping for breath, and each time he opened his mouth it was filled with the mud and water that ran from his hair.

"What is the matter?" asked Tim, anxiously. "Are you hurt much?"

"No—no," gasped Sam; "but—but I saw the frog."

This time Tim did not try to restrain his mirth, and when Mrs. Simpson, who had been startled by Tim's cries for help, arrived on the spot, she found nothing very alarming.

Master Sam received a severe shaking, and was led away to be cleaned, while Tim and Tip were left to attend to the work of bringing the water.

At breakfast, where Sam ate so heartily that it was evident he had not been injured by his bath, the question of what should be done about allowing Tim to remain was discussed by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.

The farmer said that a boy as small as he could not earn his salt, and it would be better for him to try to find a family who had no boys of their own, or go back to Captain Babbige, where he belonged. He argued, while Tim listened in fear, that it was wrong to encourage boys to run away from their lawful protectors, and was inclined to make light of the suffering Tim had told about.

Fortunately for the runaway, Mrs. Simpson believed his story entirely, and would not listen to any proposition to send him back to Selman. The result of the matter was that Mr. Simpson agreed to allow him to remain there a few days, but with the distinct understanding that his stay must be short.

This was even more than the homeless boy had expected, and he appeared so thankful and delighted at the unwilling consent, that the farmer began to think perhaps there was more to him than appeared on the surface, although he still remained firm in his decision that he was to leave the farm as soon as possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

V.

CEYLON.

IN 1857, the first postage stamp was issued in Ceylon. The design was the head of Victoria, to the left, in a circular medallion, printed in lilac, and was of the value of one halfpenny. This solitary stamp was soon after followed by a more extensive series, consisting of the following values and colors: 1*d.*, blue; 2*d.*, green; 4*d.*, red; 5*d.*,

red-brown; 6*d.*, brown-violet; 8*d.*, maroon; 9*d.*, brown-violet; 10*d.*, vermilion; 1*s.*, lilac-blue; 1*s.* 9*d.*, green; 2*s.*, blue. The general design was the head of Victoria, to the left, on an oval disk, the frame-work varying in some of the values.

These stamps were all unperforated, that is, not separated by little round holes, and except the  $\frac{1}{2}$  *d.*, were printed on paper having a star as a water-mark in the paper, a star being on each stamp in the sheet.

In 1861, perforation of the sheets was introduced, and we find all the values named above, except the  $\frac{1}{2}$  *d.* and the 1*s.* 9*d.*, perforated, with no change in the color. In 1863, the  $\frac{1}{2}$  *d.*, 6*d.*, 9*d.*, and 1*s.*, printed without water-mark, were perforated. In 1864, all the values thus far enumerated, excepting the 1*s.* 9*d.*, were printed on paper with water-mark CC and crown—Crown Colony. In 1867, the 2*d.* was printed in yellow, the 5*d.* in green, and the 10*d.* in orange, and a 3*d.* of new design, printed in rose, was introduced. In 1869, the 1*d.* stamp appeared in a new dress.

In 1872, the rupee became the sole standard of value, with decimal subdivisions. The rupee was divided into 100 cents, the cent of Ceylon being nearly equal to one-half cent of our money. In conformity with this change of currency, an entirely new issue of stamps took place. The general design was as formerly, the frame-work of each stamp differing in details. The values and colors are: 2*c.*, bistre; 4*c.*, gray-blue; 8*c.*, yellow; 16*c.*, lilac; 24*c.*, green; 36*c.*, blue; 48*c.*, rose; 96*c.*, gray-green. Later, the series was supplemented by three additional values—34*c.*, 64*c.*, and 2*r.* 50*c.*

For official purposes some of the values had the word "Service" printed upon them. The values so utilized were 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 1*s.*, and 2*s.*

In 1861, a series of stamped envelopes of exquisite design was put in circulation. The colors corresponded to the colors of the adhesives, and were of the following values: 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 9*d.*, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* These envelopes were afterward suppressed, and a single value, four cents, issued. Another change was made in the design of this value, which now corresponds to the old 5*d.*

Postal cards were introduced in 1872, value 2*c.*, in lilac, and lately Postal Union cards of the value of 6*c.* and 8*c.* were placed in use. There have also been several series of fiscal stamps, ranging in value as high as 1000 rupees.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, separated on the northwest from continental India by the Gulf of Mannaar. It is 271 miles long from north to south, and in its greatest width 137 miles. In 1505, the Portuguese adventurer Almeida landed at Colombo, the present capital, and found the island divided into several kingdoms. In 1517, the first Portuguese settlement was effected, and gradually the whole western coast was in possession of Portugal. The fanatical zeal and remorseless cruelty of the Portuguese led to their downfall, when, after several attempts, the Dutch finally succeeded in driving the Portuguese from the country.

The first intercourse of the English with Ceylon took place in 1763. On the breaking out of war between Great Britain and Holland, an English force was sent to Ceylon, and in 1796 succeeded in gaining possession of the coasts. The interior was still ruled over by the native Kings; but in 1815 the last of them, a tyrant of the worst type, was captured, and subsequently died in exile, ending with him a long line of sovereigns, whose pedigree can be traced through upward of two thousand years. About the same time, by treaty, the whole island came into possession of the English.

The language of about seventy per cent. of the people is Cingalese, and of the remaining people, save the Europeans, the language is Tamil. The stamp collector, who has the two-cent postal card, will find the English inscriptions on the card in both these languages.



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Master Sam received a severe shaking, and was led away to be cleaned, while Tim and Tip were left to attend to the work of bringing the water.

At breakfast, where Sam ate so heartily that it was evident he had not been injured by his bath, the question of what should be done about allowing Tim to remain was discussed by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.

The farmer said that a boy as small as he could not earn his salt, and it would be better for him to try to find a family who had no boys of their own, or go back to Captain Babbige, where he belonged. He argued, while Tim listened in fear, that it was wrong to encourage boys to run away from their lawful protectors, and was inclined to make light of the suffering Tim had told about.

Fortunately for the runaway, Mrs. Simpson believed his story entirely, and would not listen to any proposition to send him back to Selman. The result of the matter was that Mr. Simpson agreed to allow him to remain there a few days, but with the distinct understanding that his stay must be short.

This was even more than the homeless boy had expected, and he appeared so thankful and delighted at the unwilling consent, that the farmer began to think perhaps

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Tuesday, August 16, 1881.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

V.

CEYLON.

IN 1857, the first postage stamp was issued in Ceylon. The design was the head of Victoria, to the left, in a circular medallion, printed in lilac, and was of the value of one halfpenny. This solitary stamp was soon after followed by a more extensive series, consisting of the following values and colors: 1d., blue; 2d., green; 4d., red; 5d.,

red-brown; 6d., brown-violet; 8d., maroon; 9d., brown-violet; 10d., vermilion; 1s., lilac-blue; 1s. 9d., green; 2s., blue. The general design was the head of Victoria, to the left, on an oval disk, the frame-work varying in some of the values.

These stamps were all unperforated, that is, not separated by little round holes, and except the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., were printed on paper having a star as a water-mark in the paper, a star being on each stamp in the sheet.

In 1861, perforation of the sheets was introduced, and we find all the values named above, except the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and the 1s. 9d., perforated, with no change in the color. In 1863, the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 6d., 9d., and 1s., printed without water-mark, were perforated. In 1864, all the values thus far enumerated, excepting the 1s. 9d., were printed on paper with water-mark CC and crown—Crown Colony. In 1867, the 2d. was printed in yellow, the 5d. in green, and the 10d. in orange, and a 3d. of new design, printed in rose, was introduced. In 1869, the 1d. stamp appeared in a new dress.

In 1872, the rupee became the sole standard of value, with decimal subdivisions. The rupee was divided into 100 cents, the cent of Ceylon being nearly equal to one-half cent of our money. In conformity with this change of currency, an entirely new issue of stamps took place. The general design was as formerly, the frame-work of each stamp differing in details. The values and colors are: 2c., bistre; 4c., gray-blue; 8c., yellow; 16c., lilac; 24c., green; 36c., blue; 48c., rose; 96c., gray-green. Later, the series was supplemented by three additional values—34c., 64c., and 2r. 50c.

For official purposes some of the values had the word "Service" printed upon them. The values so utilized were 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., 8d., 1s., and 2s.

In 1861, a series of stamped envelopes of exquisite design was put in circulation. The colors corresponded to the colors of the adhesives, and were of the following values: 1d., 2d., 4d., 5d., 6d., 8d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. These envelopes were afterward suppressed, and a single value, four cents, issued. Another change was made in the design of this value, which now corresponds to the old 5d.

Postal cards were introduced in 1872, value 2c., in lilac, and lately Postal Union cards of the value of 6c. and 8c. were placed in use. There have also been several series of fiscal stamps, ranging in value as high as 1000 rupees.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, separated on the northwest from continental India by the Gulf of Mannaar. It is 271 miles long from north to south, and in its greatest width 137 miles. In 1505, the Portuguese adventurer Almeida landed at Colombo, the present capital, and found the island divided into several kingdoms. In 1517, the first Portuguese settlement was effected, and gradually the whole western coast was in possession of Portugal. The fanatical zeal and remorseless cruelty of the Portuguese led to their downfall, when, after several attempts, the Dutch finally succeeded in driving the Portuguese from the country.

The first intercourse of the English with Ceylon took place in 1763. On the breaking out of war between Great Britain and Holland, an English force was sent to Ceylon, and in 1796 succeeded in gaining possession of the coasts. The interior was still ruled over by the native Kings; but in 1815 the last of them, a tyrant of the worst type, was captured, and subsequently died in exile, ending with him a long line of sovereigns, whose pedigree can be traced through upward of two thousand years. About the same time, by treaty, the whole island came into possession of the English.

The language of about seventy per cent. of the people is Cingalese, and of the remaining people, save the Europeans, the language is Tamil. The stamp collector, who has the two-cent postal card, will find the English inscriptions on the card in both these languages.



NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK.

### THE LITTLE DOG-CATCHER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

**J**AMIE was thinking. Well, what of that? Boys often think, don't they? No, indeed, that's just what they don't do; at least Jamie couldn't remember when he had seated himself deliberately to make a business of thinking before this occasion. And now he sat with a puzzled face, and a line between his eyes, so deep in thought that neither the coaxing fore-paws of Nep the dog nor the

sound of clinking marbles could arouse him. The question with Jamie was just this: Should he continue to hide Neppie from the eye of man, and thus be happy in the secret knowledge that at last he owned a pet of his very own, who came and went at his bidding, and gave him love for love, or should he take him to the dog pound and earn his thirty cents as well as the others who rejoiced in the title of "dog-catcher"?

"I want that thirty cents, that's one thing sure and certain," thought Jamie, "an' if I don't get it by luggin'

Neppie to the pound, I won't get it anyway, and that's just another certain sure thing. I sha'n't get rich waitin' fur Aunt Betty to give me a cent now and then; and there's Tom Blake got his pockets full half the time. But when a fellow cares for a dorg, he kinder hates to go back on 'im. And Nep cares for me, too, and he wouldn't think I'd be such a mean chap. Now if Aunt Betty didn't hate dorgs so bad, I'd ask her to let me keep 'im fair an' square, and then I shouldn't have to be 'fraid he'd bark every minute, and let folks know I was hiding 'im

Do not disturb him then, but leave him to his own devices a few days longer, and he will make no attempt to leave the place where he can get his food so easily. In two or three weeks he will have become so tame that he will no longer raise his quills when any one tries to pet him, but will allow himself to be fondled like a cat or dog.

When it becomes necessary to feed him—and he will so clear the house of vermin that in a few weeks his own larder will have become exhausted—he should be given animal food, as well as milk and water, for without such food he will die.

He is remarkably fond of raw eggs, and if while he is hunting for mice he finds any, he will bite off the smaller end neatly, sucking them without spilling so much as a drop. But he does not climb trees for the purpose of biting off the fruit, as some of his enemies charge, nor is he guilty of many mischievous things of which he is accused, save, as has been said, in the way of sucking eggs. He would probably prefer meat to mice, and would take it if it was left in his way; but that a cat will do, and she will also kill birds, if any are kept as pets in the house, which sin can not be laid to the hedgehog's door.

Treat him as you would a cat, and you will find him equally as pleasant to pet, at the same time that he is more indu-

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Tuesday, September 27, 1881.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

VI.—BHOPAL.

AMONG the most interesting and curious stamps are those issued by a few of the native states of India. The cut represents one of the stamps issued for the state of Bhopal. The first series, the date of which is not yet settled by collectors, consisted of two values, a quarter-anna, represented in the cut, and a half-anna, similar to it. The central portion of the stamp is embossed without color. The inscription between the lines is "H H Nawab Shah Jahan Begam," or the name and title of the native ruler—Her Highness, Nawab Shah Jahan, Begam (or Begum) of Bhopal—a lady, as will be



seen. The characters in the lower part of the octagonal frame represent the value. The quarter-anna was printed in black, the half-anna in red, the central design or seal being, as was stated, without color.

In 1878, this series was replaced by one smaller and rectangular in shape. The inscription given above is arranged in an oval; the oval is filled with what is presumably the signature of the Begum. The value is below. These stamps also have the uncolored embossment as in the first series.

Like its predecessor, this series has also two values, the quarter-anna, green, and the half-anna, red. I believe that these stamps are intended to prepay postage only within the limits of the kingdom of the Begum, and are not officially recognized by the general government of India.

Bhopal is a native state in Malwah, in Central India. The length of the state from east to west is 157 miles, breadth from north to south, 76 miles, the estimated area being 8200 square miles. It was founded in 1723 by Dost Mohammed Khan, an Afghan adventurer. In 1818, a treaty of dependence was concluded between the chief and the British government. Since then Bhopal has been steadily loyal to the British government, and during the Mutiny it rendered good services. The present ruler is a lady, and both she and her mother, who preceded her as head of the state, have displayed the highest capacity for administration, and their territory is the best-governed na-

tive state in India. The Queen, or Begum, has the power of life and death. She is a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India (G. C. S. I.), and is also a member of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, instituted the 1st of January, 1878, and composed exclusively of ladies of high degree.

A TALK ABOUT TRAVELLING.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

OF course every intelligent and ambitious American boy and girl wishes to go to Europe, and hopes to do so at some future time. The wish is a sensible one, for it shows an appreciation of the things to be seen abroad, and a desire to know more about them than can be learned by mere reading or study.

In the mean time, while "waiting for papa's ship to come in," you are going to school, busy with the conjugation of irregular French verbs and the pronunciation of "Ich," the location of Mont Blanc and the length of the River Rhine, the Elizabethan age of English literature and the poems of Wordsworth, the cause of the Thirty Years' War and the reason why Charles the First had his head cut off.

Sometimes all these things grow tiresome, and seem both needless and stupid, but in reality this school-time is giving you the best chance that you will ever have to prepare for that trip across the Atlantic of which you like to think and talk.

For such a trip needs preparation. It is true that you might enjoy everything to be seen abroad without knowing anything about it, as a child delights in the bright colors of a picture—just as well upside down as any other way. But no sensible person could be content with that, and to rely on guide-books, although they are necessary for much that can not be learned elsewhere, is like depending upon stilts or crutches for getting along in the world.

An English wit was once asked some simple question in history. "I don't know," he replied, with a wave of his hand. "You'll find it in some book. Books are made to keep such things in." But we can not carry a whole library around with us, even in the Handy Volume or Vest Pocket series. It is troublesome enough to carry a dictionary, and a small one at that. A great many things we can trust to books to keep for us, and go for them when they are wanted. You would not think of carrying a glue-pot on your arm or a bottle of arnica in your pocket all the time. You need them only once in a while, and know where to find them when you do. But your pencil and your handkerchief—these of course you want with you every hour of the day, wherever you may be. Your school-time is spent in selecting from books facts in history and geography, literature and science, and putting them safely away in your mental pockets.

Of course you read as well as study. What? The world is full of books which are as bright and sweet as sunshine and apple blossoms. There are good books which make you want to be noble and generous and heroic; wise books which teach you how great men and women have thought and worked, and what they have done for the good of the world in which they lived. Read the best books, and read for the best purpose, not simply to amuse yourselves, for you will get heartily tired of that after a while, nor to kill time, which is one of your best friends, but to take for your own possession the knowledge which the wisest of all men calls "more precious than rubies." When you start upon that dreamed-of and longed-for trip, you will be surprised to find how much the pleasure and profit of every mile of the way will be increased in exact proportion to the amount of what is well called "general information." Even the voyage is a different thing from what you imagine, and whether on sea or shore,



"SAY GOOD-BY, DOLLY."—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

you will find that ignorance is worse to carry about than a Saratoga trunk in a country which never checks baggage.

Last summer one of the Scotch steamers carried out a large number of young people, who quickly became acquainted, and were the best of friends.

"Where are you going?" asked one boy of another.

"To Scotland," was the answer.

"Scotland! I thought you were going to Europe. We are."

"Well, Scotland's in Europe, isn't it? I suppose you mean the Continent," which was exactly what he did mean, although he did not know it.

Four days out, and the steamer was feeling her way through a fog so thick that the whistle was obliged to do nearly all of the work on board.

"We are just getting off the Banks," the Captain said, in answer to a question from a young lady.

"The Banks?" she repeated, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes; Newfoundland."

She was more mystified than ever. "Why, Newfoundland is on the coast, and we have been out four days."

The Captain laughed, and passed on.

That evening, as a variation from concerts, tableaux, mock trials, and the usual kinds of amusements devised to pass away time on shipboard, there was a school and a spelling match in the cabin. The Captain, passing through, and catching sight of the young lady, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ask 'em all round where's Newfoundland."

Every one was sure it was on the coast. Most of them thought it was east of Nova Scotia, though a few were

doubtful on that point. All were sure that it was north-east of Maine, and that Maine was one of the New England States. But the New England States joined New York, and it seemed strange that the ship had sailed fully one-third of the distance between New York and the British islands, and yet was not beyond those mysterious Banks.

The ship's surgeon drew a large triangle on a sheet of wrapping paper, placing the steamer at one angle, New York and Newfoundland at the others. This was hung up in the saloon, a perpetual reminder to the end of the voyage—and, it is to be hoped, afterward—of the practical reality of latitude and longitude.

But when you find yourselves in John Knox's old house in Edinburgh, at Alloway-Kirk, in Ayr, in the Douglas chamber of Stirling Castle, on the field of Marston Moor, at the ruins of Kenilworth, at famous Rugby School, at Stonehenge, at Canterbury Cathedral, where is your stock of geography, history, literature, and general information? What do you know of the great reformer and the times he lived in? of the poet Burns and the circumstances of his life? of the tragedy of the beautiful Scottish Queen? of Lord Leicester and poor Amy Robsart? of Dr. Arnold, the Druids, and the assassination of Thomas à Becket? What interest can you have in a castle if you do not know who lived in it? or a battle-field, unless you know for what cause men fought upon it? or a poet's favorite haunts, if you know nothing that he has written about them? Read profitably and study hard, not only to fit yourselves for sensible, contented stay-at-homes, faithful workers in your own fields of usefulness, but for intelligent and appreciative travellers if leisure and good fortune give you the opportunity to go abroad.



between the North and the South. Six weeks ago (November 16), Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

sugar yer cou  
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seventieth birthday.

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## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

VII.

**T**HE illustration which accompanies this article is a fac-simile, so far as the drawing is concerned, of the postage stamps at present in use in one of the Dutch possessions off the coast of South America, namely, the island of Curaçoa. It represents the uniform type of the whole series, and was introduced in 1873. The head on the stamp represents King William III. of Holland.



The series consists of the following values and colors.

2½c., bright green.	10c., bright blue.
3c., stone.	25c., light brown.
5c., rose.	50c., mauve.

The currency is in cents, one hundred of which go to the guilder, or florin. A guilder is equal to nearly forty-one cents of our money.

Curaçoa, or, as printed on the stamps, Curaçao—the "c" being sounded like "s"—is an island in the Caribbean Sea, lying off the north coast of Venezuela. It is forty miles in length from northwest to southeast, and ten miles in average breadth; the area is two hundred and twelve square miles. The island is hilly, and deficient in water, being wholly dependent upon the rains, yet, owing to the industry of the Dutch planters, considerable quantities of sugar, cotton, tobacco, and maize are raised. A peculiar variety of orange grows abundantly, and supplies an important part in the liqueur which takes its name from the island. The principal export is salt. The shores are bold, in some places deeply indented, and present several harbors, the chief one being Santa Anna, on the southwest side of the island. The narrow entrance to this harbor is protected by Fort Amsterdam and other batteries; but the harbor itself is large and secure, and is the port of the chief town, Curaçoa, or Willemstad. The population in 1875 amounted to nearly twenty-four thousand, about one-third being emancipated negroes. All belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, except about two thousand Protestants and one thousand Jews.

The island was settled by the Spaniards about 1527, was captured by the Dutch in 1634, was taken by the English in 1798, and again in 1806, but was restored to the Dutch in 1814, in whose possession it has since remained. It is seldom that the name of this island is found in ordinary geographies, although stamp-collectors think it ought to be given a place.



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thday.

Tuesday, December 27, 1881.

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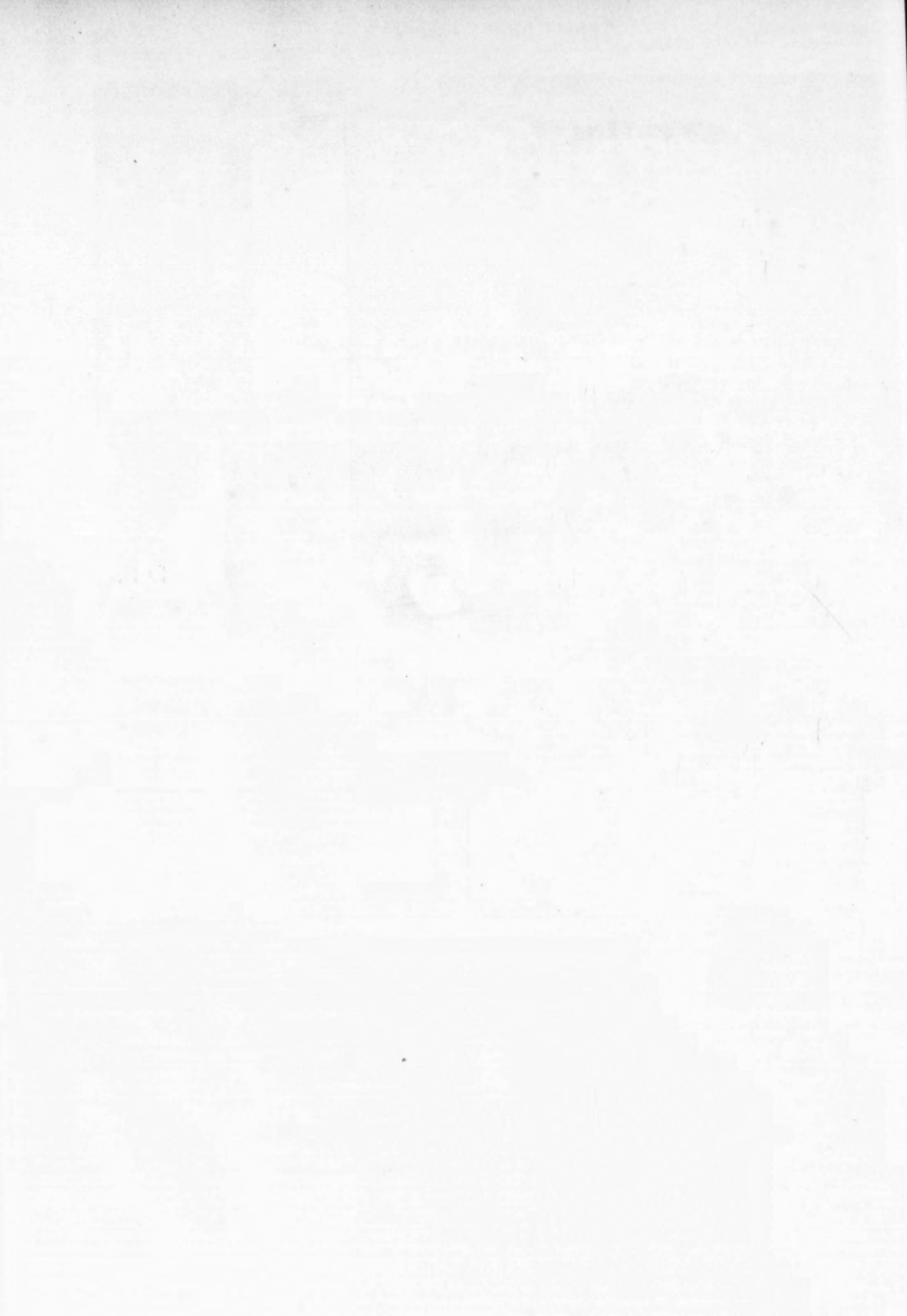
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display of spirit, for he capered around in a manner very unbecoming one as old and blind as he.

Only for a few moments could they watch the contest, and then the distant trees hid Toby Tyler and Chandler Merrill's pony from view.

Some time the boys watched for Toby's return; and just as they were beginning to think they ought to go in search of him, and fearing lest he had been hurt by the vicious pony, they saw him coming from among the trees, alone and on foot.

"Well," said Bob, with a sigh of relief, "he's got rid of the hoss, an' that was all we wanted."

Toby's story, when at last, hot and tired, he reached the alder bushes, was not nearly so exciting as his partners anticipated. He had clung to the pony until they entered the woods, where he was brushed off by the branches of the trees as easily as if he had been a fly, and with as little damage.

How they should get the pony back into its owner's keeping was a question difficult to answer, and they were all so completely worn out by their exertions to get rid of him that they did not attempt to come to any conclusion regarding it.

While they were resting from their labors, and before they had ceased to congratulate each other that they had succeeded in separating themselves from the pony, Leander Leighton, his accordion under his arm and his clappers in his hands, made his appearance.

His struggle with the baby had evidently come to an end sooner than he had dared hope, and the managers were happy at this speedy prospect of hearing what their band could do in the way of music.

"Boys!" shouted Leander, excitedly, while he was some distance away, "there's a real circus comin' here next week—the same one Toby Tyler run away with—an' the men are pastin' up the bills now down to the village!"

The boys looked at each other in surprise; it had never entered into their calculations that they might have a real circus as a rival, and certainly Toby had never thought he would again see those whom he had first run away with, and then run away from. He was rather disturbed by the prospect at first, for it seemed certain that Job Lord and Mr. Castle would try to compel him to go with them; but a moment's thought convinced him that Uncle Daniel would not allow them to carry him away, and he grew as eager for more news as any of the others.

Leander knew no more than he had already told; after having been relieved from his care of the baby, he had started for the pasture, and had seen the show-bills as he came along. He was certain it was the same circus Toby had gone with, for the names on the bills were the same, and he had heard some of the townspeople say so as he came along.

"An' I shall see the skeleton an' the fat woman again," said Toby, very much delighted at the idea of meeting those kind friends from whom he had thought himself parted forever.

"Don't you s'pose you could get 'em to leave that show an' come with ours?" asked Bob, thinking perhaps some kind fortune had thrown this opportunity in their way that they might the better succeed in their project.

Toby was not sure such a plan could be made to work, for the reason that they were only intending to give two or three performances, and Mr. and Mrs. Treat might not think it worth their while to leave the circus they were with on the strength of such uncertain prospects.

"And you shall go to the show, Abner," said Toby, pleased at the opportunity he would have of making the crippled boy happy for one day at least; "an' I'll take all of you fellers down, an' get the skeleton to talk to you, so's you can see how nice he is. You shall see his wife, an' old Ben, an' Ella, an'—"

"But won't you be afraid of Job Lord?" interrupted

Leander, fearful lest Toby's dread of meeting his old employer might prevent them from having all this promised enjoyment.

"Uncle Dan'l wouldn't let him take me away; an' now I'm home here, I don't believe old Ben would let him touch me."

There was evidently no probability that they would transact any more business relative to their own circus that day, so intent were they on talking about the one that was to come, and it was not until nearly time to drive the cows home that they remembered the presence of their band.

Ben proposed that Leander should show them what he could do in the way of music, so that he need not be at the trouble of bringing his accordion up to the pasture again, and the boys ceased all conversation for the purpose of listening to the so-called melody.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CATCHING QUAIL IN INDIA.

INDIA is a land of wonders; but among the strange sights few are more utterly ridiculous than that of a party of natives driving quail.

The quail-hunter throws a large white cloth over his head, which is extended in front by means of two sticks held in the hands. Arrayed in this manner, the quail-hunter performs various antics and movements which would lead a looker-on to suppose him insane.

There is a method in his madness, however. This remarkable adjustment of the white cloth is supposed to transform the man into a bull or other horned animal. He pretends to paw the earth, tosses his make-believe horns, turns round and round, pretending to scratch himself in true bovine fashion. It is irresistibly comic to watch him, and a little attention generally pleases him to such an extent that he will redouble his efforts and multiply his ridiculous pranks until the spectator is thrown into convulsions of laughter.

There are several distinct varieties of quail in India; they frequent open places near rivers, keeping near the ground when flying, and running rapidly among the grasses. The hunters spread fine nets around two sides of the field, and at the end they place a large cage with one or more decoy birds inside.

The idiotic-looking cow has all his wits about him. He proceeds warily; his keen eye detects the coveys of quail, and sees which way they are running. He is no more like a cow than that respectable animal is like a cucumber, but his ruse succeeds wonderfully. He moves about, tosses his head, switches his ingeniously contrived tail, and so manœuvres that he keeps the running quail away from the unprotected edges of the field.

When they get to the verge protected by the net they begin to take alarm. They are probably a little uncertain about the peculiar-looking "old cow" behind them, and running along the net, they see the decoy quail apparently feeding in great security and comfort. The V-shaped mouth of the large basket cage looks invitingly open. The puzzling nets are barring the way, and the cow is gradually closing up behind.

As the hunter moves along, he rubs two pieces of dry stick gently up and down his thigh with one hand, thus producing a crackling sound. It is not enough to startle the birds into flight, but alarms them sufficiently to make them get out of the way. One bird, perhaps a little bolder than the others, irritated by the queer crackling sound, now enters the basket, when the others follow like a flock of sheep, and once in, the puzzling shape of the entrance prevents their exit.

Hunters will not unfrequently bag twenty or thirty brace of quail in one field by this absurdly appearing but ingenious method.



## MAY I COME IN?

MAY I come in? My little Grace  
Peeps round the door with laughing face.  
I lift my head, and feign surprise  
At wistful mouth and roguish eyes.

I know she'll trip across to me,  
And give me kisses, one, two, three.  
May she come in? Of course she may—  
The sweetest thing I've seen to-day.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

## VIII.—SURINAM.

**T**HE design of the postage stamps of Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, is shown in the accompanying illustration, the name being spelled, of course, after the Dutch method. In English the final "e" is omitted.

Surinam lies on the northern coast of South America. On the east is French, and on the west British, Guiana. The territory over which the Dutch claim dominion is about fifty-eight thousand square miles in extent, or more than four times the size of Holland, but the actual area under cultivation is a little over two hundred square miles. The principal settlements are in the lower valley of the Surinam River, which at its mouth is three miles wide. The water is of a dirty yellow color, with bubbles on its surface, and its current can be traced far out to sea. Its source has not yet been found.

The Dutch began to visit the coasts of Guiana about 1580. In 1614, the States of Holland granted to any Dutch



citizen four years' monopoly of any harbor or place of commerce he might discover in that region. The first settlement in Surinam, in 1630, was made by an Englishman, whose name is still preserved by Marshall's Creek. Thirty-six years afterward the English settlement was taken by the Zealanders, and one hundred thousand pounds of sugar were exacted as a ransom. Finally, the country was confirmed to the Dutch by treaty, in 1674.

The most renowned name connected with Surinam is that of Cornelis van Aerssens, lord of Sommelsdijk, who in 1683 purchased one-third of the territory from the New Dutch West India Company. Sommelsdijk agreed to govern the colony at his own expense, and his rule was marked by rare wisdom and energy. He repressed and pacified the Indians, he erected forts, established a court of justice, introduced the cultivation of the cocoa-nut, and, in short, devoted himself to the welfare of his people. But his soldiery turned against him, and massacred him, after five years of beneficent rule.

His death threw affairs into great confusion. It became necessary to make some new arrangement, and his widow offered to sell his large interest in the colony to William III. of England. The arrangement would not, however, have been satisfactory to Holland, and Sommelsdijk's portion of the territory was finally purchased by the city of Amsterdam.

Surinam has continued under Dutch rule from 1804, with the exception of a period of eleven years, when it was in possession of the English. Slavery was abolished during this period. There is a House of Assembly, the members of which may never be less than nine nor more than thirteen. Four are appointed by the government, and the others are regularly elected by the colonists. There is one curious provision. A royal decree may overrule a unanimous decision of the Assembly, and not infrequently a command will arrive from Holland undoing all that has been accomplished by that body.

The capital of Dutch Guiana is Paramaribo. It has a population of 22,000, a large proportion of which are negroes. The city is regularly built, and the streets present a pleasant sight, owing to the rows of tamarind and orange trees which line them on both sides. In 1832 the city was nearly destroyed by a band of negro slaves, who set fire to the city. The flames were fortunately subdued before they made any great headway. In order to deter others from making a similar attempt, the negroes who executed the horrible deed were publicly burned alive.

There are about seventeen thousand bush negroes in Surinam. These are descendants of runaway slaves, and consist of three tribes. They retain curious traces of their former connection with Christianity, though they are, and consider themselves, pagans. Their chief god is Gran Gado (grand god), his wife is Maria, and his son Jesi Kist. Various minor deities are also worshipped; Ampeeka, the bush god, Toni, the water god, etc. Among themselves these people speak a language based on a corrupt English, mingled with many Dutch, Portuguese, and native elements.

I came near neglecting to state that in Surinam, in addition to postage stamps, there are also in use postal cards, and an extensive series of revenue stamps. These are of two kinds, stamped and unstamped, and in color correspond to the postage stamps of the colony. The cards were introduced in July, 1876. A very neat frame surrounds the card, with the word "Briefkaart" at the top, and four lines for the address.

A card for fifteen cents was first issued; then followed, in 1877, a card for twelve and a half cents. But last year, a change being made in postal rates, a card of seven and a half cents was issued. As an example of the economy so characteristic of the Dutch, the old cards were still kept in use, and the change made by simply printing the new value on them in black figures.