

# → THE PHILATELIC ADVOCATE. ←

DEVOTED TO STAMP COLLECTING.

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## The Special Delivery Stamp

By S. A. NICHOLS.

When the Special Delivery stamp made its appearance Senator Vilas, who was then postmaster-general, received many complimentary letters, among them was one from his friend, Nobles. The rest of the story is best told as it happened. "When I wrote this letter," said Mr. Nobles, "I did not have occasion to use any of them or receive them, but the idea seemed to me to be a good one. I was spending a week at my home in Brooklyn at the time. One bitter morning at 3 o'clock I was awakened by what seemed to be the ringing of all the fire bells in Brooklyn. Shoving my head out of the window in the second story I could see a muffled figure on the steps below ringing the bell with savage fury. "What is it?" I asked. Just then the bell wire broke and the figure fell backward down the steps. The snow was knee deep and the wind blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour. As the figure rolled down the step I could hear some choice specimens of explosive english mingled with something about, letter, special delivery. After removing the chains and bolts the messenger blew into the vestibule in a sheet of snow. "What is it? what have you got?" "Letter" "What are you bringing a letter around here at this time of the night for." "Special delivery please sir." I backed into the hall and slid my hand along the wall trying to find the match safe. The vestibule was full of snow and I had commenced succe-

ing. "Come in and shut the door," I yelled. BANG! went the door, and out went my match, just as I had got gas turned on. The messenger bumped up against me in the dark, stepped on my toes and shook a shovel full of snow down my back. I finally succeeded in lighting the gas, signing the book pushing the messenger out and bolting the door. Then I went upstairs with my prize; examined the long blue stamp, and devoted five minutes to wondering who could have sent it. I then opened it and this is what I saw:

S. . . . . Wis., Jan, 19

Milton Nobles, Esq., Dear Sir:-

You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from an entire stranger but I feel that I was born to be an actor. I am 22, five feet nine, light curly hair, blue eyes and have played several parts in the S. . . . . Amateur society. I have also written a play. Could you lend me \$20, Yours to command,

J. A. . . . J. . . .

P. S. The new special delivery stamp has just got here and I put it on to see how it works. J. A. J.

By the time I had finished reading the letter I had a chill. Three hours later I had a cold so that I could not open my eyes. I remained in my room for three or four days. On the fourth day I became convalescent and the first work performed was the following letter:

Brooklyn Jan. 26.

Hon. W. F. Vilas, Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C. Dear Sir, Quite recently, in a moment of  
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