

future. He does not yet feel himself to be a dealer, but presently this idea strikes him, and buying a five cent packet, he sells them singly. With this he invests in a 25c. one, and repeats the performance a few times. Now with this capital, he buys a few dollars worth of stamps wholesale, and gives orders to have some paper print his advertisement. How beautiful it looks to him to see his name coupled with an imaginary "Co.". He has at last reached the sublime point—he is a stamp dealer. Now, I will ask how many boys are there who do this very thing? Thousands! Consequently we have thousands of dealers, each controlling a select trade. This is good, it teaches them much from a business point of view, but I am sorry to say, it affects the real trade in the same manner as if ten small stores, all doing the same business, should settle on one block, each would affect the trade of the other nine to a considerable degree; however, true as this may be, I, for one, advocate that the large dealers be generous, and sacrifice some little trade to the cause of Philately, for there is probably nothing so good for a young boy, as to get an inkling of business habits by means of Philately, and nothing that can lay claim to being a stronger point in the many advantages than Philately offers her followers, than this business taste young collectors acquire during the period of their infatuation with it.

AT A TURKISH POST-OFFICE WINDOW.

THEY do not rush things in Constantinople as they do in American cities. The Turks love ceremony, and have peculiar notions as to what constitutes politeness. We walk to the stamp window and ask for a stamp of the denomination we require. The clerk shoves it out, we put down the money and depart. The entire transaction has not occupied a minute, and hardly a dozen words spoken.

But in Istambul a different scene would be enacted. Let us stand in the post office corridor a few minutes and watch the proceedings.

An elderly Turk, with a gorgeous turban, approaches the window. After a series of very low and obsequious salaams, he lays his right hand upon his heart and begins:

"May this gracious morri prove a most happy one for thee, sir." The official returns the salutation, and adds: "What commandest thou?"

"Would'st thou vouchsafe thy servant several stamps with which to send letters to America? As thou mayest know, my son, Abdullah Effendi, the glass merchant of Ak Seral, is abiding at this moment at Chicago, where he is visiting the Grand Bazaar, and his family are desirous of communicating with him. Though I myself know not how to write, yet is the son of my brother, the pipe-bowl manufacturer, skilled in that art, and he hath promised to oblige us in this matter."

"Very well, O worthy sir; but how many stamps dost thou desire?"

"Ah, my precious jewel, how many thinkest thou I should take? One will hardly suffice, as he does not intend to return until the bazaar is closed. Therefore, I pray thee, give me two."

"Excellent, excellent! Here they are. May I request the sum of four piasters in payment?"

"What sayest thou, my gentle lamb? Three piasters I always paid—never more. This was but a year ago, when Abdullah was at Paris; even at—"

"You are quite right, Effendi, but the prices have changed. They cost more to-day."

"In very sooth, O apple of mine eye? Then the charge hath been increased? With this the Turk produces an intricately knotted purse and draws forth a bundle of paper money."

"Nay, nay, my adorable gem," protests the official; "we accept no paper, thou must pay in silver."

"What, thou refusest paper! and wherefore? Is it not good money! Dost not the Sultan guarantee its payment? Well, since thou declinest it, I will pay thee in copper."

"Nay, Effendi; we take no copper either; thou must give me silver."

"Silver? By my beard, I have it not. I pray thee take this copper, and thou shalt have some additional."

"I cannot do it, Effendi. By Allah, I cannot. It is forbidden."

"Well, then, thou shalt have silver. Here it is, the latest mintage."

"Accept my overflowing thanks, my exquisite turtle dove."

"Allah be with thee and increase thy shadow mightily! Farewell!"

"Farewell, Effendi; may thy beard grow to an exceeding great length."

CLIPPINGS.

It is reported that somebody has discovered that pigeons have been used as mail-carriers for about seven hundred years.

The "spy" gallery, which runs across the sorting room of the New York postoffice, is to be taken down. It was not a success. The detectives never obtained enough evidence while using it to apprehend a single dishonest employee.

Mr. Greene Gage (of Plum Creek, stopping letter carrier)—"Hev ye got any letters fer me?"

Carrier—"But I don't know you, sir!"

Mr. Greene Gage—"S'pose not; I only come to tawwn yesterday. But look through your bag; I ain't got time to go to the post-office to-day!"

The Columbian stamps are really steel engravings, and form the third special issue of stamps in the country. The first of these was a 15-cent stamp representing the landing of Columbus, which was issued in 1869, and the second commemorated the 1876 centennial by a souvenir envelope, with a shield shaped 3-cent stamp in the corner, having at the top the figures 1776 and at the bottom 1876.

An extra large demand for postage stamps has been noticed by the post-office officials. This may be due partly to the fact that a Boston man is advertising: "I will engage a lawyer of good address and capacity, 25 to 40, as secretary; salary \$100 per month. Address with references" et cetera.

The official interpreter at the post-office is required to know French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian. But his salary is on y \$600 a year. So you see English pays best after all.