

OUR LONDON SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, 14th April writes: "I have heard of the *intended* issue of a 5) cent Swiss but should be sorry to vouch for it."

DUTCH GUIANA. We learn that stamps will be issued soon here.

Notices of several other new stamps and probable issues crowded out, will appear in our next.

REMEMBER!!! The "Baldwin's R. R. Postage 2d, and Fenian Essays" are humbugs.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

## LOST!

BY WAIF.

### CHAPTER II.

"Have I really found you at last, Ellis Blair," and Harriet Percy swept into the young lawyer's office, much as if she had unexpectedly pounced upon a northwest passage, or some other equally desirable discovery. "I declare you've been playing hide and seek with me for a week, and I am sure if you were a veritable Koh-i-man you would not keep yourself more jealously hid from vulgar sight than you now do. It's a wonder I got in, even after finding you, for that young cerberus, who mounts guard outside, was, determined not to let me in, for he said you had a 'client'." Here the volatile girl, suddenly remembered the 'client,' and turned towards a middle-aged woman who was quietly observing her. The next moment she was fondling her and exclaiming "Oh you dear, delightful, old darling! when did you come to the city and what are you doing in Ellis Blair's office?"

"Come, cousin Harrie, what are you doing, taking possession of my client in that way?" remonstrated Ellis Blair as soon as he could speak. "Why it's next to 'assault and battery' to hug auntie Pepper in such a manner; sit down like a good girl, and I'll tell you what she's doing in my office."

"I'm sure I don't know where I am to sit," was the reply as Harriet glanced around in affected hopelessness, "goodness only knows who sat in that chair last, it looks as if it could tell strange secrets if it only would. The fact is, auntie Pepper, I think it is dangerous sitting in a law office at all, especially Ellis Blair's, nobody knows what kind of a bill he'll have against you. It can't be helped now, though, so here I go; and now let's hear the 'client's' business," and again the gay creature mimicked the "cerberus outside," as she seated herself on a couch.

Mrs Pepper explained that the household at Rose Lodge was broken up, and that she was looking for a situation.

"You should have come to me, auntie," said Harriet, "what do you suppose lawyers know about situations for respectable old ladies like

you? I'm just astonished at you, and shall take you home with me, for I'm sure you're not fit to take care of yourself. Running after young lawyer's indeed--oh, if mother Bunnell at the lodge only knew of it! But, Ellis, I came here on purpose to consult you about my 'Connell'; I've lost it."

"Lost your Connell, Harrie; where?"

"Oh I don't know where, exactly, most astute sir; I know I've lost it and that's enough."

"Do be reasonable, Harrie," answered Ellis, "you have some idea where you lost it, I suppose."

"I've plenty of ideas, if that's all; the most forcible one seems to be that I lost it out of my portmonia, while shopping. I never missed it till I got home, and went back immediately into every store where I had been, and Mr. West nearly grew round shouldered looking for it."

"Well, cousin," inquired Blair, "what can I do about it?"

"What a 'Daniel, you are! why advertise it Mr. Blair."

"Advertise a postage stamp" repeated her cousin, in amazement. "It would be ridiculous."

"And who objects to that, pray? Let the onus rest on me; I'd rather be ridiculous than not. If you won't write it for me, I'll go straight into Mr. Billings, next door."

"But cousin Harrie," expostulated Ellis Blair, "it will cost less to get another, and you never expect to find it in this large city, I'm certain."

"I don't want another, and I *do* expect to find it," Ellis Blair.

"How is any one to know that Connell from another, is more than I can tell," said the young man reflectively. "Let me negotiate for another; do."

"Ellis Blair I'm determined to have that Connell and no other. who wants a fac simile, or one that comes out of the bank note buildings. I don't, any way. Will you advertise it for me or not?"

"Yes; if you will have it so," answered her cousin, sinking back into his chair.

"There is something else I want to tell you, cousin," said Harriet, dropping her eyelids and flushing crimson, "only you must promise me not to laugh. It's the most unheard of absurdity and just like a transaction that might take place in Constantinople; only in this place Mr. Sinclair is the sultan, and that petrified Greek-root, Mr. Frost, the grand vizier. The latter called, with all the authority of an ambassador, to inform me of my future prospects, about a week ago, but I think he won't take charge of such a commission again. I got a hint of his errand, and was prepared with a funny old wig on, that was manufactured a century ago, and a pair of the most hideous goggles you ever saw. I had a revolver and bowie knife on the table beside me, and looked ferocious enough; besides, I pretended to be deaf, and made the old fossil hoarse screeching to me. Somebody, who ought