

in colour on white paper. Design, in the centre of a rectangular frame is a bust of his Highness Michael Obreuwitz Prince of Servia. Head to the left in a small circle in the centre, round the circle is a string of pearls over which at top is a band containing the inscription, the value is expressed in figures and words at bottom and a figure denoting the value is to be noticed in the four corners.

A correspondent writes as follows regarding these Stamps and appears to have good authority for speaking as he does. "The new SERVIA which the *Philatelist* calls imposters are most decidedly genuine."

MONTVIDEO.—A new Stamp for Montevideo has just been issued, 1 cent black.

PERU.—A valued European correspondent sends us these items, "the new Peru. (described in our last) are receipt Stamps only"—"the large figure Argentine so pulled up by Mr. Overy Taylor in the S. C. Magazine are reprints. The Argentine Government are reprinting all the old issues and offering them in immense quantities, irrespective of facial value. A continental dealer has just been offered a large package for £200."

PORTUGAL.—A 5 reis black of the new issue has just received a place among its confreres.

CASHMERE.—The European Magazines are describing Stamps said to have been issued for this country. The last one is a sort of a square frame; in the centre are a number of hieroglyphics to explain the meaning of which would "puzzle a conjuror" considerably. The color is yellow. We will endeavour to obtain further information about these Stamps and the country which is supposed to produce them, and make our readers acquainted with the result of our search when completed.

TURKEY.—Has issued three or four more local Stamps.

DRESDEN EXPRESS CO.—A $\frac{1}{2}$ neugroschen, yellow, rectangular is out.

VICTORIA.—The 10d. is now pink, colored impression on colored paper, perforated, same design as formerly.

In addition to the Bavaria *fur retourbriefe* for Munich and Bamberg, we have now received some for Nurnberg, and Augsburg. The type is the same as the Munich.

BELGIUM.—On the 1st Jan. we may expect a 2c. same design as the 1c. and 5c.

VIRGIN ISLANDS.—Soon we shall have a 1d. and 6d. for these Islands. The design represents a draped female figure holding in her right hand a lamp, in her left a branch. On her head a glory, name above, value in words at foot. 1d. green, 6d. carmine.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—The 10c. blue is now not perforated.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE.")

THE VOW.

A TALE OF LOVE—BLOOD—THUNDER—AND HAPPINESS.

BY STELLA MACKAY.

CHAPTER I.—THE HERO.

It was a balmy evening in December on the vine-clad slopes of New Brunswick. The sun had gone down in a sea of glory—taking a small portion of the insufferable heat with him so that people began to breathe again in the ancient city of Sanjax. The thermometer immediately sank to fever heat—and the fair ladies reclining under the balconies began to muster strength to fan themselves.

Trinity Church clock slowly tolled the hour of seven, as a young man might have been seen emerging from one of the palatial freestone dwellings in York Point. In sooth, he was a gallant youth, not more than 41 summers had passed over his head, and still he wore his hair in ringlets two feet long—owing to the magic influences of Mrs. Allen's Zylobalsamum. He was fully 5 feet in height and the ringlets aforesaid flowed down over his back, and were tied with a red ribbon. His eyes were a splendid green-grey—his mouth had a fine expression like a man used to eat mashed potatoes with his knife, also to keep a bright look out for destiny. He was clad in a thin summer suit befitting the season—on his head he wore a three cornered cocked hat and a white feather—and a massive sword was by his side—also across his back was lightly slung a sweet guitar. He goes to serenade his love.

CHAPTER II.—THE HEROINE.

A maiden reclined on a piazza, at the front of one of the proudest palaces on Drury Lane—I can't describe her to you adequately—she was an airy sylph of 39 winters and weighed 347 lbs—her eyes were a delightful yellow-green her hair was a beautiful red—her form was magnificent, there was such a lot of it, and her expression was as tender as that of a bear with the whooping cough. She also is airily clad in gossamer, and even then the heat is so oppressive that she can scarcely breathe. In short, though very tall, she was a child of nature—and her name was Jane. But why is she so restless why seemeth she the surroundings. She loves and she waits for her lover, the gallant youth alluded to in our last chapter—she sighs and murmurs "Oh, my sweet Alphonso why come you not to your lonely Jane—perhaps some other fair one, but no—he is young, yet I can trust him—but alas I fear me some of these maids more advanced in years than myself may have deluded him—I am so girlish and know so little of the world—but hush, I hear his guitar—he sings—in sweetest melody our favourite air from the opera of Norma."