

He forgot all about it the next day and the day after. A week had elapsed, but no attempt had been made to finish the letter that was lying on the desk. A bright Sunday morning, at last, while alone in the house, he flew to his room and continued his terrible letter. A few days after, on entering his office, he noticed the following postal in the mail box :

DEAR SIR :

York, November 30th, 1893.

Very sorry could not wait longer, have sold them for \$25 to some one else. Stamps offered were all British North Americans : such as 3 pence 1 penny, 6 pence, 12 pence, New Brunswick Shillings, Nova Scotia Shillings, etc, etc. Thanking you for first offer, I remain,

Yours truly,
Mrs. L. ———.

Later on an advertisement appeared in "Comfort" offering penny issues at a high price. It was from the fortunate fellow who bought them from the old wowan. It took one day for Charlie to lose a lot of Seebecks and a fortune. He is crying again over his misfortune.

STRAY HUMOR.

She—I understand you are going to make a tour around the world?

He—Yes, I am just about to start.

She—I'd be delighted if you would write to me from all the countries you visit.

He—I feel greatly flattered that I may be allowed to write you, but I hardly believe that you will find my letters very interesting.

She—Very true, but you see I am collecting postage stamps!

Friend—If you are so bad off, why don't you apply to your rich brother in Boston for assistance?

Poor Man—I did write to him to assist me, and what do you suppose I got?

"I have no idea."

"He wrote to me that my letter, asking for assistance, had not reached him."

The young postmaster of an Eastern village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of sixteen, with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you \$3 and a dozen kisses."

(Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses.")

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother:

"Mother, this post office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best.

Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow.

"STAMPS, please," curtly said the young lady. "With or without?" queried the facetious drug clerk. "With or without! Without what?" was the indignant inquiry. "Whiskers, ma'am. One-centers has no whiskers on Columbus. The two-centers have."

"I feel better about lickin' this postage stamp," said the boy who had been sent to mail a letter. "It's nearer my size."

"GIVE me a porous-plaster; I've got a lame back." We're just out of them; but here is a Columbian postage stamp, which answers just as well and comes cheaper. We're selling lots of them just now. Wait a minute, and I'll punch a few holes in it for you."

He was a stamp fiend, young and precocious. The plain American stamp had no interest for him. He was making a collection of foreign ones, and so when they sent him down to the post-office for a package he did not pay much attention, but brought it home and handed it over, and skipped out to play tag. Next day they showed him a new sister who had arrived. He looked at her with some curiosity.

"Say, where did she come from?"

"Oh, from heaven."

"From heaven! I know. That was the package I brought from the post-office yesterday, and I never knew anything about it."

"Yes."

"Golly! why didn't you save me the stamps?"

A—I asked you for a hundred marks and you sent me only ninety-eight.

B—Oh, you see, I kept back two marks to pay for the stamps I'll have to use sending you letters requesting you to pay up.

"How many cards did you say?" asked the stamp clerk at the post office.

"Three," replied the purchaser.

"Give me five," said the next man in line, as he put down 5 cents.

Then the two men looked at each other, and a broad smile spread over the face of each.

Servant—Is there a letter for my master?

Clerk—Have you an order to get his letters?

Servant—No.

Clerk—Then you must get one.

Servant (returns in an hour)—Here is the order.

Clerk (looks through the letter)—Very well; there is no letter to day.

We have received a copy of the Standard Stamp Co's price list, consisting of 64 pages and cover, and fully illustrated. The publishers inform us that 35,000 copies have been printed, and together with postage, the total cost will be \$1,500, the largest amount ever spent on a stamp price list. A copy can be obtained free from them at 925 La Salle Street, St. Louis, Mo. (Advt.)