

## The Mysterious Stamp.

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(Concluded from last number.)

"Its red, look Sir Capitaine ha! just this minute your wife is recovering, it turns brown let's see the message, ho! your brother is not so seriously hurt."

"Gentlemen, have you ever been thousands of miles away from home and suddenly get the intelligence that some of your loved ones are seriously ill, when I thought of those at home I confess I sobbed like a child, tough fibred man that I was. I admit I was at a loss to know what to think about it, and yet there was something about the fellow that led me to believe that he was a regular Eastern fakir.

"Sir Capitaine" he said "you look astonished. This stamp is known in the east as the Mysterious Stamp; it is a talisman presented to me by my father who was elder to the great Mahatma, like the chameleon it changes color, each color signifying important events. I have had this stamp in my possession for years and have never known it to speak falsely I have here, a code which explains the colors. I came to the conclusion he had heard of the facts in some manner and that he was an impostor. "Lying sneak," I said. "this is some devilish trick; get out of my sight." The words had not the least effect on the strange fellow, he looked me straight in the face and in that same low tone said, "Sir Capitaine you are the cause of your own destruction; may the curse of the great Mahatma rest upon your head and may ruin and death follow in your wake. A long adieu, Sir Capitaine."

"Well gentlemen, humanity is weak

and erring. I called him back I knew, he meant to dispose of it for a consideration too great to mention, it only adds to the absurdity of the thing His story was that the elder would pay all he had, to keep the stamp in his possession but he, the son, meant to pawn it only till Sir Captain returned to Calcutta again. he needed the money badly now but would double it when he saw Sir Capitaine again.

Well to make a long story short I took the stamp paid the amount he asked for, doubtful of the investment. I put the stamp in my pocket and walked away from the native. Well Gentlemen, let that end my story, have cigars on me?"

"No! No!" we all cried in chorus, "the end of the story how about the Mysterious Stamp, Cap?" "Mysterious stamp be hanged," said the Captain. "when I looked in my pocket next morning I found five stamps." "How did they get there?" we all asked impatiently. "Get there? why the stamps were soft paper and all lightly pasted together and revealed the colors mentioned in the code.

Beauties of stamp collecting, think of it, a hundred dollars for 5 stamps worth 10 cents a thousand. Come boys lets go to the bar and have something."

The end.

The meanest and lowest of all thieves is one who substitutes stamps. It makes no difference whether a stamp of equal value is placed on the spot, it remains robbery just the same. We have considerable trouble with this class of vermin.— C.W.Grevning.