

THE PHILATELIST.

tinguished philatelist. He proceeded at once to his residence, and running up the steps rang the bell. A lady appeared at the summons of the servant, whom the reporter supposed to be Mrs. Smith, the wife of the distinguished gentleman. Bowing and removing his hat, the reporter said :—

“ Is Mr. Smith at home ? ”

“ No, was the response.

“ He is not in the house, then ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ Ah ! in that case he must be out ! ”

“ He is.”

“ Yes ! Being out, he is therefore not in ? ”

“ No, Sir.”

“ Hum ! when will he be in ? ”

“ I don't know.”

“ Ah-h ! No objection to publishing this interview in the Niagara Falls PHILATELIST, I suppose ? ”

“ Not at all.”

“ Thank, you,” and the reporter bowed and left. He returned again, however, about eleven o'clock at night, in hopes of finding the gentleman at home. At any rate a man raised the upper window when the bell rang, and asked who was there. The reporter explained his business and asked if it was the distinguished Mr. Smith, who spoke. The man said it was, and if the reporter didn't leave he'd throw a pitcher of water out. The reporter hoisted his umbrella, and asked what Mr. Smith had to say as to Sir Patrick Chalmers being the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp. Smith threw the water, but the umbrella would have protected the reporter, had not Smith thoughtlessly dropped the pitcher. That ended the umbrella and interview, and nearly smashed the reporter, but he feels sweet revenge in the fact that Mr. Smith's water pitcher is no more. It struck his cheek.

The Corpse and the Stamp Collection.

The other day the wife of an enterprising stamp collector, shipped her husband's remains, and a valuable collection of stamps over the Central. At Albany, she appeared at the door of the baggage-car to see how they were getting along.

“ How does it seem to be doing ? ” she asked with a sniff. .

“ What, the corpse ? ” inquired the baggageman kindly.

“ No, the collection.”

“ Oh, its all right, replied the baggage man.”

“ Any body been sitting down on it ? ”

“ What, the Collection ? ”

“ No, the corpse.”

“ Certainly not,” answered the baggage-man.”

“ Does it seem cool enough in here for it.”

“ For what, the corpse ? ”

“ No, the collection.”