

of stamps. But a collector with a collection of two hundred varieties is as content as a stamp collector with his collection of one thousand or one thousand five hundred.

W. M. CAMPBELL.

The U.S. 3c. of 1851.

In the April number of *Pennsy* an item by Walter A. Withrow exposed some new varieties in U. S. stamps, and mentioned varieties in the 3c. of 1851, but not all of them.

If the editor will kindly allow me a short space I will show a few of the varieties in this one kind which I have noticed.

First—the shades are different. I have them from a light brownish red to a chocolate. Thinking the light had something to do with it I exposed a red one, but could obtain no color like this, and therefore think it is a variety. I also have a distinct brown and shades from light red to a very dark shade. I consider a distinct shade a distinct variety.

Second—the stamp comes in two sizes, viz., width $19\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 min. by 25 min. long. Please measure them.

Third—there is a difference in the lines at right and left of stamp. There are specimens with one line on each side, two on each side, two on one and one on other, etc. Are these varieties? I say *yes*.

Fourth—there are several minor varieties worth looking at, viz., the letter 's' in POSTAGE is poorly engraved and in some forms a perfect 8; the 'R' damaged in 'THREE' makes a good letter 'B', and a double outside line at left of stamps makes a frame of THREE lines at left and one at right.

I think there is a good field on this one stamp and hope others will help

develop it. I like the design and it being the first Government 3c. regular issue, think more attention should be paid to it.

B. G. McFALL.

A Legend of Mauritius.

I laid upon the sofa, aimlessly turning the leaves of my stamp album. A bright fire sparkling in the grate reminded me that it was winter. The family cat sat on the cushion at my feet; her glassy green eyes occasionally strayed contentedly in my direction, contemplating the brilliant colors and fanciful figures upon the cover of my book.

I had turned the pages of about half the volume, and idly paused at the place allotted to the stamps of the Colony of Mauritius, the Isle of France. I could imagine the tropical sublimity of this Indian Ocean island; I could picture myself going through an avenue, lined on either side with tropical splendor and beauty; I could see myself stand before the tomb of Paul and Virginia, who lie there, forever united in death. Above, a protecting palm suspends its shielding branches over their last resting-place, combining in its grace and beauty, the charm of nature and magnificence of the tropics. I moved slyly to break a piece from a low-hanging bough near by. As I had my hand upon the twig, behind it, and hidden from my view, was a wicked-looking native. Instinctively I pulled him forth, and we grappled. His eyes shone and gleamed with a green glass light, as I threw him from me with a mighty effort. But a great noise recalled me to my senses, and I found my album, at the page of Mauritius where I had opened it, all creased and torn, and the cat crying on the floor where I had kicked it.

GEO. S. SEYMOUR.