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### A Row About a Postage Stamp.

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The widow Richard is an old lady addicted to making "bulls," and is of a piece with the good woman who poured out the coffee to feast upon the grounds. It was a blunder something of this character she had just committed, for which she has come to answer at a Paris police office.

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in one of the Post-offices of Paris, where the clerk, whose duty it was to attend to prepaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in in great trepidation. 'This woman was the Widow Richard.

"Sir," she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk: "why it don't happen at all."

"Well, I say it does happen: and what's more, that it happened to-day—there!"

"And I tell you again that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance to whom I wrote yesterday, and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's downright robbery, I say!"

And thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus, that it was found to be necessary to call in a policeman, and take her before a magistrate. Instead of pacifying Madame Richard, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury, and stamped and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I have done with it!" she cried.

"Done with what?" inquired the Magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow; "the receipt which proves that I prepaid the letter."

So saying she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I've got it. Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magistrate—what can you imagine it was?—a postage stamp! The poor lady had taken it as a receipt for the money she had paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly, instead of sticking it upon the letter.

The blunder was duly explained to her amid the laughter of the spectators. She promptly acknowledged her fault, and, regretting she had given way to her anger, begged the court to deal leniently with her. She pleaded her ignorance as the cause of the storming and abuse of which she stood convicted. The court took the culprit's general good conduct into consideration, as well as her contrition, and fined her five francs only.

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### Interviewing.

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The Correspondents of some philatelic papers have interviews with distinguished philatelists, which are too gauzy to hold together. This is the usual style: A Niagara Falls Philatelist correspondent was detailed to interview John Smith, a dis-