doubtless to his having removed from the places where he lived in consequence of their becoming too warm to hold him. The following is a specimen letter from one of the dupes:

"I have enclosed the seventeen stamps and shall be very pleased to receive any present you will send me. As I am not very well off, what I would like very much would be a nice black silk dress, which I would consider a rich reward for my credulity."

The addresses of letters passing through the post have often very curious features arising from various causes. Sometimes the whole writing is so bad as to be all but illegible; sometimes the orthography is extremely at fault; occasionally the writer, having forgotten the precise address, makes use of a paraphrase; sometimes the addresses are insufficient, and sometimes they are conjoined with sketches on the envelopes showing artistic taste and comic spirit. An illustration of this is shown on page 9.

The following addresses are made use of apparently owing to the correct addresses being lost, but the direction given serve their purpose and the

letters were duly delivered.

- "For a gentleman residing in a street out of the Road, London. He is a shopkeeper, sells newspapers and periodicals to the trade, and supplies hawkers and others with cheap prints, some of which are sold by men in the street. He is well known in the locality, being wholesale. Postman will oblige if he can find him."
- "This is for old Mr. Milly, what prints the paper in Lancaster, where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the post office."

"Mr. ——— Travelling Band, one of four playing in the street
Persha [Pershore]
Please to find him if possible. Worcestershire.

"This is for her that makes dresses for ladies that lives at tother side of the road to James Brocklip.

Edensoever, Chesterfield."

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies.

30 Sheriff Street

Off Prince Edwin Street Liverpool."

"To my sister Jean
Up the Canongate

She has a wooden leg.

Down a Close Edinburgh."

"My dear Aunt Sue as lives in the Cottage by the wood near the New Forest."

It occasionally happens that when the eye is unable to make out an address the ear comes to the rescue. In London a letter came directed to

"Mr. Owl O'Neil General Post Office."

But no one was known there of that name. A clerk looking at the letter commenced to repeat aloud, "Mr. Owl O'Neil, Mr. Owl O'Neil," when another clerk, hearing him, exclaimed, "Why! that must be intended for Mr. Rowland Hill," which indeed proved to be the case. A similiar circumstance happened in Edinburgh with a letter from Australia addressed to