

same. I thought that this would be a splendid chance to change some stamps with Mr. Simpson, so I cut out about twenty-five and stuck in some of my stamps in their places. I thought that Mr. Simpson would be dreadfully pleased with what I had done, for I didn't see any stamps in his album like mine. Mr. Simpson's stamps are all British Colonial, and, as I have told you already, mine are from London, Europe and other foreign countries.

The next day I found three sheets of stamps on father's desk that some stamp dealer had sent him. I had heard him say at the table when he opened the letter that he didn't want them, but I forgot to ask him for them; anyway, as he didn't want them he would be sure to give them to me. So I took them and put them in my album.

It was about a week after this when father came home one evening dreadfully good natured. "Well, Jimmy, how are you getting along with your stamps? Come and let me see your album." I was dreadfully pleased to find father so good-natured and brought him my album. He looked over the first page and straightened some stamps that were crooked. "Eh! where did you get these?" he said, when he came to where the stamps were that I had changed with him and Mr. Simpson. I told him that I had got them by changing and from the sheets that he didn't want. I never saw father so dreadful angry. He sent me upstairs and told me to wait for him but I don't want to talk about what happened up there. If you have ever been unfortunate enough to have been a boy you'll know.

The next day father put the stamps on the sheets and sent them back to the dealer, and took Mr. Simpson the stamps that I had changed with him and apologized for my conduct. Mr. Simpson, instead of being pleased, was dreadful angry and was going to have the police, but as father was such an old friend he said he would let the matter drop.

And this is what comes to people who collect stamps. As I said before I am quite sure that the lecturer came here on purpose to get innocent people into trouble.

Of course you will agree with me that it was all the lecturer's fault. I couldn't get father to understand it though; but it taught me a lesson, and the next time any one tells me to improve my mind with stamps I'll tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

THE GREATEST STAMP COLLECTOR.



A LITTLE of the private history of Mr. Ferrari, whose collection of stamps is the finest in the world may prove interesting to our readers. We give the following extract from a recent article in a Boston

daily:

"The reported death of Duke Gaetano di Ferrari, at Padua, Italy—is proved to be untrue—recalls to a New York Tribune writer, a career full of unusual incidents.

"Gaetano was the son of the late Duke of Galliera, a rich nobleman of Genoa, who increased an immense inheritance from a long line of famous ancestors by speculations, which were denounced as robbery.

"The son, a young man of fine appearance, a graduate of one of the best Italian universities, condemned unreservedly the means adopted by his father to increase the family fortune. So strong was his indignation that, upon attaining his majority, he left the magnificent home of his parents and the certainty of a brilliant career in the army or diplomatic world, and set out to make his fortune.

"He went to Paris and there became a tutor of mathematics, for which his training had prepared him, and lived modestly but honestly on a small income.

"The old duke was greatly affected by the desertion of his only son and heir, and endeavored in every way to bring about a reconciliation. In the hope of inducing his son to return he became one of the greatest benefactors that Genoa has ever known.

"No one in all the neighborhood appealed to him in vain for aid. People began to sound his praises and forget his former iniquities. But the son remained obdurate and the father went to his grave without seeing his face again.

"Young Gaetano declined to lay claim to the immense fortune to which he had fallen heir, and continued to follow his comparatively humble calling in the French capital.

"But a change at last came over him. Owing to his name he was admitted to the highest society of Paris, and the atmosphere of romance surrounding him, added to his accomplishments made him a hero of the salons which he visited. Young men who preferred to live in poverty to accepting one of the largest fortunes in Italy were rare indeed.

"But among the people he met was a Russian princess, rich, beautiful, and possessing all the attractions of the high-class Tartar. He fell in love with her, and, to please her, laid claim to the parental millions.

"He had renounced his name and title, however, and declined to bear either again, knowing that while hundreds blessed his dead father, thousands cursed him for the ruin which he had brought them.

"Through his fiancée the emperor of Russia learned of his sacrifice and created him Duke di Ferrari, a title equal in rank to that which he had given up.

"The marriage took place—but it proved to be unhappy. After three years the couple decided to live apart. The marriage had been childless.

"The duchess purchased the group of islands opposite Maderno, formerly known as Isola del Frati, christened it Isola Ferrari, and erected there a magnificent palace and gardens. There she passed all her time, devoting her money to relieving the poor and ministering to the sick. Once each year, but for only a few hours, the Duke pays her a visit.

"The Duke spends much of his time in Padua and Rome, caring little for Genoa, and uses his fortune in aiding his less fortunate fellows. He has one hobby—the collection of postage stamps—and his collection is said by many experts to be the finest in the world."

By the way, why can't Uncle Sam print his own postal cards as well as he can print his postage stamps?