

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

"THAT 'ERE COLLEGE CHAP."

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HAT 'ere college chap is a right smart sort of a feller, but he's got one danged foolish notion, an' that is the collectin' of old postage stamps as what's been used once."

Thus was Elnathan Mudd's summary of Walter Marston's characteristics.

Walter Marston had come to this beautiful village of Auburn a week before to spend his summer vacation from college. It was to be his last regular school vacation, as he was in his senior year. His previous vacations had been whiled away at the sea-shore and in the mountains. Once, while going through Auburn on his bicycle, admiring this beautiful village with all its Arcadian simplicity, he had punctured his tire. While he was repairing it a young girl of sixteen came along the road. Walter never knew just how it was, but before he could scarcely realize it he and Bessie Mudd had become acquainted. And it came to pass that Walter came that way often on his wheel, and Bessie was always on hand with a smile of welcome on her pretty face.

It was a clear case from the start, and Cupid cut another notch in his bow.

And so it came to pass that Walter spent his next school vacation at Auburn, and what was more, managed to secure board at the home of his dream angel.

Walter had told Bessie of his stamp collection, and as she had expressed a desire to see it he had sent for it. She took to it at once and became quite enthusiastic. Bessie informed Walter that what was probably a grand chance to increase his treasures awaited him if he wished to investigate the contents of "an old box up-stairs in the attic," and she felt certain that she could obtain her father's consent that he should do it. That noon Bessie received her father's consent to let Walter go through the box.

"Yes, Walter," laughed farmer Mudd, "you can have all the stamps you find; much good they'll do ye."

"Perhaps I'll find something very valuable," said Walter. "There are stamps that are worth hundreds of dollars."

"Sho, you don't say so! Who'd give it?"

"A great many wealthy collectors and dealers. In fact, if there is anything of great value, I'll pay you a fair price for it. You know I have plenty of money that was left me by my parents when they died, and as I'm twenty-one I have it at my own disposal."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "you are fortunate, financially. I wish I had plenty of the stuff, I'd send Bessie off to the bordin' school at Lakeport for a two year's course. It would do her a heap of good. She's got through the Auburn schools."

"Then I hope I'll find some rarities for her sake," said Walter.

"Yes, and," added farmer Mudd, with a twinkle in his eye, "Bessie will make a better wife with a little seminary knowledge. Educated country

girls make the best wives. Don't you think so, Mr. Marston?"

"Yes, I I think she w-would," answered Walter a little uneasily, and blushing quite visibly. Bessie's bewitching eyes sparkled and her cheeks took on a deeper tinge.

That afternoon Bessie and Walter repaired to the attic.

Along about three o'clock the farmer came into the house for something, and incidentally asked:

"Where are Walter and Bess?"

"Up in the attic looking for stamps," smiled the worthy Mrs. Mudd.

"Guess I'll go up and see what th'y've found," grinned the farmer.

So occupied were the attentions of Bessie and Walter that they did not hear farmer Mudd's approach, and the first intimation they had of his proximity was when he suddenly opened the door and found Walter sitting on the up-turned box—and Bessie seated in his lap with one arm around Walter's neck, her head on his shoulder and face up-turned and close to his, while her other hand clasped his, and his other arm around her supple waist.

Perhaps farmer Mudd was astonished; perhaps the lovers were; yes, all were—just a little bit. Bessie made an effort to free herself, but Walter held her tightly, and said to Mr. Mudd with an astonishing bravado:

"Mr. Mudd I have asked Bessie to be my wife when she graduates from Lakeport Seminary, and she has promised, and all we want now is the consent and blessing of you and Mrs. Mudd."

"Wha-what? Lakeport Semin—say?—didn't I tell you I couldn't afford to send her?"

"Yes, and didn't I say I'd pay you for the stamps I might find in this box?"

The farmer had forgotten this in the momentary excitement of suddenly coming upon such an unexpected scene.

"For what I have found here," continued Walter, "I will give you one thousand dollars. They will be worth, at least, that to me. A thousand will carry Bessie through school won't it?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mudd gave their consent and blessing. Walter has graduated from college, and is managing his large investments himself. Bessie is at Lakeport Seminary, and has several months more to go ere she completes her course, after which she will fulfill the promise made to Walter Marston nearly two years before, by becoming his wife.

And as for Walter, Mr. Mudd thinks there is not another such fellow in the world as "that 'ere college chap," and perhaps there isn't, but what would Mr. Mudd say—or Bessie either—if it was known that the entire contents of that "old box up stairs in the attic would not have brought above fifty cents from any dealer? But then Walter is satisfied, and—so is Bessie.

We have received a copy of the Standard Stamp Co's price list consisting of 64 pages and cover, and fully illustrated. The publishers inform us that 35,000 copies have been printed, and together with postage, the total cost will be \$1,500, the largest amount ever spent on a stamp price list. A copy can be obtained free from them at 925 La Salle Street, St. Louis, Mo. (Advt.)