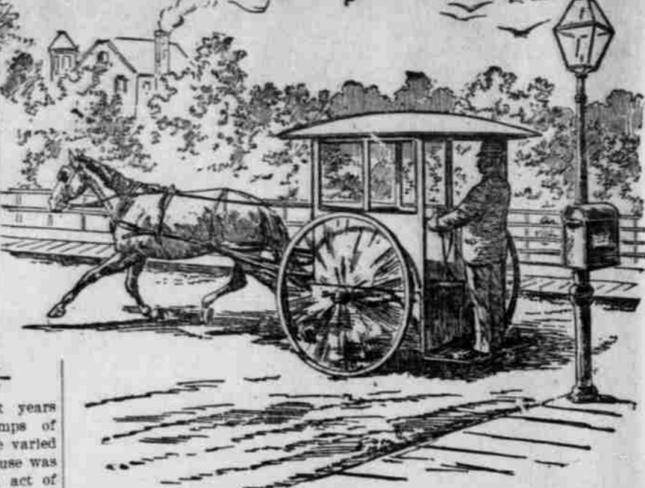


POSTAGE STAMPS and the POSTAL SYSTEM



SINCE the earliest years the postage stamps of this country have varied in design. Their use was sanctioned by an act of Congress March 3, 1847. A tentative issue had been issued at the postoffice of New York and in St. Louis two years before, in 1845, and in Rhode Island in 1846. The first stamps issued were for 5 and 10 cents and bore the portraits of Franklin and Washington. At various times a complete series varying in price from 1 to 90 cents was issued. The portraits used on the stamps were those of Franklin, 1 cent; Jackson, 2-cent; Washington, 3-cent; Lincoln, 8-cent; Jefferson, 10-cent; Clay, 12-cent; Webster, 15-cent; Scott, 24-cent; Hamilton, 30-cent; Perry, 90-cent, and Stanton, 7-cent. Most of these portraits were drawn from marbles, but Stanton was reproduced from a photograph.

Rowland Hill of England was founder of the modern postal system. England, accepting his scheme of postal reform, was the first country to introduce the system of delivering prepaid letters carrying postage stamps. A story has it that Sir Rowland was staying at an inn in northern England. While there he saw the postman deliver to his host's daughter a letter which she returned unopened, as she had not a shilling to pay for its delivery. Moved to compassion by the lingering fondness with which she turned the letter over in her hands, carefully studying every mark on its exterior, Sir Rowland tendered a shilling to the postman, who left the letter. Then the innkeeper's daughter, embarrassed by his kindness, explained that it was unnecessary. She and her brother, unable to pay postage, had arranged a code of communication. While she handled the letter she had learned what he wished her to know.

Whether this story be true or not, Sir Rowland Hill, who was only Mr. Hill at the time, as he was knighted later, early realized the inadequacy of the postal system of England and ardently advocated his system, under which postage should be prepaid.

This first governmental issue of stamped envelopes, stamped letter paper and adhesive labels or stamps in England was in 1840. Three years before, in 1837, stamped wrappers under the name of "go-frees" had been used experimentally and had been recommended to the chancellor of the exchequer for adoption by the government. In Dundee, a printer named James Chalmers printed stamps from ordinary type, washing their backs with gum. He showed them to his neighbors, but made no public mention of them until November, 1837, nine months after Sir Rowland Hill had drawn the attention of the commissioners of the postoffice to the possibilities of using such adhesive stamps when people bought unstamped envelopes to the postoffice.

The postal system derives its very name from the posts placed along Roman roads to mark points where couriers took dispatches. But the modern postal system with its prepaid postage, with its system of levying postal tribute on the basis of weight and not distance, its letter boxes, its delivery of parcels and newspapers and money orders, dates from Sir Rowland Hill.

The earliest official notice of a postal service in the American colonies is found in the records of the general court of Massachusetts in 1639. The house of Richard Fairbanks in Boston was under the ruling of the court designated as the place for all letters brought from across the seas or to be sent thither. He was allowed a penny for every letter which he received or sent. In Virginia, every planter was required to provide a messenger to carry letters as they arrived at his plantation to the next one. He forfeited a hoghead of tobacco should he fail to do so. In 1672, the government of New York established a monthly post between New York and Boston. In 1692 the office of postmaster general for

America was created. Benjamin Franklin, who had been appointed postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737, was given the office in 1753. He visited all the important postoffices. Though his reforms made the office bring in a clear revenue, he was removed by the king in 1774, but shortly after was appointed to the same office by the Continental Congress. The first postmaster of the United States of America was Samuel Osgood. When he took charge of the department the country had seventy-five postoffices.

The charge for the delivery of letters was based on distances covered and varied from 6 cents for thirty miles to 25 cents for 450 miles. Until 1863, distance was the basis of cost. In that year a uniform rate of postage ignoring the distance was fixed at 3 cents. Oct. 1, 1883, this was reduced to 2 cents. During the early days of Alaskan development, every letter delivered in Nome cost the government \$1.

Though the use of adhesive postage stamps was authorized in 1847, prepayment by stamps was not made compulsory until 1856. A uniform free delivery system was not instituted until 1863, though the penny post existed in a number of cities in 1862, the carriers remunerating themselves by the collection of a voluntary fee of from 1 to 2 cents for each piece of mail delivered.

A convention held in Paris in 1878 made various improvements in the regulations and provided for a postal congress to consider revision of all pending rules at least every five years. The International Postal Union thus effected works constantly for the simplification and identification of postal systems. The rate fixed by the first convention, of 5 cents for each half unit of weight for ordinary letters still prevails, save that recently special conventions reducing it to 2 cents have been arranged between this country and England and this country and Germany.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

A Boys' Village.

In Westchester County, New York, overlooking the Hudson river, a colony of 300 boys has been gathered. They are lads who have tripped or been tumbled into the rough places of the world; their sense of self-respect cruelly neglected amid dirty city streets and all sorts of misery. Put under military discipline and given tasks of work and study, the boys are housed, clothed and fed in attractive, spacious cottages. The grounds and buildings cost over \$1,500,000, and the boys' village is a model place in every respect. So far as possible the young fellows are given work that accords with their tastes. Some work out of doors in the gardens and among the farm animals, while others learn trades in the shops.

Each lad stays in the village until he reaches the age of 21, when he is given \$150 to start him out in the world, equipped with knowledge enabling him to earn his livelihood. Every effort is made to inspire the boys with hope, courage, integrity and a desire to win respected places in the towns and cities to which they may go. Some of the graduates are now in the Western States, where they have gained positions of public trust. Some of them admit that they are more fortunate than they might have been had they been born of rich parents.

at a health resort where there are warm mineral springs, in the heart of the Japanese mountains. Patients at this sanitarium often remain in the water for a month at a time. At night they put a stone on their laps to keep them from floating down stream. And if it should be objected that this is an unhealthy method of conducting a health resort, reference has only to be made to the caretaker of the establishment, a hearty old man over 80 years of age, who frequently remains in the bath all winter, directing the business of the place from a station waist-deep in the warm, flowing water.

NO SLEEP IN THE GRAVE.

Archdeacon Colley Thinks the So-Called Dead Are Still Alive.

Of humankind there are no dead, says Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, Rugby, England, in the Delinicator. Man is man because he is, as the Sanskrit "mann" suggests, the "thinker," or one that has consciousness of his being, which consciousness survives the change called "death," which is but as sleep to wakefulness.

The worn physical of this life machine, the body, falls off, as in slumber, from the physical that indwells with it (body "abode") and keeps the wheel work ("we are fearfully and wonderfully made") on the go, and there is scarcely a moment's hiatus as the changing sentinels of the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and other elements composing it, departing, whisper the password to the even more volatile arriving atoms of the soul. Hence, in the falling in of the outer man upon the inner and the blending of the twain, mortality is swallowed up of life with no jar, jolt or any cessation of being, since complete insensibility or unconsciousness has no part in the transaction.

More alive, indeed, than ever is the condition immediately consequent on the failure of the heart's systolic action and the involutions and convulsions of the gray matter of the brain, no longer vibrant to the motions of thought playing its reminiscences of earth memories now transposed to life's higher clef and the beat of perfected rhythmic harmonies.

For true is the Latin statement, mors janna vite, death is the gate of life. Hence continuous and immediate and conscious being, with no sleeping in the grave; for, as the burial service of the Church of England says, "The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity."

This I know, not from credal or ecclesiastical affirmation, or even from logical induction of this life's being a hateful ghastly blunder, if not a curse, but from the teachings of many years' experience and close personal acquaintance with those who have lived in this world, now dead and buried as to their earthly body, returning time and again in a reconcreted, wonderfully abnormal, corporeal form to company with me and others meeting together in domestic worship with praise and prayer to give them welcome back for an hour to learn of the higher life they have attained. From whom, by many indisputable proofs, visible, audible, tangible, I and those with me have apprehended and those who have gained the fact that the so-called "dead" are alive.

Growing Old a Habit.

Not long ago the former secretary of a justice of the New York supreme court committed suicide on his 70th birthday.

"The Statute of Limitations; a Brief Essay on the Osler Theory of Life," was found beside the dead body. It read, in part:

"Threescore and ten—this is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, active work for man ceases; his time on earth has expired. . . . 'I am seventy—threescore and ten—and I am fit only for the chimney corner . . .'"

This man had dwelt so long on the so-called Osler theory—that a man is practically useless and only a burden to himself and the world after sixty—and the Biblical limitation of life to threescore years and ten, that he made up his mind he would end it all on his 70th birthday.

Leaving aside Dr. Osler's theory, there is no doubt that the acceptance in a strictly literal sense of the Biblical life limit has proved a decided injury to the race. We are powerfully influenced by our self-imposed limitations and convictions, and it is well known that many people die very near the limit they set for themselves. Yet there is no probability that the Psalmist had any idea of setting a limit to the life period, or that he had any authority whatever for so doing. Many of the sayings in the Bible which people take so literally are merely figures of speech to illustrate an idea. So far as the Bible is concerned, there is just as much reason for setting the life limit at one hundred and twenty or even at Methuselah's age (nine hundred and sixty-nine) as at seventy or eighty. There is no evidence in the Scriptures that even suggests the existence of an age limit beyond which man was not supposed or allowed to pass. In fact, the whole spirit of the Bible is to encourage long life through sane and healthful living.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine.



Our Tom has gone to Paris. To paint. old Hayseed said. And I hear from those that know him. That he's painting mostly red.

A Confession.

Dear little boy, with wondering eyes That for the light of knowledge yearn, Who have such faith that I am wise And know the things that you would learn,

Though oft I shake my head and smile To hear your childish questions flow, I must not meet your faith with guile: I cannot tell; I do not know.

Dear little boy, with eager heart, Forever on the quest of truth, Your riddles oft are past my art To answer to your tender youth. But some day you will understand The things that now I cannot say, When life shall take you by the hand And lead you on its wondrous way.

Dear little boy, with hand in mine, Together through the world we fare, Where much that I would fain divine I have not yet the strength to bear. There are many things I may not ask; Like you, I hold another hand, And haply, when I do my task, I, too, shall understand.

May Be Read Both Ways.

Pallindromes are words or sentences which read the same way, whether they are spelled backwards or forwards. Here are a number of good examples of this curious orthographical phenomenon:

Madam I'm Adam (Adam introduces himself to Eve).

Able was I ere I saw Elba (Napoleon reflecting on his exile).

Name no one man.

Red root put up to order. (Sign for a drug store window. Reads the same from the inside as from the outside.)

Draw pupil's lip upward. (Direction to visiting school nurses.)

No, it is opposition.

No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition. (Sentence from a debate.)

Yreka Bakery. (Sign over a baker's shop in Yreka, Cal.)

In the Latin language pallindromes are not infrequent. But if you believe they occur often in English, try the experiment; see if you can discover any.

Baths at 110 Degrees.

The Japanese are fond of bathing in extremely hot water. They are, in fact, the most cleanly, according to our Western notion, of any of the Eastern peoples. Their bath is taken as frequently as twice a day, often at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

An odd description has been given of the amphibious lives, half in water and half out, like frogs, led by the visitors

HOW BABY FOOLED NURSE.



Stern Measures Necessary.

"Really," said Nervey. "I want you to be my wife. Come, now, don't say 'No.'"

"Mr. Nervey," replied the helress. "I wouldn't think of saying 'No' to you—"

"Ah!"

"It wouldn't have any effect on you, so I think the best thing I can do is to yell for the police."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Cheap Board.

New Curate—Can any of you tell me how much it costs to board an automobile here?

Old Resident—About thirty dollars, I think.

Young M. D.—But it only costs twenty-five to board a horse.

Miss Stenographer—And it only costs five cents to board a trolley.—Success Magazine.

The Only One.

"You say your son is hard to manage, Mr. Jims. Does he display any natural bent?"

"Yes, I think he is going to be a crook."—Baltimore American.

When a man goes to town to visit, it is thought funny if he remains two days, but a woman is expected to remain at least two months, and have parties given in her honor.

The fools are not all dead yet, and what is more, they never will be.

Ellas, are the glaciers beginning to advance in notable numbers. In the Alps a general retreat of the glaciers began about 1861. At first it was rapid, but the rate afterward slackened. Toward the end of the nineteenth century a glacier here and there slightly retraced its steps, but the majority are still either slowly shrinking or stationary.

The remarkable fact that the earliest known ancestor, or primitive type, of the modern whale bore heavy armor on its back, in the form of strong, bony plates has recently been set forth by the German paleontologist, Dr. Abel. The plates occasionally found associated with the remains of the primeval form of whale have generally been regarded as having belonged to gigantic turtles, but the German investigations show that they were part of the skeleton itself. They resemble in their character the impenetrable bony shells of the huge glyptodonts that formerly inhabited South America. The suggestion is made that at the time when they carried armor whales were amphibious creatures, living on the coasts and needing special protection from breakers and from sharks.

Seeing and Listening.

"Here's a sort of queer thing," said a nearsighted man. "I am very near-sighted. Strong glasses are indispensable to me for ordinary, general seeing in my goings about, but when I sit down to read I take off my glasses and bring the print up to within the natural focus of the eye. It seems to me that reading with the natural eye I can read with a more intimate and a clearer understanding."

"So much for my reading without spectacles, and now here is the thing that is queer to me. If when I am reading thus, with my glasses off, somebody comes along to speak to me, why, then, to get a clear understanding of that question I must have on my spectacles."

"So I say, or I would say if this happened at home where I know the people, 'Wait a minute till I get on my spectacles,' and I would put them on and then say, 'Now go ahead,' and really, with my spectacles on, with my power of seeing at its best, with the sharpest definition of things in general to the eye, I get the clearest apprehension of things said to me."

"So in reading I do best with my glasses off, but in understanding things said to me, in listening, I do best with my glasses on. There is one modification to this—where there is no light, as in a dark room, where I can't see, I can understand equally well with or without glasses."—New York Sun.

POPULAR SCIENCE

M. Lacroix, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, read a paper before that learned society on the manufacture of sapphires. He has discovered practically the composition of the precious stone, and has succeeded in obtaining some specimens which almost resemble the real stone. It can not be said that M. Lacroix has yet discovered the exact process, for those which he has obtained would not impose upon a skilled lapidary who subjected them to a severe test.

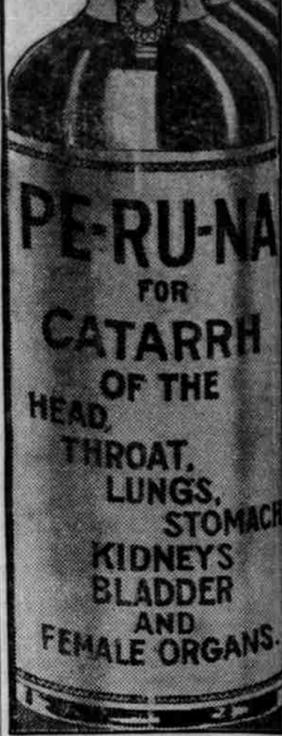
The climbing perch (Anabas Scandifens), of which six examples have recently been received at the London Zoological Gardens, is an interesting case of a fish which is able to spend a considerable time out of its native element. The climbing perch is able to make some progress on land by the movement of its pectoral and ventral fins. It is even able to climb trees, and has been found in a palm tree several feet from the ground. It is difficult to get it to display these peculiarities in confinement.

The little black people of Africa, so dramatically described by Stanley, are not the only pygmies produced by that wonderful continent. In Liberia and Sierra Leone are found pygmy hippopotamuses, some specimens of which have recently been sent to England. These animals are described as being more like pigs in their habits than like their gigantic relatives. A good mud-hole is quite sufficient for them. They seem to prefer solitude in their native haunts, going about singly, and when two are seen in company they almost invariably consist of a mother and her calf.

President Schurman of Cornell University calls attention to the need of the development of a type of engineer specially skilled in everything relating to hydraulics. Water, he remarks, is destined from now on to play a great part in the economic development of the United States. It is hereafter to be used on a vast scale for power and for irrigation, as well as for navigation. The maximum benefit to be got from the use of water will be sought in the East from navigation and power, and in the West from irrigation and power.

One of the unexplained phenomena of what Prof. T. G. Bonney calls the "world's ice mantle," is the alternate advance and retreat of the glaciers. At present, says Prof. Bonney, only in Scandinavia, and perhaps at Mount St.

For Colds and Grip.



Why They Wanted George. The young wife answered the phone. "That's another call for George," she said to her mother. "Somebody wants him to come somewhere and play bridge. It's the third invitation he's had this evening."

"That would seem to indicate," said the mother, "that George is very popular."

The young wife sniffed. "It unquestionably indicates," she said, "that George is an easy loser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 5c.

Horror of Minstrelsy. Bones—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me w'y a waud caucus an like a valise? Interlocutor—No, George; that's a hard one. Why is a waud caucus like a valise?

Bones—"Cause yo' most jin'ly packs it afo' yo' carries it."

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Sig. Jarr de Roofoff, the eminent and popular basso, will now sing the touching ballad, "Think of the Microbes on a Street Car Strap!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Tamed. "Are you happier than you were before you were married?"

"I can't answer that question."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I've got so that I have to accept my wife's opinion on all subjects. And when you ask me about this one, you put me in a quandary. I can't very well put it to her, can I? And without asking her, I can't be sure."—Cleveland Leader.

Tactless. "He's not what you call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on an utterly hideous baby as it lay howling in its mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you."

"It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the unexpected reply of the indignant mother; "you'd be much better looking if it had!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Ignorant, but Careful.

"Ignorance nearly always makes fools of us," said a lecturer. "I remember a man, ignorant of etiquette, who once sat beside me at a public dinner. I noticed that this man, as soon as he was seated, took up one by one the knives at the right of his plate and began to try their edges on his thumb. A waiter behind him leaned forward and said in a hurt tone:

"The knives are all sharp, sir."

"The point is," said my neighbor, "I'm looking for a blunt one. Last time I attended a banquet here I cut my mouth."

In Distress.

The beautiful maiden was suffering from loneliness. In a voice scarcely above a whisper she spoke through the telephone:

"C. Q. D."

Her Dearest understood.

He Came Quickly.—Chicago Tribune.

PISO'S

Stop Coughing!

Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough, give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE.

Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, laryngitis, asthma and hoarse voices. Fine for children.

At all druggists, 25 cts.

CURE!