

Buried Treasure by Pinkney Gage

Gibraltar Stamp Without Price Mark Found Valuable

Wes carefully picked up a stamp and deposited it on a miniature table under a fixed magnifying glass.

It was one of the Gibraltar issue of November, 1889—from a sheet or sheets made famous through someone's failure to have them printed with the value of 10 centimos—the equivalent of one penny. I looked at its rose or carmine color under the glass with its severe profile of Queen Victoria facing to the left.

"Yes," said Wes, "I paid \$250 for it back in 1932."

I said something about what a shame it was the boy who was sent to buy the balance of the original sheet of 60 stamps back in 1889 had been unable to get them. (The stamps were discovered by a Gibraltar businessman who noticed the price was missing when his office boy brought back five stamps he had been sent to the post office to get. The businessman immediately sent the youngster back to buy the balance, but within the few minutes that had elapsed, the

CLASSIC ENGLISH URN HAS SEAHORSE HANDLES

We stopped in front of a crudely lettered sign stating that used lumber, hardware and brick were for sale.

We picked our way through stacks of dirty boards, low piles of brick and around the rusty innards of an old house where some workers had pretty nearly taken down.

"I'm going to take a look out back," said Ivar. Presently he reappeared lugging a large urn.

"How much," he asked, putting it down in front of a grimy, looking individual who seemed to be in charge of sales. The latter hefted it.

"Darn," he said. "That must be lead... sure it is... Must weigh 30 pounds... Well, you can have it for \$15."

"Fifteen bucks?" Ivar looked as if he would blow his top. "Why look here! Scrap lead isn't worth more than 10 cents a pound today."

"But this ain't scrap. You can put flowers in it," replied the other easily.

Ivar protested. They haggled back and forth, with the urn

TWO OLD BILLS FOUND AFTER FORTY YEARS

Cousin Agatha doesn't have much—a small house left her by an elder brother who was rather "peculiar," and just enough income to keep her in the necessities. Naturally, the rest of us, when ever we can find a way around her pride, try to give her some of the little luxuries that a person her age ought to have.

Recently, when my niece Judith and I called to give her an old television set, we found her quietly elated.

"Well," she said in answer to my question why, "you would be delighted, too, if you had just found \$15." And she went on to tell how she had found two bills—a five and ten—stuck in the pocket of her brother Jethro's suit which she had come across in a trunk in the attic.

"It was something he wore as a young man," she remarked,

"Well," replied Wes, "in addition to the remainder of the sheet, which was evidently sold just the same eventually, it seems to me distinctly likely that even more got out."

Surprised, I asked why.

"Because I know where there's a block of six," he answered, "and one of these days I am going to get them. Think of it! With this stamp here catalogued at \$750 today, a block of six—and there isn't another one, I'm positive—would be worth a lot more than \$4,500. . . . And you can bet your last dollar I'm going to get it, or know the reason why."

Wes is certainly right about the value. Blocks are almost always worth more than the value of the single stamp multiplied by the number in them. And I dare say he's right about getting it, too. For not even Pizzaro could have looked more determined when he set out to take Peru.

finally changing hands for \$8. "You must want it badly," I said when we got in the car. "I think you became too enthusiastic and let the matter run away with you."

Ivar grinned. "Look at those seahorse handles." They were good looking seahorses, all right. In fact they were mighty graceful. The urn was of classic proportions, some 22 inches high . . . about 12 at the mouth and narrowing gradually to four at the stem before flaring into a base of eight inches diameter. There was a flower design, simple and restrained on the outside.

"Just the same, it seems to me the price was too high," I said.

Ivar laughed. "I would have paid the \$15 if he had insisted upon it. This is a good sample of English garden furniture of the 1890s. Actually, it's worth a lot more than \$15, even though there's no clue to the maker."

I still doubted it, but the \$100 he got for it at an auction some six months later was the definite answer.

"because it wouldn't have fit him during the last 40 years of his life."

Recalling that Jethro had died in 1925 at the age of 67,