



The Postmaster-General, London, has had tested at the House of Commons the automatic stamp-selling machine, which was invented by Mr. R. J. Dickie, a Londoner residing in New Zealand.

There is something akin to the poetic in the inscription on the Charity stamps of Roumania. One represents Queen Elizabeth, nursing a wounded sufferer, and the translation of the inscription is, "The wound dressed, and the tears wiped away, Elizabeth." The other design shows the Queen seated at a weaving loom, and the inscription reads: "Women weave the future of the country, Elizabeth."

Another surcharge stamp is reported from Abyssinia, namely, "40," in violet on 2 garish brown.

The 1c green, and 2c orange stamps of Paraguay of the 1904 designs have had the word "official" introduced just under the feet of the lion.

The 25 heller stamp of Austria has appeared in a much paler shade of blue. The value is in black on a white ground.

It is reported that a two years' supply of Lagos stamps have been sent to Southern Nigeria for use in that country, the two colonies having been amalgamated.

One dealer who had a stall at the London Philatelic Exhibition reports sales just under £1000 for the nine days.

"In our opinion the greatest pleasure is derived by those who spend no more cash upon their stamp collection than they can afford for a pleasant pursuit, and are not troubled with calculations of profits and losses." (Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal).

The new 15 c. stamp of Italy is of a very distinct type. At the top is a straight label inscribed "Poste Italiane" in the centre. The word "cent" is in the corner at the left, and the numerals "15" at the right hand corner. All the remainder of the stamp is occupied by a finely-executed portrait of the King, profile view. The general effect is distinctly good, the absence of florid ornamentation being quite a striking change, in respect to modern stamp designs. The colour is grey-black.

"Let them all come with the whole menagerie standing on its head" is the comment in Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal, upon the fact that the 10 rees stamp of Nyassa, giraffe type, has been discovered with inverted centre.

The postal service of Bosnia and Herzegovina is still under the control of the military authorities. The first postage stamps were issued in 1879. On January 1st, 1900, the currency was altered from kruzter to heller, which necessitated a new issue of stamps.

The fact that stamps of Ceylon are being overprinted for use in the Maldiv Islands, naturally makes philatelists interested in that place. It may be mentioned that the Maldiv Islands are situated 500 miles from Ceylon, and that none of them are over 20ft. above the level of the sea. The population in the group in 1901 totalled 30,000. Malé is the residence of the Sultan, who pays tribute to the Government of Ceylon. That the Maldiv Islanders are adopting Western civilisation is shown by the fact that an Australian horse has been purchased for the Sultan, while the Ambassador contented himself with a motor bicycle. A dredge has been ordered to

deepen the harbour, and rubber plant seed obtained to try and introduce that industry in the group.

The Post Office in Sardinia commenced in 561, and in March, 1004, there is mention of the monopoly reserved by the Government, of the right to carry letters, and forbidding all distributions by drivers of vehicles and persons on foot. In June, 1561, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, appointed Signor Scaramuccia, Postmaster-General, allotting to him the revenues of the Posts, in consideration of an annual payment of 700 crowns, a sum afterwards reduced in proportion to reduced receipts. But at that time the office had to do with horse posts rather than with letter posts, the latter not being introduced until some time in the seventeenth century.

IN AGONY AFTER MEALS.

Edward Mayson, Napier, Indigation for Years Thumping Sick Headaches His Whole Health Wrecked To-day Strong as Any Man Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For ten years and more it was hard for me to know what to eat and what not to eat," said Mr. Edward Mayson, of Raffles-street, Napier. "Scarcely a few months I got a bad fit of indigation that made life not worth living. I was never free from pain for three or four hours after every meal. I was sore and aching all over, and my head was splitting the whole day. For weeks on end, I was as miserable as a man could be. The last attack I had was last winter twelve-month. After I had been in agony for three months, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Inside a month they set me right, and I have never had any trouble with my stomach from that day to this."

Mr. Edward Mayson has lived pretty well all his life in Napier, since coming to this colony from Lancashire in the early eighties. He is a bootmaker by trade, and his shop is in Market street, off Emerson-street, just near the Trades Hall. He has been one of the local leaders in the Reform Movement, and has always been highly respected even by those who opposed him most strongly in politics. Mr. Mayson has been a teetotaler all his life, and has worked harder than any other man in the district in the Temperance cause. His fellow citizens in Napier describe him as a plain-spoken man of the highest honour—and his word is as good as his bond throughout Hawke's Bay.

"When a man gets on for 60, he can't grumble if his teeth go—and I blame that for all my trouble," said Mr. Mayson. "The sides I am coughed up in the shop all day, and hardly get a chance to stretch my legs. For some years, I never felt really fit. There was always a sort of half-sick feeling about me. As soon as I took something that disagreed with me, my stomach went back on me altogether. I was never able to tackle my food with any relish. Everything tasted pretty well the same to me. If I forced myself to eat a bit of breakfast, I fetched up gas all the morning. The taste in my mouth was as bitter as gall. Down in my stomach, there was a queer heavy feeling—not exactly a pain, but just as bad or worse. All my food seemed to turn to lead, and it lay on my chest like a ton weight. Sometimes the pain was as much as I could stand. It was worst of all just at the end of my breast and under my arm, and it went clean through to my shoulder blades. Often a smothering feeling came over me. It was all I could do to get my breath."

"This used to pass off after two or three hours—but the whole thing started again with the next meal. I felt like going straight from the table to bed. I got too sleepy to keep my eyes open. The strange thing was that I could never sleep well when I did go to bed. For hours I tossed and turned. As soon as I dropped off to sleep, I started to dream—and then woke up with my head aching and a miserable feeling all over me. Next morning I got up worn out and wretched. Every bone in my body was aching. My shoulders were stiff and sore, and there was a dull dragging pain across the small of my back. I was worse in the mornings, and felt too bad-tempered to speak to anyone. If anything went wrong in the shop, it put me out of humour for the whole day. The fact was, I had no right to be at work. I was just able to drag along. Often I couldn't even do that. When one of my thumping sick headaches came on, I had to give up work and lie down for the rest of the day. 'It is no wonder that I was always sick, for my bowels never worked right,' said Mr. Mayson. "It was plain, too, that there was something wrong with my kidneys. My blood must have been full of bile. For days at a time I always felt that I was on the point of throwing up. Then, all of a sudden, the blood rushed to my face, and the

sweat poured off me. A mist came over my eyes, and my head started to swim. My heart stopped beating, and I fell into the nearest chair. I mind one day going up to Brewster-street, here in Napier, when one of these attacks came on without any warning. I couldn't go another step, and had to grab hold of the fence to save myself from falling. It was like going off into a dead faint. That weak heart gave me a bigger fright than anything else."

"An attack like this always wore me down till I was nothing but a wreck," Mr. Mayson went on to say. "I dropped weight, and got too weak to take any interest in my work. The last time, this sort of thing went on for three months—and then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was one of those men who don't believe in medicines you read about in the paper—but I soon learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were not any common medicine. After the second box, I started to be hungry for my meals, and I didn't find my food disagree with me half as much. After I finished the fourth box, I never had another dizzy turn—and my health was perfect before I had finished the half dozen boxes. The best of it is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me for good—for I never felt better in my life than I have the last two years."

Remember, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People actually make new blood—acting more. They do not act on the bowels. They do not tinker with mere symptoms. No other medicine strikes at the root of disease as they do. They have cured the worst cases of Liver Trouble, Indigation, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Stomach, General Weakness, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, and even Consumption. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also good in a special way for the health of growing girls and women. If you are not sure whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are suited to your own case, write for free medical advice to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. From the same address you can order the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at 3/ a box, or six boxes 16/6, post free.



THE MAHENO.

The Union Company's turbine steamer Maheno, which arrived in Auckland on Friday on her first visit to this port, was the subject of considerable interest, and was visited by a very large number of people. The chief point of interest was, of course, the turbine engines.

What strikes one most on entering the engine-room is the small amount of space taken up by the turbines. The engines are encased in three large steel drums which take up the full length of the room, and stand about five feet high. Beyond the steam pipes leading from the four boilers and the propeller shafts, practically nothing else is visible. The turbine machinery working inside the drum is like a series of wheels, with blades attached to the rims, revolving round a big axle, and is set in motion by the contact of the steam with the blades. In the three drums there are 374,866 blades, which travel at an enormous speed, and with the object of counteracting the friction in the bearings, special lubricating apparatus is supplied, which is worked by powerful pumps. The only working parts of the turbine that are visible are the ends of the shafts and the levers, which make one double turn to every ten revolutions of the turbines. The Maheno is capable of steaming 17½ knots, which is somewhat over 20 miles an hour.

One of the most interesting numbers for some time past of "The New Zealand Farmer" is that for October, just issued. All branches of rural work are efficiently treated, and the illustrations are exceptionally good and instructive. The sections dealing with poultry and dogs, fruit-growing, gardening, and beekeeping will be found of especial value to those who on the borders of our centres of population adopt one or more of these subjects for pleasure or profit. The dairy section is especially interesting and comprehensive this month. No paper affords such a variety or extent of interesting reading matter as does the "Farmer." Prizes amounting to £15 for Farmer cousins are announced in this issue.

True Ghost Stories.

BY ROBERT LEFFINGWELL.

Old fashioned ghost stories nearly always used to have a queer setting. They were generally laid in the dark, in strange scenes, in out-of-the-way places where witnesses were impossible. The very conditions made the role of the skeptic easy. But here are stories of ghosts seen under commonplace, everyday surroundings, and told in a plain, matter-of-fact way that carries conviction. Two at least of these ghosts were seen in full light, and all the tales are corroborated by others than the narrators, which makes it impracticable to laugh them out of court.

There was always something hard to shake off about the ghost story; it is so old and so universal. Our ancestors, as far back as one cares to go, had ghosts. They were, so to speak, part of the household furniture, like the woman in the organ-builder's story which follows, and were handed down with the rest of the heirlooms.

There are many good old houses in England where there have been family ghosts for generations—regular visitors, to be taken for granted, just as the secret staircase, the ruined moat, and the family portraits. The same thing is true in less degree in New England. There are old Salem and Boston houses that have their ghosts, which time cannot lay; but in their appointed seasons they walk, and may still be seen upon their way.

A little while ago science was going to explain or expel the ghosts. But they are still here. They have even grown more apparent. Instead of vanishing, they have come into clearer light, and soon we may be writing their biographies. It is, in fact, from the data collected by scientists and skeptics that these stories are taken. The narrators tell the tales in their own words:

A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER'S STORY.

About Christmas time, some years ago, being officer on duty, I was seated at the mess-table at Aldershot. There were ten or twelve other officers present, and among them John Atkinson, the surgeon-major of the regiment, who sat on my right, but at the end of the table furthest from me and next to Russell. I was sitting at the end of the table and directly facing the window.

"At about eight forty-five p.m. Atkinson suddenly glared at the window at his right, thereby attracting the notice of Russell, who, seizing his arm, said: 'Good gracious, doctor! What's the matter with you?'

"This caused me to look in the direction in which I saw Atkinson looking, viz., at the window opposite, and I there saw (for the curtains were looped up, although the room was lighted by a powerful central gas-light in the roof and by candle on the table) a young woman, in what appeared a soiled or somewhat worn bridal dress, walk or glide slowly past the window from east to west. She was about at the centre of the window when I observed her, and outside the window.

"No person could have actually been in the position where she appeared, as the window in question is about thirty feet above the ground."

The second has an almost epic simplicity and an unstudied pathos:

A little boy in a Yorkshire town lay sick unto death. His mother had died some years before. Beside him watched his elder sister and a friend of his mother. The friend distinctly saw the mother come and stoop over the boy, caressingly. Next day the boy died.

When the sister and the friend were haying him out, the latter said to the former: "I had a singular experience in this room last night."

"Yes, I know," replied the sister "you saw mother. I saw her too. She came over and kissed Hughey."

THE COLLEGE MAN'S STORY.

Behind this strange record there seems to be a tale of romance and of strife that suggests the days of Scott's novels:

"In the spring term, 1898, I had gone to bed unusually late, about half-past one in the morning, and shortly after getting into bed I heard a noise in my sitting-room, and called out: 'Who's there?' Receiving no answer, I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room. It was a moonlight night, the blind was