

BOOK TO BOOKWORMS

ATOR, LENOX AND TILDEN LIBRARIES TO BE CONSOLIDATED.

When this is done, New York will have one of the largest and most valuable libraries in the world—James Lenox, the Astor and Tilden libraries, the Lenox and Tilden libraries, the Astor and Tilden libraries, the Lenox and Tilden libraries...



LENOX LIBRARY.

ings and possibly Sundays, there will be a large circulating department, and all in all the consolidated institution will far outstrip the philanthropic intent of the three separate libraries that it supersedes.

The Astor Library was founded in 1848 by John Jacob Astor, who left \$100,000 for the purpose. With this money the present site of the library in Lafayette place was purchased and most of the building was erected.

The Lenox Library was the creation of James Lenox, a wealthy and eccentric bibliophile of New York city. He was the only son of Robert Lenox, who resided from Scotland to New York in 1784 and made a fortune in business.

For more than 40 years he was represented at every book sale of note in the city, and he often outbid the great libraries, manuscripts and private collectors of Europe.



ASTOR LIBRARY.

There is now being exhibited in the window of the shop of Mr. Kaps, the watchmaker, a clock of the works of which are in the inside of an ordinary clear glass wine bottle, the dial plate being so ingeniously on the top of the bottle.

BOOK BINDING.

Its Beginning and the Transition From Ancient to Modern Methods.

It was only when writing was made upon separate pieces or sheets of a pliable and perishable material that bookbinding proper was invented to hold the pieces, or sheets, together and give strength to them and protect them and beauty.

The folded sheet may be either rolled or folded, each giving rise to a form of binding peculiar to itself. The rolled sheet is bound by fastening each sheet to the other sideways.

The invention of the folded sheet thus gave rise to the invention of modern binding, which, in its essence, is the union at the back of the folded sheets, which together constitute the folded book, or, as I may say, despite the latent contradiction, the folded volume.

STORIES OF PAPER.

Water marks were made and why they came into use.

Clever Use Made of Them by Ireland in His Shakespearean Forgeries—Elaborate Designs Imprinted by the "Dandy" Roll—The Dog's Virgin Mary Letter.

Stories and incidents innumerable are wound up in the art of paper making, and its mechanical processes have afforded to the ingenious story teller many a chance for a thrilling tale.

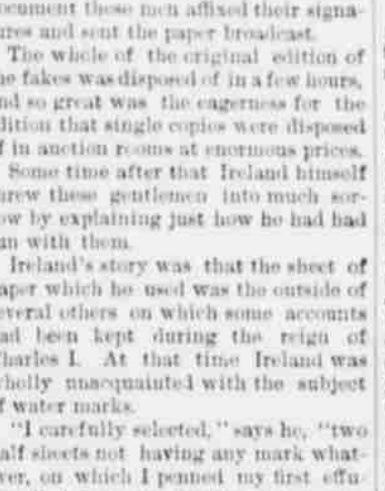
This is especially true of the system of placing water marks, so called, in various brands or makes of paper.

Perhaps the most interesting true story which has to do with this branch of the industry is that of the famous "Ireland's Confession."

A SENATORIAL CRIPPLE.

McBride of Oregon Uses Crutches, but Is Energetic and Brave.

George W. McBride, the new United States senator from Oregon, is an invalid, a cripple and a bachelor, but a man of great ability and force of character.



GEORGE W. MCBRIDE.

15 years. During most of the time he has been a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism and from an injury to his hip.

He is a son of Dr. James McBride, one of the pioneer settlers of Oregon, and was born in Yamhill county in March, 1854.

In 1887 the Democrats elected Sylvester Penney governor by over 7,000 majority, but at the same time McBride was chosen secretary of state by the Republicans and received a larger majority than that given the governor.

During his first term as secretary of state he was stricken with a severe attack of rheumatism, and his health was much improved.

Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe county, Pa. Many of these bowlders were granite and must have come either from the Adirondack mountains, 200 miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still farther away.

On the Kentucky hills, about 12 miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders containing pebbles of red Jasper can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada, to the north of Lake Huron, more than 600 miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country.

DINNERS IN FRISCO.

Curious cosmopolitan restaurants on the coast.

One may dine in the manner of a different country every night in the week. A dirty Italian restaurant on the Water Front that is very popular.

One of the features of cosmopolitan San Francisco is its restaurants. Every foreign colony boasts of a place where its native cooking can be had, and adventurous San Franciscans who care to look these places up can dine in the manner of a different country every night in the week.

The most popular of the foreign restaurants are the Italian. There are several of these scattered about the Latin quarter, which are much frequented by San Franciscans on account of the excellence of the cooking.

The dinner is attended with great ceremony. A bottle of their sour claret is served with each dinner. Every Italian drinks about two quarts of it with his dinner, so the bottle supply some times runs short.

A very popular restaurant is Bazzuro's, which is situated near the water front. This is greatly patronized by the Italian fishermen, who live in after their day's work, still wearing their gum boots and smelling strongly of their craft.

It is also frequented by the Italian vegetable gardeners, who drive in from the outskirts of town, and after disposing of their stock stop to dine. This is a place of reasonable well filled, there is a babel of voices. They are all talking at once, and out of the confusion the word "send!" is distinguished above all others.

This means money, which the proprietor says, with a shrug, "they talk about all the time, all the time."

Strangers paint the metropolis. Superintendent Byrnes, who knows all the swell boys and high rollers of Gotham, says that not 2 out of 10 of the young delinquents met about town at night are native New Yorkers.

SUSPENDED OVER A CLIFF.

Thrilling Adventure of a Hunter in the Black Horn Mountains.

When we went into camp on Clear creek, a comrade named Lee and I started off for a day's hunting among the high peaks of the Big Horn mountains, writes W. P. Coulter in the San Francisco Argonaut.

We ascended the mountain by a deer trail Lee riding on my back. The trail led up a "hogback" until it ran on a level to the side of the mountain, when we had to pick our way over the side hill until we struck another trail winding in a zigzag manner toward the summit.

Presently both horses bent their ears forward, snorted and showed evidences of the greatest terror. Before I could ascertain the cause of it, being in rear of Lee's horse and unable to go beyond it, a shot was fired that awoke 10,000 echoes.

What followed the sound of the shot I do not recall. I found myself hanging between life and death. My horse, unable to see what was in the path ahead of us, but whose instinct warned him of the presence of some dreaded wild beast, had stopped in terror, and when the shot was fired suddenly threw up his head and began backing.

I had pulled the reins over my head when I dismounted and held them in my right hand, to which fact I owed my escape from instant death. The rapid backward movement of the horse and the sudden tossing of his head threw me off my balance, and before I could recover I was falling over the cliff.

I suddenly another shot rang out, awakening a myriad of echoes that seemed to mock me with shrill laughter. Again that backward movement of my horse, and as I felt the reins drag along the edge of the precipice I thought I must surely let go and fall. Just then I heard my name spoken. It was Lee's voice, calm, collected and inspiring. He was whispering words of caution.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, his hand stole down the reins until it rested upon my wrist. Then there was a quick grip of powerful fingers, an exertion of wonderful strength, and I was in safety. Lee told me afterward that I was unconscious when he stretched me out on the trail.

It was with implicit confidence that the cat would come back that a Minneapolis man tied a tag round the neck of a pretty Maltese tabby the other day and started her on a journey round the world. The tag bore a brief inscription, setting forth the character of the cat's errand and commending her to the kind consideration of all the train conductors and steamship captains that she encountered on her tour of the globe.

AMUSING TALES MEN.

They sometimes say things which are very funny.

Lack of Confidence in the Testimony of Newspapers—The Bar's Lullaby—The "Dandy" Roll—The Dog's Virgin Mary Letter.

In the New York courts ignorance and stupidity occasionally appear to be the characteristic of the lawyer sought after among jurors. The examination of witnesses, especially in murder cases, is usually exceedingly tedious, but at times flashes of wit or instances of brilliant dexterity illumine the proceedings.

Certain stupid answers are given again and again. At regular intervals crops up the man who says that he would take the evidence from the witness, but for the law, the evidence, or the evidence from the court, or the evidence from the prisoner's counsel. Here is a variation of that form of general misstatement:

"How would you determine the case if selected?" asked a lawyer in general session.

"I would take the law from the evidence, and if there was any reasonable doubt I would render a verdict." This seemed clear and straightforward enough, but the man was excused.

"Would you take the law from the court, or would you take it from the jury?" "Remember boys," asked a taleman. "Oh, I would hear what the court has to say, and then would make up my mind," came the answer coolly and almost patronizingly.

The spectators thought that the rash man would be committed to the Tombs for contempt of court, but the lawyer, the lines of his face growing tense, calmly asked, after a pause:

"What did you say your business was?" "Clockmaking." "Well, you would better go and attend to it for the rest of the term." That was all.

BOWLDERS TRANSPORTATION.

Some striking examples of the workings of the ice age.

An immense area of the northeastern states, extending south to New York, and then westward in an irregular line to Cincinnati and St. Louis, is almost wholly covered with a deposit of drift material, in which rocks of various sizes are imbedded, while other rocks, often of enormous size, lie upon the surface.

These bowlders have been carefully studied by the American geologists, and they present us with some very interesting facts. Not only are the distances from great cities to the places where they are found at a great many cases they are found at a greater number of places than Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe county, Pa.

Many of these bowlders were granite and must have come either from the Adirondack mountains, 200 miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still farther away. This accumulation of bowlders was 70 or 80 feet high, and it extended many miles, descending into a deep valley 1,000 feet below the plateau in a nearly continuous line, forming part of the southern moraine of the great American ice sheet.

On the Kentucky hills, about 12 miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders containing pebbles of red Jasper can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada, to the north of Lake Huron, more than 600 miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country.

In both these cases the bowlders must have passed over intervening valleys and hills, the latter as high or nearly as high as the source whence the rocks were derived.

Even more remarkable are numerous bowlders of Heidelberg limestone on the summit of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, which must have been brought from places at least 500 feet lower than the places upon which they now lie. The Blue Ridge itself shows remarkable signs of glacial abrasion in a well defined shoulder marking the southern limit of the ice as indicated also by heaps of drifts and erratics, so that Mr. Wright concludes that several hundred feet of the ridge have been worn away by the ice.

The crowning example of bowlder transportation is, however, afforded by the blocks of light gray gneiss discovered by Professor Hitchcock on the summit of Mount Washington, over 6,000 feet above sea level, and identified with the gneiss of the White Mountains, whose nearest outcrop is in Jefferson, several miles to the north-west, and 3,200 or 4,000 feet lower than Mount Washington.—A. R. Wallace in Fortnightly Review.

Amateur Sportsman—Your beaters are uncommonly stout. I have noticed the fact before. How is it? "We do further humbly request your lordship that hereafter such things as your lordship may desire of us may be done with as little swearing as conveniently may be, experience teaching us that a great occasion is given to much perjury when swearing becometh common."—Green Hag.

Fighting Nice With Basil. In the government of Ekbron, Russia, the plague of field mice, which is devastating the province, is to be met by inoculating the mice with a virus. Some have lately the mice with a virus, and some have been found that proved fatal to 95 per cent of the mice experimented upon, and the ministry of agriculture has ordered the mice to be tried throughout the district as soon as the snow disappears.