The following nonsense lines by Mary Packard Rollins appear in an American contemporary, Good Housekeeping, and may interest our readers:

Pray, what did T. Buchanan Read?
And what did E. A. Poe?
What volumes did Elizur Wright?
And where did E. P. Roe?
Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?
Was Laurence Sterne? was Hermann Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?
Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quite?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?
Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?
Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Whymper now?
What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine,
And made Mark Akenside?
Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a mask?
Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
Cabled his friends again?
then the foredges. If the pile is at all affected by the damp coming through and the pressure of the fingers, hold the book over steam, brush the pile gently the wrong way with a soft brush, and then smooth it down again with the brush.

Silk and satin must first be lined with clean paper very thinly glued and stuck on. The paper should be cut exactly to the size of the book, and put upon the silk quickly, before it has had time to stretch, when it must be very gently rubbed down to make it adhere, but without forcing the glue through the open texture of the material. When dry, cover as for velvet, gluing the board for the turn-in but very slightly.

Pens, Ink, and Paper.

The following, from a recent issue of The Academy, may be taken as representing the results of the most recent investigation—"As we learn from recent discoveries, paper was in use among the people of Egypt as far back as 2500 B.C., and not merely, as Pliny thought, from the time of Alexander the Great. The ancients, it appears, knew more about pens and inks than they usually have credit for. The Greeks made silver and other metallic pens, and Latin manuscripts show a great variety of inks—red, purple, green, blue, silver and gold. The great Florestelle Bible, in the British Museum, shows the skill of the penman in the twelfth century in the use of this mode of decoration; and in somewhat later times it was no unusual thing for scribes to annotate their texts in coloured inks—red, green, violet, blue—using each colour for a distinct class of notes: historical, biographical, geographical, etc. Scientific works are often made exceedingly attractive by coloured diagrams; chronologies by architectural arcades and ornamental panels."

Mr. John T. Carrington, the editor of the new series of Science Gossip, writes in the first number on "Science at the Free Libraries":—"A recent tour through the metropolitan libraries, and those in some of the larger midland counties' towns, has shown that, while science is fairly represented by regular stock books in most of them, these largely consist of such picture books as 'Lowe's Beautiful Leaved Plants,' the Rev. F. O. Morris's works, Sir William Jardine's numerous volumes in his 'Naturalists' Library,' Buffon's works, and a long series of books chiefly out of date. From an educational point of view the majority of such books tend to delay rather than advancement in the onward march. In too many cases the income of the library goes in the purchase of fiction or general expenses, and the librarian depends upon donations for the science section of his catalogue, and must accept whatever comes to hand."

Messrs. E. S. Wigg & Son, wholesale and retail stationers, bookbinders, etc., Adelaide, S. Australia, have opened fine premises as a branch establishment in Perth, Western Australia. The London office is at 29 Ludgate-hill.

What, When, Who, etc.

The following nonsense lines by Mary Packard Rollins appear in an American contemporary, Good Housekeeping, and may interest our readers:—

Pray, what did T. Buchanan Read?
And what did E. A. Poe?
What volumes did Elizur Wright?
And where did E. P. Roe?
Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?
Was Laurence Sterne? was Hermann Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?
Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quite?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?
Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling veal? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?
Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Wymper now?
What good did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine,
And made Mark Akenside?
Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a mask?
Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming ? Has G. W.
Cabled his friends again?

Compositors liable to have their senses of discernment and patience tried to the utmost by bad copy will enjoy the following letter, and indeed, when one receives an illegible letter from a correspondent, instead of losing temper, and there and then writing him a scathing reply, it is advisable to sit down at leisure and concoct an epistle like this of Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse:—

My dear Mr. Morse,—It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it; I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, "There's that letter of Morse's, I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able, in the course of a few years, to make out what he means by those i's that look like w's, and those w's of that haven't any eyebrows."

Other letters are read, and thrown away, and forgotten; but yours are kept for ever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH.