

"Heaven knows what the world is coming to. The people are not only ignorant, but they are villainous. I used to be of a credulous nature. I believed all that was told me. I had some confidence in humanity, but it is all gone now. Several times I have paid big prices for books one day, and on the day following found that they had been stolen, and I had to give them up and lose my advance. A year ago a well dressed young lady made a fool of me. She came with a copy of Thiers, French Revolution vol. 1. I told her it would be worth nothing without the other volume. She said that she had it at home and would bring it, so, I took her at her word, and bought the one she offered. Vol. II never came."

Let us pay a visit to a more extensive second-hand shop which I have in my "mind's eye;" it is right in the heart of the business life of a great city. It is a narrow, dark apartment, the shelves around being crowded with volumes. Also, upon tables up the middle of the store books were arranged with systematic precision. A quaint air hung about the place; it seemed—with its musty tomes, some more than a century old,—a relic of the past dropped amid the bustling life of the present. The dealer, though lacking the originality of idea on the subject of men and their ways possessed by our last tradesman, is more representative of his class, being well acquainted with the details of his business, having an admirable knowledge of books and their values and understanding the necessity of keeping posted as to the movements of dealers the world over.

"Yes," said he, "we are required to pay much more attention to our business than the dealers in new books. They must keep their eyes on the present publishers, but we must also know all about books published centuries ago; must know what are now in existence, what are, and what are not plentiful. We must watch every chance for buying up, and must never miss an opportunity of selling, to advantage."