

has gone through three editions during the past five years, shows conclusively that men are far greater enemies of books, at least in old England. Mr. Blades describes everything injuring books—fire, water, gas, heat, dust, neglect, and ignorance. Then come two short chapters on the book worm and other vermin, followed by chapters on bookbinders and collectors. The small volume contains facts which will be read with virtuous astonishment and disgust. A rich shoemaker, John Bagford, one of the founders of the Antiquarian Society, in the beginning of the last century, went from library to library, tearing away title pages from rare books of all sizes. These he sorted out according to nationalities and towns, and so formed over a hundred folio volumes now preserved in the British-Museum. Others collect initials on vellum, all rich in gold and colors, floral decorations ranging from the 12th to the 15th century, all nicely mounted on stout cardboard. A Mr. Proeme collects only title pages, to follow a senseless kind of classification. One of his volumes contains coarse or quaint titles, showing how idiotic or conceited some authors have been: "Bowels Opened in Diverse Sermons," "Die and be Damned," and many others too coarse to be quoted. Certainly it is sure that the poor bugs cannot compete with such rivals, except some more enterprising ones, apparently bound west, and going straight through 30 folios of patristic works, making them look like a spy-glass, in a fashion never dreamed of by Chrysostomus and his partners.

Nearly six years ago I was invited to make a communication about library pests, at the meeting of the librarians in Boston. After a review of the literature then at my command, I came to the conclusion that only two insects were to be considered very dangerous and obnoxious in North America, the Anobium and the White Ants. The Anobium is a small beetle, which is also very destructive to old furniture and old picture-frames. All who have the infirmity to indulge in the love for old furniture, will have often observed with disgust small round openings in their treasures, out of which a fine mealy dust falls in little heaps on the floor. I observed myself such a case long ago, when I was a boy, but I confess that the remembrance of this case is always accompanied by a strong itching of my right ear. A lady cousin of mine who was a lover and lucky owner of such old jewels, had decided to take care of them herself. I had been naughty enough to write the date in these dust heaps with my fingers. When I impudently ventured to show to her about a fortnight