

world's learning, to enable them to sweep the horizon of truth with the mental eye, and to hear the steps of the great echoing down the corridors of time. I have my abode for a time in this hotel, and my room becomes a centre of enlightenment. Look at these, sir."

He flung open the usual contrivance on the table—a sort of accordion-folded and flexible assemblage of the backs of cloth-bound books.

"There you are, sir; 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall,' 'Plutarch's Lives,' 'Creasy's Decisive Battles,' 'Hume's History of England,' and twenty others. Or, if you are fond of lighter literature, here are novels and romances," and he flung open another equally brilliant folder. "I don't expect you to buy at once; the terms are easy. A little down and so much a month. And at the price, sir, that is lower than you would pay to the ordinary bookseller. But I don't bother my customers; I don't pester them. If I were to show you the inside of this little book, sir, you would see there the signatures of the best people in the district. I have just finished. How were those orders obtained, sir? Were they obtained by pestering? No, sir. And I'm not here to pester. I'm here, sir"—here he lowered his voice impressively—"for the purpose of continuing a book I have had in hand