SMALL BOOKS MADE LARGE

BY THE ADDITION OF MANY PRINTS AND DRAWINGS.

"Extra Illustrating" is Popular Among Book Lovers—It is Laborious and Expensive—Six Volumes Grow to Sixty, and May Cost Ten Thousand Dollars.

The costly and laborious but fascinating process known as "extra illustrating" has lately become so popular among book lovers in New York that many persons have been induced to engage for profit in what was originally hardly more than an expensive pastime. Extra illustrating requires both money and patience, but the extended books are now in such demand that they usually, though not always, sell for much more than the cost of their production.

Even the term is hardly familiar yet, except with those people who live among books and make companions of them. Extra illustrating, or inlaying, or interleaving, as the art is indifferently called, is the process of enlarging a book by the addition of prints or drawings illustrating its subject. This does not mean that the pictures are to be pasted into the original volume. A single small book is often extended into thirty or forty volumes, each volume a dozen times as large as the original. The most expensive extra-illustrated book yet made in this country is a Bible that Theodore Irwin of Oswego paid $10,000 for. The original was in seven volumes 16mo, and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to sixty volumes, each 16x24 inches, which occupy seventeen feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book was illustrated by J. Gibbs, and contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water color paintings, and manuscripts. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," a black letter folio printed in 1553; parts of "The Bishops' Bible" printed in 1568, and of the "Nuremberg Bible," the first illustrated Bible published, printed in 1476, and of "Luther's Version," and the "Breeches Bible."

One of the most enthusiastic extra illustrators in New York is Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager. He has a library of such works. His great Bible has recently been made the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs, but the Bible is only one of a large collection of extended books. Old book buyers in the city remember the sale of Mr. Daly's library about fifteen years ago, when many of these extended works were sold; but since that time he has made a new collection, which he is constantly enlarging. The Bible was originally a Douay in one folio volume, but it has been extended to forty-two volumes, with 2,000 prints and drawings.

One of Mr. Daly's favorite works is a "London, Old and New," published in six volumes, but extended now to forty-two volumes by the insertion of rare maps and views of the English metropolis. He has also a "History of the New York Stage," published in two volumes, quarto, and extended to thirty-three volumes; "Genesta's History of the English Stage," published in ten and extended to fifty volumes; "Mrs. Lamb's History of New York City," extended to twenty volumes; "History of the Batteries of the Rebellion," published in four volumes and extended to twenty-four, with rare autographs, maps, and portraits; "Life and Letters of Samuels," extended to eighteen volumes; "Life of Kean," extended to seventeen volumes; a "Life of Sheridan," extended to ten volumes, and lives of Forrest, Wallack, Booth, and Mrs. Siddons, all greatly enlarged. These are only a few named at random from Mr. Daly's collection. Some of them he prepared himself, and others he bought ready made.

The cost of extending a book is always considerable, but it is greater or smaller according to the methods employed. The enthusiastic young extender with unlimited means often pays thousands of dollars for what the cautious and experienced old hand secures for a few hundreds. The Bible is a favorite book for this work, not because the extenders are unusually religious, but because of the boundless opportunities it offers in its variety of subjects. The works of Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, and Shakespeare are often chosen, because they have been published in so many different editions and with so many different illustrations that they are comparatively easy. The more a book is in demand, the oftener it has been published and illustrated, the better field it offers to the extender. A new work of fiction, however striking, is never attempted.

The extender must at least have money, if he have both money and brains, so much the better. His first step is to choose a subject, and he is often guided in this by the material on hand. He may have in his cabinets a number of prints illustrating Biblical subjects, or some standard novel or biography; and those make a nucleus around which more pictures may be gathered. He buys then a copy of the work to be extended, and takes care to select a good edition, printed with clear type upon good paper. The style of binding is of no consequence, for the binding is immediately cut off and thrown away. The book is "opened up" so that all the pages are loose, and if there are any illustrations on heavy paper they are separated from the print and laid away in what is to be the "print drawer." Here is the backbone of the new work; but at this stage no effort is made to construct one of the new volumes. A beginner at the business may make his volumes as he goes along, but it is only because he knows no better; the old hand waits patiently until he has all his material collected, for experience has taught him that he may any day expect to get a print that is larger than the volume he has made, and a print folded over is unworkmanlike. When some choice pictures are found that are altogether too large for any book of reasonable size, the photo-engraver is sometimes called upon to make reduced copies.

All is ready now for the pictures, and they must be secured. This part of the work can be done only in the large cities—New York, London, Paris, Vienna, and so on. Other large cities in this country are searched occasionally, for although they do not produce the pictures, copies of engravings sometimes drift into their shops. If the extender is an enthusiast and lives in this city he searches the New York print shops himself. There are about a score of shops here where good results may be expected, and at least fifty more where a good picture may accidentally be found. None of these places may be neglected. The print sellers understand the business of extending, and they know what the customer desires. It is necessary only to say to one of them: "I am illustrating 'David Copperfield,' and want some engravings." He has his own collections ready, and brings them out at once. He picks not only pictures to illustrate "David Copperfield," but everything he has that pertains to Dickens—portraits, views of the Dickens House, Dickens in stage costume, Dickens on the platform, Dickens in every possible style.

Some of the prints may be valued at fifty cents, others at fifty dollars. The extender must be able to distinguish between them. When he is very verdant, and shows his verdancy, he is likely to find a remarkable rise in the price of engravings. He goes out with a small flat package under his arm, and a void in his purse. If he is really in earnest and has plenty of money he leaves an order for everything the dealer can find concerning "David Copperfield," but this order he afterward countermands, for he finds that he is duplicating too many pictures. After a few such visits the dealer knows him, and announces at once, "Nothing new in 'Copperfield' to-day," or perhaps, "I have something capital for you."

This is only one print shop in one city, and all the others must be treated in the same way. No little basement shop so obscure but it may contain a prize. In course of time they all know that Mr. Smith is illustrating "David Copperfield," and Copperfield prints are carefully laid aside, for they are pretty sure to sell. Unless Mr. Smith is shrewd and wary, Copperfield prints are likely to rise in price. Meanwhile the book stores and stalls must receive equal attention. Every illustrated edition of Copperfield must be bought and the illustrations be extracted. While the extender is doing his own work in New York, his friends or agents must be busy in the other cities. They must be kept informed of what is bought here to avoid duplicating. Word comes of a beautiful picture of Steerforth in an art work just published in ten volumes in London, which cannot be had without buying the whole, set for £20. Then to buy or not to buy becomes a heart-breaking question.

With these agents at work in Europe and money pouring out freely at home, extending a book has an expensive look; but these things are nothing to what the process may be made. Often the desired pictures are not to be had in any city at any price. Then the extender falls back upon the artist, and has pictures made to order. It is only very enthusiastic and very wealthy beginners who do this. These drawings cost at least $50 each, and if they are engraved upon wood, that costs fully $100 more, and after all they are not as satisfactory as the cheap pictures unearthed unexpectedly in the print shops—for in the latter the finder feels a proprietary interest that he can never have in a drawing made to order. There are, perhaps, paintings that can be photographed and reduced to the proper size—and such things cost money.

No man can hope to make a satisfying collection of prints on any subject in less than two or three years, and even that is very short notice. The work can never be said to be finished, though a lifetime be devoted to it; there are always more to be had; and the gem of the collection, the one illustration without which the work would be a mockery, is often found at the last minute—sometimes, indeed, after the volumes have been bound. All the time the print drawer has been filling up. There are, perhaps, a number of original drawings, for some extenders prefer to bind in the originals rather than have them engraved or photographed. There is no telling how much money may have been spent upon that drawerful of pictures. But at length it is determined that enough have been gathered, and that the new work shall become a fact.

An extender who spends as much money in collecting his pictures as has been here described, is not likely to spend months in pasting them upon sheets. He must arrange them to his own satisfaction, but after the arrangement they are sent to the binder, who is not dismayed at the number of loose sheets. He is accustomed to such work, and he will bring out the new volumes with all their parts so neatly joined that they will seem to have been made together. He will use the best of paper and put on the handsomest embossed leather corners, and his bill will add materially to the cost of the work.

It is not to be supposed that such expensive volumes are made up like scrap books, with the letter press and pictures pasted upon sheets. That would be an inglorious ending for such a work of love and expense. A favorite way is to "insert" the pictures and pages of print. This process is a little unhandy to describe, but a photograph in an album nearly illustrates the method. The size of the pages having been determined upon (and the size of the engravings largely governs this), a page of print is "inserted" into the middle of one of the new pages, like a photograph going into its mat. The illustrations are treated in the same way; and when the work is skilfully done the book looks as though it had come from the printer's in its new form.

When an extended work is made for sale and profit, these expensive methods of course are not used, except, perhaps, in the binding. There are no agents in London and Paris, no special drawings made, no photographs of celebrated paintings. Yet the cheaply extended book is often quite the equal of the expensive one. Patience here takes the place of lavish expenditure. "All things to him who waits" must have been written expressly with reference to collectors of prints. What can be had at once in Paris will very likely be found in some neglected drawer in New York in a few years. What is offered for $50 to-day may perhaps be bought at an auction for twenty cents in 1905. Every print dealer in New York is in some sense an agent in Europe if one has patience, for European prints come to him by special order or by accident, and in the course of years he can supply everything needed.

The extender who goes into the work for the love of it never thinks of letting the binder make up his pages. He does that himself, generally with far less skill, but always with a pleasure that pays him for his labor and outlay. The new book becomes his companion, and he would sooner sell his family silver than part with it. He shows it proudly to his friends, and tells the history of every picture between its covers. Some of the pictures often have strange histories.

Extended works are not always run up to forty or sixty volumes. One of them in this city is a life of Blake, the artist, in two volumes, extended from 16mo. The original was written by Alexander Gilchrist and published by Macmillan, and 175 illustrations have been added, some of them in the preface. Another is "A Description of London, Old and New," by Walter Thornbury and Edward Walford. This is distinct from Mr. Daly's work of the same character. It was published in two 12mo volumes, and has been extended to fifteen volumes folio. It has been enlarged by 1,200 illustrations, mounted on elephant folio paper, is bound in half morocco with cloth sides, and cost about $1,500 to manufacture. It contains plates by Hogarth and caricatures by Gillray and Cruikshank. There is hardly any part of the English metropolis, ancient or modern, of which there is not some illustration.

One of the most interesting, and perhaps the most instructive, of the extended works in this country is entitled "Typographical Miscellanies." This book is in thirty-seven volumes, folio, mounted on heavy drawing paper, and is bound in crimson morocco, with gilt tops. It contains more than two thousand engravings on copper, steel, and wood; fragments of old black-letter and Gothic type books; 1,300 printers' devices and title pages, nearly all of the latter bearing the printer's mark or some other engraved design; 350 facsimiles of printers' devices, and 50 autograph letters, the whole illustrating the history of printing, engraving, type founding, and ink and paper making from the infancy of those arts. This book was at one time part of the library of Mr. Richard M. Hoe, and it illustrates not only the history of printing, but also the fact that book extending is not always profitable, for although it cost more than $3,000, it is offered for sale for $950.

Perhaps no book ever offered a greater field for the work of the extender than Spooner's "Biographical History of the Fine Arts; or, Memoirs of the Lives and Works of Eminent Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time." This was published in two volumes, and has been extended to six large quartos by the insertion of more than a thousand engraved portraits, landscapes, and etchings. A hint at the expense of book extending is given in the catalogue in which this work is described. "The cost of the preparation of such a work," it says, "can be properly estimated only by those who have made similar attempts at illustration."

A CITIZEN OF CANADA.

Yet Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, and Election Inspector in This State.

BATH, N. Y., Nov. 24.—It is likely that some legislation of a novel character will be asked for at the next session of the Legislature of this State by the town of York, Livingston county, to prevent complications that might arise from the discovery that E. C. Caldwell, one of the Justices of the Peace of the town, which office he has held for some years, did not become a citizen of the United States until a few days ago. Caldwell has been for years a prominent business man of York and a leading Republican politician. Besides being a Justice of the Peace, he is the Postmaster at York, and was a member of the local Election Board. He was born in Canada and supposed he was an American citizen because he came to the United States before he was eighteen. These facts were learned in York only the day before election, and Campbell resigned from the Election Board and has since taken out his citizenship papers. As Justice of the Peace he had transacted a great deal of important business, and if he was not legally an incumbent of the office, the point has been raised that unless legalized by act of the Legislature his acts in the matter of litigation had before him are null and void and likely to lead to annoying and disquieting complications. Caldwell still retains that office, however, as well as the Postmastership.

THE MIGRATORY WAITER.

Servitors at Swell Restaurants Who Are Found Late at More Obscure Places.

Many of the waiters in the first-class restaurants of the city have short hours, and are therefore able to work in several places. For instance, an ambitious waiter, who is employed only for breakfasts and luncheons in one restaurant, can easily enough serve the dinner in another. The waiters in some restaurants, where the dinners are served early, are even able to work in others where the dinner is kept going until a late hour.

An experience of a well-known playwright recently suggested some ludicrous possibilities. He had been in the habit of dining at Delmonico's, and was always served by the same waiter. A few weeks ago he decided to try some of the old restaurants in the French quarter. One night he went to a cheap table-d'hote at an unusually late hour. To his great surprise he found the Delmonico waiter serving meals at this place also. The waiter was equally astonished.

Knocked from His Car by a Collision.

At 6 o'clock yesterday morning cable car men were busy coupling ordinary cars to grip cars, in anticipation of increased business, due to the holiday. Car 1 swung out of the car house at Tenth avenue and out on the track, and Gripman John Hamilton put on the brakes and waited for the extra car to run down the grade. It came with a rush that the brakeman in charge could not control, and bumped into the grip car with such force that Gripman Hamilton was sent flying over the dashboard. He landed on his face, breaking his nose and knocking out several of his teeth. He was sent to Manhattan Hospital. He is 28 years old and lives at 1,453 Tenth avenue.

The Additional Surrogate's Patronage.

It has not escaped the watchful eyes of the Tammany Hall leaders that there will be some extra patronage to be distributed by Additional Surrogate Frank T. Fitzgerald. The number, character, and value of these places from a salary point of view will be determined by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. As there will be two courts, it is probable that there will be at least another clerk of court, an extra stenographer, and two or three court attendants. Besides these, Surrogate Fitzgerald will probably have a special messenger, whom he will probably select from his own Assembly district, the First.

Losses at the Corbett Fire.

Just how great was the loss by the fire which destroyed Otis Corbett's furniture warerooms, at 148 to 154 West Twenty-third street, on Wednesday night, could not be determined yesterday. The police guessed it was $200,000 on stock and $75,000 on the building. Representatives of the Board of Fire Underwriters thought it might be $150,000 on the stock, but made no estimate on the building, which is of iron and may be damaged more than would seem at first inspection. Mr. Corbett thought that his insurance was about $100,000. The building is the property of the Yard estate.

WHO WANTS TO BET $100

THAT CLEVELAND DID NOT CALL ON SIMON WITMARK, THE ORATOR?

Surely Somebody Must Have Told the Next President About That Speech on Great Father Washington, Heaven Bless Him.

Mr. Simon Witmark, the German-American spellbinder of the Thirteenth Assembly district, was asked by a SUN reporter yesterday to substantiate his remarkable story told in Thursday's SUN of an interview with President-elect Cleveland, in which Mr. Cleveland offered him an appointment in recognition of his services in the campaign, which appointment he declined, greatly to Mr. Cleveland's surprise.

Mr. Witmark gazed at the reporter severely when asked to produce proof of the authenticity of the unique interview.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "do you vorgot vot day this is? Zerdainly it's Danksgifing. You shoult not ask a goot cidizen to mix bolitics mid his durkey. To dalk aboud Misder Gleveland's inderflew mit me is mixing bolidics und durkey," and the admirer of Great Father Washington waved his hand as if to dismiss the subject from his mind.

When assured, however, that some of the Democratic leaders of Commissioner Sheehan's camp still clung to the belief that he had mistaken the identity of the stout gentleman who, he says, drove up to his store in a carriage with a pair of spanking bays, and expressed readiness to do something for him, Mr. Witmark grew heated, and denounced the men who had ventured to doubt his word.

"Misder Gleveland has gone off shooding to git avay from abblications for offices," he said with great earnestness, "and, of gourse, id is divvigult to brove der gomblimend dot he bald der Dirdesndh disdried und me midoud his bresence. But if you haf ever logic studeert you know vot inverendial offidence is. Now, here is some of it. You remember dot Misder Gleveland shoke aboud hearing aboud me from der leaders in Yongers alder my speech aboud der crate Fadder Vashington."

Here Mr. Witmark lifted his hat straight up in the air, and, raising his eyes toward the region of the comet, said fervently:

"Fadder Vashington, heaven bless him. He vos a goot man."

Then he put his hat back on his head and pulled a paper from his pocket. It was glued to heavy paper preparatory to being framed.

"Here is der broof dot I made der speech," he said, and displayed triumphantly this missive:

YONKERS DEMOCRATIC CLUB, Nov. 2, 1892.

Mr. Simon Witmark.

DEAR SIR: Having heard of the popular effect made by your recent speeches in the Thirteenth Assembly district, the Yonkers Democratic Club is desirous of obtaining the Democratic citizens of this region to enjoy one of your addresses. The club is to have a large meeting on Saturday, the 5th inst., at Getty square. If you can make it convenient to favor the club with your presence, a committee will meet you at the depot and escort you to the hotel. Please let us know if you can come. Respectfully yours, D. B. BROWN, President, T. F. SMITH, Secretary.

It is an undisputed fact that there was a ratification meeting in Getty square on the fifth, and that Mr. Witmark went to Yonkers by an early train and was escorted to the platform by friends of his. Even those who think he is mistaken in the identity of his stout visitor admit this.

"Well, den," continued Mr. Witmark enthusiastically, "you know, or radder der disdrick here knows, dot I vent to Yonkers. I vos receivet mit der createst gonsideration. Der prass pand game down and blayed a procession and esgorded me to der blatform. Der beoble jeered and jeered and jeered, so dot it must ne dot they haf not hert der whole speech. I vos invormed dot der Yonker leaders wrote to Mr. Gleveland aboud dot speech, and berhaps dot is vy he comblimended me by galling on me. I gonvess dot exceedt dot ladder and dis roll of pank notes I hat no odder evidence to offer in addishion to my vord dot Mr. Gleveland came to see me. But my vord, young man, goes in dis disdrick, fer I pack it every dime mit my money, and don't you vorgot. You ask Chudge Prowne, or Louie Munzinger, or Alterman Barke, or Assemblyman Southwarth, or efen der Wicked Misder Gibbs of Misder Simon Vitmark's vord is not goot ad all dimes. No, sor, I do nod dell lies. Dere is nodding to make lying aboud such an imbordant madder like dis. Misder Gleveland vould get onto id righd away, und vere vould Misder Vitmark be? In der soup, you call it not? Vell, I should say it."

To clinch this Mr. Witmark counted out ten worn sawbucks from his wad, and slapped them on the counter. "Young man," he said, "money talks und says dot is drue I dolt you about Misder Gleveland."

Mr. Witmark went all over the district after finishing his turkey dinner, flashing his roll, but nobody had the nerve to put up $100 against Mr. Witmark's money. He has called down thus far every single man who has ventured to doubt Mr. Cleveland's visit.

The Wicked Freddy Gibbs and Mr. Sol Berliner didn't venture to express any opinion. They merely stared at the reporter in blank amazement. The recital of Mr. Witmark's story knocked them absolutely speechless. They both knew Mr. Witmark.

A BARBER TALKS OF BEARDS.

Nature Is a Good Artist, and It Is Best to Let Them Grow Naturally.

"Most men," said the learned French barber, "imagine that they can control the direction in which their beards grow by shaving. That is absurd. If you will take a microscope and examine the face of a baby a week old you will see that the cheeks and chin are covered (with very fine soft hairs, invisible to the naked eye. The direction in which they turn will never be changed. If the child is a male those hairs will constitute the beard when it grows to be a man. If it is of the other sex, they will make the down which the poets praise. Frequently men come to me and express a desire to have the shape of their beards altered by changing the direction in which the hairs grow. To all these I say, only:

"Messieurs, what you ask cannot be. All the curling irons and razors in the world are powerless against the decree of nature. Moreover, it would be foolish for you to make such a change even though it were possible. Nature is a good artist, and if her ideas are followed the result is always good. A little training here or there may be beneficial, but the general plan of nature should be followed and not opposed. Be thankful, messieurs, that you have beards, and do not try to ruin them. So, too, I tell those with straight beards who wish to make them curly, and those with curly beards who wish to have them straight. It is possible to curl straight hair, and also to straighten curly hair, but the effect is temporary and more or less injurious."

BOARDERS SOON LEARN THE TRICK

To Secure a Fair Gas Flame Despite the Ever-grudging Landlord.

The first thing that the commercial traveller did upon entering the room assigned to him by the hotel clerk was to examine the gas fixture. The porter struck a match and turned on the gas. A dim, sickly light was the result.

"Now, just look at that," said the drummer, in disgust; "isn't that enough to make one see the ghost of his grandmother? Watch me change it."

He ransacked his hand satchel until he found a queer-looking piece of brass with a lot of holes in it, turned out the light, took the tip from the fixture and put the brass contrivance in its place. Then he turned on the gas again and applied a match. Presto! a beautiful, big, steady flame now illuminated the room.

"That's the way I fix them," he said. "I never travel without that gas tip, and I never knew it to fail. I picked it up some years ago, and it has been my best friend ever since. The gas in about every boarding house, furnished room house, and hotel burns miserably simply because the tips are bad, and this is the only remedy I ever discovered. The pressure of the gas is just the same with this tip as with the others, but just see the difference in the light."

Don't Ask a Policeman, Consult The Sun's Guide.

Where to hear good church music? See THE SUN'S *Guide. Are you partial to any variety of dramatic performance?* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you where to find it. When going away* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you what your route should be. Do you know which hotel you will stop at?* THE SUN'S *Guide gives the rates of each. Visitors, don't bore people with questions.* THE SUN'S *Guide answers all you are likely to ask. Are you interested in art? New York has a wealth of masterpieces to show.* THE SUN'S *Guide tells where they may be seen. Athletic and sporting men are all interested in* THE SUN'S *Guide. Club men should read* THE SUN'S *Guide. It tells about New York's clubs. Do you condemn New York's architecture? You will never do it again after reading* THE SUN'S *Guide. The machinery of finance is described in* THE SUN'S *Guide. Philanthropists will find much of suggestion in* THE SUN'S *Guide's chapter on benevolent organizations. Do your friends live in the suburbs?* THE SUN'S *Guide will tell you how to reach them. Of course you will do some shopping here.* THE SUN'S *Guide tells where the shopping districts are and how some of the big stores are run.*

HUNTING MOUNTAIN LIONS.

A Game that is Worthy of the Efforts of Brave Huntsmen.

From the Los Angeles Times.

There is one animal that I prefer to hunt above all others, and that is the mountain lion. I wish my readers could see the marvellous leaps made by this huge cat when hard pressed by a good pack of hounds. Nothing short of a good pack can run him; thirty and forty feet he makes at a bound, rising like a winged creature high above the greasewood and chapparal; ground scent for the dogs is barely left, so daintily does he alight; the hounds must use the slightly tainted air for their guide. It is a well-known fact that the mountain lion stands in the greatest terror of dogs. When chased by them he will first try to outrun them; failing in this, he will take to the nearest tree. But when there is no tree of refuge, and the lion comes to bay, then look out! One stroke of the powerful paw means a dead dog, and unless the hunter comes to the rescue with rifle or revolver, the savage brute will slaughter the whole pack in detail. Should he succeed in killing all the dogs he will immediately turn his attention to the human enemy, whom he considers the most insignificant of the pursuers.

A party whom I know very well met with a terrible adventure while hunting the mountain lion. The animal came to bay on the top of a pile of rocks, far up on the mountain side. As a matter of course, the dogs arrived there long before the hunter, and wishing to get as near as possible to the game, they crowded onto a small bluff that projected above the lion's position and from there bayed and growled at the quarry. The hunter, meantime, worked his way up until he arrived, say, within thirty feet of the spot. Here he stopped and was looking around for a place from whence he could shoot the lion dead without endangering the dogs, when, with a shrill scream that went echoing up the cañon, the big cat sprang upon him, threw him backward, and, placing its huge paws on either arm, literally pinned him to the ground, giving him no chance whatever to draw knife or pistol. The lion all this time was growling and screaming with fury. So near were the yellow fangs to the hunter's face that the froth dripping from the beast's mouth nearly blinded the prostrate man. The hounds, for some reason, perhaps on account of the thick brush, did not see that the lion had pounced on their master; so instead of going to the rescue, as they always do, they, with the exception of one old dog, veered to one side and ran quite a little distance on the back track before finding their mistake.

The veteran hound that stayed behind leaped on the rock vacated by the lion and from there saw the perilous position of his much-loved master. With a deep bay that sounded almost like a roar the noble animal launched himself into the air and alighted within a few feet of the lion. The next hound landed him on the enemy's back. The lion turned to defend himself from this new foe, and in doing so lifted one paw from the man's arm. Knowing that it was his last chance for dear life, the hunter made a desperate effort, drew his heavy pistol, and, jamming the barrel against the lion's breast, let him have three shots in less than as many seconds. Almost without a quiver the fierce animal fell dead at the side of his intended prey. The next moment, with a whir, the whole pack was on the dead mountain king, mangling him with the greatest ferocity, as if trying to make up for their unusual laxity before. The hunter will always acknowledge that his old hound "Bravo" saved his life on this occasion.

BUOYING A WHALE.

Natives of the Siberian Coast Make Sinking Impossible and Then Kill Him.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Capt. E. J. Gifford of the whaling bark Triton, which arrived in port on Friday, relates the particulars of an interesting whale hunt of which he was a witness. The natives of that region are people of low intelligence, their chief employment being the capture of inhabitants of the waters that wash the Siberian coast. These people have become experts in the vocation that furnishes them with the necessaries of life. The story as told by Capt. Gifford is as follows:

"We had been lying at anchor for several days in a small and almost land-locked bay, and had done some little trading with the inhabitants of a village about half a mile inland. One morning all hands were awakened by a great hubbub on shore, the cause of which was the presence of a school of sperm whales three or four miles outside the harbor. In a short time ten canoes, each containing from six to eight natives, put off and made straight toward where an occasional jet of water marked the spot where the big fellows were sporting.

"I was a good deal puzzled to know how those fellows were going to capture one of those huge animals, which is by no means an easy proposition even for a well-trained boat's crew, supplied with all the modern appliances. The boats kept close together and approached the school with great caution. When within about 300 yards of the nearest whale the canoes separated, and as the big fellow came up to blow they rapidly closed in from three sides at once. The whale by this time was lazily rolling in the trough of the sea, apparently unaware of the approach of his enemies. So well timed was the approach of the canoes that they were all within easy reach of the whale when the leader gave the signal to throw the harpoons. In a moment at least thirty harpoons were sticking from the shiny back of the whale and the canoes shot back out of reach of the big flukes in less time than it takes to tell it.

"And here comes the strange part of the performance. Attached to each harpoon were about 200 feet of line, and on the end of each line were reindeer skins inflated with air. In one or two instances casks were attached to the lines. You can imagine the situation. Here was the whale with enough buoys attached to him to float a ship, and when he attempted to sound he would be brought to the surface again only to receive a shower of hand lances from the canoes. The sport did not last long, and four hours from the time the canoes left the beach they towed the whale in and men and women were at work cutting him up."

McSorley's Eleven Wives.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The stern fact that he has had eleven wives, eight of them are living, and that he is the father of nineteen children, has caused John McSorley, a fascinating horse car conductor on the Tenth and Eleventh streets railway, and strangely enough residing on Hazzard street, to be sent yesterday to prison under $800 bail to answer charges of marital infidelity. During the hearing before Magistrate McCarty the atmosphere was blue with sarcasm and personalities.

One of his numerous sisters-in-law, Mary C. McSheffy of Fillmore street, swore out the warrant for John's arrest. Mrs. John McSorley No. 1 was the first witness, and mopping her forehead with a perfumed handkerchief, she sorrowfully said that she and John were married in 1865, that he left her in 1870, and that he had done nothing for her since.

"How many wives has he had since?"

"He has had eleven, to my knowledge, and I don't know how many children," said the witness. "His present wife is a Mrs. Hill. She is known as Mrs. McSorley, and they have one child."

When asked the cause of her separation from John, she said it was due to their religious differences.

"Is that all?" suddenly asked the accused husband.

"Yes, it is. Your other wives are Mrs. Sarah McSorley, near Third and Vine streets, a Miss Kirby, and a Mrs. Enwright. I can give a list of the lot if necessary," she concluded by saying she had amplified for a divorce in 1885, but the case was never heard.

Mary C. McSheffy alleged that John took her sister away and that she found her sister several years later starving in a room on Fourth street, near Willow, with three children. Her sister died shortly afterward.

In defence John claimed that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and gave his opinion freely as to the character of the two witnesses. "Oh, John, how can you?" said the women in chorus.

Magistrate McCarty wore a look of cold astonishment, and said: "McSorley, you beat anything I ever came across. I don't see how you can sleep o' nights."

[Young Jones's Remarkable Left Arm.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GEORGETOWN, KY., Nov. 21.—A curious freak of nature has taken place in the person of a young man named Jones, aged 22 years, living at Boiling Ground, this (Scott) county. About two years ago he complained of a severe pain in his left shoulder and arm to the elbow. He suffered intensely for several months, when the part affected began to change color until it became a dark brown, and at the same time the pain diminished until it finally ceased, when it was noticed (this was about a year ago) that a thick growth of brown hair had made its appearance on the brown or discolored parts, extending from the elbow to the collar bone, covering the shoulder blade, and at this time the hair is over one inch in length, the pain has entirely disappeared, and the young man has almost twice the strength in that arm that he has in the other.

A Special Box for Shoplifting.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

Two shoplifters, giving the names of James Janes and Frank Smith, were arrested at a State street dry goods store yesterday afternoon for engaging in one of the cleverest methods of shoplifting that have come to the notice of the police for some time.

The men carried with them a pasteboard box about two feet long and ten inches deep. At the top of the box was arranged a lid, to the hinges of which was fixed a spring. A very small amount of weight placed on the lid would cause it to go down, allowing anything placed on top of it to fall into the box. It would then be forced back by the spring. When the men were arrested by the officers this novel and portable "fence" was well filled with gloves and silk stockings.

New Publications. | New Publications. | New Publications.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1893

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE FRONTISPIECE will be a fac-simile in colors of a water color by L. MARCHETTI of Paris.

THE COVER is ornamented by an attractive new design printed in colors.

DECORATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. By FRANK D. MILLET. Illustrated with designs by BLASHFIELD, COX, MAYNARD, CHASE, REINHART, WEIR, BECKWITH, and others.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN FRENCH WALL PAINTING. By WILL H. LOW. With many full-page illustrations from the originals of Rounat, Puvis de Chavannes, Jean Paul Laurens, Gervex, Cabanel, Galland, and others.

NORWEGIAN PAINTERS. By H. H. BOYESEN. With many illustrations.

THE NUDE IN ART. By WILL H. LOW and KENYON COX, with full-page illustrations by the writers.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO BERLIN. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. In the Historic Moments' series, with a full-page illustration.

SHORT STORIES. FOR THE CROSS. A Christmas story by GEORGE I. PUTNAM. AN ASSISTED PROVIDENCE, a Christmas story by OCTAVE THANET, in the series of Stories of a Western Town, illustrated by A. B. FROST. MISS LUTHER, a Christmas story by GEORGE A. HIBBARD, illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. A WEST INDIAN SLAVE INSURRECTION, by GEORGE W. CABLE. APPLES OF GOLD, a short story by Miss M. S. BRIDGE. UNDER POLICE PROTECTION, a true episode in the life of the late Chief of the Russian Police, by Mme. S. R. de MESSENER.

POEMS. A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT, by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. IN A GALLERY, by JULIA C. R. DORR, illustrated by a full page after a painting by Simon de Vos. THE REPENTANCE OF EDEN PEVERIL, a humorous story in verse by EDWARD E. MARTIN, illustrated by F. G. ATTWOOD.

POINT OF VIEW, &c., &c.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

IN making the customary preliminary announcements of the leading features of 1893, the publishers call attention to the number and character of the contributions which ensure above all the ENTERTAINING quality of its pages; the year will be especially notable for its short and serial stories.

Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute the first serial to appear in a magazine from her pen for many years, entitled THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL. This serial is something probably entirely unique in literature, being the frankly autobiographical story of the experiences of a child up to girlhood, with its sensations and emotions as each new phase and problem of life opens to it. In no sense, however, is it a juvenile story, being distinctly the study by a mature mind of that wholly different world which a child's mental life presents.

Jersey Street and Jersey Lane: URBAN AND SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By H. C. BUNNER. A series of six sketches of town and country life, in the most charming vein that is known to readers of his other works. Each sketch will be illustrated in thorough accord with the text.

Sequel to "The Reflections of a Married Man." By ROBERT GRANT. The author relates the further experiences of the now well-known pair of married lovers, Fred and Josephine. Illustrated.

The Copperhead. By HAROLD FREDERIC. A political novel of great power, which will run through at least five numbers.

The Durket Sperret. By Miss S. B. ELLIOTT, author of "Jerry." A realistic story of life among the Tennessee mountaineers, shown in curious and striking contrast with the scholarly life of the little university of Sewanee—a juxtaposition which gives the key to the motive and plot. It will run through four numbers.

Personal Reminiscences. SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO EDWARD IRVING and others, dealing with a part of Carlyle's life far different from that brought out in the recent literature of Carlyle reminiscences. RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN AND SUMNER. By the late MARQUIS DE CHAMBRUN. Both articles are full of new matter. AN ARTIST IN JAPAN. By ROBERT BLUM, who has just returned from a residence of nearly two years in that country. Abundantly illustrated by the author. HISTORIC MOMENTS, which have been a feature of the magazine during 1892, will be continued by some particularly striking papers, among them several by the great war correspondents, WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, ARCHIBALD FORBES, and others.

Men's Occupations. A series of articles on the life work of men in many callings—the chief ways (exclusive of professions) in which men earn their livelihood. One article describes, for example, the typical life of a machinist or worker in iron on its largest scale in great mills like those at Homestead; another the miner's everyday life, another the lumberman's, another the typical life of a merchant seaman, &c. Each one of these articles will be written by a thoroughly representative man in the line of life of which he writes.

The World's Fair in Chicago. A series will be published later in the year giving the impressions made by the exhibition upon different observers of note, both American and foreign; and many of these observers will be also artists who will illustrate their own articles.

Among Miscellaneous Articles to appear at the opening of the year may be mentioned the further contributions to the "Poor in Great Cities," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's illustrated paper on the London plan for Home Aid to Invalid Children, &c. Of special interest also will be Prof. Heilprin's authoritative account of the PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION, of which he was the head illustrated by the artist who accompanied the expedition for the purpose, a very interesting article by Octave Uzanne on the exhibition of WOMAN'S ART now going on in Paris, and articles upon artistic subjects, accounts of travels, &c., &c.

The Illustrations. A fac-simile of a water-color drawing by the French artist, Marchetti, which will appear in the Christmas number, marks an important departure from the usual methods of reproduction in magazine illustration. It has always been the aim of the publishers to give the best renderings of original drawings in black and white, and in this plate a great step in advance has been taken, the original drawing is reproduced not only in form and texture but in its coloring as well. The pictures of the year will represent the work not only of the well-known illustrators, but many drawings will also appear by artists who are best known as painters.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, BEGINNING WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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SPECIAL OFFER. The Numbers for 1892 and a subscription for 1893, - - - - $4.50

The same, with back numbers bound in cloth, - - - 6.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 743 Broadway, N.Y.

HE OWNED THE TRAIN,

And His Two Revolvers Overawed the Police of Half a Dozen Towns.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"A desperado with two revolvers is terrorizing the train. Have officers meet us at the depot," was a despatch sent from Delphos, O., by Conductor Craig of passenger train No. 1 of the Fort Wayne road at 7 o'clock Wednesday to all stations on the line west of Delphos.

The desperado, a quiet-looking man, apparently maddened by whiskey, boarded the train at Delphos. He did not become unruly until the conductor asked him for his fare. Then he took a strong drink from a black bottle, whipped out a pair of revolvers, and with a prodigious oath declared he never paid fare and drove the conductor from the coach.

The foregoing despatch was then sent, and the train sped on.

The drunken ruffian strode through the crowded coaches compelling passengers at the point of revolvers to drink with him and cheer for Cleveland, and threatening to kill any one who disagreed with him.

At the first stop, Middlepoint, a small village, the Marshal and the night watchman, the entire police force, appeared, heavily armed. They passed into the coach, but on hearing his horrible threats retired behind a neighboring corn crib, and the train proceeded.

The Van Wert policemen were at the depot. The desperado had hastened one door of a coach, stood with his back against it, and