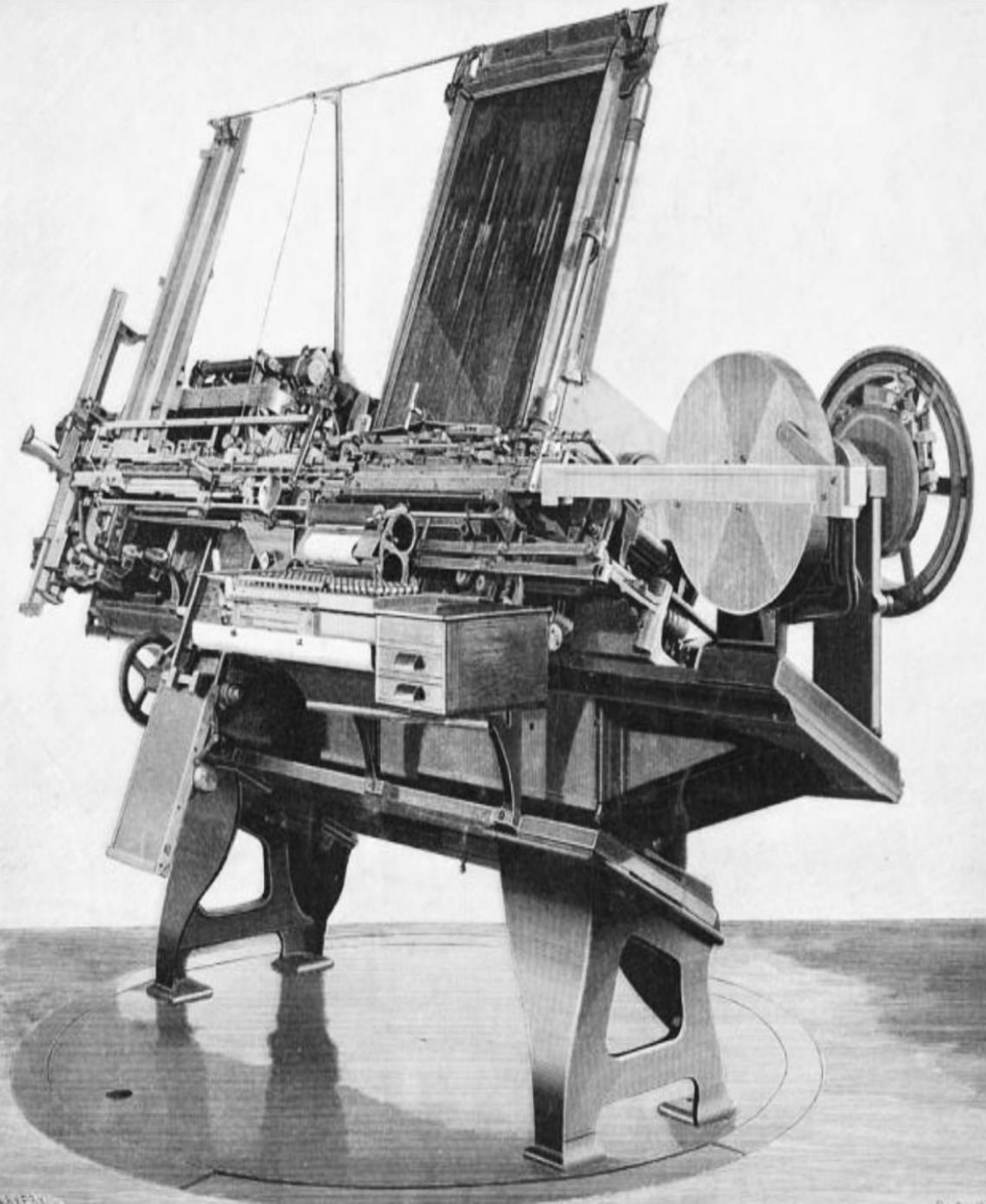


FINGERPRINTS  
AND  
MICROBE TIME



PAIGE  
COMPOSITOR



REMINGTON TYPEWRITER



MARK TWAIN  
**PUDD'NHEAD  
WILSON**

Beginnings of Finger-printing — 1859 & 1860 — Selected originals, and Enlargements

An early experiment in finger printing

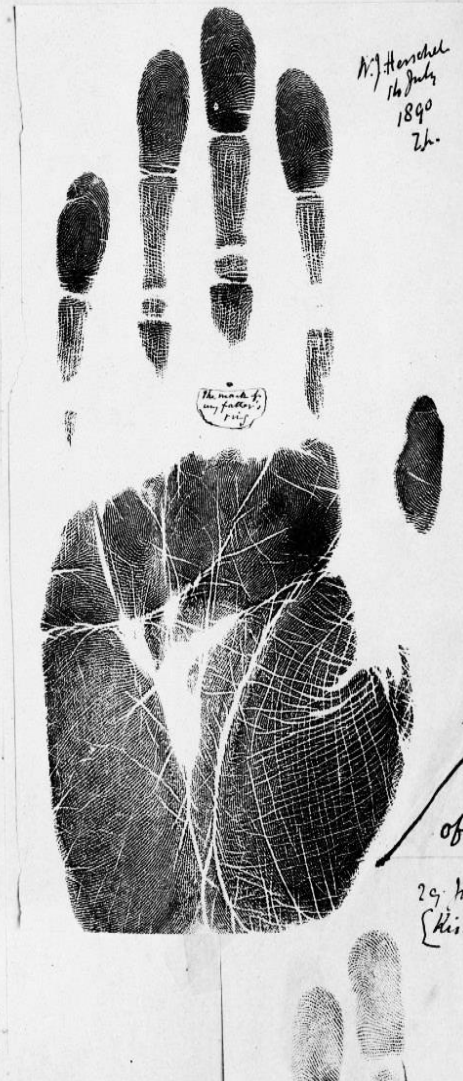


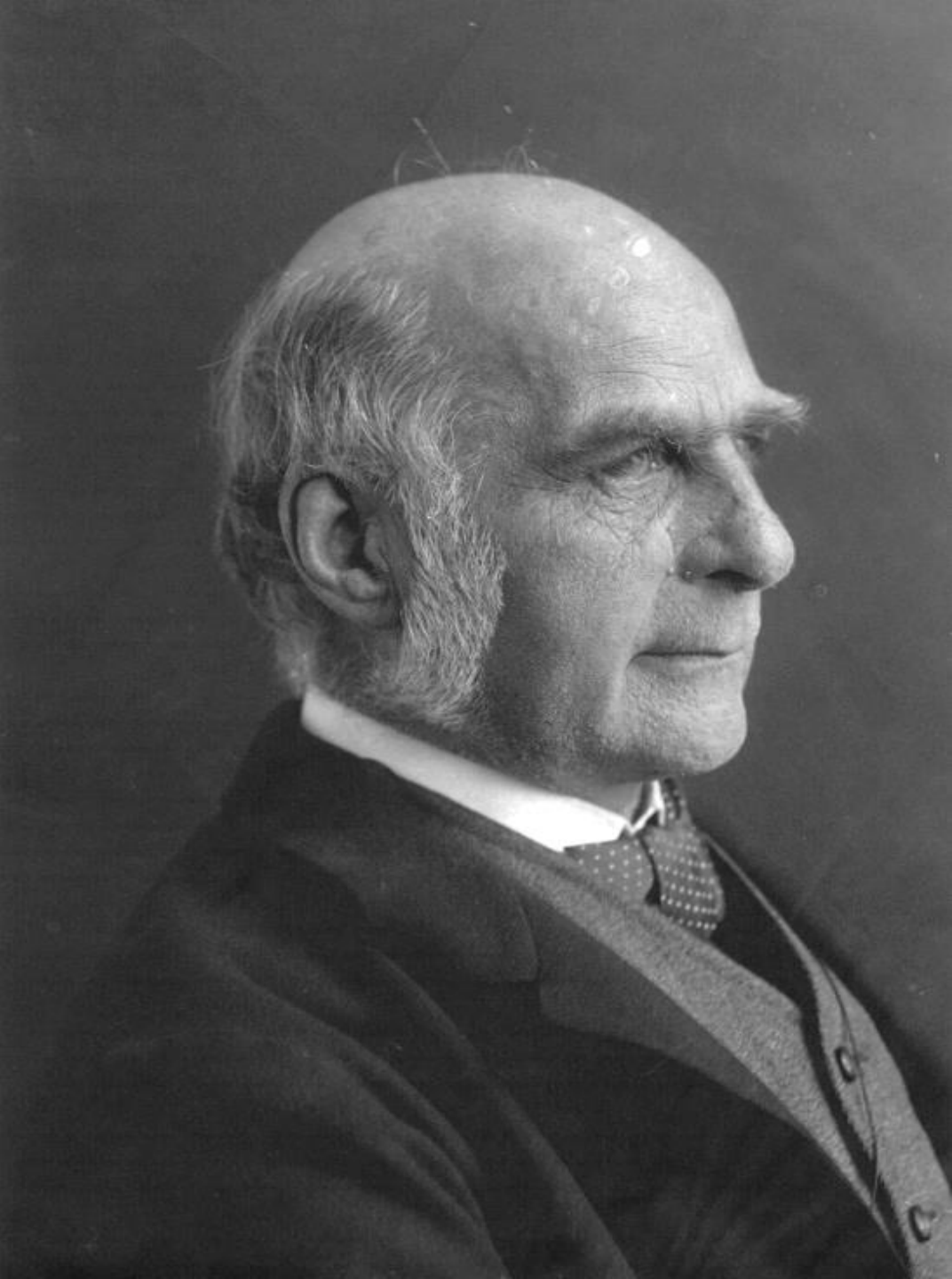
29 years interval

An early experiment in finger-printing



54 years' interval  
The longest known proof of persistence.





FRANCIS  
GALTON

Roxy's pulses stood still! The house was thrilled as with an electric shock, and the people half rose as if to seek a glimpse of the person who had made that exchange. Tom was growing limp; the life seemed oozing out of him. Wilson resumed:

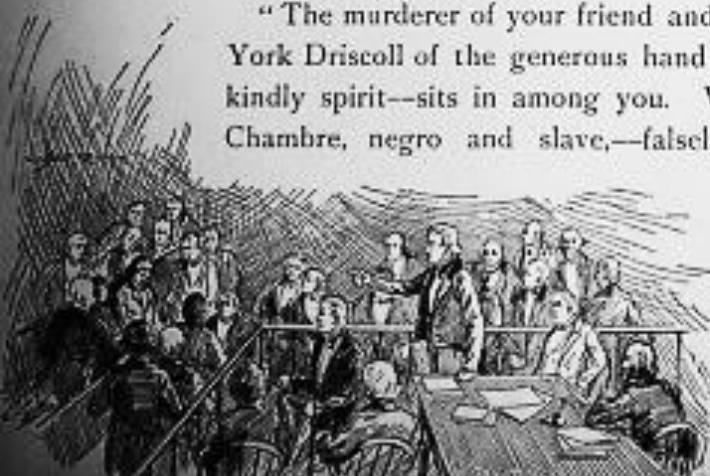
"A was put into B's cradle in the nursery; B was transferred to the kitchen and became a negro and a slave, [Sensation—confusion of angry ejaculations]—but within a quarter of an hour he will stand before you white and free! [Burst of applause, checked by the officers.] From seven months onward until now, A has still been a usurper, and in my finger-record he bears B's name. Here is his pantograph at the age of twelve. Compare it with the assassin's signature upon the knife-handle. Do they tally?"

The foreman answered—

"To the minutest detail!"

Wilson said, solemnly—

"The murderer of your friend and mine—York Driscoll of the generous hand and the kindly spirit—sits in among you. Valet de Chambre, negro and slave,—falsely called



Thomas à Becket Driscoll,—make upon the window the finger-prints that will hang you!"

Tom turned his ashen face imploringly toward the speaker, made some impotent movements with his white lips, then slid limp and lifeless to the floor.

Wilson broke the awed silence with the words—

"There is no need. He has confessed."

Roxy flung herself upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, and out through her sobs the words struggled—

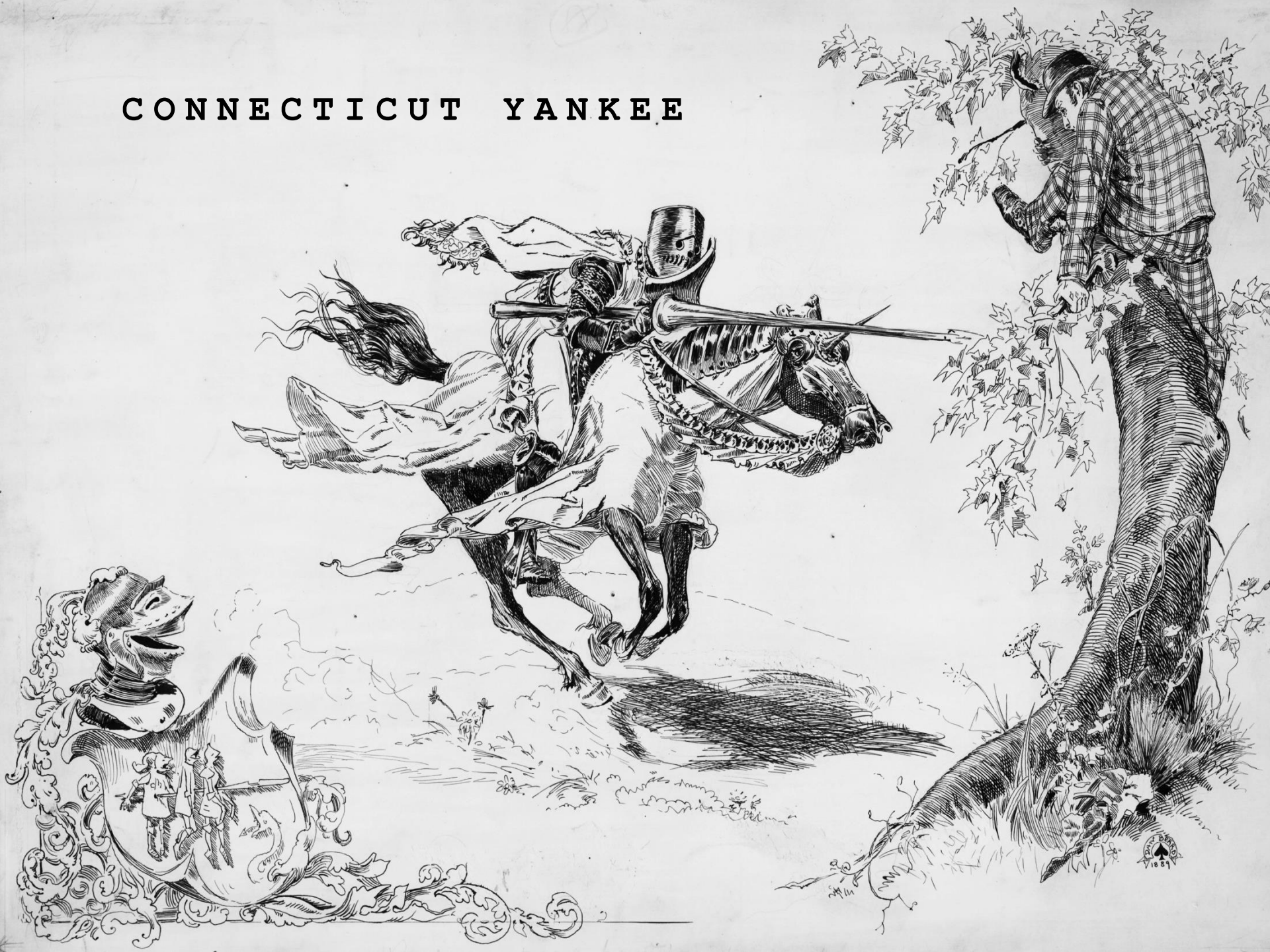
"De Lord have mercy on me, po' misable sinner dat I is!"

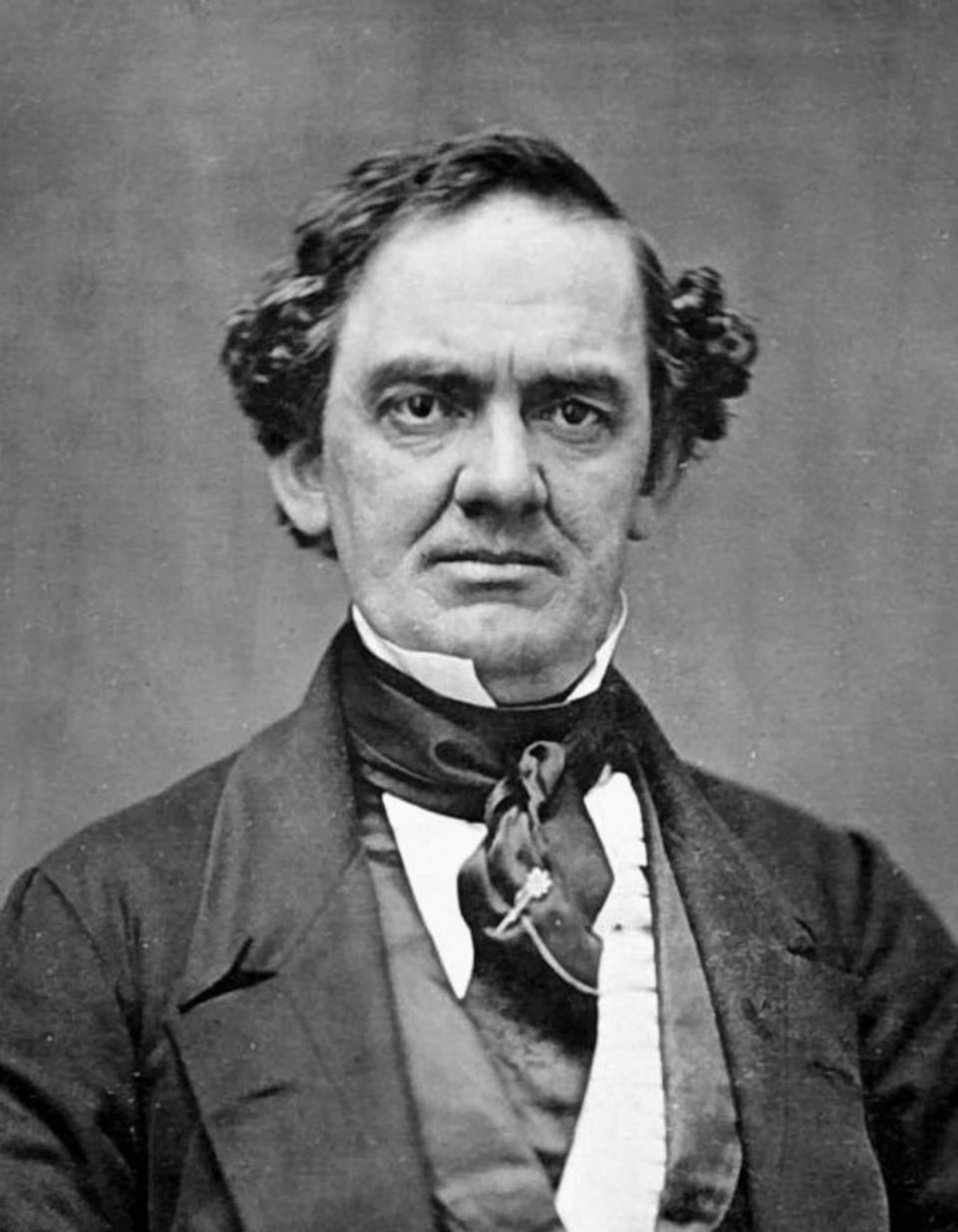
The clock struck twelve.

The court rose; the new prisoner, handcuffed, was removed.



# CONNECTICUT YANKEE





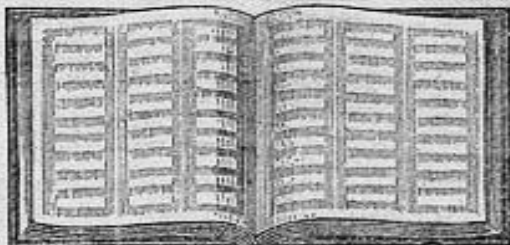
P T BARNUM

*The convenience of the ready gummed page, and the simplicity of the arrangement for scrap pasting, make this book indispensable to all Scrap-book users.*

### NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Two Column Book.

Three Column Book.



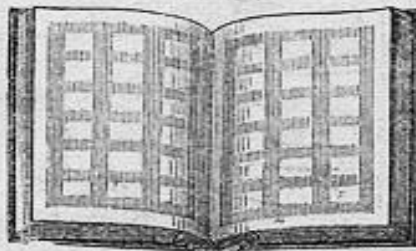
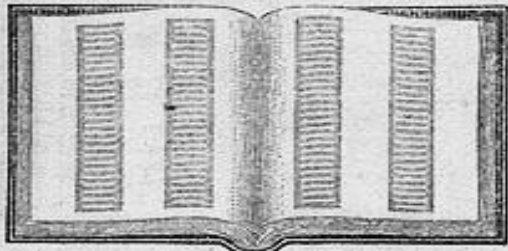
Page  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  inches.  
Nos. 0 and 40,  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in.

Page  $9 \times 11\frac{1}{4}$  inches.  
Nos. 00 and 50,  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$  inches.

Paged and Indexed in Front, except Nos. 0 and 40, 00 and 50.

### AUTHORS.

### PICTORIAL.



Page  $9 \times 11\frac{1}{4}$  in., paged and indexed.

Page  $11 \times 16$  inches.

### MARK TWAIN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS INVENTION.

HARTFORD, Monday Evening.

MY DEAR SLOTE:—I have invented and patented a new Scrap Book, not to make money out of it, but to economise the profanity of this country. You know that when the average man wants to put something in his scrap book he can't find his paste—then he swears; or if he finds it, it is dried so hard that it is only fit to eat—then he swears; if he uses muclage it mingles with the ink, and next year he can't read his scrap—the result is barrels and barrels of profanity. This can all be saved and devoted to other irritating things, where it will do more real and lasting good, simply by substituting my self-pasting Scrap Book for the old-fashioned one.

If Messrs. Slote, Woodman & Co. wish to publish this Scrap Book of mine, I shall be willing. You see by the above paragraph that it is a sound moral work, and this will commend it to editors and clergymen, and in fact to all right feeling people. If you want testimonials I can get them, and of the best sort, and from the best people. One of the most refined and cultivated young ladies in Hartford (daughter of a clergyman) told me herself, with grateful tears standing in her eyes, that since she began using my Scrap Book she has not sworn a single oath.

Truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

USE BUT LITTLE MOISTURE, AND ONLY ON THE GUMMED LINES.

# TWAIN'S SCRAPBOOK

## FRANCIS BACON :

“Natural and Experimental History is so various and scattered that it confounds and disturbs the understanding; unless it be limited and placed in the right order; therefore we must form some tables and ranks of instances in such a manner and order, that the understanding may work upon them.”

*Linne'*



CARL  
LINNAEUS

## L I N N A E U S :

“Each page was filled with numerous deletions, insertions and cross-outs, all indicating that once the information was contained within a bound manuscript, Linnaeus experienced great difficulties in inserting new material which seems to have come in ever greater quantities.”

“Each quire was dedicated to a genus and listed its species and their numerous synonyms in the extant botanical literature. This was a great improvement on the previous notebooks, because unhindered by the constraints of covers and binding, Linnaeus could expand each quire at will, in principle *ad infinitum*.”

A black and white image of a shattered mirror. The mirror is cracked in a circular pattern, with a smiley face (:) visible in the center. The background is black, and the text "BLACK MIRROR" is written in white, bold, capital letters at the bottom.

**BLACK MIRROR**

# BLACK MUSEUM

MUSIC BY CRISTOBAL TAPIA DE VEER



**BLACK MIRROR**  
A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES  
**NETFLIX**

## G R E A T   D A R K

“The Moon. She’s at the full—by the almanac she is. Why don’t *she* make a blur? Because there *ain’t* no moon. ... [T]he world has come to an end. Look at it yourself. Just look at the facts. Put them together and add them up, and what have you got? No Sable island; no Greenland; no Gulf Stream; no day, no proper night; weather that don’t jibe with any sample known to the Bureau; animals that would start a panic in any menagerie, chart no more use than a horse-blanket, and the heavenly bodies gone to hell.”

# 3 0 0 0   Y E A R S

“I wanted to translate a microbe hour into its human equivalent, but it kept shrinking and diminishing and wasting away, and finally disappeared from under my pen, leaving nothing behind that I could find again when I wanted it”



## "THE LOVES OF ALONZO FITZ..."

"Time and again, strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour, with his ear at a little box, then come sighing down, and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thinking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently."

“ FROM THE *LONDON TIMES* OF 1904 ”

"Day by day, and night by night, he called up one corner of the globe after another, and looked upon its life, and studied its strange sights, and spoke with its people, and realised that by grace of this marvelous instrument he was almost as free as the birds of the air, although a prisoner under locks and bars. He seldom spoke, and I never interrupted him when he was absorbed in this amusement. ... And I smoked on, and read in comfort, while he wandered about the remote underworld, where the sun was shining in the sky, and the people were at their daily work."

THE END