

worse. Cheap sensationalism is the principal ingredient in "Barbe of Grand Bayou."

In the story which gives the title to his new volume, "The Promotion of the Admiral," Mr. Morley Roberts invests a fantastic motive with an air of perfect plausibility. His admiral is a British officer noted in the service for his pugilistic aptitude and his readiness to bring it into play whenever occasion requires. But this peppery officer indulges in one conflict which has a foreseen result. He fights and vanquishes a ruffian known among seamen and his fellow boarding house keepers as "Shanghai Smith," and that individual, patiently waiting, has his revenge. Years after his defeat, when he is plying his trade in San Francisco, he learns that the admiral is in that city, and after having sandbagged and drugged him he ships him before the mast in a merchant vessel. The story makes heavy drafts upon our credulity, yet Mr. Roberts is so spirited, he has his narrative so well in hand, that, whether "likely" or not, we read it with positive enjoyment and turn eagerly to the second story, which bears the suggestive title of "The Settlement with Shanghai Smith." There are six other short tales in the book, and they are all clever, but the first two have a merit of their own.

A NEW COLOR PRINT.

One of Botticelli's Madonnas Engraved by S. Arlent Edwards.

In these days of photographic reproductions the fortunes of the engraver have suffered. With the increase of half tones in the magazines the illustrations cut upon wood began some years ago to decrease in number, and though Mr. Cole, in "The Century," has continued his labors, many another artist in his field has had to admit himself vanquished by the camera. That the engraver on metal, on the other hand, has a great future before him, if only he possesses certain gifts and works along certain lines, is shown by the experience of Mr. S. Arlent Edwards, to whose color prints we have more than once had occasion to refer.

Several years have passed since his first plates were published. From the start he has done interesting work, especially in his reproductions of portraits by the English painters of the eighteenth century, and as he has developed his art he has improved it. The mezzotint by him which we have just received through Wunderlich & Co., after a Madonna of Botticelli's in the National Gallery, is finer than anything he has hitherto produced. The original is a work of great beauty, marked by that peculiar delicacy which belongs to the Florentine master in his best estate. The face is an exquisite oval, partially inclosed in a veil and darker draperies. The color is low in tone and very tender. Mr. Edwards has reproduced the subtle bloom of the flesh tints, the dull rose of the bodice, the dark greenish blue of the Madonna's cloak and the lighter tint in the background with feeling and precision. Each note in the print is pure and distinct, and, what is perhaps more to the point, the engraver has succeeded more completely than in any of his previous plates in managing the transition from one tone to another in his scheme. This is a suave and lovely piece of color. In technique and in quality Mr. Edwards has made notable progress. For him the vogue of the photograph and the half tone should mean no diminution of activity. He has perfected himself in the practice of a special and charming form of art; he deserves and will doubtless receive more and more generous support from the public.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE.

A Suggestion for the Dyspeptic Author.

From The London Lancet.
Coffee is very commonly drunk after dinner, a custom which perhaps is justified, particularly when wine drinking accompanies the meal, for coffee is an antidote to alcohol. A hot draught of coffee is undoubtedly a powerful stimulant, enabling both mental and physical fatigue to be borne. On the other hand, a cup of hot coffee disagrees with many persons, their digestion is disturbed rather than aided, there is interference with the normal chemistry of the digestive process, and the dyspeptic must eschew hot strong coffee as well as tea. The excessive drinking of coffee is in any case an evil. But it is often forgotten that coffee can be taken in other ways, and in none better than in the form of jelly. A clear coffee jelly after dinner is every bit as good as the hot infusion, while it is free from some of the drawbacks of the latter. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic waste, rouses the muscular energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic inhibition, and gelatine in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach. Gelatine is what is known as a "protein sparer"—that is, it saves the destruction of protein, such as albumen.
Having regard to these facts, therefore, coffee jelly should form a very suitable sequel to dinner and an excellent substitute for the infusion. Moreover, the astringent principles of coffee, which, however, are different in kind and degree from those present in tea, are nullified by the gelatine. In short, gelatine is an excellent vehicle for coffee, but, as is necessary in making the infusion, the quantity of coffee in the jelly should not be stinted. Coffee serves an admirable purpose in dietetics, and those with whom it disagrees when taken in the form of a hot infusion will very probably find the jelly quite satisfactory.

Good progress is being made by the movement for the erection of a statue of Milton outside the church in Cripplegate, in which he is buried. Out of the £3,500 required for the purchase of the site, more than £2,000 has already been secured.

LITERARY NOTES.

The author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, has written a new book. It is entitled "The Damsel and the Sage," and it is to be presumed that it will be in the same vein as that of the earlier novel.

There has been much excitement in Verona over the possibility of the destruction of the building toward which thousands of readers of Shakespeare have bent their steps with memories of Juliet in their minds. It is now an inn, with stabling attached, and the owner, finding that it is not very profitable, is thinking of demolishing it. The municipality is being urged by petition to preserve the building.

Miss Marie Corelli is to try her fortune as a poet. She has in press a volume entitled "Songs and Poems."

In the preface to the "Crimson Fairy Book," his fifteenth Christmas annual, Mr. Andrew Lang points out that he is the editor and not the author of the stories. "When the tales are found," he says, "they are adapted to the needs of British children by various hands, the editor doing little beyond guarding the interest of propriety, and toning down to mild reproof the tortures inflicted on wicked stepmothers and other naughty characters." The tales in the

question show that he knew how to adapt himself to circumstances. "He was able," says Mr. Shorter, "to converse with the Bible society's secretary as glibly as if he had been a street preacher all his life."

In "The Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering," which her son has edited for early publication, a store of anecdotes will be found. They relate to Queen Adelaide and Queen Victoria, and to scores of famous people in the English life of the last seventy years.

The prices of autographs in the auction room are always amusing to consider. A note written by Charles Dickens to the proprietor of a hotel, engaging a room, was sold the other day for 45 shillings. A note in which George Meredith declared his early volume of poems to be of no intrinsic merit fetched £4 10s. Mr. Kipling's autograph, at the end of a confession that he had just made his debut "as that most unenviable of beings, a dancing man," commanded a slightly lower price. Three shillings will purchase the signature of Gladstone, but for that of Disraeli you have to pay at least three times as much.

Writing about the question of turning Dickens's birthplace into a museum, Mr. H. S. Ward states that the best of the personal relics at Gadshill were retained by the family when the famous sale was held. Of these items almost half were destroyed by fire at the warehouse in which they were stored, but as for the

started, with Mr. Morley as editor, some years ago. The new series will include volumes on Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore, John Bunyan, Goethe, Mrs. Gaakell, Hazlitt, George Borrow and Disraeli, and many others will later be added.

SPRING SONG.

BY HUGH McCULLOCH, JR.
Sweet, since the Spring hath come with lengthening days,
And all the world
Is bright with many-flowered perfumed ways,
And every bird is offering Love his praise
With wing unfurled—
Shall we keep silence in the golden hours?
Shall we not bend us to Love's sovereign powers?
Shall we not love while all the young-eyed flowers
With dew are pearled?
And, sweet, since May's round moon is full and bright
As when, in Thrace,
The virgins met in each month's midmost night,
And prayed with mystic charms of occult might
For Dian's grace—
Shall we, when all the night with love is ringing,
When all the woods are sweet with dewdrops clinging,
Shall we, with all the great world's heart a-singing,
Not seek Love's face?

THE KING'S DUST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King,
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring,
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shall blow"
"Nay, not so," the King said. "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away,
In my tomb I wait till all things go."
Then the King died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away;
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say;
He, it seemed, the King, knew everything.
One day armies with the tramp of doom
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom;
Bedouins camped about the sandblown spot,
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame;
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly—and the King was not!

PHYLLIS.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.
Hears not my Phyllis how the birds
Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words;
Must I alone be mute?
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
The god of love in thy bright eyes
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame,
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve,
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.
Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain?
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

BY H. H. BASHFORD.
When I draw the curtains I am king;
King am I and emperor and lord,
And the ghosts
Gather meekly to my sceptre at a word.
When I draw the curtains I am king;
Arbiter of all that is to be,
And my dreams
At my bidding compass mountains, span the sea.
When I draw the curtains I am king;
Youth is mine, immortal, unafraid,
And the crown
That is clasped about my forehead cannot fade.
When I draw the curtains I am king;
Love is mine, old love that cannot die,
And the years
Shrink away before its stainless majesty.
When I draw the curtains I am king;
I, the slave, am emperor and lord,
And a world
Does me homage with a humble sweet accord.
Ah! when I draw the curtains I am king.

A NOCTURNE AT TWILIGHT.

BY H. E. CLARK.
The broken lights flow in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the notes flow out, flow out;
Life with its sorrow and sin,
Death with its endless doubt;
And the same old weary din
Goes on in the street without.
But the soul of the twilight sings—
The soul of the twilight sings—
And I hear the din no more,
But a sound as of laughing springs:
A murmur of waves on the shore,
And upward on rhythmic wings
Both the mounting melody soar.
And the broken lights flow in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the white hands leave the keys:
So, ere they well begin,
End all life's melodies;
And again arises the din
Outside that shall never cease.



A MADONNA OF BOTTICELLI'S.
(From the color print by S. Arlent Edwards.)

new volume are translated or adapted from tales told in Hungary, Russia, Servia, Rumania, Sicily, Finland, Portugal, Iceland and Japan.

A droll transposition of types occurred in an English newspaper the other day. An editorial was sent to the composing room bearing the title of "Delirium," but when the paper appeared this word had strayed to the top of one of the columns of literary criticism.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop has recently been afflicted by an illness which has caused great anxiety among her friends, and the news of which will be received with regret among many readers here. She has been a redoubtable traveller in her day, and her books about her journeys have always been valued. One of her gifts is for the translation of foreign compositions. Here is one of the things which she took from the Japanese:

At the punch bowl's brink,
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan:
First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man!

The biography of Dean Farrar, written by his eldest son, with the assistance of some of the friends of the late dean, will probably be published some time this month. It will contain much matter relating to Farrar's friendships among literary men as well as churchmen.

The successor to Mr. C. L. Hind in the editorship of "The Academy and Literature" is Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, who brought out his first number yesterday. It is said that he is going to make important changes in "The Academy," and will revive the old tradition of the paper of printing signed reviews.

In the official organ of the English Bible Society a number of letters written by George Borrow when he was an agent for that society have been published. It seems that when he first took up the work he did not talk with the due amount ofunction required of him, and was thereupon called to account. The new letters in

rest, in the possession of Miss Hogarth, Mr. Henry F. Dickens and Mrs. Ferugini, Mr. Ward says that he has the personal assurance that they will not come into the market. "The family," he says, "would be bound by the strong expression of Dickens's own wishes in his will, even if it were not moved by natural affection and reverence, to see that the things he treasured do not pass into the hands of speculators."

Mr. William Watson's new volume of poetry is entitled "For England: Poems Written During Estrangement." Somehow there seems to us to be a touch of complacency in that title.

The bibliography of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, which Colonel W. F. Prideaux has recently compiled, runs to nearly three hundred large pages. Everything that Stevenson ever wrote is recorded in the book, and the compiler has gone so far as to include also the books and articles in magazines and newspapers which have been written upon his idol.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, who made a mild sensation with a novel called "The Open Question," four or five years ago, has a new story in press, "The Magnetic North." Mr. Bram Stoker, whose "Dracula" is pleasantly remembered, is going to publish a novel called "The Jewel of Seven Stars." Other new fiction now impending includes "The Idol of the Town," by William Le Queux; "Little Joan," by John Strange Winter; "The Red Window," by Ferris Hume, and "The French Wife," by Miss Katherine Tynan.

Two secretaries of two famous men of letters have just died in Paris. One was M. Jules Levallois, who had served as secretary to Sainte-Beuve; the other was M. Alexandre Piedagnel, who filled the same post in the study of Jules Janin. Both were themselves of some repute as authors.

A new series of brief biographies is promised, to be edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, under the general title of "Literary Lives." It will include books on foreign as well as English authors, thus differing from the well known series which gained such distinction when it was