ABOUT THINGS LITERARY

Unique Publication of the "United States Red Book."

NEW SPANISH DRAMATIST

Famous Summer House of Cowper Sold for $2,400—Some Lines From a Parisian Journal.

IT WAS intended at the time of the Columbian Exposition to bring to America for exhibition an ancient little ramshackle shanty from Olney, Buckinghamshire, England, being no other than the famous "summer-house" of the poet, Cowper. This little box was sold a few weeks ago, with "all that rare famed garden and orchard known as Cowper's garden and the Guinea orchard." The property sold for £480, about $2,400. The summer-house was not a refuge from heat, but a little work room, "my boudoir," as the poet called it, where he used to repair from the noise of the dwelling house, and the invasion of his famous hares, by name Bess, Puss and Tiny. Here he wrote all of "John Gilpin," and a large part of "The Task." The house only had one room, and was barely ten feet square, and the steep gable hung low over the doorway. In winter time the boudoir was deserted of its poet-tenant, and the flowers from the garden were dug up and housed away from the nipping frost. Then, when smiling spring came to warm the earth again, Cowper routed the intruders, the walls were lined with mats, and the building again became a summer-house. As all shrines, the walls are covered with the names of countless visitors, though on the table there has for long been a book which has received the autographs of many famous men and women.

THE intelligent compilation of figures and relative facts is what constitutes statistical literature. It is an exact and an exacting art, and an absence of this mark renders a great part of the large output from the public press not only uninteresting, but valueless. The faculty of presenting figures in attractive form is a rare gift. E. L. Merlin has put his hand to it with success. Careful and persistant devotion to facts is shown in his recent volume, which James B. Lyon of Albany has published, called "The United States Red Book." It treats of everything above, below, in and about the Union from the nation as a unit to the age of the primary pupils of the Arizona District schools.

The first division of this work is given to a brief history of the organization of the government, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. This is followed by a lengthy description of the City of Washington, in which the manifest beauties are not exploited in words alone, but in several hundred beautiful pictorial reproductions of every public building, monument, avenue, residence or view of note in and about the city.

Correct and unusually intelligent biographies of all members of both Houses of Congress are given and page after page of handsome protraits present photographic likenesses of the national lawmakers. President Cleveland's picture is reproduced as a frontispiece, but for some reason Vice President Stevenson and the members of the Cabinet have been left out of the gallery of portraits. Three pages are devoted to portraits of the members of the press gallery. They are a handsome set of gentlemen and display intellectual fronts not put to the blush by the handsomest of the members preceding.

Another section is devoted to the various major departments of the public service, to national finance, population, education, and revenue. The figures on railroads, importation, population, and the naval and military service are particularly interesting. In conclusion there is the best evidence of an intelligent hand, the very crown of excellencies, a complete index. The man who presents ever so valuable a work of statistics and compilation without an index presents a labyrinth without a map, a sealed treasury without a key. The Red Book appropriates to itself a unique field. More nearly than any other publication the Congressional Directory approaches it, but the information in the former is much more discursive and the illustrations are an original feature. This is the first year of the Red Book but surely so excellent a publication has come to stay.

HERE is a delicious transcription from a leading Parisian journal, Le Pays, which publishes an English (?) feuilleton occasionally. The writer signs his (her?) name "Torpedo!" Read:

"Fresh, looking with humorous bright eyes, and a smile full of souvenirs, the head beautifully framed, with grey whiskers still full of dangerous perfume. Such is M. Ricard painted by M. Bonnat, masterpiece, after the second style of the artist. . . . . Decidedly portraits seem to take M. Commere fancy, although, we wist so much a tableau of his. . . Limpid waters run through the lower parts around little islets of grass, bearing glimpses of blue light. This tableau is one of M. Petitjean. By the same artist is the Lengkenaz a most effective sea-view lit up by sun, wich Stateships flashing wich colours, on the left side its gloomy-looking brigs balancing about on the right."

JOSE ECHEGARAY would probably be squelched by Mardou as a decadent. He is the representative "new" dramatist of Spain. He is extensively known in America for his European, but not until Roberts Brothers published a translation of his "Mariana" was there given opportunity to make a judgment at first hand. Richard Mansfield once announced an Echegaray play for production, then changed his mind. A wise man changes his mind. Judging the Spanish dramatist by his "Mariana" he is more interesting than practical, more subtle than skillful. He has a penetrating insight into human character tha tgives unquestionable fascination to his story. Though called dramas, the works, "Mariana" at least, are only psychological analyses of character in dialogue. He is pessimistic, and has the hopeless heritage mania, but he is not as morbid as Ibsen, whom he suggests in strength, nor so prolix as Waetterlinck, whom he suggests in simplicity. More akin to Sundermann than the others, he is too great personally to be imitative of any. He seems to show only the influence of the Northmen.

THE prolific Rev. Charles Beecher, he begins to grow prolific, again challenges attention, and admiration, by a new work of spiritual investigation. He is becoming as distinguished for his religious and polemical writings as the other Beecher was famous in the spoken word. This new work is called "Patmos, or the Unveiling," and comes from the Lee & Shepard presses, which gave forth the other Beecher books. "Patmos" is an exposition of the Apocalypse of St. John. This difficult book of Revelation has continually been an enigma to professed theologians as well as laymen and this unveiling of its difficulties is accomplished with skill. The early portions of the book set forth the environment of the Apostle, the nature of the vision, and the literalness of the Apostolic descriptions. The author supplements these with a specific interpretation of the symbols in the light of history. Withal there is the paternal atmosphere about the book that makes it read like the lovable tale of father to child and a clear and delightful memory.

ANOTHER book published by this same house is that of a no less experienced writer, "Beneath Old Roof Trees," by Abram English Brown. Mr. Brown has done much, if not more, than another New England writer to embalm for future generations of youths and men the history of the coast colonies. His latest work is a delightful review of the opening of the Revolution. He has heard much of the history at the door posts of many old New England homes from the lips of those who received it transmitted from only one generation. A glowing charm about his narrative is the facility with which he divests history of its historical character and draws the reader into a tale of wonderful things and even makes him for the nonce a participant therein. The story is told in line pictures as well as word pictures. The book is profusely illustrated, there being almost as many pictures as pages of text.

HON. CARL SCHURZ is writing his memoirs. They ought to be of great interest and extensive importance if he reveals much of the inner political secrets of private and public affairs thirty years ago. Presumably he will not delve deep into the subject. There is plenty else to make a story well worth reading in a career such as were his forty-seven years of active life. Dr. Schurz has been all things at once and by turns. He knows politics intimately, he has seen military service, his pen has been active, and his social life has brought him in contact with the most congenial spirits of his day. It is said that he is no haste to publish this work, but will build it into two large volumes and give it to the publisher late in the year. He is not an old man to have retired permanently from active life. He lacks three years of three score ten. But nothing will induce him to come back into the public arena. He even leads a life of personal seclusion. Only occasionally he walks from his house, near Central Park, New York, down to the editorial rooms of Harper's Weekly, for which he frequently contributes a leading editorial.

NOT the first original publication to sprout from the fertile soil of the West was the Chap Book. There is another which Eastern enterprise has not left to flourish in its native heath, but has transplanted to alien productive orchard land adjacent to Cape Cod, in the shadow of Bunker Hill, within the ramble of the busy Riverside Press. Four years and odd months ago a young man in Indianapolis who devoted his bread-winning energies to commercial enterprises, filled in his leisure hours with the study of art. With the natural inspiration of the artist he has proved himself he arranged to publish an ideal art magazine. His idea was to present not only well-considered and well-written topics, but to reproduce the text in the most artistic form, accompanying it with illustrations which were not burlesques, but had a distinct art value for their intrinsic and reproductive excellencies. He named his magazine "Modern Art," and the first number was a revelation, though to a hopelessly limited audience. The young man with the persistence of foresight plunged ahead, by day engaged at his hated and slavish commercial pursuits, at night burning holy oil at the shrine of his desire. Another and several numbers appeared. Local pride helped him with advertising to some limited extent and helpful letters came to lid encouragement, without substance.

Nearly three years he spent on his magazine almost single handed. Then one day what he hoped for and what comes to all worthies who are patient, came. Pang, the art publisher of Boston, sent for the young man. The end of the tale is that he gave up his commercial pursuits at Indianapolis, and sold his magazine to the Boston publisher, with a saving clause that he was to be retained as editor. His magazine, which was from the beginning one of the most perfect art periodicals in the world, was not improved upon; but it has become a power in the art world. It is an education, not as many, in the abstract of precept and commentary, but in the concrete of exquisitely reproduced examples of fine art subjects. The young man is Joseph M. Bowles.

NOW the secret of the Penny Magazine, which costs 5 cents a copy, and 25 cents the year, is solved. I hesitate to lead you through the mathematical maze which brings you out at the other end into the light of understanding. It's intricate, but it's solved. Many wondered, when this fledgling flapped its little wings and shrill-voiced squeaked its presence, what the disparity between title and price meant. As a matter of fact, the periodical is named after an English magazine. In our coin table there is no denomination of penny. A penny is a plagiarism from the English table and there it stands for one-twelfth of a shilling, which, in our money, means two cents, a shilling weighing in for a quarter. You say a nickle is charged for it and not two cents. True, by the single copy, but twenty-five cents a year is two cents a copy. See?

IT TAKES all sorts of folks to make the reading world, hence the large number of magazines. As a matter of fact, all the expensive periodicals have their own field, which they cover in a thorough and distinct manner. Readers know what they want, though they may not be able to analyze their desire, and name it and know where to look for it. Almost, you may judge a man's taste by the magazine you find on his library table. The magazines and the people know each other intimately, more intimately than you think. In choosing it's all a matter of distinguishing what they cannot name. They may desire pure literature, such as the Atlantic offers. They may want the current field of interest well covered without undue polemic, as in Harper's. They may have strong interest in the new movement, whatever it may be, in art, letters, or reform, and find all of them in the Century. They may desire a brisk, man-of-the-world view, such as is given in Scribner's. They may want informed public discussion, as in the Forum, or discussion based on personal curiosity, as in the North American. The addition of new magazines, and the discovery of a new reading public leaves these fields as fruitful as ever.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ernest Hart is a new hypnotic writer.

Good critics are becoming rare in England.

Dickens began "Dombey & Son" in Louisiana.

Shirley was a nom de plume of Dr. Skelton.

Gardening is the favorite weakness of many authors.

"Luke Sharpe" was famous before the real Robert Barr.

Andrew Carnegie gave a public library to Duquesne, Pa.

Hornady's "Two Years in a Jungle" is in its fifth edition.

William Archer translated Nansen's book on the Esquimaux.

James Whitcomb Riley has succumbed to the bicycle craze.

Felix Gras is exceptionally successful in fluent French description.

Tolstoi believes in the educational value of the theater and writes plays.

Gilbert Parker has arrived in London and numerous fetes greeted him.

Harry Stillwell Edwards is a faithful student of his Southern brethren.

The Overland Monthly is twenty-eight years old. Bret Harte once edited it.

Stevenson knew the poets intimately, but was a stranger to classic literature.

Dickens has portrayed more wicked women than any other writer of fiction.

Harriet Beecher Stowe writes a firm and steady autograph for one of her years.

Mme. Burnet is a great admirer of Ethel Turner, the youthful Australian writer.

Thomas Hughes was a judge, socialistic student and politician, as well as author.

Owen Wister has gone to England to recuperate from too confining desk work.

The expected output of Spanish articles has begun by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Paul Maurice edits the forthcoming unpublished letter of Victor Hugo. He is Hugo's executor.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is a great grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was on his father's side English, by his mother's Dutch.

William T. Hornady, the author of "The Man Who Became a Savage," is an Indian by birth.

Blackmore writes that "The Fate of Franklin" was not his first, but his last bit of verse.

"Murder will out" is first found in Chaucer. "Through thick and thin" is Spencer's.

"The Master-Knot and Another Story" is spoken of as a neat little book to go to sleep over.

Laureate Austin never reads the papers and knows nothing of the criticism heaped upon him.

Spencer's Epithalmium is spoken of as the most beautiful bridal hymn in all literature.

Argument has been defined: With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with fanatics, denunciation; with men of sound sense, a sound reason.

Swinburne's new poem, "The Tale of Balen," is founded on Sir Thomas Malorey's story of Balen.

"The Junior Promenade" netted $1,500 for the class of '97 fund, contributed to the Yale library.

John Kendrick Bangs announces a new humorous novel which is called "A Rebellious Heroine."

There are 3,804 public libraries in the United States, and only thirty contain over 100,000 volumes.

Tom Brown, of Rugby fame, is acknowledged to be a portrait of Dean Stanley in his younger days.

A contemporary credits Ferdinand de Lesseps as having been utterly "without personal cupidity."

Mary E. Wilkins spent some time at Old Point Comfort this spring. She is again at her Randolph home.

Neither Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith or Cowper created any conspicuous ideals of womanhood.

The printing of the Bible in the United Kingdom is scarcely less jealously guarded than printing a bank note.

The Kit-Kat, published in Philadelphia, is actually the cheapest magazine published. It sells for 1 cent.

The Philistine and the Fly Leaf after two weeks of married life are divorced. Each will hereafter publish separately.

How many magazines would dare publish its articles without names, preferring to rest on the merits of the articles?

At a sale in Frankfort four letters by Beethoven brought $1,000, and fourteen letters by Goethe brought $1,400.

Tennyson was the poet of the women, inasmuch as he created more strong and varied women than any other poet.

Who said, "The tongue is the mysterious membrane that turns a thought to a sound; drink is its oil, eating its drag-chain?"

A wag has described a quill as a thing sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

The sobriquet, "Hosea Peck," which Dickens gave his son Sydney, was a corruption by his children of "Ocean Spectre."

The Pentateuch of the Woman's Bible has appeared. Critics are using on it what is more powerful than the sword.

The house of Sariemesca is to be perpetuated in the forthcoming novel by Marion Crawford in the Century. It is to be called "Corleone," and Don Orsino is to be the hero.

Mary Wilkins' next novel is called "Jerome, a Poor Man." Her illness prevents its beginning in the July Harper's, as advertised.

The author of "The Heavenly Twins" has another book on the stocks, which may not see the types before the first of the year.

Barthelemy St. Hilaire, who died recently in Paris, was so weak a baby that he was expected to die for months and was sent to live the hardy peasant life in Sceaux.

President Seth Low has his pictures in the periodicals recently with a regularity that suggest a press agent in Classic Columbia.

Compiler Brewer was born just four months after Gladstone. They are two examples of literature's inducement to longevity.

Signor Paolo Tosti has written nearly 500 songs. Ferdinand Gumbert, who died recently in Germany, wrote nearly 400 songs, which in their time were as popular as Abt's.

Fiona MacLeod, the Celtic novelist, announces a new work, "Green Fire." She lives at Midlothian and has never been to London.

Tedious Poet Watts has changed his name to Dunton. May he change his style of poetry to something as dissimilar to the present effusions.

Charles Dickens said of "Robinson Crusoe" that it was "the most popular story in the world, and yet one which never drew a smile or a tear."

Alfred Austin is accused of "feeling his oats." It is said that whenever he goes anywhere he has himself announced as "The Poet Laureate."

The friends of Paul Verlaine will place the monument to his memory in the Jardin du Luxembourg. Sculptor Neidenhausen will execute it.

Grant Allen's "Jaws of Death" is not suggested by the Daffodil Library's title. Daffodils and death's jaws don't usually grow in the same sod.

Edouard Rod, the author of "Whis-Rocks," is a professor in the University of Geneva. He has written many other novels, little known in America.

Dr. Nansen, the Norse explorer, has contributed extensively to Norwegian scientific literature. He won a gold medal and his doctor's degree by his pen.

There is to be a subscription edition of the poems of Richard Realfs, who committed suicide in California some eighteen years ago. His was a queer career.

The best books make the worst plays, says London Truth, because the art of the novelist is to delay the secret; the art of the dramatist is to betray it.

Five novels are issued every twenty-four hours, six histories or biographies each week, and two educational books or a volume of sermons every morning.

The novel "A Provincial Lady" is spoken of as the most disillusionizing tale of London society recently written and is a good guide book for foreigners.

Tusser first used "Better Late Than Never" in his "Five Hundred Points in Good Husbandry." He is forgotten, but his smart phrase will never die.

Why doesn't some novel writer seize on Aztec civilization? Lew Wallace did not exhaust or even make a conspicuous success of it in "The Fair God."

Though Rudyard Kipling hates society, he goes about a great deal. This is to please his wife. As he expresses it, "she makes the engagements and I keep them."

A statement at the close of the free New York People's Lecture course shows that twenty-eight lectures were given by admirable experts on the subjects discussed.

Sarah Grand's husband was a medical man on the staff of the British army in India. The madame followed the soldiers, and reports say she had no uncertain temper.

There is a call for Stephen Crane to put on his red badge of courage and go write up the war in Cuba. But Stephen says he writes better from imagination than experience.

Commentators say justly that we are getting too much Stevensoniana. His fame may easily rest upon his own considered writings, without his typewriter rushing into print.

A writer quoted Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but such a request was beyond the comprehension of the typo and it appeared "Wink to me only with thine eyes."

Mary E. Wilkins has overworked herself and is now suffering from nervous prostration. She has a nearly finished novel which will be delayed weeks, if not months, waiting for her recovery.

At Toulon, Napoleon, looking out of the batteries, drew back a step to let someone take his place. The next moment the new arrival was killed. That step brought the French empire.

Those who loved Constance Fennimore Woolson for her works will be interested in knowing that a considerable number of her letters have been delivered into editorial hands and will soon be published.

The Oxford press issues about 1,000,000 Bibles. The smallest is the "Brilliant," which weighs less than four ounces and measures 3 3-4 by 2 1-8 inches on the side, and is only 3-4 of an inch thick.

In a village in New York there is a library where 25 cents is charged as an annual fee. The treasurer reported last year only 25 cents received from fees. It is a liquor town by an overwhelming majority.

Richard Henry Stoddard is troubled with his eyes. Several years ago an operation was performed for the removal of a cataract. It was successful, as was the repetition of the painful ordeal several days ago.

Sir William Morris, the poet, has a delightful accomplishment. It is said that, given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he will complete it with very little deviation from textual accuracy.

Robert Barr is a true cosmopolitan. He is a Scotchman by birth, a Canadian by early association, an American by immigration, an Englishman by long residence, and a man of the world by travel.

Americans who will figure in the forthcoming English book of beauty are the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Curzon, Lady Essex, Lady Gray Egerton and Lady Terrence Blackmoon.

"Ouida's" hands and feet are said to be perfect in shape and proportion. To keep her feet from being contorted by unnatural pressure on the bones, she always wears, summer and winter alike, open buckled shoes.

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is coming into publicity again with a volume of poems called "Songs of the Soul," which his publishers say is "the result of ten years meditation on the Heights."

Old Chauncey Hall School, on Copley Square, Boston, is to be vacated and torn down. It is an historic place. Among those who learned rudiments there were Francis Parkman, Horatio Hale, and Richard H. Dana.

Though Chatfield-Taylor has retired from the service of the Spanish government, the Chicago press gives assurance that Kinsley will continue to serve Spanish omelettes and there will be no discrimination against olive oil and Chili sauce.

Conan Doyle has gone up the Nile with a British expedition to report for the Westminster Gazette. He will gather material for a new novel. The enlistment of a man of Doyle's caliber, reputation and price shows the power of journalism.

The curious names noted in a paragraph last week, taken from Julian Hawthorne's "A Fool of Nature," He now says they are all real names, taken from a list of jurors in old volumes of English State trials, from Richard II to George III.

There is a suggestion entertained at Hartford for a benefit performance for Mark Twain when he returns home. He will probably resent this, as he did the penny subscription when he failed. Moreover, his all-around-the-world lecture tour will recoup his finances.

Cumberland, Md., is the home of "The Hour Book." This is an interesting little monthly devoted to conspicuous current events, treated in a careful and entertaining manner. The Baltimore baseball team and the city of Hagerstown are each the subject of a finely illustrated article in the May number.

The following advertisement appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Wanted—Will the person who borrowed the second volume of my set of Roosevelt's 'Winning of the West' kindly return the same at once, or call at my house and get the first volume, that owned is may have the set."

An idle man has a constant tendency to torpidity. He has adopted the Indian maxim—that it is better to walk than to run, and better to stand than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie than to sit. He hugs himself into the notion that God calls him to be quiet.—Richard Cecil.

A literary journal quizzed for the names of the eight leading American authoresses, gave these, though not in this order: She who was Annie Fields, Frances Hodgson-Burnett, Mary E. Wilkins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Charles Egbert Craddock, Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Steps are being taken to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Melanchton's birth, on February 16, 1897, at his birthplace, Bretten, in Baden. The foundation of a Melanchton Museum on the site of the house in which he was born, which is now occupied by a building of modest pretensions, is proposed. The site belongs to the Protestant community of Bretten.

There is a library in England which is devoted solely to collecting the literature of the English colonies. It contains 26,000 volumes, and is situated in London. There are about 100 works added to the library monthly. It seems surprising that so large a library could exist devoted to this one interest, but it is a fact, and must increase respect for the number and size of England's dependencies.

Gen. Lew Wallace has taken up the pen again and started upon a new piece of work. But, as usual with the literary plans of the author of "Ben Hur," the character of the new work is kept dark, and even his closest friends do not know whether it is a novel, a play or a work of biography. And as Lew Wallace is a very slow and methodical worker, it will be some little time before the public knows what it may expect from his pen.

Carlyle came one day to visit the eminent British painter, John Millais, at his beautiful house in Palace Gate. Mentally comparing its splendors with his own modest dwelling in Cheyne row, he asked gruffly: "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" "It has," replied the artist, good-humoredly. Then the sage rather rudely retorted, "Then all I have to say is that there are more fools in the world than I thought there were."

Roosevelle Wildman, though but thirty-four years old, is editor of the Overland Monthly, and in his brief career has been sas City and Boise City journals; was consul general at Singapore and later at Bremen, Germany; was World's Fair commissioner for the Straits Settlement and Borneo; was special commissioner of the Smithsonian Institution in the Malay peninsula, and has been made a member of the Royal Asiatic Society by the British government.

M. Abel Hermant, the author of "La Meute," the successful new piece in Paris, has had a lively literature career. First he wrote a story of college life, which was publicly burnt by the students of the Ecole Normale. Then he wrote a story of military life, which was burnt in the presence of the regiment by its indignant colonel, while in due course all the officers challenged the novelist. And already the new play has provoked a duel with the Prince de Sagan.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae has recently finished a biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in two volumes, with portraits and facsimiles of autographs, etc. It is supposed to be very complete and the final book on the subject. Prof. Brander Matthews of New York was engaged for years in collecting material for a life of Sheridan, but he gave it up long ago, having, it is said, thought less of Sheridan the more he investigated his history. Perhaps he turned his material over to Mr. Rae.

Kipling was asked the other day about his proposed plan to leave America for good and all and reside abroad. The jungle man replied: "That is about as true as the report that I am writing a play. Never thought of doing such a thing. The fact of the matter is I have made a compact with the newspapers, and I might as well own up to it. I have refused to furnish them with information about myself and they have agreed to supply it themselves, and there you are. It's easy for me and easy for them, you see."

A fine addition to the neglected folk lore of America has been made by Clifton Johnson, albeit it covers but a restricted section of the country. He began together the signs and sayings of New England for his own entertainment, but he soon saw the possibility of a volume. This Lee & Shepard recently published under the interesting title of "What They Say in New England." Besides making interesting reading these collections are of real importance in preserving traditional lore, and Mr. Johnson should at once be made an honorable honorary member of the American Dialect Society.

The number of titled English women who write for magazines and newspapers is steadily increasing. Three duchesses—Cleveland, Sutherland and Bedford—are regular contributors to magazines. Lady Greville is in receipt of a steady income from several newspapers, for which she writes regularly. The brilliant Lady Colin Campbell was for a long time chief editor of a London paper. Lady Constance Howard, a sister of the Earl of Winchelsea, is almost equally industrious, employing her pen exclusively with sporting subjects. The Countess of Cork goes in regularly for journalistic work. Much of the news in the new London paper, the Daily Courier, is contributed by the aristocracy.

The following story is told of the courtship of Mr. Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis: Mrs. Lewis was living near Cardiff, when through the window she saw Mr. Disraeli approaching, and ordered the servant to say she was not at home. When the servant descended to the hall Mr. Disraeli was hanging his light overcoat on a peg. "Mrs. Lewis, sir, is not at home," said the flurried maid. "I did not ask for Mrs. Lewis," was the calm, statesmanlike reply. "But I don't know when she will be back," urged the maid. "Neither do I," philosophically replied he; "but I am going to wait till she does come back, so make me some tea." He did wait, he got his tea, and he married the widow.

The late Marquis of Bath, who died at Venice recently, was the original of Lord Farintosh in "The Newcomes." Thackeray acknowledged the portrait shortly after the publication of that book. He was walking along the Champs Elysees one day with a friend, when they met Lord Bath, who stopped and spoke to them. When he had gone Thackeray turned to the friend and said: "I'll wager you don't know who that was." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the other. "Bath and I were at Christ Church together. Didn't you hear him just now refer to those days?" "I'll repeat what I say. You don't know who he is, so I'll tell you. He's Farintosh." Lord Bath learned this fact from old Lady Molesworth years after and was very angry with Thackeray.

All hail to Dr. Chauvet of Fordham. Dr. Chauvet is the owner of Poe Cottage, in that suburb, and, not being able or willing to keep it as a shrine, he rented it to a tenant. When the tenant got possession he nailed up a sign on which was painted "Poe Laundry," and perched above the sign was a wooden raven. This was too much for Dr. Chauvet to bear, and he at once refunded to his tenant the month's rent that had been paid in advance, and turned him out. The doctor may be thrifty, but he has his feelings, and he is not going to let any soulless laundryman make capital out of his literary property. And he is right. Fancy the poet's sensations if he could see his raven as a laundry sign! The next thing it would have been called "Ah Po's laundry." Dr. Chauvet did not act a moment too soon.—Exchange.

Shakespeare has often been credited with knowing everything, and a Shakespearian enthusiast once stated in company that somewhere or other in his writings a quotation could be found suitable for every subject, and for every condition and circumstance of life, and further challenged anyone present to name any two subjects for which an appropriate quotation could not be met with. One of his hearers, thinking that probably Shakespeare had never had his photograph taken or sent a sixpenny "wire," named photography and the electric telegraph, both essentially children of the nineteenth century. The challenger replied for photography, "The glorious sun stays in his course and plays the alchemist." ("King John," act III, scene 1), and for the electric telegraph "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." ("Midsummer Night's Dream," act II, scene 1.)

Walter Besant may never rival Mark Twain's pathetic appearance as he stood at the grave of Adam of Adam and wept, but the English novelist calls attention to the alleged fact that he has it in his power to go to Homer's tomb and pay the homage of tears to the great poet. Besant asserts that he recently learned that Homer's final resting place is in the Island of Nio, and that the grave was discovered in the year 1770 by Count De Grimm, a Dutch officer. Herodotus states that Homer was buried on the Island of Nio, formerly called Ios. De Grimm visited the island and found a tomb that looked as if it might contain the remains of Homer. A skeleton was found inside that crumbled to dust when exposed to the air. A knife and an inkstand were held in the bony hands of the skeleton. The inkstand seems to prove conclusively that the remains were really those of Homer. The knife is not easily accounted for. It is just possible that Homer was looking for a too presumptuous critic when he met with sudden death.—Ex.

Persecuted.

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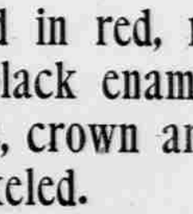

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