mind about the qualities and limitations of Mr. Watson's poetry from these poems will very likely not be proved far wrong by any future productions. He has two or three notes so clear that it is almost impossible that these should not prove in the end his strongest, as they are felt to be now."

Berlin papers say that the revenue from Emperor William's Song to Aepyrr to the present time is about 33,600 marks, or over $8,000. The money is to go to the building of the Emperor William Memorial Church.

Joaquin Miller has dubbed Kipling the "Napoleon of Letters." Ambrose Bierce says that he has as yet only indicated his greatness.

It is related of Alexandre Dumas that he took such interest in his literary creations that he said to his son, who was disturbed by seeing him plunged in melancholy: "Porthos is dead. I have just killed him, and I cannot help weeping over him. Poor Porthos!" Quite different were the emotions of Conan Doyle, who, having killed poor Sherlock Holmes, went gayly out, and celebrated, like a true Englishman, with a big supper.

The new English rival of the Chap-Book is to be called The Paper-Knife. The illustrations are to be by Messrs. Hugh Thomson, Caton Woodville, Anning Bell, and others. The new publication will be octavo in size.

Pierrot Loti, the pen-name of the French academician, Captain Julien Viaud, was not taken from the Japanese word for violet. Loti is an impossible word in Japanese, as the alphabet contains に。Loti is a Maori word, descriptive of a flower that grows only in Polynesia, where the sirens of Queen Pomare's court bestowed it upon the young Frenchman in the days when his ship was stationed at Tahiti.

The Indianapolis Journal quotes this, presumably from its correspondent from Africa. "Here," said the news missionary, "here are sometracts and sermonstanslated into your native language." "Thanks," said the King of Mbwpka. "By the way, have you translated Trilby?"

Frankfort Moore is admiringly mentioned as a novelist who can write a book in six weeks, and do it at the rate of ten hours a day.

"College students of thirty years ago," says the Springfield Union, "remember with delight the historical lectures delivered by Dr. John Lord, whose death has just been announced. Before his time history had been a dull study, but he threw the glamour of romance over it. As a speaker he was unctous, his voice was auscult, and his gestures ludicrous, but the listener soon forgot the lecturer in his lecture. He dealt with all the great epochs in history, and his portrayal of amorous characters was so clear and lifelike that the past was transferred to the present, and the listener became a spectator of history as of current events."

Thymol Monk, whose rather morbid Altar of Earth was published during the past season, is said to be a Miss Mary Belcher, a former hospital nurse.

The success of Charley's Aunt is still on the increase. Those interested in theatrical doings will learn with astonishment that fifty-two companies are this month playing it in various parts of the world, and of course in different languages. Every country in Europe, with the exception of Italy, has been visited, and the present time Mr. Brandon Thomas' farce is being represented by three companies in England.

Charley's Aunt was produced in London at the Royalty on December 21, 1892, and the author has already made a fortune out of the piece, and the actor who in a great measure is responsible for its success has probably secured £100,000 as his share.

Stevenson's death leads The Athenæum to recall the fact that admiration for the work of Hazlitt led Stevenson, some years ago, to offer to write a monograph on the great essayist for The English Men of Letters Series. The editor, John Morley, declined the offer.

"The sale of Victor Hugo's books in France is reported to have dwindled to very small proportions, while Zola's latest book, Lourdes, is in its hundredth edition, and is expected to exceed in the numbers sold any of his other works."

The fourth volume of the Yellow Book is out, and doubtless, says the New York Tribune, there is joy in the hearts of its makers and readers because this precious bantling has weathered its first year. It is as perky, as ever and may live to a green old age, but that is not likely; and if the length of its existence is dwelt upon at all, it is only with reference to the probable endurance of the movement of froth and silliness on which it has thus far been based. It is not creditable that the jig-saw and blue-light school will be suffered to continue its antics many years longer. It must pass as the Bunthorne madness passed.

Another Red book by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman—The Red Cockade—is nearly finished. It is said that Mr. Weyman's thoughts were turned in the direction of the historical novel by Baird's History of the Huguenots, a copy of which he happened to see at his club one day. His first successful novel, The House of the Wolf, dawned in his mind while dressing one evening. He writes about a thousand words a day.

Richard Le Gallienne calls the critics who don't approve of his productions "the literary homicides whose howls of torment will be the only clarions of their fame."

Robert Louis Stevenson said that his story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had for its foundation an incident related to him by a London doctor who made diseases of the brain a specialty. None of his work was absolute fiction, and most of it had a basis in actual experience. "I do not believe," he said, "that any man ever evolved a really good story from his inner consciousness unaided by some personal experience or incident of life."

Rudyard Kipling, after sending his first two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, finally sold them for $15. His last story brought $1,000 for the English rights alone.

In their delightful little World Classics series Joseph W. Knight & Co. have recently issued The Corsair, Armande, Manon, Lescant, Undine and L'Arliésienne. It is the daintiest small-volume edition yet given to these masterpieces.

Mrs. John Richard Green, an historian as well as the widow of an historian, is the latest author to fall a victim to writer's-cram. When she went to Royal Bains, in Avvergne, last summer, in the hope of getting relief at the baths, she was able to write a few words at a time, but only with the greatest difficulty.