

editor for reprinting has been received. It contains many costly works. At least four volumes by American authors will be published in the coming series. All the books reprinted will be from the very latest editions.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending September 29th and October 6th contain Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance, *Nineteenth Century*; My Treasure, *Blackwood's Magazine*; A Winter in Syria, *Contemporary Review*; John Ward, Preacher, by Archdeacon Farrar, *Longman's Magazine*; Mr. Forster and Ireland, *Blackwood*; The Services of Catholic Missionaries in the East to Natural Science, *Nature*; Admiral Coligny, *Quarterly Review*; The Glorified Spinster, *Macmillan's Magazine* and *The Spectator*; Military Genius, by Lord Wolseley, *Fortnightly Review*; Recollections of Mr. Forster, *National Review*; An Artist on Tour, *St. James's Gazette*; The Central-Asian Railway, *Spectator*; Shakespeare and Modern "Isms," *St. James's Gazette*; Cornish Customs of To-day, *Welcome*; the conclusion of "Nat," and poetry and miscellany. A new volume began October 1st. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

LOOK TO THE DRAINS!

Worldly Solicitor (*soliloquizes*).—Confound old Capel Court! Why can't he let the matter stand till the "Long" is over? making me come up specially from Eastbourne. I had half a mind to tell him to go to —

Quiller.—Mr. Capel Court, sir!

W. S.—Ah! my dear sir, and how are you? Better, I sincerely trust.

Mr. C. C.—Thanks, yes, and my wife and daughter are, I am thankful to say, better; and now, sir, I mean to make it hot—very hot, sir—for that rascal who let me that house—

W. S.—Stay, stay; you must remember that at present I am scarcely in possession of the facts.

Mr. C. C.—True, quite true. Yes, yes; no doubt you wondered at my conduct, dragging you up from Eastbourne, and coming down from Scotland myself. Well, you remember the house I took last season in Kensington—

W. S.—Certainly. Did I not have the pleasure of dining with you there once or twice?

Mr. C. C.—Why, of course you did. Well, sir, that house was a cesspool, a poison trap, a—a—well, the drains were in a disgraceful state—simply disgraceful state. My poor wife and daughter were attacked, as you know, by typhoid fever. I had to send them away to my place in Scotland, and I am pleased to say they are now recovering. I then had the place inspected by a sanitary engineer; and here is his report. Read it, sir, read it (*hands over paper*).

W. S.—Truly a bad condition of affairs—as bad as can be.

Mr. C. C.—And when I took the house—you know I am very fidgety about drains—I made the most particular inquiries, and the scoundrel—

W. S.—Landlord, my dear sir, landlord.

Mr. C. C.—No, sir, scoundrel! scoundrel! he distinctly told me that he recently spent £40 on the drains, and that he could confidently think his house was the best drained house in Kensington. Now look at that report: the drains are simply brick drains, they are defective, the soil is saturated with sewage. On my own responsibility I sent him a copy of this report, and said that I should at once take steps to expose his fraud. And—

W. S.—Pardon me. Did he reply?

Mr. C. C.—Oh yes, he answered my letter with the coolest possible impudence—

W. S.—Have you that letter?

Mr. C. C.—Yes—here it is (*hands it over*).

W. S.—Ah! says he lived there himself for two years—knew they were brick drains, spent the money in having them put in order, and had reasonable grounds for believing, and did honestly believe, they were in good order; expresses deep sympathy with you in your trouble, but declines to consider himself to blame. Hum! Ah! Well, did you answer this?

Mr. C. C.—Answer it? Why, of course I did. I—I said—