



MR. HOWELLS FORTHCOMING NOVEL.

In a late number of the New York *Critic* an interview with Mr. Howells appeared, in the course of which he was represented as saying that he had begun a new novel the day before. Our ingratiating Young Man betook himself immediately to Lake George, where Mr. Howells is staying at present, and by his engaging disposition, the charm of his manner, and his unobtrusive vivacity, soon won the esteem and confidence of the illustrious occupant of the "Editor's Study."

Now, for some time certain persons have been offensively criticizing Mr. Howells' methods, and the scope of his work in fiction. These misguided people allow, not without hesitation, that he often makes skilful use of his material, and that in certain directions he is even talented; but they deplore his limitations, characterizing him as "vapid" and "effete." Mr. Buchanan in his late book, styles him "Howells, the gentle apostle of man-millinery." Most of all do his critics bewail the repose and quiet which pervade his novels—the repose and soothing quiet of a village burying ground. From certain expressions that Mr. Howells dropped, our Young Man infers that this sort of criticism makes the great Realist's hair ache.

Hitherto Mr. Howells has met the slings and arrows of outrageous critics with a quiet disregard. He is introducing a considerable amount of action into his new novel, not out of deference to them, but from having himself acquired new ideals, new conceptions of the aims and possibilities of fiction. It is indeed a surprising announcement we are privileged to make. Mr. Howells read to our Young Man the nineteen chapters already written, and our Young Man pronounces them so tumultuously thrilling as to be almost melodramatic!

The drawing given above pictures the most thrilling scene in that portion of the book already in manuscript—a startling dramatic situation in the eleventh chapter,

glowing with life, and fire, and vigor. The drawing will be at once recognized as in the best manner of Mr. E. A. Abbey, who is illustrating the novel—to which, by the way, Mr. Howells told the *Critic* interviewer he had not yet given a name. He imparted the title, however to our Young Man, but in strict confidence.

We owe our best thanks for Mr. Abbey's courtesy in allowing us to forestall, in a certain measure, public expectation, by presenting his work in *GRIP* at this early date.

TRISTRAM S.

SAVED.

A DUDE by the name of O'Groat,
Fell in love with a maiden of noat;
When he begged for her hand,
She made him understand,
That she'd "sooner pick up with a goat."

Then that dude by the name of O'Groat,
Went out on the bay in a boat;
Though he tried to get drowned,
He was soon after fownd,
For his wooden head kept him afloat.

A FORGOTTEN MANUSCRIPT.

WHILE rummaging among some old papers of mine the other day, I came across a rare manuscript, in the form of a diary. It brought back to my mind the halcyon days of early married life, and I dropped a tear to their memory as I perused its musty pages. It read as follows:

SATURDAY, JULY 4.—Evelyn has gone to her father's. Old folks wanted to see new baby. I am to keep bach., keep the house in order, and keep the peace. She is to be gone a week, and made me swear that I would keep a diary during her absence, faithfully chronicling my every