

J. S. Winter, it turns out, is a woman. Her stories present a most spirited picture of life in the barracks and service, not only in England, but in the Colonies; certainly, the sex of the author would not be suspected from any of her books. "Bootle's Baby," one of the most successful of the stories, was repeatedly offered to the London publishers. When it finally did appear it became at once very popular.

LARGE SALES.—In a late interview, a member of the firm of Lee & Shepard said, "That Husband of Mine"—170,000 copies. Perfectly enormous, and it all came about by an accident, too. We had the manuscript on hand for a long time, and had about decided to throw it away, when one day we determined to let it go, just as an experiment. The book went so fast—not a bit of advertising by us, either—that we had to run night and day for six days to supply the demand. Then we brought out "That Wife of Mine" as a companion piece, and it fell like lead on the market." While he says Belford, Clarke & Co. claim to have sold 500,000 copies of "The Bad Boy." These taken in connection with the reputed sale of Grant's Autobiography, noted last month, shows that some firms give small fortunes to both author and publisher.

A BOLD VENTURE.—What gave me a real status among publishers was the proposal which I made, and which was accepted by the late Lord Lytton, for the publication of his novels. I gave twenty thousand pounds for the right to publish his books for ten years, a step I never regretted. Of course, the copyrights have fallen in now, but some figures which I will give you presently will show that I was right, and my friends wrong, who declared that such an offer from a young publisher was suicidal. I must not forget to tell you of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was a good friend to me. There was no copyright, and other publishers had seized upon it. I turned out an edition which was a little better than the other, and, moreover, induced Lord Carlisle to write a preface, which gave it an air of distinction. We could not print it fast enough, so great was the demand; and I dare say we have printed as many as six hundred thousand copies of the seven or eight editions. The vogue for the book was quite amusing at the time—it was not a vogue, but a craze. I remember when all the people in a single compartment of a railway carriage would be reading it, and if the train stopped and they happened to look up, each one smiled confusedly, and let his eyes drop once more on the pages.—George Routledge in interview with *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter.

THE process of restoring a characteristic old wooden church at Hopperstad, in the Harde district of Sogne, in Norway, has brought to light an interesting Norwegian mediæval relic. In a closed niche a book, consisting of six wax tablets, was found, carefully enclosed in a casket of wood and leather. The tablets are of box-wood, covered with wax, each tablet having a thin border, so as to hinder the tablets from sticking together on closing the book; this precaution has helped to keep it in excellent preservation. The contents are chiefly drawings, made by a fine style, representing scenes from village and rural life. At the end there is a large catalogue in Latin of various

kinds of animals, with a translation into old Norwegian; and from this it has been conjectured that the greater portion of the book dates from the close of the thirteenth century. But there are indications that part of the book is of earlier date. The tablets are fastened together at the back, and the cover is carved and inlaid with various pieces of differently coloured woods. The book has been placed in the Museum of Antiquities in the University of Christiania, and it is intended to publish it shortly in facsimile.

BOOK TRADE IN GERMANY.—The book trade of Germany differs from both that of England and that of France, not only in its extent, but also in its character; for while, with few exceptions, the books of this country appear in London, and while the majority of French books are issued in Paris, there is hardly a town of importance in Germany that does not contain several publishers. However, though Germany has no centre of production, it has a centre of distribution; and from Leipsic books of the weight of over seven thousand tons are sent out annually.—*The Bibliographer*.

AN almanac 3,000 years old, found in Egypt, is in the British Museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian. The days are written in red ink, and under each is a figure followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian manuscripts, it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns, but is not in its integrity, having been evidently torn before its owner died.

TIRESIAS and other poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson, Macmillan & Co., was out in time for the English holiday trade. It is spoken of as very uneven, though some of the poems are equal to the best of his earlier works.

It is stated that before long it is likely a life of the late President Garfield will be published, for which his widow will supply many letters and important events.

MR. STORY'S FIAMMETTA.—The *New York Commercial Advertiser* pronounces this a "very enchanting little romance," and briefly thus describes it:—"The young artist, jaded with the toil and restraints of Rome, seeks repose and inspiration in the mountains amid song of birds and babble of brooks, and finds more than he seeks. The contact there with a fresh and beautiful nature, unversed in worldly wisdom, and its influence in drawing the best out of him, are portrayed with rare grace and charm. The choice and dainty language, the delicate sense of proportion, and Story's peculiar gift of beautifying the pleasures of sense combine to make this idyl a model of its kind.

AGASSIZ'S LIFE AND LETTERS.—The *Literary World*, of London, says of this work:—"Having waited twelve years for an authentic and satisfactory biography of one of the greatest naturalists this or any other age has known, it is cause for great satisfaction that Mrs. Agassiz has produced a work which cannot fail to give satisfaction to most readers. . . . The