



CARLING-HYMAN.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEAT.

I CAME across a very interesting book the other day, and I think my readers will thank me for making mention of it. I have met with nothing better in a long while. It was called "Robinson Crusoe," and purports to relate the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner on an island in the South Pacific. I was puzzled while reading it, and am still puzzled, to decide whether to regard it as a work of fiction or a narrative of actual fact. In any case it proved most entertaining, and I should think it would be particularly popular with boy-readers. The title-page was missing in the copy I refer to, and I am therefore unable to give the name of the author or the date of publication, though the work bears internal evidence of having been in the market for some years. It is quite unlike Rider Haggard's stories, and this is one reason why I regard it as fact rather than fiction. Neither does it bear any resemblance to the work of Rudyard Kipling. When I say, however, that in my opinion it is equal to anything either of these eminent writers have produced, it will be

seen how deeply I was impressed. I would not part with my "find" for a great deal. S.

NOTING the remarkable success that recent publications in the form of Reminiscences and Letters have had—such works, I mean, as Carlyle's Correspondence, Macready's, Thackeray's, and Dickens' Letters, etc., etc.—I have a suggestion to offer to some enterprising publisher. If sent forth in good shape the book I have in mind ought to rival the *Letters of Junius* as a work of permanent literary interest, with the same element of mysterious anonymity about it. I mean a collection of letters to the public press by *Pro Bono Publico*, *Vox Populi*, *One Who Was There*, *Observer*, *Fair-Play Radical*. The work might be published in the same form as the Encyclopedia Britannica. I think it would pay well. C.

THE answer is "because it keeps Lent." Almost anybody can supply the conundrum.