

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

The Gushington Girls have just arrived by rail, and are inhaling the Odours of an average London Terminus.

Miss Milly Gushington. "WAIT A BIT, UNCLE." (*Sniff.*) "OH, ISN'T IT LOVELY, HILLY? DOESN'T IT JUST *SMELL* OF THE SEASON?"
Miss Hilly Gushington. "DON'T SPEAK ABOUT IT—ONLY SNIFF!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Waste and Repair have nothing to do with a repairing lease in the ordinary adaptation of the term. It is the title given by Dr. ROBSON ROOSE to a collection of his essays, contributed at various times to some of the principal magazines, now published in one volume by JOHN MURRAY. It is waste and repair in the lease of life with which the eminent Doctor (known in diplomatic circles as RUSTEM ROOSE PACHA) is concerned. As many of our best known public men can testify, the subject is one he is by successful practice peculiarly qualified to deal with. The results of his wide experience, guided by profound knowledge and singular aptitude, is distilled in this handy volume. Among the subjects dealt with are the wear and tear of London life, the art of prolonging life, clothing as a protection against cold, health resorts and their uses. In the course of dealing with these and other subjects of every-day life, Dr. ROBSON ROOSE manages to convey in simple language a multiplicity of valuable hints, useful alike to the invalid, and to the healthy man, whose day is not long enough for its appointed tasks.

Messrs. BURNAND and MAY have been making a sort of Canterbury Pilgrimage through Kent, keeping chiefly to the coast in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate and Margate. The result is seen in the handy volume published by A. AND C. BLACK. *The Zig-Zag Guide* is totally unlike anything previously put forward by the firm whose name is given to many guides. There is about it very little that is archæological, historical, or in other ways heavy. It is just the bright chatter of a gay companion, who enjoys a holiday himself, and is the cause of desire on the part of others to make holiday. In spite of its bantering tone the book is full of shrewd hints of what to see and how to see it, "round and about the bold and beautiful Kentish coast." The sparkling pages are further illuminated by abounding illustrations. Some of PHIL MAY'S very best work will be found in this modest volume, whose price completes its attractiveness. People about to visit Ramsgate and Margate will find it indispensable. Those who are not going, will, when they read it, wish they were.

"I wants to make your flesh creep," might Mr. BRAM STOKER well say as a preface to his latest book, named *Dracula*, which he has given in charge of the CONSTABLES (& Co.) to publish. The story is told in diaries and journals, a rather tantalising and somewhat wearisome form of narration, whereof WILKIE COLLINS was a past-master. In almost all ghostly, as in most detective stories, one character must never be absent from the *dramatis personæ*, and that is The Inquiring, Sceptical, Credulous Noodle. The Inquiring Noodle of Fiction must be what in comedy "CHARLES his friend" is to the principal comedian, "only more so," as representing the devoted, admiring slave of the philosophic astute hero, ever ready to question, ever ready to dispute, ever ready to make a mistake at the critical moment, or to go to sleep just when success depends on his remaining awake. "Friend JOHN" is Mr. BRAM STOKER'S Noodle-in-Chief. There are also some secondary Noodles; Noodles of no importance. This weird tale is about Vampires, not a single, quiet, creeping Vampire, but a whole brood of them, governed by a Vampire Monarch, who is apparently a sort of first cousin to *Mephistopheles*. Rats, bats, wolves and vermin obey him, but his power, like that of a certain well-advertised soap, "which will *not* wash clothes," has its limits; and so at last he is trapped, and this particular brood of vampires is destroyed as utterly as would be a hornets' nest when soused with hot pitch. It is a pity that Mr. BRAM STOKER was not content to employ such supernatural anti-vampire receipts as his wildest imagination might have invented without rashly venturing on a domain where angels fear to tread. But for this, the Baron could have unreservedly recommended so ingenious a romance to all who enjoy the very weirdest of weird tales.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A NOTE OF THE DAY.

(*Intercepted.*)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—According to my promise I write you a line to give you all the news of the moment. Of course you know we have had the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. But let that pass.

The progress of the peace negotiations at Athens are of considerable interest. And when I talk of Greece I am reminded that illumination by electric light is much cleaner than oil. On Jubilee night this was evident. But let that pass.

The House of Commons has got into Supply. And when I talk of Supply it is a matter of conjecture whether the wood employed in the seats can be used again. Of course the Jubilee was unique.

The cricket averages so far have not been sensational. We have the Philadelphians, but the Australians are *non est*. And this reminds me that the Colonial Premiers have had a good time of it, thanks to the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The theatres are doing well. You know that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has opened Her Majesty's. The Poet Laureate wrote the inaugural verses, and that reminds me that the poem on the Jubilee was up-to-date. But let that pass.

I really can scarcely describe the fashions. Red, white and blue are the prevailing colours—no doubt in honour of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The season is on the wane. When we reach July we begin to look out trains. And this season has been particularly brilliant on account of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

And now, my dear friend, I think I have exhausted my budget of news. Of course I could tell you all about the Jubilee, but as you have seen what I could say in the newspapers, my account would be a trifle stale. And this is rather unfortunate. If I omit the Jubilee I can think of nothing else.

Yours very truly,
TAIT MONTAY.

A Matter of Metal.

AT RICHARD LE GALLIENNE some seem enraged;
But Art's brains, with a strange epilepsy a-twirl,
And fiction erotic, seem chiefly engaged
In "The Quest of the *Brazen* Girl."

PROPHETICAL.—In *The Comic Almanack*, illustrated by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK, under date, June 21, 1837, *Mr. Punch's* private secretary has found the following lines:—

"The QUEEN proclaimed upon the longest day!
May this coincidence be not in vain;
But prove prophetic of her longthened sway,
And to the longest day proclaim her reign."

THE favourite weapon of the burglar ought to be the Repeating Rifle.