Literary Crumbs.

On the house in which Balzac died an inscription has been placed by the Municipal Council of Paris. Like honors have also been paid to Alfred de Musset and Madame Roland.

A new volume of poems by Whittier entitled "At Sundown," is to appear next month. This volume will contain all the poems he has collected or written since the publication of "St. Gregory's Guest" some years ago. This will of course be hailed with delight.

Houghten, Miffen & Co. announce a new edition of Shelley, edited by Prof. George E. Woodberry, now of Columbia, but formerly of the Nebraska State University. It is published in four volumes, and accompanied by a new portrait of the poet. A limited large paper edition in eight volumes will also be published.

One ever realizes how small, and yet how large the world is; for only twenty-four hours from London, such and so loud is the voice of fame, that Mr. Hall Caine, who has been sojourning in Berlin, writes to a friend in London that he has met but one man who "has read Mr. Stevenson, and only one or two who had ever heard of Mr. Kipling. I sang," he says, "Mr. Barrie's praises amid silence, and no one was aware of Blackmore, nor yet of Mr. Besant." The German view of recent English fiction seems weak, and, according to Mr. Caine, they know little of English fiction, and that little does not impress them favorably.

Rebecca Harding Davis or her publishers have shown good judgment in collecting into a handy volume a dozen of her shorter stories, which are drawn with rare insight, feeling and humor, the types of humanity characteristic of American life and customs. These "Silhouettes of American Life" include two or three stories of the mountaineers of North Carolina, whose rude, uncultivated, but artistic customs Mrs. Davis was the first to exploit. The gulf region has furnished some subjects and the contrasts of city life still others—all of which are drawn with an exquisite touch, and teem with lessons of that broad humanity which the author so constantly teaches by her own generousness, faith and sympathy.

Psychological problems, as well as practical problems of modern life, are receiving much attention at the hands of writers of fiction It is a well known fact that where the author wishes to "air" his pet theory he can do it best by putting it in novel form. "Gramency Park," by John Seymour Wood, has for its aim the pointing out of the evils of the annual divorce, which has become such a feature of fashionable life. The young stock broker and his wife, who are the principal figures in the book, are carefully delineated, and the fashionable divorcee who creates trouble between the young couple, is natural. The field is old. It has been tilled before, but never with better fruit —with the scenes of New York and American life

Speaking of Mr. Besant reminds me of his latest book, consisting of four stories—two short ones, two long ones—each representing a vigorous line of thought, each different, but stamped with the same mark, individuality. "Verbena Camellia Stephanotis" is a dainty study of cemeteries and such funereal things. But really, it is not a very tearful story, when one considers the subject. "The Doubts of Dives," deals with a problem interesting to students, for "Dives" is where the student is not—the problem of higher education. There is a world of grief and human cowardice in "The Demoniac;" the tale of a life that drink, as a destroying angel, overthrew. The reader lays his book aside with a heavy heart, and with a feeling that some human beings are mercenary, whatever be the price of a soul. "The Demoniac" is a continuation of Ibsen.