

The Author of "The Lion and the Lamb."

[EXTRACT from a note from the publisher of "The Lion and the Lamb," an anonymous novel which has achieved a great success, to Henderson Lloyd, the author of the book.]

"Your novel has sold so well that I think it will be of advantage to you to have the authorship known. It need not be directly announced, but might be allowed to leak out in the usual way. This would be a great relief to me, as I am besieged by inquiries."

[A note from Mr. Lloyd to his publisher.]

"MY DEAR MR. SPARROW: On no account can I allow myself to be known as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I would not for the world have the originals of some of the characters know that I had drawn them, and there are other reasons why I wish the authorship of the book kept a profound secret.

"I am delighted at the success of the book, and I am very much obliged to you for the handsome check sent so much in advance of the ordinary time of payment."

[From a note from Mr. W. R. Dean to his friend Arthur Fread.]

"I have just finished your book, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' It is a most capital story. My daughter has seized on it, and I have no doubt that she will sit up the greater part of the night to finish it. I knew it to be yours before I had read twenty pages. No one but the author of 'Calderon's Mount' could have written it. It ought to make your fortune, and I sincerely hope it will."

[From Mr. Fread to Mr. Dean.]

"What an astute fellow you are to find out so soon that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.' What shall I do with the fortune that it is going to bring me? Will you join me in buying a silver mine in New Mexico? Or do you think it will be better to purchase a pretty place near the city, where Mrs. Fread and I can settle down in ease and comfort?"

[From Miss Nellie Ford to her uncle.]

"Why, in the name of common sense, dear Uncle Fred, didn't you put your name to 'The Lion and the Lamb?' Everybody is reading it, and everybody is just wild over it. Of course, I knew you wrote it as soon as I got to Aunt Margery. I just screamed when she began her conversation with the lay-reader. It was almost word for word as we heard it. If there are to be any new editions, and there must be lots of them, please have your name put to it."

[To Miss Nellie Ford, from her Uncle Fred.]

"MY DEAR NELLIE: There are reasons, and very weighty ones, why I do not wish to announce myself as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and you need not, therefore, expect to see my name on any future editions of the book. But I promise you one thing—whatever money I get from it I will divide with you."

[From Miss Nellie Ford to Miss Virginia Webb, Vice-President of the Rockford Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"DEAR JENNIE: What do you think? Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but he has reasons why he does not wish to announce himself as the author. I tell this to you because you like the book so much, and I am dreadfully proud that my uncle wrote it. But you must not say a word of it to anybody. He promised

to divide the profits with me, but he was precious careful not to say he would give me half. I expect I shall get about the one ten-thousandth part, which will buy me several pairs of gloves, if the book sells, as it certainly must. Uncle Fred could not afford to do more than that, for he needs all the money he can get."

[Extract from private conversations held by Miss Virginia Webb with each member of the Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"Nellie Ford's Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[From a note from Miss Harriet Crenshaw, of New Upton, to Mrs. Dr. Brown, in the same village.]

"So you told the ladies of the Sewing Society, when my name was mentioned in connection with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' that I could not possibly have written the book. I suppose you have devoted so much time to the reading and study of my serial stories, and shorter tales, that you are perfectly acquainted with my style, and can, therefore, decide whether or not this or that book, published anonymously, is mine. Perhaps you think I cannot write well enough to be the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' But there will come a day, Mrs. Brown, when you will be sorry that you rendered yourself so conspicuous by making the statements you have made."

[A remark by Mrs. Dr. Brown to Mrs. French, the minister's wife.]

"I suspect Harriet Crenshaw did write 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but I'm not going to let her know that I think so, for she is stuck up enough already."

[From Mr. Sparrow, the publisher, to Mr. Henderson Lloyd.]

"I now think it will be well carefully to preserve the secret of the authorship of your book. There is a general impression that Talbot wrote it, and that is helping the sale immensely."

[Remark of Mr. Lloyd on reading the above.]

"Confound Talbot!"

[From a conversation between Mr. Lloyd and a friend at the Folio Club.]

FRIEND.—"Look here, Lloyd, how is it that you can afford to put on the style that you've been showing lately, actually driving out of town with your own horse? Why, I've been pegging away for twenty years, and haven't been able to keep a horse yet. Have you been making any fortunate literary ventures?"

MR. LLOYD.—(Clapping his friend on the shoulder.) "Don't you know, old boy, that there are other ways of making money, and better ways, too, than by literary ventures? I admit that I have been engaged in a speculation, or something which resembles a speculation, which has turned out very well."

[A remark made by a member of the Folio Club to several other members in the smoking-room.]

"Have you heard about Lloyd, the fellow who writes for the magazines? He is gambling, and going to the dogs as fast as he can."

[Statement made by the wife of the minister of New Upton to various members of her husband's congregation.]

"Harriet Crenshaw wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Letter from a leading novelist, published in a morning paper.]

MR. EDITOR — Dear Sir: I beg you will do me the favor to allow me to state in your columns, over my signature, that I am not the author of the recently published novel, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' The respect which I deem is due from myself to my own work will not allow me to withhold my name from anything I may write for publication.

B. WILLIAM TALBOT.

[Part of a conversation held by several leading literary men at the Folio Club.]

ONE LITERARY MAN. — "What do you think of Talbot's letter in 'The Trident?'"

ANOTHER LITERARY MAN. — "It is as plain as daylight that he believes his name to be of as much advantage to his books as anything else that is printed on their pages."

THIRD SPEAKER. — "Well, then, should we not let the public see that we have the same feeling?"

THE REST. — "Most assuredly."

THIRD SPEAKER (*continuing*). — "There is no knowing how far our names have been associated with this book, and should we not, like Talbot, deny the authorship of it?"

THE OTHERS. — "We should, and we will."

[Thereupon each one writes a note to a public journal, and, in the course of a few days, all the denials appear.]

[The substance of long letters received from half a dozen ladies of acknowledged literary reputation by the literary editor of a metropolitan paper.]

"Please state somewhere in your department that I did not write 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I do not wish it supposed that I am obliged to resort to the subterfuge of anonymousness to obtain readers for my books."

[A widely published letter from Belle Virginia Huck, of Minnesota.]

"I wish to declare to the people of America, and to the whole world, that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and that any other person pretending to have written it is an outrageous liar, and states what is not the case. I began the story when I was a young girl, in August, 1879, and the work was cut short, one month afterward, by my marriage with Colonel Binder. When that was all over I went to work again with the book, which is a record of my own heart-throbs and tears of despair as well as happier moments. I am now going to write another book, which I think will be even better than the first one."

[Extract from a note of an ex-editor, now traveling in the far East.]

"I have seen with much surprise a letter in an American newspaper from a Miss Huck, in which she states that she is the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' This is a falsehood, or an hallucination. I wrote the book the year before I came out here. It is founded upon facts connected with my boyhood and

youth. Several of my friends in America, to whom I have read portions of the manuscript, will substantiate this statement."

[Soliloquy of Mr. Henderson Lloyd, when he has read the published denials of contemporary authors.]

"Confound it! I believe I am the only prominent novelist, male or female, who has not denied the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' Who could have expected that they would act in this unhandsome way. There isn't one of them who might not be proud to have the credit of it. But I am bound to keep up the incognito, and it won't do for me to be left standing alone. I, also, will deny it."

[He writes to the editor of "The Trident."]

"Please include my name among those of the persons who have declined to allow themselves to be connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Portion of an entry in the diary of Miss Harriet Crenshaw.]

"I am sure I never had so much cause for feeling ashamed of myself as I have now. Without any fault of my own, so far as I can see, the authorship of a book which I never wrote has been attributed to me, and actuated partly by a feeling of pique, and partly, I am afraid, by vanity, I have allowed compliments upon the book to be paid to me. I did not say I wrote it, but I acted very much as a person would who had written it. These compliments are increasing every day, and I am now actually ashamed to admit that I am not the author. Of course, the truth will come out some time, and then how shall I feel? I ought to assert positively the truth; but, although this would have been easy to do at first, it would be very difficult now, and I fear I have not the courage for it. I never felt so dreadful in my life."

[From a letter from Mr. Sparrow to a brother publisher, retired from business, and now resident in Germany.]

"Last night I had a very novel and interesting experience. I gave an evening reception, and my guests were, all of them, men and women in the literary line whose names have been connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' a copy of which I mailed to you, and which has proved a fortunate venture for me. There has been great curiosity to know who wrote the book, and it has been attributed to nearly every person who is supposed capable of writing it. The real author keeps extremely shady, and has, indeed, publicly denied any connection with it. Some prominent writers have declined to have the authorship of the book fastened upon them, and a good many others, not so prominent, have been anxious for the honor. My little joke was to introduce each guest to the others as the author of the book; and the result was very funny, some denying it as if it were a crime, others accepting the honor in the most barefaced way, while the majority resorted to the dodge of appearing to tell a falsehood without actually doing so. On the whole, the lyn' was most lambentable. (Excuse me for spelling out the pun, but I know you like all labor-saving processes.) How they did pitch into me when they had a chance to do so! It was the jolliest evening I have had for a long time."

[Result of the above entertainment on the public mind.]

After the matter had been pretty generally talked about in literary circles, it came to be believed by nearly every one, excepting Mr. Henderson Lloyd, that Mr. Sparrow himself was the author of the book, and therefore that worthy publisher not only received the greater part of the profit, but all the credit of the work.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

**Chacun à Son Goût.**

WHEN Strephon sees a blushing cheek  
In sweet conceits his soul doth speak;  
And with a soft esthetic sigh  
He would he were a butterfly.

Perchance with less poetic grace,  
I, bending o'er a blushing face  
Coily concealed behind a fan,  
Am quite content to be a man.

*Walter Learned.*

**Just a Love-Letter.**

“ ‘Miss Blank—at Blank.’ Jemima, let it go!”

*—Dobson.*

NEW YORK, July 20, 1883.

DEAR GIRL:

The town goes on as though  
It thought you still were in it;  
The gilded cage seems scarce to know  
That it has lost its linnet.  
The people come, the people pass;  
The clock keeps on a-ticking;  
And through the basement plots of grass  
Persistent weeds are pricking.

I thought 'twould never come—the Spring—  
Since you had left the city;  
But on the snow-drifts lingering  
At last the skies took pity.  
Then Summer's yellow warmed the sun,  
Daily decreasing distance—  
I really don't know how 'twas done  
Without your kind assistance.

Aunt Van, of course, still holds the fort:  
I've paid the call of duty;  
She gave me one small glass of port—  
'Twas '34 and fruity.  
The furniture was draped in gloom  
Of linen brown and wrinkled;  
I smelt in spots about the room  
The pungent camphor sprinkled.

I sat upon the sofa where  
You sat and dropped your thimble—  
You know—you said you didn't care;  
But I was nobly nimble.  
On hands and knees I dropped, and tried  
To—well, I tried to miss it:

You slipped your hand down by your side—  
You knew I meant to kiss it!

Aunt Van, I fear we put to shame  
Propriety and precision;  
But, praised be Love, that kiss just came  
Beyond your line of vision.  
Dear maiden aunt! the kiss, more sweet  
Because 'tis surreptitious,  
You never stretched a hand to meet,  
So dimpled, dear, delicious.

I sought the Park last Saturday;  
I found the Drive deserted;  
The water-trough beside the way  
Sad and superfluous spouted.  
I stood where Humboldt guards the gate,  
Bronze, bumptious, stained, and streaky—  
There sat a sparrow on his pate,  
A sparrow chirp and cheeky.

Ten months ago! Ten months ago!—  
It seems a happy second,  
Against a life-time lone and slow,  
By Love's wild time-piece reckoned—  
You smiled, by Aunt's protecting side,  
Where thick the drags were massing,  
On one young man who didn't ride,  
But stood and watched you passing.

I haunt Purssell's—to his amaze—  
Not that I care to eat there,  
But for the dear clandestine days  
When we two had to meet there.  
Oh, blessed is that baker's bake,  
Past cavil and past question:  
I ate a bun for your sweet sake,  
And memory helped digestion.

The Norths are at their Newport ranch;  
Van Brunt has gone to Venice;  
Loomis invites me to the Branch,  
And lures me with lawn tennis.  
O bustling barracks by the sea!  
O spiles, canals, and islands!  
Your varied charms are naught to me—  
My heart is in the Highlands!

My paper trembles in the breeze  
That all too faintly flutters  
Among the dusty city trees,  
And through my half-closed shutters:  
A northern captive in the town,  
Its native vigor deadened,  
I hope that, as it wandered down,  
Your dear pale cheek it reddened.

I'll write no more! A *vis-à-vis*  
In halcyon vacation  
Will sure afford a much more free  
Mode of communication.  
I'm tantalized and cribbed and checked  
In making love by letter:  
I know a style more brief, direct—  
And generally better!

*H. C. Bunner.*