

dark lake; black waters heaped themselves one upon another, ever deeper and further, and there—so far away that the eyes of the old man could scarce descry it—a white water-lily lay floating solitary among the broad leaves. The door opened, and a bright light shot athwart the room. 'It is a good thing, Bridget, that you came,' said the old man. 'Just put the lamp down.' Then he pulled his chair to the table, and taking one of the books which lay open, became absorbed in the studies to which he had once devoted the strength of his youth.'

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MR. ALBERT BARKAS, the librarian of the Richmond Public Library, Surrey, has in his possession two interesting memorials of Victor Hugo and his family in exile. One of these is a photographic album—compiled by the famous Frenchman's friend, Charles Asplet—which contains the portraits of the author of *Les Miserables*, of Madame Hugo, and of their two sons, Victor and Charlie, as well as those of several friends and fellow proscrits, such as General Le Flos, C. Barbier, Claude Durand, August Vacquerie, and Paul Meurice, the autographs of all the members of the circle being attached to the portraits. There are also two pictures of the Jersey house in which the family lived. One page bears the signature of Victor Hugo, Madame Hugo, and the other members of the company who were present at the farewell dinner given by M. Asplet on October 28th, 1855.

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MRS. L. B. WALFORD's story, *One of Ourselves*, is published in Longman's Colonial Library, and is forwarded by Messrs. Upton and Co., of Auckland. A short time ago I spoke in praise of *Sir Patrick: the Puddock*, the work preceding the book under notice. Mrs. Walford's newest story also deserves the highest

acknowledgment. It has a cleverly-constructed plot, the usual charming feminine characters, and plenty of good dialogue. The clever authoress has this time limned a despicable creature as her chief villain, but the character of Billy Farrell is well drawn. The three principal girls in the book use much of the latest slang in the early part of the story, but they develop into downright good women as time wears on, and after Bet—the heroine—has found Billy to be clay, and bad clay, too, from head to foot. The story of Bet's disillusionment is not the pleasantest reading possible, but Mrs. Walford is remorseless in her picture of the middle-class banker who robs and ruins an old-established business, and who, having a wife already, would elope with a loving and confiding girl with the shadow of his lesser crime falling heavily upon him. This book is not likely to attain the popularity of some of Mrs. Walford's earlier novels, but at the same time it is very clever piece of work.

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THE following is Conan Doyle's account of how he came to originate Sherlock Holmes:—“At the time I first thought of a detective—it was about 1886—I had been reading some detective stories, and it struck me what nonsense they were, because forgetting the solution of the mystery the authors always depended on some coincidence. This struck me as not a fair way of playing the game, because the detective ought really to depend for his success on something in his own mind, and not on merely adventitious circumstances, which do not by any means always occur in real life. For fun, therefore, I started constructing a story, and giving my detective a scientific system, so as to make him reason everything out. Intellectually that had been done before by Edgar Allan Poe with M Dupin, but where Holmes differed from Dupin was that he had an immense fund of exact knowledge to draw upon in