



THE great historical series which Francis Parkman began more than a third of a century ago, and which he has carried forward with a combination of patient research and literary finish which has charmed alike the student and the general reader, has just been completed by the publication of two volumes entitled "A Half Century of Conflict," the period treated being that which preceded Wolfe's victory over Montcalm at Quebec. The great majority of Americans have received their impressions of their national history from school text-books, almost all of which convey the idea that Great Britain was the power which the colonies had most to dread, the truth being that France was even more determined than England to make herself mistress of America, and that French endeavors in this direction were far more persistent than those of our mother country. Why France failed, may be learned from the many volumes which Mr. Parkman has written, and whoever begins the series will not fail to finish it, for to the accuracy and philosophical impulse of the historian, the author adds the graces of the romancer, making plain to every one the discordant elements of a system which, nevertheless, made places for many of the most interesting characters who ever trod American soil. How great was France and how small was England in North America a few years before the Revolution is known to very few, aside from close students of our national history. It would be hard to overpraise Mr. Parkman's series, either for its thoroughness, its accuracy, or for its ability to command the attention of anyone who opens a volume even at random. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

THE DOWNFALL (Le Debacle). By Emile Zola. This is a grand story—one which will be treasured and re-read long after the many unclean books which the same author has written have rotted in the gutters from which their inspiration came. "The Downfall" is much besides an exciting and powerful tale of war and a study of typical French characters; it is a history, by implication, of the downfall of Napoleon III and of imperial government in France. The patriotism, self-satisfaction and military pride of a great people are here set forth in the

words and acts of Frenchmen of all classes, and in so leisurely a manner is the story told that he who reads it becomes acquainted, apparently, with all France. He comes to see the Emperor, too—not familiarly, but quite as closely as kings ever are seen except by their familiars and families. The scenes are more of the camp than of the battle-field; there are two or three horrible pictures of carnage and suffering, but, on the other hand, there is none of the disgusting stuff which the author has in other books compelled his readers to wade through. There is gradually impressed upon all who read this story a fact which historians too frequently lose sight of; it is that the downfall of a government does not imply the ruin of a nation. That the Empire died, and deserved to die, is no more distinctly shown by M. Zola than that France survived—poorer, it is true, by many thousands of lives and many millions in money, yet with all the patriotism and affection of her people unimpaired. (Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

No other book which has been written about the country in which England's greatest bard was born and reared deserves for a moment to be compared with "The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare," by James Leon Williams. Everything in and about Stratford-on-Avon is as carefully and affectionately described as if it were part of Shakespeare's self—as indeed it seems to be. Fortunately for author and reader, grim-visaged trade has not yet reared its horrid front over the scenes which Shakespeare knew and in which he found many inspirations; the country is still agricultural, and inhabited by people as simple as those whom the embryo poet knew; the courses of the streams have not been turned, and hundreds of the old houses and other landmarks still remain. The value of the book is wonderfully enhanced by a great number and variety of illustrations; when completed it will contain about fifty large photogravures of high quality, each from a plate taken by the author, about a score of fac-similes of water color sketches by noted artists, and hundreds of "half-tone" pictures, also from the author's camera. The parts already published show the scope and quality of the work, and they will impel every admirer of Shakespeare to secure

the work as a treasure which, of its kind, is incomparable. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

To her admirable series of translations of Balzac's novels, Miss Catherine Wormeley has just added a volume containing "Pierette" and "The Vicar of Tours." Both are short stories, compared with the novels by which their author is best known, but they are none the less readable, for they contain some of Balzac's most suggestive reflections, as well as some studies so acute as to seem almost vivisections. It would be almost impossible to praise too highly this series of books, which is the first to properly introduce the greatest French novelist to American readers. No writer has been more misunderstood, by people not of his own nationality, than Balzac; whatever differences of opinion there may be about his personal character, and however unattractive certain classes of French men and women may be to the inhabitants of a land where the conditions of life are different from ours, there can be no doubt as to the honesty of the author's literary conscience. Balzac's novels are not Sunday School books, yet any intelligent person who is also right-minded can read them with benefit as well as interest. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

THE NAULAHKA: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Walcott Balestier. This book is as much superior to the "Light That Failed," Kipling's only complete novel, as that book was inferior to almost any of the author's short stories. How much of the credit for the improvement belongs to Mr. Kipling and how much should be credited to the lamented Balestier, will probably never be known, but enough of the contents are so distinctly Kipling's own as to justify the belief that the young Indo-Englishman will yet become a great novelist. The hero of the tale is a wide-awake young American from the far west; he has no conscience to speak of, but his enterprise will recall some thousands of other young men exactly like him, who have attempted to boom unpromising localities on the border. The heroine is also an American—a girl who thinks she has a mission and who fails in everything she attempts, succeeding only in getting a husband whom she endeavors to avoid. Apparently both of these characters are Balestier's instead of Kipling's; anyone who has read Mr. Balestier's recent collection of stories entitled "An Average Woman" will recognize both characters in the "Naulahka" as Balestier's own. As, however, almost all the scenes are laid in India, Kipling quickly finds himself at home and takes command. An opium-sodden Indian Rajah and a gypsy woman who is one of his wives, with the Rajah's son by a different wife, are the secondary characters and they soon become as interesting as the hero and heroine. Although the book is long, the reader's interest is never allowed to flag; strange and unexpected scenes succeed one another with great rapidity, and a number of touching incidents, as well as striking ones, are vividly described. One of the best

things in the book is a chapter in which the heroine is convinced, by conversation with two Indian women, that it is utterly useless for an American woman to try to do missionary work among the Hindoos unless she herself is a wife and a mother. "The Naulahka" will bear re-reading a great many times. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. It has been rumored that Mr. Stevenson's pen lost some of its cunning while it was under the enervating influences of the atmospheric and other influences of Samoa, but if this be true "The Wrecker" must have been written before the author tried to hide himself away on the South Sea Island. In one respect the story is imperfect; the beginning has no proper connection with the end, yet the first few chapters, in which the relator's own life is described, are too good to be lost even if they have no proper bearing on the remainder of the tale. Nearly all of the characters are Americans and very odd ones, although typical enough; the book will make our own people acquainted with some national types which have not heretofore been sufficiently exploited. The charm of the unexpected is visible in every chapter of this story. An interesting fellow of the Col. Sellers variety purchases at auction in San Francisco a wreck which is on a reef many thousands of miles distant, and he buys it only because some one else is bidding very high on it. His partner goes out to find the wreck and get the supposed treasure of some sort that may be upon it, but he doesn't find any; the trip, though, is interesting in all its phases and the reader will follow the record with breathless interest. Whatever comes to us in the way of stories from the Pacific coast shows us a lot of people and possibilities which to the mass of inhabitants of the United States are delightful through their oddity, and Mr. Stevenson has worked this vein skillfully from first to last. In spite of the general supposition that the majority of novel readers in the United States are young women, the fact remains that a great many thousand men read stories and long for something beside mere love-tales. Here is just the book they are looking for; it is manly throughout and all of the characters who will retain attention are men. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

FAR FROM TO-DAY. By Gertrude Hall. Here is a collection of six tales which remind one of William Morris through their antique characters and situations, but the resemblance ceases right there, for each story has a high moral tone and a strong application at the end. There are so few people who can artistically write tales which have a moral purpose that this collection should become notable and highly valued. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

NURSES AND NURSING. By Lisbeth E. Price. Ever since the medical and surgical arts passed from the hands of charlatans into those of intelligent men, physicians have urged upon pa-

tients the necessity for good nursing, yet in spite of all that has been said on the subject there seems to be scarcely one family in a hundred which is competent to care for its ailing members. Within a few years training schools have graduated a number of competent nurses, one of whom is the author of the volume above named. What she has written is entirely practical and utterly devoid of "isms" or notions of any sort; the author received her training under skilled physicians and all that she advises is the result of their teachings and her own experience. The book is large, yet none too large, for it contains minute directions as to how to care for all sorts of cases, from those which require merely the watchful attention of a sympathetic person to the more serious ailments which demand experience, judgment and skillful manipulation. It is a good text-book for men and women who cannot study nursing under special direction, and it is full of invaluable suggestions and information for individuals who have the determination as well as the desire to care for the sick of their own families. (Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Penn.)

THE NEW HARRY AND LUCY: A Story of Boston in 1891. By Edward Everett Hale and Lucretia P. Hale. Harry and Lucy, two young people with the names that gave the title to one of Miss Edgeworth's famous tales, spend a lot of time at the Hub of the Universe and tell in a series of letters or chapters just what they did and what they saw. Young people who wish to know something about Boston as it is and as it would appear to persons of their own age, will find this book interesting and so will some of their elders. In spite of all the guide books, special histories of cities, and everything of that kind, a great many questions regarding the points of interest in the older and greater towns of the United States remain unanswered until something of this sort appears, which leads the reader along so innocently and naturally that he learns a great deal before he suspects that the book he is reading is of a serious and educational character. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

MRS. KEATS BRADFORD. By Maria Louise Pool. Mrs. Bradford is the same woman who was the heroine of "Roweny in Boston," where she appeared as a very clever country girl with a rage for art. She was quite attractive, too, largely because she was naturally superior to a great number of common people by whom she was surrounded. As a married woman, however, she is less interesting, partly because she is doubly married—wedded to her husband and also to her art, the first of which has the first place in her mind and affection. Like a great many young women who take to some form of art, she has little mind and heart, through which natural disabilities she brings herself occasionally to grief, besides making a great deal of trouble for her husband and such other members of her family as retain interest in her in spite of her lack of any practical regard for them. Between the character and the

story, however, there is a wide difference, for while Mrs. Bradford has become extremely exasperating the author continues to write most amusingly and charmingly. To fully appreciate "Mrs. Keats Bradford," the reader should first be sure to become acquainted with Roweny through the earlier book. Together, these two volumes, beside pleasing every one who will read them, should do the world a great service if they fall into the hands of imaginative young women who think they have a divine call to some department of art, and that such a call is sufficient excuse for most appalling selfishness and heartlessness. The book might also save a great deal of trouble to estimable young men as a warning that it is never well to fall in love with a young woman who imagines herself wedded to art. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

EXPERIENCES OF A LADY HELP. By John Strange Winter. A story by this author which does not have its scenes laid at some military post, with a handsome young officer for hero, is an oddity; consequently the title of the new book will in itself seem strange to any of the author's admirers. The "experiences" will be declared, collectively, material for a very good story, for the author knows women quite as well as she knows military men, and apparently the ability to cut loose from her old literary entanglements has enabled her to tell the story of one woman's romance with special attractiveness. (Hovendon Book Company, New York.)

IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. By S. Baring-Gould. Almost anything from the pen of this author may be depended upon to be grand, gloomy and peculiar—particularly the latter. In "The Roar of the Sea" are a lot of strange characters, worked together skillfully. The story is all the stranger to anyone who remembers that the author is an English clergyman and the writer of a very popular religious song which begins with the words "Onward, Christian Soldiers." (United States Book Company, New York.)

THE GOLDEN CALF. By H. H. Boyesen. A year or two ago Mr. Boyesen complained in print that few authors had any encouragement to write as strongly as they might; apparently he has been experimenting to see whether he might not be wrong. Whatever the reason, no one can say that he has not made a very strong story. The hero is a young man from the country, a fellow with a great deal of brains and character, who goes to the city to make his fortune, leaving behind him a very sweet little girl, whose German father, a man of many sentiments and ideas, has been the principal instrument in the education of the young man. The hero soon finds that to be in New York the sort of man he would like to be, will require the use of a great deal of money, so he sits down timidly, then resolutely, then apathetically upon his own conscience and succeeds gloriously according to New York commercial estimates. He loses his own soul, but he gains the whole world, or as much as he has any use

for, and, after all, this was what he was looking for. The author has portrayed with remarkable success a prominent man of a certain class—the successful business man who desires to go into politics, and who, in spite of a great deal of force and also a heart naturally warm, becomes at last a mere time-server; to others he seems a highly successful man, while to himself he is a lamentable failure. The results of a great deal of acute and intelligent observation are recorded in this story; it is a good book to put into the hands of impatient and ambitious young men, for there is in it a lesson which they can scarcely fail to learn; besides this it will be interesting to all, for any large town, and certainly every county in the United States, contains men very much like the hero—men of whom everyone expects a great deal and by whom all are disappointed. It is one of the few strong novels which would be entirely in place in Sunday School libraries everywhere. (Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Penn.)

VESTY OF THE BASINS. By Sarah Pratt McLane Greene. The best book of its kind that has appeared this year. The author's name will be recognized by thousands as that of the young woman who wrote "Cape Cod Folks" a few years ago and got into some trouble by being too true to life, while using the actual names of living people. The present story is quite as veritable, so far as certain types of New England character are concerned; it also is devoid of certain unpleasing features which mark the earlier book. There may be people in Yankee-land who will declare that the character sketches are caricatures, but they are not to be believed; just such "originals" are to be found in hundreds of out-of-the-way towns all along the New England coast, and the author, while bringing all their peculiarities to view in a humorous manner is also sympathetic, and carries a touching little story through her entire recital. It is a book over which anyone can laugh, although portions of it will moisten the eyes of warm-hearted readers. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

POEMS BY THE WAY. By William Morris. In this volume are a number of translations from the Scandinavian dialects, all of the subjects seemingly selected according to the translator's most notable weakness, which is hopelessness. Such of the verse as is entirely original bears a strong family likeness to the poems in the author's "Earthly Paradise," where almost anything led the reader gradually but surely toward a pair of warm, clinging lovers who generally came to grief thereafter through lack of the continuity which lovers of the Morris type are strongly marked by. The book contains one poem—"Hope Dieth; Love Liveth"—which seems to fully reflect Mr. Morris' mental condition, although the love that lives, if as he describes it, should sufficiently explain why hope is dead. There are some quaint conceits of typography in this volume which would seem to be Mr. Morris' own, and most of them are pleasing. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY. By James Lane Allen. This is a description, in detail and without exaggeration, of the true "garden spot" of America. The famous Blue Grass Country with its beautiful women, fast horses and seductive whiskey, has been talked of for a hundred years, yet those who visit it come away with sentiments akin to those of the Queen of Sheba after she had visited Solomon. Professor Allen knows this country well and he describes it and its inhabitants in a manner entirely original and quite delightful. After going through his pages, no reader will wonder why the inhabitants of the Blue Grass Region seem invariably to be the happiest and most thoroughly satisfied people in the world. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA. By W. H. Hudson. This is one of the books which, could it be widely read, would add thousands to the already large number of students of various departments of natural history. Mr. Hudson is a South American by birth, although of English extraction. He has roamed over the plains, along the rivers and through the forest, kept his eyes and ears open and his wits industriously at work, and the consequence is a series of chapters which to certain classes of readers will be quite as interesting as any novel ever written, for Mr. Hudson is artist and poet as well as naturalist, and his book contains many pictures beside those made by the engraver. He tells us about the animals, birds, plants and insects of the great continent to the south of us, but his manner is not that of the teachers of natural science. No special arrangement of topics is followed, the chapters being practically unconnected essays on special topics. The student who remains within the formal boundary lines of classification will not find much in this book to interest him, but anyone who looks closely about him while rambling in the fields and forests will find the author a congenial and delightful companion and will be led into many new trains of thought which are none the worse because they do not conform to one or other special system. (Chapman & Hall, London.)

HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE. By C. de Hurst. Although everywhere west of the Allegheny Mountains women ride horseback almost as much as men, this form of out-door diversion has only recently become popular in the more thickly settled portions of the Eastern States. All girls who can afford saddle-horses now want to ride, and the demand for teachers is greater than can be supplied, so books are necessary to make good the deficiency. The book above-mentioned is one of the very best of its kind. It is not verbose, yet it answers almost every question which the tyro may ask, and its directions are sensible as well as simple. No one who follows the author's instructions closely can fail to become a good rider. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

TOLD IN THE GATE. By Arlo Bates. This is a collection of eight narrative poems, all of

which have highly dramatic Asiatic characters. The author is popularly classed among the younger American poets, but he shows more encouraging signs of retained power of narration than many of the older ones, and he has also the happy faculty of taking the reader with him into an entirely new atmosphere and keeping him there as long as the narrative continues. "Told in the Gate" will be longer remembered than many of the published collections of occasional verses by poets who are more famous. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

THE FUNNIEST book of the season is "The Bull Calf and Other Tales" by A. B. Frost. The text is very short—probably not more than a hundred lines, and even much of that is unnecessary, for the special attraction is the pictures, a large one on each page, and these tell their own story. Almost everybody has seen some of Mr. Frost's pictures and knows what a human expression he can put upon the faces of animals; in "The Bull Calf" are a number of his most prominent successes in this respect. This book should be far quicker and more successful than a doctor in curing an attack of mental dullness, and it won't cost more than half as much as a physician. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

FAITH. By Armando Palicio Valdes. Is a story of a young and able Spanish priest who falls into love and advanced thought, both of which upset his mind considerably for a time, although he finally got back to the rock upon which he supposed his feet had been founded. The purpose of the book is religious rather than denominational and the troubles of the hero are so like those of thousands of ministers in all countries and in all classes of society that the story has a peculiar interest and value. It is admirably told, the author being one of the ablest of Spanish romancers. (Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

APPLEDORE FARM. By Catherine S. Macquoid. This able novelist tells of the struggles of a young wife who mistakes admiration for love, and fears that her heart is straying away from her husband. Her miseries are well described through several hundred pages with a happy relief at the end. It isn't a bad book for women who mean no harm, yet allow their imaginations to run away with them at times. (National Book Company, New York.)

THE VENETIANS. By M. E. Braddon. This story will take rank with the best novels that Miss Braddon has written. It has strong characters and a very strong plot, which is ably handled. A number of the scenes are in Italy, but some of the more interesting characters are English and the contrast of national peculiarities between them and such Italians as appear is skillfully displayed. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A DAUGHTER'S HEART. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, tells of an English mother who made

a match for one of her daughters, the man selected being the only one whom the other daughter would or could love. The plot is old, but the treatment is new and pleasing. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

THE MATE OF THE VANCOUVER. By Morley Roberts. This story, which is quite exciting, begins at sea and ends ashore. The hero is a fine fellow who loves a sweet girl, but unfortunately his superior officer's wife falls in love with him and becomes a large obstruction in the course of true love. Anyone who wishes to keep from falling asleep will get a great deal of assistance from this tale, which is not long. (Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

MANHATTAN, HISTORIC AND ARTISTIC. By Carolyn Faville Ober and Cynthia M. Westover, is one of the shortest, neatest and most readable guides to the portion of the metropolis which intelligent strangers wish most to see. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.)

DON FINIMONDONE is a collection of Calabrian sketches by Elizabeth Cavazza, an American woman who married an Italian and has seen enough of her husband's country and people to tell her tales as an Italian would tell them—a faculty which makes any foreign book doubly charming to the reader. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.)

MARRIAGE AND DISEASE. By Dr. S. A. K. Strahan, of England, is a thoughtful treatise on a subject which ranks next in importance to self-preservation, of which it is a part. Something which is called love, with something which safely may be called selfishness, combine to form the stock-in-trade of the average lover; the author sounds a note of warning by showing, from the standpoint of the physiologist and student of heredity, what sins are committed by innumerable couples who think only of themselves when they marry. It is a book which should be forced into the hands of all young men and women; it may indefinitely postpone a great many marriages, but the world will be the less unfortunate on that account. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

CITY FESTIVALS. By Will Carleton. The author of this volume has the proud distinction of being more read than almost all of the other American poets combined. The reason seems to be that, while writing, he thinks more of readers than of critics. He can write genuine poetry and sometimes does, but his principal concern seems to be to bring the sentiment of his verses within the comprehension of the greatest possible number of readers. "City Festivals" is on the level of the author's "Farm Ballads," and exhibits about as many alternations of prose and poetry, although all of the prose is rhymed. It also contains much sentiment of high value which other poets have missed. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

PRATT PORTRAITS. By Anna Fuller. Any

wide-awake person who came from the country or has ever lived there should heartily enjoy this book, for it is "true to the life" regarding many men and women who may be found in almost any village, and abounds in smart "hits," humor and pathos. Some people may call it old-fashioned, but this will mean merely that such persons are out of touch with much the larger portion of the American people. Such books offer pleasing and beneficial relief to all who have restricted themselves for a time to novels in which the characters conform to approved city patterns. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A LITTLE NORSEK. By Hamlin Garland. Mr. Garland is at present the most persistent and faithful of writers on the people and life of our Great West. His stories read like true histories of families, as perhaps they are. The "little Norsek" enters the book as a baby who was found beside its dead-frozen mother by a young farmer who, aided by his middle-aged partner,—there were no women in the family,—comforted the child, adopted her, and gave her a happy home. As the heroine became a woman, both men suspected themselves in love with her, but she suddenly made an unfortunate marriage which brought misery to all concerned. Although there is little imagination in the book, there is a lot of romance for those who do their own imagining. The sketches of life on and near a new prairie home are photographic in their fidelity. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

ANOTHER of Mr. Garland's new Western stories is "Jason Edwards." Jason is an industrious New England mechanic who wearies of small wages and cramped quarters, so he goes West to grow up with the country. He takes a farm, apparently on the universal American supposition that no special knowledge or training is necessary to the man who would be a successful farmer. One of his daughters is loved by a Boston newspaper man, who goes West to see her, and is the medium of a number of interesting disclosures of the methods of Western "boomers." Fun and misery alternate in the story, and the movement is rapid. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.)

THE ONE GOOD GUEST. By L. B. Walford, is one of the pleasing tales which always may be expected from Mrs. Walford, whom many thousands of readers remember as the author of "The Baby's Grandmother," "Mr. Smith," and other attractive stories in which the characters are nobody in particular, yet become interesting through the skill of the author. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

JOHN R. MUSICK, who published last season an interesting novel with Christopher Columbus as hero, and used many historical facts and traditions with good effect, has just issued "Estevan," a story of the same kind, his purpose being to make a series of historical novels on the earliest period of American dis-

coveries. Both books are interesting and fairly illustrated, and should please the youth of America as well as many of the older people. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

MUCH the best series of American humorous tales is that which is being extracted from the back numbers of *Puck*. The most recent issues are "Half-Tone Tales," by C. H. Augur, "Hypnotic Tales," by James L. Ford, and "Mavericks," by different authors. They have the special merits of being funny and unlike any other funny books, and of being capitally illustrated and handsomely printed. They are good things to send to a friend with the blues. (Keppler & Schwartzmann, New York.)

THE MAGIC INK. By William Black. This is a collection of three short stories, although either of them is almost long enough to make a novel of the customary modern size. All are good and some readers will think that Mr. Black is at his best when he is not filling a large volume with a single plot. The book is uniform with the other volumes of the new series of Mr. Black's novels, which Harper & Brothers have recently brought out.

A CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. H. von Holst. With a volume on the political events of the two years preceding the inauguration of President Lincoln, Dr. von Holst closes a remarkable and invaluable history of the political development of the United States. The entire work, which is in seven volumes, cannot well be compared with any other, for there are none with which to compare it; the nearest approach to it is Curtis' "History of the Constitution," to which von Holst's work is superior, not only through its greater length, but by its unpartisan character. The author is a German student of history and of governments; he cares not at all how his conclusions may reflect upon one or other party or leader; his only purpose is to trace the course of constitutional government in a land toward which for a century the eyes of hopeful and thoughtful Europeans have been anxiously turned. It is next to impossible for an American to write history without political bias; it is very fortunate and gratifying, therefore, that a foreigner of high qualifications has had the impulse to begin and complete it. The earlier volumes of the series have been so long before the public that their merits are well known; the newest, which has just appeared, will be the cause of some lively controversy, for, necessarily, it confines itself to the differences of opinion which still exist as to the responsibility of the two sections for the Civil War. The entire work should be read by every American who has the desire or need to clearly understand the growth and power of the government under which he lives. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago.)

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS. Although published anonymously, this book, which is in two large volumes, is generally attributed to Sir

Richard Wallace, an Englishman who spent most of his life at the French capital, and had the *entree* of the best society. The record begins with the time of Louis Phillippe, and continues to the downfall of the Empire of Napoleon III. The contents consist almost entirely of what one generation calls gossip and which later ages raise to the dignity of history. The book is not inspiring, no matter whether the reader may be Monarchist, Imperialist or Republican, although the fault is with such French people as the author saw. It is easily possible to be so near the seat of power of a nation as to be unable to see the people, and the author occupied such a position; France to him is merely the men—and women, who pull the strings which move the puppets, yet as in this case the puppets made, unmade and remade France, so far as the deeds of individuals can be said to have affected the state, the book is of necessity extremely interesting in parts, and never dull. It would seem inevitable that some day a true republican—a man who can see the current of popular opinion which ran side by side with that of dynastic feeling, will write intelligently of the recent transformation of France, but until then "An Englishman in Paris" will hold a prominent place in the esteem of students of modern French history. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS. By F. Anstey. The very entertaining author of "Vice Versa" seldom repeats himself, so whenever anything new appears over his signature there is a quick demand for it by a large and appreciative class which demands something original and knows from whom to expect it. The "travelling companions" are two Englishmen who make a short tour of Europe in company; their companionship promises at first to be pleasing, but they meet a pretty, self-sufficient and ungrammatical American girl with whom both of the travellers, being susceptible to the ridiculous degree which English writers persist in attributing to Englishmen, quickly imagine themselves in love. Afterward they meet another girl to whom they lose their hearts, after which experience both men become as irresponsible as a couple of monkeys—and as amusing. The story is not a farce; the author can make serious moral points while cracking the lightest of jokes, and the reader who starts to hurry through the volume will find himself occasionally stopping to think. There are many capital illustrations of this clever tale. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

I PRAY YOU, SIR, WHOSE DAUGHTER? By Helen H. Gardener. The author of this little tale has written some thoughtful and strong essays on social topics, as well as a novel which a great many readers dropped after fairly beginning it. The new story makes plain the unfairness of the laws of some states as they affect some women. Mrs. Gardener writes with much earnestness and sincerity, although not always with the taste which is necessary to command the audiences which she desires

most to reach. (Arena Publishing Co., New York.)

THE BUDDHIST LOVER. By Mrs. Robert Hoesa. The strength of this interesting story is mostly displayed in arraignments of modern religious dogma, in distinction from practical Christianity as taught by Jesus. The Buddhist is a Cingalese, who comes to America to study formulated religion, which he judges intellectually, with the results that are obtained by mental estimates of any religion by persons more familiar with another; he remains true to his original faith. Some of the hero's deliverances are of the variety known as "occult," although it is merely oriental, and no more so than much which appears in the Fourth Gospel of the Christian's Testament. The purpose of the Buddhist of the book is identical with that of the Founder of Christianity—to live rightly, renounce self and aspire spiritually. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

DOROTHY WALLIS. An autobiography, with introduction by Walter Besant. This anonymous tale is said by Mr. Besant to be founded on fact; certainly it reads like the life-stories of hundreds of girls who have gone upon the stage and wished they had gone to Hades instead. Everything shabby, depressing and repulsive "behind the scenes" is here set forth faithfully, except where the details are unfit for publication. Yet it is not a sensational story—merely some pages from the life of an orphan girl with a rascally guardian—a girl so shut out from society, family life and occupation, that the stage seems to her a welcome relief from poverty and the blues. It is a story which should cure any girl of the desire to be an actress. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

THE MASTER OF SILENCE. By Irving Bacheller. The hero of this original tale is a young man who, until he arrived at maturity, was kept so secluded from the world that he knew nothing of business, human nature, sin, and the many other influences which mar countless lives in their formative period. When he reaches manhood his mind is entirely pure, and as his only companion, his father, had taught him to comprehend through his eyes instead of his ears, he could read faces and discern motives with quickness and accuracy. The experiment is not likely to be made by any parent who may read the book, but it is the basis of an interesting and suggestive story. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.)

THE GRANDMOTHER. By Bozena Nemeč. This seems to be a true story of home-life in Bohemia, and in the description of this life, which is charmingly given, is the chief merit of the tale, for there is very little plot. It is a book which will delight the many good people who like to find that the better side of human nature, as well as the worse, is common to all climes and races. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

GROUND ARMS. By Bertha Von Suttner. Here is a book which ought to be reprinted as a tract by some one of the various societies for the discouragement of war. The scenes are laid in Germany, where one can scarcely drop anything from a window without hitting a soldier. The heroine, a woman with a warm heart and her full share of patriotism, strives hard to learn why civilized and peace-loving peoples are so frequently set by the ears and compelled to kill one another. She fails to find any good reason, but she discovers the real causes, and the book is an indignant and forceful protest against war and its many awful results—against the juggling of politicians, which alone compels the occasional torrents of men's blood and women's tears. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

TRAVELS AMONGST THE GREAT ANDES OF THE EQUATOR. By Edward Whymper. Mr. Whymper is the most interesting of all mountain climbers, for he writes charmingly of what he sees, and he makes his own illustrations, all of which are admirable. His newest book seems to have been in hand a long time, for the explorations described were made more than ten years ago. The book will be an important addition to the slender stock of available information about the Andes, and scientific men will value it highly, yet it is so written that it may be understood and enjoyed by all readers who like tales of adventure which are real. Even were there nothing in it but the pictures, it would command a great deal of attention. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

ESSAYS UPON SOME CONTROVERTED QUESTIONS. By Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S. These are the essays with which, during the last few years, Prof. Huxley has been disturbing the peace of the theological world, and damaging the faith of timid minds. Taken together, they are a study of the supernatural as evolved by theologians from the Bible. The author is a doubter though not a scoffer; he demands proof before he will believe what he has no moral objection to believing, in which respect he fairly represents the so-called "scientific school" of modern Biblical critics. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

CAPT. DAVY'S HONEYMOON. By Hall Caine. There are two distinct surprises in this little story; one is that the author attempts humor, the other being that he succeeds in the attempt

All of Hall Caine's other books have been quite interesting, but it was chiefly through their strength and earnestness; in the new story the earnestness is all there, in the honest guise of heartiness, and there is also a great deal of humor such as never before has come from the same pen, unless anonymously. Capt. Davy's honeymoon was not happy; he and his wife "agree to disagree" before the sound of the wedding bells is well out of their ears, but both are so honest that everyone to whom the author introduces them will be sorry for them and hope there may be a reconciliation. The couple are finally reunited, and not too late, by a well-meant bit of trickery which is cleverly managed and described. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

DEAR ELSIE. By Johannes Van Dewart. The Elsie is a dear little thing without much sense, but she does truly love a young man who has not brains enough to see at the proper time that he loves Elsie. She falls into bad hands, and is in danger of being married for her money, when most unexpectedly she is rescued by her lover. The characters who act out the plot are well assorted, among them being a couple of the highly polished and fascinating Continental sharpers who have not yet come to America, although they so strongly resemble some who have arrived, that they are worth studying for caution's sake. (Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.)

THE HAND OF DESTINY. By Ossip Schubin. Destiny's hand mixes human lives dreadfully in this story, and with a great variety of exciting detail. The scenes are laid in Rome, although most of the characters are Austrian and of high birth and political position. (Worthington Company, New York.)

THE TEMPEST. A Variorum Edition. By H. H. Furness. No matter how often anyone may have read this rare bit of Shakespeare's—or Bacon's work, new charms may be discovered during a leisurely perusal of Mr. Furness' edition. The volume is one of the series which the editor has been evolving with affectionate care for many years; it is known and treasured by all true students of Shakespeare, and not the least of its merits is a wonderful collation of the most interesting things said about the plays by Shakespearian commentators of many generations and climes. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

John Habberton,