

into the worn comic cripple groove, is always amusing. The beloved Tod is just humourously hinted into the scene; the sweet old maid of forty, who has a fleeting dream anent the young doctor, and sees it pass without bitterness, is touched with quaint grace (we are told of her "true elegance of mind"), and the saintly mother of Esther and Richarda is as much of a saint as modernity will allow, and more than it frequently sees.

. . . We call the present work distinctly a success.

(*The Spectator.*)

*Beggars All* is a simple but exceptionally strong story by a new writer, from whom good things may confidently be expected, and by whom great things may be achieved. The plan of the book has a refreshing novelty of invention, and what is of more consequence, the invention does not stand alone, but is throughout reinforced by an imaginative realism, which gives the impressiveness of vividly conceived fact to incidents and situations, which in the hands of an inferior writer would almost certainly seem fantastic or incredible.

The nature of the situation, which is the key-stone of the story, it would be unfair to disclose; but it has a dramatic force which impresses the imagination as it can only be impressed by the adequate rendering of a conception that is intrinsically rich in strong and simple human interest. To this crisis all the preceding portion of the story has been leading, as out of it by inevitable sequence comes everything that follows, and the whole is a drama with the one essential unity, the unity of life, growth and organic development. It is long since we had a first book so rich in both performance and promise.

(*The Literary World, London.*)

It is a book altogether *sans façon* in the matter of form, but that does not diminish the sense of easy power which it creates, and we lay it down with the feeling that a new thing, and a very considerable thing, has been here given us in literature.

(*The Athenæum.*)

No mere sordid narrative of poverty and crime, but a distinctly clever handling of sundry difficult subjects.

(*The Speaker, London.*)

In the best sense realistic—undeniably interesting and in parts enthralling.

(Marcus Dods in *British Weekly.*)

*Beggars All* is a book worth buying. But if anyone grudges buying a novel, let him, at any rate, be sure to read it. It is thoroughly original, full of fine insight, and of most delicate and artistic handling of difficult situations; intensely interesting, without one word of padding, and not too long. It is a story of married life, and of strained relations between husband and wife, arising out of the oddest circumstances, as well as out of a radical difference in nature. There are no vagrant affections or anything of that hackneyed type. Miss Dougall is too original, as well as too fine in the grain, to be found in that galley. The heroine is a lady through and through; the man to whom she sacrifices herself is a foundling, and bears the brand of the orphanage in a self-centred wilfulness and an outlaw's ruthless antagonism to society. The manner in which these features are allowed to appear in a character otherwise not unattractive, and the way in which they baffle the loving wife and breed alienation, could not be better represented. The contest between the evil in the man and the goodness of the woman is finely exhibited in a story piquant and full of incident. The wealth of the author's mind is illustrated by the freedom with which numerous other characters are introduced, and the touch of originality with which each is made to stand out clear and solid. The humorous and fanciful crippled sister, the saintly mother, the parson turned valet, the fantastic and pathetic Tod, all tell of the creative hand of the born novelist.

(*Commercial Advertiser, New York*)

*Beggars All* is a very unusual quality of novel. It is written with ability. It tells a strong story with elaborate analysis of character and motive.

(*Illustrated London News.*)

Miss Lily Dougall's *Beggars All* (Longmans) has already reached a third edition, and it deserves its success, if only for the letter in which the heroine, driven to extremity by poverty, answers a matrimonial advertisement. That is one of the most natural letters that fiction has given us since Richardson. There is much in the book that is unreal enough, but the author has undoubtedly a future.

(*Illustrated Graphic.*)

*Beggars All*, by L. Dougall, would be noticeable for the singularity of its plot, even if it had no other claims to attention—and it has many. A burglar who burgles