



CAPT. MURRAY, COMMANDER OF STEAMSHIP "LAKE HURON."  
VIEWS OF THE VESSEL ON ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL, SHOWING EFFECTS OF RECENT GALE.

### Our New York Letter.

The event of the week, of course, has been the Stanley reception. Regarded from the calibre of the people who went to it, or from the sum of money handed from its proceeds to the Summit, N.J., Convalescent Home—some \$10,000—it cannot be regarded as anything but a triumphant success. Chauncey Depew introduced him with one of his admirable encomiums, more remarkable for eloquence than accuracy—which is handy in encomiums. Stanley was well received with a prolonged simmer of clapping which never quite got to the boil—certainly with nothing like the wild applause which greeted him in England, before he so far forgot the principles of *esprit de corps* as to blacken the memories of two of his dead comrades. People here rather share the feeling of Englishmen that, even supposing his aspersions on the dead to have been true, *esprit de corps* should have prevented his uttering them. But, of course, nothing could prevent Americans giving an enthusiastic welcome to the American by adoption who had COLUMBUS-ed Central Africa, and he richly deserves any welcome that could be accorded him.

Theodore Thomas is going to Chicago, having been promised \$50,000 for assuming a three years musical dictatorship in that city. He has been supplying New York with a very enjoyable Sunday evening series of Franco-German concerts in the beautiful hall of the Lenox Lyceum, at which Miss Clementina de Vere and Herr Reichman especially have been the stars.

The new Plaza Hotel at the corner of 59th street and Fifth avenue is almost finished. It has several novelties—noticeably two delightful little parlours fit for Marie Antoinette in her heyday, the most fabulously luxurious little boudoirs yet attempted by an hotel—and the pictures scattered about the house, with the electric light thrown upon them—one of a lion with real iron bars in front of it most realistic.

Here is the latest bit of Arnoldiana. Harry Deakin, the curio king of Yokohama, bought the American rights of the "Light of the World," it is alleged, for the enormous sum of £25,000. He sold them to Funk and Wagnalls, who were to have brought the book out a month ago had it not been for unexpected delays. Perhaps Sir Edwin will echo the time-honoured wail, "Save me from my friends!"

A new book by Tolstoi always creates an expectation of interest and does not always fulfil it. "The Romance of Marriage," published by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, will disappoint those who expect a sensational novel, but will charm those who can delight in clever character-drawing and an idyll. It is an idyll most artistically treated; there are no descriptions of scenery, and yet the whole background rises distinctly before one, constructed by hints from what the people were doing. The girl, Marie Alexandrovna, or Madia, as she is "pet named," gives one the same idea as Maud Miller in the "Two Roses," and the way she battles to save the life of the romance in her marriage is well done. The book is nicely got up, with a capital engraving of Millais' "Yes" on the outside. "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" is a very different book. It is published by the Home Publishing Company, of New York, and is,

we think, better than "That Frenchman," or "Mr. Barnes of New York."

Mr. Gunter knows more about Englishmen than sixty-two millions of his fellow-countrymen. He never makes baronets members of the House of Lords. His description of the English store is worthy of an anatomist. As in all Mr. Gunter's books, the people are human-hearted, for good or ill. They are men or women, not eikons. The first book of the story is very exciting, with its admirably old description of the Harvard vs. Yale football match and a fight between the Apaches and some lonely cattle ranchers, and the rest of the book is very, very funny. The chapters in which Tillie Follis, daughter of old Abe Follis, of Colorado, half owner of the baby mine, makes her *debut* in New York are delicious. She is so naïve about herself and her expectations. She has just seen her engagement to one of the "four hundred" announced in a venomous society article.

"But as I gaze at the *Town Tattler* I give a shudder. What will dad—I mean my father—say? For Little Gussie is the most dudish dude in New York, and, though a washed-out descendant of the old Dutch stock, a maniac of the most ultra Anglo tendencies."

Just then her mother—popularly known as "Rach"—an out-and-out specimen of a frontiersman's wife, comes in from a fashionable dry goods store, remembering "that Chit's ag'in in the parlour!" meaning Augustus de Punsler van Beekman.

"I wish ma would say drawing-room—it's much better form!"

The whole family are being run by Mrs. Aurora Dabney Marvin, a society marriage broker, who takes 10 per cent. of the dower and provides the heiress with the noble man and the noble man with the heiress, and has such a genius for detecting the genuine article that she is a success. Tilly, i.e., Miss Matilde Tomkins Follis, is a western girl, "and fresh as the breezes of her own prairies," and to true health and beauty of person adds a very piquant, bright, feminine American face, and eyes filled with the fresh deep colour of the wood violets, that become almost purple when lighted by the fire of passion; a little mouth that can grow very firm, an inheritance from her mother, a frontierswoman who had fought the Indians with her own hands in the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota, but she is quite eclipsed by Flossie, the adopted daughter who had grown up from a little abandoned baby, whose cries had shown Abe Follis the outcrop of silver of the great baby mine. Two years younger than Tilly, the unmistakable high breeding of the child had made her the model, and her courage and waywardness make her the readers' heroine all the book through. His New York mansion fits Abraham Alcibiades Follis about as comfortably as his patent leather boots, and the reader will not be surprised to find him returning at an unseasonable hour from the Hoffman House, to be confronted by Rach. A moment after the culprits gave a wild scream, there being a sound of wild commotion down stairs; but Rach puts her head into the room and says: "You stay quiet here, pets—I think its burglars; I'm going down to settle 'em."

"Ma, don't go!" cry both ladies in a tremor, another

crash and sound of breakage coming from below.

"Hush! obey me," says Rach. Don't be skeared, no harm shall come to my precious ones!"

And peeping out of their room, the two trembling civilized creatures see the gaunt representative of the Far West stride down stairs with a murderous six-shooter in her hand as quietly as if she were going to her breakfast. A moment later they hear her cry: "Why, Abe, if that ain't you!"

"Yes," answers the head of the house. "I stumbled over some of your brick-bracks. The servants shift 'em about like Missouri River sand-bars. You never know when you run ag'in them."

And then to the listening girls comes Rachel's voice, saying, "Thank God, you're home safe. Abe, I was afeared you'd be captured by bunco men!" followed by a shower of tender backwood kisses upon the returned one. "Til, go to your room! Floss, to bed at once! And if I hear another word out of either of your lips to-night I'll settle you like I did when ye tied fire-crackers to our Chinese cook's tail in Aspen!"

Some of the best fun of the book is made out of the little New York dude, Gussie Van Beekman, who has managed to secure Tillie's hand (Flossie's not being out yet) before Lord Avonmore, specially imported for the purpose by Mrs. Marvin, has time to propose. The English Lord, with the aid of a couple of actors, manages to persuade Gussie that he is Lord Bassington in order to make him jilt Tillie, which the new-fledged peer promptly does, not to mention evicting all his tenants through the actors who are acting as his lawyers. The money needful for carrying out the joke (\$5,000) being supplied by Miss Flossie, who, as the virtual discoverer of the mine in characteristic Western style, has been assigned a fourth share in it, which now amounted to millions. The hoax is, of course, discovered as soon as an answer can come from England from the suppositious peer's lawyers, but in the meantime Lord Avonmore has become engaged to Tillie. It would not be fair to Mr. Gunter to describe in detail how, just in time to prevent the marriage, it is discovered that Lord Avonmore is not Lord Avonmore, but only heir presumptive, the real incumbent of that ancient peerage being Flossie, whom he thought he had got rid of by abandoning his baby in the Canyon of Colorado, where the baby mine was afterwards discovered. We will say no more, but advise readers who care for racy Western humour and subtle character-drawing to make the personal acquaintance of Sheriff Brickgarvey, Cow-boy Pete, Abraham Alcibiades Follis and Gussie. The book is a scathing satire on American Anglomaniacs while perfectly fair to the English. If it be too hard on the "four hundred," Americans must judge. One cannot give a novel better credentials than to say it really is funny and it really is exciting.

DOUGLAS SLADEN

The Count of Paris has sent a present of 60,000 francs to the Pope by his daughter the Princess Helen, who is on a visit to Rome for the purpose of rendering her devoirs to His Holiness.