

They marry early in the book for reasons sufficient if not creditable. Lionel leaves Nancy in a way which almost amounts to desertion; they come together after the usual misunderstandings and complications; and start married life again on lines which the author, no doubt, means us to take as the example of what married life ought to be. He is unfortunate, however, in his selection of examples.

Readers of Mrs. Hungerford's stories know what to expect. Certain stock characters and certain stock situations appear in all her books. There are the young girl brusque and hoydenish, and the man of position sober and sedate. He discovers her in an awkward position, sitting up a tree or with bare feet, and she vows to hate him ever afterwards. Later on he saves her from being tossed by a cow or caught by the tide, and they get married, sometimes early in the story, sometimes late. "Peter's Wife" is no exception to the rule. These two parts are played by Nell Prendergast and Sir Stephen Wortley, and as Mrs. Hungerford has a bright and pleasant way of telling her story her numerous readers will enjoy the history of their love affair. Still they are not Peter and his wife. Their story is a sad but usual one. Peter's wife, who is Nell Prendergast's sister, has been separated from her first lover by her matchmaking mother, and thinking she has been deserted by him has married Peter. After a year or two the original lover turns up. Explanations follow. She is on the point of eloping with him, but is prevented by Nell. Then she confesses all to Peter, who is very angry. Next her lover dies and Peter softens. She falls very ill and Peter forgives, and all ends well.

A new book by Walter Besant we always take up with eagerness, though not perhaps with the same eagerness as when he had Mr. Rice as his partner. "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" is his latest book, and exhibits the intimate knowledge of almost forgotten districts of London and the didactic purpose for which we now look from him. It tells the story of a gigantic ill-gotten fortune which carries with it the curse of its origin. On the death of the last owner it would naturally fall to a young doctor, who has been brought up in ignorance of the possibility of his coming into such an inheritance. When he learns of its existence he learns also of the way in which it has been amassed. At first he resolves to have nothing whatever to do with it. The absence of an heir and the immense amount of the fortune soon gets abroad. Claimants, who can prove some connection with the family appear in shoals from all parts of the world. In bringing these before us Mr. Besant shows himself remarkably skillful, as also in making clear the varied degrees of relationship to the last possessor of the fortune. These claimants belong to every class in life, but on them all has fallen the shadow of the curse which the inheritance ever brings with it. Lucian, the young doctor, now resolves that, if he does not take the fortune, nobody else shall, and from that point it is an easy step to resolve to take it himself. From the very beginning his wife has refused to have anything to do with a fortune so tainted, and on this resolve, to which he comes despite her entreaties, she leaves him. This is a heavy blow to him, but the desire for this great wealth is too strong to be resisted, and he proclaims himself the heir. For a very brief space of time he enjoys the sensation of being the wealthiest man in London, when suddenly all his dreams are shattered by the discovery of a will, by which he is deprived of every cent of the fortune. For a moment he is crushed, and then he realizes that a great temptation has been removed. His wife returns to him, and everything is as it was before he was carried away by his desire of wealth. There is not a great deal of movement in the story, and the stage is somewhat crowded with actors, but Mr. Besant succeeds in keeping them distinct, and in his descriptions of them lies the chief interest of the work.

"Old Brown's Cottages" by John Smith is the latest volume in the Pseudonym Library. It is a series of short sketches of village life in England. The inhabitants of each cottage are in a few words vividly brought before us, and the book gives us a clear idea of their manner of life. The sketches are supposed to be written by a lady who is the district visitor, and she, though a somewhat shadowy personage, is the connecting link between the six cottages. There is a good deal of insight, power, and human interest in the book, slight though it is.

In Macmillan's blue and gold series we have a charming little story by Miss Yonge, "The Rubies of St. Lo." It is a

domestic story, such as the author has for so many years been successfully writing, and will find many readers, especially among girls. It shows the same knowledge of girl life, and the same deep religious feeling, which have always marked Miss Yonge's work.

In the same series we have "The Sphinx of Eaglehawk" by Rolf Boldrewood. Mr. Boldrewood here tries his hand at imitating Bret Harte, and not without success. It is the story of a lady, who, for reasons disclosed in the narrative, for a time takes the position of barmaid in a rough inn in an Australian mining-camp. There is plenty of excitement in the book—abduction, robbery, and murder, and it ends in the triumphant marriage of the heroine with a baronet.

"A Man of Mark" is not one of Anthony Hope's best stories, but yet it is good enough. Most novel writers would be glad to have produced it, and most readers, though they may recognize its inferiority to the Dolly Dialogues or the Indiscretion of the Duchess, will still find enjoyment in reading it. The Man of Mark is the President of a South American Republic, and the story is told by the young manager of the branch of an English bank establishment in the capital of the Republic. We are not going to tell the story, which is of the usual very modern type for which we look from Mr. Hope. Suffice it to say, that the politics of Australand are sufficiently exciting, and the complications and extractions therefrom are distinctly Anthony Hopeian.

We have also received "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy. We are glad that Messrs. Macmillan are not restricting themselves in their Colonial Library to new works, but are republishing the works of our modern novelists. Those to whom Bathsheba, Gabriel, and Sergeant Troy are old friends will be glad to welcome them again in this excellent edition, and to those who know them not we say, "Hasten to make their acquaintance."

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York. The Riverside Press: Cambridge. Price \$1.00.)—Chocorua is the name of a mountain and the tenants are its birds. A natural scientist, we suppose, could tell from their names where the mountain is, but as there is no direct statement on the part of the author and the birds of whom he sings are not of any uncommon species, we are left to our imagination. But stay—"The Maryland Yellow-throat" may be a clue to the locality. Be that as it may, the poems are all written in the Hiawatha metre, and there is a similar intermingling of Indian names. Perhaps the best of them are on the "Log-Cock," apparently a species of our common wood-pecker, the whip-poor-will, and the kingfisher. The author has evidently made a study of the habits of the birds. There is no "Ode to a Skylark." The following is a specimen of the way he can at times present a picture; he is speaking of the kingfisher and one can almost see the actions described:—

Flash! a jet of white and azure
Leaves the sandbank, clips the water,
Rises to a blasted maple,
Drooping o'er the Bearcamp eddies.
Hark! Again the forest quivers
To the harsh and jarring challenge,
And again the fish are startled
By this plunge beneath the waters.

The publishers have left nothing to be desired in the general appearance of the book and some very pretty views are interspersed throughout.

Greek Studies. A series of essays by Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. \$1.75.)—The extended review of the English edition of this important collection of essays which appeared in a recent number of THE WEEK renders a mere mention of the American edition all that is necessary. It is uniform in style with the other works of Pater so well known to American and Canadian readers. Like all the books which come from the great firm whose impress it bears it is faultlessly printed and excellently bound. We have a decided weakness for these red-bound books of Macmillan. THE WEEK is indebted to Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison for this copy of the book.