

dale,' by Marion Crawford, belongs to the same series, and like most of his books is said to be a good story, but I have not read it and can thus form no independent opinion.

Stanley Weyman's 'Gentleman of France,' 'Under the Ired Robe,' and other novels, are historical, dealing with the reigns of the Louis, thirteen to fifteen. They are admirably written, are thoroughly pure in tone and historically correct, as they are chaste in style, and their interest is unflagging. Archibald Clavering Gunther, to whom we owe the ludicrous 'Mr. Barnes of New York' and 'Mr. Potter of Texas,' has also entered the French historical field in 'A Princess of Paris,' and 'The King's Stockbroker,' which celebrate the great financial scheme of the astute Scotchman Law, with much of romance intermingled. But the prince of all stories, for one who understands Scottish dialect, is 'The Raiders,' by Crockett. A somewhat bashful lad, yet destitute neither of good looks nor courage, tells his love adventures with a cheery lass in troublous times, when murdering smugglers and plundering gypsies attack peaceful farmers, to whom the king of the wanderers, who has reminiscences of covenanting days, proves a veritable guardian angel.

I have not seen Conan Doyle's latest, but have revelled in his 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' the high-class detective, admiring the wonderful ingenuity of the author in creating and unravelling the most intricate plots. Having killed Sherlock in company with an arch-villain, he has attained a climax, but has deprived himself of an ideal hero whom he can never replace. Black is not dead, though Blackmore is quiescent. The former has excelled himself in 'The Handsome Humes.' The flower of these handsome Humes falls in love with the heroine, who is the artless, yet affectionate, beautiful and accomplished daughter of a quiet, intelligent and highly respectable man, that

turns out to have been a trainer of man and beast, and a racing book-maker. To save his daughter humiliation, the ex-trainer goes to Australia and gives out that he is dead. Some time after their union, he returns to England and looks in unperceived upon the wedded pair. A simultaneous attempt at burglary calls his strong arm into play, but he is the victim in the contest, and dies rejoicing in his daughter's happiness. Altogether, with much that is improbable, the 'Handsome Humes' is an altruistic book of a high order. There is a new book not worth reading, as you may know from the fact that the author's portrait constitutes the frontispiece. That author's name I do not remember. His book is 'The Rejected Symbol,' and it glorifies the Chicago anarchists. Beware of a book that is introduced by the smart and snug-looking picture of its ephemeral author.

Still in light vein, but not a novel, is 'Overheard in Arcady,' by Robert Bridges, with illustrations by Herford, Attwood and Sterner. It consists of conversations by the principal characters in the works of well-known writers, such as Howells, Henry James, Aldrich, Stockton, R. H. Davis, Marion Crawford, Kipling, George Meredith, R. L. Stevenson and J. M. Barrie. The conversations are at once clever reproductions of the styles of the various authors, and very correct and appreciative criticisms of the work done by them. To those familiar with some of the writings of the story tellers above mentioned, it would be an admirable little book to read aloud in the family circle, as a playful exercise in judicious criticism.

'Jamaica at the Columbian Exposition, 1893,' is not a heavy book, and contains fifty beautiful pictures of West Indian scenery. It came to me during the summer with the compliments of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. C. J. Ward, C.M.G. and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of New York. Its table of contents includes a de-