

posed. Simon Dale first knew her under a fictitious name in his own town, whither she and her mother had fled to escape a plague prevalent in London. He had no intimation of her relations with the king, but he had a haunting dream of the result of his own ambitions that gave him courage when he most needed it for himself and the woman whom he loved without fear of any rebuke from conscience. It is no small gratification to know that poor Nell was better than we had judged her, and that one man, Simon Dale, could not be misled by the glamour of court life or the prospects of political advancement. One of the interesting points of the story is a pre-natal prediction of what Simon's life was to be and its fulfillment. Readers with a weakness for superstitions will be held in closer sympathy with the writer through this element than by its revelations of court life.

In connection with the attempt at locating the North Pole by an aerial expedition, the story of Andrée's balloon and its mechanical arrangements, its apparatus and management, will be of intense interest to many. The humor of the two writers of the book *Andrée's Balloon Expedition* makes their diaries attractive reading, while their estimates of the scientific value of the expedition are instructive. Their stories end, one when he has seen the balloon safely at its destination: the other when it sails away into invisibility and the gray mysteries of the unknown. Ten days or so later one message, then another, sent by carrier pigeons from the balloon, reaches a waiting world—the last we know of the courageous Andrée and his companions.

Dear friends in verse long gone beyond ready recall, tender and sweet as ever, are the poems Walter Larned has gathered into his "Treasury," though many poems are missing that would have been welcomed. So glad are readers to renew friendships with rhythms beloved that it is not difficult to pardon the compiler for introducing six of his own songs in a volume in which he presents only two by Sidney Lanier, and one by Celia Thaxter. Longfellow is honored by two more selections than Larned has selected from himself. But is it fair to say that each of his own cluster is worthy of a place in any treasury of song. Not every poet is sufficiently courageous with his own or sufficiently discriminating with others' to make so valuable a group up within a book of three hundred pages.

From The Macmillan Company, New York:

*Where the Trade Wind Blows*, by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

*Southern Soldier Stories*, by George Cary Eggleston.

*The Celebrity*, by Winston Churchill.

*The Pride of Jennico*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

*Garden Making*, by L. H. Bailey.

Tales of the Windward Islands, twelve in number, tell with artistic realism what the natives of these sunny spots in the sea are and also what and who are the men, of crafty brains and cruel souls for the most part, who dwell with the blacks and make pitiless use of them. Not that this phase is emphasized; on the contrary, the pictorial, the poetic, the innocently wicked and the wickedly or oppressively moral is what is depicted with such startling skill. An uncommonly keen literary craft has Mrs. Crowninshield. Not a sentence too many nor a needless word is written in the book. The imaginations of readers are permitted to work their will here and there: abrupt definiteness charms, but never offends. Reserve in detail is fascinating and unusual. *Where the Trade Wind Blows* is a rare delight to fastidious imaginations. In creative intention it strikes a novel note where life glows without introspection. It analyzes complex emotions and stirs vexing problems or motives. It is not a romance, but a fact in a beautiful setting. With a finger between the leaves of this uncommon novel a reader may dream but not sleep.

Stories of unconscious heroism, stirring to tears and uplifting men's hearts, are the pithy, touching anecdotes of *Southern Soldier Stories*, fifty of which are presented in the volume of a hundred and fifty pages. Northern lads will obtain in this book a clearer and truer point of view of the relations between whites and blacks in the old days. As a rule, considerate, true-hearted men and women on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line would be glad to forget that there ever had been an unkindly feeling between North and South; yet otherwise these noble examples of manliness, of patriotism, of courage and of chivalry could not have been recorded. George Cary Eggleston adds not a drop of bitterness with which to vex his readers. He is fine-fibred, and his stories vibrate with tenderness.

*The Celebrity* is a story bubbling with comedy—a capital skit upon men who have carefully planned to be known to the world and afterward bemoan the pretended inconvenience of notoriety. Quaint as is the principal character, he is by no means

uncommon. In this novel of heroes, however, in which there is only enough of the heroine to hold the tale well together, the real hero is a big, loud-voiced, over-prosperous man with a large hospitality, a warm heart and a love of conviviality; and he has an idea of honor, principally of his own conception. The writer of the story says of him: "I still think I could have modelled a better face out of putty." Persons with less easy manners were ashamed of his public clappings on the back, but they accepted his dinners and the enjoyment of his yacht and his tally-ho. He had a talent for picturesque profanity—a weakness not indulged, however, in the presence of the wife of whom he was truly proud and fond. His manner with her, perhaps, was due to her sweetly subduing influence. She says of him—not critically, but more in a descriptive way: "he is old enough to know better and too old to be taught." No funnier or more original story has been given to the public for many a day, nor one so vivid in flesh-clothed pictures of really ordinary people. Its happenings are in a diverting tangle. They are romantic, and to read Winston Churchill's account of what young women can do will create a confidence in their sagacity and self-control.

*The Pride of Jennico* is a strange tale and one unusually well told. Pride of family and the tyranny of blood in the veins of each of its exalted characters keeps its grip no matter how the logic or culture of a belief in a universal brotherhood strives to loosen it. This is the romance of a man of English ancestry and Bulgarian military education; his high social experiences impelled him to observe the precedents of his lineage. To accomplish this ambition his readers are rushed through a series of savagely strange experiences. If it be a collaborated novel, as the names on the title page—Agnes and Egerton Castle—indicate, it is a union of pens in close sympathy. A harmony of fierce imaginations is rare, as, perhaps, it should be, but here the joint high literary and constructive merit demands admiration.

Any one who owes a bit of earth will find L. H. Bailey's illustrated book, *Garden Making*, invaluable. The cultivation of an acre, or the care of a window ledge, a lawn to be shrub bordered, or a porch to be hung with vines, the kitchen garden for market or home produce, soil, seeds, exposures, gathering and storing, etc., are all practically treated.

From Lee and Shepard, Boston:

*Hawaii's Story*, by *Hawaii's Queen*, Liliuokalani.

*The Painter in Oil*, by Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst.

*Water Color Painting*, by Grace Barton Allen.

A dethroned queen without hope of restoration is in a pitiable condition, but Liliuokalani asks for no personal compassion. She tells her story simply and with more definiteness of manner and detail than might be expected from her. If here and there she shows a child's delight in ceremonious attentions from distinguished persons during her retirement, no one will deny her that enjoyment. Her pride in her descent from an unbroken line of royal personages is natural, though her readers may recognize no particular distinction in being of the house of Ahua I., or even of Kamehameha I. Her genealogy is lengthy, and as it is inclusive of every degree of kinship, one is convinced of its accuracy. How her ignorance of political matters occasioned her dethronement may be read between the lines of her naïve story. Hawaii's Queen holds her emotions in the firmest control, but, perhaps, she has fewer to curb in view of the fact that she is of an almost tropical race. She appeals to all the world for justice to her people and trusts it will yet be granted.

*The Painter in Oil* has the sub-title, *A Complete Treatise on the Principles and Technique Necessary to the Painting of Pictures in Oil Colors*. There are many illustrations in this volume, which relates largely to the mechanical details of painting. To amateurs in art the book will be of great assistance, as well to those who study paintings in order to understand properly their value. To paint and to judge paintings requires an identical training. To persons remote from the centers of art many excellent engravings or photogravures of the work, of such men as Franz Hals, Manet, Dürer, Velasquez, Millet, Munkacsy, Angelo, Whistler and others will prove of keen interest and pleasure. The writer, Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst, is himself an eminent painter.

A Book of Elementary Instructions for Beginners and Amateurs is *Water Color Painting*, the title of Grace Barton Allen's valuable effort. It is daintily illustrated by herself and contains reproductions of all the water-color effects in common use. How to select, mix and apply colors with due respect for outline is here explained with a definiteness that will be valuable to the self-instructed student, and if he places himself later under instruction, he will have little to unlearn.