

the Tall Alcade" is spun out till it covers thirty pages, and is a watery production. "Kit Carson's Ride" has the merit of being short, and there is considerable fire and dash in it. But it is outrageously false to nature, and out of all keeping with the well known character of the hero—a hero indeed in the pages of Fremont's account of his exploration and in the traditionary lore of the plains, but a mountebank, a fool, and a cowardly despicable cur as described by Miller, who evidently thought he was doing a great work for the famous Indian-fighter. He makes him mount his horse and engage in a race for life with a prairie fire, to the intense disgust of every one acquainted with life on the plains. Kit, in such an emergency would have kindled a fire at the first sign of danger, and burnt over a safe retreat for himself and his "stolen brown bride," if his hatred of the Indian would ever have permitted him to choose a squaw for a companion. He escapes on his bride's horse, leaving her to perish in the flames. Shade of Carson! forgive this man, and have patience with those who laud such libels on you yet a little while.

The best book for children that has appeared for a long while is a collection of Mr. Hale's contributions to "Our Young Folks." This little volume* is full of wise councils expressed in the most attractive and kindly manner. It is the wisdom of age and experience imparted in language intelligible to childhood. The author never for a moment seems to take for granted a knowledge that it is not usual to find in the young. He indulges in no sarcasms or witticisms of the artificial order that require a certain degree of acquaintance with society to understand. The position he occupies is the happy mean between childhood and youth—wise of head and young of heart. In the chapter headed "Talk," he illustrates and enforces the necessity for telling the truth, and enjoins his young readers not to talk about their own affairs, to confess ignorance, to pay attention to the persons talking to them, not to underrate their interlocutors, and to be short. In "How to Write" he teaches the maxims: know what you want to say, say it, use your own language, leave out all the fine passages, a short word is better than a long one, and the fewer words the better. There are thousands of grown-up children who need to learn the lessons taught in these two chapters. Did the author address children on the subject as a grim sarcasm on the endless talkers and the writers of long sentences that abound everywhere, or has he given up the idea of reforming these and concluded to devote all his energies to the young? How happy would society and newspaper readers be if the lessons taught in this little book had been learned by the talkers and writers of the day. In that case we should not have to endure inflictions like the following specimen—and a fair example of the ruling style it is—from a "local" in a recent issue of a daily newspaper—"The echo of the clocks striking the solemn hour of midnight had died away among the mountains of Jonestown and the neighbouring valleys," etc. He meant to say "At midnight in Jonestown," etc.

* How to do It. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.