

fads, and he has a great many impressive things to say about them. He freely criticizes the practice of other medical men, but in a very kindly spirit, and upholds his own views by incidents in the active career of many eminent physicians. Those who read up for the benefit of their health, unfortunately a large number, will find Dr. Keith's little books more genial, modest, and I think, convincing, than Sir B. W. Richardson's well-known treatise. The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client; such in most cases is the patient who is his own doctor.

The last book from the Company is "The Day's Work," by Rudyard Kipling, published by the McClure Company, of New York. It is a handsome octavo of 431 pages and eight illustrations, and its value is a dollar and a half. It contains twelve widely different stories. The Bridge-Builders is Indian, as are The Tomb of His Ancestors, and William the Conqueror, and they are good stories, too. The Walking Delegate is a Vermont story of horse talk, and the Maltese Cat is a not very intelligible account of polo-play in India. The Ship That Found Herself, The Devil and the Deep Sea, and Bread Upon the Waters, display humorously Mr. Kipling's great command of naval, and especially engineering, affairs. .0007 is a tiresome talk of American locomotives, corresponding in a way to The Ship That Found Herself. An Error in the Fourth Dimension tells the awful experience of an American millionaire who had dared to board an English express train that ran through his grounds. It, and My Sunday at Home are trivial, the latter being also somewhat coarse. Finally, the Brushwood Boy is the tale of a boy who had day dreams of strange places, who distinguished himself as a soldier in India afterwards, and who came home to marry a girl whose dreams were of the same fairy lands. Some people like Jungle Books, and will probably relish the talking horses and engines; I confess I don't. But there are some stories really worth reading in the collection of twelve, especially the three Indian ones, although the first of them does bring in the animal talk wherein Kipling delights. He is a very ac-