

of Colonial days, and of a beautiful, charming, bewitching Southern girl, who gleams against the sober Northern background like a scarlet flower against the dusky leafage.

Mr. Roberts is soon to publish a new novel, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," with the scene laid in that land of Acadia, which he loves so well. The story is based on the famous siege of Louisburg and possesses much of the witchery found in "Barbara," of which the *Chicago Evening Post* said, "Barbara is supposed to be prose, but there are interludes that are perilously near poetry."

To Mr. Roberts's poetry one word is always applicable, — exquisite. Many critics assert that he is a poet first and always, and certain it is that the poet can always be detected underneath the story-teller's mask.

"The Book of the Rose" was his last published collection of verse, — a chain of sweet and tender love-poems, that lilt along with charming melody.

One may not mention Mr. Roberts's works without including his authoritative and