

terminable accounts of what their own Mr. Howells so aptly and so bravely calls their "skirmish" with Spain, that we really could not stand any more American wars, even by so accomplished an artist as Mr. Page. We fairly blessed him when we found that, though his story begins before the war, he omits practically all reference to the events of the great struggle and resumes his narrative after the return of the Confederate soldiers to their homes. Then he proceeds to give us a realistic picture of the rule of the "carpet bagger" and the sorry business he made of governing the country. Doubtless the picture is overdrawn at times and doubtless full justice is not done to the North, but critical opinion in the North at the present time inclines to recognize the substantial truth of Mr. Page's delineation. The following quotation from a letter of a responsible physician of Anderson, South Carolina, to the *Interior*, the well-known Presbyterian journal of Chicago, is a brief prose statement of the condition of affairs Mr. Page so vividly depicts in "Red Rock": "The North supplied an army of carpet-baggers to come South after the war, political adventurers, school-teachers, and some wearing the sacred cloth of the minister of God. They all came to steal, they arrayed the negro against the whites by every means known, and pandemonium reigned. In the ten years that they polluted the South seeds were sown of discord that it will take generations to obliterate."

Apart from all this historic interest, however, *Red Rock* is distinctly artistic as a work of fiction. There is abundance of stirring incident and clear cut characterization, two indispensable qualities in a good story. It is rather longer than the average novel of the present day and includes more threads of interest than the average writer can well attend to. But Mr. Page has the threads all so well in hand and weaves them together so skillfully that the interest, far from being dissipated, is materially heightened. We always laid down the book with reluctance, and when we came to the last two hundred pages we simply had to read them at one sitting, so great was their fascination for us. We speak from pleasant experience, then, when we commend "Red Rock" to any desiring good fiction. M.

"RAGGED LADY."

Our next number will contain an adequate review of this the latest product of Mr. W. D. Howells' accomplished pen. We have read it and can recommend it to any wishing an entertaining story for summer reading. It is handsomely published by W. J. Gage & Co.