

crime that its author, still so young, wrote *Maggie* three years before *The Red Badge of Courage*.

*Green Gates* is the name of a country residence and is not, as at first suspected, a misleading title. The story is original in style and almost original in form. Human beings are so nearly alike in non-essential character that resemblances are not far to seek, and yet the persons in the novel are uncommonly interesting, their individualities being as diverse and as realistic as if they were fellow-travellers who had left their similarities at home. Its conversations are crisp, enlivening and far more than ordinary for books—in their naturalness. The pathos of it is a crippled girl who had all the impulses and ambitions of a belle of wit and beauty and all that frailty which is appealing to men, also the want of candor and excess of guile which is not rare in imperfect humanity. Rare situations portrayed with brilliant skill will excuse whatever shortcomings Katherine Mary Cheever Meredith may seem to have in the eyes of the hyper-critical.

*The Enemy of Eustace* gives title to a volume containing three stories, each one capable of giving its readers more shudders than the others. The second story is named "The Return of the Soul," which soul is a transmigration from a cat to a woman. The third narrates a murder, but in this triplet of Robert S. Hitchens it is called "The Collaborators." These stories will entrance morbid readers, their originality being their chief attraction. If any one expects to find a wholesome impulse or inspiration in one of Hitchens' pages he will be disappointed, but for all this lack the book will have a large patronage.

Justin McCarthy is introspective, given to detail, loves intricacy in plots and their evolutions. Those who are of similar tastes will delight in *The Riddle Ring*. The story unravels the ring mystery after a method that will be a measureless pleasure to habitual novel readers. The tale gives much importance to premonitions, to epoch-making days and also to temperaments, working out these rather sensational matters in so masterly a manner that one comes to respect credulity as if it were one of the virtues and doubt as belonging to the evil-minded. McCarthy's literary qualities have long since been judged and their merits declared by a majority, and yet they are not so striking as to lead to foolish controversy. Certainly his large following is satisfied, or, at least, gratified, and his publishers and his friends are content.

To write Kate Sanborn's *Literary Zoo* required an extensive acquaintance with historic persons who have loved animals of various sorts. She begins with King Arthur's dog "Cavall" and on and on she goes through the centuries, including Catherine de Medici's "Phoebe," "Katherine" of *The Seven Sleepers*, "Diamond" of Sir Isaac Newton, even reaching Bismarck's little bit of a dog, bought at the bench show in New York and weighing but two pounds. Mrs. Somerville, Lord Shaftsbury, Bayard Taylor, Frances Power Cobbe, Southey and many others have left upon record their belief in the immortality of animals that men love. For all who are fond of pets that do not converse, no matter how much intelligence they possess, this book will be most interesting also to those who like odd quotations.

From Longmans Green and Company, New York.

*Florence, The Study of a Life*, by Henry Seton Merriman.

*Florence* is a negative title that is not misleading. Its wreck is self-arranged quite unintentionally, the hero having the best of impulses that are carried so far that he is broken upon the racks of unquieted emotions and unsafe ideals of honor and soldierly heroism. It is an East India tale of warfare and narrates the downfall of Delhi and of many a man who was worthy a better fate. Of course, it is a tragedy and not one that fell in a moment, but by steps that shock, pain and finally destroy. The romance is full of tears—if there are any left for novel readers to shed—and yet no one can lay the book aside because of the sins and griefs of its hero or the viciousness of those who helped to bring him thereto.

From J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia:

*Lady Val's Elongement*, by John Bickerdyke.

*The Truth Teller*, by John Strange Winter.

*A Faithful Traitor*, by Edie Adelaide Rowlands.

*How to Feed Children*, by Louise E. Hagan.

*Lady Val's Elongement* is one of a very few misleading titles that is really forgiven while the story is being unravelled. It will prove attractive to habitual novel readers who enjoy complications and like to read about modern women and great persons who are worth knowing while masquerading as sensible, well-to-do beings, their lofty titles having been left at home

along with their jewelled stars and ribbons. The tale describes with charming accuracy a Summering in Norway among gentle, honest folk, and also depicts the life of an English village where the introduction of education and common justice eliminated misery. There is a tragedy that readers will enjoy even while shivering at its horrors. That things turn out as they should may not be the result which most often happens in actual life, but its recollection satisfies one after the perusal of the story. John Bickerdyke has a talent for grouping an immense number of persons, and a genius for making each one real and individual.

Absolutely candid persons are never agreeable or safe companions. John Strange Winter's "truth tellers" are offenders against good breeding because they not only practised their theories but they had no reserves. Silence was not one of their original virtues, and the misery they were capable of engendering in the family into which death sent them was by no means easy to bear. The person who is conscientiously offensive cannot be reformed. John Strange Winter tells her story with somewhat more detail than is altogether welcome to most readers, but there are those who would not willingly miss a line of it. It is mirror-like, everybody being distinctly visible and real.

*A Faithful Traitor* is a delightful story. Its manner is always entertaining. Of course, its writer has her villain duly veiled. In fact, he is scarcely suspected of being less than a noble fellow until his portrayer unmasks him. It is a tale of loyal friendship; trusts that no event is able to disturb warrant mental comfort as the unwinding of the romance proceeds. There are thrilling moments in the reading of this book and the methods by which the reader is led up to them and then pacified are proofs of a genius in story telling that is of no mean order. If further proof of such ability were needed, there is *My Pretty Jane*, by the same author, to testify.

Ignorance, too often sorely lamented, regarding the physical necessities of the very young, need not be continued in these days when science asks to be allowed to lessen it, almost, if not quite, to abolish it. Louise E. Hagan wisely names her book *How to Feed Children*. It should be in the hands of every person who has the care of little people. It is definite in its information, knowing—even learned—in its directions and exhaustive in its explanations of the resources of foods as correctives of most infantile ailments and as preventives of abnormal physical and mental developments. A healthy body is rarely if ever the home of a really unhealthy mind. Even morality, it is lately claimed, thrives at its best only in a healthy body. *How to Feed Children* cannot be over praised for its matter and manner, its tabulated work being not the least of its many advantages to mothers and nurses.

From Hay, Nisbet and Company, Glasgow.

*Hand-Book for Lady Cyclists*, by Lillias Campbell Denison.

A really useful and interesting hand-book for cyclists was needed, and this one is most helpful both by direct instructions and by suggestions. It is so well written, so inclusive and yet so well tabulated, if one may say so, that it is good reading, even for those who only look on at wheeling. It is, in a sense, an instructor in criticism. It enables those who are only pedestrians to judge properly the grace and skill of such as are speeding on two wheels. The book ought to be in the hands of every woman who wants to ride easily and gracefully and attire herself after the manner of gentlemen.

From A. & P. Pears, London.

*Henry Bunbury, the Caricaturist*.

The current issue of *Pears' Pictorial* is devoted to the reproduction of a large number of representative drawings by Henry Bunbury, who, with his contemporary caricaturists Thomas Rowlandson and James Gillray, kept London laughing during the latter half of the last century. Though defective in technique, Bunbury's work is richly humorous. Subsequent numbers of the *Pictorial* will be devoted to the other artists named. The Messrs. Pears are doing genuine service to the cause of pictorial art by the series of reproductions given in this handsome quarterly magazine.

From F. Berger, New York.

*French Method*, 1896, by François Berger.

Special stress is laid upon the study of the verb in Prof. Berger's method of learning French, the attempt being made to reduce all French verbs to a single conjugation, a chart with various colored terminals giving graphic form to the idea. It also seeks to make the pronunciation of the language understandable to him who reads. It is a compact and practical little handbook of conversational French.