

I have an emphatic statement from Mr. Harris that this book is a true history of his early days. It is a simple chronicle of the daily life of Joe Maxwell while on the plantation. There is so much of kindly spirit, unpretentious simplicity, innocent boyish pranks and vigorous life in its pages, that the reader is charmed and finds it hard to lay down the book until the tale is told. It is also interesting as a tale of middle Georgia plantation life before the war. The author works in most effectively several of the Negro Folk-Lore Tales: the plantation darkies always add a picturesque element, and his descriptions of 'coon and fox hunts are most vivid and realistic.

The closing pages tell of the war as it affected the plantation. The following incident reveals in the author genuine sympathy with the cause of freedom for the slave. One evening as Joe was returning home, having watched the long line of General Schoon's army as it filed by after the announcement that the slaves were free, he found an old Negro woman in the fence corner not far from the road, moaning and rocking herself back and forth. Near her lay an old Negro man whose shoulders were covered with a piece of shawl.

"Who is that lying there?" asked Joe.

"It my ole man suh."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He dead suh, but 'bless God he died free."

Old as she was, she and her husband had followed the army many weary miles on the road to freedom. Mr Harris adds—"The old man found it in the fence corner, and a few weeks later the old woman found it in the humble cabin. This occurred just as related."

Mr. Harris is at present, and has been for some time, literary editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the leading Southern daily journals. Readers of the magazines will have noticed his article upon the *Atlanta Constitution*, in the *Review of Reviews* for May 1897, and will doubtless remember his thrilling account of the Sea Island disasters in the *Century* of February and March 1894.

In "Sister Jane," published last year, Mr. Harris has given us his first novel. It is a story which grows upon one and is especially attractive because of a certain quaint simplicity of