

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS—Continued.

simple and pathetic close. The tale begins in love and joy and ends in love and sorrow, but between there is nothing but the clash of swords, the trampling of cavalry,

Cross" (paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25). Although "The Silver Cross" is called a historical romance, the emphasis should undoubtedly be laid on "romance," for, from the first page to the last, the atmos-

gambler of noble birth, who "abhorred politics and detested public affairs," but, through his devotion to the fair sex, is unwittingly drawn by a pair of most enchanting brown eyes into an exceedingly dangerous conspiracy, under the impression that it is merely a private intrigue. With him is associated an Irish viscount, De Barrymore, possessed of a marvelous imagination, both in regard to his Irish domains, which are largely in Spain, and also for reckless projects. His genius for intrigue reaches its height in an adventure in which the captain of the Queen's Guard, on attempting to arrest De Barrymore's friend, is overpowered, and a blank *lettre de cachet*, signed by Mazarin, being found in his pocket, is filled in with the captain's own name, and he is hustled off to the Bastille. The Scotsman, in an appreciative review, very aptly adds: "The charm of this story is infinitely enhanced by the deft felicities and brilliant sparkle of its finely polished literary style. It is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating of recent romances."

Of the novels published since the beginning of the year, few, if any, have found a steadier sale, or been received with more favorable comment than "Windyhaugh," by the author of "Mona MacLean." The Bookman, which is only one of many admirers, says: "In her earlier work Miss Todd showed convincingly enough that she had that faculty for telling a story in an interesting fashion which, apart from every



"THERE IS LITTLE I WOULD NOT DO TO PLEASE LE PERK JEAN"

From "The Span of Life," by Wm. McLennan and J. McIlwraith

and the heroism and horror of war. Yet, through it all there runs a thread of sweetness in the presence of the young wife, Beatrix, a tender, pitiful, and heroic figure amid the brutalities of a battlefield and the terrors of a siege. Beatrix is an English girl, who has married a young French officer, Captain Lefort, of the lancers. He is taken prisoner after the famous ride, and his young wife wandering on the battlefield at night looking for him among the dead, meets with an English friend, wearing the uniform of a Prussian dragoon. Her loyalty to him later on during the siege of Strasburg brings her into much trouble, from which she is again saved by English hands. Thus, Mr. Pemberton's heart is clearly shown to be with his own people, though his scene is set on the Rhine. Beatrix, Brandon, and quaint old Richard Watts have the more excellent parts to play, and they are all English. In the only other leading character, Edmond, the young French lancer, honor yields to love, and love to jealousy. Nothing but the pathos of the closing scene could win our forgiveness for the cruelty of his mistrust. "The Garden of Swords" sells for 75c. in paper, and \$1.25 in cloth.

S. R. Keightley needs no introduction to the novel-reading public, and there is little doubt that he has raised himself even higher in their estimation by the masterly piece of work which he has entitled "The Silver

phre is that of pure romance, in which every touch is convincing. It is true, the basis of the story is a mysterious intrigue



"I CRAWLED OUT BRUISED, BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT"

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against Cardinal Mazarin, but we are much more interested in the bewildering adventures of a chivalrous and gentlemanly

other merit or demerit, is sufficient to command at least a transient popularity. It remained to be seen whether she could