

fied in Emma Guthrie, the New England maid. Her quaint, shrewd sayings are irresistible.

*Henry T. Coates. Philadelphia.*

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEGGAR.** By I. K. Friedman.

**T**HIS is the veritable "human document" of a beggar who has had many varied experiences, mendacious and mendacious.

In these pages, we follow the inexhaustible impositions, boundless impudences, and moving recitals of Hungry Henry, Deaf Dan, Blind Bill, One-Armed Jake, and a host of other greasy Bedouins of the streets who stake their fortunes on the poverty of their appearance.

The book is thoroughly amusing. That is all it sets out to be, but incidentally, will be a blessing to tired minds which wish to flee from care for a few hours.

The book will be a comfort also to many of us, in that it shows how people unlike ourselves, and totally unlike anything we want to be, may live happily—even jovially—under conditions that would kill us in something less than a week.

Be sure and read it.

*Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.*

**LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER.**  
Introduction by Julia Ward Howe.

**F**EMERSON, who knew Margaret Fuller intimately for ten years, says he never saw her without surprise at her new powers. Horace Greeley says she was the most remarkable, and in many respects, the greatest woman America has yet known.

In 1850, before setting sail for Italy with her husband and little son, Margaret Fuller wrote these apprehensive words to a friend: "I shall embark more composedly in our merchant-ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness, or amid howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."

On that voyage the boy became seriously ill, and lost his sight. Off the coast of New Jersey, all three were drowned together in the wreck of the barque *Elizabeth*.

The letters were written to James Goten-

dorf, formerly James Nathan, and are published now for the first time. They reveal a keen and cultured intellect, and the lofty ideals of a woman who lived with great thoughts. It is a volume whose sweets are to be sipped leisurely.

The cover is of heavy, snuff-colored canvas, with stamping of gold. Indeed, of good bookmaking, the whole volume is an excellent example.

*D. Appleton & Co., New York.*

**A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY.** By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D.

**I**N "The Tu-Tze Tower" reviewed on this page, the following words are written about the fascination of a map: "It is like the calling of the sea, or the artist's impulse to express; it suffuses the mind with its visions, and urges the heart with its promptings until the victim arises, like one in a trance, to set his feet in the roads his eyes have so often travelled."

If ever any maps contained this strangely irresistible fascination more than others, it is those of this new geography just hot from the Sanborn press of Boston. The geography is prepared with the object all sublime of instructing grammar-school pupils with a comprehensive knowledge of production and exchange of industries, and of the great staples as they exist to-day all over the world.

It teaches, too, what are the principal natural resources of the world, and where the great centres of manufacture are, and what contributes to commerce.

But this is the smallest part of its mission, for there is not a travel microbe in one's whole being that is not excited by the really wonderful charts that are given of the steamer, railway, and caravan routes, of the wind charts, and the cables with their connections. You want to travel under, through, and over them, and, perhaps, you will some day.

The maps are also colored to show the wheat, cotton, rice, tobacco, minerals, sugar-cane, and wooded portions of the world.

The waters are colored according to the seasons that are open to navigation.

Every man interested in mercantile pursuits should have a copy of the book.

*Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.*