



Her Mountain Lover.

Halim Garland, the author, sketches in a most graphic way the life of a western prospector and miner, who goes to London to dispose of some gold wares. While in that wonderful old town, civilization smiles him. In return, he shocks society.

Jim Matteson's first followed profession is that of a cowboy, but he branches at intervals into prospecting for mines. In the Colorado "high country" he one day locates a claim, into which Dr. Ramsdell, of Chicago (a thoroughly "good fellow," and an old friend), is admitted as partner.

The doctor urges Jim to go to England, with the aim of selling a half interest in the mine to some possible English "sport." Jim is seized with panic at the dread thought, first of crossing the sea, and then of invading aristocratic London.

"See here, doc., I was raised in the hills. I'm no water dog. . . . It makes me seasick to see a girl shake a table-cloth. I can't go over there in a boat."

"You can't walk."

This reply of Dr. Ramsdell's seemed to settle the matter, so far, at least, as the mode of voyage was concerned. But that awful after-thought. Jim was at home on the trail, but trembled at the thought of a velvet carpet - and forks! - the vision he conjured up of so many gleaming silver prongs pierced the armor of his usually serene courage. He was finally overpowered with persuasion, and freighted with Chicago advice from the world-wise doctor and his delightful wife, regarding which he argued, by means of a delicious philosophy: "Advice won't do me no hurt if I don't follow it, I reckon."

Among his other baggage, he carried to England, quietly stowed away in a previously unoccupied brain-cell, the memory of sweet Bessie Blake, Mrs. Ramsdell's niece, to whom he had made himself marvellously fascinating, in the space of one day; nor was the fascination one-sided. But the physical misery caused by old ocean, and later the novelty of being taken possession of by a London society girl, whose chief charm was her very *differentness*, worked together to make him forget the barred door of cell No. 1, wherein Bessie had been, alas! too safely locked.

The beginning of a peculiar friendship in London began with an invitation from a society lady to dine formally at her home. He wrote in reply:

DEAR MADAM: I'm agreeable to coming round if you can stand my ways. I've cut with my hunting-knife so long, it's hard to break in on forks. You can't expect a musketeer to gather honey like a humble bee. I'll tie up to your table with just about 6.50, to have time to unsaddle before grub time. Respectfully yours, JAMES MATTESON.

At that eventful dinner he meets Mary Brien, who so tangles the thread of his fate; and as this unusual and most absorbing story moves along, the reader is kept guessing *whom* "Mountain Lover" Jim really is. For there are times when he certainly seems to ardently love two fair maidens; but this is not possible, as Eichel, or somebody else, can tell you.

Jim is not so speedy in disposing of the mine as his partner had hoped, and at times he is heartily weary with discouragement and home-longings. But he returns to his loved country, strikes the trail, and there, like the hero of a fairy tale, he finds money, fame, and love.

"Her Mountain Lover" reaches us from

the firm of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, and is gotten up in the attractive manner common to all the works of the firm.

The Observations of Henry.

By Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men on Wheels." Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. Six clever color illustrations. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

Jerome K. Jerome is a master merry-maker, with the exceptional quality of inculcating his joyousness. The most sedate of readers cannot take up "The Observations of Henry" without indulging in a good laugh. The author has such a nice way of putting his stories, with the talent of making them all seem perfectly natural. And pray, why should not a waiter see any number of queer things? Henry, the waiter, has a peculiar way of imparting information, "his method being generally to commence a story at the end, and then, working backward to the beginning, wind up with the middle." Most of the stories have to do with London life, and barmaids figure at times.

There is a girl with red hair, and her soubriquet is "Carrots." Carrots becomes the rage of the town, for she can dance and sing. Mr. Jerome tells how society advertising is carried out as a fine art, and as Miss Caroline Trevelyan, she figures on all occasions. If it is not Miss Trevelyan, it is her dog, "which is doing something out of the common." Carrots carries a noble and good-for nothing man, and is wretchedly unhappy. Carrots is an honest woman, and has not forgotten the young fellow, Kipper, who has always been her friend. At Cape Town the Marchioness runs, in connection with her husband, a first-class hotel, and Carrots "might almost be taken for a Duchess—until she opens her mouth, when her accent is found to be slightly reminiscent of the Mile-End Road."

Delightful is the story of the mix-up of an infant and a bull-pup, and the hungry child takes naturally to dog-biscuit. "The Probation of James Wrench" imparts its lesson. The most ardent of novel-readers does tire at times of the ultra-romantic, with fiction introspective and retrospective, and it is a positive relief to fasten on just such a book as is "The Observations of Henry."

Literary Notes.

MANY women have been reproached for living for the sole object of entertaining. No one doubts that such an aim is petty and narrowing, but it is equally certain that it is a woman's duty to understand The Art of Entertaining, and this forms the subject of an attractive and useful article by "Lady June" in the *Cosmopolitan* for May.

CURRENT HISTORY is specially designed to serve the busy reader. It sums up monthly the important news of the world, carefully sifted of non-essentials, and bringing out clearly the cardinal points of recent progress along all lines. A half-hour will post the reader on all the leading questions of the day. The April number is abundantly illustrated, and gives prominent space to the Chinese Negotiations, Cuban and Philippine Problems, Tariff War with Russia, Relations

of England and Germany, the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration, Industrial Consolidations, the Riots in Spain, the Service of Missions, the New Star in Persians, Printing without Ink, etc. Boston: Current History Co.

Maria Perrone.

Continued from page 25.

It was a curious scene which I witnessed when I entered the great room of the old palace, which in the troubles of the great Napoleon had become the chief inn of the sadly reduced city of Atrani.

My escort, all save the sentries at the outer door, were disposed in full uniform on either side of the gloomy apartment. A long table stood in the midst with candles and papers upon it, the latter for show merely, being mostly regimental docketts of Stephano and a few draft reports of my own. The syndic had seated himself at the side of the table, but at the brusque announcement of Stephano he had risen and stood with bowed head while I walked to the red and gold chair of state reserved for me at the upper end of the room.

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Then, as they were bringing forward the prisoner, Stephano came again to my side, and, unbuckling the sword of honor which the king had given me, he laid it with infinite dignity on the table in front of me.

"We are in an ill town and among an untrustworthy folk, at once turbulent and bandit ridden," he whispered as I moved my hand impatiently. "It is well to let the cattle know it when a great man deigns to come among them."

For Stephano was also of the north and despised the canaille of the south-eastern sea.

I looked up and saw Leo Perrone standing at the end of the table farthest from me. His hands were bound behind him. He looked on the floor, but his face was no longer as I had seen it, shaken with emotion. It was gray and stern rather, but very quiet withal.

There came the tramp of soldiers on the stone stairs, and a file of carabinieri entered with a woman. It was Maria Perrone, the dark woman with the handsome eyes whom I had seen in the morning. They brought her to the table end and set her beside her husband.

She glanced up and her eyes fell on him.

"Leo!" she cried fiercely. "Leo! A prisoner! Oh, my Leo! What have you done now?"

And she raised her arms and clasped him about the neck. The loose, coarse prison sleeve fell back from the white rounded arms, and I saw her fingers clasp and knit convulsively behind the man's head. He turned his eyes toward her, and pain and love struggled together in his eyes. The muscles of his arms twitched and drew like wire bell-pulls as he struggled to get his arms free, but the steel wristbands held.

"Maria! Mother Maria! Beloved one!" he said huskily, looking at her a moment.

And then, as she clung yet closer to him, he pushed her gently away with a proud little movement, as one who would say: "Shame, shame, beloved! This is no time and no company for the showing of love!"

But in spite of these Maria Perrone wistfully kept her eyes on him, but he did not look again at his wife, but as if he dared us to think ill of it he fronted us all defiantly and yet with a certain grimly watchful respectfulness which won upon me.

Slowly the woman's hands unclasped themselves as she noted the uneasy shrug of her husband's shoulders under her touch. Her white arms grew suddenly lax and fell heavily to her sides. She faced about, looking to us one by one inquiringly.

I paused awhile before I spoke, turning over in my mind how I should best arrive at the truth.

"You are guilty of this murder for which you were condemned?" I said to the woman.

"I am truly guilty of the man's death! I, and I alone, did it!" she answered firmly. "I know not of what my husband is accused that he stands here bound; but, as God is my judge, of all part in the killing of the soldier, Giovanni Lupo, he is innocent!"

I nodded and turned to her husband. The woman's eyes were steady as truth itself.

"You hear what your wife testifies?" I said to the man. "Do you still adhere to the open confession you made in the duomo tonight?"

"Confession in the duomo," almost shrieked the woman, turning to her husband. "You, made no confession—say you made no confession!"

(To be continued.)