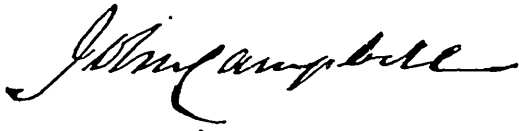


lady, the one a young Protestant clergyman of fine appearance and noble family, the other, a celebrated artist. The clergyman, in the discharge of his duty as prison chaplain, finds that his rival has been guilty of manslaughter, but generously keeps silent on the subject while that rival wins the lady's affections. The artist, however, not daring to reveal his secret to his affianced bride, retires to India and conveniently dies of yellow fever, when the clergyman comes to the front again and wedding bells are in order. The novel is a wholesome one, with a very fair Christian moral, a little stiff, and stilted, perhaps, for English taste in general, but the very thing for a correct family circle. Even boarding-school young ladies might read it, were it not that it might tempt them to make eyes at the minister on Sunday, by mistake for the lovely rector, Reginald von Conventius, which would be a sad calamity for a devout preacher. The *Compte-rendu des Séances de la Société Américaine de France* has just arrived, containing two articles by M. Georges Raynaud, on *Une Ville Disparue, a City of the Zotzils of Mexico*, and *Une Mission en Amérique Centrale*, full of suggestions for future explorers in the central parts of this continent. France has done more for ancient American history than any other country in the Old World or in the New. The transactions of the *Société Américaine* are published by Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. M. Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main text of the page.