

the reader really feels that he is himself again, he finds himself standing upon a higher moral plane, to which his recently acquired insight into Islamism has lifted him. He is made to know through his delightful story that all the good men of this world are brothers, who only differ in complexion and in their modes of eating, drinking, sitting, speaking and wooing—particularly the last. [New York: Macmillan and Co.]

The Heart of a Maid is an analytic story, by Beatrice Kipling, of Simla, the chief Summer resort of the English army officers in India. Incidentally, the author writes of Maidanpore, Muritza and Drecan Dreer, and of the prevailing social customs of Anglo-Indian garrisons. She seems to know too much of the wrong kind of girls' hearts and too little of the right sort, and for this misfortune she is to be pitied, and so, also, are her readers. The story is fascinating in a way, being direct in its methods and simple in style; but the mind of the reader, whether man or maiden, feels little of real satisfaction when the last page is turned. Stories that gladden the heart are far more wholesome than this "romance of romantic girls." [New York: John W. Lovell Co.]

Tales of the war between the North and South, no matter how well told they may be or how much truthful information they may contain, only serve to keep alive old feuds and animosities that should long ago have felt the healing touch of time; and *Adventures of a Fair Rebel*, by Matt Crim, is no exception to this general rule. The romance, however, is very interesting, and the "Fair Rebel" appeals strongly to our sympathy and love by her many virtues and her sorrowful fortune. [New York: Charles L. Webster and Co.]

A truly noble story is *Averil*, by Rosa Nouchette Cary, the heroine being a stout-hearted, pure-souled young woman to whom beauty and health were denied, but who had fortune, and a poor step-mother with children of her own. How kindnesses were wrought in the face of ingratitude, of insolent demands and of a disregard for Averil's rights and belongings, makes up a romance in which a tender steadfastness to principle and an ever-ready forgetfulness of personal wrongs wins in the end and compels good to follow in the wake of ill and happiness to rise out of the most unpromising conditions. Miss Cary may not be wholly original as a

story-teller, but her ideals of character are pure and elevated. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.]

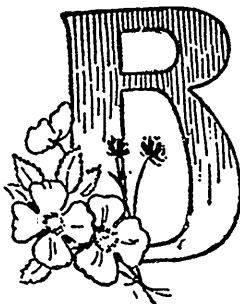
Another group of tales by Thomas Nelson Page is entitled *Among the Camps*, being four thrillingly interesting narratives of boyish adventures during the Rebellion. Not only are wartime episodes graphically presented, but also many curious incidents in which youthful courage and heroism are called into play. Humor and pathos are about equally divided in this prettily illustrated volume. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Seven tales for boys by Richard Harding Davis are published in one attractive volume by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title *Stories for Boys*. That bright lads will revel in these ingenious narratives, while dull ones will be enlivened by them, is giving the book no more praise than it deserves. The author has not forgotten what it is to be a boy, fettered to a monotonous round of developing duties; and he generously furnishes those who are following him in life's pathway with entrancing mental recreations and with examples of how manly boys can be. The hero of "Richard Carr's Baby" is a true man, though only a boy in years.

A Missing Million is the characteristic title of a new book by Oliver Optic. It is a stirring story, but preposterous in its elements. Only a mature man with special gifts and not a little experience as a detective could really have accomplished all or even half of what the hero is represented as achieving. Besides being unpleasant, the narrative tells of crime that it will do no lad good to read about. The Irish boy's adventures are as impossible as his brogue, which no Irishman would recognize, and which becomes very monotonous before the last page of the bulky volume is reached. [Boston: Lee and Shepard.]

Gestures and Attitudes is the name of a book, by Prof. Edward B. Warman, which, as its sub-title declares, is "An Exposition of the Delsarte Philosophy, Practical and Theoretical." The work is handsomely printed and bound and contains a hundred and fifty illustrations of the postures described in the text. In addition to the descriptive matter, there are charts that inform the student how to express by dumb show the various emotions of which the human mind is capable. [Boston: Lee and Shepard.]

A SPRINGTIME BREAKFAST.



BREAKFASTS daintily served need not of necessity be expensive, although many are prone to think different'y.

Some little originality, and a moderate amount of good taste will work wonders in this sort of entertainment, and will go a considerable distance toward making a success of the undertaking.

Along in the early Spring I was rejoiced to meet an artist friend who chanced to be in our part of the country for the brief space of half a day. He had come in on a late train and

was to leave at eleven on the following day.

In the fulness of my joy I invited him to take breakfast with me in the morning, and when he had accepted, I decided on asking three or four of my intimates who I felt sure would prove congenial.

My mother was in despair when I went home and confessed what I had done.

"What in the world do you expect to find that is eatable at this time of the year? There is simply nothing to be had," cried she. "Of all meals, too, breakfast is the least capable of being served daintily," she argued discouragingly.

I was in for it, though, and there was nothing to be done but make the best of the matter; so like the good mother she always is, she straightway fell to considering the possibilities of the case.

The peach and apple trees were in full and odorous bloom at the time, and early the next morning I gathered some of the prettiest sprays and branches I could find. These I laid carelessly here and there on the cream-tinted table-cloth, which made a pretty background for the blossoms and leaves.

I next turned my attention to making a suitable center-piece for the table. This I arranged by placing a head of beautifully curled lettuce in a quaint little yellow bowl and disposing pretty pink and white radishes among the green leaves.

As an appetizer we first had some thin slices of banana, sprinkled with pepper and salt, and served in small, round dishes.

Then came oat-meal, neither too watery, nor too dry, both which faults need to be guarded against. This was eaten with rich, whipped cream and buttered toast.

The next course consisted of a tender steak dressed with lettuce sauce; cheese toast, made of narrow slices of bread that were first buttered and then sprinkled with grated cheese, and browned in the oven; potato chips, crisp and with a sprinkling of lemon juice over them; chocolate hidden beneath a rich froth of beaten egg; sardines that had been dried on blotting-paper and then dipped in lemon juice, rolled in fine bread-crumbs and browned; and finally some delicious omelettes served in lettuce leaves and looking as pretty as they were good. Flaky breakfast rolls were also a part of this course.

Afterward came oranges, bananas and pineapples, chopped very fine and served with a rich lemonade dashed with sherry. This delicious mixture was served to each guest in an orange rind from which the fruit had been carefully removed with a spoon through a circular opening in the top. The lid was put on again after the chopped fruits had been packed in, so that the orange seemed to be a whole one.

At each plate was laid a small bunch of white and blue violets, sweet with the breath of early Spring; and a pin was placed by each bunch for fastening the flowers upon the lapel of the coat.

The omelettes proved the crowning feature of the occasion, and for the benefit of those who like a dainty dish, I herewith give the recipe.

Separate six eggs. Beat the yolks, and add to them six table-spoonfuls of milk, a salt-spoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tea-spoonful of flour. Put a table-spoonful of butter in a skillet, and when it begins to bubble turn in the omelette.

Fry to a golden brown, remove carefully from the skillet, spread with an acid jelly, fold over nicely, and place in lettuce leaves. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, sweeten slightly, and put a thick coating on top of the omelette.

The result is a toothsome morsel, a thing of beauty and, if not a joy forever, certainly a genuine delight while it lasts.

The whole affair was simple and inexpensive, but those present were kind enough to refer to it several times afterward as one of the daintiest and most delightful breakfasts they had enjoyed for a long time.

H. C. W.