

married the Englishman to the little blathering nonentity *Penelly Seton*.

One of the best drawn characters is *Suke Turck*, a moonshiner's daughter, a full-pulsed, red-blooded girl—wild, primitive, masculine—but with a heart of gold.

We like *Aunt Sussex Bussey*, too. She is so delightfully impracticable and so divertingly susceptible on the point of "family."

The story ends just as the reader would wish.

The get-up of the book generally is tasteful and artistic.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN. By Walter Del Mar.

IF you are looking for missionary information or anything along the line of Henry Drummond's works, don't buy this book, for while it is interesting and will doubtless prove instructive to intending travellers, it is by no means edifying to those who stay at home.

To be candid, it is a very bold, naughty book, one to be quarantined with a fence of spiked criticism.

The author is a "well-languaged" man and can observe foreign scenes and foreign types through clear, unbiased eyes, but he has marred what were otherwise a most readable book with flagrant descriptions that far out-rank *Pierre Loti*, *Zola*, or *Max O'Rell*.

Walter Del Mar "did" the world heavily, so heavily that he ought to have been washed, fumigated and expurgated before being allowed on a steamer.

From the time he left England till he returned, a period of nine months, he seems to have visited most of the brothels *en route*, and he tells us all his experiences and a great deal about "the profession," not even forgetting the rates.

In Japan, particularly, he set his affections on *Joro* dancers, but on the whole he does not seem to think much of the Japanese women either as a "wife" or in less regular relations—and he tells us why. Oh, fie upon him!

He warns English women on no account

to use hotel fans which lie around promiscuously, for twenty chances to one they are advertising the business of Nectarine or some other "only first-class house in Japan."

A. & C. Black, London.

KENT FORT MANOR. By William Henry Babcock.

THE secret of being wearisome," says a French proverb, "is to tell all you know." The author of this book does not err on this side. In truth, he takes too much for granted, particularly in the first pages of the book, and so presents his characters with absolutely no introduction, thus causing some slight confusion in the reader's mind. In everyday life, when anyone claims our acquaintance, we like to know who they are, whence they came, and what they want. The same applies equally to fiction. The author of this work had *thought* the characters out himself, but not so the public, hence the confusion.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, there remains nothing but praise for this book. The threads of the story are held by a clever hand, and are eventually woven out into a very pretty piece of texture.

The story deals with the period of the civil war and gives us some rattling riding, lively escapades, and grim scouting.

Roderick Clariborne, the central figure of the book, is well drawn, and rolls out some really well-made talk. Indeed the conversation throughout the book is exceptionally clever, particularly that of the negro servants.

One of the best bits of description in which *Kent Fort Manor* abounds is the lonely death of *Tagg Martin*, a young courier, who although fainting in his saddle from loss of blood, dashed madly on that he might deliver his despatch to some human hand, but alas! only to fall short of his goal, and to die miserably in a dismal swamp. Even the most casual reader will put down the book to moralize on the shiftlessness of life, the waste of her material, and the tragedy of unfinished labor. Of a surety, "There's something in this world amiss to be unravelled by and by."