

...sends him to kindergarten, an in-...
concerning which the author has...
unwillingly before; at the age of...

ANGEL AND DEVIL
Two Stories of the Artistic Temperament.

THE FIRST ROUND. By St. John Innes.
12mo, pp. 478. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE SHOULDER-KNOT. By Mrs. Henry
Dutton. 12mo, pp. 298. Cassell &
Co., Ltd.

...author's splendid workmanship and
his sympathetic understanding of an
ever interesting subject make "The First
Round" a novel eminently well worth
reading. Genius has often been defined;
it has never been explained. It is some-
thing mysterious, apart from the per-
sonality of him who possesses it, a force
within him, or perhaps above him, not
himself, that drives him to do what he
must, his bidding. Mr. Lucas traces
with delicate insight the directing, self-
protecting power of this force in a child,
which all unknowing as yet it has
chosen for its instrument. A lonely boy
he is, carrying within his dreamy, vis-
ceral, sensitive soul the fuel that is to
be fanned into the divine fire. His
father, a practical, prosy, well meaning
country physician, does not understand
him, but even when he meets a mature
mind of discernment he cannot formulate
what is coming to life within him,
gradually and as yet blindly.

He is an unhappy child, unhappy at
home, unhappy at the great public school
to which he is sent, unhappy in the office
of the county lawyer to whom he is
appointed, wistfully longing for the
extracted Bohemian and his young
daughter who alone spoke his language
long ago, spoke it with affectionate
understanding and with the voice of music.
He and his father are utter strangers
now to each other, and at last he escapes
to London, whither his muse has been
driving him. Throughout she has
prompted him to maintain himself
independent for her service by shrinking
ever further within himself, until he has
gone negatively selfish, taking what is
offered him of loving service without
thought of giving a return. The defensive
aloofness, the unconscious selfishness
of this rare spirit, ever obeying the
guidance of the force it does not realize,
is brought out in a sequence of well-
developed perfectly natural contrasts
with the harder everyday material of
life. Then comes the emotional awaken-
ing, but his foot is already on the first
rung of the ladder now. His real al-
legiance will be always to his art, for
genius does what it must. The book is
the most convincing and subtle study in
fiction of genius since the appearance
of Mrs. Sinclair's "Divine Fire."

Diabolic possession, the allegory of the
dual nature of man, will never lose its
value as literary material. Occasionally
a master hand seizes upon it and bids
all the world halt and realize, by confront-
ing it with a Frankenstein's monster or
a Mr. Hyde. Mrs. Dudeney's successful
venture in the field has a less universal
significance, but gains in novelty by its
exclusively artistic conception. A decen-
tial poet, who is led by his devil to "win
with his eyes," to see unspeakable, un-
speakable things and sing them in flow-
ing verse, this is her invention, which
she handles with admirable skill. The
man publishes much, and destroys more
to his own moments, when the obsession
leaves him. Chance leads him to a re-
nowned English farmhouse, and there he
finds a woman—the woman whose pure
love, perchance, will set him free. But
the shadow on his shoulder returns, is
banished, returns again until that lonely
house becomes the shade of vague ter-
rors and forebodings. The man's fear

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

that the Imp may change the beauty of
his wife, the soft features of his infant
into something repulsive, suggesting de-
struction, is but part of the horror,
which is further intensified by the wife's
knowledge of the Imp on his shoulder,
and her determined effort to feign ig-
norance of its presence there. To those
who would sup on horrors this story is
particularly recommended; their feelings
will be soothed in the end. The chief
appeal of the book is, however, to the
intellect rather than to the emotions; it
is to be appreciated rather than felt. A
very interesting invention, handled with
great skill.

ROMANCE
Love and Adventure in Pic-
turesque Places.

MAURIN THE ILLUSTRIOUS. By Jean
Aicard. Translated from the French
by Alfred Alington. M. A. 12mo, pp.
426. The John Lane Company.

RALEIGH. A ROMANCE OF ELIZA-
BETH'S COURT. By William Bever-
idge and Stephen Lovell. Illustrated.
12mo, pp. 219. Philadelphia: The J.
B. Lippincott Company.

We need not take Maurin quite so
seriously as we have been invited to
take him since the appearance in Eng-
lish, a few months ago, of the first
chronicle of his doings, "The Diverging
Adventures of Maurin." Comparisons
have been drawn between this Meridional
hero and Gil Bias and Don Quixote;
his ideals of right and justice have been
pointed out as lessons to us all, but
that is, really, taking a *gitepode* with
a solemnity which would divert none so
much as M. Aicard himself. Maurin
has his rough and ready and logical
ideas of right and wrong, of chivalry,
of justice and injustice, but on the sub-
ject of the law (a far different matter)
he is decidedly anarchistic, his own
arbiter. If he is always in the right
it is only because the author takes good
care to put his enemies invariably in
the wrong; and the best of us are but
too prone to rejoice over the discor-
diture of a gendarme, if his picture be
along conventional lines. Maurin is a
very satisfactory hero of picaresque
romance, and his adventures, his narrow
escapes and daring exploits, his resource-
fulness and invariable good humor are
described with all the art required to
give them color and attractiveness. But
he is a scamp none the less, a frankly,
joyously unmoral pagan. Mr. Alington's
translation of this second volume is as
admirable as was that of the first.

"Raleigh" is a "novelization" (inabom-
inable word) of a successful English play,
and it is of robust melodramatic quality,
the kind of historical fiction that is
likely to be popular with the numerous
class of readers who prefer to gain their
historical information in that enterprising
if not always reliable way. Here is
Elizabeth in all the pomp and pic-
turesqueness of tradition, and Raleigh
in all the glamour of romance, and Span-
ish enemy in all his villainy, and Popish
plotter in all his black disloyalty, with
Burgheley and Leicester and Mary Stuart
and Sidney and Edmund Spenser in the
picture, and local color of place and
time put on with the broad impression-
ism of the scene painter's brush. The
speeches of the *dramatis personae* are
written with that strange mingling of
the archaic and the modern to which
we have become accustomed in this kind
of fiction. Mouth filling speeches these
are, fit to roll out from the footlights
to the breathless gallery, most of
them having, of necessity, the quality of
dramatic exposition as well. Good Queen
Bess's first entrance is made effective
by strong speech. "God's death, man,"
she says, and "A plague on Tommity
Covington," and "A pox take them all."
But when the girl he loves beseeches
Raleigh to give up tobacco, and he
argues the point, she exclaims "Keep
to your dirty pipe!" and rushes from
him into the Queen's personal apart-
ments. The illustrations consist of pic-
tures of the play as produced in Lon-
don by Sir Lewis Waller.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

MARION CRAWFORD
Some Charming Recollections of
Him by His Sister.

Sooner or later there must be a me-
morial of Marion Crawford. Man of books
as he was, the life he led also brimmed
over with experiences not merely book-
ish, and a narrative of his career, if not
quite as romantic as one of his own
stories, would nevertheless prove as ab-
sorbing in its way as the latter. It
would be good to hear that he had left
a volume of reminiscences. In the mean
time his sister, Mrs. Mary Crawford
Fraser, gives us in the current number
of "Collier's Weekly" a foretaste of what
we might expect in his biography. She
tells of his youth and his Italian days,
something of his adventures and some-
thing of his character, and conveys al-
together a delightful impression of a
brilliant individuality.

He appears to have been an erratic
student, now industrious and now care-
less of his books, but it is plain that the
instinct of the novelist was working in
him even before he knew it, the instinc-
tive of the man sensitive to all the ro-
mantic suggestions of life. His sister
says that before he went to Cambridge
he lived for a time with a tutor in Essex,
the country from which he was ulti-
mately to draw the material for "The
Tale of a Lonely Parish," and afterward
he once said to her: "England is the
most romantic country in the world.
Anything could happen in these lonely
old country houses, lost in a dip of the
moors, miles away from the beaten
roads! The fierce privacy with which
Englishmen surround themselves makes
them absolutely independent within their
own domain. No Eastern despot has
finer opportunities for autocracy than
the ordinary English squire." That is
a very Crawfordesque saying, and very
like him it was, too, to learn during his
stay in Essex the art of bell ringing.
The humorous and even sportive mood
in which he faced the world at this time
comes out in the following note on his
year at the university:

At Cambridge he did not earn the re-
putation of an ardent student, but he
enjoyed himself immensely. That term
"immense" was one which was applied
to him by his contemporaries, and at
last he thought he might as well acknowl-
edge it. He spent most of his time
in the greatest trotting horse he could find
and a towering dog cart, and he was
deliberately across his waistcoat. One
day he was in a facetious mood, playing
at the ornaments of the carriage. One
day when Marion pulled out a watch two
inches thick and as big around as a mus-
ketoon, the whole party burst into
laughter. She was shut in with a maniac
and rushed from the carriage at the next
stop.

There are other droll stories of his
English period. One relates to a tragico-
comic incident on the platform of a rail-
way station. A drunken rustic suddenly
attacked him and broke his nose. On
another occasion he sought to aid the
owner of a refractory pig by striking
the beast on the head with his walking
stick. The pig promptly turned over and
died. But while Mrs. Fraser amuses us
with items of this sort, and with her ac-
count of Crawford as a nighty swim-
mer and a daring yachtsman, the best
part of her essay is that in which she
describes the sudden adjustment of all
his faculties to serious work, the unex-
pected success of "Mr. Isaacs" and the
tremendous energy with which he pre-
sently gave himself to letters. Of the
care with which he prepared his books
and of his linguistic achievements she
writes as follows:

He was so scrupulous that he would
not write about any subject of which he
did not personally and practically know
the details. "A Roman year" was the
outcome of years of familiarity with the
musical life of Rome; for "Marius" every
process of Venetian glasswork on the spot;
he was his own architect; he and his wife
planned and executed every detail of
his own life; he never made a mistake in
his own mind; he never made a mistake
in the tower, the magnificent sea
wall, the spacious, harmonious courts and
gardens of the Sorrento Villa with such
perfection that no trained architect has
a fault to find with it, and such accuracy
that each brick and the tally needed no
correcting when the work was done.
For "Marius" Crawford's attention became
a silvermith, making his own designs and
leading them out in the metal in lovely
classic forms. His mother had a silver-
bezel as a memory of the book; nymphs
danced round his girl, and his work-
manship was delicate and vigorous as if
executed by a long trained hand. To write
"The Witch of Prague" he went and lived
in that city and learned Bohemian. It was
the seventeenth language he had acquired.
I do not know how many were added to
the list afterward. Slav and Scandinavian,
Persian and Arabic, Latin and Teutonic
languages he possessed them all, and I
never remember his telling me that any
one ought to be able to learn a new lan-
guage in six weeks. For him each fresh
achievement was a new step, one of the
real "illumination" once said to him: "You
would have been successful in any other
career you had chosen to undertake."

Everything, says Mrs. Fraser, was her
brother's—"success, honor, the affection-
ate companionship of a devoted wife,
who read every line he wrote with the
keenest interest and true literary ac-
umen; brave sons and beautiful daugh-
ters, who worshipped their father."
There is not a reader of his romances
who does not rejoice that his reward was
so full and rich.

CHARLES GENIAUX
A New French Author, Said To Be
Worth Knowing.

From The London Morning Post
Charles Geniaux? Probably the very
name of the author of "L'Homme de
Peine" is unfamiliar to the great ma-
jority of Englishmen, even to the liter-
ary. Who and what is Charles Geniaux
was eloquently related by M. Charles
Boutier at a lecture given yesterday
afternoon at Stafford House by permission
of the Duke of Sutherland. Charles
Geniaux, described by the lecturer as one
of the greatest and most powerful of
modern French writers, a Zola without
his crudeness and lurid detail, had, he
remarked, direct kinship with Flaubert
and with Maupassant, yet he copied no
one, was always original, always himself,
scorning to present his thoughts in the
clothes of others. From the first Geniaux
had a horror of advertisement, and even
in the early days when he had to struggle
for existence, gaining a bare livelihood
by inventing short stories, he per-
sistently refused to write down to the
level desired by commercially minded
editors and publishers, who so often as
not refused his work for the reason that
it was too literary. Nothing would
induce this true poet and artist to put on
any vulgarizing disguise, and he was
calmly confident in the knowledge that
sooner or later his work would be
conquered the public, as it did triumphantly
when in 1867 he won the Prix de Rome
des Auteurs, in recognition of his mas-
terpiece, "L'Homme de Peine," on which
he had worked amid all sorts of discour-
agement, for seven long years. "This was
the turning point. So great was the de-
mand to-day for the work of Charles
Geniaux that he could not produce his
books quickly enough to satisfy publish-
ers, and he was obliged to turn to the
public, as a business man, he work-
ing unconsciously, creating art for art's
sake. "The splendid "L'Homme de Peine"
was followed by other fine works of great
real and artistic value, and the best of
them being "Les Forces de la Vie" and

"La Cité de Mort." His philosophy, said
the lecturer, was in the main optimistic,
though tinged with a melancholy of
which he was the echo of his early days
of privation and sickness. But whether
sad or buoyant, the writings of Geniaux
were ever dominated by his intense love
of art, which was his god. In the course
of his lecture M. Boutier read a delight-
fully fresh and vivid autobiographical
sketch prepared specially for the occasion
by M. Geniaux himself.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.
Talk of Things Present and to
Come.

Mr. William Allen White is reported
to have taken at least one living person
as a model for a character in his suc-
cessful novel "A Certain Rich Man"—
this person being his friend Congress-
man Victor Burdick, insurgent.

An exhaustive work on the pheasants
of the world is to be prepared by Mr.
and Mrs. C. W. Beebe, who have chosen
Japan as their starting point. Henry
Holt & Co. are bringing out meanwhile
their new book, "Our Search for a Wil-
derness. This tells the story of two
zoological expeditions to Venezuela
and British Guiana, the first of which
was undertaken on a little Venezuelan
boat with which they journeyed into a
Jungle filled with monkeys, scarlet ibises
and big snakes.

"A Garland to Sylvia" is the graceful
title of a book which Mr. Percy Mac-
Kaye is about to publish. He calls it "a
dramatic reverie."

An American edition of Mr. Rider
Haggard's new novel, "Morning Star," is
to be brought out here next month by
Longmans, Green & Co. It is a tale of
ancient Egyptian magic, and among its
characters are wizards who work terrific
miracles. "The heroine, Tia, or "Morn-
ing Star," is as lovely as She and as a
princess, the daughter of Pharaoh. She
goes through many thrilling dangers for
the sake of the man she loves—dangers
such as no novelist knows better how
to invent than does Mr. Haggard.

The lectures which Governor Hughes
gave at Yale are to appear in book form
next month. The Yale University Press
will bring the volume out under the title
of "Conditions of Progress in Democratic
Government." The Governor says that
the purpose of the book shall have been
served "if it develops a wider apprecia-
tion of high standards of decency and
justice" in citizenship.

Another work announced for early
publication by the Yale University Press
deals with "The High Court of Parlia-
ment and Its Supremacy." It is an his-
torical essay on the boundaries between
legislation and adjudication in England.
The author, Mr. C. H. McIlwain, of
Princeton University, was moved to
write the book in the course of his ef-
forts to find an explanation of the cur-
rent attitude of courts of law toward
legislation, especially in this country.

A biography of Byron written by a
woman is something which the reader
may justly anticipate with some curi-
osity. Such a book is to be published
in the autumn, its author being Miss
Edith C. Mayne, an English woman, who
has already produced a volume on the
Countess Guiccioli, and who proposes to
deal with the poet's career upon bold
and independent lines and from a
woman's point of view. The last woman
who attempted that task was Mrs.
Becher Stowe, and she certainly did
not distinguish herself.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, ex-Member of
Parliament for Galway, tells in his book,
"A History of the Irish Parliamentary
Party," a characteristic story of Glad-
stone. I remember an occasion when the Parliam-
ent were attacking the estimates, and Mr.
Healy, burning for retrenchment or give
back the Vote, said that public servants
should be compulsorily retired at sixty-five
an too old for work. We had a division,
and the opposition, I remember, passed one
another from the opposing benches I saw
Mr. Gladstone—then approaching seventy-five—
all smiles and waggling his head. "Very
good, Mr. Healy, very good. Put the
old man on the shelf at sixty-five." Throw
him on the public heap! Too old for any
good, Mr. Healy!" "Oh, sir," blundered
the fabbergasted Tiger Tim, "I do not mean
that."

A new book on "The Care of Trees in
Lawn, Street and Park" is coming from
the press of the Holts. How to treat
invalid trees and how to fight the pests
which attack them are matters discussed
in detail therein. Professor B. E. Fern-
ow is the author.

The organized work of women in for-
eign missions is picturesquely described
in "Western Women in Eastern Lands,"
a volume just issued by Macmillan. It
tells the story of the growth of the mis-
sionary movement in the last fifty years
—a growth from one society to forty.

Mr. Oscar Browning, in his just pub-
lished reminiscences, says that Robert
Browning once told him that an acci-
dent delayed the public recognition of
him for twenty years. John Stuart Mill
had discovered his "Pauline" and wished
to review it in a certain periodical. The
editor said it had already been noticed
—and it had been noticed to the extent
of—"Pauline—baldersdash." A single line
was needed to finish off the page, and
the hurried editor had supplied it thus.

Of Tennyson Mr. Oscar Browning
writes: "I remember once standing
with him on the summit of the steep
precipice which incloses Scratchell's
Bay, and his saying to me as we looked
down, 'If I did not believe in the immor-
tality of the soul, I should throw my-
self down there.'" Mr. Browning re-
members that at that time Tennyson
"had no admiration for Swinburne, and
he was disgusted at what he considered
to be the immoral character of his work.
His noble poem of 'Lucretius' was writ-
ten to show how an indelicate subject
might be treated delicately, and as he
was reading it to me he exclaimed,
'What a mess little Swinburne would
have made of this!'"

The recent gathering in London of the
descendants of famous poets has in-
spired Mr. Percival Lucas to write a
book tracing as far as possible all such
descendants. The world and his wife
are not suffering for a book of this kind,
but they will doubtless find amusement
in it.

A monument to Professor Tyndall is
to be erected by his widow on the rocks
of Bel Alp, facing the great Aletsch
glacier, a mile above the villa which he
built at Lugens. The work is to be
done by Fernand Corvejon, a Geneva
sculptor. It will be remembered that
Tyndall was the first to ascend the lofty
Welshhorn, and he founded the pictur-
esque village of Bel Alp.

The Australian novelist Rolf Boldre-
wood has given to the world in "Rob-
bery Under Arms" a novel which de-
serves to live as a contribution to the
history of his colony—and he has also
given to the world a literary daughter,
Rose Boldrewood, who is just bringing

out an Australian love story. The elder
novelist's real name, by the way, is
Thomas A. Brown, but "Boldrewood" is
a much more romantic name, upon
which father and daughter may be con-
gratulated.

Professor J. L. Laughlin has contribu-
ted to the next number of "Scribner's"
an article denying that great gold
production is the cause of the present high
prices. Here is the conclusion of his
paper: "May it not be the psychological
hour to call for the creation of a new
aristocracy of the simple life, of those
who care for the reality and not for the
shadow, for the true inward pleasures of
the mind rather than for the external,
evanescent show? May it not be high
time to create a free-masonry of those
who do not ask how much one has nor
how much one knows, but what one is?
Gold, in the sense of riches, may be the
root of all evil; but gold, in the sense
of a standard of prices, cannot be the
sole root of the evil in our increased
cost of living."

Mrs. Martin, the author of several
justly praised novels treating of the life
and character of the Pennsylvania
Dutch, was not herself a Pennsylvania
Dutch, but she was a Pennsylvania
Dutch, which were not easy to
make among people both shy and sus-
picious—were pursued during her girl-
hood in Lancaster, where her father was
a Lutheran clergyman.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK
BIOGRAPHY.

PRINCE ITO. The Man and Statesman. A
Brief History of His Life. By Kaju Nakamura,
M. A. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xvii.
114. The Japan Economic Commercial
Weekly and Annuity Publishing Company.

MEMOIRS OF SIXTY YEARS AT ETON,
CAMBRIDGE, AND ELSEWHERE. By
Oscar Browning, M. A. With a photogra-
vue frontispiece and numerous other illus-
trations. 8vo, pp. x. 364. (The John Lane
Company.)

The author, a former assistant master at
Eton College and senior professor of Cam-
bridge, was a teacher from 1870 to
February 10, 1880, the day of Queen Vic-
toria's wedding. The book is crowded
with anecdotes concerning royalty and
persons prominent in the literary, artistic,
political, religious and social worlds.
There are interesting accounts of travel
in England and on the Continent.

THE LIFE OF MARY LYON. Both Read-
ing and Reference. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. x.
462. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

The story of her early tribulations, her
hardships as a teacher, her plucky fight
in the face of prejudice to found her
female seminary, and her final career as
the head of Mount Holyoke.

MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
The Story of a Long Life. 12mo, pp. ix.
496. (Harper & Bros.)

An intimate account of the life of Mrs.
Edward Payson Terhune, better known as
"Marion Harland."

DRAMA.
PLAYS. HAMILTON'S SECOND MARRIAGE;
THOMAS AND BESSIE. Edited by G. F.
Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 229. (The
Houghton Mifflin Company.)

THE STORY OF HER EARLY TRIBULATIONS,
her hardships as a teacher, her plucky fight
in the face of prejudice to found her
female seminary, and her final career as
the head of Mount Holyoke.

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Edward Payson Terhune, better known as
"Marion Harland."

EDUCATIONAL.
PARISIAN SCENES FROM "A TALE OF
TWO CITIES." Edited, with Introduction
and Notes, by H. H. Munroe. 12mo,
pp. ix. 120. (G. F. Putnam's Sons, Lon-
don: The Cambridge University Press.)
Intended for use in schools and colleges.

ESSAYS.
REVOLUTION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By
Jack London. 12mo, pp. ix. 309. (The
Macmillan Company.)

A collection of thirteen essays—"The
Dignity of Dollars," "These Bones Shall
Rise Again," "The World's Greatest
Shrinkage of the Planet," "The Other
Animals," "Foma Gordyev," etc.

REST AND UNREST. By Charles D. Thomas.
12mo, pp. vii. 101. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The First of Spring," "Sunday After-
noon," "Mothers and Sons," "Snow and
Sand," "The World's Greatest Shrinkage,"
and "A Cottage Door" are some of the sub-
jects in this volume.

ESSAYS ON THE ARTS. By Charles D. Steu-
er. 12mo, pp. viii. 292. (The Houghton
Mifflin Company.)

Six papers on "Chicago Builders," "The
Story of Billy," "On a Moraine," "Kubla
Khan," "The Study of Grammar" and
"War."

FICTION.
CUPID INTELLIGENCE. By Julia A. Balbach.
Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 112. (The Houghton
Mifflin Company.)

This story is set among the social and
church interests of a family in New Jersey.

OLIVIA L. CAREW. By Nettie Barrett. 12mo,
pp. 224. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Olivia L. Carew is a New England girl who
marries an Englishman of aristocratic tastes
with a shrewish and tyrannical husband.
The complications ensue, but the pair are
finally reunited.

THE HILTONS. A Romance. By Ashton
Hiltons. 12mo, pp. v. 245. (G. F. Putnam's
Sons.)

THE HILTONS. A Romance. By Ashton
Hiltons. 12mo, pp. v. 245. (G. F. Putnam's
Sons.)

THE PATED FIVE. ("The Tale of a Town")
By Gertrude B. S. (Mrs. G. F. Putnam's
Sons.) 12mo, pp. 120. (The Houghton
Mifflin Company.)

A six men form a pool with a capital of
\$50,000. One of them, a London lawyer, in
order to make good the pool, decides to
carry the idea of a striking event so that
he shall obtain the money pooled.

STUDIES IN MYSTERY. By E. S. Rieu. London.
12mo, pp. 218. (Mitchell Kennerly.)

A volume of six short stories.

A VIGILANTE GIRL. By Jerome Hart. Illus-
trated by John W. Norton. 12mo, pp. viii.
297. (Chicago: A. C. McHugh & Co.)

A romance of the old days in California.

THE RIGHT STUFF. By Ian Hay. With Fron-
tispiece. 12mo, pp. 229. (The Houghton
Mifflin Company.)

The story of the making of Robin Hood
from a leuety Scotch lad into a leader in
Parliament.

AN ARMY MULE. By Charles Miner Thomp-
son. With Illustrations by F. R. Gruger. 12mo,
pp. 168. (The Houghton Mifflin Company.)

THE RAMRODDERS. A Novel. By Holman
Day. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 332. (Harper
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