

Literary News and Criticism

The Traits of a Glittering Figure in Modern Fiction.

THE LIFE OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. Told in Her Correspondence with Numerous Friends. With a biographical sketch by her father, John Morgan Richards. And an introduction by the Rev. Bishop Weldon, Dean of Manchester. With portraits and illustrations. 8vo, pp. xviii, 351. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A fitting memorial to the late Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie has been produced in this book. She was wont to think and to speak of herself as a dual personality; she was a woman and she was "John Oliver Hobbes." Her father has so framed the present volume that it admirably illustrates both aspects of her interesting individuality. His brief biographical sketch is fairly touching in its simplicity, and with the aid of a friendly hand, thanked but not named in the prefatory note, he has filled the

strait—this unending "shall I say this?" "is it wise to say that?" "is this right?" "is this wrong?" "will this be misunderstood?" "will that give a wrong impression?" "tires me to death. I am too wise for my years!" That is the trouble. My thoughts are too mature for my body. . . . That she suffered from the pressure of these difficulties is obvious throughout her biography. Despite her success she does not leave the impression of having come even within hailing distance of contentment. The work to which she was devoted brought her excitement rather than happiness; one thinks of her as acquiring with zest a multitude of sensations and never gaining the delight that spells repose. The peace of the soul eludes none as it eludes those who are self-centred to the point of passion. It is Mrs. Craigie's inability to escape from herself that brings paths into the story of her life.

Sadder of all—in view of her belief in her work—is the reaction of her char-



PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE. (From a photograph in "The Life of John Oliver Hobbes.")

bulk of the book with selections from Mrs. Craigie's correspondence well calculated to put her traits vividly before us. A number of her portraits are reproduced and there are a few tributes from friends. She is studied, if not precisely at full length, at all events exhaustively enough. She was not the type to demand the usual biographical "double-decker."

The author of "The School for Saints" was a consummately modern creature, a bundle of nerves saturated in intelligence. The glimpses that we have of her as a child disclose an unmistakable precocity. Mr. Richards notes that there was little in her London home to develop a literary tendency. This fact only throws into sharper relief the instinctive nature of her gift, which declared itself at an early age. Before she was in her teens she had written short stories. Her school life, we are told, was passed in the conventional way. She was married not long after her nineteenth birthday, but she obtained a divorce from her husband only three or four years later. We have scarcely begun to read her biography before we realize her simply and solely as a well poised woman of the world, absorbed in the writing of books and plays. It is thus that she appeals to us thenceforth to her untimely death in 1906, at the age of thirty-eight. She was very human, and yet somehow detached from that world of familiar, everyday life with which so many authors are so easily identified. The inner spiritual life to which there are frequent references in her letters nevertheless remains hidden from the reader, or at any rate fails to exert upon his imagination the influence of something poignant which one would naturally expect of it. This must be the result of her intense enthusiasm for her work. She remains, when all is said, a purely "literary" figure, the artist rather than the woman, "John Oliver Hobbes" rather more than Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie.

Here again she is, as we have said, a notable instance of modernity. There is something fairly breathless about this book. She plunged into "life's fitful fever" with a kind of strained ardor, restlessly striving, hurrying from one achievement to another, and finding quite as much pain as pleasure in her eager; more than industrious, career. Her health dogged her, though she appears, like so many people of delicate physique, to have had mysterious resources of energy upon which to draw. Romantic, sensitive, tremulous with ambition, she was also resolute and practical, a good business woman, with as keen a feeling for affairs as for literature. From the start she disdained all idea of profiting in her professional career by anything save her own efforts. She wanted no favors and she would herself make no concessions. The morbid streak in her temperament which kept her forever questioning her ego could not shake her self-confidence. Observing the tenacity with which she held to her own way as an author, and the shrewd efficiency with which she looked after the fortunes of her books and plays, it is momentarily disconcerting to read in some letters of hers to George Moore plants like these:

The silence of my life overwhelms me. I dined out last night and met very charming people. I have seen visitors to-day, but the silence . . . the silence of it all. I have written to Lady Jeanne to say that I cannot attend her party this evening. I cannot face the loneliness of a crowded drawing room; the host of mere acquaintances, the solitariness of the return! Ah, well, I must not be depressing. But God knows how I need a friend—an honest one. I try to forget myself in other people; I try to think only of others and never of myself. I choke my soul with work, and yet—and yet!

Life has made me fearful of my own best impulses. I hate to be reserved, distant and mysterious, and yet I not only think twice before I speak or move—but twenty times if I could only be natural once I should feel rested, but this eternal re-

acter upon her art. We have indicated how she lived for that art, giving all that was in her to its service, but because she could not simply, naturally, humbly and with her whole heart link herself with humanity, a kind of dry and parching wind blows dispiritingly over the field that she covered. We note here a curious difference between her and the indisputably great writer. Read the biography of any novelist of the highest rank, say, Fielding, or Thackeray, or Balzac, and the narrative is pervaded by the atmosphere of his work to such an extent that one is always remembering his characters and his turns of thought. It is not so with this memoir, a fact which we observe the more narrowly for the reason that we have read it just after rereading some half dozen of her books. All along we are conscious, it is true, of "John Oliver Hobbes," of a literary personality, but this has not meant that the body of her work has enriched our impression with any living force. On the contrary, the actual novels and plays remain outside the discussion, as it were, things apart, documents for reference rather than vital elements allied to the main theme. This is, perhaps, but another way of saying that Mrs. Craigie's writings "date," to use a phrase latterly grown common in English criticism; it amounts to a characterization of them as pieces once amusing for their cleverness but wanting in staying power.

"John Oliver Hobbes" and Mrs. Craigie were, after all, very much alike. The writer, like the woman, had clearly defined limitations. Those thoughts which she believed were too mature for her body were not, to speak quite frankly, as mature as she considered them to be. She was in love with the things of the mind, but she had not great intellectual power. Somewhere in her letters she speaks of her experience of life, of having seen life on all sides, but as a matter of fact she exaggerated the depth and the breadth of her observation. When she addressed herself to the analysis of a character she meant to paint a portrait, but it was her way, instead, to draw a thumbnail sketch. Take, for example, this passage out of "A Study in Temptations":

Miss Bellarmine was not a maiden lady of that pathetic type who pour out tea and who have once loved. She was tall and of commanding appearance; her figure was considered purely Greek. (Perhaps this was because she had the good taste to drape with Parisian millinery of modern date.) She had really beautiful features if one examined them separately, but as a whole they appeared out of drawing, as though they had been picked off various antique divinities and stuck on her face at random. Thus, her nose began too soon, and her mouth ended too late; whilst her eyes, charming in color and shape, were so placed that they offered one a constant temptation to shift them either higher or lower. Her expression was neutral, for her character, like that of many English women, slumbered behind her countenance like a dog in its kennel, to come out growling or amiable as circumstances might demand. She was highly accomplished and spoke five languages with one well bred accent. Theology was her recreation, but Villon the serious study of her life. Her notes on this poet promised to be the most exhaustive possible, and "Bellarmine on Villon." It was said, would be read like "Coke on Lactation," as much for the commentary as the text.

How clever this is, and how amusing! But is it not, as clearly, done "from the outside," and is not that the suggestion conveyed by all of Mrs. Craigie's work? Because she is so witty and because her touch is so light and so artistic she is almost infallibly entertaining. But the entertainment passes, like some charming bit of froth, and if one reflects upon it at all it is with a wistful regret that an author so accomplished could have lived and died with so imperfect a grasp upon the real issues of life.

She was devout and charitable. She cared for the things that are not of this world. But she could not reject this world. The mundane spirit was in her blood. Though she wrote of love and death, of joy and sorrow, and sought to pierce to the marrow of the things that are strong, she was subject to a most de-

plorable weakness of the spirit. Her rage against the critics, repeatedly manifested in this book, makes the reader wince for the self-pity to which she could stoop. She was, above all things, a woman of taste, yet she could commit the *betise* of drawing up a list of "vulgar" authors, impudently advising that epithet to writers like Thackeray, Matthew Arnold and Addison. Her wide reading did not really fertilize her mind. Her critical judgments are negligible. Her cleverness, in short, outran her essential abilities. She had the appearance of brilliance rather than brilliance itself; not the enduring charm of genius, but the fleeting charm of talent. Glitter rather than atmosphere marks her literary character and points to her fundamental lack of wholehearted sympathy.

THE OLD WEST

The Last Frontier and Beyond in the Seventies.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES BY STAGE. A Woman's Unique Experience during Thirty Years of Path Finding and Pioneering from Missouri to the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico. By Carrie Adell Strahorn. With illustrations from drawings by Charles M. Russell and others, and from photographs. 8vo., pp. xxv, 673. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is the record of a life unique even among the women who took part in and did their arduous share of the work of the pioneers of our civilization in the West. The author, looking backward, finds that the picturesque side of her experiences has clung to her memory more insistently than have their many hardships, but of these, too, there is enough in her pages. Her stories, without being methodically grouped, succeed in simple chronological sequence in impressing upon the reader's mind a vivid picture of conditions that are passing from the memory of living men and women and being transformed into the romance of history and fiction.

Miss Carrie Adell married, in 1877, Mr. Robert E. Strahorn, a newspaper correspondent who had been with Crook at Powder River and had written a book on the resources of Wyoming, then a territory but sparsely settled by cattlemen and mostly buffalo in untold numbers. This book suggested to the late Jay Gould the establishment of a publicity department by the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Strahorn being engaged to write a similar volume on the other Western states with the purpose of attracting settlers, his duties further including the gathering for the company's own use of all available information concerning possible extensions of the road, tillable acreage, prospective tonnage, etc.

It meant going the length of nearly every stage road across our great frontier many times over, into remote districts, into lonely valleys and far-reaching mountains. It meant going into hundreds of miles, computing millions of feet of timber, the number of cattle and sheep and their increase. It involved the study of the prairies and hillsides with reference to their availability for raising cereals and fruits; the examination of water courses and drainage, the determination of the climate and scenic conditions, and, in short, every factor that would make attractive and instructive reading for the home seeker. Fifteen thousand miles by stage was but an incident of those strenuous years as the work progressed.

Then came the locating of towns, the colonizing of settlements, building bridges and irrigating canals, schools, churches and colleges, until Pullman cars traversed the one-time wilderness on eight overland lines. The author's reminiscences are, however, not so much concerned with this gigantic work of colonization as with the incidents and adventures that fell to her and her husband's share in the course of its accomplishment, the bride having given her consent to Mr. Strahorn's acceptance of the post only on condition that she should accompany him wherever he went, at least at first. But the pilgrimage once begun, she "took to" this wandering life, as her narrative amply testifies, and so, year after year, she saw that vast region grow up, saw the old give place to the new, saw the Indian pass, and the soldier and the cowboy give way to the settler. She passed through the snows of winters and the parching heat of summers. In 1888 she went alone to Alaska on a mission for the Union Pacific Company.

The "types" of the old frontier cowboy and miner, "bad man" and vigilantes, the stage driver, the prospector, the leaders who, passing through many changes, became prominent citizens and men of importance in state and nation; the primitive conditions of existence, their makeshifts and improvement, roads, houses, settlements, early Western hospitality, the beginnings of social differentiations as towns settled down to an ordered and permanent existence—all this and much more is dealt with by the author. She is blessed with a much and often needed sense of humor, and does not fail to leave her account with samples of the unsmiling and often rough sense of humor of the earlier West.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

Paris Letter to The London Standard. The ordinary examinations to terminate the scholastic year in public primary and secondary schools are relatively innocent affairs, and lead to no attacks of brain fever. The fun they provide to outsiders is no less because of this, and the first digest of the examinations in Paris just to hand provides many an amusing howler. Bertrand du Guesclin, the free lance warrior who led a company against the English, is still a great favorite in French history, but never before has his story been told as follows: "Duguesclin came home every day with his clothes in rags. One day he met a friend and said to him, 'Lend me some money.' Duguesclin flogged him thoroughly and stole his money. Then he went to find his father, who was at his office, and asked him to lend him a suit of clothes for a journey. 'You are mad!' said his father. But Duguesclin got his suit of mail."

And the rest, without any mention of fighting the English, reminds one of a blithesome parody of "When Knights Were Bold." There is just as much imagination and just as little fact in the account of the war of 1870 in another boy's paper: "Bismarck said to Napoleon III, 'Art thou ready?' and Napoleon answered: 'Yes; not one button is missing from my spats.' Thereupon Napoleon, who was sitting on the tower of Malakoff, said, 'I am here, and here I remain.'"

This misapprehension of some of the famous sayings of the war has given Paris many minutes of amusement. NUMBER THIRTEEN. From The Pall Mall Gazette. In many London streets, as was pointed out in a recent note, there is no No. 13. Even hard headed business men seem to have an aversion to this number, which is no less because of its great favorite in French history, but never before has his story been told as follows: "Duguesclin came home every day with his clothes in rags. One day he met a friend and said to him, 'Lend me some money.' Duguesclin flogged him thoroughly and stole his money. Then he went to find his father, who was at his office, and asked him to lend him a suit of clothes for a journey. 'You are mad!' said his father. But Duguesclin got his suit of mail."

A WOMAN'S DIARY Life in England a Century Ago.

AN IRISH BEAUTY OF THE REGENCY. Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1780-1822. By Mrs. Warren Blake. Illustrated. 8vo. 477. John Lane Company.

The material for this amusing book was drawn from the diaries of a good and charming member of the society which surrounded the reasonably charming and not perfectly good Prince Regent George. Frances Pery Calvert was the younger daughter of Viscount Pery, a brilliant and prosperous Irishman, who was once Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. As a beauty and an heiress and the wife of an Englishman of high position she was heartily welcomed at court and in the pleasant houses of London. Her life was, on the whole, a fortunate one. She adored her husband and was adored in turn; her many children were handsome, lovable and dutiful; she had a house in town and a beautiful country seat of historic fame. High spirited and warm hearted, she was deservedly popular. She knew a great number of the celebrities of her time and took a lively interest in the public events which filled with excitement the last years of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth. All this is reflected in the volume which Mrs. Blake has cleverly put together.

The days of the young wife, mother and hostess were full of occupation, but she had time to spare for doctoring her dependents. There are some quaint glimpses of her when busily engaged in vaccinating with her own fat hands the frightened tenants at Hunsdown. "Out of the fourteen, only Thomas Pigram writes in the infection! I am very unlucky." The wretched admission of Thomas and his confreres may be easily imagined. Practical as she was in most of the affairs of life, she had the true Georgian lady's awe of her lord and master, and her timidity as regarded independent action. When, during Mr. Calvert's absence, news came of her nephew's dangerous illness in Ireland she started to accompany her sister to the boy's bedside her heart mis-

and one of her ancestresses was that Countess of Abercorn who lived to behold her great-great-granddaughter. It was apropos of this fact that an old saying arose: Rise, daughter, and go to your daughter. For your daughter's daughter's got a daughter.

The apple of Mrs. Calvert's eye was her eldest son Felix, and there are many pages breathing the agonies she suffered while he was fighting in Spain under Wellington. As for the great commander himself she cannot praise sufficiently his modesty and unaffected simplicity of manner in the days when the English crowds were rending the air with cheers for him. There is an uncommonly good story of that simplicity told here by the editor:

When quite old and obliged to go over a dangerous crossing in London, a gentleman darted forward and offered his escort which was gratefully accepted. Arrived safely on the kerbstone, the stranger took off his hat, and bowing profoundly, began a long oration, saying that this was the proudest moment of his life, and he felt proud beyond measure to have been of some slight service to so great a man. "Don't make a d-d fool of yourself," briefly replied the duke.

FICTION

Another Novel by the Late David Graham Phillips.

OUR FICTIONAL TRIANGLE. THE CONFLICT. A novel. By David Graham Phillips. 12mo, pp. 296. D. Appleton & Co.

While our novelists have freely adopted and more or less successfully adapted the traditional triangle of European and English fiction, they have developed a similar geometrical figure of their own, whose angles are capital, labor and politics. It is with this sublimated triangle that the first of Mr. Phillips' posthumous novels deals—there are to be two more—and one is grateful to his memory at least for not employing once again the hackneyed solution of the labor problem found in most of the tales of this kind, which marries the horny-handed son of toil to the converted daughter of ill-gotten wealth.

The story bears all the hallmarks of its author's workmanship, of his knack of fluent narrative, of his superficial thought on social and economic problems, of his no less superficial treatment



THE HON. MRS. CALVERT. (From a miniature by Hone in "An Irish Beauty of the Regency.")

gave her at the end of sixty miles, and, stopping at an inn, she let Mrs. Knox go on without her. Then was she beset by countless terrors and flew to her journal for comfort. "Here am I quite alone," she writes, "without even a servant! I have written for Timewell and James Knox to come for me in the mail, but they cannot be here till the day after to-morrow. What a dismal time I must spend—afraid of everything and everybody. I have sent to a library to see if I can get any books, though God knows I shall attend very little to what I read. There is a fair in the street. I have put down the blinds in order to exclude it and also to prevent myself being seen, for I should be quite shocked if any common acquaintance were to go by and see me here unattended. It would have I trust Mr. C. will not be angry, but I do dread seeing him. If he is not angry, I shall not tell him. I was afraid he would be least I should put it into his head." A Richardson heroine could not have suffered more tremors. She bolted herself into her bedroom and was not to be soothed even by the constant assiduosities of the good landlady. "Two of her maids sleep in the next room to protect me," she says, "and yet I can't be easy. What am I afraid of? I believe of my own shadow." The desired escort, arriving, conducted her to her husband, who was kind, but—as Georgian husbands were wont to do—did not conceal from her that he was much displeased at this most innocent of escapades.

The Irish lady was always treated with much friendliness by the Prince of Wales, and she naturally found his manners "enchanting." Concerning Caroline, his wife, the diarist has less pleasant things to say: "The princess has certainly a handsome face, but she wears too much rouge. Her person is bad, being short and fat, and she had on a quantity of lace, ill put on, and some looking not too clean. She wore silver-tipped boots, and was altogether rather a singular figure. She has no dignity of manner and lets herself down very much by her giggling ways, dancing about wherever she is asked." Mrs. Calvert was a stieklar for deportment, and even her daughter Isabella, who was dazingly lovely, could not satisfy her mother in the matter of holding her classic head erect. "What do you mean by loling so in your chair?" she said tartly in old age to one of her granddaughters. "Do you know that my great-uncle made the grand tour in his own carriage, and during the whole time he never once leant back?" Hers was a sturdy race. She lived to ninety herself,

of character, of his unhesitating deduction of ultimate causes from passing symptoms. The political side of the story is written with vim and much plausibility. The alliance between the "interests" and corrupt politics is shown to be cynically frank and frankly criminal. "Kid glove" reformers are held up to ridicule, and in the end—but to this only a paragraph is devoted, and we must take the author's word for it—the workingmen's league gives Rens City an honest and efficient administration, honesty and efficiency being, according to Mr. Phillips, the properties of a class unassailed by self-seeking.

The characters of the story—not the story itself—are somewhat long drawn out. One loses interest in their development before the end is reached, especially in the heroine, who at the last moment is married off to a man somewhat palpably introduced in the closing pages for that very purpose. The hero is the familiar labor leader of the genre. Still, in its superficial way, dealing with familiar topics of current interest, the book is readable, and likely to gain the approval of those who have made the success of its predecessors from the same pen.

IN BAD TASTE.

THE REAPPEARANCE (IL EST RESUSCITE). A Vision of Christ in Paris. By Charles Morice. Translated by John H. Raphael. With an introduction by Conyngham Dawson. 12mo, pp. 231. The George H. Doran Company.

The sort of fiction of which this translation is far from being the first example in English requires of him who would undertake it the possession of qualities which are but rarely found, and which, when united in one writer, would themselves suffice to warn him against undertaking the task at all. The venture has been made in English by Mr. Stead, by Miss Corbitt, by Mr. Hall Caine. The list might perhaps be extended, but it suffices to prove our point. Mr. Morice gives no evidence, in this story of the coming of Christ to Paris, of deep reflection upon or wide knowledge of modern conditions, material and of the spirit. His aim may be serious, his attitude meant to be reverent, but the result is only a cheap and unprofitable sensationalism. He possesses an abundant lack of good taste. Of an elevated imagination, perhaps the chief requisite for a book of this kind, there is not a trace, and the inventiveness that seeks to take its place is puerile in the clumsiness of its devices. The story is utterly unconvincing and largely meaningless. It has about the importance of the canvases dealing with the same subject that turn up periodically

cally at the Paris salons, without, however, producing even a tithe of their momentary impression.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. THE HAND OF DIANE. By Percy J. Hartley. 12mo, pp. 312. The Baker & Taylor Company.

Mr. Hartley has fashioned his romance of the days of Henri de Valois and Diane de Poitiers upon a good model, that of Mr. Stanley Weyman. A French noble, returning from the wars against the Turks in the heart of winter, comes upon a masked lady of quality and her serving men on the road to his own castle on the Loire. She has lost her

roof, where his mother dwells, and finds there a trio of uninvited guests—a lawyer from Paris, an officer of the King's army, and an architect who is building near by a hunting lodge for the Duchesse de Valentinois. High-handed outrages have been committed in her name, and the peasantry are thirsting for revenge. They believe that the masked woman is no other than Diane herself, and attempt to abduct her from the castle. The story is cleverly planned and written, but the comparison with its model is inevitable. Who is the masked lady? Upon the discovery of her identity turns the denouement of the tale.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

MARY MITHORNE. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrations by Martin Justice. 12mo, pp. 459. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. McCutcheon, having written many tales of adventure, turns in this new book of his to the more difficult task of character drawing as well. It cannot be said that he has made a success of it, for he comes no nearer to the serious delineation of individuals than the exaggerated reproduction of certain well established types of narrow-minded New Englanders, hard as the rocks of their native country, narrow as the paths they tread, dead to all tenderness of feeling, seeing duty only in its unbeloved aspects. Nor is the contrast between the children of the South and this unsympathetic Northern human environment more felicitously treated, the most violent means, an initial state of affairs actually repulsive to the reader, being employed in vain. The only consistent and convincing character in the story is the detective. But it is different when the book is considered as a tale of plot and action and surprises. Here Mr. McCutcheon is on familiar ground. He stretches probabilities somewhat, it is true, but the reader does not mind this once he gets into the ingeniously invented complications of this melodrama.

BY JEDDAH TOWN.

From The London Spectator. There were ten Arabs in the plain, who met him with his guide.

The Sheikh and they rode forward then, to talk at eventide.

He said: "The desert is a place where rarely strangers thrive.

Give up your horse, give up your gun, and you'll go home alive."

He answered to the Arab Sheikh: "Peace on you and your kin.

But I shall give my horse to-night to others at a humble folk whom such as you bid walk.

Have you no powder with your ten that one comes out to talk?"

And silence fell between the two. The Moslem pulled his rein.

Then, "Here's the truth of El Hejaz, why should brave men be slain?"

You have ten Bedou lances, four Bedou shots to fear."

But, gayly laughed the Englishman, "I have five bullets here."

"It's full a league to Jeddah Town, the evening will be done.

Before you reach the tomb of Eve and Turkish garrison.

Resign yourself to Allah's will, and see to-morrow's sun.

And go in peace, you cannot fight, for we are ten to one."

They shot at him against the light, and twice they missed him wide.

Then he swiftly up behind him came Mahmoud, his desert guide.

He shot his guide and still he had four bullets at his side.

And when his horse fell, wounded, three, He would not use his sword.

They followed him as kites that mark a stag that's soon to die.

Unflatteringly he held his way, his gallant head was high.

Eleven fighters crossed the sand, their

lance in which he first saw the light. His birthplace was thrown open to all comers and readings from his poems were added to the speech in his praise made by Dr. Warren, professor of poetry at Oxford. It is recorded that the Lincolnshire farmers greeted with hearty laughter the reading of some of the dialect verse.

Picture Books. Various picture books are in preparation for the holiday time. Among these are Mr. Edmond Dulac's edition of Hans Andersen's tales, and Mr. Willy Pogany's edition of Tannhauser rendered into English verse. The whole text of the last named book has been lithographed in two colors and printed on rough paper.



THE FALLS AND GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. (From a photograph in "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage.")

shadows grew apace. While ten of them was taught the truth about his English race.

They had but one shot still to fire. The world was very still.

And safety shone from Eve's white tomb, that shone a tiny hill.

Their last shot failed, and he went on content that he had won.

And glad to see the glory of the blood-red setting sun.

The desert is a cruel place, where rarely strangers thrive. He shot his horse, he shot his guide, but he walked home alive.

The new edition of Aesop's Fables, which the Century Company will publish in time for holiday giving, is to be enriched by forty drawings by E. Boyd Smith. Each page will have a border printed in tint.

Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, "Marriage," is to appear as a serial in "The American Magazine." It is mentioned as the story of an extravagant wife and a burdened husband.

A Civil War Drama. In the October number of "Harper's" there will be published Mr. W. G. Beymer's account of the adventures of a boy who acted as a Federal spy in situations of uncommon danger, and who brought himself out of them with astonishing coolness and courage.

Dickens in America. The volume into which Mr. W. G. Wilkins has gathered a great quantity of material concerning Dickens's travels in this country is to be brought out here and in England under the title of "Charles Dickens in America." The writings of contemporary Americans have been drawn upon and the illustrations include pictures of houses and rooms in which the novelist stayed.

In Browning's Youth. Professor T. R. Lounsbury's book on "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning" will be published by the Scribners in October. It deals with the career of the poet from the publication of his first poem to his marriage to his invalid Elizabeth and their departure for Italy. It is a critical and biographical study of a vivid sort. Canon Alinger is on record as writing, "Though I read Browning, I don't understand him," and those who share his perplexity will perhaps find revelation in Professor Lounsbury's book.

The English Village. We know what the English village was in Miss Mitford's time; what it is today? We will find a description in "English Country Life," a book by Mr. Walter Raymond which McClurg is about to publish.

Thomas Hardy's Novels. A new edition of Mr. Hardy's novels is in preparation by the author. He is revising the text and is writing a special preface for each book. The prefaces will be awaited with curiosity and welcomed, we believe, with enthusiasm.

What to Read. Professor Charles Waldstein has been preparing a volume of critical studies in contemporary literature which will be brought out this autumn. He calls the book "What May We Read?"—an attractive title.

Some Historic Towns. A promising volume by Mr. George Wharton Edwards is to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. this month. It tells a story of leisurely travel through "Some Old Flemish Towns." The author has himself illustrated his text.

Mr. Gibson's Drawings. "Other People" is the title of the new collection of drawings by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which the Scribners will bring out a fortnight hence. Many of these drawings are thus far unpublished.

Visiting Japan. Colonel L. M. Maus is about to publish through A. C. McClurg & Co. a lively volume entitled "An Army Officer in Japan." It not only describes his own journey through that fascinating country but offers to the intending tourist a wealth of highly useful, practical information.

Poor Tennyson! A new story of Tennyson's sufferings at the hands of "trippers" is told by the Rev. T. A. Gurney. One May day at Freshwater the poet was walking along the budding lanes with a friend when a coach full of "trippers"—the first of the season—came around a corner. "Ladies and gentlemen," said a hoarse voice from the driver's box, "you're in luck; there's the poet 'isself.' The poet forgot dignity in agility—to his friend's amazement he cleared the nearest five-barred gate and hid himself and his towering wrath behind the hedge.

The recent celebration of the Tennyson anniversary, by the way, brought a crowd of pilgrims to Somersby, the vil-