

NEW BOOKS.

The Development of Audrey.

In Margaret Westrup's story of "The Greater Mischiefs" (Harper & Brothers) we have Audrey sewing in the lamplight, her brown head bent low over her work. A neat and pretty figure, and the set of industry would commend itself if it were not for circumstances. As we look more closely at Audrey we may see that the childish lips are firmly folded and that two up and down and rigid lines have formed themselves in the contracted brow. These evidences tell us that the work has been too long and strenuously pursued. Moreover there are reasons to believe—reasons most plausible and disturbing to a child of 7—that a bogie is lurking in the dark corner by the cupboard. It is a wild night and not far from 10 o'clock, a fairly unhalloved hour when one is only 7 and is all alone in a room and one's mother is upstairs and the wind is causing things to rattle and creak in the "little old gray house." The story tells how the lamp went out; how Audrey sought her mother in a panic of fear; how that stern character called her a coward and commanded her to go back and finish her hem; how the good Amelia, the poor relation who lived in the house and helped with the work, happily came in just then from some outside errand and lighter for Audrey; how she would have stayed for company if the hard mother had not interfered and ordered her to bed; how notwithstanding she managed to arrange to make a reassuring rumpus in her room overhead, and how in her room she did make a most comforting noise, hopping about and dropping the soap dish repeatedly, so that Audrey might hear and the bogie be intimidated.

The story tells us of Audrey at 10, at which age she was cruelly sent to bed when the visitor came, the beautiful visitor with the gentle voice and the gold hair who lived at the Hall and who had asked her so kindly if it was "a geography book" that she was studying. It was at this age too that Audrey was commanded not to forget in church, and that as she was constraining herself not to fidget she committed the worse and the very great sin of laughing in church. She laughed because she had caught a merry glance from the brave blue eye of Martin Jocelyn, who was one of the inhabitants of the Hall. "A broad shouldered youth," a little older than she was, the same who afterward engaged her in conversation when he encountered her lying on the grass and improving her mind with the potent assistance of "Taylor's Primer."

At 10 Audrey was slim and her eyes were very beautiful. It was at this period that after a visit to the Hall she introduced Martin to her mother, saying "Mother, this is Mr. Jocelyn." It was now too that she defied her mother and slipped out of the little old gray house at night in the rain and went to a ball and danced many times with Martin Jocelyn and engaged herself to marry him. Martin's father, a very determined Briton, was inclined to be horrified. He swore an oath on his dead wife's Bible which reads like years ago or like a play in Third Avenue. He said: "I swear before God, here, on her Bible, that on the day you wed a daughter of John Fielding's you cease to be my son, and all this property shall go to your cousin, Harry Jocelyn." Happily nothing so monstrous and so lucky for Harry Jocelyn came to pass. We have read nothing of a shipwreck on the coast of Ireland in which one infant was drowned and another infant was furnished with a false identity. We have said nothing of the judgment of Solomon in the case of two mothers who disputed for the child or of its bearing upon this tale. It is not our habit to tell all that we know about a story, but the reader may be sure that justice and reason are not mere idle amusements in the world and that John Fielding's character was not allowed to blast Audrey's happiness.

Adventures Leading to Joy.

It may be read in Percy J. Hartley's story of "My Lady of Cleve" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) how Capt. Adrian Cassilis of the Tangier Horse rode with his troop into the beautiful valley of Cleve in Devonshire; how the sergeant waved his hand and said "Yonder is Cleve"; how Cornet Brito, oblivious of the loveliness of the valley, said "A curse on these endless hills!" and how then the troop proceeded and further matters of romantic interest came to pass. It was a time, the story says, when it behooved every man to keep a still tongue and a ready blade, inasmuch as all England was divided into two factions, one for Dutch William and the other for the absent second James, and spies and agents of Louis the Magnificent were in every shire seeking to arouse the Catholics. We cannot follow the Captain in his career, but we may indicate briefly how he came out. "And then, indeed, I understood. Understood that God in His mercy had given me His best earthly gift, a sure woman's love. . . . A wondrous tender light shone in her eyes. The color deepened in her face with her sweet yielding shame. 'You are the keeper of my heart,' she whispered; 'my lover—and my king!' I caught her hands in mine and kissed them to my lips. 'Listen,' she continued softly. 'I was proud and cold to you, dear love, against my own heart's teaching I am proud still! Prouder in your love than ever I was before! I would rather share your exile than be the richest lady in the land. In fortune or distress, in poverty or prison, so that I am with you, sir, I cannot what befall!' And at these words of sweet surrender I hesitated no longer, but took her in my arms and in a long, long kiss of betrothal her lips met mine."—the Captain records, and we think we may be glad for him and thank him.

A Baroid Marquis and His Bride.

In Edward H. Cooper's story of "The Marquis and Pamela" (Duffield & Company) it is permitted to the reader to speculate as to whether Pamela will fall a prize to Sir Norman Stanier, the scholar, or to Lord Whitmore, the fast young man. For some time he will not be likely to acquire the suspicion that Pamela herself wanted to be the prize of the Marquis. This was the Marquis of Seaford, a distinctly remarkable man. For one thing he was remarkable in his method concerning luncheon. The story tells us that he never answered invitations and that nobody who invited him ever knew whether he was coming or not. It was his way toward 2 o'clock in the afternoon to stroll out into the hall of his great house in Belgrave Square and look over the invitations to luncheon for that day. If he found one that pleased him of he would go to the place to which it called him, but if he found none that was attractive "he strolled back into his own dining room, and the chef might either send up the most exquisite little meal in London or help himself to a month's salary and depart without further words."

It will be seen that he was a very great lord. He was so great, indeed, that at the age of 35 he had managed to live about ten men's lives and had spent rather more money than the total value of everything

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he had or was ever likely to have in this world." Of course about such a man there is a tremendous glamour, still it is some time before the reader opens to understand how deeply Pamela desired him. He was ready on occasion to that lovely girl, who had a dowry of £100,000 and was, we believe, only 23 or thereabout. He thought that she should have married Whitmore, and when she jilted that young lord, who promptly thereupon swallowed five grains of morphine and died very horribly, leaving behind him a singularly unfragrant reputation, the Marquis was angry and sent word to her by Trent, the young minister who is in the story without sweetening it perceptibly: "Tell her from me that for her own sake she had better keep out of my way for a year or two." Sir Norman Stanier, the scholar, also sent a rude message. "Tell her," he charged Trent, "that I have realized suddenly, for the first time in my life, how people like herself treat men who care for them and that I am going abroad to-morrow and will never willingly see her or speak to her again."

This was all exceedingly curious. Lord Whitmore was an utterly bad man. He said once to the Marquis in a gush of contrition arising from a sense of profound poverty just after a horse race: "I swear, Seaford, it's some one's duty to tell Pamela all about me. I owe a quarter of a million at least; there are half a dozen women and twice as many brats whom I ought to pension off and provide for, and, as you know, I haven't really got sixpence a year to give one of them." But the Marquis, alas! could not see how such a man as his young friend Whitmore could be objectionable to anybody. He was a very great lord among a certain manner of lords and he was what he himself would have considered as nobly blind to some things. That Lord Whitmore should have been driven to swallow two half grain pellets of morphine made him so thoroughly angry that he went about shedding rudeness, as we may say, from every pore. He said to Cora Acland, an unfortunate person who was trying to be pleasant to him: "Woman! what do you suppose it matters to me whether you are here or in hell?" and he was shockingly rude to Pamela in Switzerland.

Pamela was in Switzerland with a dreadful grandmother who was full of sarcasms and who wanted to marry her off. Happily, however, she was not for that coarse villain and "horse copper," the horrible Sir Francis Anstruther, who even tried to cheat at racing butterflies, as the story relates in the first chapter. Not for "Seaford's violence" before that great evil could be brought about; and though the Marquis continued to be unpleasant for a while longer, lamenting with too faithful pertinacity the death of his unwholesome young friend, he softened finally, enabling the patient Pamela to land him at last. Surely he was a great prize. There is an illustration showing him in evening dress, a golf cap on his head, a flower in his button-hole and a monocle in his eye, the snow clad Alps rising majestically and thankfully behind and overhead a canopy of grateful stars.

A Shy Man's Confidence.

Mr. W. Compton Leith tells us in his "Apologia Diffidentis" (John Lane Company) that it is easier to write than to speak of the infirmity of shyness; therefore he writes. This is partly an account and partly an essay touching upon a great number of things. The style is flowing and imaginative and it makes agreeable reading. The essayist tells us that he suffered from diffidence through boyhood and at the university. If he had been a Roman Catholic he would have become a Bonaldine and sought a lettered and cloistered peace. Chance helped to find for him the detachment and quietude that he craved. He went to the East and dwelt in a bungalow high up on a range of hills whose slopes were clothed with primeval forests and verged on a tropical sea.

He describes his life there, his contemplation of the moon and stars at night and of the splendors of the day. There seemed to be fulfilled in his case the words of Emerson: "By being assimilated to the original soul by whom and after whom all things subsist, the soul of man does then easily flow into it. They mix; and he is present and sympathetic with their structure and law." He had high dreams and followed simple occupations—like Obermann toiling in the vineyard on Pits Gerald out with the dawn among his roses. He went wayfaring too amid Indian scenes as peaceful as though "no Vasco da Gama had ever come beating up out of the West to disturb their enchanted slumber."

Then back to England, to the strenuous life. Three years of intellectual swoon, followed by these tremendous activities. They were all right for a while. He was feverishly enamored of them. "Now the day was not long enough for work, Lebanon was not sufficient to burn." He "saw the Western man with race dust on his cheeks, or throned in the power houses of the world, moving upon iron platforms and vertical ladders in the midthroat and tumult of encompassing engines," and set up this mechanism for his god. But at the end of a year the old habit cried to him. He was not to be reformed. Still there were some struggles. Perhaps marriage would help him. He had never envisaged it before, but now he "dreamed it for a moment a possible issue." He even fixed upon the person. He describes her and her home. But in a very critical and moving moment he was too shy.

After that we have a general consideration of shyness. He tells how the notice of Taine was attracted by the shy men of England. Inspired, we dare say, by Taine, he reflects upon the possible relation of shyness to climate and geography. He considers shyness in ancient Greece and Rome and down the years of history. He

tells to what harbors of refuge he was driven by his own shyness. He recalls his communions with the leaders who have expressed themselves in books. The philosophers entertained him. Walt Whitman did indeed exclaim:
Hurry for positive science!
Long live exact demonstration!
Nevertheless we make out that the speculative and transcendental philosophers are to be esteemed, for "there glimmers a wealth of truth in the penumbra beyond our lanterns, to which science will creep too slowly without the aid of imagination." Walking about London gave great enjoyment to the essayist. If he was alone he was not aware of it—which means that he summoned many ghosts of the great to keep him company. Moreover, the shy man may go to the theatre. They will let him in if he pays the price. All that is necessary is to be a little cautious in selecting the place.

Mr. Paul Bourget's Latest.
Mr. Paul Bourget's latest novel, "L'Emigré," translated by Mr. George Burnham Ives, is published under the title of "The Weight of the Name" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston). It pictures the sorrows of the French nobility under the present republican form of government in France. The Marquis de Clavier-Grandchamp is the character in the story who epitomizes and particularly expresses those sorrows. He lives in a veritable palace in Paris and has a historic chateau in the Oise. The chateau is magnificent. The works of art that it contains are worth at least 4,000,000 francs; two American dealers have indeed offered that price, and they expect to come into possession, because the Marquis is deeply in debt and staggering under a mighty load of mortgages. He will die first, and until he dies he will be the grand seigneur that heaven

Continued on Eighth Page.

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