

RAMUNCHO.—By Pierre Loti. New York: F. E. Francis & Co. San Francisco: For sale at the Emporium.

Dreamy poetry, exquisitely expressed sympathy with nature, more especially in his melancholy moods, an intuitive perception of the heart's most elusive sentiments, these are the special characteristics which Pierre Loti's work evokes, and they are to be found in marked degree in his pathetic relation of a Basque peasant's love. The story is of the staid, and as is common with this author, of the saddest, Ramuncho, the hero, inherits from his Basque mother the splendid physique, the muscular energy, the nomadic instincts, the poetic racial melancholy of a long line of independent ancestors devoted to smugling, to their time-honored game of the ball and the "rebot"; devoted also to their picturesque land with its southern luxuriance in the shadow of forbidding mountains; yet with the restless blood of the wanderer in their veins. From his nameless aristocratic father he inherits the refinement, the vague longings, the cynical weariness of life, characterizing the base French fashionable of these latter days.

This father, in a moment of romantic caprice, captivated a passionate Basque girl, who followed him to a remote life of hidden love in the city, and baby Ramuncho was born in the purple. When his mother saw that her rich lover's love was waning she did not await desertion; proud, stern, self-reliant, she returned with her babe to her native village, bought back her dead parents' little farmhouse and there, hard-working, lonely, silent, brought up her son with a stately dignity that at last found favor with her simple, proud country folk and won back her position.

But Ramuncho was none the less a boy, bearing his mother's, not his father's, name; a lad distinguished as one of the bravest smugglers and best pelota players on the countryside, but a bad part for a girl with a family name and a dowry. And so the loves of the hero and of Graciosa, the golden-haired, dreamy Basque beauty, are hopelessly crossed. True that the twin have affianced themselves almost from infancy, according to the Basque custom; true that Arrochko, Graciosa's native village, favors the match; her mother, Dolores, is bitter in opposition, and while Ramuncho is serving his three years as a French soldier, lovely Graciosa, always mystically inspired away to a convent for life. The Return of the scene, powerful in its pathos, is the last, when Ramuncho and Arrochko visit the sequestered convent intending to kidnap the young nun; impressed by the spirit of still resignation, the traditions of holiness and self-sacrifice, the atmosphere of transcendental purity that envelops them, their hearts quell at the thought of sacrilege, and the hero, motherless and wifeless, is left to wander away alone to American shores.

A sorrowful idyl, but an idyl in every sense of the word. Pierre Loti has never been happier than in his descriptions of the Basque scenery, the Basque character, the Basque daily life. Smuggling becomes less a matter of adventure than of poetry as we creep with the smugglers

at dead of night, through spectral woods, over mysterious mountains, or along silent river; the playing of the pelota, the dancing of the fandango, the gatherings in church, are described for us with all the loving fidelity of a native poet, the visions of Basque scenery make one understand the Basque nostalgia. And the exquisitely delicate love-making of the two children—the hero is only in the romances opens—is redolent of purity. Selections are well nigh impossible, but here is a scenic description taken at random: "The land of thick branches which they traverse, under the oppression of very high mountains, which they do not see, is all in ravines, profound and torn up, in precipices, where torrents roar under the green night of the foliage. The oaks, the beeches, the chestnut trees become more and more enormous, living through centuries off a sap ever fresh and magnificent. A powerful verdure is strewn over that disturbed geology; for ages it has been clasped under the freshness of its immovable mantle. And the nebulous sky, almost obscure, which is familiar to the Basque country, adds to the impression which they have of a sort of universal meditation wherein the things are plunged; a strange perfume descends from everywhere, descends from trees at first, descends from the thick, gray veils above the branches, descends from the great Pyrenees hidden behind the clouds. As will be seen, Pierre Loti's charm owes little to his translator, M. Henri Pene du Bois has undertaken a task for which his command of English does not qualify him. Translation, more especially in the case of a singularly idiomatic writer, does not merely mean an exact rendering of the expressions in another tongue, and it often requires all the author's innate eloquence to make us forget the crudities of his translator.

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LOVE LORD OF ALL.

SWEETHEARTS AND FRIENDS.—By Maxwell Grey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale at the Emporium. This is not the dramatic, psychological sort of work we look for from the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In "Sweethearts and Friends" Maxwell Grey gives us a sketchy story illustrating the hopes, fears and trials of the latter part of a time under tutelage of a flirtatious and somewhat shallow young man, not limited to social gavottes and matrimonial success. The heroine is a very charming girl who, in defiance of family prejudice, cuts out a medical career for herself, closing the door of her heart against the love of a young man who advent would imperil her mental salvation. But Love wins the day, as he has done from time immemorial, and sweet Dr. Amy marries the "friend" who has always been her sweetheart, albeit went astray for a time under tutelage of a flirtatious and somewhat shallow young man, not limited to social gavottes and matrimonial success. The heroine is a very charming girl who, in defiance of family prejudice, cuts out a medical career for herself, closing the door of her heart against the love of a young man who advent would imperil her mental salvation. But Love wins the day, as he has done from time immemorial, and sweet Dr. Amy marries the "friend" who has always been her sweetheart, albeit went astray for a time under tutelage of a flirtatious and somewhat shallow young man, not limited to social gavottes and matrimonial success.

It is a peculiarity of the human brain that dispraise makes a greater impression upon it than does praise. In one of his recent pleasant "Talks on Writing English" Ario Bates told an amusing instance of this. He said to his audience: "If I were to say to you that 'The Heavenly Twins' is morbid and 'unhealthy rubbish'; that 'Tribly' is a pleasant transient excitement; but that 'The Return of the Native' seems to me the most notable English novel since Thackeray, you would have no difficulty in remembering that I condemned 'The Heavenly Twins.' You would have a fairly clear idea that I had been less enthusiastic than the general public about 'Tribly,' and you would perhaps vaguely recall that there was something else—really it is astonishing how quickly a name slips from the memory—which I praised." As the audience left the hall one lady said to another, a stranger, "I beg your pardon, but could you tell me the name of the third book that was given, the one the lecturer said we should forget?"

taken quite seriously. The real charm of this little book lies in its descriptive passages; plot is thin and characters are somewhat shallow, but there is page upon page in which the reader breathes the atmosphere of the Riviera, dreams amid the luscious Southern sights and sounds or revels in the more brazen glories of Westmoreland; among the happiest passages are those describing the two girl students stealing the hours wherein to con Greek "associated ever after with delicate beryl-green of afterglow, dark mountains, and glory of the crimson and purple zenith, with the blackbird's last notes."

THE AMERICAN COOK.

TWELVE LESSONS IN SCIENTIFIC COOKERY.—By Miss Susy Tracy. San Francisco: H. S. Crocker Company. Miss Tracy probably knows why she prefaced her lessons with the adjective "scientific." As a matter of fact, they are addressed to students who have not yet mastered the A B C of the culinary art, and their merit lies in their direct simplicity. The veriest tyro could hardly spoil a meal when following Miss Tracy's directions; but the more ambitious connoisseur must go further afield for instruction. Had Miss Tracy professed to teach only American home cooking, she would have saved her artistic reputation; as it is, certain of her recipes irresistibly recall poor Du Maurier's definition of roast chicken, "such a different thing from poulet rot." In like manner is our authoress's bouillon a different thing from the French article, being nothing else but ordinary English beef-tea. Her directions to steep "French fried potatoes" in cold water would make the hair of the humblest French cook stand straight on end, while her views on the subject of boiled fish are an insult to piscine aristocracy, no self-respecting fish connoisseur to boil tastefully in plain, unadulterated water. In the matter of broiling, too, Miss Tracy might study with advantage the preliminary use of marinades or sauces. But to the unspiced American family cook her handbook will probably prove helpful.

MOLLIE MAGUIRES.

THE BODMASTER'S DAUGHTER.—By Alle Lee Moque. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. San Francisco, for sale at the Emporium. A blood-and-thunder novel this, in the good old blood-curdling style; a tale of cruelty, murder and sudden death to satisfy the most insatiable reader of the sensational. Mrs. Moque takes us to Pennsylvania, under the reign of terror of the "Mollie Maguires," and gives us

PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

The Pall Mall Magazine for February will be especially rich in fiction. Besides Anthony Hope's sequel to the "Prisoner of Zenda" ("Rupert of Hentzau"), there will be the conclusion of "X. L.'s" thrilling story, "The Bird at the Neck," a short story of to-day, by Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd, entitled, "Wanted, a Working Housekeeper"; "An Incident of the Boom," a narrative of the stock exchange; and the "Kaffir Circus," by Jes-

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

In the series of articles dealing with the immediate problems which confront the great powers of the world, now appearing in the American Monthly Review of Reviews, Mr. W. T. Stead writes for the February number a paper on "British Problems and Politics for 1898." This is a candid piece of criticism, all the more interesting to the non-English reader because of its strictly British point of view.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A writer in the February Ladies' Home Journal tells and pictures how to overcome the difficulties of securing good photographs of young children. He has evidently given much study to the matter, and seeks to instruct the parents rather than the photographic artist. The keynote of his teaching is to avoid putting the children in strained, unnatural positions, but to let them assume natural poses. The best way to dress the children and to fix their hair is also told, making the article exceedingly valuable.

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AN ENGLISH TRADE JOURNAL SAYS.

"The Klondike Morning Times" says, we should say, the dearest paper in the world. The price per copy is \$1.10. Here are a few selections from its advertisements: "California ham at Soapine Sam's, only 10¢ an ounce"; "Cariboo steak with onions at the Greyhound Restaurant, 12¢";

an exceedingly vivid insight into the joys that befell survivors who intruded upon regions where there was opposition to surveying in general and railroading in particular. The story is not a pleasant one; the scenes—more especially the domestic scenes—in the saloon of Pottstown which was the Maguire rendezvous, are repulsive in the extreme, yet their air of reality suggests that the authors has based her little romance on hard historical facts. A vein of poetry supplied by the loves of Poole, the rustic beauty, whose only dissipation is an occasional wagon trip to Pottstown, and Jennie, the refined stepdaughter of the "Bodmaster," or chief of the infamous Maguire brotherhood; and the life-like personality of Danny, the Bodmaster's crippled, warm-hearted, viciously inclined son, gives opportunity for some very pertinent theories on heredity. Mrs. Moque is not yet a mistress of style, but her conceptions of character are powerful and with her capacity for hard work we may look for some fine work from her pen in the future.

THE CENTURY.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh writes in the Century for February of "The Steerage of To-Day," his article being illustrated by Andre Castaigne. Mr. Whitmarsh draws this picture of one of his companions in the voyage that he made: "Kneeling in an upper bunk near me, a middle-aged Irishman was hanging a pot containing a shamrock plant. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was going to join his son in California, to whom he was taking the shamrock as a present. 'I hope it will live,' he said, looking wistfully at the pot as it swung from the beam. 'Twas the man thing the boy wanted. 'Lave iv'ryting,' says he in his keltic, 'an' come over, I have enough for both of us now,' says he; 'an' I can make you comfortable for the rest av' your days. But,' says he, 'fetch me a livin' root av' shamrock if ye can.'"

All Sunday we were in smooth water, running under the lee of the Irish coast, the day being fine and warm, the steering swarmed on deck in full force. Men, women and children all crowded about the after hatch, some playing cards, some dancing and some already making love; but for the most part they lay about the deck, sleeping and basking in the sun. In the afternoon my friend the Irishman appeared with his shamrock. He wanted to give it a "taste" of fresh air, he said. At sight of it many of the Irish girls shed tears; then, seating themselves about the old man, they sang plaintive Irish melodies until the sun went down. The sad faces of the homesick girls and the old father sitting among them holding in his lap the precious little bit of green presented a sight not easily to be forgotten.

THE ATLANTIC.

An article in the February Atlantic which will attract wide attention to an evil hitherto largely unknown and unsuspected is that upon the relations of the labor unions to the negro, contributed by John Stephens Durham, late United States Minister to Hayti. Mr. Durham shows the grave injustice and injury done to the whole colored race by the system of exclusion practiced by the labor organizations of the country. He does not consider that this was originally a conscious crusade against color, but that it is part of the general system of exclusion, like the discrimination against women and the limitation of apprenticeships. But in effect, the color limit is drawn by them so absolutely and so strictly that no man suspected of the slightest tinge of color is permitted to join a trade union or to work in company with a union man throughout the United States. The result of this sweeping exclusion is to shut out the colored man, no matter how capable or well trained, from all skilled employment whatsoever, and to degrade him to depend upon unskilled labor or menial service entirely for his support.

THE ARENA.

J. M. Foster, a new contributor to the Arena, presents an article on "Secret Societies and the State," which will command general attention and perhaps provoke controversy. A most valuable note is the article by Mrs. J. B. Montgomery-McGovern on "An Important Phase of Journalism—Faking." The evil discussed by the author is so crying and universal that her protest will call forth a hearty response.

THE BEDS OF FLEUR-DE-LYS.

HIGH-LYING sea-blow stretches of green turf, Wind - bitten close, salt-colored by the sea, Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky, And, curving over them as long as they lie, Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

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The light, keen wind streams on across the lifts, Thin wind of Western springtime by the sea; The warm earth smiles unmoved, but over her Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir In beds of fleur-de-lys.

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And here and there across the smooth low grass Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea; And bend and bend, with light robes blown aside, For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide— The beds of fleur-de-lys.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

A portrait of John Vance Cheney, reproduced from a drawing specially made for the purpose, forms the frontispiece of the February number of Current Literature. This is by way of illustrating the article on Mr. Cheney and his work, which is provided by F. M. Hopkins as his monthly contribution to the "American Poets of To-day" series, so long an interesting feature of this magazine. Among other good things in this number are an article on the late Alphonse Daudet, an account of his life and work, as well as a reproduction of his exquisite little sketch, "The Death of the Dauphin"; the latest readings from Sienkiewicz's latest novel, "Hania," and from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "His Grace of Osmond"; a compilation of clever thrusts at the sterner sex entitled "Men in Epigram"; and another, a verse compilation, "What the Old-time Poets Say of Death." The editorials are keen and clever.

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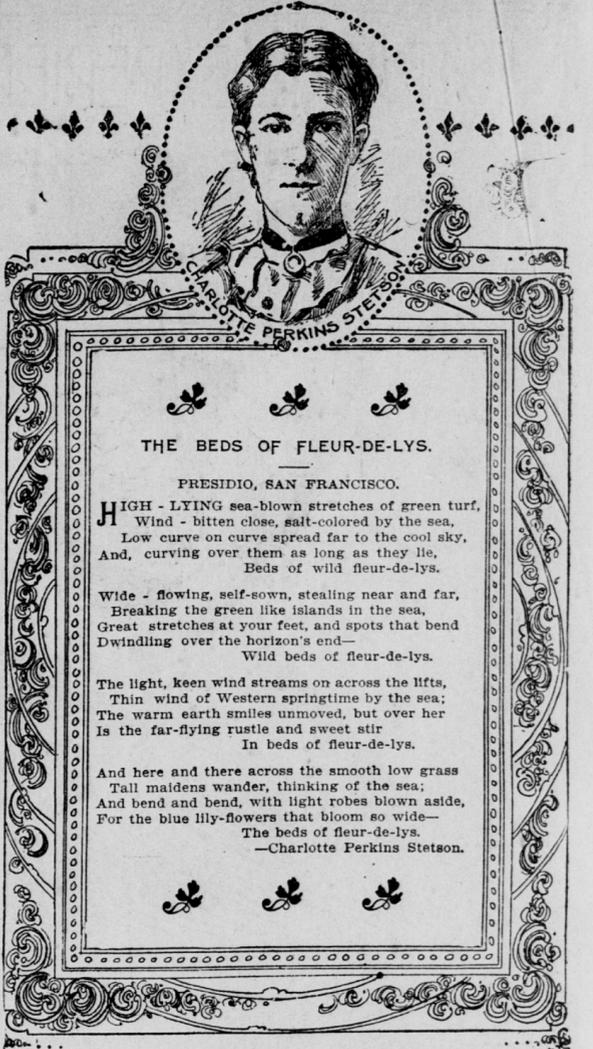
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CONDUCTORS AS MODERN BAYARDS.

WE are living in an age of discovery, and the most recent memorable exploit of our explorers has been the bringing to light of the Boston street-car conductor. Those of us who remember this worthy of old may not have known him as a rara avis, but quite a remarkable number of newspaper articles have recently appeared about him, and the street-car conductor of Boston has been drawn from comparative obscurity and set upon the pedestal which his worth would seem to merit. He is the idol of the hour. One enthusiastic, writing recently in an Eastern journal, declared that not her culture, but her street-car conductor constituted Boston's chief glory, while several of the New York papers and one Chicago journal have held the uniformed factotum up for local admiration. Even The Outlook has a good word for him, and a corresponding note of disapprobation for his unworthy compeers in less fortunate cities. To a man or to a woman—for I suspect most of these writers are of the pettiest sex, these personally conducted ones from Boston hold up the conductors as a model for emulation in the "Far West." We are told that the Athenian conductors speak in low, refined accents, unlike the rude haw of the Westerner. According to authority they open and shut the umbrellas of lady passengers, help the children on and off the platforms, and do not poke passengers in the back to urge upon them the impossible duty of "stepping up forward" in a crowded car. They answer all questions, and never grow weary in well doing. The list of their virtues prolongs itself beyond space here to recount it. The difference between them and our Western men is insisted upon, relentlessly, and to read these curious ar-



GROUP OF FIGURES ON A MONUMENT LATELY ERECTED TO DUMAS IN PARIS.

And so, amid all this queer pean to the Boston street-car conductor, the accented note, after all, is not so much the praise of him as the corresponding disparagement of his Western brother. I am glad some conductors, somewhere, are getting a little praise, for their position is at best a thankless sort of one, and I confess that for my own part I have been prone to forget the favors I received at their hands and to cherish the memory of the times I have been carried beyond my corner, the occasions when I have been frowned upon for forgetting to ask for a transfer, the days when cars have passed me by, while the conductor whistled and regarded vacancy, on the platform. Some time ago I had occasion to go to a part of the city with which I was quite unfamiliar. Seeing, a block or more away, a large building in course of construction, I asked a conductor what it was to be. He told me, and when, a few seconds later we passed another half-completed structure, he volunteered the information that it was a new orphanage, and during the rest of the trip he called my attention to several features of the district that were unknown to me. All this with no

familiarity, but with a perfectly frank and friendly wish that I might see all that was to be seen of a very interesting part of the city. It was a grippan on this same line who, during the Christian Endeavor Convention here, confided to a friend of mine his anxiety lest the Endeavorers should catch cold during their stay here. They ain't warmly enough clad for this climate," he said. "I've been advising 'em to get warmer underwear."

insisting upon his right to do as he pleased. The conductor had not looked amiable, but presently he came into the car, bent over the baby and very gently folded back the big ruffie, smoothing it down so as to give the child unimpeded vision. "There," he said to the father, "now she can see out. The latter was not offended. He smiled, and when the ruffie fell down some time after he turned it back again. But I do not believe that even a Boston conductor ever showed a manlier bit of consideration for the comfort of a little child. I do not think that it could be successfully maintained that her street-car conductors are San Francisco's chief glory. The city has one or two other features to which her people may point with pride, but for just mere men, the majority of whom do not "speak with a cultured accent," most of our knights of the bell-punch do very well indeed. Now and then one encounters an unamiable one among them, but as a rule they are honest, kindly men, who insist in standing, without holding on by a strap while the car rounded a curve, and the two had a little dispute, the passenger

CALIFORNIA AND MANIFEST DESTINY.

AN early decree of "Manifest Destiny" was that the great West should some time become a part of the empire of the United States. With American history there began a mighty expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, which was destined to continue till the farthest West should be reached. Benjamin Franklin in 1754 prophesied that in less than a century the vast Trans-Alleghany country must become "a populous and powerful dominion." Washington caught a true vision of the West, and his sagacity and knowledge of remote regions served him well in public and private life. Wolfe's victory at Quebec was a door opening to the Anglo-Saxons an infinitely vast region. Napoleon "lightly offered the province which had come to him so cheaply," and all Louisiana was acquired. By the treaty of 1819 Florida was ceded to the United States. Notwithstanding Spanish possessions and the claims or covetous desires of England, France, and Russia, "Manifest Destiny" had decreed that the great California territory should belong to the United States. We are indebted to the question of slavery extension for the accession of California; slavery extension owes its downfall to the admission of California. It has become an admitted principle in American politics that free States could come into the Union only when accompanied by slave States. After the admission of Texas, when there were fifteen slave and fifteen free States, a vital question was that of the disposition of California. "Manifest Destiny" answered the question and forever turned the tide against human slavery. Neither the climate nor the soil, nor the production of any portion of California was adapted to

slave labor, and slavery had not existed in Mexico since 1829. Although there were early indications of gold, a favoring Providence concealed the limitless stores of wealth until after the American conquest and after hope of slavery extension had faded. The fortunate accident of Marshall gave to America the golden wealth of California. And now for fifty years California has been a most influential factor in the world's development. In the dark hours of civil strife it was our gold that supplied an indispensable element of strength and steadiness to our Federal finance. "Manifest Destiny" of California, so far as it relates to past days, is merely a trumped-up expression of today for retrospective use. Numerous prophetic utterances of the pioneer press and observant travelers afford an ample evidence of the subsequent history. Read in the California and the Star, beginning with 1846, and in contemporaneous speeches such expressions as these: "The destiny of California is fixed—she is to become a free and independent State. She is to make her own laws, manage her own resources, and found those institutions in which her children are to find a happy home." "This (English) is to be the language of California. The vast tide of immigration from the United States will inevitably make it so. It becomes, therefore, every parent to have his children taught this language." "Who can now doubt the importance to which California is destined?" "Our commercial capital, San Francisco, is destined to be the center of the exchange of the world, and is destined to supply the world with a large share of its currency." "Manifest Destiny" is calling to-day for native sons and native daughters of moral fiber and excellent virtue." ROCKWELL D. HUNT.