

IN "The Cavalier" George W. Cable has written a historical novel of more than ordinary merit. The story it tells is of sustained interest, while its style has the usual charm of Cable's work. There are not, to be sure, those passages of musical prose found in other books of his, but perhaps there is no particular place for them in a record of the vicissitudes of war, which this is. The scene of "The Cavalier" is laid in Mississippi during the closing period of the Civil War. The principal character is Edgar Perry-Durand, an officer in the Confederate army. Durand, or Perry, as he is usually called, is a brilliant, dashing soldier, an example of the best type of the courageous, chivalrous Southerner. Perry is the leader of a famous band of cavaliers known as "Perry's scouts." These men are a picked company, who sweep over the country to gather information of the movements of the Federal armies. The story is supposed to be related by a young man named Richard Smith. Smith is at first a private in the Confederate forces, and then one of Perry's scouts.

There is at the time the story opens a woman named Charlotte Oliver living near the headquarters of that division of the Confederate army to which the scouts are attached. This woman is the wife of a precious rebel, whose casualties have become so unbearable that she has had to separate from him. In order to support herself she has become a war correspondent. Mrs. Oliver is beautiful, fascinating and intensely loyal to the South. She is a spy for the Confederates. Under a pretense of devotion to the North she ingratiates herself with some of the Northern commanders stationed in the South, and from them obtains passes through the Union lines. She even pretends to serve the North in the capacity of a sergeant. The liberty of movement allowed Mrs. Oliver is utilized by her, of course, for the benefit of the South. Perry and Mrs. Oliver meet, and between them there grows up an affection which is none the less deep because it is unavowed.

There is a despicable character in the book, Scott Gholson, who is a clerk of one of the Confederate generals. This Gholson endeavors to make a simulation of religious devotion conceal the envy and hatred he feels toward those who possess the good qualities he lacks. Gholson entertains a particular dislike for Lieutenant Perry, partly through jealousy of the esteem in which Perry is held and partly because he suspects Perry's attachment to Charlotte Oliver, with whom he himself is in love. The character of Gholson, with its mixture of low cunning, hypocrisy and assured self-esteem, is very cleverly drawn. The following scene takes place between Richard Smith and Charlotte Oliver. Smith is not yet acquainted with Perry:

Charlotte Oliver's husband and her father-in-law become traitors to the South. The treason comes to the knowledge of the Southerners. Charlotte's husband is taken prisoner by Perry's men, but succeeds in making his escape to the Union army. Thereafter he staves in every way he can to kill his wife and Perry, of whose love for each other he is aware. In pursuance of his plan of vengeance he gives to a Federal officer information which leads him to make an attack upon some Confederate soldiers, among whom are the Scouts. The Federal soldiers are taken prisoners. Their leader, Captain Jewett, who has been mortally wounded, is taken with the other prisoners to a house where Charlotte Oliver is staying. When the captain is dying he asks Charlotte to sing to him "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Southern woman, very loath, at last consents. Outside of the house are stationed the Federal prisoners under guard.

Charlotte began guardedly to sing: "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we halled at the twilight's last gleaming?"

But guardedly as she began, the effect on the huddled crowd below was instant and electric. They heard almost the first note; looking down anxiously, they saw the wonder and enthusiasm pass from man to man. They heard the first two lines in awed, ecstatic silence; but at the third, warily, first one, then three, then dozens, then scores, heretofore arm standard and leader, lifted counting again to see freedom, flag or home, they raised their voices by the dawn's early light, in their songs of songs.

Out main body were out in the highway, just facing into column, and the effect on them I could not see. The prisoners' guards, though instantly ablaze for the first time, were so taken by surprise that for ten or three seconds, with carbines at ready, they—and even their sergeant in command—only darted here and there and then stood at attention. The prisoners here and there sang in ordered chorus, for one of them strode into their middle, and, smiling sturdily at the maddened guard and me, led the song evenly. "No," he cried, as I made an angry sign for them to desist, "one verse through, if every damned fool of us dies for it—let the captain hear it, boys—sing!"

"The rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,"

Charlotte had ceased in consternation, not for the conditions without more than for those within. With the first long swell of the song from below the dying leader strove to sit upright, and, with his blade, which he had never sheathed, he slammed back upon the pillows had not she and Miss Harper saved him. He lay in their arms gasping his last, yet clutching his saber with his right hand and listening with rapt face untroubled by the fiery tumult of cries that broke into and over the strain.

"What that man over the head!" cried the sergeant of the guard, and one of his men swung a gun; but the Yankee sprang inside of its sweep, crying, "Sing her through, boys!"

"The star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave!"

And out of the midst of its swell the oaths and curses and defiant laughter of a dozen men crying, with tears in their eyes, "Shoot! shoot! shoot!"

But the command to fire did not come; suddenly there was a drumming of hoofs, then their abrupt stoppage, and the voice of a "vindicator" called attention.

With a few words to the sergeant, more brief than harsh, and while the indomitable singers pressed on to the very close of the stanza with a sign from the sergeant, Perry bade his subaltern resume his command and turned toward me at the window. He lifted his sword and spoke in a lowered tone, the sudden guard stood in their arms and every captive looked up in wonder to reply:

"Shall I come?" he inquired, but I shook my head.

"What! gone?" he asked again, and I nodded. He turned and trotted lightly after the departing column.

Charlotte Oliver, fearing that her husband's method of executing vengeance upon her will involve an unnecessary loss of lives, both Northern and Southern, goes to a general in the Federal army and implores him to have Oliver sent North to some place where he will be unable to send innocent men to their doom. When Charlotte reveals her identity, she is compelled to do, she is arrested as a spy and sent to a place known as the home of some Unionists. While she is with these people they give a dance, which she is induced to attend. The festivities are interrupted in a very dramatic way by the arrival of Perry and his men, who have come with the intention of capturing the Federal officers at the dance. The ending of the dance is described in this way:

A Book on California by Charles Warren Stoddard.



BOOK of special interest to Californians is "In the Footprints of the Padres," by Charles Warren Stoddard. In it Mr. Stoddard has given in a very delightful manner his impressions of that part of the life and scenery of California which has appeared to him most worthy of record. The personal element which has been introduced into the book makes it all the more interesting, and serves to keep it from being merely a guide book to points of past and present historic interest. Under the heading "Old Days in El Dorado," the first half of the book is devoted to an account of a voyage from New York to San Francisco by the Nicaragua route, which Mr. Stoddard took in 1855, and to a description of San Francisco as it appeared in the early period of its existence as an American town. At that time the Mission Dolores was a settlement by itself, lying far beyond the limits of the little city. Of the appearance of the mission Mr. Stoddard says:

I remember the Mission Dolores as a detached settlement with a pronounced Spanish flavor. There was one street west mentioning, and only one. It was lined with long, low adobe houses, roofed with red, curved tiles, which add so much to the adobe houses that would otherwise be far from picturesque. The adobe is a neutral, brick-like color, its walls look as if they were molded of mud. The adobes were the native California habitations. We spoke of them as adobes; although it would probably be as correct, etymologically, to refer to brick houses as bricks. There were a few ramshackle hotels at the mission; for in the early days it seemed as if everybody either boarded or took in boarders, and many families lived for years in hotels.

Next follows "A Memory of Monterey." In this there is a description of the changes which have taken place in that picturesque town in passing from the dominion of one nation to that of another. Chinese life, too, with most of its phases so incomprehensible to us of the Occident, comes in for its share of notice as being a very real factor in the development of California.

The chapters entitled "A Mysterious History" read like a romance. They contain the history of a lawsuit famous in its time, that of Yelverton vs. Yelverton. The mysterious woman in the case once lived part of her nomadic life in and about San Francisco. The chapters devoted to her and to her history are by no means the least interesting.

Certain incidents occurring about the Bay of San Francisco form the subject matter of the remaining portion of the book. In a description of the Farallones there is given an entertaining account of the search for wealth made by egg-gatherers on those sea-girt rocks.

Without any pretense of offering anything which approximates a formal history of California, "In the Footprints of the Padres" will help to keep fresh the memory of some of the leading features of the most picturesque portion of California history. (Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Price \$1.50.)

Real Latin Quarter of Paris.

There is a seductive charm about that famous Bohemia of Paris—the Latin Quarter which most people know only by reputation. Wherein this charm consists is but vaguely understood. The casual visitor, who has wandered through the Quartier, or who, perhaps, has been so fortunate as to be taken through it by one who knows it cannot tell you of its fascinations. He cannot portray its life or interpret its spirit. He cannot give you any of the real atmosphere of the place or the true inwardness of its throbbing, sad-and-gay existence. He has seen very little of it himself and has understood still less. It would be even more impossible for a native, or one who has spent all his life there, to give you the kind of picture which would appeal to your appreciation, your imagination, your emotions. He is a part of it; all is natural and familiar to him and arouses no surprise or curiosity. He does not see the contrasts or the unique manifestations of life in their full color values. To him it is a common and an every-day affair, and if he attempted to describe it he would try to pick out the things that seemed to him unusual rather than the multiplicity of things that would be making up the real perpetual charm of life in the Latin Quarter.

The one who can best tell you the story and paint the picture is the one who has gone from other surroundings and has eyes and ears open, with senses alert, sympathies keen and with a quick appreciation of all that will appeal to the uninformed outsider.

Just as a man has made the captivating book now under review, "The Real Latin Quarter of Paris," F. Berkeley Smith has put the seeing, and hearing, and feeling of ten years of intimacy with the real Latin Quarter into his book. His celebrated father, Dr. Hopkinson Smith, says in his introduction to the book:

"Nowadays when a man would write of the siege of Bunker or the relief of some South African town with an unpronounceable name, his habit is to rent a room on an uptown avenue, move in an inkstand and pad, and a collection of illustrated papers and encyclopedias. This writer on the Rue Figueux chose a different plan. He would come back year after year and study his subject and compile his impressions of the quarter in the very atmosphere of the place itself; within a stone's throw of the Luxembourg Gardens and the Pantheon; near the cafes and the Bullier; next door, if you please, to the public laundry, where his washerwoman pays a few sous for the privilege of pounding his clothes into holes."

This being his method of work, he could not fail to get at the intimate secrets, the subtle charm of the quarter. When he pictures for us with brush and pen and camera the balls and studios, the grilles, settees, models, bicycle girls, shop girls, sweethearts, students, stagers, poets, beggars, sculptors, cafes, shops, boulevards, etc., we see them, not as figures in a guide book, but as the real, pulsing elements of the most fascinating Bohemian spot in all the world. We come into closest touch with the quarter which is possible in repeated summer tours.

Something like a hundred sketches and photographs by the author, two caricatures in color by the noted French caricaturist Sancha, and a water-color frontispiece by F. Hopkinson Smith illuminate the book, and, with the handsome cover, make it particularly available as a gift book. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. Price, \$1.20.)

March of the White Guard.

The fact that a book has the name of Gilbert Parker on the title page is a guarantee that the story which it contains is one of interest and well written. "The March of the White Guard" is a short story, but is full of the vital interest which is excited by a graphic account of a strong situation. The White Guard, which gives the book its name, is a small band of men from one of the northern posts belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Word has come to the post that a civil engineer of considerable fame, Varre Lepage, who went into the far north to investigate copper mines, has not returned to his home, and that the Hudson Bay Company, in compliance with the wishes of the man's wife, desires a relief expedition to be sent to discover him, if possible. Several men volunteer to go upon this expedition, although the chance of the success of their object, or even of

The Story of the Art of Building.

Among the books contained in "The Library of Useful Stories," issued by D. Appleton & Co., is "The Story of the Art of Building," by Charles W. Moore. It gives an account of the different styles of architecture which have been famous in the world's history. The book is illustrated with many cuts, which show the chief characteristics of the different styles of building which will be found very useful to any one who wishes a work on the history of architecture which gives a review of the salient points in the evolution of this art, while being free from a discussion of technicalities. (Price 35 cents.)

Pandora.

"Pandora," by Mrs. Seltschneider, is a badly constructed story, written presumably to show the evils of divorce. Some of its scenes are laid in our own town. The picture which it presents of the laxity of manners and morals of San Francisco women of assured position is so absurdly untrue as to be amusing. (Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. Price \$1.)

Life of Dan Rice.

A biography of Dan Rice, the famous clown, has been written by Marie Ward Brown. Besides a full account of Rice's life, the book contains sketches of many of the famous men with whom Rice came in contact in his long and varied career as jester and circus owner, together with quotations of many of his witty speeches. Rice was something more than a mere buffoon. He took a deep interest in the leading issues of his day, so that his biography contains references to the stirring political events which immediately preceded and followed the Civil War. The book, as the history of a unique personality, is, in its way, very different from anything published by the author. West End, Long Branch, N. J. Price \$3.00.)

Souvenir Postal Cards.

Edward H. Mitchell (San Francisco) is issuing a very attractive set of souvenir postal cards which illustrate bits of life among the Indians of the Southwest. The use of the colored cards, which originated in Europe, has become so general that as a consequence all that is most beautiful in our American scenery is being pictured with a view to showing that Europe with its historic ruins has not so exhausted all that a picture could show. The improvements made in the art of photography render it possible to make even a postal card a thing of beauty. Indian life loses its squalor and shows only its esthetic value in a picture. The set of cards, with their pretty coloring, make the Indian scene the attractive creature he is supposed to be by those who live too far from his haunts to know him as he really is. (Price 30 cents per dozen.)

Literary Notes.

The January Arena thus announces that its February issue will give San Francisco's municipal affairs thoughtful discussion: "In part demonstration of the practical outworking of democratic ideals in American affairs, we shall present an article in the February Arena on 'San Francisco's Union Labor Mayor,' written by Leigh H. Irvine, whose remarkable new book, 'An Affair in the South Seas,' was reviewed in our November issue."

No more striking proof of the vitality of that masterpiece of American literature, "The War of the Worlds," than the fresh announcement from the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., that the book has gone to press again. Three printing orders, two for 5000 and one for 2000, were given in the month of December. The present printing makes the eighty-eight thousandth copy. In connection with these printing orders it is interesting to learn that the book has occupied one press almost continuously since it started on its immense run; that is to say, in American printing, it has been so frequently that the plates have been kept in use practically without break.

H. G. Wells is among the most logical, forcible and fascinating prophets of the future wars of the world. He has hitherto confined his prognostications to fiction, as in "The War of the Worlds," but he has now seriously approached the subject of the future in a capital book which he calls "Prognostications," which will shortly be published in America by the Harpers. Mr. Wells has gone thoroughly into his subject, and covers not only a forecast of what we shall accomplish in mechanical development, but in our civic and social progress as well. It is a book decidedly calculated to arouse debate and stimulate thought. Prophecies of the future are the fashion at present, and the forecasts of men who practically and logically outline great things for the coming years are no longer to be overlooked by us as when scientific marvels have become prosaic facts of our daily existence.

Books Received.

THE FIREBRAND—By S. R. Crockett. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.
SONS OF THE SWORD—By Margaret L. Woods. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.
BIGGS BAR AND OTHER KLONDIKE BALLADS—By Howard W. Sutherland. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.
MOTHER GOOSE'S MENAGERIE—By Caroline Wells. Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston. \$1.50.
RED EAGLE—By Edward S. Ellis. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.
THE GOLDSMITH OF NOME—By Sam C. Dunham. The Whitaker-Ray Company, San Francisco. \$1.

NEW PAGES THAT WILL TAKE PRIZES IN SPEAKING CONTESTS—Compiled and adapted by Harriet Blackstone. Hinds & Noble, New York.
A REEPLY ON INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATION—By Hannis Taylor, LL.D. Callaghan & Co., Chicago.

NOW ISSUED.

Charles Warren Stoddard's "In the Footprints of the Padres."

Mr. Stoddard sets forth in this work his recollections of early days in California. Beautifully illustrated. Book collectors should place orders at once in order to secure copies of first edition.

PRICE \$1.50 NET.
A. M. ROBERTSON,
Publisher, 126 Post Street.

I asked if Perry came often to headquarters. "Yes, quite as often as he's any business to me."

"Ah, ha!" thought I, and presently said I had heard he was a Catholic priest.

"Well—yes—he is—with some."

"Don't you like him?"

"Who, me? Oh—I—admit Ned Perry—for a number of things. He's more foot-handy than brave; he's confessed as much to me. Women call him handsome. He sings, beautifully, I suppose; I can't sing a note and wouldn't if I could. Still, if he only wouldn't drink, I should like to see him. He's got a drinking song—and all the more to sing to me as well as some folks think he does—to advocate drinking, and to advocate drinking is next door to exciting drunkenness."

"Indeed, he does! I don't like to say it, and I don't say he drinks 'too much,' as they call it; but, Smith, he drinks with men who do. Oh, I admire him; only I do wish—"

"Oh, I—I wish he wouldn't play cards. Smith, I've seen him play cards with the shells hustling over us."

For my part I privately wished this saint wouldn't rub my uninteresting surname into me every time he spoke. As we dismounted near the tents I leaned against my saddle and asked Ned Perry concerning the object of his loving anxiety. Was Ned Perry generous, pleasant, frank?

"Why, in outward manner, yes; but, Smith, he was raised to be a Catholic priest. I could a heap sight easier trust him if he'd sometimes show distrust himself. If he ever does I've never seen it. And yet—oh, we're the best of friends, and I'm speaking now only as a friend and to a friend. Oh, if it wasn't for just one thing, I could admit what Major Harper said of him not ten minutes ago to me that you never finish talking to Ned Perry without feeling a little brighter, happier and cleaner than when you began; whereas, talking with some men it's just the reverse."

I looked carefully at my companion and asked him if the major had said all of that. He had, and Gholson had turned it without taking a scratch. "That's fine—as to Perry," I said.

"Oh, yes—it would be—if it were only so. Trouble is, you keep remembering he's such a stumbling block to any real spiritual inquiry. Yes, and to himself; for, you know, spiritually there's so much less hope for the mortal than there is for the up-and-down reprobate! You know that—Smith doesn't drink?"

"Smith, Ned Perry is not only a Romanist, he's a romanticist. We—you and me—are religiousists. Oh, his brightness and happiness air the brightness and happiness of faith; our cleanliness is the cleanliness of religious scruples. Worst of it with Ned is he's satisfied with the difference, I'm afraid. That's what makes him so pleasant to fellows who don't care a sou marquee about religion."

I said one might respect religion even if he did not.

"Oh, he's always polite to it; but he's—he's read Voltaire! Oh, yes, Voltaire, George Sand, all those men. He questions the Bible, Smith. Not to me, though; nah, he knows better! Smith, I can discuss religion, and he not get mad with any one who don't question the Bible; but if he does that I just tell you I wouldn't risk my soul in such a discussion! Would you?"

I could hardly say, and we moved pensively

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A WIZARD IN THE FIELD OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

PERHAPS no other branch of art has taken a greater stride in the past few years than has that of photography.

Where formerly it was confined to a purely mechanical method of transferring a face or a scene to a negative, it has developed a field that is as far beyond the original paintings, and many of the pictures are almost perfect imitations. The photographs are endowed with a life and soul; the camera searches out and exhibits a detail which the artist with brush seldom produces with the same perfection on canvas.

Mr. Anderson furthers the artistic success of his work in photography by painting his own scenery or background, by designing the costumes for the models and by carefully selecting the models themselves. Many of the fanciful conceits and the unusual poses are not only attractive as pictures, but they can safely be termed camera triumphs. The first page of this Sunday Call's Magazine issue is an example of his splendid work. This number marks the beginning of a series of studies that Mr. Anderson has made especially for this paper.

Mr. Anderson is the youngest artist of his kind in America. He was born in Nashville, Tenn., 22 years ago. As he at an early age developed a talent for drawing he was given opportunities in that direction by private instruction, followed later by a course in the Chambers School of Art in Nashville. While the artist has not entirely deserted his palette and brush, he has become a sincere devotee to camera craft and means by serious investigation and time to prove that photography will with the passing of the years become a most important branch of the higher art.

THE MOST FAMOUS LOBA.



Mrs. Nellie K. Blissett has written a distinctly readable story in "The Most Famous Loba." The scene is laid in the romantic time of the Troubadours, when men turned with equal ease to feats of arms and to deeds of gallantry. "The Most Famous Loba" is a woman renowned for beauty and for independence of thought and action. She moves a striking, picturesque figure among the stirring events of her time. In the chronicle of the most interesting period of the life of this beauty whose fascinations are great enough to make all men who know her her slaves, the author has caught well the spirit of the time of which she writes, and the reader is made to see the beauty as well as the cruelty of the period which we know as the Age of Chivalry. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.)

Navigation.

"Richard's Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," by Eugene L. Richards, gives a complete treatment of the elements of navigation, and a mastery of it will give a knowledge of the theory of the subject, sufficient to introduce the student to the practice of navigation. The first part is devoted to navigation by dead reckoning, and the remaining portion is given to the subject of nautical astronomy and teaches how to determine the exact position of a ship in terms of latitude and longitude, by means of the observation of heavenly bodies. The book is illustrated by diagrams and contains an alphabetical glossary of the terms used, and a part of the Nautical Almanac of 1888 for reference in the solution of problems. (Published by the American Book Company, New York. Price 75 cents.)

The Times and Young Men.

"The Times and Young Men," by Josiah Strong, is an address to young men, written for the purpose of offering them a solution of the problems which spring from the complex conditions of modern life. Dr. Strong discusses the ill arising in the social and industrial world from a conflict of interests. He then shows that the only cure for these evils is to be found in a strict practice of the golden rule. While of religious tone, the book is free from the cant of a narrow spirit of religion. It is a sensible, practical plea for an appreciation of the value