

last is dim, for in the story, as in real life, the shadow lingers till the end. The author does not convince the reader of what he himself apparently believes—that the man and the woman who have suffered most win the long-denied happiness at last. It is true that they are married, but from the wedding day “years of struggle and ostracism lay before them,” and the husband says to the wife at the close of the story :

“Nothing that a man or a woman alone can do can restore lost honour or self-reverence. No fasting or penance or sacrifice is of any use.”

DEAR FAUSTINA. By Rhoda Broughton. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Other times, other manners, guises and conversation Miss Broughton gives us in her very clever novel, *Dear Faustina*, the adventuress up to date. She is not so bewitching as in the days of Becky Sharp, but what she lacks in charm she makes up for in energy. With her quick intelligence she knows this is not the day of individual power, but of associated effort ; and her greatest harvest is reaped not in the exploitation of persons, but of causes—persons, of course, are convenient tools, to be used with skill and flung aside when done with. To Althea Faustina is apostle and saint, for whom she is called to give up kith and kin and comfort. Following her into the wilderness—that is, the slums and the working-places of the world, she finds her sainthood the worse for wear, her apostleship a sham ; while from the disciple, in the name of a cause, are expected dishonour and vulgarity. Miss Broughton resists the temptation of sending Althea permanently back to domesticity when her disillusionment takes place. She makes satire effective by keeping it within bounds, and saving a few public-spirited persons and the general philanthropic idea from its lash. Miss Broughton's humour plays around and tests all, but only the humbugs are mercilessly flayed.

THE MASSARENES. By Ouida. New York : R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

“Ouida” here lashes the sins and follies of Society—very high society, of course ; the chief lady-villain is accustomed to walk about in Homburg with the King of Greece on one side of her and the Duc d'Orleans on the other. She lives in an exceedingly corrupt world in London, has a disreputable noble husband, and is noble and gracefully disreputable herself. All the vices that extravagant habits and constant impecuniosity can breed are hers. When in desperate straits she hangs on to the impossible new millionaires from Kerosene City, N. D. ; and for very substantial wages she agrees to convince the finest society that these dreadful people are not only possible, but absolutely must be swallowed. But Massarene, the millionaire, was never robbed or humbugged in his life, and he makes her pay in more than society favour. The story is a very ugly one ; and her career is studded with others as bad. One stumbling-block in her path is Massarene's daughter. In spite of her birth the girl might have been the daughter of kings—Ouida knows how to make them such—but she has no vulgar ambitions. This singular and meritorious

young woman “preferred to be alone in the music-room, with her violin and harmonium, or in the library comparing Jowett's *Dialogues* with the original.” Needless to say, the lady-villain's plans are a good deal upset by the heiress's charitable disposal of the wealth so soon as it comes into her keeping, and, of course, virtue is rewarded by marriage with a high-minded nobleman. It is a pitiful confession to make ; but at no point are we deeply indignant at the condition of things Ouida exposes. Perhaps never are we quite convinced that they just happened so. Yet in a rough-and-ready, exaggerated fashion she lashes sins that do exist, and we can only hope that her satire may accomplish some of the good it evidently intends to do. It is not going out of the way to remark that though Ouida's popularity may have been lessened by the tremendous success of Marie Corelli, in intellectual merits, in imaginative and structural faculties, as well as in versatility, she still keeps far ahead of that beloved-of-the-nations disciple and rival. But the book provokes one protest from even an easy-going reader. Let her lash “Society” if she likes. Let her slander it, if she will only leave children alone. There may be detestable little atoms among them ; but she has invented the cynical, evil-minded worldling of four. Happily it is not in her power to make the little monster live.

THE STEPMOTHER. A tale of Modern Athens. By Gregory Xenopoulos. Done into English by Mrs. Edmonds. New York : John Lane.

That a delicate subject is handled in a delicate manner in this Greek story of to-day is what had best be kept prominent in a judgment of the book. A father and son are rivals for the love of a beautiful young woman. The father, a gay, good-natured, charming, not very observant person, marries her, and never discovers his son's misery. The son, in the end, behaves like an honourable man. Mrs. Edmonds, by writing a preface in which she seems to treat this very slight story as capable of vividly presenting domestic life in Athens among the comfortable classes, has attached to it too much responsibility. But so, too, does its author, whose chief purpose was to show the evils of early marriage. That a grown-up son may fall in love with his stepmother is a possible consequence of his father marrying, for the first time, too young ; but the evil might be attacked on several stronger grounds.

THE FOLLY OF PEN HARRINGTON. By Julian Sturgis. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Pen, a very fortunate young woman, with health and wealth, beauty and audacity, queen in her own London set, went out to remotest Africa. To tell how this came about is the purpose of Mr. Sturgis's story. The reader is left to determine for himself to what portion of her career Pen's “Folly” belongs ; but few will place it at the end. She is a masterful, generous, and harum-scarum young woman, whose popularity we believe in ; and that is a great admission concerning a mere book-heroine. At the same time we think even obstinacy does not altogether explain her temporary consent to the overtures of Pharamont, so obviously detestable

even before his wickedness was discovered. There is an unusual amount of bright and capable character-drawing in the book; and if the Bobbys, those pathetic and most obliging adventurers, seem to have jumped straight out of the pages of Mr. Henry James, we are bound to say they are Mr. Sturgis's own—only conceived in a Jamesian mood. Perhaps the old-fashioned machinery that brought Pen and Pharamont and Blake together in their relations to Kitty Trevor is a little out of place in a book so up-to-date, so lightly, so pleasingly modern. But the answer of most would be that the coincidence makes so much more of a story.

THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO. By Frank Aubrey. New York: New Amsterdam Company. \$1.50.

Here is an adventure story, which, so far as we know, is written around an absolutely new monster. In the traditional city of Manoa—the veritable Eldorado which sprang into being

around the camp-fires of Cortez and Pizarro—Mr. Aubrey writes of a gigantic and blood-thirsty tree, which is alive with coiling, writhing branches, and has a man for breakfast every morning. This vegetable horror grows in the middle of a sort of amphitheatre, and is worked as a religious spectacle, and for the private ends of one Coryon, a treacherous but imposing high-priest. Readers of sentiment will find a relief from the performances of the "Devil Tree" in a well-sustained love story, for there is a beautiful princess and more than one plucky young Englishman. The book is strikingly original in its central idea, is undeniably gruesome, and frequently exciting. Mr. Aubrey, however, is too lengthy, and his style is by no means a thing of beauty. It is a great pity that writers of books like this are not content to say less and to say it better. But, in spite of such drawbacks, we must acknowledge that Mr. Aubrey has really given us a capital tale.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

EYE SPY. Afield with Nature among Flowers and Animate Things. By William Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

"From my baby days," Mr. Gibson once told the writer of "A Naturalist's Boyhood," the chapter which introduces us to *Eye Spy*, "I was curious about flowers and insects. The two were always united in my mind. What could not have been more than a childish guess was confirmed in my later years." This chapter derives a special value from its autobiographical interest; in a series of conversations which the writer, Mr. Barnet Phillips, had with the late Mr. Gibson, he has pieced together the naturalist's recollections of his boyhood, which tell in his own words the story of his first impressions of nature, his early observations, his studies and favourite books, his first experiments at collecting, and the beginning of his career not only as the most observant and sympathetic of naturalists, but as a distinguished artist and author. The chapters which compose the book are intended primarily for young people, to give them an impulse to observe and to study nature for themselves. But *Eye Spy* is a book that will engross readers of all ages; it makes its appeal to old as well as young. Few of us use our eyes as we might, and thus rob ourselves of much of the beauty of nature—the nature that lies at our feet. For instance, how many of us would ever look for "Fox-fire" around our refrigerators, or think of associating it with a piece of bread? how many of us can account for the appearance of spiders at sea, or for the fact that certain spiders are argonauts and sail through the air when they feel like leaving *terra firma* for a change? Some of us have crowded over finding a four-leaved clover; but who can boast of having seen a nine-leaved clover, as Mr. Gibson did? This chapter on "Luck in Clovers" is an example of the amount of interest that can be worked out of the simplest and most familiar flower of the field. Mr. Gibson's

sharp eyes went so far as to note that "the clover says its prayers and goes to sleep, with its two side leaflets folded together like reverent palms, and the terminal leaflet bowed above them. So the normal leaf spends the night in the dews." There are chapters on beetles, the housefly, wasps, spiders, snakes, grasshoppers, pansies, cocoons, clovers, mushrooms, primroses, and other insects and flowers. There are also over a hundred of Mr. Gibson's illustrations, and a fine frontispiece portrait of him which is very characteristic. It is a book that ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl; and it will make many older readers lament that their eyes are no longer sharp nor their observing faculties acute with the fine perceptiveness of fresh young life.

CITIZEN BIRD. Scenes from Bird-life in plain English for beginners. By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

This is another book of natural history which makes the older reader envious of the younger when he looks back with melancholy regret on the days of his own youth, barren of such rare delights. Those who have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wright's *Birdcraft*, but especially her *Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts*, published last Christmas, will be prepared for the charming narrative which she has spun around the story of the birds, their classification, habits, songs, and so forth. Sympathy with all living things through greater knowledge of them is Mrs. Wright's aim, and she has the inborn gift of telling a story so as to move the reader; and in the case of boys and girls, she knows just how to tap their primary emotions and how to call forth their kindlier instincts and to shame them out of their savage estate. For an explanation of the title, in which lies the central motive of the work, we quote the words of Dr. Roy Hunter, a naturalist, to