

member that the same opportunities for courtesy, right conduct and helpfulness toward those who need help, whether in pitching a tent or saving a soul, open everywhere to those who look for them.—MRS. CAMPBELL-PRAED tells us, in the opening paragraph of 'The Head Station' (Harper's Handy Series), that 'there could be no pleasanter place in which to dream away the hours of a hot December afternoon than the veranda of the Head Station' on the Eura River in Australia. It may be so, but we are willing to take the author's word for it; as for a hot afternoon in July, we prefer something in larger type.

Recent Fiction.

'HENCE THESE PAGES,' explains Joaquin Miller, in a dramatic effort to apologize for writing so loathsome a story as that which he calls 'The Destruction of Gotham' (Funk and Wagnalls), on the plea that he does it to work a high moral cure. The story is an inexcusable record of horrible things; inexcusable, because although the author explodes in highly moral exclamations of dread at the things which he does not hesitate to dwell upon, the tendency of the book is not to rouse the reader to an heroic and holy crusade against evil, but simply to make him shudder at the hideousness of the book, and begin a possible crusade against such evils as it chronicles by throwing the book itself into the fire. As nearly as we have been able to penetrate its purpose, the moral of it seems to be, that, unless we mend our ways, we shall come to painful destruction in this world, without waiting for retribution in the next. It is a very poor motive to hold up to human nature, that unless it is good it will be blown up by dynamite. As for the mending of our ways, comparatively few of us have any such ways to mend as are recorded by the author; and those who have, we should think quite beyond any hope of reform, even by being frightened with a threat of dynamite. Such books as this spread more harm than reform; they make no one better and they might make many worse.

'THE CRACK OF DOOM,' by William Minto, is a tedious and foolish extravaganza on the career of an epileptic madman, who proposed to make a fortune in the stock-market by predictions as to the fatal effect of a new comet intersecting the earth's orbit.—'BURIED DIAMONDS' is quite a good story by Sarah Tytler, full of minor good points in character drawing as well as rather exciting plot.—'KILLED IN THE OPEN,' by Mrs. Edward Kennard, is of course supposed to be a 'sporting novel,' though the author mentions elaborately in her preface several other indirect purposes. The sporting, however, is not hilarious, and the romance is extremely tedious.—'TRUST ME' is the foolish title of a very foolish story by Mrs. John Kent Spender.—'MARJORIE,' by Katherine S. Macquoid, beginning with a 'curse of the Dumfords' and considerable mystery, misery, and pistol shots, is about what one would expect from such a beginning, but not so good as one would expect from Mrs. Macquoid. The five stories above notice appear in the Franklin Square Library.

IT IS a good thing to have such an admirable little story as Mrs. Whitney's 'A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life' (Riverside Paper Series) rescued from the oblivion which is the fate of even good literature, in these days of over-abundant production, and republished for the delight of new readers. It is not many years since it originally appeared; and it is as good as ever, with its gentle appreciation of the joys and troubles of young girlhood, its bright anecdotes, pretty incidents and wholly healthful atmosphere.—'THE CAMP AT SURF BLUFF,' by Edward A. Rand (Phillips & Hunt), is the fourth volume in the Up-the-Ladder Club Series. It takes the boys on a vacation, but the author easily manages to give many a suggestive hint as to the duties and morals and politeness to be remembered even on a vacation. Youthful readers may be cautioned not to expect quite so much dramatic excitement in any camp experiences of their own; but it will be well for them to re-