

For this is an excellent story, well told and with a plot that deserved the care bestowed upon its elaboration. As a rest from the fatiguing mental gymnastics among the problems and hidden meanings of our super-serious modern fiction, this simple tale acquires almost the rank of a benefaction. It is just the book to take home on a cold evening, to read before the fire—a book that fulfills the simplest, yet often the best function of light literature—that of amusing.

“Amos Judd”

By J. A. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

“A FALLEN IDOL” came out of the East; so did “The Tinted Venus,” and likewise the stone that wrought Mr. Bultitude’s misfortune and final redemption. The announcement, therefore, that the hero of this story by the editor of *Life* also had come out of the Orient seemed uncommonly appropriate. But where the English humorist amused with the most delightful nonsense, the American has written a most ingenious, serious tale of a Connecticut farmer, who was an Indian Maharaja, and of the gift that had come down to him from Vishnú. There is nothing supernatural about this story, except that gift: Amos Judd was brought bodily from India to Connecticut as a child, after the English had annexed his realm; his beauty was that of the Indian Aryan, dark and proud, and he was marvellously rich, simply because his faithful courtiers had found time to gather his riches and bring them with him across the sea. Amos waxed strong and went to college, where he proved irresistibly attractive to the young ladies; he committed rather justifiable homicide in an attack of wantonly provoked anger; and at last he fell in love with the girl whom he had never seen in the body, though he knew her face and the diamond crescent in her hair.

We do not feel at liberty to divulge the secret of the gift; and the reader who peruses the book will thank us for our reticence.