

FICTION.

Hesba Stretton's *Carola* is a simple, tender story of a poor London girl, who has a wretched home and a drunken grandmother, starts on her way up in life in ignorance and on the borders of vice, but comes under saving influences, until a lover appears, to whom she confesses her antecedents. Thrown over by him, she returns to the East of London to do such work as she can for her old kind. Out of such materials as these the reader can easily tell the sort of story which Hesba Stretton would make; hardly powerful, in this instance, but graphic, picturesque, full of feeling, and moving in its effect upon the religious sensibilities. [Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.]

The English translations of German novels which come to us under the imprint of Wm. S. Gottsberger, come all in covers of the same chocolate brown, and the tints within show an almost similar somber uniformity. Of W. von Hillern's *A Graveyard Flower* we can only say in praise that it is as cheerful as a cemetery. The "graveyard flower" is a little child, the daughter of the keeper, whose whole life is circumscribed by the limits of the gloomy lot, where she plies her sports; and goes through her own sad romance with love. We find small pleasure in such tales as this. [90c.]

Bristling with Thorns is the prickling title of a thoroughly sensational novel of the less objectionable sort, dealing with events at the South before and after the late Civil War. "Poor whites," Union prisoners, and Ku Klux raiders furnish the characters; and the pictures of stirring and startling events now receding into the dim distance are vivid. There is dialect in the book, in the French paragraph style, after the following specimen:

Hundreds of them.
Thousands of them.
They were at the rails.
Mansa went too.
She tore at the rails all down the road.
Mansa was a "bummer!"
In Savannah there was dismay.
Sherman coming.

This style of printing makes easy reading. And some of the descriptions of the "crackers" and other "white trash" have the impress of fidelity. [Detroit News Co. \$1.00.]

Mr. W. Clark Russell's new story, *Jack's Courtship*, does not depart in essentials from the form and manner of his previous sea tales; and adds to the probability that this very clever author has found his limitations and cannot supplement rare powers of description with equally rare powers of invention. A voyage, a shipwreck, and a happy escape are his stock in trade, but with these simple materials it must be confessed he does a good business. The present "Jack" is a lover, who ships for Australia on board the same vessel with his sweetheart, whom a stern father has sent off to get her out of the way of his attentions. Shipwreck and a chapter of Robinson Crusoe life on a desert island vary the fortunes of "Jack's Courtship," all of which are related in Mr. Russell's vivid style. [Harper & Bros. 25c.]

An *Old Man's Love* is the last of the novels of Anthony Trollope, not the last written but the last to be published. It is a pleasant wind-up to a long and attractive list; but belongs to the second class of its author's writings. It is neither considerable in size nor absorbing in interest, being a short, sweet, simple little story. The "old man," Mr. William Whittlestaff, fell in love with his orphan ward, Mary Lawrie, and she, out of gratitude, promised to marry him, when all the while she had a true lover far away, she knew not where. Three years before the lover had left her, without a word of love spoken between them, and had promised to come back to her, but in all this time she had heard no word from him, and for aught she knew she might never see him again. Besides, was it certain after all that he loved her? Under these circumstances she promised to marry good Mr. Whittlestaff, old enough to be her father. The very day she made this promise, who should come in at the front door to claim her, but the long lost lover, John Gordon. He had been to the diamond fields in South Africa to make his fortune, and had made it. The rest of the story concerns the settlement of the rival claims of the two lovers. The amusing people in the story, and very characteristic and amusing people they are, are Mrs. Baggett, Mr. Whittlestaff's old housekeeper, and the Rev. Montagu Blake, the curate of Little Alresford, a worthy addition to Mr. Trollope's clerical gallery. [Harper & Brothers. 15c.]