

ity, its queer clumsiness, its complete crudity. It purports to be the record of the life of a little motherless girl who is taken to live with her father in a Far West mining camp. There are no women to care for the child, who is a mere baby of four at the beginning of the story, and scarcely twelve when it ends. There is none of the usual sentimental coddling represented in such cases; the miners adore the little thing, but treat her as such men would probably treat a child, and rear her like a boy. Thus it is that Bushy Sukolt's is the first appearance in literature of a girl-child having the adventures that the small boy has so long monopolised in the dime novel. The New Little Girl has arrived! The date of her arrival is not given; but if it may be approximated by the pantalettes of the pictures, it must have been some time ago—about 1849. And whether or not Bushy was a "forty-niner," she found, at all events, plenty of Indians to fight, wild horses to ride, and rattlesnakes to kill with her bare hands, tiny as they were. It may be well, perhaps, at this juncture to mention that in speaking of the impression of reality made by the story, the term was used in a general sense and without reference to any small special incidents. However, possibly Bushy really did put out a miner's lamp by throwing her brave little body upon it as it rolled toward a keg of powder on which she sat in the mine. Anyway, it all goes to make a stirring story that, once begun, will be read to the end.

BUSHY. By Cynthia M. Westover. New York: The Morse Co. \$1.25.

There is something so curiously real in this romance that the statement contained in the sub-title, that it is founded on fact, seems superfluous. And this feeling of reality, together with the novel character of the work, renders the book readable and almost fascinating, notwithstanding its lack of literary qual-