"On the Old Frontier"

GOOD BOYS'-BOOKS are always in demand, as booksellers, publishers and parents well know, and good Indian stories more so than any others. Consequently it is an agreeable thing to announce an Indian story by W. O. Stoddard, called "On the Old Frontier." This is a history of the Onondaga Valley during the tumultuous years of the French and Indian War, and is a description of the last raid of the Iroquois. Mr. Stoddard has told the story of this fearful onslaught with dramatic picturesqueness and conscientious fidelity to history, but, knowing the imaginative and sympathetic natures of his young readers, has wisely moderated his recital of the horrors that occur during an Indian raid, so that the book, while giving a true picture of the times and supplementing many an enquiring boy's study of history, will not fill his mind with harrowing thoughts. Equal in interest with the story is Mr Stoddard's preface, in which he tells his young readers that as a boy his first weapon was a bow and arrows made by an Onondaga Indian, and that he lived within a few miles of the Council House where once burned the brands of the sacred fire of the Iroquois The sight of the red man is an unfamiliar one now to young eyes and personal memories of them are fast dying out. The reviewer recalls with vivid distinctness the periodical entry, when he was a child, into a certain New York village of the peaceful Oneidas. Derision, hoots, missiles and mock war-whoops were their fate from the school children as they followed these picturesquely blanketed people about the streets. A meek sadness always pervaded the demeanor of the Oneidas in these trying scenes, and it was but another disgrace to the white men in their dealings with the Indians that such things should be permitted. We hope that Mr. Stoddard will write other Indian tales, and write them with the same historical fidelity and spirit of fairness that he has shown in the present story. The work is well illustrated by H. D Murphy. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia"

AS ALL fairy-stories end happily, and as happiness in fairy-stories is synonymous with matrimony, Mr. Lang's "Prince Prigio," as readers young and old will undoubtedly remember, killed the Firedrake in the chronicle that bears his name, and began life and ended the book by marrying the fair Lady Rosalind. They lived happily forever afterward, and only a passing cloud hid the sunshine of their days when their only son and heir, Prince Ricardo, was young and would not study. In fact, he was stupid, and only took an interest in the killing of fiery dragons and giants, the rescuing of fair ladies and such-like things, neglecting his lessons, mussing up his clothes and being late for dinner whenever he heard of them in the neighborhood. As he had the free use of his father's magic implements—the Cap of Darkness, the Shoes of Swiftness and the Sword of Sharpness—he was utterly reckless, and would attack any monster he met. Later on, this almost brought about his destruction. Among his most heroic feats was the rescue of the Princess Jaqueline, herself well-versed in magic, for in Pantouflia young ladies were taught magic as they learn music and singing with us. Jaqueline was fair to behold and loved her rescuer, but Ricardo, being a boy, thought girls of no earthly use, and went on fighting giants and risking his life, never heeding the tremulous lips, pale cheeks and tear-stained eyes of his fair admirer. Misfortune and danger at last taught him to love her in return, and to win her as his father had deserved the hand of Lady Rosalind, that they in turn might rule over Pantouflia, and live happily forever afterward. This is, in short, the plot of Mr. Lang's new fairy-story, which is entitled "Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia; being the Adventures of Prince Prigio's Son." That the narrative will please young readers is a matter of course, but their elders will like it, too, for its whimsical mingling of magic and the prosaic life of the nineteenth century, its humorous jumbling together of traditional romance and sober actuality. Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations are graceful and light. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Records of a Child

THE TITLE OF Mrs. Burnett's new volume, "The One I Knew the Best of All," leads one to speculate a bit as to the character of its contents before he decides to turn the pages and settle the question definitely. She speaks of it as a memory of the mind of a child, and it seems only natural to conclude that she is recording the events in the life of one of her own children, her opportunities for knowing them of course being endless. It comes to the reader somewhat in the nature of a shock when he realizes that it is herself of whom she is speaking, that it is the history of her own mind she is recording, from the time of her earliest recollections to the age of fifteen. She says she should feel a serious delicacy in presenting to the world a sketch so autobiographical if she did not feel herself absolved from any charge of the bad taste of personal-

ity by the fact that she might fairly entitle it a story of any child with an imagination. "I have so often wished," she says, "that I could see the minds of young things with a sight stronger than that of very interested eyes, which can only see from the outside. So, remembering that there was one child of whom I could write from the inside point of view, and with certain knowledge, I began to make a little sketch of the one I know the best of all." This was a serious undertaking, and a subject so delicate that an awkward turn of the pen at any moment might ruin it. That she has achieved complete success, that the "Small Person" is entirely human and entirely interesting as well, speaks more highly for Mrs. Burnett's literary art than anything else she has done. The book has no parallel except in Pierre Loti's "A Child's Romance." (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Brief Notices of Books for the Young

MR. W. O. STODDARD has told, in "Tom and the Money King," a tale of the money market and the feverish and pulsating life that goes on down in the financial centre of a great city, a tale of the daytime world of brokers, office-boys, lawyers and speculators. Tom Tracy was the son of the janitor of one of the tall business buildings which swarm with exciting life during the day and are so gloomy and deserted at night. There he lived with his family, a cliff-dweller, at the top of this building, leading an existence which, except for outward circumstance, was not unlike that of other boys who have friendships and likes and dislikes, for the story ends with his sailing away to Europe, seven years after the chief events are related, with his young bride, who had been restored from blindness by a skillful physician. The tale, in its description of the precarious health and the race from death of the money king, follows very closely the record of several well-known, and one might add, of most well-known money kings. (St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.)

ANOTHER STORY by W. O. Stoddard for holidays, and all days, is called "Guert Ten Eyck." It is a picture of New York in the early days of the struggle for American Independence—a picture that will never be forgotten by the young readers who are fortunate enough to have the book presented to them It will inspire their souls with noble thoughts, and blur their eyes with the mist that comes when good men fall. Guert Ten Eyck was a native-born New Yorker and old enough, at the time the book opens, to understand the immense importance of the Test Act and the throwing overboard of the tea in Boston Harbor. His patriotic spirit drew him into the midst of affairs at once. With such comrades of his own age as Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, with such examples of devotion and self-sacrifice to the young nation before him as those of Gen. Washington and Putnam, Paul Revere, Skipper Avery and the martyred Hale, it was no wonder that he suddenly sprang into earnest manhood before his years could warrant it. The book is of interest, not only from its familiar pictures of great men and stirring questions, but from its intimate knowledge of old New York topography. There is a fascination in reading of the apple orchard that grew on the Beekman Place, and of the farms that lay along Bowery Lane and the Bloomingdale Road. Who that now picks his way along that crowded, elevated-racked thoroughfare, could dream that the peace of the country ever reigned there? And yet it did; and it is from such books as this that youth shall learn to know and love our city and our land. Mr. Stoddard's story is peculiarly significant just now, for, within bowshot of the place where he was hung, was lately unveiled the statue of Nathan Hale. (D. Lothrop & Co.)

A THIRD STORY by Mr. Stoddard, that was put into book form for the Holiday Season, is "The White Cave," a story of bush life in Australia. This appeared serially in *St. Nicholas* and created not a little comment and interest among the readers of that delightful magazine. Children have no sense of proportion, and consequently young America is apt to think that ranching, mining and farming belong exclusively to the plains and the Great West. "The White Cave," at the same time that it rivets his attention on the splendid action and interest of the narrative, will unobtrusively enlarge his knowledge of life on a continent whose peculiar conditions of existence are somewhat similar to our own. (The Century Co.)——A NAME THAT is always received with confidence by grown-ups and delight by young ones is that of J. T. Trowbridge. No one of the present day has done more for children's literature than he. He has told healthy stories of adventure that have occupied that difficult middle ground between the books of Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic and those of Cooper. Moreover, his heroes grow in character, and their rewards in life depend upon the purity of their motives. In other words, they are living, breathing boys, as Louise Alcott's heroines live, because they are based on the keenest observation and sympathy with youth. The book Mr. Trowbridge puts out this year is called "Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage." It is a collection of short stories and is the third in the "Toby Trafford Series." Among other tales it contains "Aunt Abby's Diamond Ring," "Lost on the Tide," "In a California Cañon," etc. (Lee & Shepard.)

"ONE SNOWY NIGHT" is the title of an historical story by Emily Sarah Holt, describing the entry into England, in 1159, of a little body of Teutons who, under their leader Gerhardt, came over to purify and regenerate the Christian faith which at that dark hour was full of superstitions and abuse. Stripes and persecutions were their lot and, though they converted some individuals to their creed, they failed in their mission and were driven from the land. The story is told with fervor and an intensity of sympathy with the sufferers that is quite contagious. Incidentally, interesting pictures of the manners and customs of that crude time are given, together with valuations of money, food, travelling and the cost of living. (Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co.)——"OUT OF REACH," by Esmé Stuart, is one of those English reprints for girls which the American publishers hope will appeal profitably for them to the schoolgirl public. Just what the fate of this kind of semi-sentimental, semi-sensational tales is, none but the publishers know; but in our eyes they are good neither for English nor American lassies. Better Miss Alcott, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Molesworth and Lewis Carroll, until they are learned by heart, than tales that direct impressionable minds to self-consciousness, and to sorrows and sentiments of the gushing and mealy kind. (Tait, Sons & Co.)

"MAUD MELVILLE'S MARRIAGE," by E. Everett Green, is one of the many books for young folks on national historical subjects that the English press sends out each year—all more or less interesting, sober and conscientiously written. It deals with the tumultuous period of the reign of James II., when every day in the life of the Court and of the conservative country community furnished material for the most romantic as well as the most harrowing of tales. Lady Maud was married, when she was a little girl of eight, to her boy husband, from whom she was soon separated for years. She was able to save his life, later, by an appeal to the Queen, after he had been falsely accused of treason and lay a prisoner, expecting execution. This is the motive of the story, told in a correct and delicate style. It will interest reflective, studious girls. (T. Nelson & Sons.)——A QUAINTLY conceived and charmingly illustrated book is "The Musical Journey of Dorothy and Delia," by Bradley Gilman, with designs by F. G. Attwood. This story is a laudable attempt to explain musical terms and the value of notes in an entertaining and imaginative way—in other words, to strew with roses the stony path that is usually watered with salt and childish tears, the path that leads to the wonderful land of music. Mr. Gilman has been ably assisted by the artist whose fanciful drawings will delight both children and grown-ups equally. The book will no doubt be of real value to those who are teaching little children music and will lighten many a task for the child itself. Freighted with a purpose so important as the simplification of the difficult art of music, its pages are often burdened with a seriousness that the author finds it impossible to disguise, but his conceptions are at all times clever and his ideas charming. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)——A STORY for little ones whose interest in life has not yet grown beyond the fate of a litter of kittens is "Black, White and Grey," by Amy Walton. It tells of the efforts that were made to find homes for three harmless little pussies that were born into the world but to be drowned, and which owed their life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the tender solicitude of the little hero and heroine of the book. (Tait, Sons & Co.)