

follow, and the novel phraseology leads us to look for a corresponding originality of thought, which is not always present. Those who read novels as a relaxation from fatiguing work cannot be expected to like him as do those who take a livelier sort of pleasure in their reading. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.)

**THE YEARS THAT THE LOCUSTS HAVE EATEN**, by Annie E. Holdsworth, is a sad but enthralling story of woman's faith and love and endurance. (Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.)

**GIRLS TOGETHER**, by Amy E. Blanchard, is a pleasant story of girl life in Virginia, with excursions to Paris and New York, and which includes sketches, evidently from nature, of artists, dogs, cats, and negro servants. The illustrations, by Ida Waugh, show us glimpses of studio interiors, Southern kitchens, and other picturesque places. (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.)

**LAKEWOOD** has for sub-title, "a story of to-day." If the people of to-day poured out the weak, washy, everlasting flood of aimless talk that Miss Mary Harriott Norris's characters do, the suicide rate would be increased one hundred fold. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

**THE YOUNG REPORTER**, by William Drysdale. It has been said that there is no man who has not in his personal experiences the material for at least one interesting book. And if this be true of the man of ordinary occupation, how much more so must it be of the reporter on one of the big city newspapers! In the volume before us, Mr. Drysdale, while thinly disguising names and places, gives us the story of his own career on one of the best-known New York morning journals, and as a piece of pure narrative it is excellent. The present writer may this confidently, for he was formerly on the staff of that same newspaper, and recognizes with admiration the truthfulness of many of Mr. Drysdale's pictures. The portrait of the night editor, "Dr. Goode," the wielder of the miraculous blue pencil, is so well done that it brings back to the very life its prototype—dear, kind old man, able journalist and the friend of everybody but himself. "The Young Reporter" is crowded with incident, but we are sure that the author must have more than enough material for another volume. (W. A. Wilde & Co., 25 Bromfield Street, Boston.)

### *RECENT FICTION.*

**THE AMAZING MARRIAGE**, by George Meredith, certainly justifies its title. After three chapters of the introductory meanderings of Dame Gossip about another amazing marriage—that of the heroine's parents—we are permitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady herself, as she leaps from a window before daybreak for a mountain walk with her brother, Miss Carin, so named for her native province, Carinthia, is obliged to go to England to a stingy old uncle, who promises to aid in perfecting some of her brother's inventions. On their walk through the Austrian Alps they encounter first a poet and then a lord, both English, and both as silly and reckless as only very young poets and lords can afford to be. The lord proposes marriage to Carin and is accepted on the spot, her idea being that it will be a good thing for her brother. But Lord Fleetwood repents, and then forgets until he is brought to account by the stingy uncle. He then fulfils his engagement, but regards and treats his wife as a designing creature, who has captured him for his money. The greater portion of the two volumes is devoted to showing how on various occasions he might have come to know her better had not some accident of his own suspicious temper intervened. In the end he takes refuge from his doubts in a monastery. The moral seems to be that great wealth is a great evil in the hands of young, self-willed, and weak men like Lord Fleetwood. It is easy to see why there should be two opinions about Mr. Meredith's style. His avoidance of the stereotyped and the commonplace makes him at times hard to