

The Romance of Piscator. By H. W. Lanier
New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier has written a book full of the light, color and breath of the springtime, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to love and to—fishing. In this romance Piscator is lured hither and thither, led alternately by the song of the reel and the twang of the heart-string. Away down in Virginia a barefoot boy, who has been content to catch eels, mud-cats and minnows, sees an old black "uncle" yank up a fish longer than all the strings of finny fellows that he has ever hung to a hickory withe. The sight of that long fish made an ambitious angler of the boy. Years later, on a night by the Big Falls when the swamp sparrow fluted his reedy even-

song, when the moonlight lay on the stream and the salmon leaped to the gray hackle, Piscator saw from his boat the Peri in her boat, and again he had met his destiny. The Peri had a marvelous way of drifting from good waters to better streams, never leaving an address, nor so much as a bent twig to show the way her errant fancy or her "Angle-maniac" father's fishing fever had borne her. Following her to Mount Desert, Piscator had there a piece of fisherman's luck (who ever before heard of a stolen kiss called by that name?) which made the Peri shyer than before of leaving addresses or broken twigs. Yet Piscator, with never a clue, began a pursuit which led him to Bangor, to Montreal, back to Maine (paying double duty on his tinned woodcock, a peace-offering to the Peri), to Meddyhemp, to Pocomoonshine, to Tomah, to Paskahegon, to Lake Pequamenapsakasassanagnog. After a summer-long chase Piscator came upon her, the Peri, on the shores of Little Basin. Then follows a happy winter in the city, ending in a lovers' quarrel. Then the tables are turned. The Peri, who must yield the palm to Piscator 'as being the better fisher of the two, has proved herself the better hunter, for her first journey brought her into a stone's throw of Piscator's camp beside the fire-bordered streams of Newfoundland. Back to civilization and wedding bells.