

galloping at the last minute to the very steps of the scaffold with a pardon for the only man who loved the Lady Arabella.

THE LOVES OF THE LADY ARABELLA. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The title is a taking one, but, as some one rather recently remarked of Keats's poetry, the sound comes before the sense. The loves of the Lady Arabella are by no means the motive of the story. The greater part is taken up with the doings of a young Lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy, with swaggering and swearing, and gaming and fighting—all as far as possible from affairs of the heart. With matters of sentiment, the Lady Arabella has in fact, an unusually cool and distant acquaintance, and it is hard to understand what the author refers to in speaking (titularly, at least), of her "loves." For that rather wooden young woman, who remains vague and cold and dull, notwithstanding the insistence of the author to the contrary, gives no sign of being in love with anyone, beyond an uncomfortable preference for the impassive Ovington. He cares nothing for her or for anything except for the grim fanaticism that he calls religion. The only man professing love for the Lady Arabella is Giles Vernon, one whom she despises and betrays. No, the Lady Arabella is not a nice person, and the reader rather resents her as the *raison d'être* of the long story. Daphne, on the other hand, is a most charming little shadow, that never emerges quite distinctly. Lady Hawshaw, on the contrary, is real and fine, and one's heart warms to Sir Peter. For—leaving out the loves of the Lady Arabella and passing the jib and boom and blue peter of the earlier technical pages—the tale rattles and bangs along at a good round pace, and ends in the most orthodox fashion, with the hero