

of emotion usually termed passion. A novelist without either of these qualifications should be chary of introducing love scenes.

Much space is given to the description of the marriage relations between the Italian Beatrice and the villain Don Leonardo. Some of these scenes are evidently intended to be humorous; the reader perceives the effort, but not the desired effect. In the Italian scenes the writer's lack of the dramatic sense is felt. A pen tipped with flame is needed to describe a revengeful Italian woman. Miss Tincker's rather pale ink-and-water is better suited to portraying uneventful New England life. *Two Coronets* is not equal to *By the Tiber*. It is not dull, however, but one of the many mediocre novels which is sure to find readers enough.

TWO CORONETS.*

MISS MARY AGNES TINCKER'S last novel is readable, but in no way remarkable. It does not compare favorably with the best American fiction of the year. The writer has attempted in *Two Coronets* to depict two widely different phases of life. She first gives us a study of Italian intrigue and murder; then the scene shifts, and we are shown a peaceful picture of American country life. A study of two generations of Italians and a study of two generations of New Englanders, first contrasted and then united with a love knot, make up the contents of an ambitious novel. There are a few striking scenes—the examination of the school-mistress is one of the best; and there are some clever sayings scattered throughout the book. "The woman who cannot cut out a rag-baby expects every sculptor to be a Phidias" is a truism, the force of which all will recognize! But the story as a whole is poorly constructed and the characters imperfectly outlined. The love-making is so sentimental as to be almost absurd. When the reserved New England doctor paints upon a flower-de-luce in water-colors: "To the sweetest and noblest of women," and puts the flowers into the school-mistress' room after less than a week's acquaintance, the reader is tempted to close the book in disgust. There are two other love episodes in the novel which are no less ridiculous. The writer lacks both that delicacy of feeling which we call sentiment, and that strength

* *Two Coronets*. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.