

NOVELS PURE AND SIMPLE.

On Account of Sarah.

What Eyre Hussey here offers is a novel pure and simple; not religious or historical or introspective, not intended to defend or attack any cause — except, indeed, that a little mild ridicule is cast on a form of the “women’s-rights” agitation. There appear in the plot certain stolen papers, which the hero — in so far as any one male character can be so called — tries to find. Another leading masculine personage is amusing as a comedian in an amateur way. Both these are English university students, who for the purposes of this tale seem to be most of the time away from their colleges. A few of the characters are rather disagreeable. The Sarah of the Bible may be true to nature as representative of the very studious girl, nearly devoid of the feelings strong in most, and when older, becoming fanatical, or she may be a caricature. The novel is in no way elevating. It is sprightly, and may entertain some readers. [J. B. Lippincott Co.]

Young April.

Any one who wishes for “a good story” — and all librarians, publishers, and book-sellers know what that means — will find it in this one by Egerton Castle. The “let up” from wars, political wranglings and weighty current events, is really a relief. Nothing could be more unconventional and unreasonable; and the incomparable Eva, with her three men comrades, outdoes poor Trilby herself; nevertheless, the three who find her adorable, see how lovable and womanly her possibilities are. Young Edward Warrender suddenly becomes a duke

by the death of his uncle. He lacks just one month of his majority, and foreseeing the dignity that will hedge him in, he "lets himself go" for those thirty days. What he does, and what Eva, Spencer and Newberg do, the reader must find out. Certainly no one could conjecture. It is a capital book for one who wants to be entertained. [The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.]

A Man—His Mark.

This is a curious, improbable, and deeply depressing tale. The writer, W. C. Morrow, starts with an original plot, but a plot alone will not make a novel. A man and a woman, strangers to one another, are shut up in a hut in the Californian mountains, surrounded by snow drifts, for a long dreary winter. The man discovers that the woman, although not personally known to him, had been the means of doing him a great wrong. His tender, chivalrous, and self-sacrificing care of his companion is described with great delicacy, and under the influence of strong and noble manhood the woman loses her cynical self-sufficiency and learns, to love her protector. So much for the writer's theme. It needed poetic and artistic treatment. The style has no charm and the book lacks the dreamy atmosphere which the genuinely original conception needs. It is a poetic subject handled in a prosaic style. [J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.]

NOVELS OF ENGLISH LIFE.

Wolfshead.

There is always a fascination about the traditions or myths of Robin Hood, who is the hero of this story by the Rev. E. Gillial, M. A., assistant master in Harris School. The tale opens toward the close of the reign of king John of evil memory, when Robin, restored to his rank as Earl of Huntington, is residing at Thoresby Castle. His only son, Walter, is serving as page to the youthful Prince Arthur, whom John has imprisoned at Rouen. The story shifts between the unhappy prince and the wanderings and feats of the earl. The king proclaims him an outlaw, and he takes again to the green wood, places "Maid Marian," his countess, and his daughter in safety, and snaps his fingers at the king's authority. Those were stirring days when unerring skill with the bow counted for more than law and edict. Boys will find plenty of entertainment in Robin's adventures, all of which are based on history, or tradition as firmly rooted, and there is nothing in the book that can harm or set an evil example to any child, boy or girl. [E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.]

Michael Rolf, Englishman.

We are afraid that Miss Mary L. Pendered takes rather an idyllic view of "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers" in a small English town. We do not think the less of butchers when we express a doubt if one of their fraternity would be likely to be a past-master in violin-playing, and equal to the highest musical standards, because if he were, he would not be a butcher, by the law—not of social distinction—but of plain economics. A man who not only played the violin superlatively well but "had read with catholicity both ancient and modern writers," had command of

several languages beside his own, etc., would probably find a better paying trade. Nor do we think it probable that a young woman of excellent social position in London, which fact is continually dwelt upon, would marry a man whose manners, grammar, habits, and trade were in violent antagonism to all she had cared for and been accustomed to in the past. Let no one think we are referring to the butcher; the heroine does not marry him, she only admires him. A strange sort of London girl, by the bye, is the heroine, for she has apparently never heard of a "dog-cart," and descants on it as a novelty, and calls it "a vicious kind of vehicle." There is a great deal that is excellent in this book as well as original, but the most extraordinary ignorance of the modern world is constantly displayed in its pages. [Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.25.]

The Human Interest.

"Madame Bovary" in Newcastle, England, her emotions, adventures and end framed to suit provincial England, is not much to our taste, and although the cleverness of Violet Hunt's sketch of her foolish, vain, emotional, hysterical little heroine is indubitable, the whole book is as thin as the "misunderstood woman's" character. There are but five personages in the story, and they might be labelled like characters in an old comedy. First; heroine: foolish woman who thinks she has mistaken her vocation. Second; stupid husband with a touch of the brute about him. Third; interfering and ill-tempered parent to husband. Fourth; wise and sympathetic woman of the world. Fifth; indifferent lover. Out of these components a rather dull story has been fashioned. [Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.]