

fought to the scrape and scratch of shuffling feet, the laboured gasp, the rattle in the throat, while echo hushed in silence and in fright.

The author gives a delightful little touch to the story in the character of Mademoiselle Florine, "waitress and decoy pigeon for Bertrand's wine-rooms." There is a goodly supply of historical data, with a sufficient sprinkling of the romantic element to please the sentimental. But, above all, it is written to entertain, and its purpose is achieved.

THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED. By Harris Dickson.
Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

There is always something refreshing about a historical romance, even although one is very much like another. We like the swash-bucklers and the dark chambers and the duels, while the blood that is spilled gives us a healthy thrill. Then, doubtless, there are some readers who depend upon fiction for their knowledge of history, and it gives them a comfortable feeling to know that they are learning so much while reading the latest novel. To this field of novel-writing Mr. Harris Dickson, a new Southern writer, has added a very good story in *The Black Wolf's Breed*. It is in the time of Louis XIV., and the scenes shift from Louisiana to Paris and back again to Louisiana. Captain Placide de Mouret is sent by Bienville, the soldier-governor of Louisiana, on a secret mission to France, and while there he experiences adventures galore. We get glimpses of the court in the reign of Louis XIV., the trickeries of the Spaniards and the intrigues of the ladies of that period. There is a gruesome chapter where Placide and Broussard are imprisoned in a dungeon, and where Broussard is murdered by Placide:

Even in our mortal strife I marked the eternal harmony of the scene. Truly death had never stage more fitting whereon to play its last stern drama of dissolution. Hemmed in by four massive walls of granite, ghastly grim and desolately grey, we wrestled in a stifling stillness, while hell stood umpire at the game. No sound of trumpet, no warlike cry, no strains of martial music, were there to thrill the nerves and taunt men on to glory. We