

singing French hymns with little children about their knees, children born to a new inheritance, new hopes, and new struggles.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.50.

A Swallow's Wing.

Under this inoffensive title Charles Hannan has written a thrilling tale of adventures in China. The hero, an Englishman, is imprisoned in the Temple of Confucius in Peking and there subjected to the most infamous atrocities. His only method of communication with the outer world is by tying a note written in blood behind a swallow's wing. This note by some lucky chance is picked up by another Englishman thousands of miles from Peking, who instantly starts to rescue him. The horrible punishments inflicted on the prisoner and the awful perils which the man who attempts to find him endures, are described in the most bloodcurdling style imaginable. The book has little literary merit, but the writer has shown originality in his situations which are in the main new and therefore make a strong impression on the reader. Those who enjoy having a hero put through every conceivable form of torture and yet permitted to live, will find this abnormal taste gratified in *A Swallow's Wing*. The story is merely a succession of detailed descriptions of cruelties which the preface tells us "might be" but "are not" true; it will not, we think, tempt many readers to idle away their time in Peking.—Cassell & Co. 50c.

Henry Esmond.

The fourteenth volume in the new library edition of Thackeray is the immortal *History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of her Majesty, Queen Anne, Written by Himself*. This is Thackeray's masterpiece, if the opinion of the best judges is of worth. "I told Thackeray once," said Anthony Trollope, "that it was not only his best work, but so much the best that there was none second to it." The editor, who furnishes the introductory notes to this edition, well says: "In this novel meet all the forces of his literary nature. . . He is here emphatically an artist, oblivious of bystanders, resolute only to make his painting a true, consistent, and self-centered work of art."

The thirteenth volume includes the two delightful series of lectures on *The Four Georges* and *The English Humorists*, and *Sketches and Travels in London*, from Punch.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each, \$1.50.

Fishin' Jimmy.

The sweet, pathetic story of the Franconia fisherman, told by Annie Trumbull Slosson in the *New Princeton Review*, if we are not mistaken, has been put into a new dress. In its brown linen covers, with the illustrations (by G. F. R. and A. F. B.), it makes a dainty booklet. The pictures are soft and delicate, fit accompaniments for the text—a few full-page lake and mountain scenes, and vignettes of the old man, the Canadian child, and the bird, the deer, and dog Dash, that the gentle fisher was so fond of.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 60c.

Tales of Sugar Swamp.

A liberal contribution to the humorous reading of the day has been made by Ed. Mott, in the sugar-swamp stories of *The Old Settler*, nineteen in number, in which are narrated, in an amusing manner and with an audacious disregard of

probabilities, the various adventures that befell the natives of Lost Crow Barren, Hard Luck, and all the region round about the swamp of saccharine name. Most of the tales introduce bears and panthers, and show some of the cruder aspects of human nature, with a lavish use of shrewd sayings in the vernacular of the "settlement."—Belford, Clarke & Co. 50c.

A Story of Social Life.

The County appears anonymously, but internal evidence indicates Rhoda Broughton as the possible author. It is an English story of two sisters left without a home and ready to marry for the sake of having one. The match-making propensity so frequent in English novels is made prominent, and both girls succeed, the elder accepting a man she dislikes, from pique at the supposed defection of the man she loves. When she discovers that she has made a mistake, she proposes to the latter an intimate friendship, which he finds impossible, but a convenient railroad accident sets things right.—Harper & Brothers. 45c.

The Day Will Come.

This must be about the fortieth novel by Miss Braddon, and it may be taken for granted that it possesses the usual qualities which her admirers find so attractive, that it is written with a facile pen, and that one need have no misgivings about the proper development of the plot. It opens with a marriage, soon followed by a murder, and the "day" which was to come was that on which the guilt was fixed upon the right person.—Harper & Brothers. 45c.

Bertha Laycourt.

Mr. Edgar C. Blum adds another name to the list of "would-be" novelists, destitute of the imagination, constructive ability, and literary training requisite for success. The class of stories of which *Bertha Laycourt* is a type has small chance against the odds of so many attractive works of fiction before the public.—J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

FICTION.

The Tents of Shem.

The Tents of Shem is one of those intensely modern novels which contrast the extreme results of civilization with the crude products of savage nature, somewhat to the advantage of savagery. Of the two heroines—for there are two—one is the English girl, a Girton graduate, who has just won the distinction of *Third Classic* from Cambridge University; the other is a Kabyle maiden, living amid her tribe among the Moorish mountains of North Africa, in all the freedom of absolute ignorance.

There is a picturesqueness in Grant Allen's studies in natural history that gives them something of the charm of vivid fiction. In his fiction the color is dashed on recklessly, and the canvass is fairly spattered with a variety of brilliant pigments. The wild life of the Algerian hills, the splendor of a glorious, unspoiled womanhood, the bloody episodes of French possession, the easy joys of artist life, and the passions of worldly and cynical folk, citizens of the world but equally enslaved by self, whether scheming in London, in Paris, or among the Berbers,—these are the incongruous elements of the kaleidoscope. If the author were but more in earnest, there are touches of true force and pathos that prove his ability to compass something beyond a mere sensational novel, in which human life is handled with skill and audacity, but without reverence.—Rand, McNally & Co. 25c.

How They Kept the Faith.

In this tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc, Miss Grace Raymond has depicted with some air of reality the sufferings and dangers of Protestant persecution in the time of Louis XIV. It is a simple story, turning largely upon household trust and the fidelity of the affections, and it is best in those parts which display the strength of familiar ties and habitual duty, rather than in those which attempt the heights of heroism. Perhaps it is all the more true to history that heroic constancy sometimes seems not far removed from mere inflexible obstinacy, and that anguish and death fall, like lightning, with no apparent aim. Love triumphs at the end, and in English Southampton we see the refugees