

Years pass. Stamboul changes to Paris, and the ambassadorial dinner-party to a reception at the Russian Legation, where reappear the ill-starred names of Dartmouth and Penrhyn. Harold Dartmouth is a Ouida-like reminiscence, with a false *cachet* of Mayfair, and a general I've-drained-the-cup-to-the-dregs sort of air about him; but Sionèd, despite a patronymic longer by far than the family rent-roll, and an inherited incubus to which we shall refer again, is as nice a girl as one would care to meet. Harold, born with a wretched load of *ennui* upon his spirits, and who is twenty-eight and forty-five at the same time, meets Sionèd under peculiar circumstances, and their acquaintance ripens during an evening in a way that is unconventional to say the least, but may be explained by the fact that they feel an irresistible affinity for each other. From this point the love-tale goes on apace. One night Harold in the seclusion of his chambers bellows forth: 'Her eyes! Her skin! Her form! . . . Her—her—her—oh! *what* is it?' He is not, however, in delirium tremens, nor a fit subject for Bedlam, but is struggling with an unformed epic within his brain. This mental exaltation leaves him in a fainting-fit which lasts all night. The same sort of thing continues at intervals during the progress of the story, till one day 'a tremendous truth bursts upon his mind, that he is his own grandfather; while Sionèd proves to be her own grandmother. They are, in short, the Lionel Dartmouth and the Lady Sionèd of the 'Overture,' reincarnate. Now the law is explicit that a man may not marry his grandmother, but it says nothing on the particular question which confronts our hero. The predicament is one that will interest the most jaded reader. In view of a certain episode in her grandmother's life, the delicacy of Sionèd's position is apparent. When his grandfather is uppermost, Harold shrieks madly about 'Her face! her form,' etc., and struggles with the epic, his grandfather having been a poet. When he is himself, as it were, he reasons on 'entities,' and questions himself as to what is the conventional and honest thing to do under the circumstances. But for the working out of this tremendous problem, we refer the reader to the book, in which the writer, like Mark Twain, in his 'Mediæval Romance,' gets the characters in such a strait that she cannot straighten them. So Sionèd is obliged to commit suicide by drowning. Just what becomes of Harold is a bit obscure.

'What Dreams May Come' is, in short, one of the most aggravated expressions of literary hysteria that we have come across in a long time. Ordinarily in such a case we should be inclined to prescribe the most heroic treatment known to critical therapeutics; but we fancy we perceive behind all that is abnormal here a stamina that with proper care and treatment may turn disease to rugged health. The conception is not original, but it has manifest possibilities, as demonstrated by the success of 'Mr. Isaacs,' a romance cast in the same mystical *milieu* of Buddhistic fancy.

"What Dreams May Come" *

'WHAT DREAMS MAY COME' is not an admonitory treatise upon the consequences of tumbling into bed on a late supper of prawns and toasted cheese, but a study in metempsychosis, re-incarnation, or some kindred form of that Indian occultism, over which Col. Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky and a host of our younger writers have gone daft. As to just what specific phase of the phenomena in question the author is driving at, however, we admit ourselves at sea. The story opens at the beginning of the century, in the British Embassy at Constantinople. We are presented at dinner to the host, Sir Dafyd ap-Penrhyn, and his diplomatic guests. His wife, the beautiful Lady Sionèd, who has excused herself on the plea of indisposition, is discovered at her chamber-window, gazing out over Stamboul in the fading twilight. In the banquet-hall a health is pledged to the absent hostess, and Sir Dafyd withdraws from the board a moment to inquire after her condition. He surprises Sionèd with her lover, Lionel Dartmouth, who on the plea of work to be done has allowed his wife to attend the dinner alone. Here the scene closes.

* What Dreams May Come. By Frank Lin. 50 cts. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.