

fatuation for his Circassian slave, and when Abresha gave Fatima a gold bracelet, she sought and obtained a divorce. Eventually Fatima graciously consented to become once more head of the house, where she now reigns, since the death of Abresha, a freed-woman, together with her children, his other slaves, and their children, between all of whom his money was equally divided."

This Fatima, "pale and dark, with a little head like a snake, thin sarcastic lips, and eyes full of smouldering devil," was hostess at the tea party.

A Book of the Week.

THE TWO VANREVELS.*

The success of his play, "Monsieur Beaucaire," has brought Mr. Booth Tarkington into prominence of late; constant readers of this journal will remember that when Mr. Murray first brought out "Monsieur Beaucaire," the novel, it was warmly reviewed in these pages.

The present story lacks the particular quality of originality which characterises the first, but has, nevertheless, much to recommend it. It deals with that period of American history, beloved of the American novelist, when all the men were magnificent beaux, and all the women beautiful as a dream; when lovers wooed in impassioned verse, and serenaded their lady-love upon guitars; when there were balls every night, and everyone had plenty of money and endless servants, and kept open house; when it was an education to see an American gentleman make a bow, and a dream of heaven to see an American lady waltz.

Never having enjoyed, in England, a golden age at all resembling this, we are naturally envious of the favoured novelists who have such a storehouse to draw from. But our lack of comprehension perhaps makes us somewhat unsympathetic; it makes these trans-cendant persons seem the least little bit unreal to us.

Robert Carewe brings home his daughter Betty from her convent school in the first chapter. He is the typical proud American aristocrat, and she the typical dazzling beauty, in whose praise adjectives lose their force, and similes grope among the stars and the lilies in vain.

The first person to see her as the carriage drives into the garden of the Carewe mansion—thank heaven, this author actually does not speak of a gentleman's garden as "the yard"—is Tom Vanrevel, who has a deadly feud with the young lady's papa, and who, of course, succumbs to the peerless charms of Betty on first sight.

There is in the town another young man, called Crailey Gray, with whom old Carewe is, openly at least, not on terms. These two are alone excluded from invitations to the ball which is given for Betty's debut. One of them, Crailey Gray, a *varrien* with whose escapades the whole town is always ringing, is the dear friend of Tom Vanrevel, and is engaged to Betty Carewe's school friend, Fanchon Bareaud. Betty, misled by something her detestable father says respecting the two young men who are banished from his good graces, mistakes the one for the other, and imagines the steady Tom to be the scapegrace light-o'-

love, and the versatile Crailey to be Tom. It is hard to believe that a girl could live a month and more in the same town with her friend Fanchon without knowing which was her *fiancé*. But, doubtless, the rules of that wonderful society were very unlike those that govern us at the present day.

The imbroglio is, aside from this improbability, well managed, and results in Tom's opening and reading a letter which is addressed to him, and meant for Crailey. Poor Crailey, however, with poetic justice, answers with his life for the misunderstanding which he has purposely fomented and kept up.

We are left with liberty to hope that Tom and Betty came together one day, if he succeeded in getting safe home from the wars. There are some illustrations of varying merit.

G. M. R.

To My Own Face.

A greeting to thee, O most trusty friend!
That hast so steadfastly companioned me,
What other, say, in this can equal thee,
Who cam'st to life with me, with me shalt end?
Poor face of mine! Right often dost thou lend
A smile to hide some smileless thoughts that be
Bound deep in heart, and oft thy kind eyes see
My soul's great grief and bid their ears attend.

Ah, childish fairness, seeming near, yet far,
Prized tenderly by dear ones pass'd away.
Fain I'd recall it! Next an oval graco
Of girlhood; for thy woman's sorrows are
Stamped now on lips and forehead day by day,
Yet God's own image thou—O human face!
—From "A Christmas Posy," by LADY LINDSAY.

What to Read.

- "Queen Victoria: A Biography." By Sidney Lee.
- "Economic and Industrial Progress of the Century." H. de B. Gibbins.
- "By Thames and Tiber." Mrs. Ayler Gowing.
- "Mazzini." By Bolton King, M.A.
- "A Doffed Coronet." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."
- "The Parish Doctor: A Novel." By Alec Cook.
- "Crimson Lilies." By May Crommelin.

Coming Events.

February 4th.—The Lord Chief Justice presides at the opening of the new premises of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

February 5th.—Meeting to discuss State Registration of Trained Nurses, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 8.30 p.m.

February 6th.—Meeting of Executive Committee of Society for the State Registration of Nurses, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., 3.30 p.m.

March 26th.—Pioneer Club, Grafton Street, W. "That it is desirable that trained nurses should be registered by the State." Debate opened by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. Chair, Mrs. Collier.

* By Booth Tarkington. Grant Richards.

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