

## A Book of the Week.

## DR. DUMANY'S WIFE.\*

THE reputation of Jokai, the Hungarian novelist in England, will be more than borne out by his new romance. "Dr. Dumany's wife" is a noteworthy novel, well constructed, well written, able and interesting from the very first paragraph.

The author himself begins the story, with an account of a midnight railway journey which he took, and of a terrible accident which overtook the train, through the descent of a large piece of rock upon the line, in an Alpine pass. The account of the accident is of the most thrilling description, yet not overdone. The wretched train is thrown down a ravine, the carriages falling one on top of the other, the engine being underneath; and the awful sequel is, that the train takes fire and is gradually burnt with all the maddened passengers helplessly imprisoned in it. The narrator has jumped from the train just in time, holding in his arms a little boy who was travelling in the same carriage—the son of an American millionaire. The child has been struck dumb through some shock to the nerves, and has been travelling in Hungary with Doctor and nurse to try some cure. What all the skill of medicine could not effect, the shock of the accident does effectually; on recovering consciousness, the child speaks—in *fluent Hungarian!*

The narrator takes the child on to Paris, where his parents await him, for the little boy refuses to go to anyone but the man who can speak to him in his beloved Hungarian; so they travel together, the author speculating much upon the probable explanation of the strange phenomenon of an American "Silver King's" son being able to use such a language.

In Paris, Dr. Dumany, a handsome fine looking man of forty, is awaiting the arrival of the train, with his wife, a lovely young woman of four and twenty. Her likeness to the little boy is too striking to admit of the least suspicion that she is a stepmother, yet the narrator is struck by her evident and complete lack of natural affection for the child so suddenly snatched from a death too awful to contemplate. The Dumany's insist upon his becoming their guest for a time, and when he arrives at the house, the mysteries seem to increase. He discovers that Dr. Dumany is no American, but a Hungarian like himself, and finally, overcome by curiosity, he begs the millionaire, if he considers himself in the least under an obligation to him for the rescue of his little son, to give him an explanation.

"Tell me this, for it is the only gratification I shall accept."

"And let me tell you, dear friend, it is the highest I could give," was his reply. "In fact you have presented me with such a draft that, in spite of all my wealth, I am unable to pay it at sight. I have to ask my wife's permission first. The story you want me to tell is but one half my own, the other half belongs to my wife, and you must allow me to ask her leave!" and, bowing to me, he left the room.

The permission is accorded, and, from this point on, Dr. Dumany becomes the narrator, and the mystery is explained.

I will not spoil the pleasure of the reader by so much as hinting at its nature, but it is delightfully romantic,

\* Dr. Dumany's Wife." By Maurus Jokai. Translated from the Hungarian by F. Steinitz. (Jarrold & Sons, Warwick Lane, E.C.)

and one has no idea at first what course the story will take. Incidentally, we see a good deal of Hungarian manners and customs, especially at election times; and may thank our stars that we are English, as we read of "the dead man's candidate."

G. M. R.

## The Good Gift.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true?  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.  
Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.  
Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,  
And honour will honour meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet!  
Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;  
You will gather, in flowers again,  
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,  
Though the sowing seemed but vain.  
For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are, and do.  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

O'M.

—From the *Weekly Sun*.

## WHAT TO READ.

"The Shadow of Love, and other Poems." By Margaret Armour.

"A Twilight Teaching, and other Poems." By Lala Fisher.

"With Peary near the Pole." By Eivind Astrup. With illustrations from photographs and sketches by the author. Translated from the Norwegian by H. J. Bull.

"The White Slaves of England." By Robert H. Sherard.

"A Northern Highway of the Tsar." By A. Trevor-Battye.

"The Millionaires." By Frank Frankfort Moore.

"Convict 99: a True Story of Penal Servitude." By Marie C. Leighton and Robt. Leighton.

"A Galaxy Girl, and other Stories." By Lincoln Springfield.

## Coming Events.

May 7th.—Baron de Courcel presides at the annual dinner for the benefit of the French Hospital and Dispensary, Hotel Cecil. 7 p.m.

May 9th.—Lady Henry Somerset presides at the annual public meeting of the National British Women's Temperance Association, Queen's Hall, Langham Place.

May 11th.—Afternoon Concert, under the patronage of the Queen and Royal Family, at Stafford House, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital special appeal fund.

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