

discs, or niches as in the foreground, where stand bronze women with ivory faces; it's a trifle difficult to explain, or to understand; moreover, if the frieze is high from the ground the figures will be lost and the finish of them wasted.

The Cassella sisters send some of those coloured waxes, of which they seem to possess the monopoly. G. de Saulles sends two cases of inane medals such as England alone appears able to turn out. Why is it that this country cannot produce a good medal? It tries hard enough, but what results! One worse than the other, year after year, and with hundreds of exquisite models from old times in every museum to study from!

EMILY CRAWFORD.

## A Book of the Week.

### TALES THAT ARE TOLD.\*

It is a very happy idea of the two Misses Findlater to blend their volume of stories. Of the six stories in the book, two belong to Jane Helen, and four to Mary. They are very different, and all deeply interesting.

The first, "My Little Hester," is much the longest and most important. It should, presumably, be described as a ghost story. Two old great aunts—the Misses Findlater are great at Aunts—live together at Hopesferry. One, Aunt Maitland, is a widow. The married life of this lady had not been free from storms, and when her husband accidentally shot himself, the accidental nature of the death was questioned. In the house, during his life-time, Sir Charles Grant fought a duel with Mr. Pringle, concerning Lady Mary Napier, the Helen of her day. The duel resulted in the death of both gentlemen. The exact cause is very obscurely hinted at, but apparently, Sir Charles Grant had charged his adversary with visiting Lady Mary's room at night; for, on being assured that Sir Charles Grant was dead, the dying Pringle remarked: "He'll hear no more footsteps through the night now."

Doubtless the dead Sir Charles heard no more footsteps; but to the most unfortunate dwellers at Hopesferry, they were most horribly audible from that time. At the period of the story, Lady Mary is a very old woman, and with her is a young man known as Johnny Pringle, said to be her nephew, and her adopted heir. One night, Lady Mary's house is destroyed by fire, and she herself forced to accept the refuge of Mrs. Maitland's hospitality. Never for a moment has Mrs. Maitland's enmity towards this universal wrecker of domestic peace slumbered. She receives Lady Mary hospitably, and has her shown into the blue room—the room once occupied by her as a guest, the room towards which the weird footsteps always tend. It is a malicious revenge, and the guilty woman is well punished. She dare not remain in the room alone, and leaves early in the morning. "Johnny," she cries, "take me away! Your father died to save my good name!"

It is after a marriage between little Hester, the descendant of the Maitlands, and Johnny Pringle, the son, doubtless, of the frail Lady Mary, the "Foot" ceases to be heard. The whole atmosphere of the tale is wrought up to a very high pitch, and produces exactly the right effect. It is wholly weird.

\* By Mary and Jane Helen Findlater.

"In Hopefield Square," by the other sister, contains, curiously enough, the germ of the idea which was amplified and worked up in Mary's charming novel lately praised in these pages, "A Narrow Way." The episode of the visit of the "Czar of all the Rouchias" to the old Scotch lady, and her efforts in French, including "*Avez vous faim, votre Majesté?*" is delightfully amusing reading.

"Void of understanding," has that piercing note of pathos which is the distinguishing mark of both sisters.

"Life's Deceitful Morning" strikes a fresh note. It is a Cornish tale of smuggling, and the idea is an original one. But would a young revenue officer of average intelligence, wishing to catch smugglers, descend alone, a precipitous path, knowing that three desperate men awaited him at the bottom? That an unarmed man could so throw away his life is a piece of foolhardiness of which only a lady-writer would make a man guilty.

One and all the stories are charming and worthy of the writers. G. M. R.

## Verse.

### THE HOLIDAYS.

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for one,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

—Shakespeare.

## What to Read.

"The Work of the Ninth Division." By Major-General Sir Henry Colville.

"The Autobiography of a Journalist." By W. J. Stillman.

"War's Brighter Side." By Julian Ralph.

"Sirius, and other Stories." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

"The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth." By —?

"The Pasha." By Daisy Hugh Pryce. (A story of the Armenian Massacres, and of life behind the scenes at Constantinople).

"The Good Red Earth." By Eden Phillpott.

"The Wise Man of Sterncross." By the Lady Augusta Noel.

"Northborough Cross." (A story of life in a cathedral city.) By George Allen.

## Coming Events.

May 28th-31st.—Medical, Surgical, and Hygienic Exhibition, Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W. Nurses in uniform admitted free.

June 8th.—Grand Morning Concert in Aid of the East London Hospital for Children, Royal Albert Hall, 3.15.

June 11th.—Afternoon Concert at Stafford House in Aid of Charing Cross Hospital Special Appeal Fund.

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