

drive. She hesitates a moment, divided between love and duty, then shoots like a white arrow through the portières, and I hear her threatening the grandees in the distance, as, seized with a sudden fit of disinclination for society, I fly noiselessly to the farthest wing of the house, and there lurk while the big bell rings unheeded. After a while I faintly hear a repetition of the scene, and presently descend again into my lovely solitude, finding the new cards whitely disturbing the rich harmonies of my cherished hall, so put them aside, and do some more sauntering around. All is bright, glittering, and, thank God! empty. I have it all to myself, no voices of vulgar servants, no banal noises, no smells of cooking. The whole place is redolent of roses and the Japanese honeysuckle that covers a good part of the house. I am obliged to sit down and inhale the deliciousness, also to light up a morsel of extra superfine incense to mingle with and accentuate it, and as its light smoke ascends among the rafters I drowse and dream in perfect fulness of content, and more hours slip by.

Roused again by a call from the old parrot, hitherto dozing in a shady corner outside, it demands tea and cake. Instantly the pigeons swoop into the quadrangle, and I must out and give these domestic tyrants their various fancies. I meanwhile collect my own tea material carry it on to the green, accompanied by my dog, who has a keen eye on the sugar basin and cake-basket. Enconed in a great wicker chair surrounded by the dear birds and dogs—quite a menagerie—I pass the time that remains to me, revel in a magnificent setting of the sun over the wide woods, see the moon rise and the stars twinkle out, and Venus blaze right over the roof, prizing every last moment, for if I never see another I have enjoyed this pearl of days—and Eheu! the "household" will shortly return from the annual village "sports." Good-night.

E. CRAWFORD.

A Book of the Week.

SAWDUST.*

Miss Gerard has again been singularly happy in the way she has utilized the curious material afforded her by her knowledge of the obscure parts of Austrian Poland. Her present book has not the elements of tragedy—primal, rudimentary tragedy—like "The Supreme Crime," but it affords excellent scope for study of character, and introduces, to considerable advantage, the Jewish element in the population of those remote regions.

We have the Polish nobleman, born and bred to idleness, unbusinesslike, but a gentleman through and through. We have the German trader, maker of saw-mills, overreaching the Polish gentleman, filching from him his beloved forests, to convert them into planks and sawdust. We have the son of the trader and the nobleman's daughter, and finally we have the Jews to reckon with, as Count Rutkowski reminded Herr Mayer.

Mayer is the central character of the book; the man who works for work's sake, the plebeian with a fierce contempt for a gentleman. When his only son turns

* By Dorothea Gerard.

out a gentleman on his hands, his consternation is comic. This man prides himself upon his honesty. The Jews come to him with various venal suggestions for acquiring gain, suggestions that he should water his workmen's brandy, etc. He repulses them with contemptuous violence. But one day he comes into collision with these same Jews. He barricades, as he has a somewhat doubtful legal right to do, the road leading to the Jewish Cemetery. This entails the Jewish dead having to be carried to their rest, past the gates of the Christian Church—a thing abhorred, and adding tenfold to the horrors of death.

Count Rutkowski warns the obstinate man of the forces astir against him. He warns him that the one only thing for which the Jew will sacrifice more than for gain, is his religion. Secure in his power, and in their weakness, Mayer defies the Jews to do their worst, with the result that he escapes just with his bare life, and the loss of all he has.

The love story is pretty, though perhaps a little too simple for modern tastes. The unsophisticated maiden of seventeen, and the ardent boy of twenty-one, are not our modern ideal lovers. We are beginning to feel that so complex an emotion finds its fullest, most interesting expression, in maturity. The characters of Rudolf's father and Katinka's father, placed in strong, though quiet contrast, are what make this book worth notice. The best scene is that in which the Count holds up before Mayer his own vaunted commercial honesty, and obliges him to see it as it is.

It is with a warm sense of relief that we feel, as we lay down the book, that the saw mill is no longer lacerating the bleeding heart of those particular green forests, that the whirr of the machinery is still, and the "twenty antlers" perchance stealing over the grass-grown spot where, among the saw-dust, Rudolf wooed Katinka.

G. M. R.

What to Read.

"The Children of the Nations: a Study of Colonization and its Problems." By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.

"Lord and Lady Piccadilly." By the Earl of Desart.

"The Presumption of Stanley Hay, M.P." By Nowell Cay.

"A Nest of Linnets." By Frankfort Moore.

"Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompson.

Coming Events.

THE INTERNATIONAL NURSES' CONGRESS.

September 16th.—Meetings of the National Associated Alumnae, of the Superintendents' Society, of the International Council of Nurses.

September 18th.—Opening of the International Nurses' Congress, Buffalo, U.S.A.

September 21st.—Trained Nurses' Day at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo.

Meeting in the Temple of Music.

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