

among women and children in the police courts. In Hunnewell, Kansas, the head of the police force is a woman, Mrs. Rose Osborn, and there are also women constables at Longbeach (California) and in Indianapolis. In Aalborg, Denmark, Miss H. Teilman Ibsen is the first woman to be appointed to the police service in that country. Her duties will be chiefly amongst the women and children, and she is paid on exactly the same basis as the men of the force.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

*THE HORSESHOE.

This volume abounds in charming descriptions of Cornish folk, living in a fishing cove at Land's End, and Mrs. Reynolds is evidently at home and in love with her subject. Those who know anything of the Cornish coast must perforce be fascinated by it, and will welcome a book that so sympathetically describes its unrivalled charm.

The love story of wild, undisciplined Maggie and her gentle cousin Cassin runs throughout the volume, and serves admirably to weld together this study of the far West of England manners and customs.

"Old Billie, with the naive good manners of the place, started to do the honours to the stranger.

"'You'll not be used to all this up country, my dear. You've no sea there.'

"'Not at my home. This is much more beautiful.'

"'Beautiful!' the old man spat out. 'Wicked—that's the name for 'un here. Hers right enough on a day like this. Wait till her begins to growl wi' a ground sea running, and wind fit to blow the eyes out of your head. Beautiful!'

"The last word expressed such angry scorn that Cassin hesitated before making any reply. Old Billie laid a grimy hand on her shoulder.

"'See them rocks there along? Them's what us calls Cowloe. Day's calm enough yet see her showing of her teeth. If it wasn't for them rocks,' old Billie went on, 'come a proper gale, and there'd be no harbour, and no village, and no nothing. God A'mighty He did put Cowloe, there for that purpose and no other.'

The first sight of pilchards for the season is announced by the sounding of the Heoa.

"'Have you never heard of the Heoa?' Lorry asks Cassin.

"'No. What sort of a creature is it?'

"'A creature with arms and legs. A man.'

"'Why ever does he do it?'

"'To let the others know the fish are in the bay. Have you never heard of pilchards?'

"Of course Cassin had, though Aunt Susie, Gramma and the rest called them *pilshards*. For the last week or two, in the intervals of work-planning and between the tit-bits of neighbourly

scandal, all the talk had been of pilchards. Would they come? Had they come? When they came? If they failed to come?

"To the Cove they went, where all was now excitement. Men were launching boats in reckless haste. . . . The big seine net had been shot. The fish in their thousands were already enclosed, and while some of the men were anchoring the net, and others tucking it, or reducing its size by passing the floating corks one above the other, the rest were pulling in haste to the shore to fetch the 'tuck net,' a smaller one that would be let down within the larger to bring the fish to land."

Some idea of the Cornish constitution may be gathered from Andrew's convalescence after a serious gun-shot wound. "To-day that hearty young man had been regaling himself on his favourite dish of cold fat pork and treacle, followed by 'best part of a figgy pudding,' the whole washed down by four cups of tea."

Maggie's unsuccessful attempt to lure Lorry, a gentleman-farmer from the North, is followed by bitter hatred.

"'You and your like,' she said scornfully, 'you comes here for a week or a month or two, and thinks because you've a bit of money to spend all the show's yours, no less. You thinks we'm yours. You thinks earth's yours. 'Tisn't' She drummed her foot upon the ground. Lord! 'Tis good old Cornish same as always, and we'm good old Cornish same as our fathers and mothers. You and your like comes here, and says "charming country," or "wild," or "dreary," and "queer people," or "picturesque" or "rough." I've heard all them said and more. Fff! You comes and you goes, but we stays. And you knows just nothing of Cornwall, nor of we.'"

Andrew and Cassin's romance ends happily:

"'I shan't never let you carry water like rest of the women.'

"'But Andrew—the men will laugh at you, for sure they will.'

"'As though I'd care,' said Andrew."

H. H.

READ.

"The France of Joan of Arc." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O.

"Talk of the Town." By Mrs. John Lane.

"The Notorious Miss Lisle." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

"The Pinfold." By J. S. Fletcher.

"Adrian Savage." By Lucas Malet.

COMING EVENT.

September 13th.—Irish Nurses Association. Weekly meeting of Standing Committee on National Insurance Bill. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

* By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. (Chapman & Hall.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)