

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

## "ELDORADO."\*

Of the many thrilling and realistic romances written of the period of the French Revolution, none, we venture to think, can have greater fascination than this most recent chronicle of the "Scarlet Pimpernel." We follow his adventures with absorbing interest, with breathless attention, and ungrudging admiration. His personality is every whit as fascinating as in the pages where we first made his acquaintance.

The escape of the little Dauphin from the Temple Prison is the work to which he sets himself; and its successful accomplishment the crowning act of his adventures.

Once more we renew our friendship with charming Marguerite (his wife); and her lovable but weak brother, Armand St. Just. It was the latter's infatuation for the popular actress, Jeanne Lange, that caused him to be disloyal to his chief, the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and nearly cost that daring champion of the oppressed his head.

"The married men, Ffoulkes, my Lord Hastings, Sir Jeremial Wallescourt—left wife and children at a call from the chief, at the cry of the wretched. Armand—enthusiastic and unattached—had the right to demand he should no longer be left behind! It was while on a secret mission of the "Scarlet Pimpernel's" that he makes the acquaintance of the treacherous de Batz, who, to suit his own ends, gets him an introduction to Jeanne. Armand, in the toils of first love, forgets prudence and caution; and his chief is betrayed into the hands of the enemy.

The visit of Marguerite to her husband in the Temple Prison, where he is undergoing all the refinement of torture that those terrible times could bring to bear upon him, is told with terrible realism. His refusal to disclose the place of the Dauphin's hiding is not to be overcome in consequence—but the method of arousing him every quarter-of-an-hour, so that sleep was rendered impossible, reduces his iron nerve to its lowest limit.

"Where is little Capet?" was the ceaseless question shouted in his ear.

In the cell, where proud Marie Antoinette spent her last agonising hour, Marguerite finds the wreck of her dare-devil husband. She knelt on the flagstone at his feet, and raised reverently to her lips the hand that hung limp and nerveless at his side.

He gave a start; a shiver seemed to go right through him; he half raised his head, and murmured in a hoarse whisper: "I tell you I do not know, and if I did—"

She put her arms round him, and pillowed his head upon her breast. He turned his head slowly towards her, and now his eyes—hollowed and rimmed with purple—looked straight into hers.

\*By the Baroness Orczy. (Hodder & Stoughton, London and New York).

"My beloved!" he said, "I knew that you would come! Dear heart," he said, with a quaint sigh, while he buried his head in the soft masses of her hair, "until you came, I was so d—d fatigued."

He was laughing, and the old look of boyish love of mischief illumined his haggard face. But the ingenuity that had delivered the little Dauphin out of the fiendish malice of his enemies was brought to bear on his own case; and when things seemed to be well nigh hopeless for the "Pimpernel," he once more hoodwinks the vile Héron, and escapes from the horrors of the awful dungeon.

Even in the first moments of the bliss of recovered freedom and Marguerite, he points back to the stricken Paris. "Dear heart," he said, and his voice quivered, "beyond the stretch of that wood, far away from over there, there are cries and moans of anguish that come to my ear even now. But for you, dear, I would cross that wood to-night, and re-enter Paris. But for you, dear, but for you," he reiterated, earnestly, as he pressed her closer to him, for a bitter cry had risen to her lips."

It is impossible for short extracts to give any adequate idea of the thrill and romance of this work. We can only recommend our readers to judge for themselves of the whole. They will not be disappointed.

H. H.

## VERSES.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;  
There is a healthful restlessness of soul  
By which a mighty purpose is augmented  
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Well, to suffer is divine;  
Pass the watchword down the line,  
Pass the countersign, "Endure!"  
Not to him who rashly dares,  
But to him who nobly bears  
Is the victor's garland sure.

J. G. WHITTIER.

## COMING EVENT.

August 30th.—The Cleveland Street Branch of the Central London Sick Asylum Nurses' League "At Home," at St. Giles and Bloomsbury Infirmary, 42A, Cleveland Street, London, W. 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.

## A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings us the possibility of kindly service; there is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

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