

BOOK NOTICES—Another Indiana Author

Indiana again comes to the literary front in "Mlle. Fouchette," an extremely dramatic love story with French characteristics of frivolity and passion, two editions of which already have been issued by J. B. Lippencott Co. The author, Mr. Charles Theodore Murray, was educated at the Indiana State University, at the home of Booth Tarkington, author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and other stories. Mr. Murray achieved some prominence in journalism during past years, but finally dropped the profession for general literature. He has travelled extensively at home and abroad, and he spent two years in Paris preparing the way for "Mlle. Fouchette."

A new edition of "The Carissima," by Lucas Malet, is one of the results of the popularity of "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." The book was published several years ago by Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co., and created something of a sensation. It deserves this resurrection.

"The Cloistering of Ursula," by Clinton Scollard, is an Italian story told in a highly entertaining and pleasing style. The background of an old Italian city, with its spacious palaces and dark streets and alleys, gives excellent scope for deeds of enterprise and worth. The book opens with an account of a dastardly attempt on the part of one political faction to exterminate entirely its rival, by a base murder of the entire family at a betrothal banquet. One son alone escapes and henceforth his desire to revenge the members of his family becomes the one object of his life. While making his escape from the massacre of his friends he falls in with Ursula, the heroine of the story, and through her intervention fortune attends his efforts and he succeeds in getting away safely. Ursula is afterwards entrusted to the hero's care to be delivered to his sister, under whose protection she was to live until she should decide whether to enter a convent or not. Many adventures befall them on this journey, ending in the complete revenge of his enemies and his own restoration to his rights and power in the state. The pretty romance ends in the way to be expected and Ursula declares, with her parting words that his ancestral garden, "is the one beyond all others in the world that I would choose for my cloistering." The story is highly dramatic and full of incident and action. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Mary Devereux, author of "Up and Down the Sands of Gold," is spending the winter in Boston, nearer the scene of her novels, her home being in Cleveland, Ohio. "Up and Down the Sands of Gold," published last fall, has had a steady sale, while her previous book, "From Kingdom to Colony," is still in demand at bookshelves. She has already written another novel, which her publishers, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, expect to bring out later in the year.

It is to be feared that "The Perfect Woman," which has been translated from the French of Charles Saint-Foi by Ephrine N. Brown, will fall to find favor with the self-sufficient American. Not that the advice is not good. It is. But the air of elevated aloofness with which it is tendered, makes it somewhat distasteful. Published by Mariner & Co., Boston.

Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. have discovered a new writer in Richard Fingull, who is to bring out his first book this month. "Mazel" is a story of life in one of the southern universities and deals chiefly with a professor of French who has not become entirely American and a little French governess who drops suddenly into this alien southern atmosphere. The originality of the thing is said to be largely in the grace of the treatment.

"The Perverts," is the title of a new book by William Lee Howard. It is a novel with a purpose, the apparent object being to call attention to the connection between mental deformity and crime. The author is a well known contributor to scientific magazines on that subject and is fully competent to discuss it even in the form of a story. He takes the position that the individual is just as liable to have the growth in the cell, making up certain distinct centers in the brain disturbed and distorted, as in the cells making up any other center, physiological and physical, from which it follows that it is unreasonable to send a man to prison because he is deformed in certain physical centers. The author explains in his preface that the characters in the story are drawn from real life. As a matter of course, some are toned down and others are polished up to suit the purpose of the story. It is a book that will interest readers who are fond of studying into mysteries of heredity, and brain development. G. W. Dillingham company, New York.

It is the king of Navarre who monopolizes one particular oath, so when you read in a romance, "Ventre St. Etienne" you may be absolutely certain that it is Henry IV who is swearing. The period when the incidents occur in "The Role of the Unconquered," by Tost Dalton, is just at the close of the sixteenth century. Henry is in Tuscany, accompanied by Rosny, Bassomont and other of his courtiers, and is bent on marrying Marie de Medici, Marie, who does not know the gallant Henry even by sight, has no liking for the match and refuses to do the bidding

of her uncle Ferdinand, the grand duke of Florence. The duke of Savoy is Henry's rival, and Savoy plots to overthrow the grand duke and the murder of Henry. Suddenly the king of France disappears. He has determined to win Marie, in a disguise. He assumes the dress and manners of Cardinal Mazzini and thus wins Marie's heart. Henry has many narrow escapes, for Savoy employs a cunning rascal, Mateo, the condottiere, to poison the king of France. W. G. Dillingham Co., New York.

"Captain Jinks, Hero," by Ernest Crosby, is a satirical novel upon the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish war. Sam Jinks, its hero, is first shown as an innocent country lad whose taste for military affairs is planted by a chance gift of lead soldiers. It is cultivated by his training in the "John Wesley's Boys' Brigade," and firmly established by a career at "East" Point in which institution he obtains a cadetship. "Hazing" at West Point is satirized in a most complete and clever fashion, and its incidents are further made to serve a vital purpose in developing the motif of the entire story, viz., the similarity of militarism and savagery. A love romance, too, is started at "East" Point, which goes to the book the heart interest of a novel. Sam meets Marion, a "college widow," and is captured by her. She forments his ambitions. The "Cuban" war breaks out. Sam leaves "East" Point and becomes a volunteer soldier. Cleary, a classmate, accompanies him, as a correspondent of the Lyre, the leading "yellow journal." A plan is arranged by the paper to make Sam the hero of the war, and the Lyre's special property. Funk & Wagnalls company, New York.

The scenes of "The Giant's Gate," Max Pemberton's new book, are laid in France and England today, at a time when the national feeling against the Jews broke forth into frequent and bloody riots. It is a strong picture of present conditions in France. The gay, thoughtless life of the people, their pitiable weaknesses and vacillating temperaments are portrayed with a truthful hand. The personality of Jules Davignon, the youngest general in the French army, and the one most beloved by the people, stands out in bold relief. A man peculiarly endowed with the gift of leadership, he devotes his time and energies to but one end—to give his country its religion, its army and its place among nations. The woman who loves him—a beautiful English girl of rank—is strongly in sympathy with his work, for the lifting of France to its position among the nations, and renounces her claim to his love in order that he may unreservedly serve his country. Her devotion to Davignon, her faith in the final realization of his hopes for France, encourage him when all else fails. And the reward that France gives for this unswerving loyalty—is banishment from the country. Frederick A Shookes company, New York.

The April Era is better than any of its predecessors, its table of contents showing greater variety and even greater excellence. Its numerous capital features are all brimful of amusement and instruction, while the articles, stories and poems complete the harmonious whole. Canton, the home of Li Hung Chang, is pictured by G. W. Irwin; Catherine Louise Smith writes of "Children's Flower Gardens and Their Uses;" "The English Regalia" is described by George Ethelbert Walsh, while Lucy C. Little chats about "The Crowning of the King." The artistic reader will welcome "Robert Reid's Mural Decoration in New State House at Boston," by Charles Henry Hart. Articles of a critical nature are contributed by Penn Steele and Alfred Matthews. "The Cause of Good Government" finds a doughty champion in Benjamin C. Potts; William S. Walsh questions whether women have intuition. There is an installment of Joel Chandler Harris's story, "Gabriel Tolliver," as well as the "House of McCann"—the latter the first of a series of character studies in the guise of fiction, by Karl Edwin Harriman, who has found material in an isolated community of fisher-folk dwelling on an island in one of the great lakes. John Trotwood Moore, Theodosia Garrison, and others, contribute poems. And the forementioned is only part of the reading matter offered (not to speak of the many excellent illustrations) for ten cents.

Scribner's Magazine for April begins a new novel by Richard Harding Davis—an event of the first importance to all lovers of good fiction. "Captain Macklin," which begins in this number, is one of the longest novels written by Mr. Davis and is his first since "Soldiers of Fortune." It is his most mature work, and narrates the adventures of a young West Pointer who was dismissed from the academy and went to Honduras to make a name for himself as a soldier with a body of revolutionists. It is romantic and adventurous in every page, and the development of the hero from his "cub" stage to a self-reliant soldier is depicted with even more skill than Mr. Davis has heretofore shown—which means that it is a triumph in narrative fiction. This installment and all others will be illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. The story will run through six numbers.

"If I were a King" by Justin Huntley McCarthy is one of the handsomest

and most interesting books we have received this season. It is based on the author's drama with the same title which has been played so successfully for several months by E. H. Sothern and his company. "If I were a King" has for its hero Francois Villon, the "sad, mad, bad, glad poet," over whom Swinburne rhapsodized sympathetically some years ago and who was an all round ruffian and sentimentalist in Paris in the time of that greater but less interesting scoundrel, King Louis XI. Mr. McCarthy has taken the best course to make his novel popular which is by having it dramatized and then published. Mr. McCarthy is a clever novelist before he took to dramatic work, but the latter has enabled him to confine himself to the action of the story and to make the most of his incidents and situations. Some of the pages are as picturesque and startling as good ones by the elder Dumas and the people are almost without exception quite as frankly wicked as Dumas' own. The book is profusely illustrated with the drama's scenes and characters, some of them in color and all of them in tint. This book is published by R. H. Russell of New York.

—14 1-2—C P 12345—Y. & C. (1) PHOTOGRAF OF AUTHOR OF "MISS PETTICOATS."

It is now announced that it seems quite positive the mysterious author of "Miss Petticoats" is a man, and therefore not a woman. This revelation is made through the medium of a photograph which has just reached the offices of the C. M. Clark company, who are to publish this book in May. All through the country it has been announced the past two or three weeks that the name of Dwight Tilton as the author of this novel was simply the invention of the publishers who did not know who wrote "Miss Petticoats." One day this week a photograph was received with this note: "Since I have not seen fit to give you my name, I think perhaps my photograph may be some consolation. I trust that it shall not puzzle you too much when I say that in some ways it is my picture and in some ways it is not. I doubt if I shall reveal my identity until after the book is published. It depends upon certain circumstances." This leaves the publishers more in the dark than ever—except that they know the author lives. Whether Dwight Tilton is a new man or an author with an already established reputation remains for the solution of time, which usually sets such matters right. Meanwhile the book is being heavily ordered in advance.

Successful Young Beggar.

People who make it a habit to give indiscriminately to beggars "in order to get rid of them," or because they pity what those beggars seem to be, will perhaps read the following with a lively interest:

A young woman named Jennie Cold was not long ago arrested in New York for over-intense and too pronounced industry in her favorite occupation. The mother of this helpless and needy object came into court and voluntarily gave the following beautiful little anecdote about her hopeful daughter:

"When Jennie was thirteen years old she went to work in a wrapper factory on the East Side. At the end of the first week she drew her money, came home and declared that she would not do that hard and dirty work any more. She said she knew a way to earn her living easier than that. Nothing could get her to go back again.

"She began to beg. For six years she has supported herself in that way, buying the best clothes and going to the theaters all the time. Why, I could dress for two years on what she spends in a month.

"Her plan was to stay around the Sixth avenue department stores, especially on rainy days, and beg from the ladies as they came out. Five dollars a day was a small sum for her.

"During all these years she has never given one cent to the support of the family, although she has lived upon us most of the time."

Where Men Eat to Live.

"The Trappist Monks consider eating to be a necessary evil," says John Ball Osborne in Lippencott's March magazine, "and curtail it to such a degree that one step further would be suicide. Dinner, to which scarcely fifteen minutes is devoted, consists of a mess of vegetables boiled in water without butter or salt and served in a crude earthenware bowl, a slice or two of rye bread without butter, and a mug of milk or water as a beverage. Supper is the barest apology for a meal being nothing more than bread and water. The guestmaster did not mention breakfast; if there be such a meal, it probably consists merely of a glass of water. A slight relaxation of this dietary is allowed invalids, who may have two eggs a day, while on extraordinary occasions, such as a funeral feast in honor of a departed friar, the monks revel in an egg apiece. They are strict vegetarians, and a Trappist must be in the very jaws of death before he will consent to eat meat. For these poor, untrifling toilers can exist on such feeble food surpasses my comprehension; and yet I saw individuals at Westmalle who had been undergoing the rigid regime for half a century. The majority of the veterans, however, were haggard, sad faced and proverbially sleek, jolly, rotund monks of guant, and bore no semblance to the cloister."

ST. HELENA AND ITS HISTORIC PRISONERS.

London, March 27.—Napoleon, emperor of France; Cronje, farmer-soldier of the Transvaal. With almost a century between them, they unite in conferring a sad immortality upon the name of a lonely mid-Atlantic isle.

St. Helena! The name spells tragedy. In 1815, broken ambition; in 1900, crushed patriotism. For it is here on this volcanic speck in the ocean that England caged the mightiest of her beaten enemies.

Seek it out on a map and see how remote it is from the world—1,250 miles from the coast of Africa, 1,800 miles from South America, the same from Cape Town, 4,050 miles from London, of which it has been a dependency for 350 years.

Its extreme length is ten and a quarter miles, its extreme breadth eight and a quarter miles, its area 45 square miles, its population 5,000 human beings, three-fifths of whom are clustered in Jamestown—and innumerable goats.

The island dis an ancient volcano, thrust up in fire from the floor of the sea, long since dead and cold, somewhat enlarged by the slow processes of nature and garmented not alone with an indigenous flora so varied as to be the delight of the botanist, but also with exotics from all climes, so that

mouth Harbor from H. M. S. Bellerophon to H. M. S. Northumberland, 74 guns, flying the pennant of Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn, under orders for St. Helena.

In the stern of the boat sat he who was designated in England's official papers "Napoleon Bonaparte." The anchor was weighed and the Northumberland stood out to sea, bearing forever from Europe the man whose ambition her shores could not confine.

One month and ten days later the Northumberland dropped anchor in the harbor of Jamestown. Napoleon was escorted ashore and found a lodging in the town.

Sir George Cockburn selected as the exile's residence, Longwood, the country seat of the lieutenant-governor. Thither next day the fallen emperor cantered along the lovely road, escorted by his followers and a guard of English officers.

On December 9 the French exiles moved to Longwood. With Napoleon were Count and Countess Montholon and their child, Baron Gourgaud; the Count de Las Cases and his young son, Captain Piontkowski and Dr. O'Meara, the young Irish surgeon whom Napoleon had picked from the British naval service as his private medical attend-

and Undabuko, brother of the same redoubtable monarch.

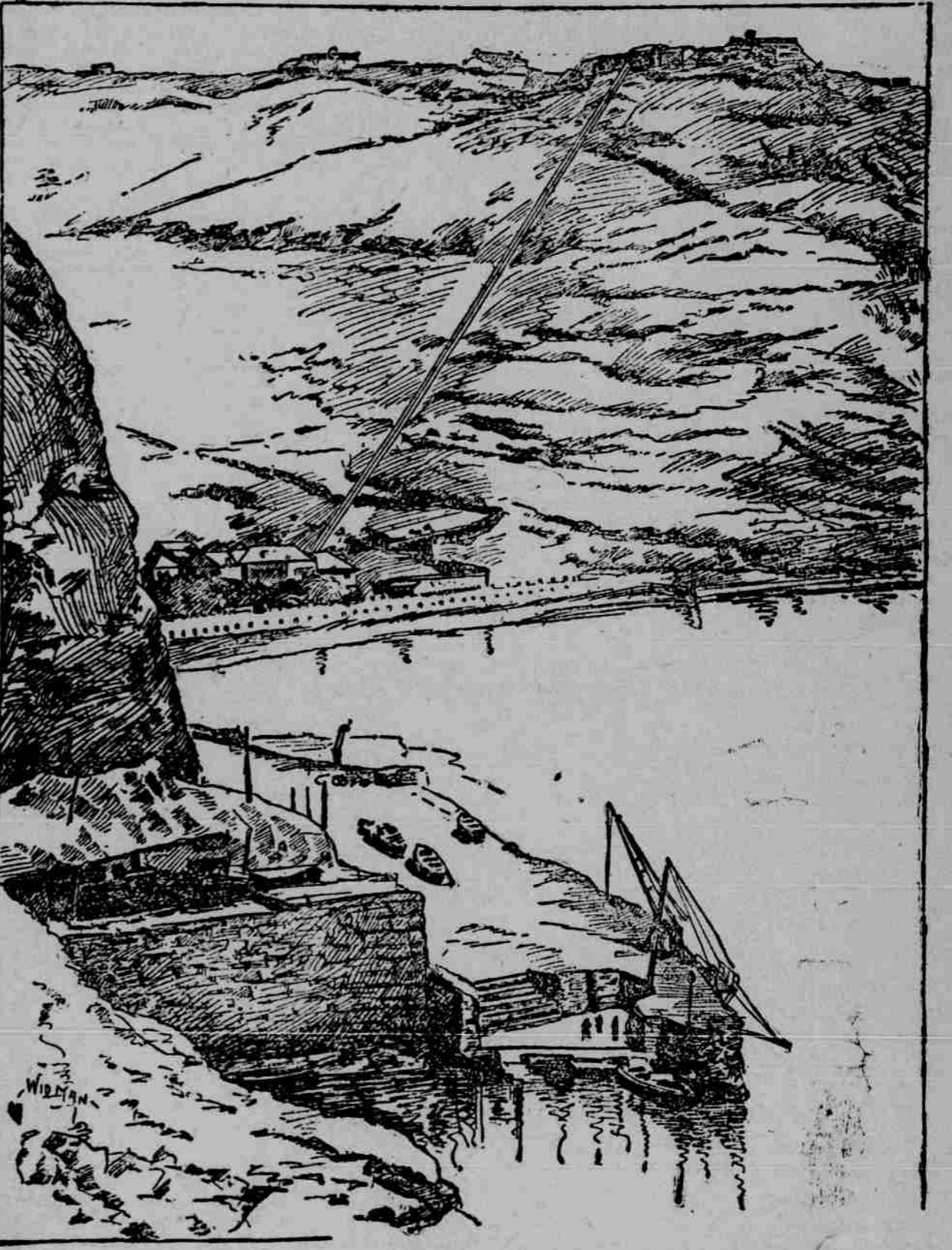
There were many disturbances after the Zulu king's death. His people, the Usutos, rose against their British protectors and were suppressed. Cetewayo's son and brother were exiled to St. Helena for taking part in the rebellion.

Prince Dini is described as having a noble bearing and courteous manners. He and his followers make their home in a house known as Rosemary.

Four years ago the Natal government consented to Dini Zulu's release and a steamer was sent out from England to take all the exiles back to Zululand. Transported with joy, the blacks made preparations to leave their island prison.

At the last moment the British warship Swallow arrived with an order countermmanding the first. There had been a fresh outbreak between the Boers and Zulus, and it was deemed an inauspicious moment to restore Dini to his own warlike people.

The present war makes still more remote this prince's prospect of liberty. In sending Cronje to St. Helena the British military authorities are probably influenced by a variety of considerations. In the first place, Cape Col-



it presents the aspect of a botanical garden—the oak growing side by side with the bamboo and banana, and date palms shooting skyward from fields of English gorse.

St. Helena was quite a flourishing island before the Suez canal was opened. It was a port of call for ocean traffic between Europe and the Orient. With the junction of the Red sea and the Mediterranean it became as unfashionable as Cape Horn will be when the Nicaragua canal is open for business.

Cronje and his 4,000 burghers will almost double the population, which is a shadow of what it was in the pre-canal period.

One of the most interesting residents is M. Morilleau, the French consular agent in charge of Longwood, Napoleon's home. There he lives with his family, religiously preserving all mementoes of the Emperor.

An important feature of the place is the garrison. It is quartered in barracks on Ladder Hill—so named on account of the wooden steps by which the eminence of 600 feet must be scaled from the seaside.

The highest point of the island is 1,704 feet above the sea level. This is Diana's peak. It has one near rival, High peak, rising 2,935 feet. Both are tusks of the principal ridge, the northern rim of a vast crater which belched fire thousands of years ago. There is a legend that England seized the island before it was cold, but this is untrue. She grabbed it when the Dutch and Portuguese found they could do nothing with it.

On August 7, 1815, when the world was reverberating with the echoes of Waterloo, a boat was rowed into Ply-

ant. Caunt and Countess Bertrand and their three children were quartered in a little house at a distance.

Dr. O'Meara used only portions of his diary in compiling his book. The entire MS. he bequeathed to Louis Mallard's descendants in the United States.

Those parts that O'Meara did not dare to publish are at length being given to the world in the pages of the Century Magazine.

They show that Napoleon was dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him. He found fault with Sir George Cockburn because of his seamanlike lack of ceremony, which O'Meara endeavored vainly to explain away. But this was mild compared to his hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe, who in April, 1818, succeeded Cockburn as governor of St. Helena.

"I am convinced," he said, "that this governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me or put me to death in some way or another, or under some pretext, by Lord Castlereagh."

"I had reason to complain of the admiral, but he, though he treated me roughly and was not inclined to do as much good as lay in his power, never behaved in such a manner as this new jailer, this Prussian more than Englishman."

In such manner, more indolent and fretful as the weary years passed, did Napoleon live, until in 1821 he died from a cancer in the stomach.

But Napoleon was not the only royal prisoner to fret away his days on England's prison isle. General Cronje will encounter there two princes with whom he may have had former acquaintance—Dini Boli, son of Cetewayo,

ony, with its threatenings of an uprising of the Cape Dutch, and with the pronounced Boer sympathies of Afrikaners of Dutch parentage, is no longer a safe place in which to keep prisoners of the importance of Cronje and the men who defended themselves so heroically against Lord Roberts' great army. The most secure place for Cronje upon the arrival at Cape Town was deemed on board a British ship, but this for not imprisonment promptly called out continental criticism, and possibly on that account, but more probably with a view to the greatest possible security against rescue, the famous Boer is now to be sent to Great Britain's midocean prison. That not only the Boer general, but also his men, are to be deported to this prison, 2,000 miles from Brazil and 1,400 from Africa, with Ascension island, its nearest neighbor, 700 miles away, is a great compliment to the prisoners. The fact, also, that it is announced that no prisoners will be exchanged is a still further tribute to the valor of an enemy which has tested British courage and generalship more severely than it has been tried since Balaklava and Malakoff.

Pretty fancy waists are made of alternate rows of inch-wide velvet and tucks running around the waist and sleeves. The rows of tucks fill an inch-wide space. Other waists have the ribbon running lengthwise, with its width in tucks running across them. A pretty silk waist has narrow tucks set some distance apart, running lengthwise of the waist, and over this bands of the silk stitched on diagonally from the shoulder to the waist.

Khaki is the latest English shade in fashionable stationery.