Francois belongs to the class of
of fiction, called Historical Romance.

The first of the story is happily

The unfolding of the

premier genius, his talent for

dramatic situations and scenic ef

tects finds there a rare opportunity.

Prince John's attempt to assert his

brother's crown and the timely return

of Richard Coeur-de-Lion from the

Holy Land are facts upon which

Death has built an historical romance

and more a romance it is than

history. In the delineation of char

acter, he reflects only the sur

face.

Columns, scenery, external alone

are swept, actions, facts, incidents

are arranged in modern guise.

Prime days of time but he is no history.
as he is at Abbotsford, but on arranging points of view and military rules was a
man will come in well there
between the towers, there is a nicely
placed breastplate; the ray of light
which it throws back is splendid
to see on their old hangings.

With his strong love for people and
for their society, as shown in the friendly
entertainment given to hosts of friends
at Abbotsford, he had no taste for
latent for reaching into the depths of
character. He was accustomed to look
at men in the side presented in the
drawing-room, and he asked in over-
hands concerning that which prefers
not to disclose. And then he asks
life so nearly being critical
required that he was not moved by
the knowledge of the presence of evil in
himself to search for it in other people.
If you have never heard of judg
Richmond, Ky.,
Jan 9th, 1890.

Plainfield Addition Co.,
Castle Rock, Colo.

Dear Sirs,

Please send deed for one of your lots to Miss Adeline Frances Merrill.
Suddenly before you find yourself in action, no time incredibility cheat you will meet as many persons suffering from the same peace or who have friends etc. have or suffered that you will be forced to the conclusion that you know very unpardonably six different not to have known if this formality which is as common as a man account for the third circle or "La Brigade", not known with all the good things that life affords, lift him no time for asking is life worth living or for debating questions as saying to him life was not a dark divi-

d and he did not therefore meli-

to care.

All from the reading of Go. Reid is the still more realistic 60ce of we learn it Scott, one at once but that we have left the theatre of actual being from whose ligh
the veil of conventionalism has been torn away to our gaze the actual struggles of a human soul with all its manifold complexity of strength and weakness for a clarity of conscience and manner of
one who is accustomed to look for a moral in all he sees or reads may with a little trouble find one in the story of frankie, but if the author set out with the purpose of finding a moral, he put so much stress upon "adorning the tale" that the moral is well-grown with leaves in the midst of great trees and the glitter of burnished armor. if i succeded in finding the inner and larger meaning referred to in "but suggestions it is this, the thing and almost all theribly in-
Flunac, who inherited his sons and daughter, too, yet, though in many things a character he admired,renounced his only son and destroys the happiness of his ward, the Lady Romana, in order that he may marry her.
In the end, he realized that often because the lady is a descendant of Arthur Convent, and the Grand Master of the Knights Templar, it is absorbed with hatred for a Jesuit that in the name of a religion that teaches charity. In all he is about to turn her burned in the most horrible manner.
It has been said that no mile as luminous and wide as much read as Scott is so little quoted. This descendant of
by the fact that he is not given to moralizing or trying to 
form his reflections upon the conduct of his 
letters. Brian de Bois-Guilbert and 
most of his fellow knights use 
religion as a cloak in which to 
pave their own lust and appetite 
the Grande Meche subdues the 
flask and is intensely religious 
as he understands religion. 
We are not held by the author 
which is admirable 
Guilbert and his fellow feel 
of women always as the ultimate 
prize, Frances is as free 
as Rebecca. Here again the 
author is careful to present 
the failures and leaves the 
reader to formulate his own 
COMMENT. But whatever prefer-
ence recent critics may give it.
To the analytical school of novel-ists, it seems to me that we can not afford to do without Scott. He, at least, is hopeful imaginative stage-need him. If he sees the faults of his kind, he does not seek to destroy the hope that the worst may be redeemed. If Gilbert was attacked it was not with the meekness of Gib, Granchester or Aran-ces, he ended tear as well as talk and had the grace to die in performing the act for which he could not otherwise have been forgiven.

In style, Scott is easy rather than energetic. He tells the story right out with no more mannerisms than Almaviva was natural to the gentleman of his time. His mazes fall out each other with delightful rhythmic effect, for someinstance...
as he is at St. Albans, bent on an
attaining point of view and it is
bells. the moon will come in well
there between the lamps, here is a
nicely placed landscape, the very
delight which it knows best is pleasant
and from no kine she cannot.

With his strong love of poetry as
displayed in the host of friends who
receive friendly entertainment at
St. Albans, he has no lack nor
talent for pencilling into the depths of
character. This keen relish for the
good things that life affords is left
on line for acting in Life. On the same
after debating questions so earnest,
and from the reading of his,
Exist or the still more symbolical
apt, the burn for beauty are at once
just as we have left the presence of acting
things from whose lips the voice of
conventionality has been fain to away
away
might with little effort be conveyed into good verse.

The humor is natural, but I should say of my high order
dramas such as we might expect from a kingly laureate, the
glorious Athelstan and the
Corridors of Time.

In Ivanhoe as in all his metrical
Scott shows his eager sympathy
with the feudal virtues and
his biographical repeatedly tells us that his genuine interest
was in the founder of a distinct race
of an historical family, that he thought
with a smile of the distant generation
who moved for three centuries Sir
first turned at Nottingham