

As a rule we take a rather pessimistic view of sequels, but one to which many people will turn with what is at least genuine curiosity is *Phantom Wires*, by Mr. Arthur Stringer, which is announced for early publication and which is to narrate the further adventures of the characters that were introduced in *The Wire Tappers* of two or three years ago. While *The Wire Tappers* invited the charge of sensationalism, it made an undeniable impression. The theme was a fresh one, the plot exceedingly clever, and there was an absolute absence of padding. Indeed, paradoxical though the statement sounds, this last quality rather impaired the book as a whole. There was so much action, the tale jumped with such swiftness from one climax to the next that it was quite impossible to catch one's breath, and the appetites of many readers became thoroughly sated with excitement.

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Twice since he achieved world fame in his evolutionary novel, *Jörn Uhl*, published in 1901, has Gustav Frenssen added to his works anything of note: first in 1905, when he gave out the artistic *Hilligenlei*, and lately when he wrote of *Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest*. This

**A New
Novel
by Frenssen**

is the tale of a young German volunteer sent to the scene of the native uprising in German Southwest Africa, and so terrible is each chapter of the narrative that one is reminded of the opening sentence in Frenssen's Holstein story: "In this book we shall speak about labour and hardship." Set down on a barren coast, travelling for days without seeing a living being other than themselves, and lost amid acres of burned crops, reeking carcasses and unburied slain, Moor and his comrades fall into ambushes of the savages, mistake their own sentries for the enemy and shoot them dead, or, nearly expiring from thirst, due to the absence of fresh water, or any water at all, take their fill at last from typhoid-infested pools. There is no reflection on the soldier-like qualities of either officers or men, for Frenssen penned the stirring battle picture of *Gravelotte*; but it is clear that he regards the hordes of guerilla fighters, the frightful topography of their country, the deadly climate and dearth of water, grain and cattle as conditions too adverse for the plans and energy thus far displayed by the German Government. The novel is, then, a protest against the present campaigning, which is costing so much precious German blood, and the book bids fair to become as popular as *Jörn Uhl*, notwithstanding the same digressiveness which marks, and sometimes mars, all of Frenssen's stories.

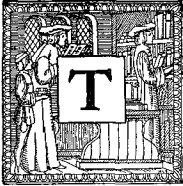


THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER VII

WHICH PRESENTS THE VIEW OF
MISS HARRIET MOON



HAT dinner-party had been in the second week of February, at which time also we must place that crying letter of Miss Chambre's to Mary Fox—the "Love me, Mary, love me still" letter—as I suspect; and that other which records the disgraceful truth. Why, being the girl we know her, she did not "have it out" with the old Lady Morfa has now to be explained. She had already had a passage of arms with her, the reader will recollect, over the cowering form of Miss Harriet Moon, and had been victorious in that encounter. Here she had a stronger case, and was herself the stronger for victory; and yet she contented herself with outpourings to a Mary Fox!

Well, first of all, she had to make sure of her ground; she had to find out the whole of the story as we know it now. She must interrogate Jacob Jacobs, Progers, a housemaid who had seen the tragedy from an attic window; she must learn that his lordship had been tipsy, and that his language was "very free." She must find out from Bob Ranald what he had at first withheld, that David Vernour was an exceptional butcher—a politician who was welcome at Wimbledon, a strong speaker, a superior young man. He had taught himself French, to read Rousseau, Latin, "to break his teeth on Livy." The Government was said to have an eye on him, and this case of his imprisonment was interesting Cobbett. A "man called Hazlitt" was said to be foaming at the mouth on his account at Winterslow, in Wilts, and Lord Sandgate, a vehement nobleman, was prepared to use him as a flail for the Westminster threshing-floor, if he could get no better. Ranald had communicated with the pris-

oner, had seen him twice, and had heard from him. He showed Miss Chambre a letter from him, excellently turned, firm in tone and full of spirit. She saw, in her mind's eye, the young man writing that—saw the stiff set of his head, the proud eyes of him which "look through you and see that you are nothing." She was intensely interested, full of passion for justice—and yet she did nothing. She did less than nothing: she was even civil to Uncle Morfa, believing him a sorry little knave, and meek to her grandmother, who, she was sure, was a wicked old woman. She went about as usual from ball to ball, gathering tributes and dispensing smiles. Dinners to Princes of Wales, signal honours of an alcove, dubious honours of Mr. Sheridan's black eyes, duchesses' routs, compliments to her beauty, men of fashion, wits, dandies, macaronis in circles or half circles about her chair, boxes at the opera, hats off in the park, queen's kisses, princesses' kisses—all done under the approving eyes of an old wolfish grandmother who—and she knew it now—had hated her father, scorned her mother, bullied a thin Harriet, and was now deliberately keeping an injured man untried in gaol, and intended to keep him there! There were hours of the day, hours in the night, when Miss Chambre felt her cheeks on fire, and suffered such tumult at the heart that she knew not where to turn. How was this to be explained? Why did her heart beat, and why did she say nothing? The explanation is a simple one, and I am coming to it.

First of all, it had become certain that Vernour was to be kept in gaol, and not brought to trial until Caryll House chose. She gathered this beyond doubt by overhearing grandmother in talk with Uncle Morfa. It was in the library, a long room of many bays. She had come in for a book. Lord Morfa stood with his back to the fire; her ladyship, crutch in hand, was upright in a chair.

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