for no apparent cause, but the inference is drawn that the train hands postpone as long as they dare setting forth again into the hot, sultry plains. Certainly they do not stay in order to give travelers opportunity to get their meals, for the meals are furnished in dining cars. These dining cars are ordinary freight cars painted white.

Benches run down the centre of the cars, and chairs are placed on either side. "The messes" are described as "something terrible." Mr. Shoemaker says he was puzzled for a time trying to determine from what sort of animal the meat he ate came. His conclusion was that it was part of an oil tank. "What does Russia make out of a land like this?" queries the author. Answering for himself, he says: "Simply, I fancy, the building of a watchtower in the direction of India and the English, with perhaps an eye to China. There is not a bit of cultivation in all the distance traversed; no green save in patches, on which the few miserable natives cower shudderingly."

Bokhara, dirty and dusty though it was, seemed like a heaven to the travelers. They spent several days in the town. Bokhara is reported to be one of the cholera-breeding cities of Turkestan, and on reading Mr. Shoemaker's description of it there is no longer any doubt that it fully deserves its reputation. Here is one item in the description: "There, to the right, is one of those huge tanks responsible for most of the epidemics that visit this place, cholera preferred. Into its waters are thrown everything; in its waters the people bathe, and these waters the people drink. So when this has been going on 300 years, the waters are ripe for most anything. To-day they look particularly green and slimy."

Samarkand, though beautiful, interesting, and historic, is another of the cholera breeders. Like Bokhara, it has its sitemen, which are full of green and slimy waters, and like Bokhara it buries thousands who have succumbed to the scourge. Russia is trying to institute sanitary reforms in the two cities, but it is an up-hill undertaking.

After leaving Samarkand Mr. Shoemaker traveled in a wagon, visiting Tashkend, Kokand, Marghilan, and Osh. From Osh he went inland for the Vale of Oxus.
Mr. Norman Hapgood's "Henri Béziers" is a good but narrow study of the author of "Le Rouge et le Noir." But this is better than anything else in the volume. There is no fault to be found, either, with a childish story called "A Falling Out." Mr. Max Beerbohm's "1880" is flat twaddle. The poetry generally runs like molasses, and is just as sticky. Is the much-reviled George Moore really so dreadful looking as he is represented? Has he a jowl hanging in welts? Are his cheeks coagulated, like an undertone omelet? Could he be scrofulous?

VOLUME II. OF MALORY'S MORTE D'ARTHUR


Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for the second volume of the Morte d'Arthur, like those of the first, are sumptuous, grave, delicate, intensely expressive of the dreamy splendor which Malory's work conveys to modern minds.

There are tall figures of knights bent before the Holy Grail, like communicants before a chalice, in a scene wherein the water lilies have the elevation of emblems; knights mourning like weeping willows; knights in armor, tender as ballads of love; great ladies in gowns falling like marble draperies on ideal bodies, swans in waves of silver, feathered wings of angels, tall, exotic, passionate flowers, jewels of inspiration and of patient labor, miracles of wit, and learning, and grace.

They are not to be popular, for they are not like everything that the world has seen, except in vague impressions of crystal chandeliers reflecting millions of rays of light and life. They are not to be praised.

Mr. John Durand writes pleasantly of the primitive time when his father was born. Then it was more than a day's journey from Jefferson Village (the Maplewood of to-day) to New-York. The father of our artist was a highly intelligent man. Seeing what were Asher's inclinations the father found a place for him with a writing engraver, near Newark, who was named Maverick. In 1817, young Durand became Maverick's partner. Now and then the work which placed him at the head of the engravers, Col. Trumbull, having painted the "Declaration of Independence," tried to engage James Heath of London to engrave it. Heath's price was extravagant. Trumbull offered the work to Durand, who agreed to engrave it at half the price asked by Heath. The work was completed by Durand, finished on time, and the engraving at once established the artistic position of the engraver.

In tracing our artistic advance, the author of this biography presents a clear and concise history of the beginnings of art instinct. He gives the agencies which helped to quicken public taste as the American.