

# LULI: A Life's Mystery.

The Glencairns lived abroad for several years, now taking a villa or a suit of apartments for the season of the year, now wandering from hotel to "pension," and "pension" to "furnished flat;" they paid occasional visits to England, but these visits were few and brief; and Luli lost sight of almost all the acquaintances and friends of her childhood. The Cravens, who had been to her only casual friends of a few weeks, and whose acquaintance with Glencairn had begun by a mere chance meeting in a train, were, oddly enough, the friends they saw most of. The Cravens liked the Glencairns, and always sought them out when the former were in Paris or the latter in London. Kate Craven and Luli kept up a correspondence, and thus were always aware of each others whereabouts. Of other friends, Duke Mayburne included, Luli soon quite lost the trace; and it was only chance at last that threw Duke Mayburne across her path again some seven or eight years after they had drifted apart.

It was at Etretat they met, to which peaceful little village the Glencairns, tired of the incessant bustle and gayety of its brilliant neighbor Trouville—a veritable Paris-sur-Mer—had come for quiet and rest. It was just before the *table-d'hôte* dinner, when the summoning bell was momentarily expected to ring, that Duke Mayburne was lounging in the courtyard of the Hotel Blancquet, being one of a straggling and aimless group who were standing about in various attitudes of placid do-nothingness, watching a white pony of rebellious inclinations who refused to go the way he should go. Duke Mayburne was standing as aimlessly, and regarding the pony and chaise as neutrally, as the rest of the little assembly, when happening to turn his head, he found himself face to face with Luli Glencairn, though at the first glance he did not recognize her, and only wondered "why that pretty girl was staring at him." She had remembered him instantly, and her gaze of surprised recognition warmed into a pleased and welcoming smile, as she said frankly,

"You here? Why, who would have thought of meeting you?"

Duke bowed politely, but puzzled, and was about to drop a mild hint that he should like to be enlightened as to the name of his fair acquaintance, when suddenly the recollection flashed upon him.

"Luli—it is Luli Glencairn!" and he seized her hand with a delighted smile. "You must forgive me that for the moment I was not sure it was you; you were a child, you know, and now—you are so grown, so—" Duke cast an eloquent look upon her face that finished his sentence satisfactorily. "I need not ask how you are, but I've got to ask how you have been, and what has become of you all these years."

"Papa! who is this?" said Luli, turning with a bright smile to Glencairn, who just then made his appearance on the scene. The recognition of the two men, being assisted by this hint, was immediate—probably would have been immediate without the hint. They grasped hands gladly, heartily; and their meeting was cordial enough to delight Luli, who exclaimed with playful reproach,

"And, papa, he didn't know me a bit at first!"

"I appeal to you, Mr. Glencairn, as to whether there is any marvel in my remembrance at recognizing in this lady the child I used to play with—"

"And out into comic pictures for, and give puppets to," interposed Luli merrily.

The dinner bell now clanged out a deafening summons, and the three went in together to the *table-d'hôte*, talking all the way.

It was perhaps not a matter of surprise that Luli should have known Duke Mayburne before he recognized her. He was scarcely changed at all; he had grown a light moustache; he was a handsome man instead of a handsome boy; he was broader of shoulder and more self-possessed of manner and polished of accent; but in the face he was singularly little altered. The years that had ripened Luli from the child to the girl—for you could hardly call that fair, slight, fresh, frank, light-hearted creature a woman yet—had altered her far more, and improved as much as they had changed. She had been pretty, as well as fair-complexioned, golden-haired children with no positive disfigurement are pretty; she was now really beautiful. She had grown tall and very slight; indeed the slightness of her figure and the pure transparent pink and white of her complexion indicated that her health was probably not robust. Her hair was a shade darker than it used to be, but still was of a golden tint, too warm for flaxen, too bright for yellow, without a trace of auburn in all its hues, pure ripe gold in the light, and richly browned in the shadows. Her features were regular; her small delicate face was of an oval shape, and her eyes—were those large, soft eyes blue or gray? Duke Mayburne could not solve that point when he came to notice them; they seemed to him

Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be gray!

He manoeuvred successfully to sit next to Luli at dinner, naturally deeming it pleasant to sit by one of the prettiest girls at the table with whom he suddenly found himself on delightfully friendly terms.

"You don't look much like quill-pens and red-ruled ledgers," observed Glencairn, good humoredly regarding the young man's attire. Duke's coat was a loose velvet one; his collar was sufficiently low and his tie sufficiently *neglige* to look artistic; he was probably well aware that a certain amount of *neglige* suited his picturesque style; and the hat, which on entering the room he had hung up on one of the pegs for that purpose provided, was a soft slouched felt, not unsuitable to the stage brigand.

"No; my weapon is the pencil, and not the quill, I rejoice to say."

"I should have thought it was the brush," suggested Luli, to whom a pencil did not appear an artistic implement.

"Brush and oils are in the future," he replied. "My works at present merely serve to embellish the ephemeral literature on which you expend your monthly shilling or your weekly sixpence. I started finally at the foot of the ladder, but only after

one or two vain endeavors to leap up to the top at a bound. Those endeavors remain in my little studio with their faces to the wall and the dust settling on their backs."

"You did not enter your uncle's office then?" said Glencairn. "I think I heard something from Miss Potter of your determination."

"Yes; Aunt Chrissy told us that news—and added her comments there upon!" said Luli with rather a mischievous little smile.

"Which were probably of a kind complimentary to my wisdom, if not doubtful of my sanity?" conjectured Duke with an amused laugh.

"And how do you find it answer?" inquired Glencairn.

"Oh! I get on well enough," replied the young artist lightly. "I have never experienced anything nearer starvation than being reduced to a mutton-chop and a pint of bitter ale. To be sure that happened at first with rather monotonous frequency; but I have had no nearer acquaintance with the wolf at the door than throwing him the bone of my chop out of the window."

The scene was pretty and the time was peaceful, and things in general were very pleasant, all the more pleasant to Duke Mayburne for Luli's presence, all the more pleasant to her for his.

"Good night. May I say Luli still, or must I be formal now?" he asked, as they parted.

"We are too old friends to be Mr. Mayburne and Miss Glencairn, surely," she replied, frankly, giving him her hand.

"Good night, Luli, then."

"And good night, Duke."

They did not lower their voices nor import any sentiment into the occasion; they were simply frank and friendly as old playmates and companions naturally are; and Glencairn had no lecture to read Luli on the familiarity of her manner; nor was she, who was still simple and open as a child, in the least fearful lest she should have been too unreserved. She had been almost as naively, naturally affectionate in her greeting to her childhood's friend and hero as if she had met a brother. Glencairn had brought her up freely, though not carelessly; he knew his daughter's nature well, trusted her implicitly, and left her the almost perfect liberty he deemed she merited; thus she had grown up alike more simple and innocent, and more free and fearless than most girls who have mothers to guard and guide, and sisters to grow up with them.

"Handsome fellow young Mayburne is still," observed Glencairn; "Not gone off a bit—rather improved, in fact."

"Yes, he is," agreed Luli. "If you had not pulled him out of the river, papa, there would have been one fewer of the already too few perfectly handsome faces in the world," she added demurely, nestling her two hands through her father's arm as they walked homeward.

These were fair samples of the class of remarks that were always the first to be made about Duke Mayburne. Everybody who spoke of him at all spoke first of his appearance—as the exception, to criticize, —as the rule to admire. He paid the penalty of being like a piece of living sculpture, and looking as if he had been modeled from the antique, by being always talked about as if he were only a fine specimen of animal nature, admirably bred to carry off the prize at a show of beautiful humanity. When people knew him better they came to observe him in other lights—to see that he was what the world, both masculine and feminine, approves as "a very good fellow," frank, sanguine, healthy tempered, affectionate, and sincere, with no more vanity than must of necessity accompany such a face and such a figure, and with plenty of versatility and energy and talent, which did not, however, promise to rise to genius.

But on a first acquaintance he was as a rule regarded merely in the light of a highly successful specimen of masculine beauty.

## CHAPTER VII.

Between the sunset and the sea,  
Love watched one hour of love with me.  
—SWINBURNE.

It was on the beach that the Glencairns encountered Duke Mayburne next. Luli and her father were sitting watching the bathers, when the young artist, who had evidently been looking for them, came up and joined their group. They had been fortunate enough to secure two of the curious little wooden chairs which Etretat generously provides (gratis) for its visitors; and as there was not a vacant chair to be found near, Duke proceeded to stretch himself on the beach at their feet, cheerfully regardless of the roughness of the stones. It was a fine morning, and all Etretat, that is to say, all the visitors and summer residents, were out on the beach, half to bathe, and the other half to look on at the bathing.

The sea inshore was green as emerald and clear as glass; the very pebbles could be counted through the transparent waves beyond the white ribbon of surf that outlined the curving shore. Further out at sea, the green was dashed with dark splashes of oalm deep purple; and green and purple toward the horizon melted into a line of vivid blue.

Those bathers who were habituated to the manners and customs of the place walked leisurely and coolly down the beach in their various *costumes de bain*, pausing now and then to address a word or two to their friends on the way. Those whose first venture it was wrapped their cloaks closely about them, and hastened along, looking half ashamed of themselves. People who were vain of their figures stood posed in elegant attitudes on the diving-plank before leaping; people who had no cause for vanity plunged in with haste and hurry. Young girls with white *peignoirs* robed loosely round them, tripped daintily down to the water's edge, and dropping the snowy wrappers and stepping forth graceful and pretty in their neat Bloomer-like costumes, ran lightly into the waves.

Some old gentlemen marched solemnly down and took off their spectacles and gave them into the care of friends, and stood on the brink and shouted for a bathing man to come and lead them forth to the combat with the waves; other old gentlemen with silvery beards ran up the plank with the activity of youth and precipitated themselves head-first into ten feet of water.

Luli Glencairn was highly amused; and she and Duke Mayburne chattered and laughed, in occasionally uncharitable meriment, while Glencairn, with a huge umbrella over his head to keep the sun off, pored over a book of travels, and occasionally

smiled scornful incredulity at the author. Luli was holding up a parasol lined with pink, which reflected a becoming rosy tint on her face; she had a black velvet ribbon tied round her neck, which made her fair skin look fairer than ever; she wore a light gray dress and an oval gray straw hat, and except for the relief of a pink flower, and a gleam of pink ribbon, her golden hair was the brightest spot of color in the undeniably pretty picture she made—a picture all the prettier for the childlike mirth which lit up her eyes and dimpled her cheek with smiles.

"Look! just look at his bald head! isn't it like a white life-buoy bobbing about as she exclaimed in a confidential whisper," one ancient gentleman, with only a very thin and fragile fringe of hair around his scalp swam shoreward.

"Who is the wisp?" inquired Duke, indicating a tall, slim young man clad all in brilliant stripes of black and gold.

"I don't know. He bathed yesterday. He is French, I think, and dives beautifully. Watch him!" The black and gold gentleman walked up to the highest end of the plank and plunged head first, like an arrow painted in zebra stripes, down through the clear green water. "Now—now! look at the one in crimson!" continued Luli. "See how he poses and faces the audience, as if he were before the footlights. He is always doing stunts; yesterday he folded his arms and looked like Julius Cæsar; he stretches his arms up before he dives, and stands like a Caryatides; and the other day when it was very rough, he did the Dying Gladiator beautifully, leaning on one elbow in the surf."

"He is Mark Antony to-day, and there is his Cleopatra—crowned and jewelled," observed Duke; as the gentleman in the elegant crimson costume bowed low and extended his hand to a young lady in an elaborate blue braided *toilette de bain*, with her hair all concealed by a lofty and brightly trimmed head-dress of oilskin, and still wearing a broad gold bracelet on each arm. As this pair exchanged courteous and graceful greetings, the Zebra emerged, spluttering, dripping, breathless, from the waves, almost at their feet, and endeavored to emulate the grace of the other's bow of recognition to the fair wearer of the bracelets; but the laudable attempt was a lamentable failure; and Cleopatra accepted Mark Antony's offered hand.

"She can't swim," said Luli, "and Mark Antony can swim just a little, and is very proud of it, and splashes about in the most conspicuous place he can find, taking great care not to be very much out of his depth, but making sure that everybody will have the opportunity of admiring him."

"You are such a severe little critic, Luli, that I rejoice heartily that I bathed early this morning, when your critical eyes were not here to behold."

"I never laugh at the honest cowards," began Luli, explanatorily, but was not allowed to finish her sentence.

"Thank you!" exclaimed Duke laughingly, opening his handsome gray eyes to their widest extent. "Thank you very much! that really is a satisfaction. Honest cowards are exempt from your ridicule; and you kindly assure me of the fact. I appreciate the delicate inference!"

"I did not mean anything of that kind," protested Luli, "and you know I did not—only you wouldn't hear me out!"

"I apologize," he said humbly. "It was very rude of me to interrupt you, but I really could not help it. That's my invariable excuse for all my sins, as you will find out, and I generally find it answer. Well, now, continue. You never laugh—"

"Only at people who are affected and strike attitudes; and, yes, I am afraid sometimes at fat old people, who are very awkward! It's very uncharitable of me, I know; but I really can't help it."

"My invariable excuse, literally and exactly repeated!" said Duke, triumphantly. "See, Luli, what a thing it is to have a friend who sets you good examples! May the lesson learned this day bear fruits!" he added, in a pompous and slightly nasal tone, that made Luli laugh a pretty tinkling laugh musical as a carrillon of bells, as she answered,

"I didn't need that example at all; I am a great deal too much given already to saying 'I can't help it!'"

"You cannot be too much given to so useful a habit," he responded. "It is a most serviceable weapon wherewith to clear your own way and get your own will in this world."

"How is that?" asked Luli.

"To say that 'you cannot help' doing a thing is a polite and euphuistic way of conveying that you intend to do it," said Duke, as solemnly as a judge.

"I'm afraid those are not very orthodox moral lessons you are reading to my little girl, Master Duke," observed Glencairn, shutting up his book with one of his soft, subtle, half cynical smiles.

"If they are not good ones, I am very confident Luli will never learn them," said Duke dropping his mimic gravity, and speaking frankly and deferentially.

"That's about true," said Glencairn, turning his eyes slowly upon his daughter's face, with the tenderness touched by sadness with which he often looked at her.

Their little group was presently joined by a French family, consisting of parents, two daughters, and a son of tender years—acquaintances of a day whom the Glencairns had casually picked up. But Duke Mayburne did not separate from the party. All together they walked up the cliff, to "the little gray church on the windy hill," as Duke, who had quotations from ancient and modern poets at his fingers' ends, immediately dubbed it. All together they met on the beach again at the second great assembly of the "beauty and the chivalry" of Etretat, i.e., the afternoon bathing, which is, if possible, a more fashionable and regular lounge than the morning bathing. Not all together, but three together, Glencairn, Duke and Luli, they resorted once more to the beach during the sunset hour when the *table d'hôte* was over; and secretly two out of the three at east rejoiced that their party was reduced to a trio again, and hoped that the family of agreeable and conversationally inclined foreigners would not find them out in their secluded spot on the now quiet and comparatively lonely beach, which by morning and afternoon sunlight was so gay.

The outlines of the cliffs were clear and bold in this last hour of daylight; the broad bay lay calm and tranquil; the sea was deep and shadowy and darkly blue; soft

clouds were floating in the dim azure of the sky; and all along the horizon the flame of sunset burned.

Looking out across the sea to the lurid west, Duke Mayburne began quoting Browning's "Home thoughts:"

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the northwest died away;  
Sunset ran, one gorgeous blood red, reeking into Cadiz bay;  
Blush and the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay.  
In dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray.

"Do you know those lines, Luli?"

"No; whose are they?" said Luli, all her attention awake, bending toward him with such hushed and eager interest that she needed not to utter any words of appreciation.

Duke continued—

Here, and here, did England help me! how can I help England, say!  
Whose turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa

"Browning!" said Glencairn, quietly, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Those fiery sunsets always recall those lines to me," observed Duke.

Luli did not say a word; her cheek was resting on her hand and her large, soft eyes gazed out pensively over the sea. But Duke knew by some sure instinct that she had listened in rapt attention to every line. Duke Mayburne had a deep musical voice, and did not recite poetry at all badly.

"I have seen a sunset like that, only more vivid, off Gibraltar," said Glencairn. "There are some hours that almost make a poet of one in spite of one's self."

"It is such hours as those, I fancy," observed Duke, "which account for those occasional incomprehensible successes that occur but once, rockets that blaze and fall. Such influences must be the moving spring of the people who make one hit, write one poem, paint one picture, rise for once to genius, and then are heard of no more."

"I sometimes think that every man is capable of one flight into genius during his life," said Glencairn, meditatively. "The question is, does one true poem make a poet, or one picture an artist?"

"I should fancy," said Luli, half hesitatingly, in her soft appealing way, "that if a man can write one good poem, the power of poetry must be in him, even if it can only be developed under certain circumstances. And if circumstances can once develop that latent power, why should not such circumstances occur again, and again draw it out?"

"I think Luli has hit upon a truth," said Duke.

"I have known the child teach me truths before now," said Glencairn.

Luli nestled a little nearer to her father with a caressing smile; but which of the two men's approval she valued most who shall say?

The three sat there upon the shore until the fire of sunset had sunk and faded away into the dusky mingling of sky and sea, and the young crescent sailed slowly up over the tall cliffs to the left, where the Aiguille Rock stood out distinct among the gray shades. Then they walked together along the terrace and lounged through the Casino and turned homeward.

When she had bid good-night to her father and shut herself into her room that night, Luli opened her window, and leaned upon the sill, looking out at the dark sea and the dark sky, and the black, moveless masses on the beach that looked like strange, shapeless black animals sleeping, but were only the fishermen's covered and roofed-in boats.

She waited there silently, with the cool sweet sea-breeze breathing peace and serenity round her, and fanning her cheek with a soft and sleepy caress, until a red spark brightened out of the darkness and a shadow fell upon the ground just under her window.

Duke had mentioned to her casually that he walked that path with his nightly cigar. She did not know that she wished to see him pass; she did not think about analyzing her feelings; she had not asked herself why she leaned so long out of her window this night; but there she remained until that tall dark figure drew near. He looked up, and recognized her in the flickering lamplight, though not more clearly and instantly than she recognized him through the shadows. He stood a moment, and raised his brigandish-looking hat as he looked up at her window. Then she drew slowly back, so gradually that her white figure seemed to melt away in the hazy lights and shades of her room; and that night she leaned from her window no more, nor peered into the passing shadows again.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was a sad and happy time, you say,  
Yet sweet as is an ever-changing tune;  
Ah! me! the close of that still July day  
When with the sun's excess earth seemed to swoon.

And we together wandered on the shore,  
Half feeling we should wander there no more!

—MARSTON.

The sun of another day is setting behind the sea at Etretat. The moon, that was a few evenings ago a pale crescent, was almost a full orb when she rises this night. The Glencairns are sitting on the shore watching the sunset again; it has become a regular custom with them; they never miss a sunset now, be it fair or cloudy; and they never sit watching it alone.

This night the sea is clear as a mirror and calm as a lake; the real cliffs standing up bold and dusky against the pale dreamy blue sky are scarcely more clearly outlined than the reflected gray cliffs that dip down in the serene gray sea. Away on the horizon the azure of the sky melts into gold and deepens into rose; the great burning sun has sunk in a blaze of light just now; the brilliance of the western colors is paling, and crimson, gold and azure are blending into a harmony lovelier than their vanished and contrasted glories.

The family Delamotte have joined the Glencairns to-night they are seated on a semicircle of chairs in a sociable group. Luli is at the extremity of the semicircle, having purposely chosen her place on the outskirts of the group.

She wears, in lieu of hat or bonnet, a pink and white woollen square pinned over her head and falling to her shoulders; for Etretat (in these the early days of its popularity) is primitive in its manners and customs, and allows startling liberty in vagaries of costume. Gentlemen promise

made the terrace in high conical straw hats adorned with rosettes; a square red or blue *beret* is the fashionable morning wear; and ladies discard hats in favor of hoods, and all varieties of shape, and in all the colors of the rainbow, whenever the spirit so moves them. Duke has told Luli that the light fleecy woollen kerchief she wears is far more becoming and picturesque than a hat, and Luli studies the picturesque accordingly. She is leaning back in her wooden chair; her head slightly turned to join in the half French, half English conversation, her hands lying idly in her lap; she is fair and fresh and lovely in the fading light; the sunset is beautiful; they are all saying how charming it is; and Luli is very enthusiastic in her expressions of delight; but she is not happy; she is restless and disturbed; her eyes are inclined to tears and her heart is beating unevenly.

Foolish child! why is this? Is she not young and beautiful, with a life full of limitless hopes and possibilities?—is she not at this loveliest hour of the day looking on the loveliest scene the place affords?—is not Duke Mayburne in the same village, probably now not many hundred yards off? O supreme unreasonableness and folly of the dawn of love! he is not by her side just at this moment; and something may possibly have happened to prevent his coming; and it is a whole long half-hour later than he has ever been before! And for these mighty and sufficing causes the child's heart is full of sadness and disappointment.

This is their last evening but one! and if he should fail to-night, they will see only one more sunset together! and she feels miserable at the thought.

Another half-hour has passed, and the sunset has faded; the stars are coming out shyly one by one; and Luli is supremely happy, for Duke is by her side. Naturally he takes his seat next Luli; and as she has chosen her place on the extreme edge of the social circle, naturally they two soon drift away out of the general conversation into a *tete-a-tete* of their own.

"Have you finished your picture of the little gray church on the windy hill?"

"No; not yet. I have been haunted all day by a wild desire to do Hiawatha—sailing into the purple vapors, you know; these sunsets have suggested the idea to me so forcibly, I would set to work at it immediately; but that fellow Noakes has done it already. He is always getting the start of me in ideas."

"Noakes? Yes, I know him. What do you think of him?"

"Landscape—good," pronounced Duke.

"Figures—fashion-plate. Did you ever see mortal woman with such shoulders and waists as all Noakes's girls have?"

"I don't admire his girls much, certainly. He does not look much like an artist. I used to meet him very often in Rome."

"In Rome! Happy Luli, to have seen Rome! and yet I do not know that I am not more to be envied; for my first sight of Rome is before me still. I hope to go this winter."

"This winter," said Luli, with a totally unconscious accent of disappointment. "We shall be in London all this winter, I think."

"Why don't you winter in Italy?" asked Duke; "don't you hate London fogs and frosts? Think what delightful times we might have all together in Rome!"

"How I should like it! I want to do Rome again; I am afraid I did not fully appreciate it. My taste is so uncultivated, you see; I always want to be talked to about things—"

"And told what to admire?" he responded. "All right; come to Rome, and I'll tell you where to be enthusiastic."

"I wish we were going to winter in Italy; but I'm afraid there is not the slightest chance," said Luli, who was too simple and unconscious to disguise a tone of regret.

To be continued.)

## SALUTING INFANT ROYALTY.

What Happens in Berlin when the Crown Prince's Baby Goes Out of Doors.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

At the guard-houses there is considerable fuss made whenever any royalty passes that way. It is the duty and the only duty of the sentry on guard, to keep his eye open for royalty. When he sees it—and he seems to have a remarkably long range of vision—he yells at the top of his voice no means musical voice. The rest of the guard drop their cards and pipes, rush precipitately out, fall in and present arms with drums beating. This sort of thing is gone through with every time any royalty passes. Even the infant children of the Crown Prince receive the same homage. There is something strange in seeing a lot of grown men present arms to a year-old infant. But they do it every time the nurse of the Crown Prince's family takes the children out for an airing. But this "isn't a circumstance," as Chicago says, to what, according to the story of one of the American colony, happened here once. The nurse had a little child of the Crown Prince out for a walk, and happened to pass one of the guardhouses. The sentry on duty yelled, the guard turned out and presented arms, while the drums beat. Just as the nurse and child got in front of the line of soldiers, the child espied a heap of nice, clean sand suitable for the manufacture of mud pies. The instinct of the child got the better of its training; it broke away from its nurse and began to play in the sand. The nurse protested, entreated, begged—but it was of no use. That child was bound to indulge in a little plebeian amusement. It had its own way, and played in the sand until it had satisfied its royal mind, and all this time the guard stood at a "present arms," while the drummer nearly wore his drumhead out.

The law permits you to fish for trout now, but it does not guarantee that you will catch any. However, it does not prevent you from lying.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are mother's own boy."

To be "thirsty" is not the right way to say it now that technical terms are fashionable. To "suffer from polydipsia" is the correct thing.

We are told that "Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burrett is more fond of her boys than of her books." Lots of her sex prefer boys to books.

A few of the friends of Rev. R. Cameron, of Brantford, have presented him with a gold-headed cane.