
OPINIONS OF MARY

And I sometimes think if I couldn't be him
'Twould be grate, though of course not right,
To be a reckless robber bold,
And break into things at night.

Then a circus man has a glorious life,
And a hunter's wild and free;
I want no books but Nature's looks,
'Bleeve I'll run away to sea.

There seem to have been odds and ends of favorite authors running through his mind, and his spelling is a little uncertain—but on the whole Charlie's a good writer.

Until a few weeks ago it never occurred to the eldest son, who is athletic and not much of a ladies' man, that poetry was worth reading. He was the sort of man that considers Tennyson maudlin, and jeers at love. But at a tennis tea, to which, much against his will, he had to take his sister, he happened to be asked to look after a little dark-eyed girl who didn't know a thing about sports—but was awfully anxious to learn. She made such an intelligent listener, and said he was such a good explainer, and told him so innocently that she never saw anyone so big and strong as he was, and looked up at him out of her pretty brown eyes, and altogether seemed such a sensible sort of girl, that he couldn't help rather liking the poor little thing.

She must be quite an authority on games now, for he takes her to everything that is going on, and goes to see her three evenings a week to