

## A SOLDIER'S GRAVE

**Absent-Minded Readers Leave All  
Kinds of Queer Things.**

That strange things are sometimes found in library books is well known though, as a rule, librarians are not

very willing to disclose information on the matter. The writer, however, was not a member of the element who has charge of one of the biggest of our public libraries, and from him were gleaned some facts which are well worthy of record. It may not be generally known, perhaps, that in most libraries all returned books are thoroughly examined, dusted with the "disinfectant-vap" (as it is termed in library parlance), and, if necessary, repaired before being replaced on the shelves. As a rule, books are more or less carefully examined by others, but at times one comes back in so dilapidated and soiled a condition that it has to be destroyed. In such instances, if the delinquent is known he or she is made to pay for a new copy, and the money is deposited for a time. These instances, however, are rare, says a writer in *Tit Bits*.

**Eternal Hairpin.** In every big library, said my informant, after cogitating deeply as to whether or not to give the information requested or not, there is one man whose sole work consists in examining books that have been returned, and that he occasionally finds queer things between the leaves is perfectly correct. Whatever he finds he has to go to the top of the pile, amused at the kind of articles which find a hiding-place within the covers of our books. Few volumes, for instance, borrowed by lady readers come back without at least one hairpin which has been used as a book-mark. He would not recommend that implement of feminine uselessness than turn down the pages, which is unpardonable.

**Kitty's Secret.**

Many letters fall out of volumes which have been returned to the library, and in one case I remember the letter which was returned was long enough to read, contained a proposal of marriage addressed to "My Own Dear Kitty." The letter was not in an envelope, and, though I might have found the name and address of the owner, we are far too busy to return such unimportant things as love letters. But the next day a pretty young girl appeared, asked me to see her, and, surrounded by a crowd of blushes, explained that she had left a letter in "The Heart of Midlothian" and would be glad to have it back. I had the misfortune to find the letter lying on a table beside my desk, and, to her surprise, she found it. She then so rapidly took of pleasure came into her face that I felt sure as to the nature of her answer, and rather envied the happy man who had won her.

**Best King:** Paper money and cheques are sometimes found hidden between the leaves of books returned to a library, and occasionally the sums involved amount to quite a high figure. I read recently that in a certain well-known library a copy of "Much Ado About Nothing" was returned with a ten-pound note pinned between the leaves, together with a letter written in a lady's hand which read as follows: "As nearly every person is always more or less in need of this wretched thing called 'money', I feel that this ten-pound note will fall into the hands of one who needs it. With it goes my best wishes. From one who has money to spare and is a lover of Shakespeare."

**Foreign British Peers.**  
There are three peers, if not more who belong to families that have for generations been settled in distant countries, and which have practically had nothing to do with our own land for very many years. Indeed, some of these peers have never even set foot in England at all.

Seafield. Early in the last century the then earl emigrated to New Zealand, and married there. His sons have never seen their father's native land. The family has remained, and to-day James Grant-Ogilvie, of New Zealand, thirty years of age, and also married, is the undoubted Earl of Seafield, though he never uses the title, but works hard with his hands to earn his living, just like any new comer into the colony.

Then there is Baron Fairfax of Cameron, whose forefathers went out to Virginia long ago. The present lord was born in America in 1870, and certainly never used his rightful title nor even came to England until he was well past thirty.

Even more striking is the case of Baron Aylmer, who is a Canadian in every way, for both he and his father were born in Canada. Lord Aylmer is practically unknown in this country, says the London Express.

**Shelley's Notebooks Sold.**  
Following the manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost," three unique note books of Shelley, which were the distinguishing feature of the recently sold library formed by the late Dr. Richard Garnett, who was for many years chief librarian of the British Museum, have entered into the possession of F. R. Halsey, owner of the best Shelley collection in the United States.

These note books were given by Shelley's widow to her son, Sir Percy Shelley, who passed them on to Dr. Garnett.

All his other note books are in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and I am much regretted in England that the three books in question were not saved for this country. They are especially valuable, as so much of the matter contained in them is unpublished.

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Dolls As Educators.

Every school should have a class for the education of the little girls in the care of babies, says Dr. Lauder Brunton, the celebrated English physician. He would have washable dolls use so that each child would have her own baby and learn to dress, wash, feed put it to sleep, protect it from chilling and treat it for sore throat and other ills. In fact, all the information that the girl will afterward need for bringing up her own babies might be imparted in a concrete form in a way that could be remembered in a doll's class.