

quarter of a mile ahead the road gave a sudden bend round a precipice which descended to a valley beneath.

"My God she'll be over!" exclaimed the General who knew the place well, but as Eleanor's horse approached the curve, which was up a slight incline, he slackened his pace somewhat, when a man springing out from a thicket placed himself on the edge of the road, next the precipice, and immediately in front of the advancing horse. Eleanor meanwhile had become aware of her danger, and had set her foot free from the stirrup, and as her horse on reaching the spot where the stranger stood swerved to the right, thus exposing his near side to the ravine, she threw herself from the saddle and fell into the stranger's arms. The shock was very great, and for the space of a second the two tottered on the brink, but with admirable presence of mind, the stranger had stooped forward as Eleanor came against him, and so saved himself from being overbalanced. Of course the whole took up less time than it has for me to write the occurrence, and General Meredith arriving immediately afterwards, embraced Eleanor with a fervent thankfulness more easily imagined than described. Eleanor's horse had drawn up within a few paces round the corner and stood, covered with foam, trembling in every limb as though he too was conscious of the fearful fate he had escaped.

Turning to Eleanor's preserver, the General exclaimed in astonishment: "Gracious powers! Leigh, my dear fellow, what fortunate wind blew you here?"

"Kismet, I suppose," returned Leigh laughing. "I arrived a couple of days ago, and my horse being a bit off his feed, I thought it better not to have him out to-day, so have been strolling about for exercise."

Henry Leigh was a large man over six feet in height and broad in proportion, straight as a pine tree, with chestnut hair, brown eyes and a heavy moustache. Altogether what one might call a strong looking athlete, who could strike out well from the left shoulder, yet with a good-humored jovial expression on his countenance, which made you feel that though he had a giant's strength he would never use it as a giant. I like to recall him in the pride of his manhood honest as the sunlight which shone on his open tanned features, and I am not surprised that when Eleanor advanced to murmur her blushing thanks to her deliverer she metaphorically fell down and worshipped him. Love is a mysterious uncertain plant that is sometimes a long time in maturing, while on other occasions it springs into full bloom almost on the instant.

Leigh however was much too humble minded to flatter himself he had made any conquest of the fair girl beside him,

so he pool-pooled what seemed to him a very simple act, and catching Eleanor's horse—quiet enough now—he assisted her to remount, and watched her and the General ride off on their way back to their bungalow, having promised to take tiffin with them that day.

"Walter is with us you know," said the General as they departed.

"All right," returned Leigh, adding to himself "I wonder now whether that young scapegrace is going to make a clean breast of it to his father. If I were a marrying man, by the way, Miss Grayling is just the sort of girl I should look out for."

From which it may be inferred that thoughts of matrimony were not so very far off from the mind of Henry Leigh.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Personal Items.

A portrait of "Maxwell Gray" (Miss M. G. Tuttiett), and an interesting biographical sketch by Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne, are amongst the special attractions of Great Thoughts for Oct. 1. Mr. Fox Bourne made Miss Tuttiett's acquaintance (on paper) when he was editing "One and All." He received a short tale called "A Glass of Water," with which he was so much delighted that he asked for another. This was long before the name of Maxwell Gray became famous by the publication of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Speaking of that remarkable novel, Mr. Fox Bourne says: "No outside reader and admirer of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' could have guessed that it was written—not by a man as was generally supposed—but by a delicate woman who had to be lying down through most of the months in which she handled pen or pencil with difficulty, and who was racked with pain which was only prevented from overpowering her by a fervid and stern resolve to do some work worth doing before the night, when none can work, which she thought might be close upon her, had come. Maxwell Gray has happily been spared, and her friends may hope with reason that many years and better health are before her. But all the three novels written since 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' have been produced amid great difficulties, and in spite of most trying hindrances."

Mrs. Pennell has written an attractive series of articles called "To Gipsyland," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, which will commence with the November number of the Century. Gipsy language and gipsy lore have, from her earliest girlhood, been Mrs. Pennell's favourite studies, the pursuit of which she was wont to follow under the guidance of her uncle, the folk-lorist (and humorist), Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland. In these papers Mrs. Pen-

nell discourses as to her early Romyany researches, and describes a recent pilgrimage made by herself and her husband to the home of the gipsies in Eastern Europe, in search of their genuine Hungarian gipsy.

"Ouida's" next novel is to be entitled "The Tower of Taddeo."

Smiles.

She hunts his little primer up,
And helps him every day,
But all the letters he has learned
Are T-R-R-B-D-A.

Contributor—Have you seen my last poem?

Editor—I really hope so.

The man with plenty of fat mortgages
lives on the lien of the land.—Dallas News.

Student—There is a rumor you were dead.

Professor Absentminded—Has the rumor been confirmed?—Texas Siftings.

"Named your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?"

"No, Mrs. Tomson; we have named him James after a prolonged family row."

I don't believe a word of this talk about
steaming being good for the complexion.
Stell.—Why?

Well, just look at Mr. Luckless. What
a horrid looking creature he is! and papa
says he is always in hot water.

Lantern-jawed people can't always throw
light on a subject.

Young Wife—Darling, I made these cunning
little bread sticks just to show you
how I can cook.

Husband (breaking one)—Yes, pet, and
they are made of natural wood, too, I
see. Pretty expensive, eh?

"I see that Brown and Green are to
be very popular this winter."

"Oh, I suppose, Smith and Jones will
have their turn next."

The small boy taunts the teacher new
And she in vain may fret.
She know whatever he may do,
He's "mommy's little pet."

I loved a girl of June sort,
But ill-luck did my suit baffle;
Better have loved a girl that's short
And never loved a tall.

—Judge.

"When wedded to his seventh wife
He said: I know what married bliss is,
And all the hits I've made in life
I find I've made by making Mrs."

—New York Press.