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 Ther 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 berself 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 Mcredith 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 goodhumored jovial expression on his countenaner, which made you feel that though he had a giants 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 shope on his open tanned features, and I am not surprised that when Elempor advanced to murmur her blushing thanks to ber deliverer she metaphorically fell down and worshipped him. Lave is a mysterious uncertain plant that is sometimes a long time in maturing, while on other occasions it springs into fall bloom almost on the instant.

Leigh however was much too humble minies to flatter himself be had made any conquest of the fair girl beside him, so he pool-peoled what seemed to him a very simple act, and catching Eleanor's horse-quiet chough now—he assisted her to remount, and watched her and the General ride off on their way back to their bungalo, having promised to take tiffin with them that day.

"Wulter 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.)



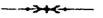
Personal Items.

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 render and admirer of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' could have guessed that it was writtennot by a man as was generally supposedbut 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 nithg, when none can work, which she thought might be close upon ber, had come. Maxwell Gray has happily been spaced, and her friends may hope with reason that many years and better health are before ber. But all the three novels written since 'The Silence of Denn Maitland have been produced amid great difficulties, and in spite of most trying hindmrco..."

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 love 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 Romany researches, and describes a recent pilgrimage made by herself and her husband to the home of the gipsies in Eastern Europe, in search of theg enuine Hangarian gipsy.

"Ouidn'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.—Pallas News.

Student-There is a rumor you were dead.

Professor Absentmind-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 stemming being good for the complexion. Stella-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 cuuning little bread sticks just to show you how I can cook.

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

"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 "mommer's little pet."

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

-Judge.

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

-New York Press.