

the obstruction. A person running fast by the opposite windows was very little likely to attract attention at such a moment. Every step pained him, to be sure, for he was bruised and stiff; but he ran on none the less till he came up at last to where Netta lay. There, he bent over her eagerly. Netta raised her head, opened her eyes, and looked. In a moment the vague sense of a terrible catastrophe averted came somehow over her. She flung her arms round his neck. "Oh Ughtred, you've come back!" she cried in a torrent of emotion.

"Yes, darling," Ughtred answered, his voice half choked with tears. "I've come back to you now, for ever and ever."

He lifted her in his arms, and carried her some little way off up the left-hand path. His heart was very full. 'Twas a terrible moment. For as yet he hardly knew what harm he might have done by his fatal act. He only knew he had tried his best to undo the wrong he had half unconsciously wrought; and if the worst came he would give himself up now like a man to offended justice.

But the worst did not come. Blind fate had been merciful. Next day the papers were full of the accident to the Great Southern Express: equally divided between denunciation of the miscreant who had placed the obstruction in the way of the train, and admiration for the heroic, but unrecognisable stranger who had rescued from death so many passengers at so imminent a risk to his own life or safety. Only Ughtred knew that the two were

one and the same person. And when Ughtred found out how little harm had been done by his infatuated act—an act he felt he could never possibly explain in its true light to any other person—he thought it wisest on the whole to lay no claim to either the praise or the censure. The world could never be made to understand the terrible dilemma in which he was placed—the one-sided way in which the problem at first presented itself to him—the deadly struggle through which he had passed before he could make up his mind, at the risk of Netta's life, to remove the obstacle. Only Netta understood; and even Netta herself knew no more than this, that Ughtred had risked his own life to save her.—Grant Allen in *Strand*.



### Smiles.

Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee!

Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—Sure it's only to amuse th' childers. They wants th' windies covered wid steam, so they can make pictures on thim.

Is all this talk about "woman's enlarged sphere" to end in the revival of the hoopskirt?

Weak men are upset by small things. Strong men upset the small things and go right on to success.

He knew she couldn't make a pie, But much to his surprise, He found that she was very quick At making tart replies.

"I can dispose of a boat load of sailors" remarked the whale, "but it's when I swallow their yarns that I feel worsted."

Rock-a-bye baby in the top flat,  
When the morn comes we know where you're at;  
When the dawn breaks, and we're anxious to snore,  
Down comes your squawking voice right through the floor.

With his insidious Lenten squibs,  
The mirthful paragrapher,  
Pokes grave solemnity's short ribs,  
And finds a willing laugher.

First Drummer—How far is it from here to NEW York?  
Second Ditto—Twenty-four games of whist.

He—This is lovely, and I suppose all hand painted?  
She—Mercy, no! I used three different kinds of brushes.

Barber (facetiously)—On which side do you part your hair?  
Baldheaded Man (sadly)—On the outside, you drivelling idiot.

### "Tennyson's Maud."

In a paper on Tennyson, in the new "Century," written by the Rev. H. van Dyke, we find this glimpse of the poet: "He held a volume of 'Maud' in his hand, and was talking about it as he loved to do:

"I want to read this to you, because I want you to feel what the poem means. It is dramatic; it is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what love does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I, myself, speaking. It is the man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world."

"Then he lifted the book close to his eyes and began to read:

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the wood"

"It was the strangest reading in the world, ignoring all the formal rules of elocution, going straight to the heart of the matter, yet unconsciously creating his own form and art, obedient to the inevitable law of all true passion, which always makes the sound fit the sense. The voice was raised a little higher than the speaking tone; sustained at the same level through line after line, almost monotonous in its measured chanting. It was not melodious or flexible. It was something better, it was musical as the voice of the ocean, or as the sound of the wind in the pine trees is musical. In the impassioned lines it rose and swelled like the roar of the tempest through the woods; in the passages which expressed grief and loneliness it broke out and fell suddenly like the rolling of low waves on the beach.

A sculptor being directed to engrave on

a tombstone the words: "A virtuous wife is a crown to her husband", and finding himself somewhat pressed for space executed his task as follows: "A virtuous wife is 5s to her husband".

Madge (At the play)—Is it Ophelia that always goes mad? I never can remember. "No, half the time, it's the audience."

From little tastes of brandy  
A man won't always fall,  
But it's sure to make his hat next day  
Feel most confounded small.

### AGAIN.

Yabeley—"Miss Passey seemed offended at you last evening. What did you say?"  
Mudge—"Blessed if I know. I only asked her if she didn't dread having to wear hoops again."