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THE ANTIDOTE

RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN
WITH SOME SWEET ANTIDOTE

Vol. 1. No. 21.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 5, 1892

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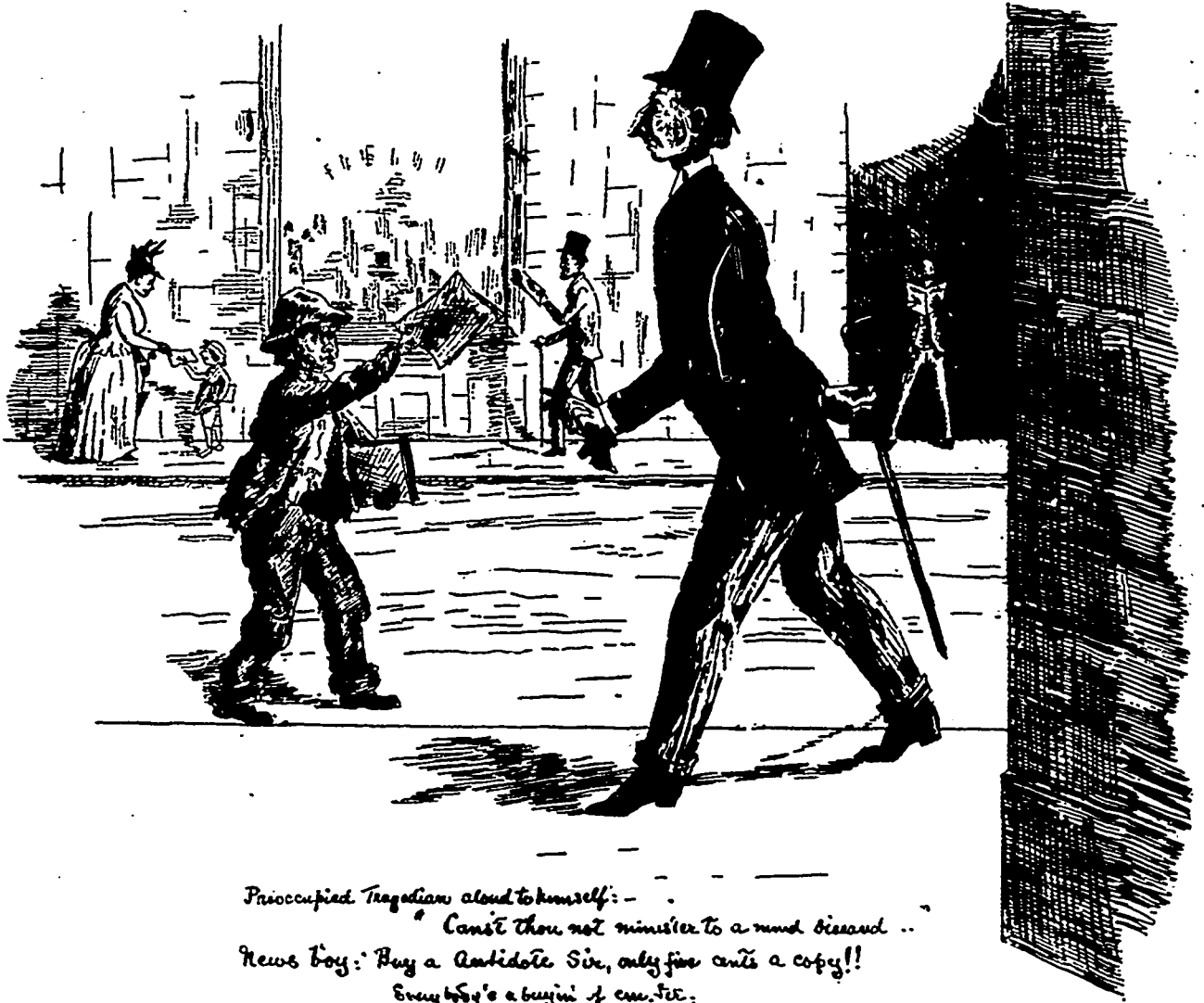
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News boy: "Buy a Antidote Six, only five cents a copy!!"
Everybody's a buyin' of em. Sir.*

[P.T. promptly begone

THE ANTIDOTE

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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

DINNER.

Much has been written about dinners and those who give them. There are both public and private dinners, heavy and light ones; dinners which are dull and stupid, and others just as charming and enjoyable. There are hospitable dinners, intended entirely to give pleasure to those who are invited, and there are others which are simply affairs of duty, and are accepted as such. There are the jovial pleasant dinners where everyone talks and laughs a great deal, and there are the dreary counterparts where the silence is almost unbroken, and where, if a joke is attempted, it falls so flat that the one who tried it shudders painfully, and retires into his shell for the remainder of the evening, probably muttering something about "casting pearls before swine." We have ourselves been at such banquets, and sat through ten seemingly interminable courses, bearing manfully the hosts' funeral efforts at hospitality, and breathing a prayer of thankfulness as we put on our overcoat and took our departure when the ordeal was over.

But we cheerfully acknowledge we have also been to the other kind of dinners, where joy and gladness reign, and where neither host nor hostess appear to have an invisible sword of Damocles hovering above their heads. No; the lady's smile is not a mask to cover the frown, but a reflection of the heart within, she having no fear that the dishes will not be well cooked, and her husband has the delightful consciousness that the wine is all right. Then, best of all, the company consists

◀THE ANTIDOTE▶

of those who like to meet one another, and this is the true art in arranging a dinner party. It is little short of madness to invite Hexamer, the celebrated geologist who thinks more of a stone twenty thousand years old than of a pair of bright eyes which first saw the light in 1874, it is folly we say to ask him to meet Miss Primrose, to whom the next ball is of more importance than the age of the Pyramids. What can the two have to say to another? You might as well ask Mr. Gladstone to meet a chimpanzee and yet how many dinners are rendered insufferable by thus attempting to mix oil and water? In our youth we found ourselves beside a somewhat mature dame, whom we had escorted to the mahogany, and to whom we were expected to make ourselves agreeable. The soup having become a reminiscence of the past, we put on our company smile and enquired whether she had seen the last "Punch." "I don't take the paper," was the reply, "I consider it coarse and vulgar." Staggerer number one! as Mr. Richard Swiveller would have observed, but we bore up, suffering defeat after defeat with a heroism we trust has been put down to our credit. But it was of no avail and at last we were crushed, when having asked a harmless Scriptural conundrum, she informed us that she never jested upon solemn subjects, deeming such to be bad taste. We metaphorically threw down our arms and gave up the fight, eating our dinner in silence thereafter, but we could not help questioning the taste of our host and hostess in their assortment of their guests. We dare say the above lady had her good points, but are sure she did not enjoy that dinner any more than we did.

We should always feel better and more charitable after a good dinner, and so we do, provided the company is suitable. Ask those who have interests in common together; Miss Primrose will talk fast enough to young Dandelion, and old Hexamer's remarks about the glacier period will be duly appreciated by Miss Bluestocking, all of which goes to show that for dinners to be successful the guests as well as the dishes require attention. You do not serve caper sauce to roast beef, nor do you bring in oysters when the sweets are put upon the table. Let us show the same care in mixing our company and then may "— good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both."

MENU MUSIC.

We continue our notices of the new music recently published by Robert Cocks & Co. of London, England. Among the pieces for the pianoforte is "Seraude Napolitaine" by R. Palmieri, a characteristic, easy and effective composition in B flat. By the same composer we have a Menuet which can lay fair claim to be placed alongside of the better class of modern compositions of the name.

"Shakespeare's Flowers" is a set of original compositions for the pianoforte, of which the series, No. 1, has for its suggestive legend Perdita's words in the "Winter's Tale," beginning with "Bold Oxlips, and the Crown-Imperial"; No. 2 is from Ophelia's words in "Hamlet": "There's Pansies, that's for thoughts"; No. 3 is also from Perdita's beautiful words in "Winter's Tale":

"Daffodils that come before the swallow dars,
And take the winds of March with beauty."

All three are characteristically beautiful and reflect high credit upon the composer, Isabel Hearne. "Braganza Valse" is a composition by Charles Godfrey, Band Master of the Royal Horse Guards. There is a pleasing Spanish flavor about this piece which has been played with immense success by all the leading bands and orchestras. The title page contains a beautiful chromo lithograph, of a Spanish exterior. In "Happy Darkies" we have a lively Barn Dance by Arthur E. Godfrey; the colored title page is highly amusing. "Country Bumpkins" is the name of a new polka by the same composer, with rustic title page and figures engaged in a dance, which appears more like a north country reel than a polka, but the music itself will compare favorably with the best of the modern compositions of the kind. "The Tonst" is the name of a set of waltzes by the same composer which has for its legend the well-known words in Sheridan's comedy, beginning: "Here's to the Maiden." The music as given in the play is made the theme for the opening number, and is adroitly introduced and suggested at intervals to the end of the Coda. "Hermosa" is the name of another set of waltzes by Florence Fare, whose "Innamorata" and "Creole" waltzes have become so popular of late; the title page of this composition is a handsome chromo lithograph of a danseuse and tambourine, &c.

Among the collections in book form is No. 2 of Messrs. Cocks & Co.'s "Dance Album" with violin part ad libitum, the contents of which are the "Innamorata Waltz" by Florence Fare, "Chrysanthemum Waltz" by Leonard Gautier, the "United Kingdom Lancers" by Johnny Bull, introducing the principal national airs; the "Osborne Quadrilles" by Stephen Glover, "The Esta Polka Mazurka" by F. Godfrey, "Hand-in-Hand Schottische" by J. Pridham, and the "John Peel Galop" by Joseph Meissler, an excellent hunting piece with words appropriate, and a refrain that would awaken the laziest hunneman from his couch to join in the royal sport. We have also two charming little Albums for children by Carl Weber. The first "Kinder-Album" contains six very easy pianoforte pieces within the compass of five notes and without shifting the thumb. The second containing six easy pianoforte pieces for beginners, occasionally exceeding the compass of five notes, but without shifting the thumb, all of which on account of their simplicity and beauty, cannot fail to be welcomed by young piano players. Not least in these collections is the Church and Cathedral Choristers' Singing Method by Dr. Haydn Keeton, Mus. Doc. Oxon., organist and master of the choristers of Peterborough Cathedral. This work consists of a series of progressive exercises calculated to teach boys how to read music at sight quickly, and to train and develop their voices, great prominence being given to the exercises on one note. The method adopted in this book, is that of the fixed "Do," which the author says he has always used with good results, but the exercises can be used equally well by those who prefer the movable "Do" method. The 73 pages in the book exclude all superfluous matter, and it is altogether the most thorough and compact work of the kind we have ever seen in this country. The price of the volume is 2s., or about 50 cents.

We are also indebted to the Messrs. Cocks for a "Muzurka Fantato the Messrs. Cocks for a "Muzurka Fantastique en La" for the violincello and piano by Leo. Stern, a composition remarkably well adapted to that most charming instrument of the violin family. For the same instruments we have a "Rondo Pastorale," a beautiful sustained "andante



ROYAL COMMISSION after a long session.

con moto," which cannot fail to become a favorite with all 'Cello players. Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. are among the most extensive musical publishers in London, and a trial of the pieces we have little more than enumerated, will prove that they confine themselves chiefly to works of a superior order of merit.

◆◆◆
THE LINGERING LOVER.

"It's getting rather late," he said,
Though to his seat he still clung fast.
The gentle maiden raised her head
And said: "You've found it out at last."
—New York Press.

Mr. Stalate—"What kind of a man do you like best?"

Miss Ray Partee (with a yawn)—"I like a man with lots of go in him."—New York Herald.

Bob Stayer—"Well, I believe I must be going."

Miss Weery—"Perhaps you had better. The Signal Service predicts rain for tomorrow."—Kate Field's Washington.

Algernon (as the cuckoo proclaims the hour)—"Whawt is the beastly bird saying?"

Daisy—"I—I think he is trying to say good night."—Jeweler's Weekly (All by way of the Chicago News).

—
A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

Frank—"But what advantage in there wearing a monocle?"

Adolphus—"Good gad, man, how could I see with both eyes covered?"

THE FIFTEEN KISSES.

From the Kiss Decorous to the Kiss of True Love.

The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders:

1. The decorous, or modest kiss.
2. The diplomatic, or kiss of policy.
3. The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunken wine.
4. The slave kiss.
5. The kiss infamous—a church penance.
6. The slipper kiss, practised toward tyrants.
7. The judicial kiss.
8. The feudal kiss.
9. The religious kiss (kissing the cross).
10. The academical kiss (on joining a school brotherhood).
11. The hand kiss.
12. The Judas kiss.
13. The medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness.
14. The kiss of etiquette.
15. The kiss of love—the only real kiss.

—
"Miss Chicago, did you see the Venus of Milo while abroad?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, and shook hands with her."
—

Mrs. Motherly—What is the matter, Miss Dudely? You seem to be agitated.

Miss Dudely—I am agitated. Just think of it! That silly, stuck-up Fanny Jones tells everybody I'm not her equal: It's a wicked lie!—Texas Sitings.

—
A drinking song to be popular should be written with a rest at every bar.

Jagsey—How do you suppose Columbus would feel if he was set down in all this grand display to-day?

Wagsey—What else could he feel except that he was one of the first gentlemen in the land?
—

No use in a man giving up because his luck goes to the dogs when they are all muzzled.
—

Enthusiastic Party—Her face is the picture of amiability.

Absent-minded Party—Who painted it?
—

It is an odd fact that the duty of most missionaries is to go to the bad.—Philadelphia Record.

—
"I suppose," said Dobson, seriously, "that if Job was alive now he wouldn't be afraid of cholera. Why not? innocently inquired Duffer.

"Because he would know that he had been thoroughly boiled."—Buffalo Express.



SISTER.—“Good morning.....”

CHERUB (interrupting) “Oh say, can't you drop that soap gag?”

The Maiden and the Mistletoe

A Christmas Tale.

There had been a high wind blowing all night and the roads through the woods were littered with broken boughs, while here and there lay a sprig of mistletoe, which had been wrenched from the topmost limb of some leafless oak.

Two women were walking slowly about under the trees; one was old, so old that the wrinkled skin on her face and hands looked like the bark of a tree; the other was young, and at this season nothing in nature could give an idea of her beauty, for lilies-of-the-valley alone could be compared with the fairness of her skin, and blue periwinkles to the color of her eyes.

The old woman was gathering fagots with which to warm her poor cabin and cook her dinner, while the young girl strolled about musingly, picking up a few sprigs of mistletoe, and tying them together with a piece of ribbon. The two were coming from opposite directions and it chanced that they met at the cross-roads, close to a great stone block. A wooden cross had once been standing here, but it had fallen down and left in the

rock a round hole which, filled with rain-water, made a fine drinking-trough for the little birds.

“Who'll buy my nice mistletoe?” sang the old woman in a shrill voice, and then as she came nearer she added suddenly, “Merciful Heavens, my dear, what are you going to do with that stuff?”

The girl hesitated, for the old creature in her ragged clothes and with a sly expression on her shrivelled face looked very much like a witch, and yet the rags were clean, and the voice was a kind one.

“I will tell you,” answered the girl taking courage after a long pause, “I am Guillaumette, the daughter of Master Guillaume whose farm lies down yonder, across the bridge where the road turns—”

“I know, I know,” interrupted the hag, “it is a rich house, and a blessed one. All the poor know it well!”

“Listen to me, good woman, and give me your advice. There is some one whom I love and who loves me—and we are to be married. Only, he seems to be in no hurry. Now, to-day I happened to see the mistletoe lying on the ground and I thought I would make a bunch of it, and on Christmas eve hang it up over the

front door. My—the young man will come to supper with us and will take me to the midnight Mass, so we shall walk under the mistletoe together. When two young people do that, you know, it is a sure sign that they will be married within the twelvemonth.”

“Yes,” mumbled the old woman, “but it is not the time yet. It wants two months to Christmas.”

“That does not matter, I want to be prepared. Mistletoe keeps for years—”

Her hearer burst into a ringing laugh, and then said merrily:

“Who'll buy, who'll buy, nice mistletoe! Yours is too young, my dear. It is always bad luck to pick it too soon, or to take what the wind has thrown down. It does not bring any luck to lovers until the frost has touched it. Young people always think they know best, but take my word for this—there is mistletoe, and mistletoe; just as there is love, and love. You want the right kind or none.”

Guillaumette had turned away impatiently, and the old woman picked up her bundle of fagots and walked in the opposite direction singing as she went:

“Who'll buy, who'll buy, nice mistletoe?”

When Christmas eve came, the bunch of mistletoe hung over the door of Master Guillaume's house. The lover, as he passed under it with pretty Guillaumette upon his arm, looked up, then smiled and stopped to kiss his sweetheart's blushing face. It seemed as if the charm were working wonderfully, for the young man immediately declared that they must wait no longer, and the wedding day was fixed. The banns were published, the fiddlers engaged and every preparation made, but alas, it was too good to be true! One night, the river rose and rose until it overflowed its banks, swamping the newly ploughed fields and meadows and destroying the crops. The farm was nearly ruined, Guillaumette was no longer an heiress, and the next day the lover took his departure and was seen no more.

Christmas eve came round again, and the girl went strolling sadly through the woods once more. The frozen ground cracked and crunched beneath her feet, the snow lay heaped up in great drifts, and hoar-frost glistened on the trees. At the cross-roads, where the little birds were drinking, Guillaumette met the old woman who was carrying a large bunch of freshly gathered mistletoe, and at the sight the girl's eyes filled with tears.

“Dry your pretty eyes, my dear child,” said the hag, “or else you will cry them out, and that would be a pity. Tell me what the matter is.”

The girl told the whole story, and when she had finished her hearer nodded sagely, added:

“He is gone and you need not want to see him again. I warned you not to

trust to such young mistletoe! But this fine fellow, do you love him still?"

"No, indeed, I despise him!"

"Then why do you weep?"

"Because of the affront he has offered me. I can love no man but one who loves me for myself—"

"I know a man," said the old woman gaily, "who loves you for yourself alone. One whom you have hardly noticed, but who has loved you long and continues to love you although the river has swallowed up your dowry. Your neighbor's son—don't blush so Guillaumette—will spend this Christmas eve with you. I wonder, now, what answer you would give him if he should ask your hand!"

The girl pondered for a minute, then said timidly, her eyes cast down:

"Perhaps I ought to have a sprig of your mistletoe for luck."

"Here is a nice sprig for you, my dear, red as gold, with berries white and clear as pearls—fine ripe mistletoe which will not play you false. Keep your money, child, this mistletoe is not for sale; it belongs to your neighbor's son, and it was he who sent me to you! Remember what I told you more than a year ago—there are different kinds of mistletoe and different kinds of love."

Translated by Isabel Smithson from the French of Paul Arene.

THE FASHIONS.

Among the absolutely novel gowns which have made their appearance this season, there is one especially striking and worthy of note. It consists of a plain skirt with a short Zouave jacket of black Astrachan, reaching to the waist, the Astrachan having the wide curl in it, and known in the trade as "Caracule." The dress has a short bodice with double frills down the front and large sleeves of shaded heliotrope velvet of the palest mauve to the deepest purple. Another charming dress is made of a violet faced-cloth having a hem and ornamented, with seven folds of black satin; the bodice, a blouse of black satin, has a front like a man's shirt, fastened with gold buttons, three shoulder capes of violet cloth, edged with satin folds and plied into a yoke-piece of Caracule, being worn over same.

For out door garments, suitable for winter wear, both coats and cloaks will be worn long whether for walking or driving. We may notice one style of coat made of seal-brown cloth, squirrel lined, and semi-fitting back and front having a Watteau from the neck outlined with black passementerie ending at waist and back with long fringes, while round the shoulders is a deep sealskin cape and edged with Astrachan.

Our illustrations for this week consist of two very handsome cloaks giving the



From "LA SAISON," Paris.

front and back view of each. No. 1 being a Russian Pelisse trimmed with sable, and No. 2 a large tippet mantle having large dolman sleeves with trimming and muff of feathers.

RECEIPTS.

Marrow (To Pickle).—Choose the marrows carefully; let them be rather small; pare and slice them; pick out the seeds. Also peel and slice some large onions, the quantity to be determined by personal taste. Put them all together in a strainer, sprinkle them very thickly with salt, let them drain over night, then put them into a stone jar, stand it on the hot hearth, and pour scalding vinegar over the contents. Close the jar, keep it hot; strain off the vinegar. Boil it again, and repeat the operation. Finally, boil the vinegar with loz. of white pepper and of bruised ginger respectively, 2 drachms of cloves, and a bruised nutmeg, some mace, and all-spice. When cold, nearly fill the jars with the marrow and onions, cover with the pickle; tie down, and use when desired; though it is better to keep it for some time. Or, choose larger marrows, peel, and cut them up into large squares; sprinkle with salt, and drain as above for three

or four hours. Bring to a boil about two quarts of good white vinegar, with loz. of ground ginger, ½ lb. of sugar, loz. of turmeric, cayenne to taste, and half a dozen shalots. When it has boiled, take out four shalots, put in the marrow, boil for five minutes more, slowly, and put into jars when cold.—Tory.

Tell them the old, old story,
Its charm will never fail,
Mark the good up higher
And call it a special sale.

Teacher (who has been explaining the word epidemic)—Now who can give me the name of an epidemic here in America. Remember it is something that spreads.

Tommy (wildly waving his hand)—I know; it's strawberry jam.

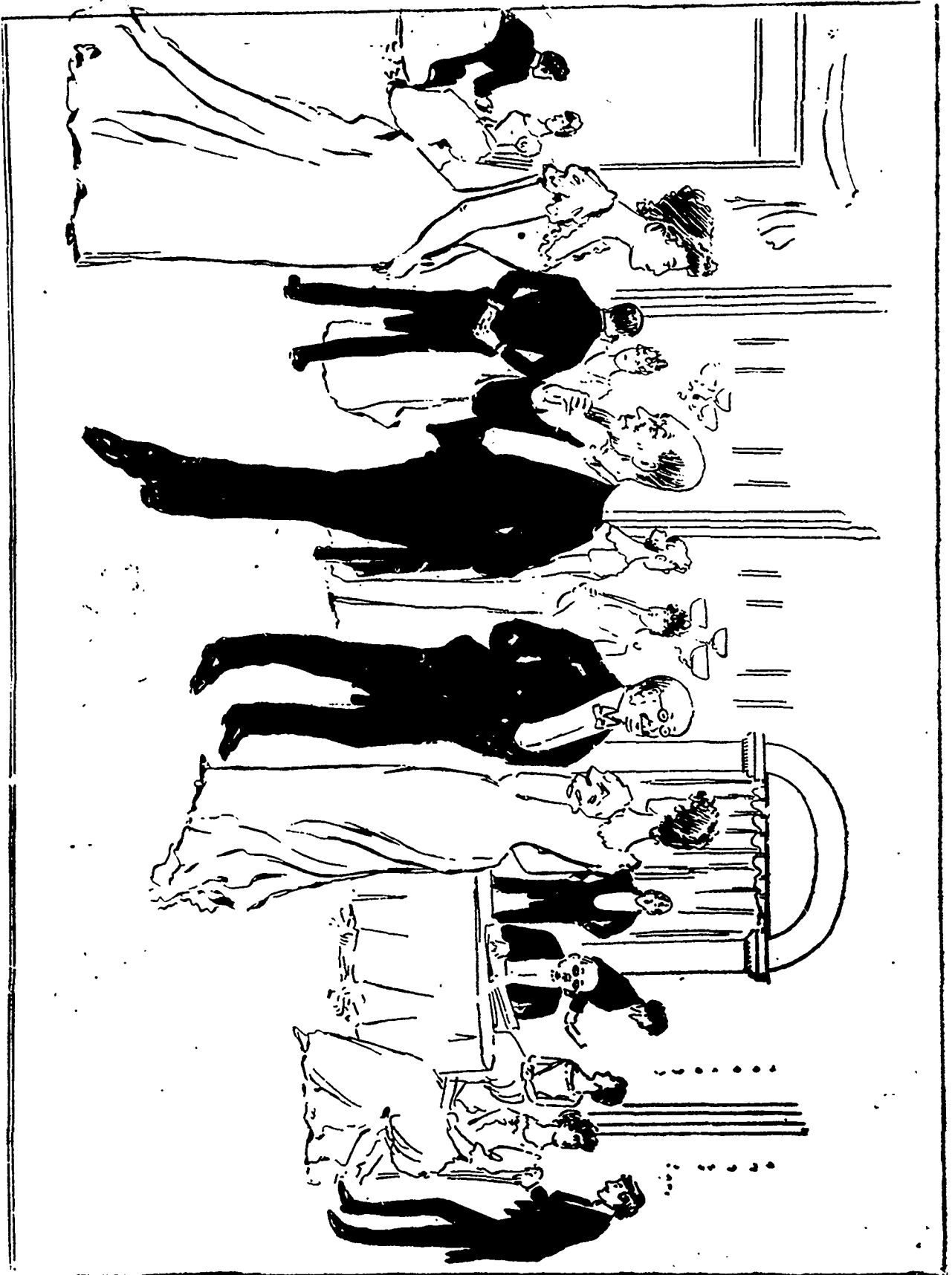
Mrs. Struckile—"Is this an intelligence office?"

Clerk—"Yes, Madam."

Mrs. S.—"Well, I would like to secure a few ounces for the stupid servant you sent me last week."

"Sairy, these letters from New York smell powerful queer."

"As like as not they have been posted in some dead letter office."



A LITMUS-PAPER SITUATION.

HOSTESS.—(To Mr. Joshua Binks, the Nevada King,) "Do you know George Elliott at all Mr. Binks?"
BINKS.—"Him? No I don't know him from Adam."
HOSTESS.—"You misapprehended me, I mean George Elliott the author—a lady."
BINKS.—"A lady? Well I guess I wouldn't know her from Madam either."

A MISTAKE.

By Harkn.

I.

The noonday sun was beating down fiercely upon the Esplanade in Bombay, as it knows how to do at the beginning of May, and in the drawing room of a bungalow situate of the Back Bay side, and shaded by cocoanut trees, sat two ladies the one elderly and the other young, trying to keep cool with the thermometer standing at 35 degrees. Both were attired in appropriate and charming costumes of gauzy white and were very pleasant to look at, Mrs. Meredith being a handsome woman of fifty, having spent a great portion of her life in India without her health being impaired, while Eleanor Grayling was a maiden of nineteen, who made the heart of the Anglo Indian glad, for not having been in the country many months, her complexion had still the rose colored tints which recalled the far off home beyond the seas. Her wavy hair was light auburn, her eyes blue and her features Grecian, so that some had likened her to Clytie.

I am now and then puzzled to decide which I prefer as a picture, a beautiful woman in her youth or her age. The former seems just fresh from the Maker's hands and claims your admiration; she resembles a ship starting on its voyage, and you lift your hat and wish her God speed! But the latter has passed through the storms and breakers; she is nearing port, and as you see the colors, though faded, still flying you see that the voyage has been well spent, the dangers overcome and victory at the helm; and admiration is swallowed up in reverence as you greet her.

Eleanor Grayling was not related to General and Mrs. Meredith, although she called them uncle and aunt. She was an orphan, the child of a brother officer of the General's, both her parents having died some ten years previous to the commencement of this tale, leaving her but a slender income and no relations to speak of. Captain Grayling on his deathbed had asked the General to look after his daughter, and Meredith, when home on leave, just at the time that Eleanor had completed her education, paid her a visit, and persuaded her to accompany him on his return to India and make his bungalow her home.

The Merediths had one child, a son, stationed with his regiment at Indore in the Malwa district, and if the General hoped that Eleanor might one day become his daughter-in-law, who shall blame him? He is not the first who has built castles in the air for the loved ones, and tried to wave fairy wands of happiness over them. The General was a hale old man of over sixty years, forty of which he had spent in India, and firmly believed there was no country like it,

"Bad climate, pooh! nonsense!" he would cry in his emphatic way, "Too little exercise, and too much brandy pawnee, is what bowls a man over. It is a great deal healthier climate than that of England, for you do know when you will have dry and wet and hot and cool weather, whereas in England you never can tell what is going to happen. Why sir, when I was at home in '07—Hermit's year—the Derby was run in a snow storm, by George! a snow storm, at the end of May sir, as I'm a sinner. Climate, forsooth! let a man rise at daylight, take lots of exercise, go in for 'shikar,' limit himself to one 'peg' before he turns in at ten o'clock, and he'll be all right." In which it must be admitted there is a vast amount of truth.

"So we are really off to Mahabeshwar to-morrow aunt, are we?" said Eleanor.

"Yes dear, so it is arranged," replied Mrs. Meredith, "and I dare say you will not be sorry to escape from this stifling heat."

"No indeed, aunt. Do you expect uncle and your son to tiffin?"

"Yes. Hark! there is the 'ghari.'" said Mrs. Meredith. The sound of wheels were heard approaching and a moment or two afterwards the General entered the room accompanied by a young man, who was immediately embraced by Mrs. Meredith and then presented to Eleanor.

Walter Meredith was a dark complexioned man of about eight and twenty, of fair height, not ill looking, but pale and very unlike his ruddy open faced father, indeed on closer inspection there was an air of languid dissipation about the eyes which was not agreeable. Immediately after the introduction Eleanor slipped away feeling that, as the parents had not seen their son for about twelve months, she might be a little "de trop," but very soon the tiffin gong sounded, and she hastened to take her place at the table.

Although the General was a moderate man he was by no means an anchorite, and had everything of the best. There was a bottle of Mumm's champagne, iced to a turn, to welcome his son, a curry such as you could not obtain, for love or money, out of India, by George! as the General said, and with the punka waiting a pleasant breeze overhead, and Eleanor's pretty face opposite, Walter Meredith gave himself over to enjoyment.

II.

Those who have not risen early and seen the sun rise at Mahabeshwar have missed one of nature's finest pictures. Eleanor Grayling was standing in the verandah of the little bungalow on the morning after their arrival waiting for her "chota hazri," and watching the heavy mist rolling over the numerous hills which were on every side of her, when suddenly the highest peaks became tipped with golden tints, which latter, gradually increasing

in strength and brilliancy, seemed to drive the mist down through the valleys, until the sun rising in all its majesty rent the gauzy curtain to pieces piercing it through and through, then the white mantle vanished swiftly, unfolding as it went scene after scene of beauty, until the grand panorama was complete.

"Oh how lovely!" cried Eleanor in ecstasy.

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Meredith, coming to her side, "I hope you slept well after your journey?"

"Like a top, aunt, and actually with a blanket over me! Such a luxury after that dreadful heat in Bombay."

At this instant the General appeared, bowed and spurred, and exclaimed:

"Why Nell, where is your habit, I thought you were coming riding with me?"

"So I am, uncle, I won't be a minute," and Eleanor flew off.

"Be quick," shouted the General after her, then turning to the native servant he said "char loa" and in a few moments tea, toast and fruit—the usual bill of fare for "chota hazri," or little breakfast, in India—were laid upon a small table in the verandah.

Ten minutes later General Meredith and Eleanor mounted their horses and cantered off for a brisk ride in the cool morning air.

"This is better than the Esplanade or Back Bay sands uncle," said Eleanor, touching up her pretty Arab horse with her whip, and sending him forward at a good gallop.

"Aye, aye," replied the General, spurring on his own horse, "it must be confessed it was 'bote gurrum' (very hot) in Bombay. I wonder that lazy boy Walter can lie in bed a morning like this. Gently, gently Nell, the horses a trifle 'musty' (fresh) with the change of air."

And so it proved, for Eleanor's horse all at once giving his head a shake, took the bit between his teeth and bolted away as hard as he could lay his feet to the ground.

"Sit firm!" shouted the General, knowing that with his weight he could not possibly overtake the runaway at the first burst.

Eleanor was a fair but not a very experienced horsewoman, and she rather lost her nerve at the start, which her horse was not slow to discover and take advantage of. There was not much danger so long as the road was straight and devoid of obstacles, but whether these favorable circumstances would continue until the horse began to have enough was quite problematical, and the General pounding away some distance behind, grew very anxious. On rushed the runaway in his mad career, snorting like a steam engine, and Eleanor felt herself becoming giddy as she was whirled past rocks and trees at a terrific pace. At length about a

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 nithe, 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 us 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 the 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 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
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 "momma'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 make Mrs."

—New York Press.

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