

The Pink Wild Rose.

An old log-house in the pasture stands, Shattered, forsaken and brown, Its windows gone, its broken door And is doorstep trampled down;

I gathered a bunch of the fragrant flowers, And a picture seems to rise; I stand in the past a hundred years And see nigh the sunset skies

"SIR REGINALD."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH HOME.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," IN THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

INTRODUCTION.

There was only one family in the estimation of good Mrs. Neighbour. One could not be in her company long without finding out that much.

Warwick Hall was one of the objects of interest in the county, and was situated about a mile distant from the farm-house where a certain holiday of mine was passed.

"MY LADY."

CHAPTER I.—THE MASTER'S BRIDE.

Well she was a beauty! That is what everybody said the first time they set eyes on the bride that the master brought home with him when he came back to the Hall after travelling about the world for three long years.

You see it had been altogether very sad for poor young Sir Reginald, the way in which he came into the title and property and all. He and Mr. Jasper were the only children of their parents, and Mr. Jasper had never been much at home, being in the navy from boyhood, though when he came into his share of the family money he quitted the service and took to a life of independent travel; and, as we used to hear, dabbled a good deal in chemistry and medicine and curious foreign lore which seemed almost unchristian-like to us simple folks at home.

Ah, dearie me! How little we knew what was coming! I daresay now you can remember those terrible outbreaks of cholera that visited the

country from time to time, sweeping away people by hundreds, but I have reason to remember them well.

It was a hot bright summer, the one I am speaking of now. We kept saying to each other that if the weather would hold up till Master Reginald's birthday, what a splendid day of it we should have! And it did hold up day after day and week after week, and the hay was got in beautiful, though the crops were rather light to be sure; and it was in hay-time that we first heard the whisper that the cholera was coming—had come—was in the midst of us.

Well they weren't our own people, but strange hands as had been took on for hay-time, and we said they had it upon them when they came. But the next day the gardener's wife was took with it and died in twenty-four hours, and after that it seemed to be everywhere. Then just a week before Master Reginald was to have come home (though they kept saying he must stay away if the sickness did not abate), the old master came in with a white, drawn face, and sank down in a chair in the hall with a groan I never had out of my ears for months.

As for young Sir Reginald, his heart seemed almost broken. You see his parents had been long childless before he was born, and they had given him something of the adoring love of grandparents as well as the discipline of father and mother. His love for them was very warm and true, and he almost worshipped his mother, so that the shock of the double death was terrible to him. He was quite alone to bear it, for his brother was absent at the other end of the world, and of near relatives besides he had none.

He smiled and shook his head. Sir Reginald was one of those young men who think they never will marry; and then all of a sudden the right woman comes their way, and it is all settled in a very quick time. So far as we knew he had never seemed to be struck by any of the young ladies he met from time to time. He had been all for sport and games and out-door amusements, and thought society a bore.

Then he wrote to me to say he was married. He had married in Ireland, the daughter of an impoverished Irish peer. He was going to bring his bride home, he told me, early in September; and they hoped the covers were in good condition, for they were going to fill the house with guests, and have shooting parties as long as the game lasted.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

A CHOICE OMELETTE.

Boil a dozen apples, as for sauce; stir in a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same of white sugar; when cold, add four eggs, well beaten; put it into a baking dish thickly strewn over with crumbs of bread, so as to stick to the bottom and sides; then put in the apple mixture; strew crumbs of bread over the top; when baked, turn it out and grate loaf sugar over it.

FIG PUDDING.

Three quarters of a pound of grated bread, half a pound of best figs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of moist sugar, a tencupful of milk, and a little nutmeg. The figs and suet must be chopped very fine. Mix the bread and suet first, then the figs, sugar, and nutmeg, one egg beaten well, and lastly the milk. Boil in a mould four hours. To be eaten with sweat sauce.

ELEGANT BREAD PUDDING.

Take light white bread, and cut it in thin slices. Put into a pudding shape a layer of any sort of preserve, then a slice of bread, and repeat until the pan is almost full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four beaten eggs have been mixed; place it in a hot oven; let it bake for twenty minutes, and serve with pudding sauce.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.

To make green tomato pickles, slice a peck of green tomatoes and a dozen large onions and pack them in a jar in alternate layers, with salt between. Let them stand 24 hours; then take out and drain off the brine. Add an ounce of mace, 1 of white ginger, 1 of celery seed, one-half ounce of cloves, one-half pound of white mustard seed, 2 tablespoonfuls of black pepper, 3 pounds of brown sugar and a quart of vinegar. Boil until tender.

BITS OF HUMOUR.

"A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men."

"AFTER THE BALL."

After the football is over— After the field is clear— Straighten my nose and shoulder: Help me to find my ear.

There is no man in the Moon, or the girls would have been there long ago.

CHANGED BY EXPLANATION.

Lord Rivulet was a candidate in a certain English election, and the charming partner of his joys and sorrows was doing her best to win his election. During her canvass she tackled a sturdy workman who was smoking a clay pipe and wearing a cloth cap.

"Won't you vote for Lord Rivulet?" "No, I won't vote for Lord Rivulet," was the brusque reply; "he's one of them chaps as don't get up till twelve o'clock, by which time I've done half a day's work; no, I'll not vote for that kind of man."

"Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you; I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early."

"How do you know that?" "Because I am his wife." Taking his pipe from his mouth and doffing the cap, the outspoken voter said: "Well, ma'am, if I was Lord Rivulet I don't think I should get up all day."

CHECKMATED.

"Now, sir, I hope we will not have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister in a loud commanding voice. "I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs. "How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the lawyer. "Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler. "Have you been drinking?" "Yes, sir." "So I should infer from your conduct. What have you been drinking?" "Coffee," vociferated the knight of the stables. "Something stronger than coffee, sir. Don't look at me like that; look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?" "Yes, sir." "What was it?" "Sugar." "This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse," stormed the counsel.

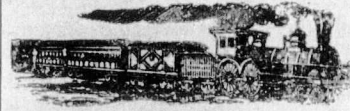
"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?" The witness collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out, "A spoon! A spoon, and nothin' else!"

MIKE AS A FIREMAN.

Mike O'Hagan had never been a success. He had been discharged from the service of a teaming company for allowing his cart to be smashed by a West End car, and from the service of the West End for bumping into a carriage. Finally, however, he landed in the Fire Department, and all his friends expected that he was settled for life. He was not, however, for in less than a month he was again looking for a job.

"How did it happen, Tim?" said Mike's friend Pat to Mike's brother Tim.

"O'll tell ye, me boy," replied the latter. "Shure, there came a fire, and Moike he wint with his cart. An' when he got there there was a man on the top ov a blazin' buildin' schramin' for help. 'What'll I do at all?' says he. 'Hould on,' says Moike, an' he 'rows him a rope. 'Tie it round yer neck,' says he. 'And what did Mike do then?' 'He pulled him down.'"



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