

A CHRISTMAS BUDGET.

THE MANOR HOUSE STAFF AND GRIM.

Among the things that were done in the Manor House staff and Grim... A spot of light from the shadow...

One Christmas-tide at the dead of night, When the moon was high and the snow lay on meadow and hill...

O Glee! O Glee! O faithless Glee! What are you doing there on the tiles? Your grandmother said...

That he will not refrain, Cautiously down the roof he crawls, And not without some stumbles and falls...

The hall is bright, With many a light; And noble lady and noble knight— As if from its frame...

The gentleman near Was a Cavalier, And he was kind by an Ironside severe. The beautiful blonde...

But what is that, there, Crowned down by a Christ? With chatting teeth and bristling hair?

THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY MARK LEMON. Christmas was coming. There were indications of its approach everywhere...

Where for, sir? 'Little Stanford.' 'What class—first, sir? 'Yes, first.'

And the new comers having spoken a few words to his servant, entered the station, and obtaining his ticket, went on to the platform...

'Where's your carriage? we'll travel together,' said Walter. 'I fancy not; I go second,' replied Reginald...

'No time now, sir; train five minutes late. Get in, please, sir; and so the consuls, for such the young men were, journeyed apart until they reached Little Stanford...

Walter was the brother of Mr. Mainwaring's brother, a thriving city merchant, who had ventured to visit Little Stanford...

Cousin Emily was waiting to give them welcome in the station, having driven from Stanford in her pony-carriage...

Emily Mainwaring was a capital girl to have rule in a country house. Without a particle of that detestable fastness which has so deteriorated the charms of English maidens...

The young men made a brief toilette and then joined their host in the dining-room. Emily had catered delightfully...

To know Emily Mainwaring was to love her, especially if the heart chanced not to be preoccupied. She was not strictly speaking beautiful...

Reginald and Walter were more in love with their cousin than any one else, and there was little doubt but the young men suspected each other of entertaining this pretension...

Christmas has been kept at Stanford Hall with all the honors. Mr. Mainwaring had been nourished on the milk of human kindness...

Two days only remained of the young men's pleasant holiday. It wanted half an hour to breakfast, when Reginald tapped at Walter's bedroom door...

'Indeed! What's the matter?' asked Walter. 'Well, replied his cousin, you know that I am rather a blunt speaker...

'Well, replied his cousin, you know that I am rather a blunt speaker, and like to go straight to the point...

'I wish it had been otherwise. You have the right of priority, having spoken first; and he held out his hand to his cousin, which the other took and pressed warmly...

'I did not make up my mind to come down until late last night. 'Well, I am glad to see you, boy. Come into the dining-room; there's a good fellow, and lunch will be ready in a few minutes.'

'Well, now, Regi, I must make a clean breast of it, and then we shall both be more at ease. I take it, I have been distressed—nay, I have been vexed with you for what you have done to do—and I think I deserved more consideration.'

'I have never said as much,' replied Reginald. 'No; but you've acted it. You cut your cousin Walter; you won't come to the Hall. You write regularly to me, it is true; but not as you used to do...

'I am not clever at making speeches, Emily, but what I am about to say comes from my heart—I am long—' 'Stay, Reginald—dear cousin,' said Emily, laying her hand upon his arm...

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room. He allowed these impressions to obtain the mastery of his better judgment, his better feelings, until he became restless and vindictive, and there was a proneness in his nature to be dogged and revengeful...

As Stanford Hall was barely distant two miles from the station, Reginald, having only a small time to spare, had been obliged to take a change in his thoughts and feelings since he travelled that road to the hall, seated beside her that he had loved with all the strength of his passionate nature...

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conservatory. The stabling and out-bleeds in the rear were models of neatness in their way, and the garden had lawns and noble trees upon which Addison may have looked from the terrace of Holland House...

But London dinners and London society require considerable tact to manage properly, and though the young Mainwarings had not an overwhelming acquaintance, they were called upon not unfrequently to entertain...

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ing near him suddenly looked round and exclaimed— 'Walter! Walter Mainwaring!' He was half-dazed, and failed to recognize the speaker—the more so, as he was bronzed and bearded...

'Not know me, Walter?' asked the man. 'Is Cousin Reginald quite forgotten?' 'Reginald! This is indeed an unexpected meeting!' replied Walter...

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