





JOHN A. SEAVERNNS

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2 N.S

HOLLYBUSH HALL.

THE FIRST "MEET" OF THE SEASON.





BY G. BOWERS.

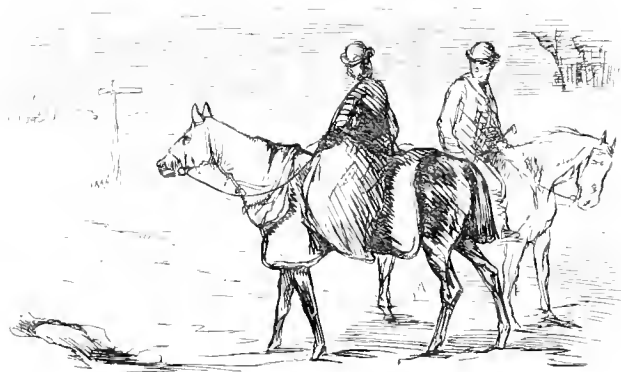
BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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HOLLYBUSH HALL;

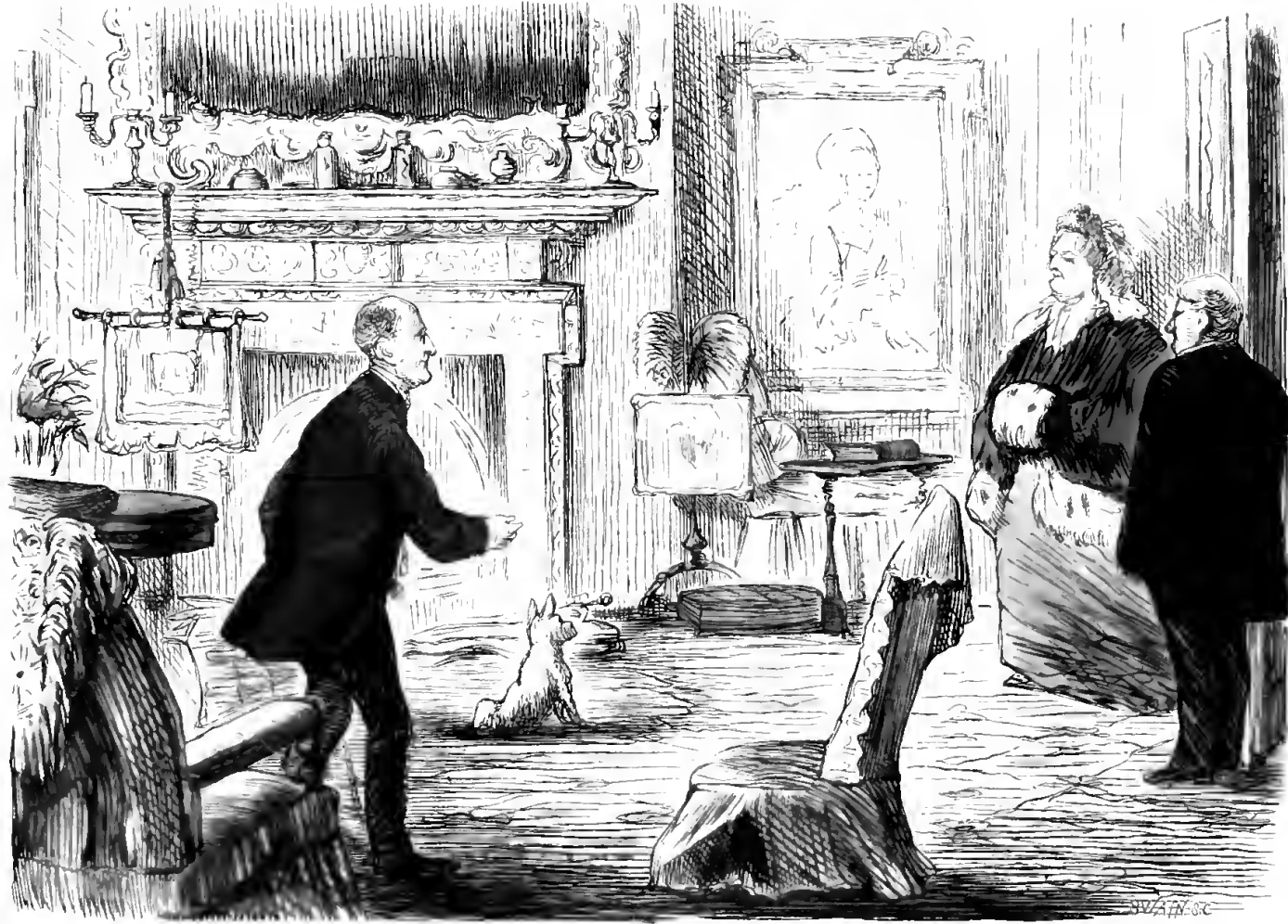
OR,

“OPEN HOUSE” IN AN “OPEN COUNTRY.”

ARRIVAL OF LADY MOPUS.



arrival of old Lady Mopus to spend Christmas with her brother, Sir Hector Hollybush, a hard-riding and hospitable old bachelor, who likes to have his house filled with friends in the Hunting Season.



ARRIVAL OF LADY MOPUS.

“ SOME OF THE COMPANY.”

MAJOR MYRTLE of Mossgrove, and his handsome wife, who hates hunting, and considers herself a martyr to her husband's sporting propensities.

The Reynardsons, of Foxhills, two daughters and Sir Robert and Lady Rose. The girls are tremendous across country, and always bring their own hunters when they come to Hollybush.

Nevill Hawke, the sporting-novel-writing-man, tall and fair, and always smoking cigarettes.

Charlie Cleve, a capital steeple-chase jockey, and nephew of Sir Hector's, on leave from some horrible quarters in the cotton districts.

Mr. Weather, the Squire of Croppington, a cheery, big man, riding over sixteen stone, and dear old Miss Dumbleton, who was at school with Lady Mopus, and always meets her here at Christmas.



MAJOR MYRTLE.
NEVILL HAWKE.

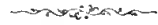
THE REYNARDSONS.
CHARLIE CLEVE.

MR. WEATHER.

SIR ROBERT AND LADY ROSE.
MISS DUMBLETON.

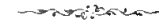
SOME OF THE COMPANY.

A PROMISING FILLY.



MAUD DAYRELL—a quiet and rather self-willed young lady, with a good fortune. Her only home is with her uncle and guardian, Sir Hector, who thoroughly spoils her, and whom she manages completely. She has a couple of hunters of her own, but occasionally takes a fancy to ride raw and half-broken creatures like this—as she expresses it, “to keep her hand in.”

HER ENGAGEMENTS.



SUPPOSED to be, to marry her cousin, Sir Ralph, Lady Mopus’s only son, now in India with his regiment ; but as Maud and he have not met for years, she declines definite arrangements on the subject, at present.



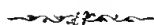
A PROMISING FILLY.



HER ENGAGEMENTS.

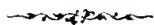
IV.

HER TRAINER.



A CHARMING and old-fashioned body, with antique notions of education and no idea of "accomplishments." Has known Maud all her life, and is quite one of the family.

STABLE COMPANIONS.

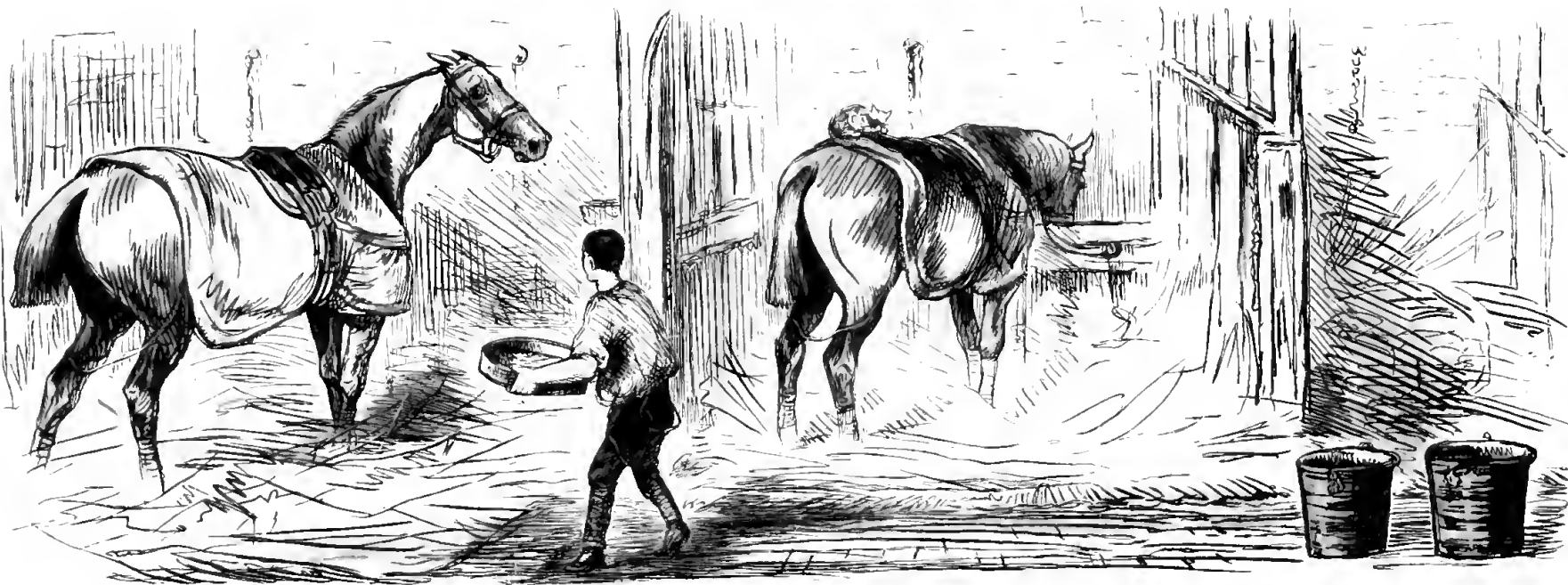


"TARTAR."

A BIG, bay, and by no means handsome animal, but immensely petted by his mistress, who took a fancy to him, and insisted on buying him for about three times his value.

"TERMAGANT."

A BLACK brown mare, with plenty of good breeding and irreproachable "manners" in the Hunting Field, and sweet temper at home.



HER TRAINER.

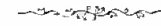
STABLE COMPANIONS.

LADY MOPUS'S "BÊTE-NOIRE,"



(Only "talked of" to her friend Miss Dumbleton.) Lest Maud, who is already a great flirt, should bestow her fortune and self on some one else, before dear Ralph returns.

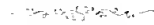
4 O'CLOCK—STABLES.



Sir Hector.—"What have you got for Mr. Hawke to ride to-morrow, Splinter?"

Mr. Splinter (the Stud Groom).—"Well, Sir Hector, I'll wait a day or two, till I see what sort 'o' *hands*' the gentleman has, before I put him on any o' *my* horses. I've ordered the grey mare from Croppington for him to-morrow."

5 O'CLOCK—TEA.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

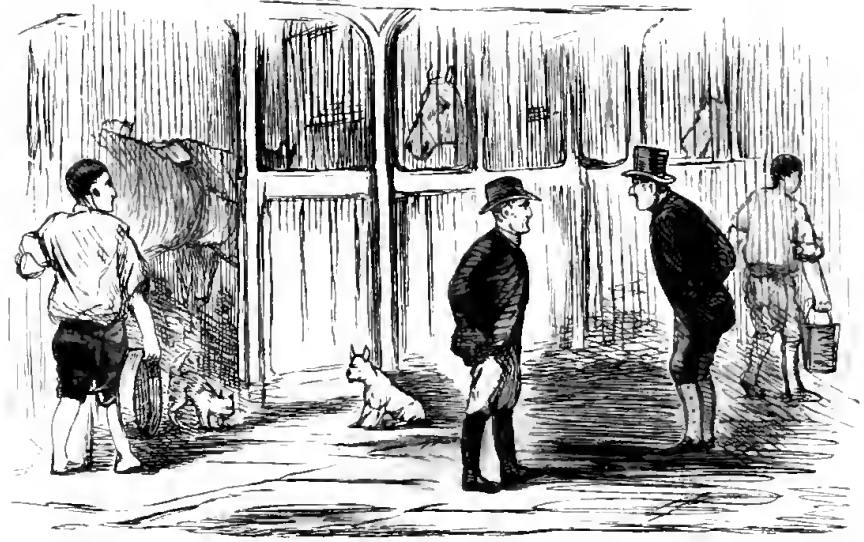
IT comes as a matter of course, and no one cares much about it.

IN THE BOUDOIR.

LADY ROSE REYNARDSON has it in her own room. She has been a beauty, and now considers herself an invalid.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

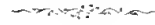
IT is always great fun; and Charlie Cleve often superintends and frequently spoils it.



5 O'CLOCK TEA.

A HUNT BREAKFAST AT HOLLYBUSH.

(MEET OF THE "FLINTSTONE FOXHOUNDS.")



RATHER a penance for Mr. Hockington, "the master," who is not a "society" man, and hates this sort of thing. He tilts a chair up and down on its hind legs, and listens as patiently as he can to Sir Robert Reynardson's account of a famous run with the Flintstone, when *he* was master, twenty years ago.

Sir Hector is welcoming Mrs. Doggins of Draggerham, who has just arrived with her well "got-up," but rather stupid-looking husband. (Mrs. D. is the great lady-rider of the Flintstone, hunting five days a week, to the discomfort of her household, and, one would fancy, utter neglect of her family.)

Lady Mopus is doing the honours among the other lady visitors.

Mr. Weather and the guests stopping in the house, have all breakfasted early and are gossiping with the fresh arrivals, while the Rev. Horace Hoodwink does ample justice to the cutlets at the corner-table, his appetite, no doubt, sharpened by the canter from Cassock Bridge, nine miles off, on his clever cob.



A HUNT BREAKFAST AT HOLLYBUSH.

THE FIRST "MEET" OF THE SEASON.

TOM TOPPER the Huntsman, capially mounted, comes first. He is rather young-looking for his place, but quiet and steady, and well up to his work. His three whips are behind—light-weights, and equally well horsed.

Sir Robert Reynardson is here, in his velvet cap as usual. A sportsman of the old school, and unmercifully critical of the way things are managed in the present degenerate days.

Next to him is Mr. Hockington the master, who is welcoming Mrs. Doggins of Draggerham, just arrived, and making himself pleasant to every one—as if it were quite a delightful position to be an "M.F.H." and see your best hounds ridden over three times out of five days a week, by your admiring "field."

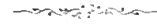
Cheery Sir Hector, on "Harkaway," looks as fresh, and in as hard condition, as the stout old horse who has carried him for the last five seasons.

Mr. Doggins sits languidly on "Lancer," listening to the last bit of gossip that chattering Lord Curragh has to tell; and Major Myrtle in the background is lighting his fourth cigarette since breakfast—utterly forgetful of the parting "snap" from his wife half an hour ago, about the selfishness of hunting men, &c.

There is Dick Braggett, half gentleman, half horse-dealer, in a long dark coat and velvet cap, and two of his boys on young ones, "riding to sell." His head man, on a heavy brute, is discussing the merits of the animal with quiet Tom Seton, the "Vet," a shy little man, who says nothing, but sees everything, and is invariably close to the Hounds.

Numbers of farmers—ancient and modern—a few trainers, and one or two steeple-chase jockeys on fidgety thoroughbreds, come to look at the Hounds. Now and then Miss Sayleaway, the riding mistress, takes a holiday, and appears on an irritable park hack, and lately a sunburnt-faced man has come out on a chesnut with four (rather shaky) white legs, having the ominous label "*Kicks*" fastened on the back of his coat.

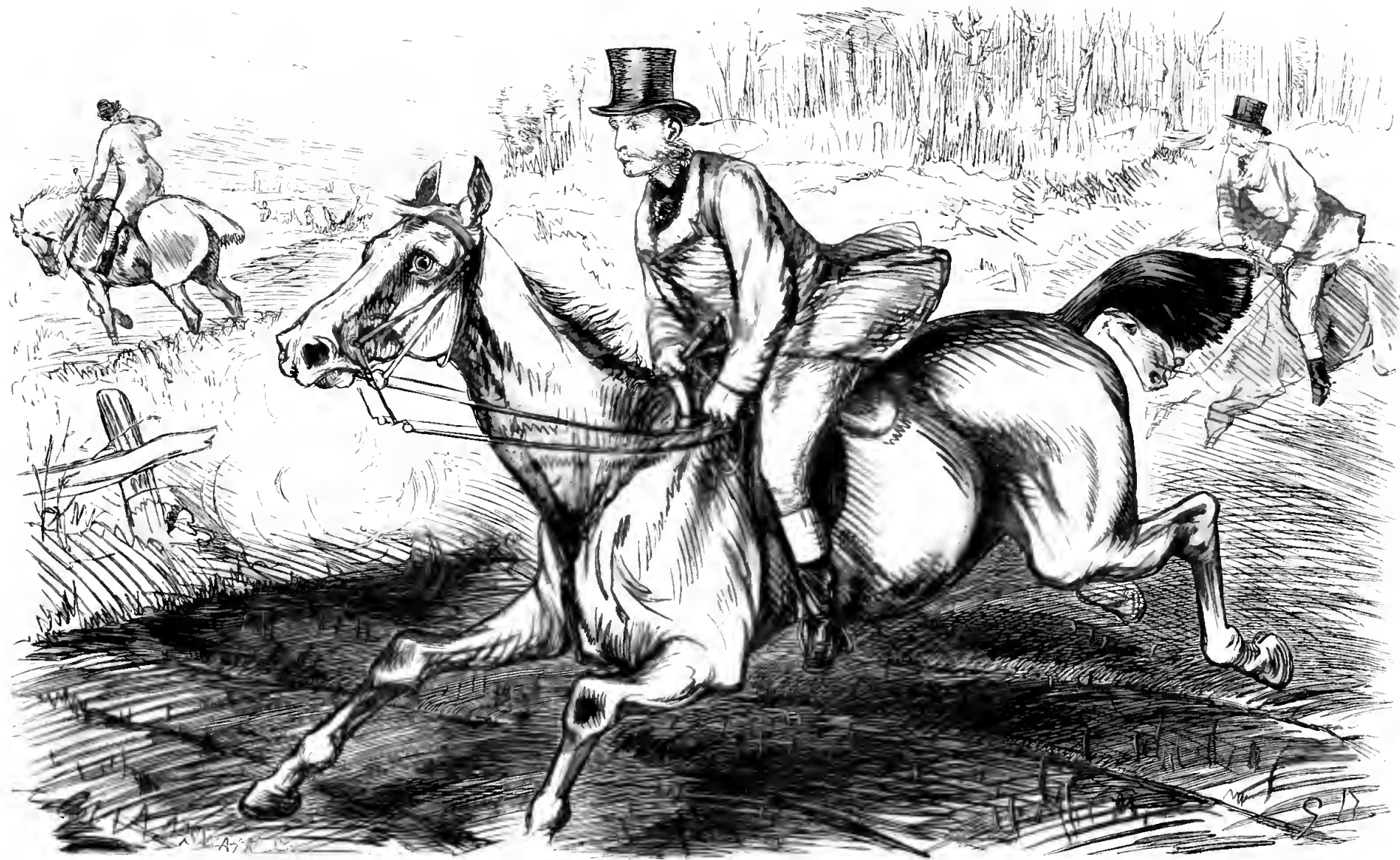
“ TALLY-HO!”



“ **N**OTHING like getting a good start,” says keen Lord Curragh, throwing away his cigarette. So thinks Mr. Weather of Croppington, who has viewed the fox as he left the gorse.

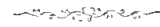
Sir Hector has got out of the wood by a bridle-gate, followed by his niece on the “ Tartar,” very fresh.

Charlie Cleve is forward on “ Phantom,” and Nevill Hawke behind, having, as usual, something wrong with his stirrup-leathers.



"JALLY - HO!"

“ WARE HEELS ! ”



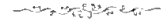
THE Hounds get clear of the crowd, and well away, and the scent seems very good, over a nice grass country, (quite a treat for the Flintstone).

Maud is enjoying the soft going down a sloping bit of fallow, when she is suddenly passed by the white-legged chesnut, pulling hard, who swerves in his stride, and lashes out at the “ Tartar,” whom he misses, but catches Maud rather sharply on the stirrup-foot.



"WARE HEELS!"

“GONE TO GROUND!”

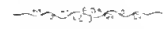


THE pace has been so good that the heavy-weights get the worst of it, and very few see the end. Even Maud is not sorry to pull up, having been “hard hit ;” but as the unknown kicker apologises prettily, she forgives him, and does not admit she is hurt.



"GONE TO GROUND!"

IN MAUD'S ROOM.



THE Reynardson girls come in at tea-time, and tell all about the next day's hunting ; for Maud can't get a boot on, and is obliged to stay at home.

“No, I am not very bad ; but I do think that man might have asked some of you how I was to-day !”

IN THE SADDLE-ROOM.



“WHAT sort o' chap did you say that was as kicked your Missis, Jack ?”

“Oh, one o' those steeple-chasin' gents. This one has some 'osses in trainin' at Croppington, I heard tell.”



IN MAUD'S ROOM.



IN THE SADDLE ROOM.

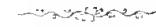
SIR RUFUS ROYSTON!



A RICH widower in the neighbourhood, and friend of Sir Ralph Mopus's, comes to dine and sleep.

Though not much of a hunting-man, Sir Rufus is a great favourite of Sir Hector's and Maud's, whom he teases unmercifully about her "intended future," as he persists in calling her absent cousin.

"TÊTE-À-TÊTE!"



EVERYBODY is out when he arrives; so Sir Rufus and Maud discuss her accident. "Horrible bore for me, isn't it? Just in the best of the Hunting Season, too. Do you know anything of that kicking-horse-man, Sir Rufus?"

Sir R.—"Know him? well, yes—a little; got some horses in training near my place, you know."

Maud.—"Well, but *who* is he? What is he? How stupid you are to-day! What is his name, Sir Rufus?"

Sir R.—"His name—well, he calls himself Mr. Harborough."

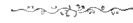


SIR RUFUS ROYSTON!



TÊTE-À-TÊTE!

“EVENINGS” AT HOLLYBUSH.



SIR RUFUS and Maud have a long talk over mutual friends, and the Reynardson girls, as usual, make a great noise with Charlie Cleve over the tea-table.

Lady Rose sits in a corner, fanning herself, and wondering if it be true Sir Rufus Royston has £10,000 a year? (She knows Captain Cleve has not a shilling.)

Nevill Hawke is buried in the “Times.”

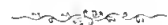
Sir Robert Reynardson and Mr. Weather, are arguing over Turf Reforms; which has such a composing effect on Miss Dumbleton, that she has been nodding over her knitting for the last half-hour, and now creeps off to bed unobserved.

Sir Hector is getting almost cross over cards with his sister, for Lady Mopus has no idea her niece and Sir Rufus are old acquaintances, and wholly disapproves of the *tête-à-tête* in the corner.



"EVENINGS" AT HOLLYBUSH.

IN THE BOUDOIR AT NIGHT.



THE Reynardson girls and Mrs. Myrtle have a snug chat over the fire in their dressing-gowns.

Rose and Kitty think Maud dreadfully spoilt by her uncle, "Don't you, Mrs. Myrtle? and what a fuss Sir Rufus makes with her! Only sixteen they say—looks much older, and very badly dressed—Lady Mopus wants to marry her to her son, they say. What fun it would be if she slipped off with Sir Rufus first, eh?"

And so on, discussing their friends, as amiable women do. over tea and hair-brushing, at midnight.

IN THE LIBRARY NEXT MORNING.



LADY MOPUS can't imagine why Sir Hector has invited Sir Rufus Royston, who is neither "hunting nor shooting," and thinks it very bad for Maud to be made so much of, and a great pity she is not kept in the schoolroom for another year, &c.

(Sir Hector never argues with his sister. He finds it a better plan to allow her to talk herself tired.)

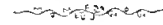


IN THE BOUDOIR AT NIGHT.



IN THE LIBRARY NEXT MORNING.

“ICE-BOUND!”



A HARD frost sets in. What is to be done? Somebody suggests theatricals; and Kate Reynardson talks over Sir Hector on the subject.

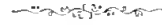
And undertakes to teach Captain Cleve his part. But finds it impossible to make him recollect the lover's speeches in it!

Maud rehearses as a “Pretty Page” to Sir Rufus (an irresistibly wicked marquis), which Lady Mopus considers a very improper proceeding.



"ICE-BOUND!"

A CRITICAL MOMENT.



EVERY one is supposed to be ready.

Mrs. Myrtle has been dressed a long time, and looks lovely with her long curls and lace sleeves. She is admiring herself in the glass, while her maid puts a finishing touch to the end of her train.

Nevill Hawke sits on the table, quietly watching the proceedings. Nobody else takes it so easily.

Mr. Weather is intended to be dressed as a Commonwealth Soldier, and has attempted to wear a pair of Charlie Cleve's long boots; but they are so dreadfully tight, and make him so hot, that he disregards appearances, and buttons on a comfortable pair of shooting leggings of his own.

Captain Cleve is in fifty fevers at the glass, trying to stick up the end of a long moustache, which *will* droop on one side.

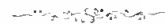
Kate Reynardson has spent so much time trying to teach Charlie his part, that she is not half up in her own, and is now poring over it at the last moment, looking very pretty as a Puritan servant.

Rose is nearly frantic in a corner, acting a distracting scene to the Indian cabinet.

Lord Curragh and Maud are occupied with his Lordship's wig, which he distinctly refuses to wear, unless fastened securely to his hat.

Major Myrtle and Miss Dumbleton are making themselves generally useful, and arranging the table which is to be carried on to the stage presently for the scene with the "Wicked Marquis,"—"but where is he? Where is the Hero, Sir Rufus?"

A BREAK-DOWN.



SIR RUFUS has been carefully dressed as a cavalier, and while waiting to be called, falls asleep over his part, and burns his wig with the ashes of his cigarette. Although there is more smoke than fire, the audience and actors are alarmed, and the piece comes to an untimely end.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.



A BREAK-DOWN.

MID-WINTER.



A LARGE party come to Hollybush, for skating on the river.

Maud detests the ice, but is persuaded by Major Myrtle to try one turn in his wife's skates.

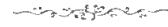
Charlie Cleve and Kate Reynardson, cut all sorts of figures hand-in-hand, and Nevill Hawke comes down from town, for the day, in a frightfully unbecoming seal-skin cap.

Mrs. Doggins of Draggerham drives her ponies over in a sleigh, and sits for an age listening, patiently, to dear old Sir Hector's prosing, rather than interfere with what she fancies a promising flirtation between her sister and Lord Curragh, who stands behind her carriage.



MID-WINTER.

DOWAGERS IN DIFFICULTIES.



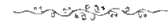
LADY MOPUS begins to hate that great heavy Sir Rufus, who is always hanging about, with nothing to do.

LADY ROSE rather likes him, but wishes her daughter Kate would not encourage that silly Captain Cleve, who has not a shilling.



DOWAGERS IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE "FLINTSTONE HUNT" STEEPLE-CHASES.



A GREAT event in the neighbourhood—and specially exciting to the Hollybush Stable—for the "Old Squire" as Sir Hector is called, generally runs a young one—and this year Maud Dayrell has persuaded her uncle to enter her pet "Tartar" in the "Hunters' Steeple-chase."

One or two strange names appear on the card—and that looks a well-bred animal making for the saddling paddock, ridden by an exceedingly small boy, who passes with extreme contempt, a not half so well got up bigger lad on the bay horse beside him.

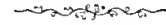
There is a rickety-looking "Grand Stand," nearly empty at present, and luckily there is no wet and little wind, so that its weather-proof powers are not questioned. The weighing-room is behind, consisting of a few planks above, and some very wet straw below—and the starter, a dictatorial old person in a long coat, has borrowed a shaggy pony—and sits, "biding his time" in the mud.

Mrs. Doggins has come, with her waggonette full of men—she hates the trouble of entertaining ladies at Draggerham, and looks a little cross to-day. Perhaps it is because her postilion, hired from Croppington, is not so well dressed as the Hollybush man, just arrived with Sir Hector's party in the Break. Lady Mopus disapproves of Steeple-chasing, and stops at home; but all the other guests have come. Maud has ridden over with her uncle on a wonderful animal, with shaky forelegs and ragged hips, known as "the old mare." Sir Hector is one of the stewards, and now comes for Captain Cleve (who has been taken great care of on the box, being faultlessly "got up" under a great overcoat) to ride a three year old in the Trial Stakes, for which he is wanted to weigh in immediately.



THE "FLINTSTONE HUNT" STEEPLECHASES.

IN THE STAND.



Sir Rufus.—"Here's a 'correct card,' Maud, and Harborough's safe to win."

Maud.—"Not if my 'Tartar' is in a temper for running, Sir Rufus."

OWNER.	HORSE.	RIDER.
Major Ramrod's	"Rusty" (<i>blue and white sleeves</i>)	OWNER.
Mr. Doggins'	"Duffer," by "The Muff" (<i>green</i>)	MR. FOX.
Mr. Harborough's	"Harold" (<i>buff and scarlet belt</i>)	OWNER.
Mr. Bristle's	"Cynic," by "Sarcasm" (<i>all blue</i>)	OWNER.
Sir H. Hollybush's	"Tartar". (<i>mauve</i>)	CAPT. CLEVE.
Lord Hockington's	"Hopeless". (<i>pink and white cap</i>)	MR. SNAFFLES.

IN THE PADDOCK.



EVERY one is anxious to see the well-known steeplechaser "Cynic" and his very professional-looking owner Mr. Bristles, who stands by with a warm coat over his racing costume, to see the horse saddled.

All the others have a decidedly provincial appearance, with exception of "Harold"—a dark black-brown horse with very racing-like head and neck—who stands quietly looking about him evidently used to the kind of thing.

His rider is a grave slightly-made man with a sunburnt face, and sharp grey eyes—which twinkle with amusement at something Sir Rufus, who stands by, is saying to him.



IN THE STAND.

IN THE Paddock.

THE HUNTERS' OPEN STEEPLE-CHASE (*GENTLEMEN RIDERS*).



THE START

Is considerably delayed — owing to “Tartar’s temper” at the post. He evidently disapproves of the whole affair, and directly the other horses range near him, he breaks away on his own account, and has, of course, to be brought back.

The Starter, however, shows admirable patience, and manages to get them all off very fairly at last.

THE REFUSER.

MAJOR RAMROD on “Rusty” as he appeared at the first fence — long after the others had returned to scale.

THE FINISH

Is sensational — for “Tartar” swerves at the last fence before the run-in, and cannons against “Harold” — who recovers his ground gamely, winning the race from “Cynic” by the shortest of heads.

THE WATER-JUMP

Is a great success for “Cynic” and “Tartar” — “Harold” tops the hurdles before it splendidly — “Hopeless” comes to grief at the curve — and the “Duffer” is in trouble far behind, and out of the race.

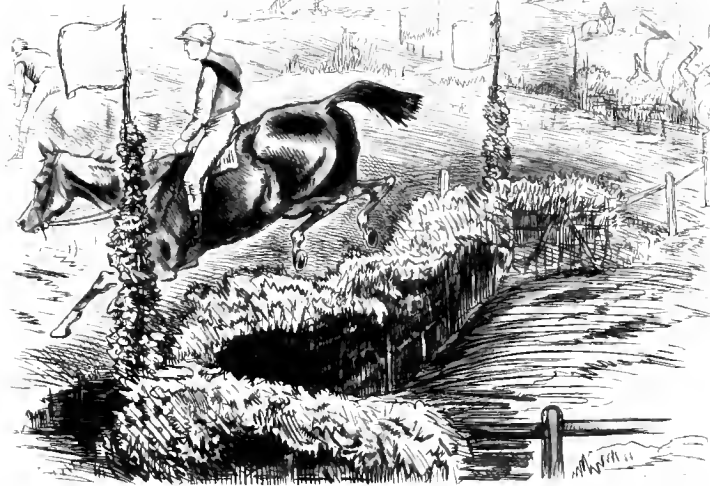
MR. HARBOROUGH!

MR. HARBOROUGH — the rider of the winner, is presented by Sir Rufus to the ladies.

THE HUNTERS' OPEN STEEPLE-CHASE. (Gentlemen Riders.)



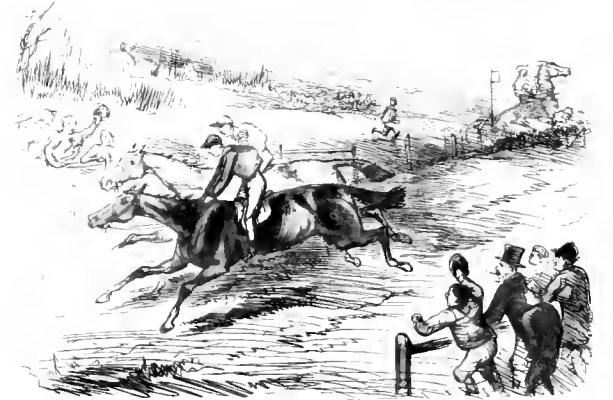
THE START.



THE REFUSER.



THE WATER JUMP



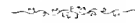
THE FINISH



"MP HARBOROUGH"

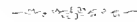
A MATCH.

(BETWEEN CAPT. CLEVE'S "CAVENDISH," AND MR. BRAND'S "BIRD'S-EYE.")



RESULTING in a terrible smash for Captain Charlie at the last fence, while winning easily.

CAPTAIN CLEVE'S COLLAR-BONE.

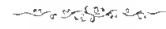


PROCURES him extension of leave, and other privileges of an invalid.



A MATCH.

THE RUN OF THE SEASON.



COME TO GRIEF.

THE pace is tremendous all through—and considerably reduces the field after the first 40 minutes—Maud, however, sticks to them well, on “Termagant,” and only comes to grief at last from an invisible wire fence—breaking a stirrup-leather, but no bones—Mr. Harborough comes to the rescue, and shows a great deal of sympathy over the “smash.”

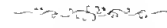
“OLD GRIFFIN.”

THEY soon overtake old Griffin the farmer, who seems pounded in the plough, and declaring the hounds have been whipped off, suggests his place on the hill, where will be gruel for the horses &c., and——



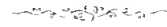
THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

“AND TEA FOR THE LADY!”

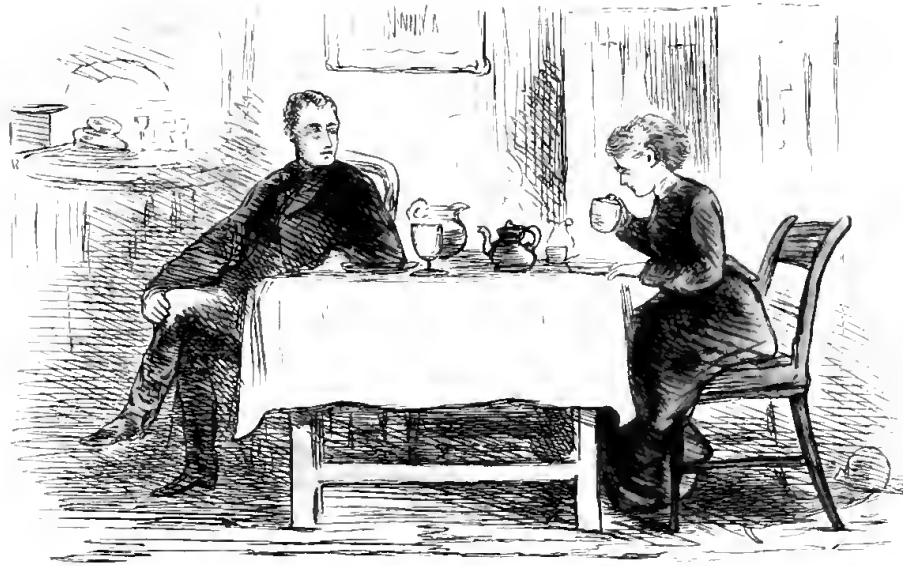


AT which Mr. Harborough thinks it necessary to assist. The result is, a long and very delightful *tête-à-tête* over the good cheer provided at Old Griffin's.

“ON H. M. S.!”



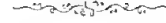
MRS. GRIFFIN suggests Jim and the mail cart as Maud's escort home, and as Jim is an old friend of everybody's for miles round, there is nothing to be said against so correct an arrangement.



"AND TEA FOR THE LADY."

"ON H. M. S."

A *VERY* "BLANK DAY."



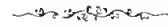
THEIR own meets being wide this week, Maud and her uncle have a day with the Drydale Hounds.

They do nothing all day, and there are not many ladies out ; but Mr. Harborough is there, with Miss Sayleaway, the riding mistress, mounted on "Harold," who carries her to perfection.



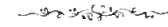
A VERY BLANK DAY.

FIRST, OR NOWHERE !



AN ugly wide ditch ; but Maud is riding “jealous” to-day, and declines Mr. Harborough’s “lead.”

A HARD FROST.



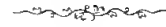
DURING which Maud discovers that she shall miss Mr. Harborough dreadfully, but determines to have no more to say to him.



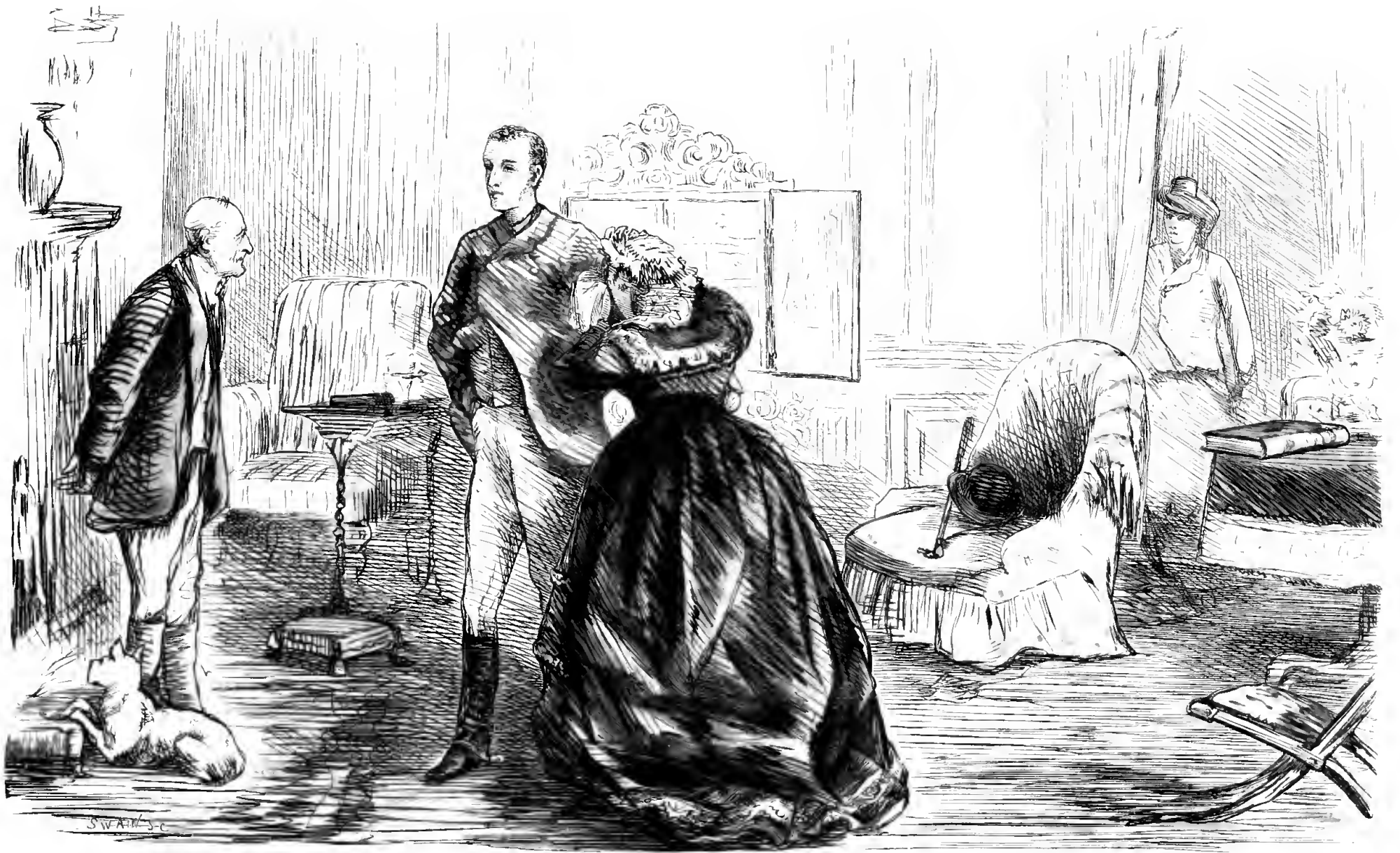
FIRST, OR NOWHERE.

A HARD FROST.

A SUDDEN THAW.

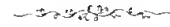


WHICH puts every one in good temper, except Maud, who wanders about the gardens; dawdles into the library about tea time—when, to her blank astonishment, she sees Mr. Harborough with his arm round her aunt's waist—who is crying and calling him “her dear boy” while he talks to Sir Hector, who stands with his back to the fire, looking a good deal puzzled and a little amused.



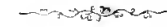
A Sudden Thaw.

CLEARING UP!



BECOMES communicative, and tells how when he heard (through Sir Rufus) that he had little or no chance with Maud as Sir Ralph, he determined to try and make her like him better with another name——so, gave up soldiering, and came home, without consulting his mother, sacrificed his beard, and settled at Croppington, seeing no one but Sir Rufus—and now, only Maud can tell, how he will prosper as plain “Mr. Harborough” ?

A MATTER OF OPINION!



“WHICH am I to consider the greatest humbug, Sir Ralph, or Sir Rufus ?”



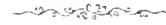
CLEARING UP!



A MATTER OF OPINION!

A POSER.

"AND HOW ABOUT MISS SAYLEAWAY?"



"WELL, if you were very unforgiving at his beating your 'Tartar,' I intended to give you 'Harold' as hunter or hack ; but before assuring myself he would carry you well, I put Miss Sayleaway up to see !"

NEXT YEAR!

LADY MOPUS has given up hating Sir Rufus, who is as much at Hollybush as ever, resisting all attempts of managing mothers to capture him for their daughters.

Charlie Cleve has ridden a winner in the Grand Military, and forgotten all about Kate Reynardson, who has consoled herself with a hard-riding curate.

Sir Hector is perfectly happy, for his pet niece still makes Hollybush her head-quarters, and Sir Ralph is allowed still his favourite mount 'Harold,' and his pet name is "Mr. Harborough."





A POSER!

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