## MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 14, 1886.

## A CASE OF NECESSITY.

## BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

"We are going to the Fitz James's for dinner," said my uncle's wife, sailing into my room in full toilette one summer afternoon. "And I have told Nora that she need not set the dinnertable to-night, of course. It would be absurd, with the family all absent ; but you can have something sent up here if you like."

"Not being one of the family ," I replied, satirically. "Very well, Mrs. Rand, I have no objection."

he?"

after supper."

"Oh, if you wish to take offense at a perfectly harmless remark, you are quite welcome to do it ! I shall tell Nora to send you something to eat, nevertheless."

"On the contrary, tell her not to trouble about me at all. I shall probably go out myself."

"To see Miss Prissy Parkinsonagain? Your devotion to her-or is it to the old bachelor, John ?-grows rather amusing, I must say. Please yourself, however, by all means."

With an airy little laugh, which she had cultivated as something peculiarly fine and high-bred, my uncle's wife gathered her silken skirts together, and rustled down stairs to join her daughters, Linda and Jessica. I watched the three, as they squeezed their hoops and flounces into the carriage at the gate; then I quietly folded up my sewing, dressed myself in my black silk gown, and my lilac bonnet ( I was in halfmourning for my father), and set forth to make a call upon my friend Miss Priscilla Parkinson.

I had not intended to do so, but Mrs. Rand's sneering suggestion put it into my head. The Parkinsons were no admirers of hers. Miss Prissy, who was not of an amiable disposition herself, resented her airs and graces, and told spiteful stories of an humble origin

maids whose kingdom is a sick-room ; | remember a paragraph I showed you in she was vigorously well herself, and the Herald? Well, I'm afraid there's had little sympathy with any kind of no doubt about it. Shall I tell her ?" suffering or helplessness. Mr. Parkinson grew a shade paler, "I think it's a whim," she added. but he gave a nod of assent. "He's been a strong, hearty man all his " I'm sorry to tell you, Miss Prissy, life, and there's no sense in his having that your brother has the small-pox,' a spell now. I told him to take a dose the doctor began. "There's no occaof salts and stop grumbling; but Susan | sion for alarm at present, but-" told me a while ago that he'd sent She did not wait for him to finish.

Jimmy Doolan for the doctor.' At the fatal word she gave a shriek of "Then it must be something more dismay, then clapped her hand to her than a whim, Miss Prissy. Your brother mouth, as if the mere name had let in isn't apt to be fussy about himself, is infection, and rushed wildly out of sight. A moment afterwards we heard

"Men are always fussy about them- her jerking the bell-rope furiously in selves," she returned. "John has been her own room, and then a hurry of as fidgety as a horse in fly-time for two | confused sounds,-the opening and or three days. I s'pose I'll have to shutting of bureau drawers, the draggo up and see how he's getting along ging of trunks, and the tramp of quick

feet,-gave evidence of preparations for She did not hurry herself over the immediate flight. The doctor listened meal, and I have to confess that I to these sounds, drawing his breath listened with small concern to her fur- with a long whistle.

ther remarks about his indisposition. "Is she going to run away, John ? It occurred to me that she might have It can't be possible !"

had a little more sisterly feeling. But "Looks like it, doctor. And she after all it was not my affair. warned me beforehand that she wouldn't When we had finished the straw- stay if it was 'anything catching.' " berries and emptied the cream pitcher

"But good heavens ! what will you between us, Miss Prissy poured out a do then ? You'll need a nurse, and cup of tea, laid a dry cracker on the if the mistress clears out, the servants edge of the saucer, and remarked that will follow suit, most likely. Have "she guessed she'd take it up to John." you got a maid or a man that you can "You can come along if you like," | depend upon ?"

she added. "He's lying down in the "Neither, doctor, Poor little Jimmy library, and I s'pose you'll be wanting Doolan is the only creature that isn't a book before you go." likely to run away in this emergency. I did want a book, so I followed her He's faithful as a dog to his master, up-stairs to the large cheerful room { and besides he's had it already. His

where I had spent so many pleasant face is like a honey-comb, you know, so hours, and where I had so often seen there's no danger for him." Mr. Patkinson writing at the great "I know, but Jimmy Doolan's no

desk in the alcove, or buried in some account in a case of this sort. What profound philosophical treatise. It the devil can he do ?' exclaimed the seemed strange to see him lying on a doctor, angrily.

sofa now in dressing-gown and slippers, "Don't get excited,' returned the and the wan smile with which he greet invalid, with a pathetic attempt at

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that did not entitle her to them. "The old bachelor, John," had known my father before the long illness began which left his affairs in the hands of his half-brother, my Uncle Max; and it was his opinion that the grudging protection given to his orphan daughter, was but a paltry and partial restitution of her own just rights.

I new nothing about it, for my part. When my father died, I was a girl of her. seventeen, and as ignorant of his affairs as a child of seven. When I was brought from boarding-school to see him die, and my Uncie Max promised with much effusion that his home should be mine, and I should be a daughter to him. He kept this promise by going to Europe a week after the funeral, and leaving me to the tender mercies

of his wife and daughters, through whom I learned that my father had died bankrupt, and that I was a pauper dependent on their bounty. Whether this was true or false, I had no means of ascertaining; but there was no doubt of the fact that I was a very unwelcome addition to the family, and would have been promptly gotten rid of if Uncle Max had not exerted his

authority to the contrary. He held the reins of government, all across the Atlantic, and Mrs. Rand did not venture to slights and impertinences, which I re. too."

sented hotly at first, and grew callous to after a couple of years' usage. I had could not help, and gave contemptuous Miss Prissy talks." indifference in return for neglect and sneers.

went, where I was always welcome, to in it. my friends the Parkinsons.

There were two of them, Miss Priscilla and her brother John. The one a meet the doctor. bachelor, a student, a man of leisure

excitedly, as he approached her. "I've

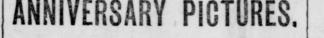
"Outrageous !" she repeated. "I

To be continued.





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ing and sometimes exasperating. I was not fond of her, or she of me; there was no tenderness in Miss Prissy; but we got on very well together, because she liked to talk, and it amused me to listen to her snappy conversation. I got on very well with her brother, too, for the opposite reason. He had always a kind smile and a pleasant greeting for me, but he did not bother ing." me with any unnecessary attentions.

I was made to feel that his library-a big delightful room full of books, and cosy corners in which to read themwas always free to me whether he was there or not. It was the chief enjoy- to the invalid's ears, and a faint flush but I paid as little heed to their owner

as he did to me. He was quite too stout and elderly and sedate to make any impression upon the imagination of a girl of nineteen. And Mrs. Rand's innuendoes only made me laugh contemptuously. Everybody knew that Mr. Parkinson was not "a marrying ily. I was so angry with Miss Prissy man;" and if he had been, what was it to me? My dream of love and romance held a hero of a different type from this middle-aged bachelor, whose presence or absence concerned me so little that I did not even miss him when we sat

down to the tea table. It was not dinner, for Miss Prissy did not ape New York fashion as Mrs. Rand did; but I liked it all the better. The Parkinson teas were always ap- [ petizing, and on this warm June day the cold chicken and strawberries and cream were exactly to my taste. I had been helped to a second plateful before it occurred fo me that Mr. Parkinson's seat was empty, and that it would be

polite to ask for him. Miss Prissy gave her shoulders a lit. tle jerk when I inquired if he was away -from home.

"No," she said, "but I wish he was. If there's anything that I can't abile it's a man grunting and thinking he's going to be sick. John has been moping for a couple of days back, and he wouldn't come down to his dinner today."

"What does he complain of?"

ulri

valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way en at once, than anything else Black Velveteens. Also a fine twilled short notice, Mackerel, Pork, and Herring Barrels, Black Velveteens of the trade a Ripley ? You've got to tell me, you of making more money at once, than anything else Black Velveteen called "Perfection" direct from Lime casks and Dry Barrels of all kinds. tral part of the business community, namely "Oh, I don't know," was the short know," she added, savagely. in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time, Capital not required. We will start you, Imner Main and Wesley Streets, they will be found to be far more suitable, comfortable and convenient. AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND TONIC. The doctor turned to his patient. Capital not required. We will start you. Im- ones in proportion." Should a horse and sleigh be required it will be answer. furnished without additional expense. Rooms se Miss Prissy was not one of the old "I suppose you can guess, John ? You mense pay sure for those who start at once. JOHN FLETT. cured either by letter or telegran Opposite Golden Ball. LOGGIE & CO Required 10,000 Sucker Barrel Hoops. HENRY G. MARR. Main Street, Moncton Approved by the Faculty of Municipal Analyi sts, Bordeaux,