# **POOR COPY**

## MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

### Annt Jemima's Advice. BY GRACE THORNTON.

"No, my dear," said Aunt Jemima, of goods. an old lady, whose logic was far supe-rior to her Syntax ; " don't you never ask no advice of nobody, but just find out your own opinion and what it's founded on. If it ain't got no foundasure it's a good one, and then just stick get just what we want in this world, to it. Don't let nobedy do your thinking for you. We've got to give in our own accounts when the last reckoning comes, and straight or crooked, right or wrong, we have to meet the judgment. Nobody can shirk or shift that. and the sooner we learn to be responsible-to kind of depend on ourselves, and sort of bear our own weight-the better for us here and hereafter."

"Oh, Aunt Jemima, how solemn tired you.' your tone is, and how you shake your head at me, when all I asked was your advice about the picnic to-morrow ! Frank Abbott asked me to go with him, the silk into a parcel, with his admiring and just by the same post comes a note from Kate Hunter-I do like Kate; in sight. she's so pleasant-and she begs me to go with her and her brother Harry."

"Jest so-jest so !" exclaimed the old lady. "That's jest what I'm talking about. You've got what I call a double invite, and you come to me to up with. Now, see here, Gussie Stafford. You're a mighty nice girl, and I with two daughters-and their invites love you most as well as if you was my were sent out for a great party, so that senses of your own; you ve got your eyes, ears and jedgment. Go to work aud use all three. That's what they But the work of the sense o was give to you for. First, try your and found she needed some trifle from Abbott is one of the handsomest young men going, and if you listen to him windows about damaged silks just re- tered 'round him. say? Take care, Gussie; don't be de-ceived. Beauty's only skin deep, and Satan himself's a smooth chap as far as self—arrived, in a flow of tears.

Frank's idleness with Harry Hunter's spent his father's money, while Harry has already made a nice home for his mother and sister. Besides, Frank's nothing but a flirt, and if Harry Hunter

"Thank you, Aunt Jemima," cried Gussie, laughing heartily ; " thank you, I will be sure to pay attention to what you have said. I knew you could set me right, and I rely on your judgment. "There !" exclaimed the old lady,

looking she might be, kept shrugging Stanleys have heard Mary Dare's story her shoulders at everything, and mak- about its being a damaged thirty-cents-a ing you nearly smother yourself in piles yard thing. Sue Foxly, the dressmaker, told them. She was there sew-

"As for me, I couldn't stand it no ing, and she's a shameless gossip." "So much the better," says Fanny's longer. I pitied the young man, and I says to Fanny, quite decided, says 1: mother. 'Nobody credits a story-tell-" 'Fanny, take that dress, even if it er.'

"" 'Oh, yes, they do !' cries Fanny. 'Sue get's half her custom for the ain't just your exact idea. None of us and if we find what is serviceable and amount of gossip she carries." "Why, Aunt Jemima !" exclaimed

looks well we ought to be thankful. I Gussie, "that seems just like Patsy advise you to take it,' says I. "She looked sort of undesided for a Hare. We all know she carries tales, minute, and then, breaking out into but it is so amusing to listen to her, that we all get her to sew for us. Of good-natured smiles, ahe maid : "Well, Aunt Jemima, I am glad to course we don't believe half she says."

Aunt Jemima shook her head, with a take your advice. I never could be satisfied with my own tastes. In fact, twinkle in her eye. "I shouldn't wonder if Patsy Hare

when I see so many things I can't tell which I want, and I dare say I have was some kin to Sue Foxly," says she ; "but which half of Patsy's tales do "Here she gave the young man such you give credit to, Gussie ?"

Gussie laughed and couldn't tell; melting smile that he forgot all about his supper, and frisked round, doing up then Aunt Jemima went on : "After that awhile, young Philip eyes fixed on Fanny, as long as she was Stanley comes back from Europe. He

He had been studying how to be a doc-"Now you see, Gussie, my dear, that tor in foreign parts ; and I have heard I actually committed the weakness of that he gave his mind to his work while advising that young lady, and from that there, and was ever after a credit to his

folks. You'd have thought so, any hour my trouble began. "There was a family living here at how, from the fuss they made about that time much esteemed for the enter- him. They wasn't content with a small decide which of 'em you ought to take tainments they gave. Dare was their celebration, but had to give a big grove name-a mother reputed a rich widow, party, so that all the town-folks could come and make him welcome. Of course, Fanny was asked, and of course nat'ral born child; but I ain't going to spile you for all that. You've got senses of your own; you've got your eves. ears and iddgment. Go to work though she didn't know it herself.

"Everything was of the finest and best, and the young doctor was so eyes, and they'll show you that Frank the dry goods store, I ran off to get it. agreeable to all the girls, that they just "I noticed great bills stuck in the forsook the other young men and clus-

you'll find him as slick a talker as there ceived and for sale below cost, but I "The heft of 'em was dressed in is up here in Waterford. Now, it's didn't think much of it till, by-and-by, thin white stuff, and some one compared your jedgment's turn, and what does it when the party was over, and poor 'em to fairies. This set Fanny thinking say? Take care, Gussie; don't be de-Fanny--who had promised to stop in over her green silk, and made her dis-"By-and-by, up comes a storm ; the

can never tell you how wretched I've 'em flying from the dancing-ground into industry, and you'll find that he has been to-night ! I shall always hate the shelter of the pavilion, where Fanny that Mary Dare. She has such a mean, had gone some time before to sit by jealous disposition, and never loses an Mrs. Stanly. They were all either opportunity to hurt people's feelings damp or draggled, and, as the day grew and make them appear silly. It seems cooler after the rain, they shivered like shows a young lady any attention, he's sure to mean it."

and she pretended to mistake mine for one of them. "Why, how nice you look!" says she, coming up to me when look !" says she, coming up to me when I went into the parlor. "I declare looked as fresh as a blush-rose in a those damaged silks make up almost equal to the genuine article !" I didn't ley told a person I was intimate with, understand her. "This is real silk, that he never knew green silk was such getting quite excited and shaking her forefinger admonishingly at her merry uncomfortable. "Oh, yes, I know!" before, and that, if he ever married, favorite. "Ain't I jest done telling you not to rely on nothing nor nobody, "but really now, it doesn't look at all "Oh, Aunt Jemima !" cried Gus



but to exercise your common sense and us, if it isn't twenty years and more since I advised any one, and never from that time till now has any one induced me to speak a word of counsel."

"Why, what happened then, auntie?" inquired Gussie, with becoming seriousness.

" I'll tell you, dearie, if you just sit down here on this stool at my side. Never mind Harry Hunter. He is sure to go by at tea-time ; but that won't be for a half-hour yet. I'll tell you when to look-"

"Oh, auntie, I hope you don't think I was-"

"Certainly not," chuckled Aunt Je mima, enjoying the blushes that mantled Gussie's rounded cheeks, as so many evidences of her regard for Mr. Hunter. "I only thought you might

want to send his sister a message about the picnic. But I was going to tell you about my experience in advice giving. You see, I was younger than I be now. I didn't wear caps nor specs, and my hair wasn't much gray, neither; and yet the girls all called me auntie, and sort of come to me with their troubles, even then. There was one in particular that seemed to set great store by what I said, and was always wanting my opin-

ion, if she so much as bought a pockethandkercher.

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" Aunt Jemima's got so much experience,' she used to say. 'She's a first- own knowledge.

rate judge of things.' Well, one day she was shopping, and I was with her as silk. that I had advised her to buy. usual. She was going to buy a silk She soon heard the story, and vowed and, if you trifle with his feelings, dress, and let me tell you, my dear, she would never wear 'the unfortunate you're not your Aunt Jemima's pet-

that it was not a triffing matter to buy | old thing' again. a silk dress in those days. "Folks were different then-they did not throw their She put it on, that very afternoon, to but I have my opinions, thank goodmoney away, but sort of thought it over go out riding with Judge Stanley's ness !" a spell before they spent it, and tried to family. Miss Jessie Stanley, the be sure that they got the worth of what | judge's daughter, had been abroad and they gave. There was a great pile of traveled everywhere with her aunt, silks on the counter that had been open- Miss Parker, who was Mrs. Stanley's , ed, dissplayed, and pushed aside; the sister, and a most elegant lady, so every clerk was fetching a lot more, and yet one in Waterford said.

Fanny (that was her name) didn't seem | Fanny was the very first one they any nearer being pleased than when had asked to share their drives, and I she first started in.

" 'You've got a notion in your own ble she felt over the Dares' story. fancy, isn't that so ?'

would have it, that was the only kind head.

she liked or cared for. " "What color was it ?" I asked Just then the young man, who was well not see me at first, and so broke out, in nigh exhausted rolling and unrolling- a half-crying tone : and we could scarcely see him behind the piles he had raised around him- horrid green silk that Aunt Jemima opened a piece that I thought mighty advised me to buy. Just think ! Miss fine. It wasn't just exactly a brocade, Jessie had a delicate blue French musbut yet it had a small figure in it; its lin on, and Miss Parker's was a lovely color was changeable—green and blue: and it was what I called a good, service-killed them both. Miss Jessie said so

able article. " 'There, Fanny, says I 'what do vite me again.' you think of that?'

' 'La! I don't know, ' says she, a-ris. Fanny saw me, and altered her tone. ing her eyebrows kind o' critical-like ; it isn't just my idea.'

from one foot to the other: he looked as Miss Stanley and Miss Parker looked so ment or anything else to sit on for a while I must have seemed like a comspell.

"As you read in stories, it's a great old-fashioned green silk." privilege to wait on a really pretty young miss, but just consider how right smart price,'says I, 'and it is real you'd like it if you were a clerk, and pretty, too, to my thinking. your tea-time was passing unnoticed, while your customer, however nice- ing into tears again. 'I know the

bad. Any one, in a poor light, would Stafford, clapping her hands and breakmake up your own mind ? Why, bless take those water-stains for changeable ing into a pleased laugh ; "you're tellshades." Then I saw her whisper to ing me about mamma and papa, under the other girls and set the story going. different names." Wasn't that ill-natured in her, Aunt Jemima !' exclaimed Fanny, in a burst the old woman. "Elizabeth Frances

was your ma's name-called for her of indignant weeping. "I agreed with her about the young lady's temper. To tell the truth, I way of doing things; and, though your never did set much store by the family, and when they were found out, some Fanny."

months later (they went off in the night, "And it was through her despised leaving piles of unpaid bills, and the green dress that papa fell in love with rent of their house and furniture still her !" mused Gussie, tracing a flower of due), I wasn't among the astonished that color in her own pretty gown. "Oh, it wasn't just that-for your part of the community. I hadn't expected much better of 'em. Folks ma was a mighty pretty girl; but I that'll invite you to their house to make spect the contrast between them damp girls, in draggled finery, did set her off you miserable ain't generally of much like. Any way, I told her so when she

complained to me about the green silk "But, you see, this little occurrence (it was a sort of habit she'd got into), kind of set Fanny against that dress. and, at the same time, told me that Of course, any one with half an eye could see it wasn't one of the sp'iled Philip had spoke to your grandpa for silks; but Fanny was very pretty and her. "" Well,' says I, 'you're what I call

had lots of admirers-two things that are apt to make enemies of other young a girl in luck, Fanny ; and if you ain't thankful for it and do your best to dewomen, and she had her share. "Among them, Mary Dare's story serve it, never call me Aunt Jemima got whispered round, and though there again ! And now, about that green wasn't one of the lot who was not ready silk--remember what I say, for it's the wasn't one of the lot who was not ready to say the worst she could of Mary's like-remember what I say, for it's the living truth. Don't never ask my adveracity, they all somehow agreed to vice any more, for I don't never again accept this story of the silk dress. intend to give it to no one,' says I.

Law.

SOLICITOR.

\_\_\_AT THE\_\_\_

"Does that strike you as strange, And I have kept my word. Gussie? Just think a bit, and you will remember a dozen such cases in your

"But to go on with Fanny's green that's all.

"Of course, that was only silly talk.

was glad of it, seeing how uncomforta-

mind, and nothing here strikes your sort of took a peek or two out of my window, which ain't just as handy as I

tried to describe a dress she had seen managed to get a glimpse of Fanny, in

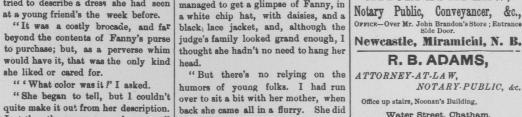
uncomplaining as Patience herself, and cool and elegant in their exquisite I guess he'd have been glad of a monu- French muslins and Valenciennes laces, mon country girl beside them in this

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.



LAW BLANKS At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

JAMES EDGAR. Room up-stairs, Mr. Thomas Kingsto n's, WaterStreet Chatham Oct. 3.1881.

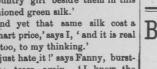


Office up stairs, Noonan's Building

"'I wish I had never seen this

herself, and I know she will never in-" 'Fanny !' cried her mother ; but

" 'I don't mean to be cross, Aunt Jemima," says she, 'but this dress " The poor young man was shifting seems bound to make me unhappy.



"' I just hate it !' says Fanny, burst

Chatham, N. B. E. P. Williston, " Why, yes.' ahe admitted, and could wish for noticing that way, but I ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., -Over Mr. John Brandon's Store ; Entran Side Door. OFFICI R. B. ADAMS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

