

**IN A RASH
MOMENT; IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649611720

In a Rash Moment; In Two Volumes, Vol. I by Jessie McLaren

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JESSIE MCLAREN

**IN A RASH
MOMENT; IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

IN A RASH MOMENT.

BY

JESSIE McLAREN.

"For the heart must break, ere it grows a soul."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1879.

[All rights reserved.]

251. e. 956.

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

CONTENTS TO VOL. I.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
FEARS AND FANCIES	1

CHAPTER II.

DUST TO DUST	11
------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

"SAR COMLER TO BE SEEN"	22
-----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

DOES HE OR DOES HE NOT?	30
-----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

GOD KNOWS.	45
--------------------	----

IN A RASH MOMENT.

CHAPTER I.

FEARS AND FANCIES.

"How long shall I wait, come heat, come rime,
Till the strong prince comes, who must come in time?"

"MILLE pardons, mademoiselle," he exclaims, treading upon the skirt of my dress, which tears sharply across near the waist.

We are descending to the eating-room of the Schiffe Hotel at Baden-en-Suisse; going downstairs at the heels of forty or fifty intending diners, elderly fogies most of them, grinning in pairs, like the animals proceeding to Noah's Ark.


Papa, being in his bath, I chaperone myself, not loth to be rid of the snubbings and snarlings which constitute my experience of paternal care.

This is only my eighteenth birthday, but so sick am I of existence, that sometimes of a rainy afternoon I feel tempted to do like the Frenchman, who blew out his brains, simply because he found the world too uninteresting to put up with.

The only thing I really *do* care about is getting a good marriage, and of that there does not seem the slightest chance.

To pray on bended knee for a rich husband would not perhaps be conventionally correct, but were my heart a church, I am morally certain petitions to Heaven for a speedy and wealthy matrimonial settlement would be found fixed up, where the Creed and Ten Commandments usually are.

The last half of my existence has been



spent at anti-rheumatic spas, wandering from one medicinal hummums to another, my education being supervised meantime by such teachers as chanced to turn up, when we stayed long enough at any place, to make it worth while forcing me into scholastic harness.

Eleven years ago, on our way home from India, my mother died at the Cape; and papa, in a frenzy of grief, altered all his plans, and, instead of proceeding to England, started direct for Germany, to try some famous waters that had been recommended for his gout.

Ever since we have sojourned at baths good, bad, or indifferent, often the last, so far as *I* am concerned; for, unluckily, the special form of my father's disease requires Kùrs more patronized by native than British invalids.

This is hard lines for me, and horribly dull,

because papa, who is as proud as Lucifer, votes every tolerable-looking foreigner who scrapes acquaintance with me, either a "blackguardly swindler," or a "confounded low cad," and orders me to keep my distance accordingly.

Of course I should never think of marrying any except a certified gentleman, but one must amuse one's self a little, and I suspect the "governor's" few remaining hairs would stand on end if he guessed half the flirtations I have carried on under his aristocratic Roman nose.

We only arrived here last evening, but don't I know the place of old? utterly dreary! never a soul worth dressing at; nobody but selfish, cranky invalids, who think of their own aches, morning, noon, and night.

Such are my cogitations, as, locking my bed-room door at the clang of the dinner