

How he Got Rid of Her.

From New York Weekly.

BY TAE "OLD 'UN."

When Syphax Smyler left his native village in western New York, to seek his fortune in the Empire City, he took with him five thousand dollars and left his heart behind him in charge of Miss Diana Mumford, an old maid with false curls and teeth, who kept a milliner's shop in Muttonville. Young men always fall in love with women much older than themselves. This is an axiom. But circumstances alters cases.

After Syphax had speculated successfully in Wall street, after he had rented a suite of apartments splendidly furnished, had set up a coupe and a servant in livery, and especially after he had been introduced to Miss Burton, a beauty and an heiress, his love for the ancient milliner grew very frigid, and he thought with dismay of the twenty-one love letters, he had written her, each one furnishing ample evidence for a successful suit for breach of promise.

Judge of his dismay when he received a telegram from the milliner of Muttonville, announcing a visit to New York! What was to be done? Necessity sharpens wit.

"Michael," said he, to his servant Mulloney, an importation from Tipperary, "how would you like to be in my shoes for a day or two, wear my clothes, drive my horses, and spend my money?"

"I'm agrayable, Mr. Smyler," replied the lacky, with a grin.

The arrangement was instantly concluded, and when Miss Mumford arrived, which was soon after, she found her swain, in a brown coat with metal buttons, busily engaged in blacking a pair of shoes.

"Mr. Smyler, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the spinster.

Smyler dropped his boots, wiped his eyes with a blacking brush, and opened his arms to embrace her.

"No familiarities!" cried the offended lady, "leastways till you've explained how I find you in this position."

"Diana!" said the false love, "you behold before you a victim of circumstances. A sudden reverse of fortune has forced me down from the eminence I had attained and reduced me to the capacity of a menial. A gentleman from Ireland, of high birth and fortune, [his ancestors were kings of Munster,] took pity on me and saved me from the poor house. He is generous and kind—"

Here a bell rang violently, and a hoarse voice called out:

"Syphax, ye blaggard, isn't them boots blacked yet?"

"Coming, sir!" cried Smyler, catching up the boots and disappearing through a door.

The spinster flung herself into a chair and fanned herself.

In a moment Smyler returned and resumed the thread of his discourse.

"However, Diana, this will make no difference in our relations. With my gentlemanly address, I am always sure of a good situation as footman or groom, and you can either trim bonnets or take in washing to make both ends meet. So, my darling," he added, advancing with open arms, "I'm ready to marry you tomorrow."

"Keep your dostance!" said the enraged spinster. "When I condescended to permit your addresses, I thought you were a gentleman. I little imagined I had wasted the sympathies of my young heart on a loafer. You're a wretch—an impostor! and I will have nothing to do with you."

"Diana!" cried the youth, "if you go back on me, what will become of me?"

"I don't know and I don't care," replied the marble-hearted milliner. "You can go and drown yourself in the North River, for all I care. I sha'n't shed a tear if you're fished up with a stone tied round your neck, and a full confession in your vest-pocket. Trifling with my virgin affections! Here! take your nasty letters that I've cried over till my eyes weren't fit to be seen, one-and-twenty of 'em—and the whole lot not worth a dime."

And with that the irate damsel flung his entire amatory correspondence in the face of the rejected lover.

"Madness!" cried Smyler, tearing the letters to pieces, after carefully counting them. "Despair! ruin! destruction!"

Then he flung the fragments in the fire

At this moment Mr. Mulloney entered, magnificently got up in one of his employer's costumes.

"Syphax," he said—drawing on his gloves—"order the coupe round to the door. Ha!" he added, putting his glass to his eye. "Whom have we here? A lovely woman! I beg your pardon, madam, I didn't persavve ye at first. Introjuice me, ye blaggard!"

With affected agony, Mr. Smyler did as he was bidden.

"Madam," said the Lackey, "I was about to take a drove in, the Parruk. If ye will honor me with your company, ye will make me your slave forever."

"Sir, I accept your kind invitation, with pleasure," replied the spinster, courtesying the groom.

"Then do me the honor to accept me arrum, madam."

When Mr. Mulloney handed the spinster into the coupe, she cast a triumphant glance at her rejected lover, as the vehicle drove off.

Mr. Smyler, as soon as they were gone, threw off his livery, rushed into the house of Miss Belle Burton, proposed, and was accepted.

He reached home again just in time to meet his servant with his cast off flame on his arm.

"Congratulate me, Mr. Smyler," said the lackey. "It doesn't take an Oirishman long to make. I learned the way to do it at Tipperary, in old Oirland, Heaven bless her! This lady here that ye introjuiced me to is my wife. We were united at the little church round the corner, where they do such things! I'm much obliged to you Mr. Smyler, for the loan of your clothes and and horses, and, if ye loike, ye can salute the bride."

"Thank you," replied Smyler, "but I decline the honor, decidedly."

"What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Mulloney.

"It manes, me jewel," replied Mr. Mulloney—with true Hibernian coolness, "that ye've rejected the master and married the man!"

While Mrs. Mulloney was going through the fainting business, Mr. Smyler was writing a check for five hundred dollars, payable to her

husband. When Mrs. Mulloney came to she accepted the circumstances like a sensible woman. Mr. Mulloney was not a gentleman, to be sure, but she had seen her best days, and "a man's a man for a that." But she never forgave her unprincipled lover the "way he got rid of her."

How She Paid Her Debt.

From Happy Hour.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, Charley, Charley, how could you do such a thing?"

Lillias Wayland's round cheek was blanched to an unwonted whiteness, as she stood before her brother in the close, cramped room which constituted her sole home.

Charley Wayland, a handsome, dissipated looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold black eyes, and a merry mouth that seemed made only to smile, stood opposite her, looking half-repentant, half defiant, as she spoke.

"Lily, I couldn't help it. I tell you I was hard up. A fellow must have money; you women don't know anything about the temptations and necessities of the world!"

"But, Charley," she faltered, "do you know how this same world, as you phrase it, looks at the deed you have just committed? Oh, Charley, and her voice grew low and tremulous, "it is forgery!"

"Nonsense, Lill! It's only borrowing a part of old Glencross' unused millions to aid my needs. I wrote and asked him for cash, and he, unmannerly lout, refused. Well what could he expect after this, but that I should help myself?"

Lillias wrung her slender hands.

"How dared you, Charley? That a Wayland should come to this!" she wailed.

"Dared!" he echoed, recklessly; "it was but the stroke of the pen, after all; and old Glencross would be a paltrier miser than I take him to be, if he makes a fuss about a matter of five hundred dollars!"

"It is the right and the justice of the thing," cried Lillias, almost frantically. "If we could pay him in any way; but I have sold everything that remains of our former wealth. See!" and she looked round the miserable apartment; "see how I live. Last night I sat up until midnight sewing, to have a little money to pay the rent. I have not a jewel left, nor a trinket!"

"Oh, bother, Lill! If old Glencross cuts up rough, it is only taking a run across the water. I know lots of ship-captains that would stow me away under their holds almost any moonlight night."

Lillias looken despairingly at him. Was it, then, impossible to make him understand the moral obliquity of the deed he had just committed?

"But I can't stay fooling here," observed the young man, with a toss of his black curls. "I must be off about my business. Good by, Lill. Give us a k'ss, my girl! Except that you're uncommon fond of lecturing a fellow, you're not a bad sister in the main."

After he had gone, Lillias sat down to try and realize the new situation in which she and her brother were placed. All now depended upon the spirit in which Paulus Glencross should receive this new encroachment upon his purse and patience.

Lily had never seen this distant

relation, yet she had formed an opinion of him in her inmost mind, as we are apt to do of unseen persons whom we hear a great deal about; and whenever she thought of Mr. Glencross, the image of a hook-nose old man, yellow-skinned and cadaverous, engaged in sorting over piles of mortgages or counting bags of gold, suggested itself to her mental eye.

"But he must be human, at least," thought Lily, in the agony of her distress. "If I go to him myself, and tell him just what poor Charley's necessities were, and how good hearted he really is, in spite of all his faults and thoughtlessness—if I say frankly to him that I have no money nor jewels to reimburse him, but that I will stay and work for him, as a servant girl might work in the kitchen, until I have discharged the horrible debt, surely, oh, surely he cannot have the heart to refuse. I can do a great many things. I can sew and embroider, and I could make good bread and biscuit, and poor mamma always said I was a good housekeeper, and if Mr. Glencross is really too miserly, as Charley thinks, he would look at the economy of the thing. At least, it is worth trying."

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