

## ADVENTURES OF A DAY:

OR

## How I Found my Wife.

"HEIGHO, McGee, what in the world are you swearing about so furiously?" I asked, entering the livery stable of the above named person amid a volley of oaths, that might have shocked his Santanic majesty.

"Oh! good morning," replied the man. "excuse me, Mr. Morris. I was talking rather too strong perhaps; but the fact is, I am in a desperate strait! You see, Mr. Elmore's horses are both sick, and he has sent for me to let him have my best span and coach immediately. Well, the dapples are the best, and to my eye better than his own; but there's not a man belonging to the stable dare drive them but Cary, and he is down with the fever. The other horses are all out, or engaged, and I don't know what the—"

"There! there!" said I; "no oaths. I have nothing on hand, and really believe I should like to play hackman for a day in New York."

"Surely, Mr. Morris, you are joking?" ejaculated the man in amazement.

"No! I am in earnest," for the idea was novel that I, a lover of adventure, became more determined every moment to try it. "I am really in earnest, Mr. McGee, so say no more about it. You know I can manage anything. Just have them hitched up, and give me the livery coat and hat. Now leave me to the office for a moment—but stop! don't let the men know who I am, and by the way—I almost forgot it—have our team sent around in about an hour."

Left alone, I proceeded to alter my appearance as much as possible, assuming the habiliments of a driver. I made a first rate Irishman of the higher grade. The metamorphose was scarcely completed when Mr. McGee entered.

"Mr. Mor—"

"Michael, ye mane," I interrupted—"Sure there is no reason that I should be cheated out of a name." We both laughed, and I received congratulations upon making so good a son of Erin.

Stepping out of the office, I mounted the box, gathered up the reins, and was off. The horses were unusually gay, but I had them in groom trim by the time I stopped before Elmore's residence. It may be well to state, Grace Elmore was not the least inducement for my assuming my present position. All winter she had been a dream idol of mine, or rather half a one, for I could not really decide which I preferred, Grace or Maud de Morris, a young French lady, who was spending the winter in New York with her parents. Both were bewitching, and I embraced every opportunity of being with either.

Springing from the box, I rang the bell, and presently assisted Miss Elmore and two friends into the carriage.

The day was warm for March, and the four windows were open—Grace sitting on the seat nearest me.

"Round the pleasant streets, driver.—Anywhere for a ride," she said.

We started, and for a quarter of an hour the ladies' chit-chat was no account to me; then suddenly Miss Fannie exclaimed:

"By the way Grace, rumor says you are engaged to George Morris, and the solitaire on your forefinger appears to confirm it."

"Rumor honors me," was the reply.

"Now, Grace," chimed in the third lady, "stop your nonsense, and tell us candidly, are you engaged?"

"Well, I am arraigned before a court for some terrible crime, and commanded to answer guilty or not guilty—is that it?" was the half laughing, half-annoyed response.

"No," returned the third lady, "not at all; only urged to gratify friendly curiosity."

"Well, the truth is, I am not at liberty to say all I wish; but this much I will acknowledge—the ring you mention did once belong to George Morris."

Was there ever such an abominable falsehood told, every word of which is true! I thought angrily, as I heard the comments upon my money, person, parents, &c. That girl has led them to suppose that we are engaged, and there is a ring to prove it—a ring she took from me for sport a few evenings since, and which I intended to recover upon our next meeting. Well, there was one thing certain—Grace Elmore would never be my wife; I could not trust such a schemer. This resolution was a confidential undertone, to the one lady, Miss Fannie having been left at her own house:—

"I have of course, no feeling in the

matter only a school girl's love, but I think George will make a desirable husband, while his wealth, with my own, will place us above any change of fortune. Then, he is very handsome, and I have decided to take him. I don't know that I could do much better."

"Pity I have not arrived at a similar conclusion," was my mental sarcasm.

Just then she called affectionately, "Home," driver. Willingly did I place her on the carriage steps, and turn towards the stables. "By Jove! I wish I could have as good opportunity to try Maud de Morris," I ejaculated as I drove up to my station. McGee was waiting for me. There was a gray haired gentle man with him, but Mr. McGee stepped aside and asked me if I objected to going further, at the same time overpowering me with thanks, and saying if the horses were cooled down, he could give them to some one else.

"No, no!" I replied, quickly, for I was desirous of learning more of humanity. "I will keep my place for the present, send me where you choose."

Turning to the gentleman, Mr. McGee bowed and said: "Mr. Laney, this carriage is at your disposal."

In Mr. Laney I recognized a worthy merchant, though not well known in the higher circles, his means placing him only with those who were in "very good circumstances."

"Where, I asked, as he entered the carriage."

"To—street, north side."

A quiet, cozy little place it proved to be—a three story brick, new and handsome, though lacking elegance. Here the gentleman alighted, returning in a short time, accompanied by a young girl of, I should judge, some nineteen years, whom he addressed as Maggie. Her rich brown hair was curled neatly at the back of her head, and the soft, violet-looking eyes were the most enchanting that ever met my gaze. Peering from under my hat, I noted every article of that neatly-robbed fairy. "Drive to the park," was the gentleman's directions, as I again took up the lines.

I listened eagerly to every sound from within, feeling half ashamed that the part I was playing, though too deeply interested in the lady to desist. Presently a clear, sweet voice said:

"Well, father dear, what have you to say that you require such strict privacy?"

"My child," hesitated the parent, "I—I fear you are not brave enough to bear it. Oh, merciful heaven, if I could but spare my darling!"

An eager, loving voice replied.

"Father! father! surely one so young and strong, with such deep affection for you, can bear a great deal; and sorrow will not be so heavy if shared with me; now that mother has no power to comfort you, except through memory, let me take her precious place as best I can. Tell me all father; I am stronger than you think!"

Then followed a long explanation, which may be summed up in a very few words. Their voices were often drowned in the outer bustle, but I heard sufficient to understand that Mr. Laney, who was doing a very heavy business, had, some months previous, taken a partner, who proved to be an inveterate speculator, and without the knowledge of Mr. Laney, had involved the firm to the amount of several thousand dollars. The investments could amount to nothing in less than a year; meanwhile, debts, previously incurred, fell due, and were pressed by creditors. Mr. Laney ended by saying:

"Unless I get some assistance between this and Monday, Tuesday night will find us penniless. Oh, my child, if I could but save you! How can you bear such a change?"

And I heard the heavy sobs of that strong man come thick and fast. Perhaps there were a few drops in my own eyes, for I could not see the horses for a moment. I fancied loving arms around his neck, and a pale, soft cheek against his own, the words I was obliged to lean down to catch, came in a clear, brave voice, from the noblest heart that ever beat beneath heaven.

"No! no! do not think of me; all that I have is yours, and many of my private articles will bring considerable. Do not shrink from selling everything to pay an honest debt. I can bear all things so that love is left. Sure I may not complain though all be taken, if heaven leaves me my father. Do your best, and trust to me for all the assistance in my power.—I can bear all things so love is left."

Much followed, but this last sentence was all I cared to hear, and by the time we drove up before the neat brick house

in—street, I fairly worshipped the brown haired angel who resided there.

For the last fifteen minutes I had been contriving a plan to assist them. In my pocket was a check for three hundred dollars, drawn that morning for the purpose of settling a small account.

My name was on in full; as I opened the carriage door I cast it to the wind, which took it to the pavement. At first neither noticed it, and I feared I had been foiled, but just as I was mounting the box, Maggie picked it up, and turning hurriedly to her father, I drove off wondering how it would end.

Reaching the stables, I threw the reins to an hostler, and entering the office, told McGee the horses could be driven by a baby; disposed of my masquerade, I went home, not to dream of Grace and Maud, as usual, but of the noble woman who could bear all things so that love was left." The next morning I saw in the *Herald* a notice which read as follows:

"If Mr. George T. Morris will call at No. 4 North—street, he will recover lost property."

It was just what I wanted, and at about 10 o'clock I called at the place mentioned, receiving the check from my queen, together with an explanation of how it came into her possession. I asked if her father was at home. He was not.

"Would she give me his place of business?"

"Certainly!"

Taking a card from the stand, she traced neatly the address, and bowing, I left her to seek the merchant.

"Mr. Laney, I am George Morris—Will you give me a private interview?"

"With pleasure."

Seated in an inner office, I told him all the last day's proceedings that concerned himself, offering him any pecuniary assistance he might permit me to render. After some urging on my part, he accepted, and grasping my hand, thanked me again and again for saving his child, saying heaven would repay me. And it has most munificently; for not six months passed ere Maggie Laney possessed the solitaire, which Grace Elmore had worn so proudly and falsely. I have secured the greatest treasure earth can give—a woman "who can bear all things so love is left."

The following incident is said to have occurred in a Utica restaurant. A man recently entered the place and ordered a very elaborate dinner. He lingered long at the table and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then lighting a cigar he had ordered, he leisurely sauntered up to the counter and said to the proprietor:

"Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me, I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had, you wouldn't let me have the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel!"

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a revolver, sir."

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a cent for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach pump."

## A Doubtful Compliment.

John B. Gough tells the following story, though the joke be at his own expense. Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a village audience in these terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I've the honor to introduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, who will address us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night as we listen to our friend, the orator from 'hover the ocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Sampson repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jawbone of a huss!"

A Chinaman and a Jew had occasion to dispute on some matter of trade.

"So help me gracious!" said the Jew, "I have not seen so great a rashkal asht vat you ish!" To which the Chinaman rejoined with such trenchant force as to close the colloquy:

"Oh! you no goodie man! you kill American man's 'Josh!"

## A Nice Convert.

THERE was a great revival in the region where old Smithers, as every body called him, lived, and it took hold of him one day. Smithers was a dreadful mean man, oppressive to the poor and all of that, and never paying a debt if he could help it. He had been known to turn a poor widow with a family of small children out into the street of a cold winter's day, because she was unable to pay the rent of the miserable shanty she had of him. He was known as "Old Smithers," although he wasn't so very old neither, but we have noticed that mean men have the prefix old attached to their names generally, when their neighbors speak of them.

Old Smithers "took a habit," as they say in Wisconsin, to attend one of the "protracted meetings." He was struck with a conviction the first night and hopefully converted, as he claimed, the next. After his conversion he was announced to address his fellow sinners and sinnerses on the following Sunday afternoon. The news that old Smithers had got religion spread all about the neighborhood. Some doubted it; said he was putting it on so as to skin folks a little closer; others, more charitable, said it might be true, and they hoped he would not be so mean in the future if it was.

When Sunday afternoon arrived the church was crowded. The whole neighborhood turned out to hear what so mean a man as Old Smithers would say for himself after passing through conviction and conversion. All was still in the church when Old Smithers arose to speak. He began by telling what a mean man he had been all his life. He said he had probably done more mean things than any man of his years and opportunities living, and if there was any mean thing he had failed to do, it was because he hadn't thought of it, or there was no good chance. After going somewhat into a detail regarding his meanness, astonishing even those who thought they knew him best, with the recital, and declaring his utter unworthiness, he resumed his seat.

There was a brief pause, after which a neighbor of Old Smithers, a member of the church, arose and said:

"I have lived nigh to Brother Smithers for a long time. I have just listened to Brother Smithers' remarks, and from an intimate acquaintance with him and his actions for many years, I am prepared to endorse in the fullest manner all the charges he has made against himself, and more too. He is certainly the meanest man I ever knew in the whole course of my life," and sat down.

Then arose Old Smithers, pale and trembling with rage, and exclaimed:

"It's a d— lie, and I'll whip you, as soon as you leave the church."

## A Daring Thief.

French thieves seem possessed of a fertile invention. The other day, says a French paper, a lady went into dry goods shop, at Rue Richelieu, and bought a pearl gray silk dress. The shopman had noticed a tolerably well dressed man standing at the door after the arrival of the lady, who seemed to watch all her movements. Stepping up to the cashier's desk the lady drew a 200 franc note from her purse. At that moment the man outside rushed into the store, gave the lady a box on the ear, and tore the note out of her hands. "I had forbidden you to buy that dress," cried he, but I watched you, and you shall not have it." With these words he hastened away, the lady fainted, and the persons employed in the shop, supposing him to be an offended husband, made no remark, and let him go. When the lady recovered, the proprietor of the establishment expressed his regret at the violence of the scene, and pitied her for being dependent on so brutal a husband.

"My husband!" cried the lady, eagerly; "sir, that man is not my husband; I do not know him, and have never seen him." The pretended husband was a daring thief.

As a young lady was walking up Bowery, a young rascal purposely stepped on her dress and tore it. To the lady's remark that he should have been more careful, he replied insolently:—"The street is free, and I'll walk or place my feet where I please." "So will I," remarked a bystander, and with a well-aimed kick he sent the fellow clear into the gutter. "Taking off his hat, he said to the rascal: "I suppose you will accord me a similar privilege, and admit that I, too, may place my feet where I please."

## SUNDAY READING.

## Talleyrand's Death Bed.

For nearly half a century, this veteran diplomatist acted a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. As the prime minister or ambassador of the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the monarchy of Louis Philippe, he negotiated the important treaties which determined the boundaries of empires and the fate of kingdoms, and formed plans which made Napoleon an Emperor, and the Emperor an exile. Such a man's view of an eventful life of four-score years furnishes instructive lessons to men who are wasting the energies of being on political ambition or worldly aggrandizement. Just before his death, a paper was found on his table on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these:

"Behold, eighty-three years passed away!—What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What sad complications! and all without results except great fatigue of mind and body and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past!"

Contrast with the exclamation of "Paul the Aged," as he was about closing his earthly career:

"I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me that day."

A death-bed is the triumphant chariot of the useful Christian, however humble; it is the executioner's cart of the worldly unbeliever however exalted.

## How to Treat Slander.

We once heard a story of two men who started together one bright morning for a whole day's journey. They soon became separated. The one reached his destination before the sun had sunk behind the Western hills, where he made himself comfortable at the inn. His only trouble was concern for his laggard companion. He thought surely some evil must have befallen him.

Long after dark, his fellow-traveler arrived. When asked the cause of his delay he replied:

"I was obliged to stop at every other house to whip off the unmannerly dogs that barked at me. Didn't they bark at you, also?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but I did not stop to whip them. I simply told them they were ill bred curs and drove on!"

We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the back-bitings and gossips we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions, and not by others. Always bear this in mind. Calculators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

## The Boy and The Bricks.

A boy, hearing his father say, "twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said: "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play." So, setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth and so on through the whole course until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I will raise his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "is a poor rule; 'twil not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

The father then added the following moral; when people rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

John Bright was lately dining with a citizen of Manchester, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. "I would like," said the host, "to come back fifty years after my death to see what a fine country America had become." "I believe you would be glad of any excuse to come back, said Mr. Bright, with a grim smile.

At an opening of the breach-of-promise case in Kentucky, the court asked the counsel for the plaintiff how long the trial would probably last. "I can't say exactly," replied the counsel, "but will mention as one item that I have three hundred and eighty-four love letters written by the defendant to my client, to read."