

FAME.

It is the rumor of a common fight, when host meet hosts, and many names are sunk; But of a single combat Fame speaks clear.

REMOUSE

Not that I grieved you; no remembered thorn Left your heart frets in its own repose. I only wonder—left so soon forlorn— Whether I could have found you one more rose.

JIM POULDER'S MISTAKE.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils.

The observer would have set down the two for a well to do farmer and his daughter who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well dressed and apparently well satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a man in a frock coat and a top hat.

The young man looked up, curled his lip superiorly, and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the grip sack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused, and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply, and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for you faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling: "Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though we live in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?" "Yes, sir," answered Bolling. "Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir." "His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy tittered.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer. The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested and, he hoped, a pleased listener.

There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance—an inexpressible impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenious, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but begrudging pay, of course," said Frank, gravely. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, blithely. "Most young men would have talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I know your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard in his time?"

"Yes, sir; and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Legor Carter, as they have it on the rolls."

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"

"Um! yes! After a fashion." "Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her words, "I know the judge better than you do."

"He quiet, Puss will you?" replied her father in the same tone. "I am told," resumed the young man, "that he left the bench, and though quite wealthy, he has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youth-

ful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to you." "Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to my position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as a visitor. He is rich, and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined, by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?" "No, sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?" "Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffon, too, does he?" "Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is very important of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders and deliver your letter of introduction?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to his proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I—"

"You may identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, B. ling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?" "Very much indeed, sir."

"When did you read with?" "Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salary, and you ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to this?"

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters in a state of elegance only matched by that of Capt. Cutler's famous watch—never equalled and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste.

"Very much indeed, sir," said the judge. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the car was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mind," said Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out and then took the cars to Carversburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership just before he left. He was in high spirits at that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter that had been Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.—Thomas Duane English in Independent.

A Creole Girl's Life. School she enters society and is never seen unchaperoned until after marriage. To this event she looks forward as the fulfillment of her destiny, a spinster among the creoles being almost as rare as among the Jews. In her choice of a husband she is influenced by family wishes, although marriage among the creoles is by no means simply an affair de convenance, as it is too often with the French. Matrimony settles all preliminaries, and then the lovers are left to themselves. From this time until the marriage the betrothed pair are never seen in public with any but each other. She cannot receive attention from any man, slight as it may be, nor can her arms look to any other woman the petits soins of social intercourse without exciting remark. In the scheme of creole etiquette broken engagements and broken hearts find no place. Very soon after her betrothal the creole girl and her mother calls upon all relatives and friends of the two families. 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