

JIM POWLDER'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 in the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man—on a second look he was probably not over 50—with iron gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

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 self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip superciliously, 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; Careyburg."

"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, 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 ingenuous, 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 beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "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, bluffly. "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. Leger 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."

"Be 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, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful 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 a 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 impudent 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 its 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 want 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, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom 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, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, 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. Cartley'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, and whose features had a dim familiarity. 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 Careyburg.

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 on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.—Thomas Duan English in Independent.

A Relief to Hostess and Guest.

It is usually a relief to a hostess to have a visitor entertain herself for a part of the morning at least. This guest will generally be glad to do, if she has a cheery, comfortable room, some writing materials, interesting books, and an easy chair in which to enjoy them.

A FIELD BATTERY.

ONE OF WAR'S MOST AWE INSPIRING SPECTACLES.

Light Artillery in Action—A Crisis in Battle—A Terrible Boom! Boom! of Cannon—Charge of the Enemy—Horror of War.

A battery is needed here at this particular point. The enemy sees the opportunity and throws a dense mass of men against it. The crisis is approaching. An aide gallops off to give the order to the nearest artillery. It is over there on the adjacent knoll. The aide has reached it; he points with his hand where it is needed. Before he can turn his horse around, guns and caissons were all moving. Can they get here in time? We must hold this knoll; it is the key point of the battle, and see, the enemy is advancing for a grand assault. Quick! order up another regiment to support the battery when it gets here. There it comes, flashing at intervals through smoke and dust like a meteor. A long train of guns and caissons—six, eight guns, and six, eight caissons, and six, eight horses to each gun and caisson.

With a tremendous racket, they dash full speed across fields, never turning to right or left, heading straight for this knoll. Drivers all leaning their horses into a fury of foam, officers pointing with their swords, and on the gun chests sit the brave cannoners, cool and indifferent outwardly, but knowing full well inwardly that in a few minutes more many of them will bite the dust. They hold on to the chest handles for life, for as a wheel strikes a log, the carriage jumps two feet in the air. Now they turn slightly with the greatest rapidity to avoid that huge boulder, they cross ditches, overturn hedges and fences, all the horses galloping in a cloud of dust. Hal! one horse has fallen—yes, struck by a bullet. The men jump down from the carriage, the battery goes on—in a moment the traces are cut, and the poor horse left to die. The carriage, drawn now by five horses, hurries to rejoin the battery. There, they all go down a hollow, and disappear from view for a moment—the next instant they are up again.

See! the captain gives a sign. What a change! As if instantly turned to marble every horse and carriage stops dead short. Then for five seconds what inextricable confusion! Horses, men, guns and caissons together in a horrible jumble—then all is clear again. There back in the hollow, sheltered are the caissons—a little below the hill stands the line of limbers, and here on the crest are the guns. What a metamorphosis! The staidlike cannoners are now full of life and excitement! Now a cloud of white smoke and red flame suddenly shoots out of the black mouth nearest, a terrible boom rings out, then another and another. Boom! boom! boom! the great mounds yell with horrible delight, and at each boom goes down a wide swath of men in the advancing column. Boom! boom! boom! they roar in joyful glee, and yet at each boom they recoil in horror at their own power. Beyond the cannoner's line, away off in the distance, trees split and fall, and houses collapse at some unseen mysterious power. Everything gives way before the terrible storm of iron missiles thrown out at each boom! boom! boom! The enemy for an instant halt, and then reform, on again and charge up the hillside. Will nothing stop them? No, they are determined to have the battery that causes such terrible destruction in their ranks, and though with each discharge wide lanes are opened in them, they do not falter. The brave cannoners are falling fast. Quick! "Limber, rear!" sounds the bugle, while the long supporting line of infantry rises from the hollow, and pours volley after volley into the determined foe. Hal! he halts—he is checked! No, that is only temporary disorder. See, there he comes again, with a yell! Oh! how terrible! Quick! spike the guns! Hand to hand they fight. See, even as that officer's sword is upraised, the bullet strikes him, and he reels from off his horse. Down goes the horse, kicking and screaming in death agony. Men fighting with bayonets, clubbed muskets, fire their guns in each other's faces blow off heads of men close by. Blood! Blood! Blood!

What is that! Thank God! The joyful yell in our rear is from a re-enforcement arrived just in time. The enemy sees it, he gives way, there he goes—what is left of him. That is right; pour volley after volley into him, rush after him; do not leave any one alive. The guns are safe, but what a scene! There are piles of dead and wounded together. Pools of blood on the ground, and everything marked with blood. Flies are already settling on the dead. What terrible groans and moans, and prayers for water. Broken muskets, torn clothes revealing white skin stained with red blood, canteens, haversacks, guidons, cooking tins, canteen cartridges, broken wheels, dead horses and men, all together.

Look at that mass! Horses with entrails scattered about; human legs and arms without bodies; bodies with jagged splinters and bones protruding through the flesh. That man's face is already swollen and this one's is turned black. Oh! the despair, the hatred or courage depicted on their countenances! And the strange positions they take—eyes protruding from sockets and tongues from mouths. Oh! it is terrible. One can but shudder and sicken, turn faint and giddy. Yet it is war—the science that brings out the noblest as well as the worst passions of men, and that is the great civilization of the world.—William R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in Outing.

Nurse's Wages in France.

I have heard many French housekeepers declare that they gladly put up with all servant annoyances, except with those of a wet nurse. They are the real tyrants and worry of the servant class. In the first place a good nurse's wages are enormous; she is paid from \$30 to \$40 a month; she is given a whole trousseau; she must be fed with extra dishes, a thing, which however reasonable it may seem, always excites grumbling among the other servants. For baby's sake, she is out a good deal, and in parks she meets other nurses, who for pastime make it a point to gossip and tear their masters to pieces. When found fault with, nurse must not be scolded nor worried; it might hurt the baby. She is well aware that the peace of the family depends upon her, and like all despots she is sure to take advantage of it. Moral: Mothers must nurse their own children.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

TO DRY DEAD BODIES.

A Young Inventor's Scheme for "Knocking Out" Cemeteries and Crematories.

Another answer to the question of how best to dispose of the dead has been given by J. J. Meyers, of Washington. He has invented a plan which he believes to be superior to cremation, burial, or any other ancient or modern method of treating dead bodies. The new Mausoleum and Safe Deposit for the Dead is the name of this new contrivance.

Mr. Meyers' plan may be regarded as a compromise between the two extremes of interment and cremation. In a fireproof building spaces will be provided just large enough to hold a single coffin. When a coffin with a dead body is placed in one of these the door of the apartment is hermetically sealed. Running from these apartments are tubes which bring air into the deadrooms and also carry it downward by a forced draft to a central furnace below, where are consumed all gases and fluids escaping from the bodies. Dead bodies treated in this manner will, in a short time, it is claimed, become naturally preserved or dried, and so remain.

Ample provision will be made to prevent the entombing of persons really dead. A receiving room will be provided with an electrical apparatus so arranged that the slightest movement in the coffin will set off an alarm. This will continue for hours, if need be, and will also prove an indicator which will draw attention to the place where the movement occurred. If, again, for any reason the removal of the dead should be desired, the bodies in the mausoleum, unlike those in gloomy pyramids of Gizeh, are always accessible and in such a state of preservation as to make a transfer practicable and comparatively easy. Arrangements will also be made for embalming bodies and for entombing those treated in this way that they may be seen at any time by friends.

By the adoption of this system, Mr. Meyers maintains, body snatching will be made impossible. There will be but a single entrance to the building, guarded day and night. Yet notwithstanding all these appointments the cost of entombing in the mausoleum will not exceed that of a respectable interment in any well known cemetery. Families could be accommodated with sections, including as many single apartments as desired. The fronts of these apartments can be adorned as elaborately as a tombstone, and with fully as great variety of ornamentation. An ordinary mausoleum could be placed within the limits of a city as well as on the cemetery grounds, and be far less objectionable if built and managed as proposed, than the average brewery or sugar refinery.—New York Tribune.

The American Way.

As a rule the American never wants to retire. He has an idea that it is his duty "to die with the harness on." Accordingly he keeps himself in the traces, he works day and night, his hours of recreation are reduced to a minimum, he doesn't even give himself sufficient time to eat his meals in such a way that his food can be the most easily digested, the tension of his nervous system is rarely if ever entirely relaxed. He has his wish, he dies "with the harness on," but his death takes place eight or ten years earlier than it would if he had known how to do his work without excitement, and to give himself the repose which advancing years require. It is true that there is another alternative to which death would be preferable, for, with enfeebled mind he exists during the latter part of his life in a mental condition requiring the watchful care of his friends or his incarceration within the wall of a lunatic asylum.

I have said that this is the fault of the average American, not by any means intending to imply that there are not many who are wise enough to act differently, and also many who, notwithstanding their sins against the laws of their being, manage to escape in this world, at least, the full punishment for their offenses. But I do mean to say that such cases are infinitely more common among us than among any other nation on the face of the earth, and that Americans, more than any other people, are so constituted, either from birth or education, that undue mental excitement is a necessary factor to their existence.—William A. Hammond in New York Mail and Express.

Up in a Balloon.

Our ship goes softly on its way—higher and higher, the earth seems bigger and bigger, as the circular line it makes with the sky grows larger and larger. With two and a quarter tons' weight, still our bird mounts rapidly upward—now two fields, now two and a half. We sail far above the fields of yellow wheat and dark green corn of Illinois. Rivers are mere white threads, and lakes are patches of silver set into a carpet of many hues. The forest trees are bushes that look as if a small scythe might easily mow them down. The thin air, and our rapid upward flight makes my head roar, as if with the sounds of noisy drums; I feel dizzy—like one about to faint away.

Now we are 15,000 feet high—nearly three miles. Our ship has not yet come to the extreme top of her flight. We are far above the clouds. Over the edges of the thick white vapor we gaze at the earth spread out below like a map, with green and gray and brown and yellow spots thereon. From the discomfort of 96 degrees of heat in the shade when we left the earth we have come to the chilly comfort of 57—a drop of nearly 60 degrees in less than an hour. This is a quick turn—one that never comes to man or beast below. Yet up here, where we are sailing softly, the air is so dry that the cold affects us much less than would the same temperature on the earth's surface.—St. Nicholas.

Journalists.

If I wanted to get good square judgment on something I had done I would rather go to a newspaper office than to any other court of justice. I know that the newspapers probe into men's characters, and the pure need not fear all the presses in America. The way to be safe from so called newspaper attacks is to be a Christian. The reporters are the best detective force in this country. They have brought more criminals to justice and punctured more shams than all other agencies combined.—Rev. Sam Jones.

Coin of the World.

The London Economist estimates that there are \$5,000,000,000 of coin in the present circulation of the world or available for circulation. Of this magnificent total \$3,200,000,000 is in gold and \$1,800,000,000 is silver.

THE YAMENI RUNNERS.

ADVENTURES OF BICYCLIST THROUGH THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

Saved from a Howling City Mob—Services of the Yameni Runners—Distinguishing Marks—An Exciting Trip Through Ta-ho.

Taken all in all my tour through was about the toughest bit of experience the whole journey around the world on a bicycle. Nothing is more certain than I should have perished at the hands of a howling city mob in the interior were it not for the good services of the yameni runners under whose protection I traveled for the last two weeks I was in the country.

The yameni runners of China are sent to the raptures of Turkey and the Persia, Afghanistan and other countries. Attached to the government every city or district are a certain number of these yameni runners. Their duty is to dispatch, convey prisoners, protect property, act as escorts, and otherwise serve in the service of the mandarins.

TWO WHITE "BULL'S EYES."

The yameni runners wear the Chinese garments with the exception of a coat, which is embellished with distinguishing appendages. The most conspicuous of these, and by which the yameni runners are readily distinguished from the "bull's eyes," one on his back and one in front. These round white patches about eighteen inches in diameter, marked with big red characters, designate the district the wearer belongs to.

The real object of these large disks is to form a fitting ground work for the conspicuous display of the characters of the yameni residents of the treaty ports. However, facetiously call them "bull's eyes" account for their adoption as follows: A Chinese soldier can never, under circumstances, hit the bull's eye of a foreigner. Observing this, and in their egotism thinking that what the celestial warriors do the soldiers of no other country do the authorities conceived the idea of giving bull's eyes, front and rear, to the runners, so that, in case of war, if they were fired at them, they would be sure to miss their mark.

Whatever the explanation, the yameni runners drawn up in line present the foreigner a very grotesque and amusing spectacle. Looking at them from a distance they present the appearance of a man target, with big, white bull's eyes in the center. At the back the long queue covers the white disk in half way.

AN ESCORT OF RUNNERS.

The first time I was favored with a party of yameni runners was at the city of Kiang-tsi. The mandarin at Ta-ho, an escort of two with me to guide me to the next city, a day's march distant. They were Kin-ngan-foo, and in the narrow streets, by hurrying me on the road way to the yameni, or official runners, the two yameni runners rescued me from the infuriated mob, bent on the diabolical purpose of wheeling me alive.

As I wheeled slowly through the high brick wall that surrounded the city of Ta-ho, trotting along ahead of me a slim young yameni runner, with a bamboo spear. He was bareheaded, and barelegged. In the poverty of the land and the all around contempt of social appearance and cleanliness so plainly read the total absence of ambition.

In striking contrast to him was the fabled individual who brought up the road ten paces behind the bicycle. He was a yameni runner, but of a different rank. Instead of a bamboo spear, he carried an old paper parasol, a bright red article, ornamented with characters and gold gilt Chinese golden lilies with tiny feet.

Besides this elaborate article he was in the possession of both hat and shoes, as we got well away from the city of Ta-ho, however, he pulled off his hat, articles, and giving them to his comrade, trotted along behind me in his feet.—Golden Days.

A Peculiar Antipathy.

As I was ascending the bridge steps a train for New York the other side noticed just ahead of me a woman and little boy by the hand. The boy appeared to be about 4 years old, with a bold back and crying bitterly. "I don't go on the bridge," he yelled, and tugged away to get back to the woman with great difficulty that was his him on the train. When she at last climbed into her lap and, throwing her arms around her neck, moaned and cried piteously. "I don't want to go on the bridge," he kept repeating all the way over.

I asked the mother why the boy was to go on the bridge, and she replied there was only one way to account for it. "The boy," she said, "was born a few days after the opening in 1882. My husband killed in the crush that day. I was but by some miracle I escaped. In my life my son evinced great fear of the bridge and always cried when crossing generally use the ferry, as I hate the scene, but I am in a hurry today and over this way. I hope he will recover this fear as he grows older, but I am going to think otherwise. He has a father died, and no one has heard of the bridge accident in his home."—Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

An English Salt Mine.

The exploration for salt at the Iron works, South Bank, near London, brought for Mr. Coulthard, of London, has just been completed. One salt, eighty-two feet thick, was treated, and a parting of another sum bored through into another salt, fourteen feet thick. As the of the salt measures has not been there is the possibility of other salt existing. The total depth of brine well is 1,692 feet.—Scientific American.