

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## MR. BOLDON'S EXPEDIENT.

"I am fairly dished—ruined—done for. I had better order my coffin while I can pay for it." This was the sad soliloquy of Mr. James Boldon, solicitor and notary public, as he sat alone in his office in High street, Westborough, one October morning.

And truly Mr. James Boldon's position was not a happy one. He was a young man, lately admitted as a solicitor, and he had spent all his little capital to no purpose in trying to make a practice for himself in the town of Westborough.

He was almost a stranger in the town, and, although he had been there nearly a year he had hardly succeeded in making an acquaintance, much less in gaining clients. The report that there was "an opening" in the place, on the strength of which he had come there, had proved to be entirely fallacious. The town was just large enough to hide him. It was in vain that he went regularly to St. Augustine's Mission chapel in the hope of having his name put on the building committee of the new church; in vain that he frequented (at proper hours) the billiard-room of the new Royal hotel; in vain that he sedulously attended the county court and the police court with a glazed black bag that held nothing but a newspaper and one or two law books. Business would not come to him. Nobody knew him, and nobody cared to know him.

There was, indeed, one man who knew him—one who might, if he had had any business, have proved a useful friend—Mr. Lionel Winn, editor of The Westborough Independent. The young lawyer had made the acquaintance of Mr. Winn over the billiard table. But of what use was it to have the means of getting a flattering notice in the newspaper when there was absolutely nothing to notice?

It was nearly 12 o'clock, Mr. James Boldon had been looking over his ledger, and even his sanguine disposition failed him, as he marked the state of things there disclosed. He rose from the table with a groan, put on his hat, and, telling his solitary office boy (who was improving his time by boring holes in the lid of his desk) that he would not be in till after lunch, he sallied forth into the street.

Not having any particular object in view, he thought he might as well go to the railway station and get a London paper, and thither he directed his steps. After buying his paper, Boldon observed on the platform the station-master, whom he knew by sight, engaged in an angry altercation with an elderly man, who looked like a farm laborer. A little crowd surrounded the disputants, and Boldon sauntered up to see what was the matter.

"A tell'e've a coom from Lamborne, an' I'll pay no more," said the man. "You must pay your fare from London all the same," returned the station-master angrily. "Here's the by-laws. You can read it for yourself—that is, if you can read."

"Now, a caant."

"Well, it says that any one traveling without a ticket must pay the fare from the station at which the train started. How am I to know you only got in at Lamborne?"

The dispute went on, the station-master, who had been a sergeant in the guards and had a great idea of the importance of his office and the necessity of enforcing the law, having evidently the best of it. The young solicitor vented to say something for the man, and was roughly advised to mind his own business. This rather nettled him; and, as the poor man protested that he could not pay the fare from London—7 shillings and 10 pence—and there was every prospect that he would be taken before the magistrates, Boldon good-naturedly paid the money for him, and the matter was at an end.

Our hero walked abstractedly back to his office, pondering over the hard case of the poor man whom he had succored; and his deliberations lasted for some time.

On the following Saturday morning Boldon omitted to shave, and stayed indoors all day. After a substantial early dinner he proceeded to make some changes in his raiment. He put on an old tweed suit considerably the worse for wear, and a pair of boots that had seen better days. His hat took from a well-merited oblivion, and finally he adorned his neck with a red and blue woolen comforter. Thus equipped, he set out for a walk to Lamborne, a small town about ten miles off.

He reached his destination about 7 o'clock in the evening, and his first proceeding was to go to an inn and order some tea. Having refreshed himself, he left the inn, after exchanging a few words with the landlady, and visited two or three shops. In each shop he made one or two small purchases, directing that the goods should be sent to him at Westborough; and in each case he was careful to take a receipt for the money he paid. Then he went to the railway station, at which he knew the London train for Westborough and the west would stop in a few minutes, made one or two trifling purchases at the bookstall, and managed to engage the man who kept the stall in conversation for some time. The train came in as he was still talking to the man at the bookstall, and Boldon quietly took his seat in it, without having gone through the formality of taking a ticket.

When the train arrived at Westborough, the young solicitor explained that he had joined the train at Lamborne and tendered the fare from that town. As he expected, the money was refused, and the full fare from London demanded. This Mr. Boldon positively refused to pay, and accordingly he was detained till the station-master was sent for.

That official, in all the majesty of gold-laced coat and tall hat, soon arrived, much annoyed at being disturbed at his evening meal.

"What is all this about?" he demanded sternly, as he came upon the scene.

"They want to make me pay the fare all the way from London, and I've only come from Lamborne," answered Boldon in a humble tone.

"Of course you must pay the whole fare. There's a by-law on purpose, made and provided."

Mr. Boldon mournfully shook his head. "Oh, no, sir," he said meekly. "I really can't do that."

"You have to go to the lock-up, then," rejoined the station-master, roughly. "You'd best pay up."

Mr. Boldon only shook his head again and sighed heavily.

As the lawyer expected the official was exasperated by his obstinacy and encouraged in his high-handed manner by the meekness with which he was confronted. None of the railway people recognized in the shabbily-dressed, unshaven individual before them the spruce gentleman who had paid a poor man's fare a few days before.

"Bonner, go for a constable," said the station-master, with the air of an inflexible judge awarding a term of twenty years' penal servitude!

"Don't do that; I'll give you my name and address. I'm known in the place—that is, I'm quite respectable, you know."

"Oh, I dare say," returned the station-master, with true official superciliousness.

There was an awful pause while the porter was gone to fetch the constable.

"Don't you think?" suggested Boldon, almost timidly—"don't you think it might be as well to telegraph to London for instructions?"

The station-master frowned.

"They couldn't complain of you in that case, at any rate," pursued Boldon.

The station-master hesitated.

"I'll wait in the waiting-room till you get an answer," said Boldon, as he led the way to that cheerful apartment.

The official darted a suspicious glance at the prisoner. Still, the advice was prudent and he acted upon it. In half an hour the answer came back: "The passenger without a ticket must pay the fare from London, or be charged before the magistrates."

"Just let me see the message you've got," said Boldon, when the result was announced to him. "If it is as you say, I'll go quietly, or pay."

They showed him the message.

"No, I really can't pay all that money, you know," said Boldon, sadly, as he read the telegram; and accordingly he was marched off to the police office, guarded by a policeman on the right and by a constable in the imposing uniform of the Great Railway company, on the left.

As it was Saturday night, nothing could be done that day, and Mr. Boldon did not choose to disturb the Sabbath rest of Mr. Lionel Winn, his only available friend, by asking him to bail him out on Sunday.

On the Monday morning, however, an early message was sent to Mr. Winn, and he promptly appeared and bailed out the young lawyer, who was heartily tired of his incarceration. Later in the day the case came on before the magistrates, and Mr. Boldon attended with the landlady of the inn at Lamborne and one of the shopkeepers, who were able and willing to prove that he could not possibly have traveled from a greater distance than Lamborne on the preceding Saturday night. The charge was of course dismissed, one of the magistrates, a jolly old fellow named Bracebridge, remarking that Mr. Boldon, who seemed to be a respectable solicitor, had been treated shamefully, and that if he stood in Mr. Boldon's place he would be inclined to let the Great Railway company hear of the matter again.

Next-day The Westborough Independent contained a long account of the "incredible and really scandalous outrage, to which one of the most respected members of the legal profession in our town has been subjected;" and it need hardly be said that, in a day or two, the course at which the worthy magistrate had hinted was adopted. Mr. Boldon brought his action against the railway company for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution.

As everybody knows, Westborough is an assize town, and the case of Boldon vs. the Great Railway company excited a good deal of public interest. Everybody wished to know how the law stood on the question, for everybody had had occasion some time or other to travel without a ticket.

Mr. Bustard, Q.C., was counsel for the plaintiff, and nobly he performed his task. He pictured his client, a member of an honorable profession, a gentleman of delicate and sensitive feelings, dragged by the ruthless hands of the police through the crowded streets on a Saturday night, exposed to the rude gaze of the jeering mob, and shut up in a cold, lonely cell for the greater part of two whole days. And all for what? Because this gentleman had the courage, the public spirit, to resist an unreasonable and illegal impost. It was the interest of every railway traveler—their might, therefore, say of every man, woman and child in the three kingdoms—that the rights of the traveler and the liberty of subject should be vindicated in the person of his client. "My client doesn't care for damages, gentlemen," said Mr. Bustard in conclusion. "That is not his object in coming here. His object is to expose an abuse, an illegal abuse, gentlemen, which has been too long continued—to clear his own character of the ignominy which has been cast upon it—to vindicate the sacred principle of the liberty of a free-born Englishman."

As far as the question of law, Mr. Lynx, who was for the railway company, hardly ventured to rely upon it. "It has been held over and over again," said Mr. Justice Portman, "that this by-law is bad and illegal. It affects to inflict a fine of arbitrary and varying amount, where there is no breach of the criminal law, for here, as in most such cases, there is no pretense that there was any attempt to defraud. You will find a verdict for the plaintiff, gentlemen," he added to the jury, "with such damages as you, looking at all the circumstances of the case, may think will fairly compensate the plaintiff for the wrong he suffered."

"What is all this about?" he demanded sternly, as he came upon the scene.

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## A TROUBLESOME INDIAN RACE.

Interesting Information About the Yaquis  
Mode of Warfare.

The Yaquis do not want to have local self-government, but they absolutely refuse to obey the laws of Mexico and to recognize the sovereignty of the Mexican government. This Indian tribe numbers about 25,000 people, who live in the districts between the Yaqui and Mayo rivers. Their territory is divided into eight townships, of which Belen, Tiron, Palama, Rebeca are the leading ones. Each town is governed by a patriarch, elected for life, and these patriarchs in turn elect generalissimo, or chief, likewise for life.

The chief of the Yaquis enjoys absolute power over the property and even the life of the members of the tribe, and his will is checked by no law.

He is entitled to one-fourth of all the crops raised on Yaqui territory, and can take all the land and even personal property he may want, besides.

The present chief makes full