

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER  
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## "A THOUSAN' POUNDS"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1768, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight from the river. Jack and Margaret later rescue Margaret Hare and her family from the Indians. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unrest grows in the colonies because of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solomon and Jack visit Boston. In November, 1770, Jack goes to Philadelphia and works in Benjamin Franklin's printing plant. Nearly three years later Margaret writes him from London, reminding him that her youth is passing and saying she has appealed to Doctor Franklin.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

This letter went to the heart of the young man. She had defied set before him the gross unfairness of delay. He felt it. Ever since the parting he had been eager to go. His father was not a rich man and the family was large. His own salary had been little more than was needed for clothing and books. That autumn it had been doubled and the editor had assured him that higher pay would be forthcoming. He hesitated to tell the girl how little he earned and how small, when measured in money, his progress had seemed to be. He was in despair when his friend Solomon Binkus arrived from Virginia. For two years the latter had been looking after the interests of Major Washington out in the Ohio river country. They dined together that evening at the Crooked Billet and Solomon told him of his adventures in the West and frontier robberies of the notorious one-legged robber, Micah Harpe, and his den on the shore of the Ohio and of the cunning of the outlaw in evading capture.

Solomon read the girl's letter and said: "If I was you I'd swim the big pond if necessary. This 'ere is a real simon pure, four-masted wogern an' she wants you fer captain. As the feller said when he seen a black fox, 'Come on, boys, it's time fer to wear out yer boots.'"

"I'm tied to my job."

"Then break yer hatter," said Solomon.

"I haven't money enough to get married and keep a wife."

"What an ignorant cuss you be!" Solomon exclaimed. "You don't 'pear to know when ye're well off."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that ye're wuth at least a thousand' pounds cash money."

"I would not ask my father for help and I have only forty pounds in the bank," Jack answered.

Solomon took out his wallet and removed from it a worn and soiled piece of paper and studied the memoranda it contained. Then he did some ciphering with a piece of lead. In a moment he said:

"You have got a thousand' an' fifteen pounds an' six shillin' fer to do with as ye please an' no questions asked—nary one."

"You mean you've got it?"

"Which means that Jack Irons owns it hide, horns an' taller."

Tears came to the boy's eyes. He looked down for a moment without speaking. "Thank you, Solomon," he said presently. "I can't use your money. It wouldn't be right."

Solomon shut one eye an' squinted with the other as if he were taking aim along the top of a gun barrel. Then he shook his head and drawled:

"Cat's blood an' gun powder! That 'ere slaps me in the face an' kicks me on the shin," Solomon answered. "I've walked an' paddled eighty mile in a day an' been stabbed an' shot at an' had to run fer my life, which it ain't no fun—ye hear to me. Who do ye s'pose I done it fer but you an' my kentry? There ain't nobody o' my name an' blood on this side o' the ocean—not nobody at all. An' if I kin't work fer you, Jack, I'd just er-hunt as soon quit. This 'ere money ain't no good to me 'cept fer body cover an' powder an' balls. I'd as leave drop it in the river. It bothers me. I don't need it. When I git tum I go an' hide it in the bush somewhere—jest to git it out o' my way. I been thinkin' all up the road from Virginia of this 'ere good demable money an' what I were a-goin' to do with it an' what it could do to me. An' sez I, 'I'm ergoin' to ask Jack to take it. I use it fer a wall 'twixt him an' trouble, an' the idee hurried the erlong—honest! Kind o' made me happy. Course, if I had a wife an' children, 'twould be different, but I ain't got no one. An' now ye tell me ye don't want it, which it makes me feel lonesomer 'n a tierred Tory an' kind o' sorrowful—ayes, sir, it does."

Solomon's voice sank to a whisper.

"Forgive me," said Jack. "I didn't know you felt that way. But I'm glad you do. I'll take it on the understanding that as long as I live what I have shall also be yours."

"I've two hundred poun' an' six shillin' in my pocket an' a lot more hid in the bush. It's all yours to the last round penny. I reckon I'll purty nigh bridge the s'ough. I want ye to be married respectable like a gentleman

—slick duds, plenty o' cakes an' pies an' no slightin' the minister er the rum bar'l.

"Major Washington give me a letter to take to Ben Franklin on t'other side o' the ocean. Ye see ev'ry letter that's sent ercross is opened an' read afore it gets to him essen it's guarded keeful. This 'ere one, I guess, has suthin' powerful secret in it. He pays all the bills. So I'll be goin' erlong with ye on the nex' ship an' when we git that I want to shake hands with the gal and tell her how to make ye behave."

That evening Jack went to the manager of the Gazette and asked for a six months' leave of absence.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Crossing.

There were curious events in the voyage of Jack and Solomon. They sailed on or about the eleventh of October, 1773. Their ship was the Snow which had arrived the week before with some fifty Irish servants, indentured for their passage. The food was of poor quality, the cooking a tax upon jaw, palate and digestion, the service unclean. When good weather came, by and by, and those who had not tasted food for days began to feel the pangs of hunger the ship was filled with a most passionate lot of pilgrims. It was then that Solomon presented the petition of the passengers to the captain.

"Cap'n, we're 'bout wore out with whale meat an' slobgollon. We're all down by the head."

"So'm I," said the captain. "This 'ere man had a good recommend an' said he could cook perfect."

"A man like that kin cook the passengers with their own heat," said Solomon. "I feel like my belly was full o' rocks. If you'll let me into the galley, I'll right ye up an' shift the way o' the wind an' the course o' the ship. I'll swing the bow toward heaven 'stead o' hell an' keep her p'inted straight an' it won't cost ye a penny. They's too much swearin' in this 'ere ship. Can't nobody be a Christian with his guts a-b'illin'. His tongue'll break loose an' make his soul look like a waggin with a smashed wheel an' a busted ex. A cook could do more good, 'ere than a minister."

"Can you cook?"

"You try me an' I'll agree to happy ye up so ye won't know yerself. Yer

meat won't be raw ner petrified an' there won't be no insects in the biscuit."

So Solomon was installed as cook and happiness returned to the ship.

In the course of the voyage they overhauled the Star, a four-masted ship bound from New York to Dover. For hours the two vessels were so close that the passengers engaged in a kind of battle. Those on the Star began it by hurling turnips at the men on the other ship who responded with a volley of apples. Solomon discerned on the deck of the stranger Captain Preston and an English officer of the name of Hawk whom he had known at Oswego and hailed them. Then said Solomon:

"It's a shipload o' Tories who've had enough of Ameriky. They's a cuss on that tub that I helped put a coat o' tar an' feathers on in the Ohio kentry. He's the one with the black pipe in his mouth. I don't know his name but they use to call him Slops—the dirtiest, low-downest, d—n Tory traitor that ever lived. Helped the Injuns out there in the West. See that 'ere black pipe? Allus carries it in his mouth 'cept when he's eatin'. I guess he goes to sleep with it. It's one o' the features o' his face. We tarred him plenty now you hear to me."

That evening a boat was lowered and the captain of the Snow crossed and a hundred yards of quiet sea to dine with the captain of the Star in the cabin of the latter. Next day a stiff wind came out of the west.

Because he had to take off his coat while he was working in the galley, Solomon gave the precious letter into Jack's keeping.

About noon on the twenty-ninth of November they made Dover and anchored in the Downs. Deal was about three miles away and its boats came off for them. They made a circuit and

sailed close to shore. Each boat went for passengers had its own landing. Its men threw a rope across the breakers. This was quickly put on a windlass. With the rope winding on its windlass the boat was slowly hauled through the surge. Its occupants being drenched and sprinkled with salt water. They made their way to the inn of the Three Kings where two men stood watching as they approached. One of them Jack recognized as the man Slops with the black pipe in his mouth.

"That's him," said the man with the black pipe, pointing at Solomon whereupon the latter was promptly arrested.

"What have I done?" he asked.

"You'll learn directly at 'eadquarters," said the officer.

Solomon shook hands with Jack and said: "I'm glad I met ye," and turned and walked away with the two men.

Jack was tempted to follow them but feeling a bitter purpose in Solomon's conduct went into the inn.

So the friends parted, Jack being puzzled and distressed by the swift change in the color of their affairs. The letter to Doctor Franklin was in his pocket—a lucky circumstance. He decided to go to London and deliver the letter and seek advice regarding the relief of Solomon. At the door in the lobby of the Three Kings he learned that he must take the post chaise for Canterbury, which would be leaving until 6 p. m. This gave him time to take counsel in behalf of his friend. Turning toward the door, he met Captain Preston, who greeted him with great warmth and wished to know where was Major Binkus.

Jack told the captain of the arrest of his friend.

"I expected it," said Preston. "So I have waited here for your ship. It's that mongrel chap on the Star who got a tarring from Binkus and his friends. He saw Binkus on your deck, as I did, and proclaimed his purpose. So I am here to do what I can to help you. I cannot forget that you two men saved my life. Are there any papers on his person which are likely to make him trouble?"

"No," said Jack, thinking of the letter lying safely in his own pocket.

"That's the important thing," Preston resumed. "Binkus is a famous scout who is known to be anti-British. Such a man coming here is supposed to be carrying papers. Between our selves, they would arrest him on any pretext. You leave this matter in my hands. If he had no papers he'll be coming on in a day or two."

"I'd like to go with you to find him," said Jack.

"Better not," Preston answered with a smile.

"Why?"

"Because I suspect you have the papers. They'll get you, too, if they learn you are his friend. Keep away from him. Sit quietly here in the inn until the post chaise starts for Canterbury. Don't let anyone pick a quarrel with you, and remember this is all a sacred confidence between friends."

"I thank you and my heart is in every word," said Jack as he pressed the hand of the captain. "After all, friendship is a thing above politics—even the politics of these bitter days."

He sat down with a sense of relief and spent the rest of the afternoon reading the London papers, although he longed to go and look at the fortress of Deal Castle. He had tea at five and set out on the mail carriage with his box and bag, an hour later. The road was rough and muddy, with deep holes in it. At one point the chaise rattled and bumped over a plowed field. Before dark he saw a man hanging in a gibbet by the roadside. At ten o'clock they passed the huge gate of Canterbury and drew up at an inn called the King's Head. The landlady and two waiters attended for orders. He had some supper and went to bed. Awakened at 5 a. m. by the sound of a bugle, he arose and dressed hurriedly and found the post chaise waiting. They went on the King's road from Canterbury and a mile out they came to a big, white gate in the dim light of the early morning.

A young man clapped his mouth to the window and shouted:

"Sixpence, yer honor."

It was a real turnpike and Jack stuck his head out of the window for a look at it. They stopped for breakfast at an inn far down the pike and went on through Sittingbourne, Faversham, Rochester and the lovely valley of the River Medway, of which Jack had read.

At every stop it amused him to hear the words "chaise an' pair," flying from host to waiter and waiter to hostler and back in the wink of an eye.

Jack spent the night at the Rose in Dartford and went on next morning over Gadshill and Shootershill and Blackheath. Then the Thames and Greenwich and Deptford, from which he could see the crowds and domes and towers of the big city. A little past two o'clock he rode over London bridge and was set down in the Spread Eagle, where he paid a shilling a mile for his passage and ate his dinner.

Such, in those days, was the crossing and the trip up to London, as Jack describes it in his letters.

## Cookery and Slang in Odd Relationship

Why the business of the cook should be used as a vehicle of acron and re-venge is a mystery of our mysterious language.

We boast that we "have settled his hash" when we have "squashed" a man and when counsel very severely cross-examines a witness, or a mistress gives a servant what is commonly called "a piece of her mind," we say that both got "a jolly good roasting." If anyone has been thoroughly bamboozled or made a fool of we say he has been "done brown."

Why do we say that certain circumstances or happenings have put a man "into a pretty stew," or that a certain young man has "got himself into boiling water," which almost certainly refers to the dropping of some living animal, like the lobster, into the pot? And why do we refer to some one who has shown a lack of intelligence as only half baked?

The phrase "I've cooked his goose" has an ancient origin. When Eric, king of Sweden, reached a certain town with very few soldiers, the enemy hung out a goose for him to shoot. Finding, however, that it was no matter for jest, the townsfolk sent heralds to learn what he wanted. His reply was: "To cook your goose for you."—London Tit-Bits.

## Calvaries of Paris Are Rapidly Passing

Slowly the calvaries of Paris are vanishing. The old walls on which penitence and adoration erected their have crumbled, have been swept away, and the new walls know no calvaries. Here and there, however, writes "E. G. H." in the continental edition of the London Mail, the great and sorrowful symbol of the Christian faith may still be seen.

In remote corners, just out of the swift current of the city's life it stands unheeded by the busy crowds. Only the birds sometimes flutter round it, and in the manner of some medieval legend, we might believe the feathered things cared for something that humanity had almost forgotten. Of such calvaries one may be found at the corner of the Rue d'Aubervilliers and the Rue de l'Evangelie.

It has its place not in one of the loveliest parts of the great city, and we might be disposed to question the work itself from the standpoint of mere art. But there it stands, and a creeper droops half expressively around the head of it. It breaks suddenly the level contour of an ugly wall. And sometimes it may seem that nothing was ever broken in a manner more wonderful than this poor wall is broken by the dolorous calvary.

## Police Dogs "Wolfish"

The police dogs are not a distinct breed, but are shepherd dogs police trained. The German police dog should stand 22 to 26 inches at the shoulder and show in every line the qualities which he is supposed to possess—intelligence, alertness, loyalty, gentleness, courage, obedience, willing-ness and devotion. While the standard allows great range of color, those most often seen in this country are of the so-called "wolf" colors, dark tipping of hair over a tawny or buff ground. The muzzle (unlike that of a wolf) is usually blackish. Both the German and Belgian dogs may be divided into three general types—namely, rough-haired, wire-haired and smooth-haired. By their erect ears and general expression they betray their near relationship to the wolf.

## Honest at Least

Her blond prettiness and dainty attire attracted a woman as she stood beside her in the public library. From her chic satin hat to her trim little shoes she was the last word in feminine smartness.

She had asked the librarian for the most widely read book of the day and the librarian was doubtful whether there was a copy in at present, but after searching a few moments returned and handed her the desired book.

"Oh, goodness, no! It has too many pages; I heard so much about it I just thought I should read it, but that's too much of a job," and thanking the girl sweetly, tripped out of the building, leaving a faint trace of perfume and a wide-eyed librarian behind her.

## Musical Instruments

Certain musical instruments are used almost entirely by one sex, others by both. The harp is largely a woman's instrument, but when men take it up they show marked ability to master it. The piano is very evenly divided between the sexes. Brass instruments are played mainly by men, ukuleles by women. The banjo is a man's instrument, while mandolins are well divided between the sexes. The saxophone, the most popular of all instruments at the present time, is played by both men and women.—John Howe in the American Magazine.

## Slight Misunderstanding

A seamstress employed by a charitable institution had her wages raised to such an amount that she was eligible to an income tax. When she received the usual forms from the collector with the request that she fill them out and return them, she sent them back with the following note: "Dear Sir: I have always been insured with the Safety company and I have no intention of changing my company now."

## Quaint Annual Festival in Shakespeare's Town

Coming almost coincidentally with Thanksgiving day in Canada, is celebrated at the historic town of Stratford-on-Avon, immortalized by William Shakespeare, what is called the annual "Mop" day, the Montreal Family Herald tells us. Its name was derived from the oldtime custom of men with mops journeying through the streets; but although this has now died out, the fair has never lost its quaint name. Pigs and other animals are roasted whole in the streets, in small, walled-in spaces. At the largest Mop, which was just before the outbreak of the war with Germany, there were 30 pigs and 16 other beasts roasted. The meat is sold at adjacent tables or to the citizens who send their servants to fetch it. Part of the custom is to eat Banbury cakes on Mop day. Originally a hiring fair, both for farm hands and for maldservants, a fortnight later it is followed by the "Runaway Mop." This was instituted for those who, having found their situations unsatisfactory, had their servants hired at the "Little Mop" were forced to keep their places until the "Big Mop" came around again. For the "Big Mop" there are countless caravans and side-shows, switchbacks, and wild-beast shows; but for the "Runaway" there are only a small number, as few as five pigs and two beasts sometimes sufficing for the roast.

## "Doctors and Quinine" Built Bolivian Railway

The most wonderful, and at the same time the most isolated, railway in the world is in South America. It begins and ends 2,000 miles from civilization. The terminus of steam navigation up the Amazon and its mighty tributary, the Madeira river, is at Porto Velho, 2,000 miles from the sea. Here the Madeira-Marmore railway begins, carrying the traveler and his merchandise past 250 miles of cataracts and rapids to the navigable rivers of Bolivia.

The task of getting European goods into northeastern Bolivia used to be gigantic. It took six months, and every pound had to be carried on the backs of natives to escape the rapids. The railway was begun as long ago as 1874, but it had to be abandoned, because every sleeper laid cost a life. It was only when medical science stepped in to help the engineers that the colossal task was accomplished ten years ago.

The line was built by the government of Brazil. It circumvents 19 cataracts, starts 2,000 miles from any other railroad, and ends at a similar distance in Bolivia. The great water-distance the journey from Atlantic to Pacific. The Americans say that it was really built by "Doctor Lovelace and quinine."

## Isinglass Production

Isinglass is the commercial name for dried swimming bladders of several varieties of fish. The amount of gelatin in isinglass is from 80 to 93 per cent and even more. It is prepared by tearing the air bladder or sound from the back of the fish, from which it has been loosened by striking several blows with a wooden club, then washing in cold water. The black outer skin is removed with a knife, again washed and spread on a board to dry in the open air, with the white shiny skin turned outward. To prevent shriveling or shrinking, the bladders must be fastened to a drying board. The best quality of isinglass comes from sounds that are dried in the sun. After drying, the sound is again moistened with warm water and the interior shiny skin is removed by hammering or rubbing. Finally, it is rolled between two polished iron rollers.

## She Said So, Anyway

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Hughie's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morning and greeted him with much cordiality.

"Do you think your sister was pleased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask, humbly, after several efforts to guide Hughie's conversation in that direction.

"Sure!" said Hughie, with gratifying promptness. "I know she was. I heard her say so."

"When she came home mother said, 'Mr. Jones called while you were out,' and she said: 'He did? Well, I am glad of that!'"

## Fixing "Index Number"

The "index number" is a well-established device commonly used for measuring changes in wholesale and retail prices, and rates of wages over long periods of time. It is constructed by securing each month the prices or rates of a uniform list, at certain specified places, and striking an average. Such numbers are usually reduced to percentages. The lowest price known is sometimes taken as a base, or, as in case of investment stocks, 100 is used.

## Aged

"When is a man or woman old?" One man answers that question this way: "You are old, whatever your age, when you automatically reject a new idea with 'I don't believe it.' You are old when the happiness of others are no longer interests or gives you pleasure, when life looks gray, when you lose confidence in human nature."

"Dear Sir: I have always been insured with the Safety company and I have no intention of changing my company now."

"Remember when you break the silence that the least said is the easiest mended."

## Ernest Torrence

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This prominent actor in the "movies" was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1878, and was educated to be an opera singer. In 1901 he began his stage career. For ten years he continued in musical comedy work, coming to the United States in 1911. A short time later he entered the motion picture business.

## The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

### THE UNBURIED DEAD

THE superstition with regard to delay in the burial of the dead varies somewhat in form in different parts of the country but is found in some phase in all sections. To keep the corpse in the house over Sunday will bring death into the family within a year, is one form. Some of the others are: If the grave is left open over Sunday another death in the family will soon take place. If the grave is left open overnight without the corpse there will be another death in the family within a year. All the different forms of the superstition express the same idea—an apprehension of evil resulting from a dead body left unburied. This is an inheritance of the primitive idea of burial as a means of protection from the dead, an imprisonment of the dead man's ghost so that it could not do harm to the living. Lewis Dayton Burdick in his "Magic and Hushandry," says that primitive man "fearing the malevolent influence of the spirit or ghost of the dead man placed his body beneath a weight of earth and sought to prevent his troublesome reappearance." As long as the body was above ground our far-off ancestors conceived the dead man's spirit as hovering about it and were apprehensive as to that spirit's action. A fear of the spirits of the dead was strongly rooted in the minds of primitive man and exists today in all primitive races who have many rites for propitiating the names of the deceased kin and companions. Our far-off ancestors regarded Mother Earth as "providing a retreat and a protection to the living from harmful spirits."

In connection with this primitive idea of the danger of leaving a dead body unburied Mr. Burdick says: "It is interesting to note that it was one of the laws of the Hebrews that if a man had committed a crime meriting death and had been hanged upon a tree the body must be buried during that day and not suffered to remain all night upon the tree 'lest the land all night upon the tree 'lest the land be defiled,' and he thinks that primarily the custom was associated with the fear of harm to the living from the depredations of the malevolently inclined ghost."

The current superstitions mentioned above are clearly survivals of this idea of primitive man—the idea that safety for the living necessitated a prompt burial of the dead.

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### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### THE UPWARD WAY

TO SOME earth is a snare  
With pitfalls everywhere.  
They lose the spacious skies  
As with their downcast eyes  
They walk in fear lest they  
Shall stumble on the way.

For me 'tis but the space  
Whereon I find my place,  
And where my feet shall stand  
The while, with outstretched  
The hand,  
I reach up to the light  
That leads me to the height.

If stumbling I shall fall  
I shall not mind at all,  
But out of mishap vain  
Rise to my feet again,  
And careless of my rue,  
The upward way pursue.

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Remember when you break the silence that the least said is the easiest mended.

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. I congratulate you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)