

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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## "A PRETTY DRAMA"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1788, as warm 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 and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. 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. Binkus has received a letter from Washington to be carried across the ocean, and Jack sails with him. Arriving in England, Binkus is arrested, but Jack has the letter and proceeds to London. Jack delivers the papers to Franklin in London. Binkus is released and joins them in the great city. Jack orders fashionable clothes.

## CHAPTER VI

### The Lovers.

The fashionable tailor was done with Jack's equipment. Franklin had seen and approved the admirably shaped and fitted garments. The young man and his friend Solomon had moved to their new lodgings on Bloomsbury square. The scout had acquired a suit for street wear and was now able to walk abroad without exciting the multitudes. The Doctor was planning what he called "a snug little party." So he announced when Jack and Solomon came, adding:

"But first you are to meet Margaret and her mother here at half after four."

Jack made careful preparation for that event. Fortunately it was a clear, bright day after foggy weather. Solomon had refused to go with Jack for fear of being in the way.

"I want to see her an' her folks, but I reckon ye'll have yer hands full to-day," he remarked. "Ye don't need no scout on that kind of reconnoiterin'. You go on ahead an' git through with yer smakin' an' byn-by I'll straggle in."

Precisely at four thirty-five Jack presented himself at the lodgings of his distinguished friend. He has said in a letter, when his dramatic adventures were all behind him, that this was the most thrilling moment he had known. "The butler had told me that the ladies were there," he wrote. "Upon my word it put me out of breath climbing that little flight of stairs. But it was in fact the end of a long journey. It is curious that my feeling then should remind me, as it does, of moments when I have been close up to the enemy, within his lines, and lying hard against the ground in some thicket while British soldiers were tramping so near I could feel the ground shake. In the room I saw Lady Hare and Doctor Franklin standing side by side. What a smile he wore as he looked at me! I have never known a human being who had such a cheering light in his countenance. I have seen it brighten the darkest days of the war aided by the light of his words. His faith and good cheer were immovable. I felt the latter when he said:

"See the look of alarm in his face. Now for a pretty drama!"

"Mrs. Hare gave me her hand and I kissed it and said that I had expected Margaret and hoped that she was not ill. There was a thistledown touch on my cheek from behind and turning I saw the laughing face I sought looking up at me. I tell you, my mother, there never was such a pair of eyes. Their long, dark lashes and the glow between them I remember chiefly. The latter was the friendly light of her spirit. To me it was like a candle in the window to guide my feet. 'Come,' it seemed to say. 'Here is a welcome for you.' I saw the pink in her cheeks, the crimson in her lips, the white of her neck, the glow of her abundant hair, the shapeliness of brow and nose and chin in that first glance. I saw the beating of her heart even. I remember there was a tiny mole on her temple under the edge of that beautiful, golden crown of hers. It did not escape my eye. I tell you she was fair as the first violets in Meadowvale on a dewy morning. Of course, she was at her best. It was the last moment in years of waiting in which her indignation had furnished me with endowments too romantic. I have seen great moments, as you know, but this is the one I could least afford to give up. I had long been wondering what I should do when it came. Now it was come and there was no taking thought of what we should do. That would seem to have been settled out of court. I kissed her lips and she kissed mine and for a few moments I think we could have stood in a half bushel measure. Then the Doctor laughed and gave her ladyship a smack on the cheek.

"I don't know about you, my lady, but it fills me with the glow of youth to see such going on," he remarked. "I'm only twenty-one and nobody knows it—nobody suspects it even.

These wrinkles and gray hair are only a mask that covers the heart of a boy."

"I confess that such a scene does push me back into my girlhood," said Lady Hare. "Alas! I feel the old thrill."

"Suddenly Solomon arrived. Of course where Solomon is, one would expect solecisms. They were not wanting. I had not tried to prepare him for the ordeal. Solomon is bound to be himself wherever he is, and why not? There is no better man living."

"You're as purty as a golden robin," he said to Margaret, shaking her hand in his big one.

"He was not so much put out as I thought he would be. I never saw a gentler man with women. As hard as iron in a fight, there has always been a curious vein of chivalry in the old scout. He stood and joked with the girl, in his old fashion, and set us all laughing. Margaret and her mother enjoyed his talk and spoke of it, often, after that.

"I dressed and went to dine with the Hares that evening. They lived in a large house on a fashionable 'road' as certain of the streets were called. It was a typical upper class, English home. There were many fine old things in it but no bright colors, nothing to dazzle or astonish you like the wooden Indian in war paint and feathers and the stuffed bear and high colored rugs in the parlor of Mr. Gosport in Philadelphia. Every piece of furniture was like the quiet, still-footed servants who came and went making the smallest possible demand upon your attention.

"I was shown into the library where Sir Benjamin sat alone reading a newspaper. He greeted me politely.

"The news is disquieting," he said presently. "What have you to tell us of the situation in America?"

"It is critical," I answered. "It can be mended, however, if the government will act promptly."

"What should it do?"

"Make concessions, sir, stop shipping tea for a time. Don't try to force an export with a duty on it. I think the government should not shake the mailed fist at us."

"But think of the violence and the destruction of property!"

"All that will abate and disappear if the cause is removed. We, who keep our affection for England, have done our best to hold the passions of the people in check, but we get no help from this side of the ocean."

"Sir Benjamin sat thoughtfully feeling his silvered mustache. He had grown stouter and fuller-faced since we had parted in Albany when he had



"KEEP YOURSELF IN BOUNDS, MY DAUGHTER," HER FATHER ANSWERED.

looked like a prosperous, well-bred merchant in military dress and had been limbered and soiled by knocking about in the bush. Now he wore a white wig and ruffles and looked as dignified as a Tory magistrate.

"In the moment of silence I mustered up my courage and spoke out.

"Sir Benjamin, I said, 'I have come to claim your daughter under the promise you gave me at Fort Stanwix. I have not ceased to love her and if she continues to love me I am sure that our wishes will have your favor and blessing.'

"I have not forgotten the promise," he said. "But America has changed. It is likely to be a hotbed of rebellion—perhaps even the scene of a bloody war. I must consider my daughter's happiness."

"Conditions in America, sir, are not so bad as you take them to be," I assured him.

"I hope you are right," he answered. "I am told that the whole matter rests with your Doctor Franklin. If we are to go on from bad to worse he will be responsible."

"If it rests with him I can assure you, sir, that our troubles will end," I said, looking only at the surface of the matter and speaking confidently out of the bottomless pit of my inexperience as the young are like to do.

"I believe you are right," he declared and went on with a smile. "Now, my young friend, the girl has a notion that she loves you. I am aware of that—so are you, I happen to know. Through Doctor Franklin's influence we have allowed her to receive your letters and to answer them. I have no doubt of your sincerity, or hers, but I did not foresee what has come to pass. She is our only child and you can scarcely blame me if I balk at a marriage which promises to turn

her away from us and fill our family with dissension."

"May we not respect each other and disagree in politics?" I asked.

"In politics, yes, but not in war. I begin to see danger of war and that is full of the bitterness of death. If Doctor Franklin will do what he can to re-establish loyalty and order in the colonies my fear will be removed and I shall welcome you to my family."

"I began to show a glint of intelligence and said: 'If the ministers will co-operate it will not be difficult.'"

"The ministers will do anything it is in their power to do."

"Then the timely entrance of Margaret and her mother.

"I suppose that I shall shock my father but I cannot help it," said the girl as she kissed me.

"You may be sure that I had my part in that game. She stood beside me, her arm around my waist and mine around her shoulders.

"Father, can you blame me for loving this big, splendid hero who saved us from the Indians and the bandits? It is unlike you to be such a hardened wretch. But for him you would have neither wife nor daughter."

"She put it on thick but I held my peace as I have done many a time in the presence of a woman's cunning. Anyhow, she is apt to believe herself and in a matter of the heart can find her way through difficulties which would appall a man.

"Keep yourself in bounds, my daughter," her father answered. "I know his merits and should like to see you married and hope to, but I must ask you to be patient until you can go to a loyal colony with your husband."

"It was a pleasant dinner through which they kept me telling of my adventures in the bush. Save the immediate family only Mrs. Bizzards, a sister of Lady Hare, and a young nephew of Sir Benjamin were at the table."

## CHAPTER VII

### The Dawn.

Franklin, whom Jack saw the next day, liked not the attitude of the baronet.

"He is one of the king's men on the big chess board," said the old philosopher. "All that he said to you has the sound of strategy. I have reason to believe that they are trying to tow us into port and Margaret is only one of many ropes. Hare's attitude is not that of an honest man."

Only three days before the philosopher had had a talk with North at the urgent request of Howe, who, to his credit, was eager for reconciliation. The king's friend and minister was contemptuous.

"I am quite indifferent to war," he had cynically declared at last. "The confessions it would produce will provide for many of our friends."

It was an astonishing bit of frankness.

"I take this opportunity of assuring your lordship that for all the property you seize or destroy in America, you will pay to the last farthing," said Franklin.

This treatment was like that he had received from other members of the government since the unfortunate publication of the Hutchinsons, Rogers and Oliver letters. They seemed to entertain the notion that he had forfeited the respect due a gentleman.

A few days after Franklin had given air to his suspicion that the government party would try to tow him into port three stout British ships had broken their cables on him. An invitation not likely to be received by one who had really forfeited the respect of gentlemen was in his hands. The shrewd philosopher did not think twice about it. He knew that here was the first step in a change of tactics. He could not properly decline to accept it and so he went to dine and spend the night with a most distinguished company at the country seat of Lord Howe.

Some of the best people were there—Lord and Lady Cathcart, Lord and Lady Hyde, Lord and Lady Dartmouth, Sir William Erskine, Sir Henry Clinton, Sir James Balfour, Sir Benjamin Hare and their ladies were also present. Doctor Franklin said that the punch was calculated to promote cheerfulness and high sentiment. As was the custom at like functions, the ladies sat together at one end of the table, Franklin being seated at the right of Lady Howe, who was most gracious and entertaining. The first toast was to the venerable philosopher.

The dinner over, Lady Howe conducted Doctor Franklin to the library, where she asked him to sit down. There were no other persons in the room. She sat near him and began to speak of the misfortunes of the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Lord Howe joined them in a moment. He was most polite.

"I am sensible of the fact that you have been mistreated by the ministry," he said. "I have not approved of their conduct. I am unconnected with those men save through personal friendships. My zeal for the public welfare is my only excuse for asking you to open your mind. The plan is now to send a commission to the colonies, as you have urged."

"Your lordship, I am not looking for rewards, but only for justice."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Radio in Helmets

A radio sending and receiving outfit has been combined with a helmet for the use of aviators making high flights, the generator also supplying current to keep a wearer warm.

## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

### ON TIME

THE late Miss Terry isn't here, I see," said her father, with his usual joke. But her mother frowned in a worried way, saying: "Her dinner will be cold." Then the "late" Miss Terry came in.

"I was finishing up my manuscript," said she, while her mother and father waited patiently for her to catch up. The telephone bell rang. It was an invitation to the theater, with the request for Miss Terry to come early so as to get all the best first part of the play. Ten minutes after the curtain was due to rise she sauntered off, putting aside her parents' efforts to help by saying that, if hurried, she wouldn't be able to write a line the next day.

"Come right back afterward," the old people begged as she finally set out. "We imagine all sorts of accidents when you don't." Nevertheless it was long past midnight when she appeared, to find them sitting up for her.

"The greatest critic in the country was there," burst forth Miss Terry. "And I met her and have an appointment to take some of my poems to her next Monday at five."

All that week the household arranged—or rather disarranged—to suit the temperamental anticipations of the "late" Miss Terry. Then the cook said that she could stand no longer serving meals at all and any hours, and she left. Miss Terry's mother took the cook's place and, after a day, fell ill. Still Miss Terry's work and spirit could not bring itself to conform to regular times; and she dispatched an S. O. S. call to Aunt Maria. With Aunt Maria installed in the kitchen, Miss Terry continued unashamed upon the uneven tenor of her way.

At last the great moment arrived. At five-thirty, somewhat pale, manuscript under arm, she rang the bell of the "greatest critic in the country." The door opened and a cold servant announced that his mistress was no longer home to Miss Terry, who had been expected at five.

Quite without understanding, Miss Terry walked back down the steps. Her missing hostess must have had to meet some unexpected emergency. Well, Miss Terry would call next day and find an explanation. But Tuesday the "greatest critic" was again not at home. After two more fruitless visits Miss Terry received a note. In part it read: "Being on time is really a social question, because it involves nearly always some one else. Especially is it a question of mentality, because it involves foresight and self-control. And most of all, and finally, being on time is a habit that can be acquired."

## HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

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## Your Last Name

### IS IT DWIGHT?

IT IS generally agreed that all the Dwights in this country, unless they are of recent migration to these shores, are in some way connected; and that John Dwight of Dedham, Mass., was the father of all the Dwights here. He came to this country in 1634 with his wife, Hannah. They were among the original settlers of Dedham.

The Dwights in Massachusetts have always held prominent place in religion, education and government. A remarkably large number of the family have attained real prominence and few have passed without some sort of distinction. There have been soldiers, Revolutionary and in the Civil war, congressmen, clergymen, philanthropists and scientists. Timothy Dwight, the educator, was one of a branch of the Dwight family that produced 18 or 20 men of unusual distinction within two or three generations.

This name is said sometimes to be a corruption of Thwait, a local name in the north country of England. There is a place called Dwight in Cumberland from which some of the names may have come.

Belcher: It is sometimes said that this name is of Norman origin and is derived from Bellecourt. Good authority, however, has it that it is from the old French bel-sire—good sire—used with the special sense of grandfather which in Picardy was pronounced Belcher.

Lowell: This is derived from Lovell and this in turn is derived from the word meaning little wolf. Often this word was applied to a dog.

Senior: Though it may appear that this name is derived from the Latin Senior, older, the probability is that it is usually derived from the French "seigneur," meaning lord.

Pattison: This may be regarded as having the meaning of "son of Patrick." Paton is a diminutive of Patrick, and Paton-son gives Pattison.

Newman: This name was first applied to a newcomer in the village of other country.

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## Unwelcome

The Woman—I wish to lodge a complaint. Hotel Clerk—Sorry, madam, but rooms are all full.

# The SANDMAN STORY

## RUNAWAY SNOWFLAKES

ONE night a band of little snowflakes softly crept out of their home and ran down to the earth with out waiting for all their sisters and cousins and other relatives to go along.

"We have been waiting long enough for them," said one of the band. "I guess there are enough of us to amount to something down on the earth, though the others think we can do nothing without them."

So down the little band flittered, whirling and tumbling as they fell.



All the Snowflake Family on the Hill and Over the Meadows.

"I guess folks will be scared when they see us," said one. "Just look how thick and white we are."

"And just see how big we are," said another. "We soon will cover everything white and won't those stay-at-home flakes be sorry they didn't come along with us?"

"Let's whirl upon that hill," said one big flake, "and cover it so no one can get over it to the other side."

So intent upon making things white were the runaways that they did not see Mr. Sunman peeking at them from behind a cloud. He had been watching

them all the time, for he had no intention of letting the snow settle over the earth that day. He came out to shine all day and just because a little cloud got in his way he had no thought of being shut in.

Down, down fell the runaway snowflakes and settled on the hill, but they did not make a very thick covering as they soon saw.

"It is all white anyway," said one. "I thought we were big enough to make deep snow. O dear, I am so warm."

"You had no right to think anything," said old Mr. Sunman. "You should have waited until my day was done, you runaway children, and to pay you for leaving all your relatives up there worrying about you, I shall melt you all."

Poor little snowflakes, they did not have a chance to run, for Mr. Sunman breathed upon them his warm breath and down they sank into the earth and the hill was as bare as before they came.

"I'm sorry I had to do that," said Mr. Sunman and for a minute or two his face was hidden again, for unless he can smile he does not show it to the earth. "But I could not help it; I had to shine today and if those foolish children had waited until tomorrow they would have had plenty of help in making things white, but today is mine."

Then out from the cloud Mr. Sunman came and beamed all day upon the earth, and warmest he shone upon the hill where the runaway flakes were asleep.

But the next morning when they awoke they found all their sisters and cousins and all the Snowflake family on the hill and over all the meadows and fields, but no one scolded the runaways for they knew Mr. Sunman had taught them a lesson—he never runs from a little band of snowflakes; only when all the relatives are along does Mr. Sunman hide his face.

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## The Appleton Family

Mr. Lysander John Appleton  
Mrs. Lysander John Appleton  
Miss Daysey Mayme Appleton  
Master Chauncey Devere Appleton

WHEN Lysander John Appleton meets with an accident, or falls sick, the papers say that his wife is very low as a result of the shock, or is prostrated; nothing is said about what is going to become of Lysander John. Once when Lysander John was seriously ill with a fever, his wife sent a notice to the papers to the following effect: "Lysander John Appleton, one of our most prominent citizens, has been sick three weeks with a fever, and during that time his estimable wife hasn't had off her clothes once. Night and day she attends his bedside, combining with the natural skill of a nurse, a fountain of love and tenderness. When his illness took a more serious turn yesterday, she became prostrated, and her physician fears the worst."

When Daysey Mayme Appleton was a Young Thing, she would get a wistful look in her eyes when the ice cream was passed, but now that she is a little old she gets it when she sees



the motherless children of a very eligible widower.

It requires an average of two weeks for a storm to clear off in the Appleton home, and another is due in a week.

Chauncey Devere Appleton doesn't go to church regularly like his sister, but at least this may be said to his credit: "He hasn't her pie crust on his conscience."

Whenever Mrs. Lysander John Appleton is overcome with an ambition to grow rich she cuts a lot of paste-board into squares and writes on them, "I pint" or "I quart," and then, when her husband comes home at night, is loaded with arguments concerning the money she could make if he would permit her to keep a cow.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

## Were His Crobes

"Microbes!" exclaimed the clubman, genially, getting his breath after coughing and sneezing violently for several minutes.

"It's all right," remarked the quiet man in the armchair, "if you're sure they're your crobes!"

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

## AURORA

VERY unusual name and yet one extremely prevalent in European countries, whence it has penetrated America, is Aurora. It signifies "the dawn," since Aurora was the mythological personification of the break of day. Her name comes from aurum (gold) because of the golden light she sheds before her. Aurora is the goddess of the dawn appears in all legends and was attached by the Greeks to their Eos, whose rosy fingers unbarred the gates of day.

When the Cinque-cento made classic lore the fashion, Aurora came into favor with the fair dames of France and has ever since continued in vogue there. Occasionally, it passed into Germany as Aurora, where the first famous woman of that name was Aurora von Kielmanseck, mother of Marshal Saxe. In Byria, both the dawn and the proper name were called Zora and, as a mark of endearment, Zorana.

Aurora has persisted in spite of the canon prohibiting the giving of the names of heathen gods in baptism. Like most mythological characters, she is a Latin divinity, since Latin names were used throughout Europe and only comparatively modern criticism has endeavored to distinguish between the distinct myth of the Greek and Latin races. Most mythological names, including Aurora, have their vogue in France and England, which are most under the dominance of fancy with regard to names.

While no verses of note have been addressed direct to Aurora, she is a favorite subject with the poets who find her personification much more fanciful and romantic than the mere word "dawn." She is poetically represented as rising out of the ocean in a chariot with rosy fingers dripping dew. Kents was specially fond of referring to Aurora, and our beloved Longfellow made frequent mention of her.

Aurora's jewel is the chrysolite—"the chrysolite of sunrise," wrote Shelley. To exert its power, the amber gem should be set in gold. It is said to have the power of dispelling evil spirits if worn on the left arm. When dreamed of, it signifies "caution necessary." Aurora's lucky day is Monday and 5 is her mystic number.

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## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH

FRIENDS of mine, who read this line, here's hoping that each passing day will find you on the Cheery Way up to the radiant Gardens of Content, and Joy, and Peace, and Love.

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