

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER  
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## "BE YE HIT"

**SYNOPSIS.**—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1765, 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 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. Jack and Margaret meet and are more in love than ever, but Colonel Hare is not eager for the marriage. Franklin's efforts to obtain better treatment for the colonies are futile. He evades the attempt of the king's men to "tow him into port." War becomes imminent. General Clarke calls the Yankees towards him in Jack's hearing. The young American demands a retraction. Lionel Clarke, the general's son, and a tutor for Margaret's hand, takes up the quarrel.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Captain Preston went with Solomon Binkus next day to the address on the card of Lieutenant Clarke. It was the house of the general, who was waiting with his son in the reception room. They walked together to the Amack club. The general was self-contained. It would seem that his bad opinion of Yankees was not quite so comprehensive as it had been. The whole proceeding went forward with the utmost politeness.

"General, Mr. Binkus and John Irons, Jr., are my friends," said Captain Preston.

"Indeed!" the general answered. "Yes, and they are friends of England. They saved my neck in America. I have assured young Irons that your words, if they were correctly reported to me, were spoken in haste, and that they do not express your real opinion."

"And what, sir, were the words reported to you?" the general asked. Preston repeated them.

"That is my opinion," said Preston.

"It is mine also," young Clarke declared.

Solomon's face changed quickly. He took deliberate aim at the enemy and drawled:

"Can't be yer opinion is wuth more than the lives of these young fellers that's goin' to fight."

"Gentlemen, you will save time by dropping all thought of apologies," said the general.

"Then it only remains for you to choose your weapons and agree with us as to time and place," said Preston.

"I choose pistols," said the young Britisher. "The time and place may suit your convenience, so it be soon and not too far away."

"Let us say the cow wallow on Shooter's hill, near the oaks, at sunrise tomorrow," Preston proposed.

"I agree," the lieutenant answered.

"Whatever comes of it, let us have secrecy and all possible protection from each side to the other when the affair is ended," said Preston.

"I agree to that also," was the answer of young Clarke.

When they were leaving, Solomon said to Preston: "That ere gin'ral is as big as Golliar."

## CHAPTER IX

### The Encounter.

Solomon, Jack and their friend left London that afternoon in the saddle and took lodgings at The Rose and Garter, less than a mile from the scene appointed for the encounter. That morning the Americans had sent a friend of Preston by post chaise to Deal, with Solomon's luggage. Preston had also engaged the celebrated surgeon, Doctor Brooks, to spend the night with them so that he would be sure to be on hand in the morning. The doctor had officiated at no less than a dozen duels and enjoyed these affairs so keenly that he was glad to give his help without a fee. The party had gone out in the saddle because Preston had said that the horses might be useful.

So, having discussed the perils of the immediate future, they had done all it was in their power to do to prepare for them. Late that evening the general and his son and four other gentlemen arrived at The Rose and Garter. Certain of them had spent the afternoon in the neighborhood shooting birds and rabbits.

Solomon got back to bed early and sat for a time in their room tinkering with the pistols. When the locks were working "right," as he put it, he polished their grips and barrels.

Jack awoke suddenly and opened his eyes. The candle was lighted. Solomon

was leaning over him. He was drawing on his trousers.

"Come, my son," said the scout in a gentle voice. "They ain't a cloud an' the moon has got a smile on her face. Come, my young David. Here's the breeches an' the party stockin's an' shoes, an' the lily white shirt. Slip 'em on an' we'll kneel down an' have a word o' prayer. This ere ain't no common fight. It's a battle with tyranny. It's like the fight o' David an' Golliar. Here's yer ol' sling waitin' fer ye!"

Solomon felt the pistols and stroked their grips with a loving hand.

Side by side they knelt by the bed together for a moment of silent prayer. Others were stirring in the inn. They could hear footsteps and low voices in a room near them. Jack put on his suit of brown velvet and his white silk stockings and best linen, which he had brought in a small bag. Jack was looking at the pistols, when there came a rap at the door. Preston entered with Doctor Brooks.

"We are to go out quietly ahead of the others," said the captain. "They will follow in five minutes."

Solomon had put on the old hanger which had come to England with him in his box. He put the pistols in his pocket and they left the inn by a rear door. A groom was waiting there with the horses saddled and bridled. They mounted them and rode to the field of honor. When they dismounted on the ground chosen, the day was dawning, but the great oaks were still waist deep in gloom. It was cold.

Preston called his friends to his side and said:

"You will fight at twenty paces. I shall count three and when I drop my handkerchief you are both to fire."

Solomon turned to Jack and said: "If ye fire quick mebbe ye'll take the crook out o' his finger 'fore it has time to pull."

The other party was coming. There were six men in it. The general and his son and one other were in military dress. The general was chatting with

spurt above it. I see Jack's bullet had jumped into his right wrist an' tore it wide open. The lieutenant staggered, bleedin' like a stuck whale. He'd 'a' gone to the ground, but his friends grabbed him. I run to Jack.

"Be ye hit?" I says.

"I think his bullet teched me a little on the top o' the left shoulder," says he.

"I see his coat were tore an' we took it off an' the jacket, an' I ripped the shirt some an' see that the bullet had kind o' scuffed its foot on him goin' by, an' left a track in the skin. It didn't mount to nothin'. The Doctor washed it off an' put a plaster on."

"Looks as if he'd drawn a line on yer heart an' yer bullet had lifted his aim," I says. "Ye shoot quick, Jack, an' mebbe that's what saved ye."

"It looked kind o' neevarious like that 'ere Englishman had intended they was goin' to be one Yankee less. Jack put on his jacket an' his coat an' we stepped over to see how they was gettin' erlong with the other feller. The two doctors was tryin' fer to fix his arm and he was growin' severe. Jack leaned over and looked at him.

"I'm sorry," he says. "Is there anythin' I can do?"

"No, sir. You've done enuff," growled the old general.

"One o' his party stepped up to Jack. He were dressed like a high-up officer in the army. They was a curious look in his eyes—kind o' skeered like. Seemed so I'd seen him afore somewheres."

"I fancy ye're a good shot, sir—a good shot, sir—what—what?" he says to Jack, an' the words come as fast as a bird's twitter.

"I've had a lot o' practice," says our boy.

"Kin ye kill that bird—what—what?" says he, p'intin' at a hawk that were a-cuttin' circles in the air.

"If he comes clus' nough," says Jack.

"I passed him the loaded pistol. In 'bout two seconds he lifted it and bang she went, an' down come the hawk."

"Them fellers all looked at one 'nother."

"Gin'ral, shake hands with this 'ere boy," says the man with the skeered eyes. "If he is a Yankee he's a decent lad—what—what?"

"The gin'ral shook hands with Jack an' says he: 'Young man, I have no doubt o' yer curidge or yer decency.'"

"A grand pair o' hosses an' a closed coach driv up an' the ol' what-whatter an' two other men got into it an' hustled off 'cross the field towards the pike which it looked as if they was in a hurry. 'Fore he were out o' sight a military ambulance druv up 'prestige come over to us an' says he:

"We better be goin'."

"Do ye know who he were?" asks Jack.

"If ye know ye better fergit it," says Preston.

"How could I? He were the King o' England," says Jack. "I knowed him by the look o' his eyes."

"Sart'in sure," says I. "He's the man that was bein' toted in a chair."

"Hush! I tell ye to fergit it," says Preston.

"I can fergit all but the fact that he behaved like a gentleman," says Jack.

"I s'pose he were usin' his private brain," says I."

This, with some slight changes in spelling, paraphrasing and punctuation, is the account which Solomon Binkus gave of the most exciting adventure these two friends had met with.

Preston came to Jack and whispered: "The outcome is a great surprise to the other side. Young Clarke is a dead shot. An injured officer of the English army may cause unexpected embarrassment. But you have time enough and no haste. You can take the post chaise and reach the ship well ahead of her sailing."

"I am of a mind not to go with you," Jack said to Solomon. "When I go, I shall take Margaret with me."

So it happened that Jack returned to London while Solomon waited for the post chaise to Deal.

"Margaret, I want to take you to America—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Red Light Traps Insects

A means for combating the winged insect pests of tropical regions has been evolved, by means of which the flying bugs are lured into a deadly bath of acid and either drowned or asphyxiated by the fumes.

It was found that red light served as an almost irresistible lure for the night-flyers.

A red electric bulb, or a lantern with a red globe, is placed near the vessel containing the acid solution. As the pests fly to the light the fumes destroy them even though they may not actually fall into the bath.

To protect human beings from possible accidental contact with the acid bath, the liquid is placed in a wide-mouthed bottle, to which is attached a funnel with a very broad flaring cone. The light is suspended directly over this funnel, and the insects, stupefied by the acid fumes, fall into it and so into the acid bath.—New York World.

## Lon Chaney



This well-known motion picture player was born April 1, 1883, in Colorado Springs, Colo. He received his education in the city of his birth. Chaney is 5 feet 9 1/2 inches tall. He weighs 160 pounds. He has dark hair and dark eyes. He had a varied stage career before becoming an actor in the "movies."

## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

### REGINA

ALWAYS Regina's mother and father had stood between her and reality. When Regina wanted a new dress that the family finances could not afford, her mother went without a muff all winter. On the first day that Regina came home from school with a bad report, angry and mortified, a complaint was entered and her teacher was changed. If her younger sister was asked to a party and Regina omitted, regrets were sent. It was not strange that at twenty Regina should be afflicted with elephantiasis of the ego.

Then the day came when family finances broke down. Regina, who felt that her home town did not appreciate her as it should, went away to earn her living. In a strange city, as one of several applicants for the position of companion to a rich old lady, Regina was not surprised to be chosen. Naturally any one would want her before others. Even when she learned that her employer had once been indebted to her mother for a kindness, her self-satisfaction was not shaken—for was it not HER mother? From the first, Regina took the stand that she was a guest in the house; she insisted on her cup of coffee before she got up in the morning, and upon fresh flowers in her room each week. "Water seeks its own level" was a platitude often on her lips. Then the cook, who had lived with the old lady for thirty years, struck, and Regina found that her own level was elsewhere.

A long interval of seeking and not finding followed: Regina's suit was very shiny, but her self-esteem undimmed, when she read one day a sign in a restaurant window that a waitress was wanted. "A lady can do anything," she whispered to that within which corresponded to her soul as she donned apron and cap. In the same spirit she laughingly refused her first tip and found herself the laughing-stock of the place. Three months later her tactics had changed: for the privilege of being waited upon by HER a customer could not tip too high. One day when she was tipped five cents instead of ten she offered a piece of her mind, was reported—and fired.

As she sat in her lodging-house room, for which she had paid her last dollar, for the first time she sought one answer to her predicament. Then, from a changed angle, she thought of the restaurant as a place where tired working people came to get refreshment, instead of an institution that was run to pay her wages. The old lady's household was now a place where she might have learned the running of an establishment with the least possible friction. Her own home became a group to which it had been her special privilege to bring refreshment.

Suddenly the enormity of her habit of self-consciousness, of seeing in any situation only what affected herself, came upon her, and she asked herself how far, at thirty-five, this horrible habit of self-consciousness had destroyed her power of adjusting to a world made up of many people?

## HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

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## TEDDY BEAR'S ADVICE

LUELLA, the doll who lived in the big doll house in the playroom, was very unhappy when the magic hour came around and the toys could talk, because her husband, Harold Doll, had not come home.

All the toys could hear her softly weeping and Teddy Bear mustered up courage to say to the other playroom folks that he would go and see what was the matter.

"You better mind your own affairs, Teddy Bear," said Calico Cat. "I can tell you what has happened without asking Luella Doll; Harold has not come home and here it is midnight!"

Calico Cat always slept with one eye open and never missed a thing that went on in the playroom. "I saw the little mistress take him out



"He Did Not Stay Away Because He Wanted To."

of the room this morning. She said men didn't stay at home all day long. They had to work and earn the money for the wife to spend."

"Well, perhaps then Harold had to stay away and work," said Teddy Bear. "Anyway I think I'd better go to Luella and ask her what is the matter."

"Are you in trouble, Luella Doll?" asked Teddy Bear.

"Oh, Teddy Bear," sobbed Luella, "Harold has not come home and he never stayed out so late before."

"There is always a first time," snapped Calico Cat, who had followed Teddy. "You may as well get used to it, Luella; they all do it."

"But I am sure something has happened to him," said Luella. "He isn't staying away because he wants to. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

## "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

### LILLIAN

LILLIAN is one of the charming flower names which are so popular in the English language. Like all flower names, it is somewhat difficult to trace, but it is known that the name was a favorite with Italian ladies as early as the Fourteenth century, because of its romantic allusion.

Curiously enough, Lillian is not derived from lily as is popularly supposed, though it is called by etymologists a "flower name." The consensus of opinion seems to be that it has the same origin as Cecelia, though the connection seems a trifle difficult to perceive. However, Coeler Vivenna, an Etruscan general, who named the Coelian hill and gens, is the root from which a number of names containing the syllable "lia" is derived.

There was a Lillola Gonzaga in Italy in 1340, and she is considered the first instance of the name. Lillias was another form, which is still in popular use. Lillias Ruthven appears in Scotland in 1557. She was probably so called from the old romantic poem of Roswell and Lillian, which was a great favorite in Scotland. The Lillian of this ballad is the queen of Naples. The English adopted the name as it stood and claim that it comes from lily, using it as such. The Scotch have always preferred Lillias or Lillias, but America adopted both Lillias and Lillian.

Tennyson is responsible for the picture of Lillian as a charming thistle-down sort of maid:

Airy, fairy Lillian,  
Fluttering fairy Lillian,  
When I ask her if she loves me,  
Clasps her tiny hands above me,  
Laughing all she can;  
She'll not tell me if she loves me,  
Cruel little Lillian.

So innocent, arch, so cunning—simple,  
From beneath her gathered wimple,  
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,  
Till the lightning laughs dimple  
The baby-roses in her cheeks,  
Then away she flies.

Lillian's jewel is the lovely lapis lazuli, the oriental gem as blue as the sea with tiny golden flecks like bits of sunshine. It has the power to cure melancholy and is also believed to have medicinal value in allaying infantile fever. To dream of it means faithfully love. Lillian's flower is the frosty bloom which scarcely survives the dew that vanishes before the sun's rays. Her lucky day is Thursday and 2 is her mystic number.

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"Fiddlesticks!" said Calico Cat before Teddy could say a comforting word to poor Luella. "Don't waste your pity on Harold. He is having a good time, while you, poor dear, are staying at home alone. That is all that is the matter with him."

"I am sure he will come home just as soon as he can," said Teddy. "Don't you cry, Luella. Harold is staying away on account of business. You can be certain he will come as soon as he is able. Now dry your eyes and sit down on the steps and chat with the rest of us, or the magic hour will soon be over."

Calico Cat laughed and said: "Yes, he will come home, Luella—in the morning."

It was long after the sun was shining in the playroom window that the little mistress opened the door and came in with Harold in her arms, and placed him in his house with Luella Doll.

When the hall clock struck the magic hour that night Calico Cat ran to the doll house and sat down close to it with her ears wide open. "What did I tell you?" she loudly whispered to Teddy Bear. "He is telling her that the little mistress left him out in the yard all night under a bush, and that silly Luella Doll believes him. He better not tell me that."

In a little while Luella Doll and Harold came out of the doll house. "You were right, Teddy Bear," said Luella. "Harold could not help it. He did not stay away from me because he wanted to."

"Oh, dear me!" laughed Calico Cat. "She has swallowed the whole story, poor thing."

"Calico, you are a very unpleasant creature," said Teddy Bear. "Why do you try to make Luella unhappy? Don't you think there are any good gentlemen dolls in the world?"

"Well, I am not foolish, Teddy Bear, if I am unpleasant," snapped Calico Cat. "Nobody could fool me as Harold has fooled poor Luella."

"I would rather be foolish than think unkind things of folks the way you do, Calico," answered Teddy. And then he went over to the doll house and sat on the steps with Harold and Luella.

"You mustn't listen to anything Calico says, Luella," Teddy said. "She can't help being cattish, you know, because she has claws."

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## The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

### SQUEALING PIGS

WHEN pigs squeal or grunt more than usual it is a sign of rainy weather—some say simply of "bad weather." This is a superstition almost universal in the rural districts. It is a question whether all the so-called superstitions regarding the power of animals to foretell the weather really belong in the superstition category.

Lord Bacon believed that all outdoor animals were weatherwise, attributing this to a susceptibility they acquired to atmospheric conditions by their constant exposure to the elements. The ancients attributed the weather-wisdom of birds and animals, on the contrary, to some mystic quality drawn from mythological sources.

The idea that squealing pigs predict wet weather has its evident origin in the status of the pig in ancient Egypt where it was closely connected with agriculture and was sacrificed to Isis at the Feast of the New Moon, the moon (Isis) being the source of moisture.

The Egyptian farmer who heard the squealing of the pigs being sacrificed upon the altar of Isis knew that because of that sacrifice he need not fear a drought. So the Yankee farmer of today when he hears the successors of those pigs of Isis squeal knows that it is going to rain. The persistence of the Isis influence in modern superstition is a remarkable fact.

In this connection it is interesting to note that among the papers of the unfortunate duke of Monmouth—a contemporary of John Locke, and Isaac Newton, and born only twenty-three years after the death of Francis Bacon whose splendid genius was illuminating the minds of men—was found, after his execution, a prayer for fortune in his affliction, addressed to "St. Isis." (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### AS TO CLOUDS

WHEN clouds beset my way  
Upon some wintry day  
I greet them carelessly  
Because 'tis known to me  
That naught of substance lies  
In any clouds that rise,  
And that at worst they bring  
But misty vapor  
That I may brush aside  
As toward my goal I stride.  
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