

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER X

The Lady of the Hidden Face.

Next morning at ten, the door boy at his lodgings informed Jack that a lady was waiting to see him in the parlor. The lady was deeply veiled. She did not speak, but arose as he entered the room and handed him a note. She was tall and erect with a fine carriage. Her silence was impressive, her costume admirable.

The note in a script unfamiliar to the young man was as follows:

"You will find Margaret waiting in a coach at eleven today at the corner of Harley street and Twickenham road."

The veiled lady walked to the door and turned and stood looking at him. Her attitude said clearly: "Well, what is your answer?"

"I will be there at eleven," said the young man.

The veiled lady nodded, as if to indicate that her mission was ended, and withdrew.

Jack was thrilled by the information, but wondered why it was so wrapped in mystery. Not ten minutes had passed after the departure of the veiled lady when a messenger came with a note from Sir Benjamin Hare. In a cordial tone, he invited Jack to breakfast at the Almack club at twelve-thirty. The young man returned his acceptance by the same messenger, and in his best morning suit went to meet Margaret. A cab conveyed him to the corner named. There was the coach with shades drawn low, waiting. A footman stood near it. The door was opened and he saw Margaret looking out at him and shaking her hand.

"You see what a sly thing I am!" she said when the greetings over, he sat by her side and the coach was moving. "A London girl knows how to get her way. She is terribly wise, Jack."

"But, tell me, who was the veiled lady?"

"A go-between. She makes her living that way. She is wise, discreet and reliable. There is employment for many such in this wicked city. I feel disgraced, Jack. I hope you will not think that I am accustomed to dark and secret ways. This has worried and distressed me, but I had to see you."

"And I was longing for a look at you," he said.

"I was sure you would not know how to pull these ropes of intrigue. I have heard all about them. I could not help that, you know, and be a young lady who is quite alive."

"Our time is short and I have much to say," said Jack. "I am to breakfast with your father at the Almack club at twelve-thirty."

She clasped her hands and said, with a laughing face, "I knew he would ask you!"

"Margaret, I want to take you to America with the approval of your father, if possible, and without it, if necessary."

"I think you will get his approval," said the girl, with enthusiasm. "He has heard all about the duel. He says every one he met, of the court party, last evening, was speaking of it. They agree that the old general needed that lesson. Jack, how proud I am of you!"

She pressed his hand in both of hers.

"I couldn't help knowing how to shoot," he answered. "And I would not be worthy to touch this fair hand of yours if I had failed to resent an insult."

"Although he is a friend of the general, my father was pleased," she went on. "He calls you a good sport."

"A young man of high spirit who is not to be played with, that is what he said. Now, Jack, if you do not stick too hard on principles—if you can yield only a little, I am sure he will let us be married."

"I am eager to hear what he may say now," said Jack. "Whatever it may be, let us stick together and go to America and be happy. It would be a dark world without you. May I see you tomorrow?"

"At the same hour and place," she answered.

They talked of the home they would have in Philadelphia and planned its garden, Jack having told of the site he had bought with great trees and a river view. They spent an hour which lent its abundant happiness to many a long year and when they parted, soon after twelve o'clock, Jack hurried away to keep his appointment.

Sir Benjamin received the young man with a warm greeting and friendly words. Their breakfast was served in a small room where they were alone together, and when they were seated the baronet observed:

"I have heard of the duel. It has set some of the best tongues in England wagging in praise of the Yankee boy. One would scarcely have expected that."

"No, I was prepared to run, for my life—not that I planned to do any great damage," said Jack.

"You can shoot straight—that is evident. They call your delivery of that bullet swift, accurate and merciful. Your behavior has pleased some very

eminent people. The blustering talk of the general excites no sympathy here. In London, strangers are not likely to be treated as you were."

"If I did not believe that I should be leaving it," said Jack. "I should not like to take up dueling for an amusement, as some men have done in France."

"You are a well-built man inside and out," Sir Benjamin answered. "You might have a great future in England. I speak advisedly."

Their talk had taken a turn quite unexpected. It flattered the young man. He blushed and answered:

"Sir Benjamin, I have no great faith in my talents."

"On terms which I would call easy, you could have fame, honor and riches, I would say."

"At present I want only your daughter. As to the rest, I shall make myself content with what may naturally come to me."

"And let me name the terms on which I should be glad to welcome you to my family."

"What are the terms?"

"Loyalty to your king and a will to understand and assist his plans."

"I could not follow him unless he will change his plans."

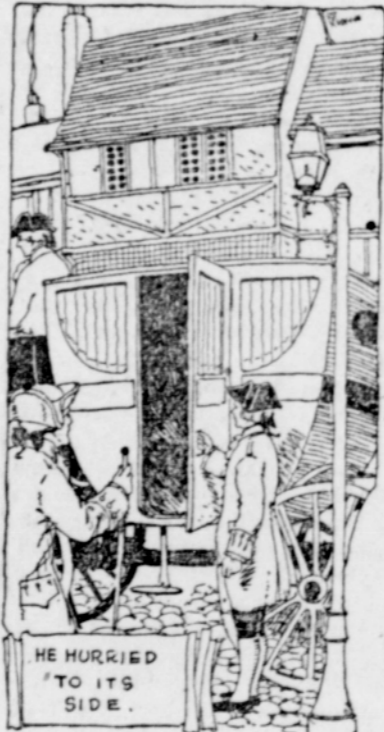
The baronet put down his fork and looked up at the young man. "Do you really mean what you say?" he demanded. "Is it so difficult for you to do your duty as a British subject?"

"Sir Benjamin, always I have been taught that it is the duty of a British subject to resist oppression. The plans of the king are oppressive. I cannot fall in with them. I love Margaret as I love my life, but I must keep myself worthy of her. If I could think so well of my conduct, it is because I have principles that are inviolable."

"At least I hope you would promise me not to take up arms against the king."

"Please don't ask me to do that. It would grieve me to fight against England. I hope it may never be, but I would rather fight than submit to tyranny."

The baronet made no reply to this declaration so firmly made. A new look came into his face. Indignation and resentment were there, but he did



not forget the duty of a host. He began to speak of other things. The breakfast went on to its end in an atmosphere of cool politeness.

When they were out upon the street together, Sir Benjamin turned to him and said:

"Now that we are on neutral ground, I want to say that you Americans are a stiff-necked lot of people. You are not like any other breed of men. I am done with you. My way cannot be yours. Let us part as friends and gentlemen ought to part. I say good-bye with a sense of regret. I shall never forget your service to my wife and daughter."

"Think not of that," said the young man. "What I did for them I would do for any one who needed my help."

"I have to ask you to give up all hope of marrying my daughter."

"That I cannot do," said Jack. "Over that hope I have no control. I might as well promise not to breathe."

"But I must ask you to give me your word as a gentleman that you will hold no further communication with her."

"Sir Benjamin, I shall be frank with you. It is an unfair request. I cannot agree to it."

"What do you say?" the Englishman asked in a tone of astonishment, and his query was emphasized with a firm tap of his cane on the pavement.

"I hate to displease you, sir, but if I made such a promise, I would be sure to break it."

"Then, sir, I shall see to it that you have no opportunity to oppose my will."

In spite of his fine restraint, the eyes of the baronet glowed with anger, as he quickly turned from the young man and hurried away.

Jack turned his steps toward Franklin's door.

"I am like the land of Goshen and

the plagues of Egypt," said Franklin, when the young man was admitted to his office. "My gout is gone and I am in good spirits in spite of your adventure."

"And I suppose you will scold me for the adventure."

"You will scold yourself when the consequences have arrived. They will be sure to give you a spanking. The deed is done, and well done. On the whole I think it has been good for the cause, but bad for you."

"Why?"

"You may have to run out of England to save your neck and the face of the king. He was there, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"The injured lad is in a bad way. The wound caught an infection. Intense fever and swelling have set in. I helped Sir John Pringle to amputate the arm this afternoon, but even that may not save the patient. Here is a storm to warn the wandering innkeeper to his shade. A ship goes tomorrow evening. Get ready to take it. In that case your marriage will have to be delayed. Rush men are often compelled to live on hope and die fast-ly."

"With Sir Benjamin, the duel has been a help instead of a hindrance," said the young man. "My stubborn soul has been the great obstacle."

Then he told of his interview with Sir Benjamin Hare.

Franklin put his hand on Jack's shoulder and said with a smile:

"My son, I love you. I could wish you to be no different. Cheer up. Time will lay the dust, and perhaps sooner than you think."

"I hope to see Margaret tomorrow morning."

"Ah, then, what Grecian arts of soft persuasion?" Franklin quoted. "I hope that she, too, will follow the great star in the West!"

"I hope so, but I greatly fear that our meeting will be prevented."

CHAPTER XI

The Departure.

That evening Jack received a brief note from Preston. It said:

"I learn that young Clarke is very ill. I think you would better get out of England for fear of what may come. A trial would be apt to cause embarrassment in high places. Can I give you assistance?"

Jack returned this note by the same messenger:

"Thanks, good friend, I shall go as soon as my business is finished, which I hope may be tomorrow."

Just before the young man went to bed a brief note arrived from Margaret. It read:

"Dearest Jack. My father has learned of our meeting yesterday and of how it came about. He is angry. He forbids another meeting. I shall not submit to his tyranny. We must assert our rights like good Americans. I have a plan. You will learn of it when we meet tomorrow at eleven. Do not send an answer. Lovingly, MARGARET."

He slept little, and in the morning awaited with keen impatience the hour of his appointment.

On his way to the place he heard a newsboy shouting the word "duel" and "Yankee," followed by the suggestive statement: "Bloody murder in high life."

Evidently Lionel Clarke had died of his wound. He saw people standing in groups and reading the paper. He began to share the nervousness of Preston and the wise, far-seeing Franklin. He jumped into a cab and was at the corner some minutes ahead of time. Precisely at eleven he saw the coach draw near. He hurried to its side. The footman dismounted and opened the door. Inside he saw, not Margaret, but the lady of the hidden face. "You are to get in, sir, and make a little journey with the madame," said the footman.

Jack got into the coach. Its door closed, the horses started with a jump and he was on his way whither he knew not. Nor did he know the reason for the rapid pace at which the horses had begun to travel.

"If you do not mind, sir, we will not lift the shades," said the veiled lady, as the coach started. "We shall see Margaret soon, I hope."

She had a colorless, cold voice and what was then known in London as the "patrician manner." Her tone and silence seemed to say: "Please remember this is all a matter of business and not a highly agreeable business to me."

"Where is Margaret?" he asked.

"A long way from here. We shall meet her at The Ship and Anchor in Gravesend. She will be making the journey by another road."

She had answered in a voice as cold as the day and in the manner of one who had said quite enough.

"Where is Gravesend?"

"On the Thames near the sea," she answered briskly, as if in pity of his ignorance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Road Bores 23 Tunnels

In building a state railway 100 miles long in Norway 23 tunnels with a total length of five miles had to be bored and 57 bridges constructed.

Carmel Meyers



Charming Carmel Meyers is known as one of the foremost screen vamps. Miss Meyers has been seen in a number of the most important pictures and, because of her beauty and splendid acting, she has won many admirers.

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

JOHN BALL

JOHN BALL crept out of the doctor's office more dazed than alive. "A year's rest" and a dry climate as long as you live," had been the verdict. It meant that he was shelved—definitely shelved—at thirty-five. What could a man do with his free will reduced to that extent? John Ball had come across several poor devils handicapped in one way or another, and he knew what disqualifications meant in the modern race. One acquaintance of his he had always thought of as the man with a plucky wife; John Ball had seen business thrown his way as one throws scraps to an animal. Another—a friend—had tried to substitute social gifts for brains, and Ball had watched him gradually slipping, slipping, slipping behind. Then there was the plucky soul who always lost several months a year through illness, and who, when he was working, slaved twice as hard as other men just to keep abreast of the last. It was to the ranks of these, drudging hopelessly with worn-out tools, that John Ball knew he had been relegated.

In the station on his way to his home in the suburbs to break the news to his family, he stopped, through sheer custom, to buy a newspaper. Before the stand, which was as big as any in the station, stood a stocky chap of thirty. The paper man knew Ball's voice and at the familiar "Evening Daily, please," he sang out, "Yes, sir," as pleasantly and instantaneously as ever. When he turned with the right sheet in his hand Ball read, with fresh vision, that "I am blind" sign across his coat. There had been no hesitating, no fumbling, and, on the other hand, a kind of professional pride that was good to see.

In spite of his preoccupation Ball paused for a minute and watched. Someone asked for a paper of the day before and the blind man had to stoop and search with his sensitive fingers through piles done up ready to return to the dealer. But he found unerringly the right one; and then, with the accented motion that avoided mistake, he counted out the correct change. Suddenly John Ball knew that such technique had been learned; that it had taken time and pluck; and that it had met with a success, not relative and in consideration of the circumstances, but absolute and competitive. Like another good soldier, this man must have asked "Shall I perform day labor, light denied," and have found his answer in the affirmative. As John Ball turned away he knew that he, too, must acquire the habit of all good workmen of using, and not complaining of, their tools.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

NEVER TOO LATE TO BEGIN AGAIN

ALL the resolutions fair
Of the glad New Year
Have to my intense despair
Broken down, I fear
But in this old world of sin
I'll not yield to sorrow—
On a fresh batch I'll begin
Tomorrow!

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Diagnosis

Doctor—You seem to be all run down, Mrs. Peck. Let's see your tongue.

Henry Peck—That's right, doctor, you guessed it right off!



THE KING'S FAVORITE

SOMETIMES the things we think would make us happy we find, when we get them, give us more discomfort than happiness, and that was the way it was with Otto.

Otto was a poor peasant boy who worked for small pay all day in the fields, and one day when he was resting at noon under a tree he stretched himself and said: "It must be a fine thing to live in a palace."

Otto's wish was scarcely off his lips when a cloud of dust appeared down the road, and the next minute a horse came dashing along with the rider hanging helpless from the saddle.

Otto jumped to his feet and ran down the road and, as the horse dashed by him, he caught at the bridle and brought him to a standstill.

"My good man, you have saved my life. You shall be well rewarded."



He Overheard One of the Attendants Telling the King.

said the man, who was handsome and dressed in a velvet suit trimmed with gold braid.

Just then several horsemen dashed up to them and asked: "Are you injured, Your Majesty?"

"I am uninjured, thanks to this brave man," replied the man, who Otto was sure must be the King from the manner in which the attendants addressed him, and when the King asked Otto what he could do for him to repay his bravery, Otto said he would like to serve him at his palace.

"That you shall," said the King. "There is always room for a man such as you are."

And so Otto got his wish, and for a while he felt he must be dreaming, everything was so beautiful and grand.

One day Otto, who always had his eyes and ears open now to all that

The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

A BURNED HOUSE

THERE is undoubtedly a relic of fire-worship in a superstition found in some sections of the country—that it is bad luck to build a house on the site of one destroyed by fire. The new house is likely to be destroyed in the same manner. The main idea would appear to be that the fire which destroyed the first house had rendered sacred the spot where it was burned and, therefore, taboo for ordinary purposes. Another house built on the spot would be like placing an offering upon an altar for the fire to consume.

This is one of the very few popular superstitions which it is safe to regard as a survival of fire-worship, which was an Eastern cult, never obtaining any strong hold upon Western minds. The great majority of superstitions into which the element of fire enters are regarded by the best authorities as being derived from sun-worship—the fire being an imitative sun—or from the ancient custom of human sacrifice. Our barbarian ancestors, it is true, had their fire festivals, but Professor Frazer says of them, "The presumption is that the essential features of the primitive fire festivals was the burning of a man who represented the tree-spirit." A study of historic superstitions shows, however, that to a certain limited extent pure fire-worship existed in early times even in western Europe, or through which we inherit our superstitions of today.

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was going on, overheard one of the attendants telling the King that a rival King and his army were reported on the way to the palace to take him prisoner and take his crown, and he was quite sure it was Otto who had betrayed the King by telling his rival of the secret passage under the forest which led to the palace.

That night Otto watched and saw the attendant he had overheard talking to the King leave the palace. Cautiously Otto followed him into the forest, where he entered a cave and went along a passage which led to the sea.

Otto could see many ships filled with soldiers, and now he knew that all he had heard the attendant tell the king was his own treacherous plan.

Otto heard all the plans the attendant made with the rival King.

He waited until the false servant was well inside the secret passage and then he sprang upon him and bound him with his girdle and, pushing him well out of the path, Otto went back to the end of the passage where the rival King and his ships were waiting.

Because all the servants of the King were dressed alike and it was dark, the rival King thought Otto was the one he had spoken with before, and he followed him into the secret passage without the least suspicion.

"You must come with me to make sure you have the right path," whispered Otto, and the King followed straight up to the palace garden, where Otto closed the gate behind them and aroused the guards inside and outside the palace.

It took but a few minutes to bind the rival King and carry him before Otto's King, when Otto told his story and where the false servant could be found bound and gagged in the secret passage.

The King's soldiers, led by Otto, son put to flight the rival King's ships full of soldiers, but the rival King was kept a prisoner for many years.

Otto the King became ruler over the kingdom where the rival King had ruled, and he wished to make Otto a great lord and have him rule over part of it, but Otto told the King he did not wish to live in a palace; all he asked was a little house and a garden far away from all the pomp and grandeur of court life.

This the King granted, because Otto had twice saved his life, and when he visited Otto, as he sometimes did, he knew that Otto was far happier in his humble cottage than he was in a palace.

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"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

ENID

PERHAPS the sole example of a name which maintains its original beauty and dignity and is without derivatives or diminutives is Enid, signifying soul. The first and immortal Enid was made so by Tennyson, who rescued from oblivion the charming idyll of Geraint and Enid and placed them among the chivalry of the Round Table. This story was found in the "Maburgeois," and a "Triad" mentioned Enid as one of the three ladies of King Arthur's court.

The name Enid is a Celtic form of animus, meaning soul. It is not difficult to perceive how the successive changes came about, through differing pronunciations. Enid is probably a connecting link in the transition and, for euphony, the word became Enid. All this must remain suppositions however, as there is no accurate history concerning the name, so she is accepted as a poetic fact.

She appears as Enide in the French verse of Christian de Troyes, but she is better known as the wife of the Prince of Devon of romance, whom Tennyson describes in his "Enid and Elaine":

The brave Geraint, a knight of Ar-
thur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great order of the Table Round,
Had married Enid, Yniol's only child,
And loved her, as he loved the light
Of heaven.
And as the light of heaven varies, now
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by
night
With moon and trembling stars, so
loved Geraint,
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimson and in purples and in
gems,
And Enid, but to please her husband's
eye,
Who first had found and loved her in
a state
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
In some fresh splendor; and the Queen
herself,
Grateful to Prince Geraint, for the
service done,
Loved her, and often with her own
white hands
Arrayed and decked her, as the love-
liest.
Next after her own self, in all the
court.

Enid's jewel is the beryl, which has the power to reawaken love in married people. It likewise makes the wearer amiable and unconquerable. To dream of it signifies happiness in store. Monday is said to be Enid's lucky day and three her mystic number.

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