

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

He saw the plan now—an admirable plan. They were to meet near the port of sailing and be married and go aboard the ship and away. It was the plan of Margaret and much better than any he could have made, for he knew little of London and its posts.

"Should I not take my baggage with me?"

"There is not time for that," the veiled lady answered. "We must make haste. I have some clothes for you in a bag."

She pointed to a leather case under the front seat.

From that time forward they rode in a silence broken only by the creaking of the coach and the sound of the horses' hoofs. Darkness had fallen when they reached the little city of Gravesend. The ship and anchor stood by the water's edge.

"You will please wait here," said the stern lady in a mild voice that she had used before, as the coach drew up at the inn door. "I shall see if she has come."

His strange companion entered the inn and returned presently, saying: "She has not yet arrived. Delayed by the fog. We will have our dinner, if you please."

From this point the scene at the inn is described in the diary of the American.

"She drew off her hat and veil and a young woman about twenty-eight years of age and of astonishing beauty stood before me."

"There, now, I am out of business," she remarked in a pleasant voice as she sat down at the table which had been spread before the fireplace. "I will do my best to be a companion to you until Margaret arrives."

"She looked into my eyes and smiled. Her sheath of ice had fallen from her."

"The waiter came with a tray containing soup, glasses and a bottle of sherry. We sat down at the table and our waiter filled two glasses with the sherry."

"Thank you, but self-denial is another duty of mine," she remarked when I offered her a glass of the wine. "I live in a tipsy world and drink—water. I live in a merry world and keep a stern face. It is a vile world and yet I am unpolished."

"I drank my glass of wine and had begun to eat my soup when a strange feeling came over me. My plate seemed to be sinking through the table. The wall and fireplace were receding into dim distance. I knew then that I had tasted the cup of Circe. My hands fell through my lap and suddenly the day ended. It was like seeing off a board. The end had fallen. There is nothing more to be said of it because my brain had ceased to receive and record impressions. I was as totally out of business as a man in his grave. When I came to, I was in a berth on the ship King William bound for New York. As soon as I knew anything, I knew that I had been tricked. My clothes had been removed and were lying on a chair near me. My watch and money were undisturbed. I had a severe pain in my head. I dressed and went up on deck. The captain was there."

"You must have had a night of it in Gravesend," he said. "You were like a dead man when they brought you aboard."

"Where am I going?" I asked.

"To New York," he answered with a laugh. "You must have had a time!"

"How much is the fare?"

"Young man, that need not concern you," said the captain. "Your fare has been paid in full. I saw them put a letter in your pocket. Have you read it?"

Jack found the letter and read:

"Dear Sir—When you see this you will be well out of danger and, it is hoped, none the worse for your disposition. This from one who admires your skill and courage and who advises you to keep out of England for at least a year."

"A WELL WISHER."

He looked back over the stern of the ship. The shore had fallen out of sight. The sky was clear. The sun shined. The wind was blowing from the east.

He stood for a long time looking toward the land he had left.

"Oh, ye wings of the wind! take my love to her and give her news of me and bid her to be steadfast in her faith and hope," he whispered.

## CHAPTER XII

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

After Jack had been whisked out of London, Franklin called at his lodgings and learned that he had not been seen for a day. The wise philosopher entertained no doubt that the young man had taken ship agreeably with the advice given him. A report had been running through the clubs of London that Lionel Clarke had succumbed. In fact he had had a bad turn, but had rallied. Jack must have heard the false report and taken ship suddenly.

Doctor Franklin went that day to the meeting of the privy council, whither he had been sternly summoned for examination in the matter of the letters of Hutchinson et al. For an hour he had stood unmoved while Alexander Wedderburn, the witliest barrister in the kingdom, poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Even the judges, against all traditions of

decorum in the high courts of Britain, laughed at the cleverness of the assault. That was the speech of which Charles James Fox declared that it was the most expensive bit of oratory which had been heard in England, since it had cost the kingdom its colonies.

It was alleged that in some manner Franklin had stolen the letters and violated their sacred privacy. It is known now that an English nobleman had put them in his hands to read and that he was in no way responsible for their publication. The truth, if it could have been told, would have bent the proud heads of Wedderburn and the judges to whom he appealed, in confusion. But Franklin held his peace, as a man of honor was bound to do. He stood erect and dignified with a face like one carved in wood.

The counsel for the colonies made a weak defense. The triumph was complete. The venerable man was convicted of conduct inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and deprived of his office as postmaster general of the colonies.

But he had two friends in court. They were the Lady Hare and her daughter. They followed him out of the chamber. In the great hallway, Margaret, her eyes wet with tears, embraced and kissed the philosopher.

"I want you to know that I am your friend and that I love America," she said.

"My daughter, it has been a hard hour, but I am sixty-eight years old and have learned many things," he answered. "Time is the only avenger I need. It will lay the dust."

The girl embraced and kissed him again and said in a voice shaking with emotion:

"I wish my father and all Englishmen to know that I am your friend and that I have a love that cannot be turned aside or destroyed and that I will have my right as a human being."

"Come let us go and talk together—we three," he proposed.

They took a cab and drove away.

"You will think all this a singular proceeding," Lady Hare remarked. "I must tell you that rebellion has

started in our home. Its peace is quite destroyed. Margaret has declared her right to the use of her own mind."

"Well, if she is to use any mind it will have to be that one," Franklin answered. "I do not see why women should not be entitled to use their minds as well as their hands and feet."

"I was kept at home yesterday by force," said Margaret. "Every door locked and guarded! It was brutal tyranny."

"The poor child has my sympathy, but what can I do?" Lady Hare inquired.

"Being an American, you can expect but one answer from me," said the philosopher. "To us tyranny in home or state is intolerable. They tried it on me when I was a boy and I ran away."

"That is what I shall do if necessary," said Margaret.

"Oh, my child! How would you live?" her mother asked.

"I will answer that question for her, if you will let me," said Franklin. "If she needs it, she shall have an allowance out of my purse."

"Thank you, but that would raise a scandal," said the woman.

"Oh, your ladyship, I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"I wish to go with Jack, if you know where he is," Margaret declared, looking up into the face of the philosopher.

"I think he is pushing toward America," Franklin answered. "Being alarmed at the condition of his adversary, I advised him to slip away. A ship went yesterday. Probably he's on it. He had no chance to see me or pick up his baggage."

"I shall follow him soon," the girl declared.

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"I think you will do well to wait, my child," said the philosopher. "Jack will keep and you are both young. Fathers are like other children. They make mistakes—they even do wrong

now and then. They have to be forgiven and allowed a chance to repent and improve their conduct. Your father is a good man. Try to win him to your cause."

"And die a maiden," said the girl with a sigh.

"Impossible!" Franklin exclaimed. "I shall marry Jack or never marry. I would rather be his wife than the queen of England."

"This is surely the age of romance," said the smiling philosopher as the ladies alighted at their door. "I wish I were young again."

## CHAPTER XIII

The Ferment.

On his voyage to New York, Jack wrote long letters to Margaret and to Doctor Franklin, which were deposited in the post office, on his arrival, the tenth of March. He observed a great change in the spirit of the people. They were no longer content with words. The ferment was showing itself in acts of open and violent disorder.

The statue of George III, near the battery, was treated to a volley of stoned eggs, in the evening of his arrival. This hot blood was due to the effort to prevent free speech in the colonies and the proposal to send political prisoners to England for trial.

Jack took the first boat to Albany and found Solomon working on the Irons farm. In his diary he tells of the delightful days of rest he enjoyed with his family. Solomon had told them of the great adventure but Jack would have little to say of it, having no pride in that achievement.

Soon the scout left on a mission for the committee of safety to distant settlements in the great north bush.

"I'll spend in the hull moon in the wilderness," he said to Jack. "Goin' to Virginia when I get back, an' I'll look fer ye on the way down."

Jack set out for Philadelphia the day after Solomon left. He stopped at Kinderhook on his way down the river and addressed his people on conditions in England. A young Tory interrupted his remarks. At the barbecue, which followed, this young man was seized and punished by a number of stalwart girls who removed his collar and jacket by force and covered his head and neck with molasses and the fuz of cat tails. Jack interceded for the Tory and stopped the proceeding.

"My friends, we must control our anger," he said. "Let us not try to subdue tyranny by using it ourselves."

Everywhere he found the people in such a temper that Tories had to hold their peace or suffer punishment. At the office he learned that his most important letters had failed to pass the hidden censorship of mail in England.

He began, at once, to write a series of articles which hasted the crisis. The first of them was a talk with Franklin, which told how his mail had been tampered with; that no letter had come to his hand through the post office which had not been opened with apparent indifference as to the evidence of its violation. The Doctor's words regarding free speech in America and the proposal to try the bolder critics for treason were read and discussed in every household from the sea to the mountains and from Maine to Florida.

The young man's work had set the bells ringing and they were the bells of revolt. The arrival of General Gage at Boston in May, to be civil governor and commander-in-chief for the continent, and the blockade of the port twenty days later, compelling its population who had been fed by the sea to starve or subsist on the bounty of others, drove the most conservative citizens into the open. Parties went out Tory hunting. Every suspected man was compelled to declare himself and if incorrigible, was sent away.

Town meetings were held even under the eyes of the king's soldiers and no tribunal was allowed to sit in any court house. At Salem, a meeting was held behind locked doors with the governor and his secretary shouting a proclamation through its keyhole, declaring it to be dissolved. The meeting proceeded to its end, and when the citizens fled out, they had invited the thirteen colonies to a general congress in Philadelphia.

It was Solomon Binkus who conveyed the invitation to Pennsylvania and Virginia. He had gone on a second mission to Springfield and Boston and had been in the meeting at Salem with General Ward. Another man carried that historic call to the colonies farther south. In five weeks, delegates were chosen, and early in August, they were traveling on many different roads toward the Quaker city. Crowds gathered in every town and village they passed. Solomon, who rode with the Virginia delegation, told Jack that he hadn't heard so much noise since the Injun war.

"They was poundin' the bells, an' shootin' cannons everywhere," he declared. "Men, women and children crowded round us an' split their lungs yellin'. They's a streak o' sore throats all the way from Alexandry to here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Poppy Tea Had a Kick**

The government won the first case of the kind and ruined the prospects for a thriving opium business when Soba Singh, a Hindu, was convicted in Federal Judge Bean's court in Portland, Ore., after the jury had deliberated only 20 minutes, says the Los Angeles Times.

Soba Singh had discovered the cheap method of extracting opium, that of boiling the poppy down to a thick tea, which was a favorite beverage with the Hindus of the city. Negroes in the north end were selling the tea as moonshine, government agents discovered, and patrons of these bootleggers were becoming addicts without knowing it.

## HIS AWKWARD WAY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HE WAS rather awkward, he wasn't so polite; He was wrong in company. Oftener than right, His intentions, though, were good, People used to say, And he did the best he could, In his awkward way.

Many things he didn't know, Things you learn in school; People said he wasn't, though, Anybody's fool. He just used his common sense— He could even pray For the help of Providence, In his awkward way.

Though he wasn't very smart, Everybody said, Still he had an honest heart, Had a level head. Never reckless, never rash, Saving day by day, That is how he got his cash, In his awkward way.

Certain people used to smile, Thought him rather proud; But the children all the while Liked him well enough. Babies always went to him— He knew how to play, Understood each little whim, In his awkward way.

When the station agent died, Leaving not a thing, To the widow people tried Sympathy to bring. He could think of nothing then, Not a thing to say, But he made her take a ten, In his awkward way.

I don't know just what was his creed, But I often heard 'Twas religion of the deed Rather than the word. Heaven isn't for the sharp— I expect today He is playing on a harp, In his awkward way.

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## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

### FOOLISH QUESTIONS

POLLY and Molly at thirty decided that farming would satisfy their souls; so they took agricultural courses and started in on milk. Their experiment was a year old when Faith Green went to visit the model plant. Above all things Polly and Molly were scientific, and running their farm on a business basis; and they were very serious in their attitude. For a day after Faith's arrival, things went smoothly. Finally she was taken to see the cow stable. She was specially interested in a few-weeks-old calf, and on coming out she asked admiringly if a big pail of milk standing near the separator were all from the calf.

"That question seemed to start the flow going. Next she wanted to know what Polly and Molly did when their spring froze over. A coldness had begun to settle on the party when Faith, who had discovered an old hornet's nest in her attic room, asked if hornets stung in the winter. That was too much for Polly and Molly, and they told her to try and see.

Faith left a day or so before her visit was up, and her two friends heard nothing further than her bread-and-butter letter from her until the winter was nearly over. Then they learned that Faith Green was engaged. They were glad for her, but couldn't help wondering what her husband would do with her habit of foolish questions. Then Polly was asked to spend a week in town.

Faith immediately arranged a party for Polly to meet her fiancé. Faith was obviously happy, and her fiancé obviously in love. Polly had begun to decide that Faith's pose of the human interrogation point had been shed, when the conversation turned to politics. Immediately Faith began plunging, and Polly saw a look of controlled disgust come over the face of the young man beside her friend. Evidently this was an old experience. "How can you tell you're voting for the right man," Faith wanted to know, "when, if your ballot is cast for the defeated candidate, it's wasted?"

That crisis, however, was safely passed, and the group began to discuss marriage. Then Faith turned to the only divorced lady among them and said: "I don't see how one knows a man will make a good husband without being married to him for a while. How did you find out, Mrs. Black?"

When Polly went back to the farm and told Molly about Faith's party, Molly said: "Oh, didn't you know—the engagement has been broken? I heard in a letter just yesterday." Faith's fiancé had decided that the habit of foolish questions was one that would grow, not decrease, with age.

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### QUALIFIED.

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## CHINA CAT GROWS WISE

ONCE in a farm house there lived in the parlor on a high mantel a china dog and a china cat.

The cat was white with yellow spots on its sides and she sat looking over the big parlor for many years until one night when the house was quite still the black dog with white spots said "Bow."

China Cat jumped up and humped her back and glared at little China Dog, but he was just as scared as China Cat, for until that night he had never discovered he could bark at the magic hour when all toys and such folks talk.

"What do you mean by barking like that?" said China Cat. "One would think you were like the master's dog that comes in here sometimes all covered with hair. You are nothing but a smooth-coated toy dog—not real at all."

"I am real, or I could not bark, and I want you to know if anyone owns this place it is I. Get down on the floor yourself if you think you are so real. That is where dogs belong."

"Not handsome dogs like me," said China Dog, "but common cats belong on the floor, and if you do not jump down where you belong I shall drive you down."

"You just try it; that is all," answered China Cat, showing her claws "If I had such a shiny, smooth coat as you have I should know I wasn't a real cat at all, but just a toy like you."

"Bow wow," laughed China Dog. "You had better look in the mirror behind you. You haven't any fur coat like the real puss that comes in here sometimes and is always driven out, and that is why I cannot understand how it is you are allowed to remain."

"My coat isn't soft and furry, but it is nice and clean and not a bit like that puss who is driven out of here," replied China Cat, "and if you will look in the mirror yourself you will soon find out you are no more like the dog that comes in here than that vase in the middle of the shelf."

"Your eyes are all wrong," said China Dog. "I am a very big, fierce dog with a hairy coat and—"

In the middle of the mantel holding a vase for flowers stood a china boy. "Come here," he called to China Dog, at the same time giving a low whistle which made China Dog stop quarreling and run to his master.

"Good doggie," said China Boy, patting China Dog's head. "Now roll over and play dead."

Little China Dog obeyed, and when China Boy told him to jump up he patted him again. "If we were real folks I'd give you a bone," he said.

Again China Dog whined, and this time he wagged his tail. "Now go back to your place on the end of the shelf and stand there until tomorrow night," said China Boy.

"Well, if I shan't give up," said China Cat. "I would just like to see myself minding that vase boy the way you did."

"Look! There is a mouse," said China Boy. "It ran back of the sofa."

China Cat jumped to the floor and there she lay next morning, with her head broken off, and though she was mended and put back on the shelf, when the magic hour came around next night she kept to her own end of the shelf and said not a word.

But China Cat thought if she did not speak, and what she thought was that she did not like boys or dogs and she would rather not speak at all than have to mind that vase boy as little China Dog did.

"Bow," said China Dog as he started back to his corner after playing with China Boy. "You aren't real. I told you you were not."

"I am wise if I am not real," thought China Cat. "I'll sit here the rest of my days and never let you or that vase boy know I can speak at the magic hour. Then I shan't be bothered by two such silly creatures as you, who think they are real when they are nothing but china like me. But some day they will tumble off the shelf and then they will find it out just as I did."

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**The Appleton Family**

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

DAYSEY MAYME APPLETON at one time had a stroke of rare good luck. When she was entertaining her lucky in the parlor health officers called and put the house under quarantine for the smallpox for four

weeks. There seemed no possibility that he would get away from a proposal. Daysey Mayme believes she would have landed him if her mother hadn't said so much to him about his soul.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton is so crazy to have a surgical operation performed on someone in the family, that recently when her young son was taken down with the measles, she suggested to the doctor that he send for a noted surgeon to cut out the spots.

When Daysey Mayme Appleton has her picture taken, she always wears a dress cut low enough to show her ribs and collar bone. "I have to pay the photographer just as much when I don't," she argues.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton has a silver spoon, which, she says, one of her ancestors saved by smuggling in the front of her shirtwaist when she took passage on the ark.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton has always entertained the opinion that her husband isn't much, but recently when he received a package of garden seeds from the congressman from his district, she began looking at him with renewed interest. He must, she argued, be a man of some influence.

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