



# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

In April the two friends set out afoot for the lower end of the Highlands. On the river they hired a Dutch farmer to take them on to Albany in his sloop. After two delightful days at home, General Schuyler suggested that they could do a great service by traversing the wilderness to the valley of the great river of the north, as far as possible toward Swegachie, and reporting their observations to Crown Point or Fort Edward, if there seemed to be occasion for it, and if not, they were to proceed to General Herkimer's camp at Oriskany and give him what help they could in protecting the settlers in the west.

"You would need to take all your wit and courage with you," the general warned them. "The Indians are in bad temper. They have taken to roasting their prisoners at the stake and eating their flesh. This is a hazardous undertaking. Therefore, I give you a suggestion and not an order."

"I'll go alone," said Solomon. "If I get up it needn't break nobody's heart. Let Jack go to one of the forts."

"No, I'd rather go into the bush with you," said Jack. "We're both needed there. If necessary we could separate and carry our warning in two directions. We'll take a couple of the new double-barreled rifles and four pistols. If we had to, I think we could fight a hole through any trouble we are likely to have."

So it was decided that they should go together on this scouting trip into the north bush. Solomon had long before that invented what he called "a lightnin' thrower" for close fighting with Indians, to be used if one were hard pressed and outnumbered and likely to have his scalp taken. This odd contrivance he had never had occasion to use. It was a thin, round shell of cast iron with a tube, a flint and plunger. The shell was of about the size of a large apple. It was to be filled with missiles and gunpowder. The plunger, with its spring, was set vertically above the tube. In throwing this contrivance one released its spring by the pressure of his thumb. The hammer fell and the spark it made ignited a fuse leading down to the powder. Its owner had to throw it from behind a tree or have a share in the peril it was sure to create.

While Jack was at home with his people Solomon spent a week in the foundry and forge and, before they set out on their journey, had three of these unique weapons, all loaded and packed in waterproof wrappings.

About the middle of May they proceeded in a light bark canoe to Fort Edward and carried it across country to Lake George and made their way with paddles to Ticonderoga. There they learned that scouts were operating only on and near Lake Champlain. The interior of Tryon county was said to be dangerous ground. Mohawks, Cagnawagas, Senecas, Algonquins and Hurons were thick in the bush and all on the warpath. They were torturing and eating every white man that fell in their hands, save those with a Tory mark on them.

"We're skeered of the bush," said an elderly bearded soldier, who was sitting on a log. "A man who goes into the wildwood needs to be a good friend of God."

"But Schuyler thinks a force of British may land somewhere along the big river and come down through the bush, building a road as they advance," said Jack.

"A thousand men could make a tollable waggin road to Fort Edward in a month," Solomon declared. "That's mebbe the reason the Indians are out in the bush eatin' Yankees. They're tryin' fer to skeer us an' keep us er-way. By the hide an' horns of the devil! We got to know what's a-goin' on out thar. You fellers are a-settin' around these 'ere forts as if ye had nothin' to do but chaw beefsteak an' wipe yer rifles an' pick yer teeth. Why don't ye go out thar in the bush and do a little skeerin' yerselves? Ye're like a lot of ol' women settlin' by the fire an' tellin' goss' stories."

"We got 'nuff to do considerin' the day we git," said a sergeant.

"H—! an' Tophet! What do ye want o' pay?" Solomon answered. "Ain't ye willin' to fight fer yer own liberty without bein' paid fer it? Ye been kicked an' robbed an' spit on, an' dragged around by the heels, an' ye don't want to fight 'less somebody pays ye. What a dam' corn fiddle o' a man ye mus' be!"

Solomon was putting fresh provisions in his pack as he talked.

"All the Injuns o' Kinady an' the great grass lands may be nookin' down through the bush. We're bound fer t' know what's a goin' on out thar. We're liable to be skeered, but also an' likewise we'll do some skeerin' 'fore we give up—you hear to me."

Jack and Solomon set out in the

bush that afternoon and before night fell were up on the mountain slants north of the Glassy Water, as Lake George was often called those days. But for Solomon's caution an evil fate had perhaps come to them before their first sleep on the journey. The new leaves were just out, but not quite full. The little maples and beeches flung their sprays of vivid green foliage above the darker shades of the witch hopple into the soft-lighted air of the great-house of the wood and filled it with a pleasant odor. A mile or so back, Solomon had left the trail and cautioned Jack to keep close and step softly. Soon the old scout stopped and listened and put his ear to the ground. He rose and beckoned to Jack and the two turned aside and made their way stealthily up the slant of a ledge. In the edge of a little thicket on a mossy rock shelf they sat down. Solomon looked serious. There were deep furrows in the skin above his brow.

After a few minutes Solomon turned and whispered: "Four Injun braves jist went by. Mebbe they're scoutin' fer a big band—mebbe not. If so, the crowd is up the trail. If they're comin' by, it'll be 'fore dark. We'll step in this 'ere tavern. They's a cave on t'other side o' the ledge as big as a small house."

They watched until the sun had set. Then Solomon led Jack to the cave, in which their packs were deposited. From the cave's entrance they looked upon the undulating green roof of the forest dipping down into a deep valley, cut by the smooth surface of a broad river with mirrored shores, and lifting to the summit of a distant mountain range. Its blue peaks rose into the glow of the sunset.

"Yonder is the great stairway of Heaven!" Jack exclaimed.

"I've put up in this 'ere ol' tavern many a night," said Solomon. "Do ye see its sign?"

He pointed to a great dead pine that stood a little below it, towering



with stark, outreaching limbs more than a hundred and fifty feet into the air.

"I call it The Dead Pine Tavern," Solomon remarked.

"On the road to Paradise," said Jack as he gazed down the valley, his hands shading his eyes.

"Wish we could have a nice hot supper, but 'twon't do to build no fire. Nothin' but cold vittles! I'll go down with the pot to a spring an' git some water. You dig fer our supper in that pack o' mine an' spread it out here. I'm hungry."

They ate their bread and dried meat moistened with spring water, picked some balsam boughs and covered a corner of the mossy floor with them. When the rock chamber was filled with their fragrance, Jack said:

"If my dream comes true and Margaret and I are married, I shall bring her here. I want her to see The Dead Pine Tavern and its outlook."

"Ayes, sir, when ye're married safe," Solomon answered. "We'll come up here fast summer an' fish, an' hunt, an' I'll run the tavern an' do the cookin' an' sweep the floor an' make the beds!"

Jack awoke at daylight and found that he was alone. Solomon returned in half an hour or so.

"Been scoutin' up the trail," he said. "Didn't see a thing but an ol' gnaw bucket. We'll jest eat a bite an' p'int off to the nor'west an' keep watch o' this 'ere trail. They's Injuns over thar on the slants. We got to know how they look an' 'bout how many head they is."

They went on, keeping well away from the trail.

"We'll have to watch it with our ears," said Solomon in a whisper. His ear was often on the ground that

morning and twice he left Jack to "snook" out to the trail and look for tracks. Solomon could imitate the call of the swamp robin, and when they were separated in the bush, he gave it so that his friend could locate him. At midday they sat down in deep shade by the side of a brook and ate their luncheon.

"This 'ere is Peppermint brook," said Solomon. "It's nother one o' my taverns."

"Our food isn't going to last long at the rate we are eating it," Jack remarked. "If we can't shoot a gun what are we going to do when it's all gone?"

"Don't worry," Solomon answered. "Ye're in my kentry now an' there's a better tavern up in the high trail."

They fared along, favored by good weather, and spent that night on the shore of a little pond not more than fifty paces off the old blazed thoroughfare. Next day, about "half-way from dawn to dark," as Solomon was wont, now and then, to speak of the noon hour, they came suddenly upon fresh "sign." It was where the big north trail from the upper waters of the Mohawk joined the one near which they had been traveling. When they were approaching the point Solomon had left Jack in a thicket and cautiously crept out to the "sunshin'." There was half an hour of silence before the old scout came back in sight and beckoned to Jack. His face had never looked more serious. The young man approached him. Solomon swallowed—a part of the effort to restrain his emotions.

"Want to show ye suthin'," he whispered.

The two went cautiously toward the trail. When they reached it the old scout led the way to soft ground near a brook. Then he pointed down at the mud. There were many footprints, newly made, and among them the print of that wooden peg with an iron ring around its bottom, which they had seen twice before, and which was associated with the blackest memories they knew. For some time Solomon studied the surface of the trail in silence.

"More'n twenty Injuns, two captives, a pair o' hosses, a cow an' the devil," he whispered to Jack. "Been a raid down to the Mohawk valley. The cow an' the hosses are loaded with plunder. I've noticed that when the Injuns go out to rob an' kill folks ye find, 'mong their tracks, the print of that 'ere iron ring. I seen it twice in the Ohio kentry. Here is the heart o' the devil an' his fire-water. Red Snout has got to be started on a new trail. His ol' peg leg is goin' down to the gate o' hell tonight."

Solomon's face had darkened with anger. There were deep furrows across his brow.

Standing before Jack about three feet away, he drew out his ram rod and tossed it to the young man, who caught it a little above the middle. Jack knew the meaning of this. They were to put their hands upon the ram rod, one above the other. The last hand it would hold was to do the killing. It was Solomon's.

"Thank God!" he whispered, as his face brightened.

He seemed to be taking careful aim with his right eye.

"It's my job," said he. "I wouldn't 'a' let ye do it if ye'd crawled the chasht. It's my job—proper. They ain't an hour ahead. Mebbe—it's jest possible—he may go to sleep tonight 'fore I do, an' I wouldn't be surprised. They'll build their fire at the caverns on Rock crick an' come up on t' other side an' see what's goin' on."

They crossed a high ridge, with Solomon tossing his feet in that long, loose stride of his, and went down the slope into a broad valley. The sun sank low and the immeasurable green-roofed house of the wild was dim and dusk when the old scout halted. Ahead in the distance they had heard voices and the neighing of a horse.

"My son," said Solomon as he pointed with his finger, "do ye see the brow o' the hill yonder whar the black thickets be?"

Jack nodded.

"If ye hear to me ye'll stay this side. This 'ere business is kind o' nevarious. This 'ere goin' clus up. If I come back ye'll hear the call o' the bush owl. If I don't come 'fore mornin' you p'int fer hum an' the good God go with ye."

"I shall go as far as you go," Jack answered.

Solomon spoke sternly. The genial tone of good comradeship had left him.

"Ye kin go, but ye ain't obleeged," said he. "Bear in mind, boy. Tonight I'm the cap'n. Do as I tell ye—exact."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Assuming the Blame**  
A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber. "I did," he said, "but I won't do it again."

**Love Produces Maladies**  
Medical scientists say that love produces in some people definite physical maladies ranging from cataplexy, in which the victim becomes rigid and unconscious, to deafness and complete loss of speech.

## Edna Tichenor



"Vamps" add to the interest in the majority of pictures, and in playing such parts, handsome Edna Tichenor, the "movie" star, is doing her share. This is one of Miss Tichenor's latest pictures in one of her cleverest make-ups.

### "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

#### VICTORIA

THE regal name Victoria has a fitting origin since it comes from the Latin *vincere*, meaning to conquer.

Vincentius was an early masculine name borne by two characters of the Tenth Persecution, and later by one of the great ecclesiastical authors at Lerius in Provence. Vincente de St. Paul added honors to the name, but it was Victor, the past participle which gave rise to Vittoria in Italy.

The first Victoria was a Roman virgin martyred in the Mexican persecution, from whose name came the Italian Vittoria, borne by the admirable daughter of the colonel from whom France and Germany seem to have learned it, since after her time, Victoire and Victorine became common in France.

It is fitting that the ruby, king of precious stones, should be the jewel assigned as Victoria's own. Its indistinguishable flame, as suggested by its color, asserts that its inner fire cannot be quenched. It is said to preserve the mental and bodily health of its wearer, remove evil thoughts, control high temper, reconcile disputes, and dispel pestilential infection. To dream of rubies signifies unexpected guests.

Friday is Victoria's lucky day, and three her lucky number.

Wordsworth translated from the Italian of Michaelangelo a charming poem to Vittoria:

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then wherof  
hath God made  
The world which we inhabit? Better  
pleas cannot have, than that in lov-  
ing thee  
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid  
Who such divinity to thee imparts.  
As hallow and makes pure all gentle  
hearts.

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#### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

##### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

I WISH good old St. Patrick  
Come strolling back some  
pleasant night  
And cure the awful indigestion  
That rises from the Irish ques-  
tion.

He was so saintly, wise, and good,  
I'm sure the fine old fellow could  
Point out a way to final action  
To everybody's satisfaction.

And start the world along the ways  
Unto the dawn of happier days  
And like the fields with spring's  
release  
Make green the uniform of peace.  
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## The SANDMAN STORY

### AWAKES OLD WINTER

OLD WINTER had been pretty cross when he blustered down from his cold North. He came early, too—he fore the last fall flowers were ready to leave the garden—and though they fussed and fussed and told Old Winter it was not time for them to go, he only blustered the more and said he would not have such gay goings on.

"All this fuss and noise you have all summer is folly," he roared. "I just won't have it, so now be gone, all of you."

One little bird braver than the others lingered in a tree, and though he shivered a little in the early morning the



One Little Bird Began to Pipe His Song.

friendly sun warmed him and he began to pipe his song.

"Won't have it," roared Old Winter, blowing his cold breath on the little bird, and as if that was not enough he called his brother Old North Wind, to help him scare the birds and straggling flowers away.

"Now I will see if we can have a little peace and quiet in the land," said cross Old Winter. "How my sister, Summer, can live in such a noisy world I do not understand—squirrels a-chattering and brooks a-babbling, bees a-humming and birds singing their heads off."

### The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRDING KING

#### SEA-GOING ROOSTERS

THE crowing of a cock at sea, when the bird is especially vociferous, is thought by sailors to be an omen of good luck—a prosperous voyage for a merchantman; victory for a man of war. A crowing cock predicted to Themistocles before the battle of Salamis his great naval victory. On board Admiral Rodney's flagship when he achieved his great victory over De Graaue in 1782 was a cock which crowed lustily each time the admiral fired a broadside which was, to the sailors, an assurance of success; and on one of the ships at the battle of Fort Fisher in the Civil war was a cock whose constant crowing was taken as an omen of the capture of the fort.

In more ancient times the sacrifice of a cock was supposed to insure favorable winds for mariners and today those who search for a dead body in Norwegian streams take along a cock in their boat which is supposed to crow when the shallop arrives over the place where the body is.

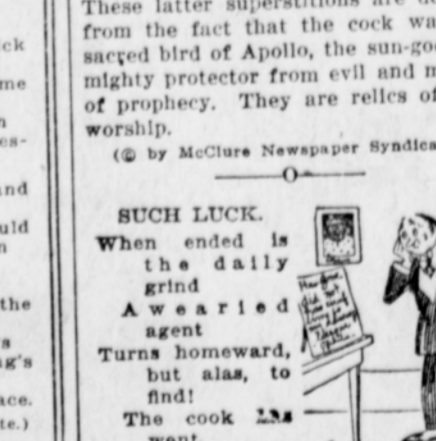
Among sailors of the northern races the cock's reputation as a harbinger of victory when he crows amid the din of battle is evidently a reminiscence coming down from the days of the Vikings. For in the old Norse myth of Ragnarok, that last great battle, the Norseman's Armageddon, the cock is represented as crowing lustily amid the conflict, heralding the regeneration of the world and the reign of the sons of Odin. So, also, we may see why he crows in a boat when it reaches the place where a sought-for drowned body lies, for his crowing at Ragnarok awakened the dead god, Baldur.

The belief of Themistocles that the crowing of a cock promised him victory at Salamis, and the modern superstition among sailors that the crowing of a cock on board ship portends good luck, as well as the modern land superstition that the crowing of a cock when it is raining means that soon the sun will be shining, comes from quite another source than the belief in the bird's shrill clarion as a harbinger of victory amid the din of the sea fight. These latter superstitions are derived from the fact that the cock was the sacred bird of Apollo, the sun-god, the mighty protector from evil and master of prophecy. They are relics of sun-worship.

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#### SUCH LUCK

When ended is the daily grind  
A wearied agent  
Turns homeward,  
But alas, to find  
The cook has went.



"No, siree! Quiet for me and stillness, such as my big white blanket brings, is the sort of life I like, and now we will have it around here for a while anyway."

Then Old Winter threw his big white blanket over all the land and crawled under it and went to sleep.

So still and quiet did he make things that he forgot all about his home in the cold North or that he must get up and let Spring reign in his place.

But when it was time for Spring to make her appearance she tripped along the edge of the meadows and fields and found Old Winter still asleep.

"He must wake up and go home," she said, and then she gently shook him. "Get up! It is time for me to begin my work."

"Go away and let me alone," said Old Winter, peering out to see who was disturbing his comfort. "O, it is you, is it? Now, if you do not run back home I'll throw my big white coat over you and freeze you."

But Spring was not afraid of him. She always had just so much fussing to put up with from Old Winter, so after shaking and coaxing awhile and still Old Winter remained stubborn she ran off to get Mr. Sunman's help, and the next morning all the birds were chattering and the crocuses were peeping out even through the snow.

The squirrels began to chatter and brooks began to babble and gurgle as they saw Old Winter feebly trying to cover Spring with his white coat.

At last she jumped away and began to laugh and all the springtime visitors joined her, until Old Winter caught up his ragged white coat and with his hands over his ears ran off to his home yowling he would get even with them for making such a racket and disturbing his sleep.

But Spring knew that if she had stayed away even another month Old Winter would not have been willing to leave even then, for he was a grouchy old fellow and loved to have his own way, and once he settles in a place it is hard work to get him to move.

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### Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

MONTAGU D'ARCY

"THREE of my volumes of Irving missing," lamented Ella, "and each one is a first edition."

"Of course they're first editions," answered Bridget. "Montagu D'Arcy never borrows any but first editions."

Ella groaned. Then he got out his hat and strolled and walked round to the D'Arcy house. In the library he waited for the notorious Montagu. The corners of the room were piled with books, and along the tops of the rows on the shelves they were huddled horizontally. Ella did not see how anything as individual as his three Irvings could ever come forth from that confusion. So, when D'Arcy appeared all smiles and cordiality and promised that the borrowed volumes should be sent back, Ella had his misgivings.

He was not surprised when two weeks passed and nothing happened. Again he called at the D'Arcy house. Alone in the library, he made a hasty and hopeless search down the shelves. Then, with a sense of welcoming back one given up for dead, he came upon his Irvings. When word came that D'Arcy was not at home, it was all that Ella, the super-courteous, could do to leave his beloved Irvings behind.

After that Ella made periodic visits to keep track of the prisoners. D'Arcy always managed to make it impossible to rescue them without discourtesy. Then, one day as Ella was leading up to the point of the books, D'Arcy interrupted calmly: "Oh, by the way—I know you won't mind—I lent your copies of Irving I borrowed the other day to Jones. No one appreciates good books like Jones, you know, and these Irvings of yours are good."

"That's true," sighed Ella, now definitely giving up his first editions as "missing."

At the club that night he found a rueful group of friends discussing recent casualties in their libraries. All had suffered losses. In the course of conversation some one mentioned Montagu D'Arcy as a connoisseur.

"Yes," put in a bitter voice, "of other men's books."

Then the plan was hatched. It was noted that Montagu, who had a fixed aversion of returning, was nevertheless as ready a lender as he was a borrower. A careful list, therefore, was made of the chief missing treasures of each man present. Gradually, they agreed, Ella should borrow back Smith's books, and Smith Ella's; Brown would rescue Doctor Williams' pet Poe's poems and Doctor Williams Brown's volume of modern plays. Then there would be a grand exchange to rightful owners.

A month later it was a disconsolate D'Arcy that came one day to see Ella. He didn't know what had happened—people wouldn't even talk books with him any more. Now, that Bryant of Ella's up there—might he borrow—

But Bryant was otherwise engaged. "Verily," thought Ella, "the habit of borrowing hath its own reward!"

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?  
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