

In the Days of Poor Richard

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Solomon took the lightning hurlers out of the packs and unwrapped them and tried the springs above the hammers. Earlier in the day he had looked to the priming. Solomon gave one to Jack and put the other two in his pockets. Each examined his pistols and adjusted them in his belt. They started for the low-lying ridge above the little valley of Rock creek. It was now quite dark and looking down through the thickets of hemlock they could see the firelight of the Indians and hear the wash of the creek water. Suddenly a wild whooping among the red men, savage as the howl of wolves on the trail of a wounded bison, ran beyond them, far out into the forest, and sent its echoes traveling from hilltop to mountain side. Then came a sound which no man may hear without getting, as Solomon was wont to say, "a scar on his soul which he will carry beyond the last cape." It was the death cry of a captive. Solomon had heard it before. He knew what it meant. The fire was taking hold and the smoke had begun to smother him. Those cries were like the stabbing of a knife and the recollection of them like blood stains.

They hurried down the slant, brushing through the thicket, the sound of their approach being covered by the appalling cries of the victim and the demon-like tumult of the drunken braves. The two scouts were racked with soul pain as they went on so that they could scarcely hold their peace and keep their feet from running. A new sense of the capacity for evil in the heart of man entered the mind of Jack. They had come close to the frightful scene, when suddenly a deep silence fell upon it. Thank God, the victim had gone beyond the reach of pain. Something had happened in his passing—perhaps the savages had thought it a sign from heaven. For a moment their clamor had ceased. The two scouts could plainly see the poor man behind a red veil of flame. Suddenly the white leader of the raiders approached the pyre, limping on his wooden stump, with a stick in his hand, and prodded the face of the victim. It was his last act. Solomon was taking aim. His rifle spoke. Red Snout tumbled forward into the fire. Then what a scurry among the Indians! They vanished and so suddenly that Jack wondered where they had gone. Solomon stood reloading the rifle barrel he had just emptied. Then he said:

"Come on an' do as I do."

Solomon ran until they had come near. Then he jumped from tree to tree, stopping at each long enough to survey the ground beyond it. This was what he called "swapping cover." From behind a tree near the fire he shouted in the Indian tongue:

"Red men, you have made the Great Spirit angry. He has sent the son of the thunder to slay you with his lightning."

No truer words had ever left the lips of man. His hand rose and swung back of his shoulder and shot forward. The round missile sailed through the freelight and beyond it and sank into black shadows in the great cavern at Rock creek—a famous camping place in the old time. Then a flash of white light and a roar that shook the hills! A blast of gravel and dust and debris shot upward and pelted down upon the earth. Bits of rock and wood and an Indian's arm and foot fell in the firelight. A number of dusky figures scurried out of the mouth of the cavern and ran for their lives shouting prayers to Manitou as they disappeared in the darkness. Solomon pulled the embers from around the feet of the victim.

"Now, by the good God A'mighty, 'pears to me we got the skeer shifted so the red man'll be the rabbit fer a while an' I wouldn't wonder," said Solomon, as he stood looking down at the scene. "He ain't a-goin' to like the look o' a pale face—not overly much. Them Injuns that got erway 'll never stop runnin' till they've reached the middle o' next week."

He seized the foot of Red Snout and pulled his head out of the fire. "You ol' hellion!" Solomon exclaimed. "You dog o' the devil! Tumbled into hell whar ye belong at last, didn't ye? Jack, you take that luther bucket an' bring some water out o' the creek an' put out this fire. The ring on this 'ere ol' wooden leg is worth a hundred pounds."

Solomon took the hatchet from his belt and hacked off the end of Red Snout's wooden leg and put it in his coat pocket, saying:

"From now on a white man can walk in the bush without gittin' his bones piked. Injuns is goin' to be skeered o' us—a few an' I wouldn't be surprised."

When Jack came back with the water, Solomon poured it on the embers and looked at the swollen form which still seemed to be straining at the green withes of moose wood.

"Nothin' kin be done fer him," said the old scout. "He's gone erway. I tell ye, Jack, it g'n my soul a sweat to hear him dyin'."

A moment of silence full of the sorrow of the two men followed. Solomon broke it by saying:

"That 'ere black pill o' mine went right down into the stummick of the hill an' give it quite a puke—you hear to me."

They went to the cavern's mouth and looked in.

By IRVING BACHELLER
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"They's an awful mess in thar. I don't keer to see it," said Solomon.

Near them they discovered a warrior who had crawled out of that death chamber in the rocks. He had been stunned and wounded about the shoulders. They helped him to his feet and led him away. He was trembling with fear. Solomon found a pine torch, still burning, near where the fire had been. By its light they dressed his wounds—the old scout having with him always a small surgeon's outfit.

"Whar is t' other captive?" he asked in the Indian tongue.

"About a mile down the trail. It's a woman and a boy," said the warrior. "Take us whar they be," Solomon commanded.

The three started slowly down the trail, the warrior leading them.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Voice of a Woman Sobbing.

Over the ridge and more than a mile away was a wet, wild meadow. They found the cow and horses feeding on its edge near the trail. The moon, clouded since dark, had come out in the clear mid-heavens and thrown its light into the high windows of the forest above the ancient thoroughfare of the Indian. The red guide of the two scouts gave a call which was quickly answered. A few rods farther on, they saw a pair of old Indians sitting in blankets near a thicket of black timber. They could hear the voice of a woman sobbing near where they stood.

"Womern, don't be skeered o' us—we're friends—we're goin' to take ye hum," said Solomon.

The woman came out of the thicket

"YOU OL' HELLION! SOLOMON EXCLAIMED."



with a little lad of four asleep in her arms.

"Whar do ye live?" Solomon asked. "Far south on the shore o' the Mohawk," she answered in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Whar's yer name?"

"I'm Bill Scott's wife," she answered.

"Cat's blood and gunpowder!" Solomon exclaimed. "I'm Sol Binkus."

She knelt before the old scout and kissed his knees and could not speak for the fullness of her heart. Solomon bent over and took the sleeping lad from her arms and held him against his breast.

"Don't feel bad. We're a-goin' to take keer o' you," said Solomon. "Ayes, sir, we be! They ain't nobody goin' to harm ye—nobody at all."

There was a note of tenderness in the voice of the man as he felt the chin of the little lad with his big thumb and finger.

"Do ye know whar they done with Bill?" the woman asked soon in a pleading voice.

The scout swallowed as his brain began to work on the problem in hand. "Bill broke loose an' got erway. He's gone," Solomon answered in a sad voice.

"Did they torture him?"

"Whar they done I couldn't jes' tell ye. But they kin't do no more to him. He's gone."

She seemed to sense his meaning and lay crouched upon the ground with her sorrow until Solomon lifted her to her feet and said:

"Look here, little womern, this don't do no good. I'm goin' to spread my blanket under the pines an' git some sleep. We got a long trip tomorrow."

"Tain't so bad as it might be—ye're kind o' lucky 'atter all is said an' done," he remarked as he covered the woman and the child.

The wounded warrior and the old men were not to be found. They had sneaked away into the bush. Jack and Solomon looked about and the latter called but got no answer.

"They're skeered clear down to the toe nails," said Solomon. "They couldn't stan' it here. A lightning' thrower is a few too many. They'd ruther be nigh a rattlesnake."

The scouts had no sleep that night. They sat down by the trail side leaning against a log and lighted their pipes.

"You 'member Bill Scott?" Solomon whispered.

"Yes. We spent a night in his house."

"He were a mean cuss. Sold run to the Injuns. I allus tol' him it were wrong but—tay God A'mighty!—I never 'spected that the fire in the water were a goin' to burn him up sometime. No, sir—I never dreamed he were a-goin' to be punished so—never."

They lay back against the log with their one blanket spread and spent the night in a kind of half sleep.

Every little sound was "like a kick in the ribs," as Solomon put it, and drove them "into the look and listen business." The woman was often crying out or the cow and horses getting up to feed.

"My son, go to sleep," said Solomon. "I tell ye there ain't no danger now—not a bit. I don't know whar but I know Injuns—plenty."

In spite of his knowledge even Solomon himself could not sleep. A little before daylight they arose and began to stir about.

"I was badly burnt by that fire," Jack whispered.

"Inside!" Solomon answered. "So was I. My soul were a-sweetin' all night."

The morning was chilly. They gathered birch bark and dry pine and soon had a fire going. Solomon stole over to the thicket where the woman and child were lying and returned in a moment.

"They're sound asleep," he said in a low tone. "We'll let 'em alone." He began to make tea and got out the last of their bread and dried meat and bacon. He was frying the latter when he said:

"That 'ere is a mighty likely womern."

He turned the bacon with his fork and added:

"Turrible purty when she were young. Allus hated the rum business." Jack went out on the wild meadow and brought in the cow and milked her, filling a basin and a quart bottle. Solomon went to the thicket and called:

"Mis' Scott!"

The woman answered. "Here's a 'ow'l an' a little Jug o' soap, Mis' Scott. Ye kin take the boy to the creek an' git washed an' then come to the fire an' eat yer breakfast."

The boy was a handsome, blond lad with blue eyes and a serious manner. His confidence in the protection of his mother was sublime.

"Whar's yer name?" Solomon asked, looking up at the lad whom he had lifted high in the air.

"Whig Scott," the boy answered timidly with tears in his eyes.

"Whar! Be ye skeered o' me?"

These words came from the little lad as he began to cry: "No, sir. I ain't skeered. I'm a brave man."

"Courage is the first virtue in which the young are schooled on the frontier," Jack wrote in a letter to his friends at home in which he told of the history of that day. "The words and manner of the boy reminded me of my own childhood."

"Solomon held Whig in his lap, and fed him and soon won his confidence. The backs of the horses and the cow were so badly galled they could not be ridden, but we were able to hush the packs over a blanket on one of the horses. We drove the beasts ahead of us. The Indians had timbered the swales here and there so that we were able to pass them with little trouble. Over the worst places I had the boy on my back while Solomon carried 'Mis' Scott' in his arms as if she were a baby. He was very gentle with her. To him, as you know, a woman has been a sacred creature since his wife died. He seemed to regard the boy as a wonderful kind of plaything. At the camping places he spent every moment of his leisure tossing him in the air or rolling on the ground with him."

"One day when the woman sat by the fire crying, the little lad touched her brow with his hand and said:

"Don't be skeered, mother. I'm brave. I'll take care o' you."

"Solomon came to where I was breaking some dry sticks for the fire and said laughingly, as he wiped a tear from his cheek with the back of his good right hand:

"'Did ye ever see such a gol' durn cunnin' leetle crickit in yer born days—ever?'"

"Always thereafter he referred to the boy as the Little Crickit."

Jack wrote in another of his letters that as they fared along, down toward the sown lands of the upper Mohawk, Solomon began to develop talents of which none of his friends had entertained the least suspicion.

"He has had a hard life full of fight and peril like most of us who were born in this New World," the young man wrote. "He reminds me of some of the Old Testament heroes, and is not this land we have traversed like the plains of Mamre? What a gentle creature he might have been if he had had a chance! How long, I wonder, must we be slayers of men? As long, I take it, as there are savages against whom we must defend ourselves."

The next morning they met a company of one of the regiments of General Herkimer who had gone in pursuit of Red Snout and his followers. Learning what had happened to that evil band and its leader the soldiers faced about and escorted Solomon and his party to Oriskany.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caution is the parent of safety.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE

THE truly great, the large-souled men and women who delight in going aloft in the mystic realm of thought, you will find are ardent lovers of solitude.

They are never lonely wherever they may be, for they have found the way to happiness by getting acquainted with themselves, whose companionship they prefer to any other.

Washington chose solitude when he prayed for strength and guidance in the forests; Lincoln knew nothing of loneliness when he lay upon the floor of his log cabin before the glow of a hearth fire, studying by its faint light and pondering the subject matter of his lessons; the late John Wannamaker solved his most difficult business problems in privacy.

The men and women of exclusion illuminate the world by dazzling achievements, born to them in their quiet hours of isolation. Their works flare up like magic torches to light the paths of the faltering and disheartened.

The greatest writers do their best work in solitude, often in the night-time, when voices are hushed and silence is supreme.

And so do painters and presidents, kings and captains, students and inventors.

There is nothing more inspiring to thinking minds than quietude; nothing so grandly sublime and impressive as a canopy of stars in a still night when one is far away from the noisy haunts of men with one's own thoughts.

Only in solitude can man find himself. It was in solitude on the seashore that Demosthenes found himself, whence he came and stirred the people of his time with such oratory as had never been heard.

Real nobility of the soul dwells only in the men and women who care nothing for social gatherings and frivolities. Such men and women prefer to be alone with their muses, where they find their greatest pleasure in study, meditation and exploration, from which the human family ultimately derive benefit.

The best in science, in art and in literature comes from the people who choose seclusion in preference to the glamour of bright lights and the folly of merry-making among turbulent crowds, barely able to find their way about, add up a column of figures, or to tell off-hand the number of feet in a square mile.

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Mother's Cook Book

"The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study, and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention."

THINGS FOR OCCASIONS

Mock Woodcock.
Trim the crust from four slices of bread and toast a golden brown. Spread thickly with butter and a dozen finely chopped anchovies. Pile on a warm dish and set in the oven. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add one cupful of cream and stir over a moderate fire until the mixture thickens. Pour quickly over the toast and send at once to the table.

Roman Parfait.
Dissolve five tablespoonfuls of sugar in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, let stand over hot water until the gelatin is dissolved. Strain this into one pint of thick cream whipped, add two tablespoonfuls of vanilla, six tablespoonfuls of orange juice and the grated rind. Turn into a mold and bury in ice and salt for four hours.

Sweetbread Salad.
Drop sweetbreads into cold water, changing as often as the water discolors. Let them stand until quite white, then pull out all the tubes and put into a saucepan. Cover with fresh cold water, add a slice of onion, one small bayleaf, one blade of mace and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Heat quickly to the simmering point and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain and drop into cold water, letting stand for an hour. Wipe and cut into small pieces with a silver knife. Make a French dressing and pour over the sweetbreads, set away until ready to serve. Then add an equal quantity of finely cut celery and mayonnaise dressing. Mix well and serve on lettuce leaves.

Parboil the sweetbreads in water with a small amount of vinegar; this helps to whiten them and adds to the flavor as well.

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The SANDMAN STORY

NIGHT IN A PLAYROOM

THE playroom certainly was a disorderly looking place the next morning and the little mistress, when she opened the door and looked in tried to tell her mother she was sure she had not left the toys scattered about in such a manner, but of course no one told her just how it all happened and so her mother blamed her for leaving such an untidy room.

But the truth of it was that when the clock struck the magic hour the night before Calico Cat, who was leaning against Jack-in-a-Box dozing, felt a sharp tap on her nose; it was the cover of Jack's box which suddenly flew open when the clock struck.

But this Calico Cat did not mind. She saw Little Dog on Wheels close by and thinking he was to blame for the sting on her nose she humped

her back and flew right at him, boxing his ears soundly.

Poor Little Dog was so upset that he just started running and Easter Rabbit, who was always afraid Little Dog would take to hunting, thought he was after him, so off he ran and so fast he flew that off popped his little head.

Easter Rabbit just could not run about without his head, so he stopped to hunt for it, and not being able to see where he was going, he bumped into Teddy Bear, who was just stretching his legs and arms to get them in working order.

"What is the matter?" called Teddy as he picked himself up. "Is there a fire?"

"Who said fire?" called out the Fireman Doll, and thinking it was the hose on his little cart on the floor beside him, he caught poor Cloth Elephant by

his trunk and started after Teddy Bear, who was running with Easter Rabbit, he having found his head.

"Let go my trunk," called out Cloth Elephant.

"I didn't do it," said Little Dog. "It was the cover of Jack's box that flew up and hit you. I saw it."

"Well, why didn't you say so, then?" snapped Calico Cat. "What do you mean, Jack, by flying upon like that and hitting folks on the nose?"

"I'm sorry, Calico, I am sure," said Jack, so full of laughter he could hardly speak. "The fact is that a fly got in my box yesterday and he was crawling all over my bald head. If ever you lose your hair, Calico, as I have, you will know what I suffered, so when the clock struck I flew up and chased him out."

"Hub," said Calico Cat as she began to wash her face, "you certainly did upset things around here."

"I didn't do it; you did, Calico," replied Jack, and if he had not bobbed back in his box and pulled down his cover he would have been treated just as Little Dog was, for Calico Cat did not let any one contradict her.

And that was the reason the next morning when the little mistress came to the playroom that her mother scolded her for not picking up her toys when she finished playing with them, for the toys talked so long, each telling how it started to run, that the sun was streaming in the window before they had time to get back in their places.

And I expect many a little girl never dreams what happened in the night in the playroom when she finds all of her toys strewn about the floor in the morning.

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PORPOISE AND WEATHER

WHILE the true porpoise and the true dolphin differ slightly from each other they are so nearly alike that the names are practically interchangeable and in superstition they figure as one and the same. Sailors say that when a shoal of porpoises come sporting about a ship it is a sign of a coming windstorm. This superstition can be traced far back into classic times and is, indeed, of much more ancient origin than the days of Pliny who records the belief. Legend and mythology are full of tales of the mystic qualities of the dolphin and the porpoise and formerly, as now, the names appear interchangeable.

Though sailors look upon the porpoise as the harbinger of wind, probably of a high wind, they do not regard the fish as bringing bad luck. On the contrary, as a rule, the appearance of a school of porpoises is regarded as a favorable sign. Some sailors regard the porpoise as an indication of a change in the weather merely and agree in effect with the old writer Wilsford who says, "Dolphins in fair and calm weather pursuing one another in one of their waterish pastimes foreshadow winds and from the part whence they fetch their tricks; but if they play thus when the seas are high and tumbled it is a sign of fair and calm weather." The common belief now is, however, that the wind predicted by a shoal of porpoises will come from the direction the fishes take when they depart.

The porpoise gets its reputation as a weather breeder from its ancient connection with the moon and, which is the same thing, with the moon-goddess Isis. And as he was connected with Isis, so was he, consequently, represented as connected with the other and later moon-goddess identified with the great Egyptian original. The moon was always supposed to control the weather and in the Greek myth Amphitrite, who rose from the sea and was given a certain power over the winds of the sea, had two dolphins to guard her by order of Poseidon (Neptune). Gubernatis says, "The Dolphin that watches over Amphitrite is the same as the dolphin, the spy of the sea, or the moon, the spy of the nocturnal and misty sky." Through all mythology we find the dolphin—or porpoise—typifying the moon and Isis, the great moon-goddess, was the especial patroness of navigation.

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An Awful Chance

"I am quite proud of my paintings," said Schram, the artist. "I think I shall soon hold an exhibition of my work."

"Well, take my tip," said a callous critic, "and see that you don't develop eye trouble watching for visitors."

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his trunk and started after Teddy Bear, who was running with Easter Rabbit, he having found his head.

"Let go my trunk," called out Cloth Elephant. "I don't care if there is a fire; you can't have my trunk for a hose."

"Now, who started all this fuss?" inquired Teddy Bear after finding no one was hurt. "Who started to run first and why?"

Little Dog on Wheels said he was not a coward, but he objected to having his ears boxed by Calico Cat and he was just running so he could turn around and face her.

"Well, don't you hit me on the nose, then, if you don't want your ears boxed," snapped Calico Cat. "There I was sitting as quiet as a mouse by Jack-in-a-Box when all at once something hit me right on the end of my nose."

"I didn't do it," said Little Dog. "It was the cover of Jack's box that flew up and hit you. I saw it."

"Well, why didn't you say so, then?" snapped Calico Cat. "What do you mean, Jack, by flying upon like that and hitting folks on the nose?"

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The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

"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

RACHEL

ONE of the loveliest of Biblical names is Rachel, meaning ewe. The first Rachel was the daughter-in-law of Rebekah. The aspirate in the middle of her name is more softly marked where, in the prophet, Jeremiah, her descendants, the Benjamite women, who dwell around her early grave at Bethlehem, are spoken of as "Rachel weeping for her children because they are not," and are assured that they shall come again to their own border.

But she is Rachel again where Saint Matthew shows the mothers of Bethlehem weeping over their lambs. Dante made the faint Rachel with her beautiful eyes, the type of heavenly contemplation, ever gazing at the mirror that reflected heavenly glory, but her name was not popular although the Manx princess, Africa, was thus translated upon her marriage with Somerset, lord of the Isles, somewhere about the Eleventh century.

The Puritan days loved the sound of the word and "that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side" has given it a place in English families. Rachel was the name borne by the lady who became the wife of Varuhagen von Ense. With the exception of the two different forms of spelling, Rachel is without diminutive or contraction. It is one of the few names that maintain its sweetness and dignity throughout its history. The name has been a favorite with painters and many a saintly type of pure transcendent beauty has been so named.

Rachel's gem is the amethyst. Its soft violet color has a sobering effect upon quick tempers, controls evil thoughts, and quickens the intelligence.

Soldiers wearing an amethyst are said to be preserved from harm and the gem is believed to have the power to protect its wearer from contagion. To dream of it signifies freedom from harm. Saturday is Rachel's lucky day and 4 her lucky number. Her flower is the primrose, signifying youthfulness.

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