

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"So here I am on the ship L'Étoile and almost in sight of Boston harbor, bringing help and comfort to our great chief.

"I was presented to the king and queen. Of him I have written—a stout, fat-faced man, highly colored, with a sloping forehead and large gray eyes. His coat shone with gold embroidery and jeweled stars. His close-fitting waistcoat of milk white satin had golden buttons and a curve which was not the only sign he bore of rich wine and good capon. The queen was a beautiful, dark-haired lady of some forty years, with a noble and gracious countenance. She was clad in no venture of gold, but in sober black velvet. Her curls fell upon the loose ruff of lace around her neck. There were no jewels on or about her bare, white bosom. Her smile and gentle voice, when she gave me her bon-voyage and best wishes for the cause so dear to us, are jewels I shall not soon forget.

"Yes, I had a little talk with Margaret and her mother, who walked with me to Franklin's house. There, in his reception room, I took a good look at the dear girl, now more beautiful than ever, and held her to my heart a moment.

"I see you and then I have to go," I said.

"It is the fault of my too romantic soul," she answered mournfully. "For two days we have been in hiding here. I wanted to surprise you."

"She lifted the jeweled cross I wore to her lips and kissed it. I wish that I could tell you how beautiful she looked then. She is twenty-six years old and her womanhood is beginning."

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Horse of Destiny.

In Boston harbor, Jack learned of the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British and was transferred to a Yankee ship putting out to sea on its way to that city. There he found the romantic Arnold, crippled by his wounds, living in the fine mansion erected by William Penn. He had married a young daughter of one of the rich Tory families, for his second wife, and was in command of the city. Colonel Irons, having delivered the letters to the treasurer of the United States, reported at Arnold's office. It was near midday and the general had not arrived. The young man sat down to wait and soon the great soldier drove up with his splendid coach and pair. His young wife sat beside him. He had little time for talk. He was on his way to breakfast. Jack presented his compliments and the good tidings which he had brought from the Old Country. Arnold listened as if he were hearing the price of cod-fish and tams.

The young man was shocked by the coolness of the commandant. The former felt as if a pall of icy water had been thrown upon him when Arnold answered:

"Now that they have money I hope that they will pay their debt to me."

This kind of talk Jack had not heard before. He resented it, but answered calmly: "A war and an army is a great extravagance for a young nation that has not yet learned the imperial art of gathering taxes. Many of us are going unpaid, but if we get liberty it will be worth all it costs."

"That sounds well, but there are some of us who are also in need of justice," Arnold answered as he turned away.

"General, you who have not been dismayed by force will never, I am sure, surrender to discouragement," said Jack.

The fiery Arnold turned suddenly and lifting his cane in a threatening manner said in a loud voice:

"Would you reprimand me—you d—d upstart?"

"General, you may strike me, if you will, but I cannot help saying that we young men must look to you older ones for a good example."

Very calmly and politely the young man spoke these words. He towered above the man Arnold in spirit and stature. The latter did not commit the folly of striking him, but with a look of scorn ordered him to leave the office.

Jack obeyed the order and went at once to call upon his old friend, Governor Reed. He told the governor of his falling out with the major general.

"Arnold is a sordid, selfish man and a source of great danger to our cause," said the governor. "He is vain and loves display and is living far beyond his means. To maintain his extravagance he has resorted to privateering and speculation, and none of it has been successful. He is deeply involved in debt. It is charged that he has used his military authority for private gain. He was tried by a court-martial, but escaped with only a reprimand from the commander in chief. He is thick with the Tories. He is the type of man who would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

"This is alarming," said Jack.

"My boy an ill wind is blowing on us," the governor went on. "We have all too many Arnolds in our midst. Our currency has depreciated until forty shillings will not buy what one would have bought before the war. The profit makers are rolling in luxury and the poor army starves. The honest and patriotic are impoverished

while those who practice fraud and Toryism are getting rich."

Depressed by this report of conditions in America Jack set out for Washington's headquarters on the Hudson. Never had the posture of American affairs looked so hopeless. The governor had sold him a young mare with a white star in her forehead and a short, white stocking on her left fore leg, known in good time as the horse of destiny.

When he had crossed the King's ferry the mare went lame. A little beyond the crossing he met a man on a big, roan gelding. Jack stopped him to get information about the roads in the north.

"That's a good-looking mare," the man remarked.

"And she is better than she looks," Jack answered. "But she has thrown a shoe and gone lame."

"I'll trade even and give you a sound horse," the man proposed.

"What is your name and where do you live?" Jack inquired.

"My name is Paulding and I live at Tarrytown in the neutral territory."

"I accepted his offer not knowing that a third party was looking on and laying a deeper plan than either of us were able to penetrate," Jack used to say of that deal.

He approached the little house in which the commander in chief was quartered with a feeling of dread, fearing the effect of late developments on his spirit.

The young man wrote to Margaret in care of Franklin this account of the day which followed his return to camp:

"Thank God! I saw on the face of our commander the same old look of unshaken confidence. I knew that he could see his way and what a sense of comfort came of that knowledge! More than we can tell we are indebted to the calm and masterful face of Washington. It holds up the heart of the army in all discouragements. His faith is established. He is not afraid of evil tidings. This great, god-like personality of his has put me on my feet again. I was in need of it, for a different kind of man, of the name of Arnold, had nearly felled me."

"Sit down here and tell me all about Franklin," he said with a smile.

"I told him what was going on in Paris and especially of the work of



our great minister to the court of Louis XVI.

"He heard me with deep interest and when I had finished arose and gave me his hand saying:

"Colonel, again you have won my gratitude. We must keep our courage."

"I told him of my unhappy meeting with Arnold."

"The man has his faults—he is very human, but he has been a good soldier," Washington answered.

"Solomon came into camp that evening. He was so glad to see me that he could only wring my hand and utter exclamations.

"How is the gal?" he asked presently.

"I told him of our meeting in Passy and of my fear that we should not meet again."

"Solomon is a man of faith. He never falters."

"He said to me: 'Don't worry. That gal has got a backbone. She ain't no rye straw. She's a-goin' to think it over.'"

"Neither spoke for a time. We sat by an open fire in front of his tent as the night fell. Solomon was filling his pipe. He swallowed and his right eye began to alm. I knew that some highly important theme would presently open the door of his intellect and come out."

"Jack, I been over to Albany," he said. "Had a long visit with Mirandy. They ain't no likelier women in Ameriky. I'll bet a pint o' powder an' a fish hook on that. Ye kin look fer 'em till yer eyes run but ye'll be obleeged to give up!"

"He lighted his pipe and smoked a few whiffs and added: 'Knit seventy pair o' socks for my regiment this fall.'"

"Have you asked her to marry you?" I inquired.

"No. 'Taint likely she'd have me,' he answered. 'She's had troubles enough. I wouldn't ask no women to marry me till the war is fit out. I'm liable to git all shot up any day. I did think I'd ask her but I didn't. Got kind o' skeered an' skittish when we sot down together, an' come to think

it all over, 'twouldn't 'a' been right."

"Your'e wrong, Solomon," I answered. "You ought to have a home of your own and a wife to make you fond of it. How is the Little Cricket?"

"Cunnin'est little shaver that ever lived," said he. "I got him a teeny waggin an' drew him down to the big medder an' back. He had a string hitched on to my waist an' he pulled an' hauled an' hollered whoan an' git ap till he were about as hoarse as a bull frog. When we got back he wanted to go all over me with a curry comb an' braid my mane."

"The old scout roared with laughter as he thought of the child's play in which he had had a part. He told me of my own people and next to their good health it pleased me to learn that my father had given all his horses—save two—to Washington. That is what all our good men are doing. So you will see how it is that we are able to go on with this war against the great British empire."

"That night the idea came to me that I would seek an opportunity to return to France in the hope of finding you in Paris. I applied for a short furlough to give me a chance to go home and see the family. There I found a singular and disheartening situation. My father's modest fortune is now a part of the ruin of war. Soon after the beginning of hostilities he had loaned his money to men who had gone into the business of furnishing supplies to the army. He had loaned them dollars worth less than five cents. Many, and Washington among them, have suffered in a like manner. My father has little left but his land, two horses, a yoke of oxen and a pair of slaves. So I am too poor to give you a home in any degree worthy of you."

"Dear old Solomon has proposed to make me his heir, but now that he has met the likely women I must not depend upon him. So I have tried to make you know the truth about me as well as I do. If your heart is equal to the discouragement I have heaped upon it I offer you this poor comfort. When the war is over I can borrow a thousand pounds to keep a roof over our heads and a fowl in the pot and pudding in the twiflers while I am clearing the way to success. The prospect is not inviting, I fear, but if, happily, it should appeal to you, I suggest that you join your father in New York at the first opportunity so that we may begin our life together as soon as the war ends. And now, whatever comes, I would wish you to keep these thoughts of me: I have loved you, but there are things which I have valued above my own happiness. If I cannot have you I shall have always the memory of the hours we have spent together and of the great hope that was mine."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### Arnold and Henry Thornhill.

Margaret and her mother returned to England with David Hartley soon after Colonel Irons had left France. The British commissioner had not been able to move the philosopher. Later, from London, he had sent a letter to Franklin seeking to induce America to desert her new ally. Franklin had promptly answered:

"I would think the destruction of our whole country and the extirpation of our people preferable to the infamy of abandoning our allies. We may lose all but we shall act in good faith."

Here again was a new note in the history of diplomatic intercourse.

Colonel Irons' letter to Margaret Hare, with part of which the reader is familiar, was forwarded by Franklin to his friend Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and by him delivered. Another letter, no less vital to the full completion of the task of these pages was found in the faded packet. It is from General Sir Benjamin Hare to his wife in London and is dated at New York, January 10, 1780. This is a part of the letter:

"I have a small house near the barracks with our friend Colonel Ware and the best of negro slaves and every comfort. It is now a loyal city, secure from attack, and, but for the soldiers, one might think it a provincial English town. This war may last for years and as the sea is, for a time, quite safe, I have resolved to ask you and Margaret to take passage on one of the first troop ships sailing for New York, after this reaches you. Our friend Sir Roger and his regiments will be sailing in March as I am apprised by a recent letter. I am, by this post, requesting him to offer you suitable accommodations and to give you all possible assistance. The war would be over now if Washington would only fight. His caution is maddening. His army is in a desperate plight, but he will not come out and meet us in the open. He continues to lean upon the strength of the hills. But there are indications that he will be abandoned by his own army."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### City of Capua

The city of Capua of ancient Italy opened its gates to Hannibal after the Battle of Cannae, 216 B. C., and the army there went into winter quarters. Capua was the most luxurious city in Italy, and Hannibal's army was greatly encraved as a result of its residence there. When the Romans regained possession of Capua, 211, B. C., they scourged and beheaded the surviving senators who had not poisoned themselves before the surrender of the city. Only two persons, it is said, escaped: one, a woman who had prayed for the success of the Roman arms, and the other a woman who had succored some prisoners. The word "Capua" became a synonym for luxury and self-indulgence.

## THE FOLKS AROUND

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IT ISN'T what makes summer hot Or what makes winter cold That keeps us blue or warm us through

Or makes us young or old. Not sun nor hail nor calm nor gale Makes sad or glad the way— But more the kind of folks we find Around us ev'ry day.

When night is gone the day may dawn With blue and perfect skies; But, if a word unkind is heard, Then all the glory dies. The morn may bring the hail to sting But, if our hearts are warm, We'll trudge along and sing our song And never mind the storm!

Not sun or moon makes night or noon, Nor season spring or fall; We give life cheer or make it drear For others, after all.

God grant your smile lights ev'ry mile, Whatever road you go! Make fair the day, make glad the way, And you will find it so!

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## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### HONORABLE DEFEAT

BE NOT ashamed of defeat that is clothed with honor. It is better by far to be true to yourself, loyal to exalted principles, able at all times to look into your mirror without a sense of guilt, than to wear fine raiment and sit among kings.

It is better to sleep sweetly at night with a clear conscience than to toss about in fear of punishment, which you know you have earned and rightfully deserve.

It is better to be poor all your days than to cheat, lie and steal while heaping up wealth in the frantic chase that frequently leads to broken health and groveling age, before the allotted time of three score years and ten.

If you have preserved your honor in the hard struggle for existence, if your heart is full of joyous faith when the sky begins to darken at your coming night, you have within you a sublime peace which all the wealth of the world cannot buy, and which, if offered you, you would brush aside as worthless dross.

Be not dismayed if you cannot spring up in a clap to the heights of power through chicanery; but instead be filled with confidence, because the years in which you have labored without tainting your soul have left you clean, clear-eyed and hopeful.

It is not for every worthy man to win in battle; it is not for every blooming rose to be the queen of roses; it is not for every tree to be an oak, nor every stream to be a river.

Each has its part in the scheme of things of which we mortals know nothing; each is playing its role for which it was created and intended.

The thing for man to do is to learn humility, patience, charity, chastity, and march ahead undaunted regardless of the sneers of the vain and thoughtless.

Look upward and move on, in storm and calm.

Follow open-eyed Faith though the night be dark and the way be rough—there's a radiance of sunlight a little way ahead speeding toward you on the wings of a new day.

Think of this glorious dawning; forget your defeats, defects, disappointments and griefs. Do your best without faltering or bemoaning your lot, and you will be joyously happy in the end that you have retained your honor.

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## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the automobile is certainly playing havoc with the street car business and she sees that congress is now considering an omnibus building bill.

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## The SANDMAN STORY

### POOR BELLA DOLL

BELLA DOLL was quite old, but she did not know this, for there was no one to tell her. She had been thought very beautiful when she was first given to the little girl who had grown up long ago, but Bella Doll had been carefully wrapped and put in a drawer in the attic.

One day Bella was delighted to be taken out of the drawer and given to another little girl to play with. "She was my best doll," said the grown-up lady to the little girl. "Her face is made of wax, so you must be very careful, because she will break easily."

Bella was very happy for a while with her new mother. She was taken out for a ride every day in a hand-



"Oh, Look, She Has Cried All Over Her Face!"

some carriage and her clothes were taken off at night. She had new ones, too, and Bella was put in a pretty doll's bed all white and soft.

Her eyes opened and closed and the little girl had never had a doll that could be made to sleep. So for a while Bella was well cared for.

But one night Bella found herself in her carriage and the big clock struck off the hours, but no one came for her.

"I'll freeze and crack," thought Bella Doll. "I never was treated so before."

Early in the morning a big dog came along and kissed her, but Bella didn't know it was a kiss. She was

sure the dog meant to eat her and she wished herself safe again in the drawer in the attic.

But all this was nothing to what happened later, for you see the carriage was on the sunny side of the porch and pretty soon the sun began to shine right on Bella Doll.

She wasn't cold now, but she was far more uncomfortable, for her face began to melt and when by and by the new little mother thought about the new little mother thought about Bella Doll! I never forgot you; I cry which brought the grown-up lady out of the house to find out what had happened.

"Oh, look, she has cried all over her face!" said the little girl, beginning to cry herself.

"I told you not to leave her in the sun," said the grown-up lady. "Poor Bella Doll! I never forget you; I never left you out all night. Little girls do not love their dolls as I did when I was a little girl."

"Can't we have her face made over?" said the little girl.

"No; she is past repairing," said the grown-up lady, with a sigh. "But I can't put you in the rag bag, Bella Doll. I loved you too much when I was a little girl to throw you away now. Even if your face is spoiled you are still Bella Doll and you shall go back to the attic and spend the rest of your days where the sun will not melt you and you will not be left out all night to shiver."

"Did it hurt her much, mother, do you think?" asked the little girl.

"How do you think you would have felt if I had left you out on the porch all night?" was the answer.

"I would have cried and been scared, I guess," said the little girl.

"Perhaps Bella was," said her mother, as she carried Bella up the attic stairs and put her away again in the drawer.

"Well, I am glad to be back," said Bella to a china dog and cat that were in the drawer. "It isn't the same world we knew about when we were played with by the careful little girl to whom we belonged. Little mothers do not love you today as they did when I was a new doll."

"Then I shall never wish again to be taken out of this drawer," said China Dog.

"No; don't," said Bella. "You will be sorry if you get your wish."

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## The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRDING KING

### EARRINGS FOR WEAK EYES

TO CURE sore eyes or strengthen weak eyes wear a little, round, gold earring in the pierced lobe of the ear. Up to within a comparatively recent date this superstition was universal in the United States. It still exists in some parts of the country and especially holds its own among sailors of the old school. As women, with intervals of abstinence decreed by fashion, are accustomed to wear earrings for the sake of ornamentation, it is to men that the superstition principally applies as a curative process.

This superstition had its origin in the strong belief of the ancients in the power of the senses to convey actual, tangible effects to the body. The superstition of the evil eye is an example of what it was believed the power of sight could do and there was, also, a belief in the power of conveyance resident in the sense of hearing. Many myths show that the ear was regarded as a portal through which might enter the vital principle conveyed by the sense of hearing.

The crocodile cult of Egypt is a notable example. The crocodile was worshipped as a sun-god at Sebek and from most ancient times its image has been regarded as a charm against the evil eye. As the sense of sight, through the evil eye, was the spiritual conveyor of mortal ills, so the sense of hearing was, in general, regarded as the conveyor of beneficent and vitalizing influences. Sore eyes and weak eyes were regarded as the results of a glance from the evil eye. Herodotus writing in the Fourth century especially mentions this belief. Now if, through the eye came evil, through the ear might come good to counteract it. Therefore was attached to the ear as a votive offering to the beneficent spirit of life the mystic symbol of the ring, concerning the meaning of which volumes have been written. Taking into consideration the cult of the crocodile it would appear that the little gold rings inserted into the lobe of the ear for curative purposes were originally intended to represent the sun.

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### Sport in Caveland

Bonescraper—Where's all them skins I give you? Is it the style to go around in nothin' but a coon skin?

His Wife—No, if you must know, I wore them to Mrs. Stonehammer's tea and lost them all shooting craps.

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## Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### THE CRYING BABY

THE subject is a large and important one and appeals to almost every mother who looks after her children herself, as every mother ought to do, if she can. Upon the way this subject is treated, much depends as to the future welfare of each individual baby.

There are many things which must first be excluded before one decides how a crying baby is to be treated in any given case, and in all cases patience and love and avoidance of anger must be practiced to the very limit of your endurance, and then some more.

Exclude, first of all, as a cause for crying, pain—for babies have feelings and are subject to painful impressions. Just like other folks, whether from safety pins, tight clothing or stomach-ache.

Of course you must find out whether the crying is due to these, or to any other removable cause.

Then there is the matter of disposition; a baby whose mother was fretful, or suffered with grief or worry or great disappointment or a brutal husband, will certainly be a crying baby.

It is born so, it can't help it, and the only thing a mother can do is to be patient and pitiful.

But a child may also inherit a bad temper from one or both parents, and cry and cry from sheer ugliness.

With a little study and discrimination it becomes very easy to differentiate a willful, angry cry from a cry of pain.

Even then, don't get angry if you can help it, neither allow your sympathy and love to overcome your judgment.

Sometimes a judicious, remember judicious, use of the hand or slipper, will be a real benefit and kindness; and it may be surprising how quickly, under such treatment, the baby will learn and appreciate who is master or mistress of the household.

If you can stand the annoyance, and it is not too much of an imposition on your neighbors, it would be better for the baby to keep on crying until she is tired out and then goes to sleep, than to give in to her.

You won't have to go through the experience many times, and if you give up to her you may have to do it for an indefinite period.

Now don't say I am cruel and don't know what I am talking about, for I have seen and handled many babies during many years of professional life, and more than that, I am very fond of them.

But it often happens that you can best show your love for a baby, not by yielding to his will, but by endeavoring to have him submit to yours.

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