

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Those "indications" were the letters of one John Anderson, who described himself as a prominent officer in the American army. The letters were written to Sir Henry Clinton. They asked for a command in the British army and hinted at the advantage to be derived from facts of prime importance, in the writer's possession.

Margaret and her mother sailed with Sir Roger Waite and his regiment on the tenth of March and arrived in New York on the twenty-sixth of April. The month of May, 1780, gave Washington about the worst pinch in his career. It was the pinch of hunger. Supplies had not arrived. Famine had entered the camp and begun to threaten its life. Soldiers can get along without pay but they must have food. Mutiny broke out among the recruits.

In the midst of this trouble, Lafayette, the handsome French marquis, then twenty-three years old, arrived on his white horse, after a winter in Paris, bringing word that a fleet and army from France were heading across the sea. This news revived the drooping spirit of the army. Soon boats began to arrive from down the river with food from the east. The crisis passed. In the North a quiet summer followed. The French fleet with six thousand men under Rochambeau arrived at Newport, July tenth, and were immediately blockaded by the British as was a like expedition fitting out at Brest. Washington could only hold to his plan of prudent waiting.

On a clear, warm day, late in July 1780, a handsome coach drawn by four horses crossed King's Ferry and tolled up the Highland road. It carried Benedict Arnold and his wife and their baggage. Jack and Solomon passed and recognized them.

"What does that mean, I wonder?" Jack queried.

"Dun know," Solomon answered. "I'm scared about it," said the younger scout. "I am afraid that this money seeker has the confidence of Washington. He has been a good fighting man. That goes a long way with the chief."

Colonel Irons stopped his horse. "I am of half a mind to go back," he declared.

"Why?" "I didn't tell the general half that Reed said to me. It was so bitter and yet I believe it was true. I ought to have told him. Perhaps I ought now to go and tell him."

"There's time 'nough," said Solomon. "Wait till we get back. Sometimes I've thought the chief needed advice but it's allus turned out that I was the one that needed it."

The two horsemen rode on in silence. It was the middle of the afternoon of that memorable July day. They were bound for the neutral territory between the American and British lines, infested by "cowboys" from the South and "skinnners" from the North who were raiding the farms of the settlers and driving away their cattle to be sold to the opposing armies. The two scouts were sent to learn the facts and report upon them. They parted at a cross-road. It was near sundown when at a beautiful brook, bordered with speargrass and wild iris, Jack watered and fed his horse and sat down to eat his luncheon. He was thinking of Arnold and the new danger when he discovered that a man stood near him. The young scout had failed to hear his approach—a circumstance in no way remarkable since the road was little traveled and covered with moss and creeping herbage. He thought not of this, however, but only of the face and form of a man of middle age. The young man wrote in a letter:

"It was a singularly handsome face, smooth-shaven and well-shaped with large, dark eyes and a skin very clean and perfect—I had almost said it was transparent. Add to all this a look of friendliness and masterful dignity and you will understand why I rose to my feet and took off my hat. His stature was above my own, his form erect. I remember nothing about his clothes save that they were dark in color and seemed to be new and admirably fitted.

"You are John Irons, Jr., and I am Henry Thornhill," said he. "I saw you at Kinderhook where I used to live. I liked you then and, since the war began, I have known of your adventures. I saw you passing a little way back and I followed for I have something to say to you."

"I shall be glad to hear of it," was my answer.

"Washington cannot be overcome by his enemies unless he is betrayed by his friends. Arnold has been put in command at West Point. He has planned the betrayal of the army."

"Do you know that?" I asked.

"As well as I know light and darkness."

"Have you told Washington?"

"No. As yet I have had no opportunity. I am telling him, now, through you. In his friendships he is a singularly stubborn man. The wiles of an enemy are as an open book to him, but those of a friend he is not able to comprehend. He will discredit or only half believe any warning that you

or I may give him. But it is for you and Solomon to warn him and be not deceived."

"I shall turn about and ride back to camp," I said.

"There is no need of haste," he answered. "Arnold does not assume command until the third of August."

"He shaded his eyes and looked toward the west where the sun was setting and the low-lying clouds were like rose-colored islands in a golden sea, and added as he hurried away down the road to the south:

"It is a beautiful world."

"Too good for fighting men," I answered as I sat down to finish my luncheon for I was still hungry.

"While I ate, the tormenting thought came to me that I had neglected to ask for the source of his information or for his address. It was a curious oversight due to his masterly manner and that sense of the guarded tongue which an ordinary mortal is apt to feel in the presence of a great personality."

I had been, in a way, self-brided and I had been, in my speech, as I have been wont to be in the presence of Washington himself. I looked down the road ahead. The stranger had rounded a bend and was now hidden by the bush. I hurried through my repast, bridled my horse and set off at a gallop expecting to overtake him, but to my astonishment he had left the road. I did not see him again, but his words were ever with me in the weeks that followed.

"I reached the Corlies farm, far down in the neutral territory, at ten o'clock and a little before dawn was with Corlies and his neighbors in a rough fight with a band of cattle thieves, in the course of which three men and a boy were seriously disabled by his pistols. We had salted a herd and concealed ourselves in the midst of it and so were able to shoot from good cover when the thieves arrived. Solomon and I spent four days in the neutral territory. When we left it a dozen cattle thieves were in need of repair and three had moved to parts unknown. Save in the southern limit, their courage had been broken.

"I had often thought of Nancy, the blaze-faced mare, that I had set from Governor Reed and traded to Mr. Paulding. I was again reminded of her by meeting a man who had just come from Tarrytown. Being near that place I rode on to Paulding's farm and spent a night in his house. I found Nancy in good flesh and spirits. She seemed to know and like the touch of my hand and, standing by her side, the notion came to me that I ought to own her. Paulding was reduced in circumstances. Having been a patriot and a money lender the war had impoverished him. My own horse was worn by overwork and so I proposed a trade and offered a sum to boot which he promptly accepted. I came back up the north road with the handsome, high-headed mare under my saddle. The next night I stopped with one Reuben Smith near the northern limit of the neutral territory below Stony Point. Smith had prospered by selling supplies to the patriot army. I had heard that he was a Tory and so I wished to know him. I found him a rugged, jovial, long-haired man of middle age, with a ready ringing laugh. His jokes were spoken in a low tone and followed by quick, stertorous breathing and roars and gestures of appreciation.

"He looked my mare over carefully before he led her to the stable.

"Next morning as he stood by her head, he asked if I would sell her.

"You couldn't afford to own that mare," I said.

"I had touched his vanity. In fact I did not realize how much he had made by his overcharging. He was better able to own her than I and that he proposed to show me.

"He offered for her another horse and a sum which caused me to take account of my situation. The money would be a help to me. However, I shook my head. He increased his offer.

"What do you want of her?" I asked.

"I've always wanted to own a horse like that," he answered.

"I intended to keep the mare," said I. "But if you will treat her well and give her a good home I shall let you have her."

"A man who likes a good joke will never drive a spavined horse," he answered merrily.

"So it happened that the mare Nancy fell into the hands of Reuben Smith."

CHAPTER XXVII

Love and Treason.

When Jack and Solomon returned to headquarters, Arnold and his wife were settled in a comfortable house overlooking the river. Colonel Irons made his report. The commander in chief complimented him and invited the young man to make a tour of the camp in his company. They mounted their horses and rode away together.

"I learn that General Arnold is to be in command here," Jack remarked soon after the ride began.

"I have not yet pronounced my intention," said Washington. "Who told you?"

"A man of the name of Henry Thornhill."

"I do not know him but he is curiously well informed. Arnold is an able officer. We have not many like him. He is needed here for I have to go on a long trip to eastern Connecticut to confer with Rochambeau. In the event of some unforeseen crisis Arnold would know what to do."

Then Jack spoke out: "General, I ought to have reported to you the exact words of Governor Reed. They were severe, perhaps, even unjust. I have not repeated them to any one. But now I think you should know their full content and judge of them in your own way. The governor insists that Arnold is bad at heart—that he would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

Washington made no reply, for a moment, and then his words seemed to have no necessary relation to those of Jack Irons.

"General Arnold has been badly cut up in many battles," said he. "I wish him to be relieved of all trying details. You are an able and prudent man. I shall make you his chief aide with the rank of brigadier general. He needs rest and will concern himself little with the daily routine. In my absence, you will be the superintendent of the camp, and subject to orders I shall leave with you. Colonel Binkus will be your helper. I hope that you may be able to keep yourself on friendly terms with the general."

Jack reported to the commander in chief the warning of Thornhill, but the former made light of it.

"The air is full of evil gossip," he said. "You may hear it of me."

When they rode up to headquarters Arnold was there. To Jack's surprise the major general greeted him with friendly words, saying:

"I hope to know you better for I have heard much of your courage and fighting quality."

On the third of August—the precise date named by Henry Thornhill—Arnold took command of the camp and Irons assumed his new duties. The major general rode with Washington every day until, on the fourteenth of September, the latter set out with three aides and Colonel Binkus on his trip to Connecticut. Solomon rode with the party for two days and then returned. Thereafter Arnold left the work of his office to Jack and gave his time to the enjoyment of the company of his wife and a leisure that suffered little interruption. For him, grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front. Like Richard he had hung up his brushed arms. The day of Washington's departure, Mrs. Arnold invited Jack to dinner. The young man felt bound to accept this opportunity for more friendly relations.

Mrs. Arnold was a handsome, vivacious, blonde young woman of thirty. The officer speaks in a letter of her lively talk and winning smiles and splendid figure, well fitted with a costume that reminded him of the court ladies in France.

"What a contrast to the worn, patched uniforms to be seen in that camp!" he added.

Soon after the dinner began, Mrs. Arnold said to the young man, "We have heard of your romance. Colonel and Mrs. Hare and their young daughter spent a week in our home in Philadelphia on their first trip to the colonies. Later Mrs. Hare wrote to my mother of their terrible adventure in the great north bush and spoke of Margaret's attachment for the handsome boy who had helped to rescue them. So I have some right to my interest in you. I happen to know a detail in your story which may be new to you. Miss Hare is now with her father in New York."

"In New York?"

"Oddso! In New York! We heard in Philadelphia that she and her mother had sailed with Sir Roger Waite in March. How jolly it would be if the general and I could bring you together and have a wedding at headquarters!"

"I could think of no greater happiness save that of seeing the end of the war," Jack answered.

"The war! That is a little matter. I want to see a proper end to this love story."

She laughed and ran to the spinner and sang "Shepherds, I Have Lost My Love."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Insects Lead All

It is computed that there are five times as many different kinds of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. Seventy years ago the number of species of insects preserved in collections was about 170,000. Today it is estimated that there are 750,000 sorts, and that without counting the parasitic creatures. In Europe alone there are 350,000 species. Most insects live on trees or plants. There are known to be 450 sorts which make their home in oak trees, and about 200 in the pine. Of beetles alone the varieties exceed 190,000.

Love's Seasons

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I KISSED her when we strolled the field. The meadowlands of May. When kiss and laughter both concealed. The things we dared not say—I kissed her in the spring of life Before I thought of house or wife.

I kissed her in the heat of June When ev'ry rose was red, When hearts beat, oh, so wild a tune! By youth's glad music led—I kissed her when she dared to turn Her eyes to mine and let them burn.

I kissed her in the summer night, The night of stars and flowers, When peace and joy and calm delight And comradeship had come, When comradeship had come to bless, Desire had turned to tenderness.

I kissed her when her cheeks ran rain, When sorrow overflowed, And saw the sun come forth again, And roses to the road— And sweetest time of all appears The time I kissed away her tears.

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

IMAGINATIVE ACTIVITY

IN ALL that has to do with masterful effort and extraordinary achievement, there must first be in the mind of the prospective operator an imaginative activity.

In order to write a book or a play, it is necessary, in the beginning of either, to set our imagination to work, going carefully, step by step, over the plots and characters, and picturing them to the limit of our ability as they appear when they make their obeisance to the public, for whose entertainment they have been produced.

This same principle applies to every form of labor, whether by the hand or the brain, the man or woman possessing the greater power of imagination having a decided advantage over those who constantly have to be told what to do and guided at every turning point.

The artist first visions his picture before he mixes his colors and takes up his brushes; the architect sees in his mind the outward form and proportions of a building or a bridge, prior to making the preliminary sketches, and so it goes at the start of everything created.

Without imaginative activity the world would soon retrograde.

Cities would become unlighted, there would be no music or art, no schools or colleges—nothing to give inspiration to the young and urge them on to surpass their elders.

The force of will, unless it is supported by imagination, rarely accomplishes anything above the ordinary—never pens a poem that will go down the ages, never chisels a statue whose grace and charm excites enduring admiration, never writes a song that millions of people love to sing over and over again long after the hand that wrote it is turned to dust.

The Pyramids, those impressive monuments near Cairo, Egypt, on the west side of the Nile, grew from imagination to imperishable piles which have excited the wonder and admiration of mankind for centuries.

"Where there is no vision," says the Book of Books, "the people perish."

If you are blessed with an imaginative mind, a conscious aiming at a result, give it free rein and let it lead you where it will.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the coal strike is being paid for now, so she supposes it won't cost the consumer anything.

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The SANDMAN STORY

MR. AND MRS. SPARROW

MR. AND MRS. SPARROW lived in a comfortable nest behind a blind on a house and they had never thought about living in a tree until one day Mrs. Sparrow, who never missed seeing anything that went on with her sharp black eyes, spied Mrs. Robin on her nest in the midst of the green leafy tree.

The wind was swaying the leaves and branches gently and as Mrs. Sparrow looked she thought how nice it



A Big Puss Was Coming Straight for the Tree.

must be to live in such a cool place. "It is just like a cradle for their children," she told Mr. Sparrow, "and I think I will take that nest next year and live in the tree."

So when Mr. and Mrs. Robin had raised their family Mrs. Sparrow began to bustle about and talk of moving, but her husband told her she had better wait until spring.

"We are all nice and comfortable behind this blind," he said. "Why not stay here, and if you still care to live in a tree in the spring we can move then."

"Why, how you talk," said Mrs. Sparrow. "Of course, I shall want to live in a tree. It is much more genteel than living behind an old blind. Some one may close it any minute and let your nest tumble."

"I shall keep my wits about me, for if we don't watch out those robins will come flying back early and take that tree again for their home."

So early in the spring while Mr. Sparrow still shivered with the cold every time he flew from behind the blind, Mrs. Sparrow insisted that they move into the robins' nest.

"I would just like to see that pair get me out of this," she said as she nestled down into the nest, but I must say it will need quite a bit of repair-

ing, but I shall stay right here, because if Mrs. Robin comes along she may take it instead of building a new one."

Mrs. Sparrow was right. In a few days Mr. and Mrs. Robin flew up and went straight to the tree where they had lived the summer before and there on their old nest sat Mrs. Sparrow, her black eyes snapping defiance at them.

"You fly right up there, Robin, and tell them that nest belongs to us. We built it last year," said Mrs. Robin, as she and her husband sat on a lower limb of the tree.

"No need to come up here," chirped Mrs. Sparrow. "You can't expect to have a home kept vacant for you, gallivanting all about the country as you do."

"We live in this part of the country all the year and why shouldn't we have first choice, I should like to know; so you can fly right along and find another place, for I am going to stay right here. Possession is nine points of the law, you know, and I have possession."

Just then Mrs. Robin whispered something to her husband and he replied: "You are right," and off they flew without another word to Mrs. Sparrow.

"Now I wonder what she told him," said Mrs. Sparrow, leaning out of the nest and looking around. "Something she saw that sent them off in such a hurry, I'll be bound."

Suddenly Mrs. Sparrow's eyes opened wide, for there was a big puss coming straight for the tree and looking up at it with her tall switching back and forth over her neck.

"My goodness, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow getting her wings spread for flight. "I do believe it is the cat that was a kitten last summer. I can't bring up my children in this tree. She would be certain to climb up here and—"

Mrs. Sparrow did not finish what she was saying. She flew straight away from that tree to her old home and when her husband came to take one more look at the nest he liked so well he found his wife sitting there blinking at him.

"Changed your mind?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sparrow. "Wise people do, why not birds? That nest needed too much repairing for one thing and the other is there is a big cat prowling around."

And that was just what Mrs. Robin whispered to her mate, that the kitten which lived in the house last year had grown to be a big cat and she would not think of risking the lives of her children by living in that tree.

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'What's in a Name?'

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel.

JOYCE

IN ONE particular era in feminine nomenclature, names of gladness figured prominently. Joyce is one of those. It is not nearly so pretty as its French equivalent, Jocelyn. It signifies—sportive or merry.

Etymologists tell us that it comes from the French *joie*, which was meant to express an inarticulate shout of ecstasy. The original cry is preserved in the Swiss jodel or shout of the mountaineers. A number of feminine names have come from this happy source; among them the well-known Joy, Jadoca, which is frequent in Wales, and Jacosa still in common usage among the English.

Joyce came directly from this latter name. France took it but found it too British and evolved the musical Jocelyn.

The emerald is Joyce's talismanic stone. It is the gem of youth and springtime and hope. It is said to preserve for her the joyful legacy which her name implies. Thursday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

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The Why of Superstitions

By IRVING KING

THE CUCKOO

IN ENGLAND, in fact in all northern Europe, numerous superstitions cluster around the cuckoo, where the bird is "a fortune-teller, a weather prophet, a magical creature that can change into a hawk, an immortal and omniscient being." In this country, so far as the writer has been able to discover, there is only one superstition regarding the cuckoo. In some sections of the country—in Maine for instance—it is thought to be a warning of death in the family to hear a cuckoo sing near the house. Mrs. Bergen, in a note to a memoir of the American Folk-Lore society, thus accounts for the wealth of superstition regarding the cuckoo in Europe and the scantiness of it here: "The note of the American cuckoo is less peculiar and therefore it does not seem to have attracted much popular attention. Many intelligent people are unacquainted either with the appearance or the notes of the two specimens common in the Northern States." To which might be added that if it were not for the cuckoo-clock the great majority of us in this country would be entirely ignorant of the call of the cuckoo.

The cuckoo has had a reputation for magical qualities from the days of the Romans, and probably from before that time. As to the American superstition that the call of the bird near a house foretells death the same superstition exists in Europe and can easily be traced to the reputation the cuckoo has of destroying the eggs in the nests of other birds before taking that nest for his own purposes. It is an omen of death to the hatching eggs when a bird hears the cuckoo near his nest—his house. And so man, for this reason, came to associate the cry of the cuckoo near his dwelling with the same idea; an idea gliding naturally into a fixed and enduring superstition. And that all the more readily because of the general mystic reputation of the cuckoo.

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Business This Time

Mrs. Jones—My husband gave me \$50 this morning.

Mrs. Smith—Lucky woman! Going shopping now, I suppose.

"Shopping! No, I'm going to buy something."

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