

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

Jack and Solomon exercised unusual care in guarding the camp and organizing for defense in case of attack. It was soon after Washington's departure that Arnold went away on the road to the South. Solomon followed, keeping out of his field of vision. The general returned two days later. Solomon came into Jack's hut about midnight of the day of Arnold's return with important news.

Jack was at his desk studying a map of the Highlands. The camp was at rest. The candle in Jack's hut was the only sign of life around headquarters when Solomon, having put out his horse, came to talk with his young friend. He stepped close to the desk, swallowed nervously and began his whispered report.

"Suthin' neevarious be goin' on," he began. "A British ship were lyin' nigh the mouth o' the Croton river. Arnold returned aboard. An' officer got into his boat with him and they pulled over to the west shore and went into the bush. Stayed thar till mos' night. If 'twere honest business, why did they go off in the bush alone for a talk?"

Jack shook his head.

"Soon as I seen that I went to one o' our batteries an' tol' the cap'n what were on my mind.

"D—n the ol' British tub. We'll make 'er back up a little," sez he. "She's too clus anyhow."

"Then he let go a shot that ripped the water front o' her bow. Say, Jack, they were some hoppin' around on the deck o' the big British war sloop. They h'isted her sails an' she fell away down the river a mile 'er so. The sun were set when Arnold an' the officer came out o' the bush. I were in a boat with a fish rod an' could jes' see 'em with my spy glass, the light were so dim. They stood thar lookin' fer the ship. They couldn't see her. They went back into the bush. It come to me what they were goin' to do. Arnold were a goin' to take the Britisher over to the house o' that ol' Tory, Reub Smith. I got thar fust an' hid in the bushes front o' the house. Sure 'nough—that's what were done. Arnold an' t' other feller come erlong an' went into the house. 'Twere so dark I couldn't see 'em but I knowed 'twere them."

"How?" the young man asked.

"Cause they didn't light no candle. They sot in the dark an' they didn't talk out loud like honest men would. I come erway. I couldn't do no more."

"I think you've done well," said Jack. "Now go and get some rest. Tomorrow may be a hard day."

Jack spent a bad night in the effort to be as great as his problem. In the morning he sent Solomon and three other able scouts to look the ground over east, west and south of the army. One of them was to take the road to Hartford and deliver a message to Washington.

After the noon mess, Arnold mounted his horse and rode away alone. The young brigadier sent to his trusted friend, Captain Merrivether.

"Captain, the general has set out on the east road alone," said Jack. "He is not well. There's something wrong with his heart. I am a little worried about him. He ought not to be traveling alone. My horse is in front of the door. Jump on his back and keep in sight of the general, but don't let him know what you are doing."

A little later Mrs. Arnold entered the office of the new brigadier in a most cheerful mood.

"I have good news for you," she announced. "A British officer has come in a ship under a flag of truce to confer with General Arnold. I sent a letter to Margaret Hare on my own responsibility with the general's official communication. I invited her to come with the party and promised her safe conduct to our house. I expect her. For the rest we look to you. Let us have a wedding at headquarters. On the night of the twenty-eighth, General Washington will have returned. He has agreed to dine with us that evening."

"I think that she must have observed the shadow on my face for, while she spoke, a great fear had come upon me," he testified in the court of inquiry. "It seemed clear to me that, if there was a plot, the capture of Washington himself was to be a part of it and my sweetheart a helpful accessory.

"You know much that I am eager to know," I said. "The general has not told me that he is to meet the British. May I know all the good news?"

"Of course, he will tell you about that," she assured me. "He has told me only a little. It is some negotiation regarding an exchange of prisoners. I am much more interested in Margaret and the wedding. I wish you would tell me about her. I have heard that she has become very beautiful."

"I showed Mrs. Arnold the miniature portrait which Margaret had given me the day of our little ride and talk in London and then an orderly came with a message and that gave me an excuse to put an end to this untimely babbling for which I had

no heart. The message was from Solomon. He had got word that the British warship had come back up the river and was two miles above Stony Point with a white flag at her mast-head.

"I went out o' doors. Soon I met Merrivether coming into camp. Arnold had returned. He had ridden at a walk toward the headquarters of the Second brigade and turned about and come back without speaking to any one. Arnold was looking down as if absorbed in his own thoughts when Merrivether passed him in the road. He did not return the latter's salute. It was evident that the general had ridden away for the sole purpose of being alone.

"I went back to my hut and sat down to try to find my way when suddenly the general appeared at my door on his bay mare and asked me to take a little ride with him. I mounted my horse and we rode out on the east road together for half a mile or so.

"I believe that my wife had some talk with you this morning," he began.

"Yes," I answered.

"A British officer has come up the river in a ship under a white flag with a proposal regarding an exchange of prisoners. In my answer to their request for a conference, some time ago, I enclosed a letter from Mrs. Arnold to Miss Margaret Hale inviting her to come to our home where she would find a hearty welcome and her lover—now an able and most valued officer of the staff. A note received yesterday says that Miss Hare is one of the party. We are glad to be able to do you this little favor."

"I thanked him.

"I wish that you could go with me down the river to meet her in the morning," he said. "But in my absence it will, of course, be necessary for you to be on duty. Mrs. Arnold will go with me and we shall, I hope, bring the young lady safely to headquarters."

"He was preoccupied. His face was a serious look. There was a melancholy note in his tone—I had

only to reach New York with his treasure and Arnold to hold the confidence of his chief for a few days and, before the leaves had fallen, the war would end. The American army and its master mind would be at the mercy of Sir Henry Clinton.

Andre would have reached New York that night if The Vulture had not changed her position on account of a shot from the battery below Stony Point. For that, credit must be given to the good scout Solomon Binkus. The ship was not in sight when the two men came out in their boat from the west shore of the river while the night was falling. Arnold had heard the shot and now that the ship had left he feared that his treachery was suspected.

"I may want to get away in that boat myself," he suggested to Andre.

"She will not return until she gets orders from you or me," the Britisher assured him.

"I wonder what has become of her," said Arnold.

"She has probably dropped down the river for some reason," Andre answered. "What am I to do?"

"I'll take you to the house of a man I know who lives near the river and send you to New York by horse with passports in the morning. You can reach the British lines tomorrow."

"I would like that," Andre exclaimed. "It would afford me a welcome survey of the terrain."

"Smith will give you a suit of clothes that will fit you well enough," said the traitor. "You and he are about of a size. It will be better for you to be in citizens' dress."

So it happened that in the darkness of the September evening Smith and Andre, the latter riding the blazed-face mare, set out for King's Ferry, where they were taken across the river. They rode a few miles south of the landing to the shore of Crom pond and spent the night with a friend of Smith. In the morning the latter went on with Andre until they had passed Pine's bridge on the Croton river. Then he turned back.

Now Andre fared along down the road alone on the back of the mare Nancy. He came to an outpost of the Highland army and presented his pass. It was examined and endorsed and he went on his way. He met transport wagons, a squad of cavalry and later, a regiment of militia coming up from western Connecticut, but no one stopped him. In the faded hat and coat and trousers of Reuben Smith, this man, who called himself John Anderson, was not much unlike the farmer folk who were riding hither and thither in the neutral territory, on their petit errands. His face was different. It was the well-kept face of an English aristocrat with handsome dark eyes and hair beginning to turn gray.

A little out of Tarrytown on the highway the horseman traveled, a group of three men were hidden in the bush—ragged, reckless, unlettered country lads waiting for cows to come down out of the wild land to be milked. They were "skinners" in the patriot militia, some have said; some that they were farmers' sons not in the army. However that may have been, they were undoubtedly rough, hard-fisted fellows full of the lawless spirit bred by five years of desperate warfare. They were looking for Tories as well as for cattle. Tories were their richest prey, for the latter would give high rewards to be excused from the oath of allegiance.

They came out upon Andre and challenged him. The latter knew that he had passed the American outposts and thought that he was near the British lines. He was not familiar with the geography of the upper east shore. He knew that the so-called neutral territory was overrun by two parties—the British being called the "Lower" and the Yankees the "Upper."

"What party do you belong to?" Andre demanded.

"The Lower," said one of the Yankees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rare Sea Shell

In a specially provided case in the foyer of the American Museum of Natural History, there was exhibited recently for the first time one of the most highly prized cone shaped shells ever found in the world. According to scientific authorities, it is properly called "The Glory of the Sea."

It is about five inches in length, of peculiarly slender appearance, graceful proportions, and has a tapering spire. It suggests an unfolding rosebud. The ground color is pale ivory, overlaid with a mosaic of thousands of triangular figures ranging from an eighth of an inch to almost microscopical size. These triangles are outlined in chrome yellow or deep chestnut brown.

Fair Play

A woman has just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy, married for the fourth time.

"Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

"Yessum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Yessum, as o'fen as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I"

Helena D'Algy



Beautiful Miss D'Algy is one of the newest "finds" of a popular producing company, and she promises to be seen to good advantage in the "movies." She is regarded as one of the most graceful women in motion pictures.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

SHINGLES

SHINGLES, also known as herpes zoster, is painful and supposed to be due to some kind of infecting poison.

It is an acute, inflammatory disease, usually following the course of some nerve distributed over the skin.

It begins with general discomfort, loss of appetite, perhaps with a chill and fever (like so many infectious diseases) and with great sensitiveness in the skin.

Its constant feature is a blisterlike eruption along the course of the infected nerve.

These blisters are usually only on one side of the body, become inflamed, and leave scars which are sometimes prominent and disfiguring.

The disease occurs in children, in young adults, and the aged, often persisting with the latter for months and years.

The fever, with which it begins, lasts three or four days, the pain being sometimes dull and sometimes sharp. Sometimes the pain subsides after the eruption appears, but recurs from time to time.

This pain is severer in the old than in the young, and often is worse at night.

The blisters come in successive crops for four, five or six weeks, and suppurate, discharge, and at length scar over.

The eruption may follow exposure to draughts of cold air, or mental or physical exhaustion, and may occur as an epidemic.

The fluid in the blisters is first clear and watery, then turbid, bloody and purulent, and the resulting sores may resist healing a long time.

On the chest the eruption follows the course of a nerve between two adjacent ribs; on the face it may result in paralysis of the side affected, and the eye may be destroyed by it. It resembles chicken-pox, erysipelas and psoriasis, and is most frequent in cold weather.

A patient with this disease should remain in bed, and should fret and worry as little as possible.

The bowels should be kept open with castor oil or salts, and the diet should be simple, including milk, soups, eggs, cereals, fruits and no meat.

The eruption must be carefully dressed every day, and the blisters must not be broken if this can be avoided.

Gauze moistened with alcohol, or any suitable antiseptic lotion, may be used to protect the surface.

When possible, it is better to have the advice of an intelligent physician than to depend on self-treatment.

This is especially important with the view of obtaining as little ultimate scarring as possible.

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VAIN RED ROSE

ONE morning in a garden there was a little Dewdrop that wanted to get away from the sun's hot breath that it might stay in the garden all day, so it nestled close to a beautiful red rose and whispered: "Hide me, beautiful Rose, in the soft petals of your lovely gown."

The Rose was very vain and thought only of her own beauty, so she told little Dewdrop to creep close inside and nestle in her heart, for she wanted to keep it until moonlight flooded the garden, when her lover the nightingale would come to sing to her his love song.

Away down deep in her heart crept little Dewdrop, thinking that Red Rose must love it to let it rest in her heart and that when night came it would



Lifted it in His Bill and Carried it to Another Rose.

shine on one of the beautiful red petals of the rose and they would be the most admired of all the garden folks.

But it did not know the cold, vain heart of the beautiful rose and all day long she kept Dewdrop from peeping once into the garden, as it longed to do, for fear of losing the jewel she wished to adorn her beauty at night.

By and by when the moonlight crept into the garden and made it almost like day the big red rose opened and told Dewdrop to rest upon one of her soft petals.

"Tonight I shall be the loveliest rose

in the garden, for I can see that none of my sisters wears a jewel. How fortunate you are, little Dewdrop, to have me near you!"

Just then the sweet tones of the nightingale's love song filled the garden and Red Rose swayed a little in the breeze that her jewels might sparkle in the moonlight and make her more beautiful in the eyes of her lover.

When the nightingale flew closer and told the vain rose she was indeed the most beautiful rose in the garden she tossed her proud head and down tumbled the poor little dewdrop to the ground.

"Now see what you have done!" said the angry rose. "After I sheltered you all day you repay my kindness in this way." Never a word did she ask about the poor little dewdrop that lay trembling on the ground below.

"Rose, dear Rose," cried the dewdrop, "do bend over and help me to rest again on your soft cheek!"

"Bend over, indeed," replied the rose. "Why, you foolish thing, I might break my slender stem. You have spoiled my evening by tumbling off and you expect me to help you."

"But don't you love me, Rose, dear?" asked the dewdrop, who had been all day close to her heart and had grown to love her deeply.

"Love you!" exclaimed the vain rose. "Why, you silly little drop, I only saved you from the sun that you might make me more beautiful at night when the nightingale came to sing to me."

The nightingale had ceased his singing and had heard what the vain rose said, so he flew down to the dewdrop and gently lifted it in his bill and carried it to another rose more fragrant than Red Rose but not so beautiful.

Into the very heart of the pale pink rose the nightingale dropped the dewdrop. "Here you will find sweetness that will be worthy of your love," said the nightingale. "Here will I come each night and sing my love song, for the red rose has no heart for love. It is filled with vanity."

For her vain and cruel treatment of little Dewdrop the proud red beauty not only lost her jewel but her lover.

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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

THELMA

NO LIST of feminine names would be complete without the lovely Thelma. It is a Norse name, suggestive of the mythology of the Land of the Midnight Sun where Valkyries drive their gleaming chariots over the battlefield and conduct the glorious dead to their appointed places in Valhalla.

Little was known of Thelma and seldom was the name used outside of Scandinavia, until Marie Corelli in her sensational novel of that name presented the tragic love story of a beautiful Norwegian who was transplanted from the land of fjords to the center of London's smartest and most corrupt society.

From that time the number of Thelmas in England and America were legion. The name has had particular vogue in this country where the Scandinavian immigration is great. As a romantic and poetical name, Thelma is without equal, but her popularity has never extended beyond Scandinavian and English speaking countries.

Amber is Thelma's talismanic stone, it will guard her from all evil, especially from contagion. To wear it on a journey will preserve her from accident. Monday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

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Morpheus and Somnus

Morpheus, the ancient Greek god of dreams, was early pictured as an old man with wings. He held in his hands a vial or horn from which issued the sleep-producing vapor. Morpheus was the son of Somnus the god of sleep. The name Morpheus is derived from a form, and the name was given to the god of dreams because of the shapes or forms which he calls up before the dreamer.—Family Herald.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ROSE

I'LL never think of this old earth As lacking utterly in worth So long as in some garden close I still can find the budding rose— Beauty and fragrance all combined In one rare flower of grace, and kind To every passer-by with wit Enough to pause and joy in it. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

THE WREN

IT is an omen of good luck to have a wren build its nest near the house. This, with the exception that it is also considered in some sections bad luck to kill a wren, appears to be the only survival in this country of the mystic character which pertains to the wren in Europe and has so long attached to it there that Professor Frazer considers the ceremonies attending the wren superstition to have "come down from a very primitive paganism."

The ancient Greeks and Romans, the modern Italians, Spaniards, French, Danes, Swedes, English and Welsh, regard the killing of a wren as sure to bring disaster to the slayer. But notwithstanding such belief the annual custom of "hunting the wren" was, to comparatively recent times, universal throughout Europe and exists in a modified form in many sections today, as, for instance, in the Isle of Man where on St. Stephen's day a wren is annually killed and buried after its body has been taken around the village and shown to the inhabitants.

The ceremony of killing the wren differed slightly in different countries but was everywhere rather elaborate. This annual slaying of an animal considered sacred and not to be killed at other times is a custom found among many peoples still living in a primitive state and was once common to primitive man. Frazer says: "The worshipful animal is killed with especial solemnity once a year and before or after death is carried from door to door that each of his worshippers may receive a portion of the divine virtue that is supposed to emanate from the dead or dying god. Religious processions of this sort must have had a great place in the ritual of European peoples in prehistoric times if we may judge from the numerous traces of them which have survived in folklore."

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CARELESS

Jim Crow—My it's a wonder these folks wouldn't have the grass cut in their front yard!