

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright by IRVING BACHELLER

## CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

It was, no doubt, a deliberate lie calculated to inspire frankness in a possible Tory. That was the moment for Andre to have produced his passports, which would have opened the road for him. Instead he committed a fatal error, the like of which it would be hard to find in all the records of human action.

"I am a British officer," he declared. "Please take me to your post." They were keen-minded men who quickly surrounded him. A British officer! Why was he in the dress of a Yankee farmer? The pass could not save him now from these rough, strong handed fellows. The die was cast. They demanded the right of search. He saw his error and changed his plea.

"I am only a citizen of New York returning from family business in the country," he said.

He drew his gold watch from his pocket—that unfailing sign of the gentleman of fortune—and looked at its dial.

"You can see I am no common fellow," he added. "Let me go on about my business."

They firmly insisted on their right to search him. He began to be frightened. He offered them his watch and a purse full of gold and any amount of British goods to be allowed to go on his way.

Now here is the wonder and the mystery in this remarkable proceeding. These men were seeking plunder and here was a handsome prospect. Why did they not make the most of it and be content? The "skimmers" were plunderers, but first of all and above all they were patriots. The spirit brooding over the highlands of the Hudson and the hills of New England had entered their hearts. The man who called himself John Anderson was compelled to dismount and empty his pockets and take off his boots, in one of which was the damning evidence of Arnold's perfidy. A fortune was then within the reach of these three hard-working men of the hills, but straightway they took their prisoner and the papers found in his boot, to the outpost commanded by Colonel Jameson.

This negotiation for the sale of the United States had met with unexpected difficulties. The "skimmers" had been as hard to buy as the learned diplomat.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### Solomon's Last Fight.

Meanwhile, Margaret and her mother had come up the river in a barge with General and Mrs. Arnold to the house of the latter. Jack had gone out on a tour of inspection. He had left headquarters after the noon meal with a curious message in his pocket and a feeling of great relief. The message had been delivered to him by the mother of a captain in one of the regiments. She said that it had been given to her by a man whom she did not know. Jack had been busy when it came and did not open it until she had gone away. It was an astonishing and most welcome message in the flowing script of a rapid penman, but clearly legible. It was without date and very brief. These were the cheering words in it:

"My dear friend: I have good news from down the river. The danger is passed. HENRY THORNHILL."

Jack being out of camp, Margaret had found Solomon. Toward the day's end he had gone out on the south road with the young lady and her mother and Mrs. Arnold.

Jack was riding into camp from an outpost of the army. The day was in its twilight. He had been riding fast. He pulled up his horse as he approached a sentry post. Three figures were standing in the dusky road.

"Halt! Who comes there?" one of them sang out.

It was the voice of Margaret. Its challenge was more like a phrase of music than a demand. He dismounted. "I am one of the great army of lovers," said he.

"Advance and give the countersign," she commanded.

A moment he held her in his embrace and whispered: "I love you."

"The countersign is correct, but before I let you pass, give me one more look into your heart."

"As many as you like—but—why?" "So I may be sure that you do not blame England for the folly of her king."

"I swear it."

"Then I shall enlist with you against the tyrant. He has never been my king."

Lady Hare stood with Mrs. Arnold near the lovers.

"I too demand the countersign," said the latter.

"And much goes with it," said the young man as he kissed her, and then he embraced the mother of his sweetheart and added:

"I hope that you are also to enlist with us."

"No, I am to leave my little rebel with you and return to New York."

"Will you give me a ride?" Marga-

ret asked her lover. "I'll get on behind you."

Solomon took off the saddle and tightened the blanket girth.

"Thar, 'tain't over clean, but now ye kin both ride," said he.

Soon the two were riding, she in front, as they had ridden long before through the shady, mallowed bush in Tryon county.

They dismounted at Arnold's door.

"For a time I shall have much to do, but soon I hope for great promotion and more leisure," he said.

"Tell me the good news," she urged.

"I expect to be the happiest man in the army, and the master of this house and your husband."

"And you and I shall be as one," she answered. "God speed the day when that may be true also of your people and my people."

He kissed her and bade her good-night and returned to his many tasks.

He had visited the forts and batteries. He had communicated with every outpost. His plan was complete. About midnight, when he and Solomon were lying down to rest, two horsemen came up the road at a gallop and stopped at his door. They were aides of Washington. They reported that the general was spending the night at the house of Henry Jasper, near the ferry, and would reach camp about noon next day.

"Thank God for that news," said the young man. "Solomon, I think that we can sleep better tonight."

Jack was awake for an hour thinking of the great happiness which had fallen in the midst of his troubles and of Thornhill and his message. He

surveyed the river. Only one boatman was at the dock.

"Colonel Binkus, will you help this man to take me down to the British ship?" Arnold asked. "I have an engagement with his commander and am half an hour late."

Solomon had had much curiosity about that ship. He wished to see the man who had gone into the bush and then to Smith's with Arnold.

"Sart'n," Solomon answered.

They got into a small barge with the general in the cushioned rear seat, his flag in hand.

They came up to the Vulture and made fast at its landing stage where an officer waited to receive the general. The latter ascended to the deck. In a moment a voice called from above:

"General Arnold's boatmen may come aboard."

A British warship was a thing of great interest to Solomon. Once aboard he began to look about him at the shining guns and their gear and the tackle and the men. He looked for Arnold, but he was not in sight.

Among the crew, then busy on the deck, Solomon saw the Tory desperado "Slops," one time of the Ohio river country, with his black pipe in his mouth. Slops paused in his hauling and reeling to shake a fist at Solomon. The sails were running up. The ship had begun to move. What was the meaning of this? Solomon stepped to the ship's side. The stair had been hoisted up and made fast. The barge was not to be seen.

"They will put you all ashore below," an officer said to him.

Solomon knew too much about Arnold to like the look of this. The officer went forward. Solomon stepped to the opening in the deck rail, not yet closed, through which he had come aboard. While he was looking down at the water, some ten feet below, a group of sailors came to fill in. His arm was roughly seized. Solomon stepped back. Before him stood the man Slops. An insulting word from the latter, a quick blow from Solomon, and Slops went through the gate out into the air and downward. The scout knew it was no time to tarry.

"A night hawk couldn't dive no quicker nor what I done," were his words to the men who picked him up. He was speaking of that half second of the twenty-fourth of September, 1780. His brief account of it was carefully put down by an officer: "I struck not twenty feet from Slops, which I seen him jes' comin' up when I took water. This 'ere of' sloop that had overhauled us goin' down were nigh. Hadn't no more'n come up than I felt Slop's knife rip into my leg. I never had no practice in that 'ere knife work. 'Tain't fer decent folks, but my ol' Dan Skinner is allus on my belt. He'd chose the weapons an' so I fetched 'er out. Had to er die. We fit a minnit thar in the water. All the while he had that d—black pipe in his mouth. I were hacked up a leetle, but he got a big leak in him an' all of a sudden he wasn't thar. He'd gone. I struck out with ol' Dan Skinner 'twixt my teeth. Then I see your line and grabbed it. Whar's the British ship now?"

"Way below Stony Point an' a fair wind in her sails," the skipper answered.

"Bound fer New York," said Solomon sorrowfully. "They'd 'a' took me with 'em if I hadn't 'a' jumped. Put me over to Jasper's dock. I got to see Washington quick."

"Washington has gone up the river."

"Then take me to quarters soon as ye kin. I'll give ye ten quarters, good English gold. My God, boys! My ol' hide is leakin' bad."

He turned to the man who had been washing and binding his wounds.

"Sodder me up best ye kin. I got to last till I see the Father."

Solomon and other men in the old army had often used the word "Father" in speaking of the commander in chief. It served as no other could, to express their affection for him.

The wind was unfavorable and the sloop found it difficult to reach the landing near headquarters. After some delay Solomon jumped overboard and swam ashore.

What follows he could not have told. Washington was standing with his orderly in the little dooryard at headquarters as Solomon came staggering up the slope at a run and threw his body, bleeding from a dozen wounds, at the feet of his beloved chief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### He Was Satisfied

The prince of Wales at an informal dinner was behaving so naturally that some of those present forgot the distinguished company they were in. Presently a speaker arose and began an oration. "Gentlemen—" he started. Then he paused and his face colored. "I beg your royal highness' pardon," he said in confusion. "Carry on, sir," laughed the prince. "I'm quite content to be called a gentleman."

### Tigers' Large Appetites

Tigers in captivity consume from 14 to 16 pounds of beef a day.

## Glenn Hunter



Starting into the theatrical business at the age of seventeen, popular Glenn Hunter experienced the rough spots which all stage people encounter at one time or another. He did his bit in the late war, after which he got into the "movies," rising rapidly to star parts.

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### SLOWING DOWN

WHEN we of normal health and strength begin to proceed more slowly than is our wont, put off attending to our customary duties and neglect to fill each day with a full day's work, the inference is that we are taking a step on the downward path.

Pleasant as these steps are in the beginning, they soon become the cause of untold sorrows, from which in later life it is frequently impossible to escape.

A musician who fails to practice daily soon loses his dexterity. His mind becomes sluggish, his fingers clumsy and his eyes less alert.

So it is in any other profession or in craftsmanship.

The man or woman who shows signs of slowing down is making the first step toward going down. In a little while this is observed in changed attitudes of thought and action. The world is seen from a new viewpoint. Any effort to recover lost ground is fatiguing.

There is no more delight in the old chase, no joyous inspiration in seeking to excel our own best efforts.

We have become inert and indifferent. To make an unusual gesture is wearisome to the flesh. To lure from its lair some great idea which shall set the world agog is impossible, for we are descending to the lowlands where resourcefulness has perished and hope lies buried beyond our reach.

As compared with eternity, life is but an existence of a moment, but it is our duty to make the best of it by being always active in climbing the high hills, which take us a little nearer the heavens.

To keep going, to continue to press toward the heights ought to be our chief compelling purpose.

It is better to wear the rags of honor than to be found among the faithless who have turned their eyes from the hilltops and lost their way.

Even if at the end we can show only one soul we have influenced for good, we shall be remembered and blessed.

And when we close our eyes in the final sleep we shall have the sweet consciousness of having never turned back, having never lost our faith nor hesitated in the doing of our duties as we understood them, though at times the paths were hard and our hearts were troubled with doubts and fears.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

### THE TEMPLE

THEY call me vain because I take good care Of this my body, and to keep it fair And fit to house my Soul forever try. And on external things keep watchful eye. Well—vain am I, perhaps. I'm satisfied. I'll not deny that I've a taste for pride, But since I've got a Soul that gives to me A chance to win true Immortality I'm going to see that in this world of din It has a Temple well worth living in. As free of squalor as the House of Kings, As happy doth best Immortal Things.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The SANDMAN STORY

### THE FAITHFUL PRINCE

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had three sons and as they were all brought on the same day by the stork the king could not decide to which one to leave his crown.

The king had great wealth in jewels, bags of gold and a vast kingdom. In one room in the stronghold under his castle he placed all of his bags of gold, in another room he placed all of his jewels and in the third room he placed a pearl casket and in this he put a scroll on which he wrote that his vast kingdom should go to the son who proved worthy.

Then the king called to him his three sons, whose names were Rollo, Carlos and Zalito, and to each he gave



In the Room He Had Been Charged Not to Enter.

a key which fitted the three doors in the stronghold.

To Carlos was given the key to the room in which the gold was stored, to Rollo the key to the jewel room and to Zalito the key which unlocked the door to the room where stood the casket.

"I am getting to be an old man," said the king to his sons, "and the time is not far off when one of you must reign in my place. I am going on a journey and if at the end of one year I do not return unlock the doors which your keys fit in the stronghold of the castle."

One old and trusted servant shared the king's secret and took food to him and attended to his needs.

For awhile all went well. Every day the three brothers went to the stronghold and dusted the keyhole of the door to which they held the key and went away without anything happening.

But one day while the king watched from his secret hiding place he noticed that Zalito as he dusted tried to peek through the keyhole into the secret chamber.

"He," said the king, "is not the one to rule after me."

But not only Zalito was getting impatient, his brother Carlos had once slyly tried the latch of his door to

find if by chance it had been left unlocked and the king from his hiding place had seen with a sad heart that he had another son to whom he did not wish to leave his crown.

Now he had only one son left. Would Rollo stand the test? There were only two months left in which to prove he was worthy and the king with anxious eyes watched day by day.

On the morning of the third day the king appeared at the breakfast table and after greeting Zalito and Carlos asked, "Where is your brother Rollo?"

"Alas, we dread to tell you, father," said Zalito, "for we know how it will grieve you when you learn the truth."

"Three days ago we found Rollo in the stronghold unlocking the door to the room you had charged him to care for until your return and we have locked him in there that you may see for yourself he has proven unfaithful to the trust."

For reply the king said, "We will go at once and open the door."

Poor Rollo, faint from want of food, lay on the floor of the room when the door was thrown open. The king commanded his servants to carry him up the stairs and give him food.

After a little time the king asked, "How did you happen to be in the room I charged you not to enter, my son?"

"Have my brothers not told you?" inquired Rollo.

"Yes," replied the king, "but I wish to hear your story as well."

"My story would count for little against that of my two brothers, father," replied the prince. "You found me inside the room to which I held the key, I am sorry; that is all I have to say."

"I am sorry also, but not for you, my son, but for your two faithless brothers who could not be trusted to keep faith with their father and who have stooped to treachery to place their brother in a false light."

"You, my son Rollo, shall become king and rule after me, and if in your heart you can find pity for your faithless brothers they may live on your bounty."

Rollo forgave them and promised them a living which was much more than they deserved and then the king told them how he had watched day by day from his hiding place in the wall and had seen everything that had taken place.

Two shame-faced princes left the stronghold with the king and one very happy-faced prince; and though it was many years before Rollo became king, when he did he had no trouble with the two brothers who tried so hard to disgrace him.

When knaves such as Zalito and Carlos find they are discovered in such wrong-doings they are usually as submissive to the one in power as they were overbearing and wicked.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### "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

### CLAIRE

CLAIRE was originally a masculine name. Generally spelled Clare, it was first used in England to name a Norman family who came from one of the villages of St. Clair. "Red De Clare," stout Gloucester's earl, the foe of Henry III, was one of them.

The son of Red De Clare married into the House of Geraldine in Ireland and received from Edward I a grant of lands, now known as County Clare. His heiress carried the county to the De Burghs and their heiress married Lionel, son of Edward III, thus making the county a dukedom and creating the title, the duke of Clarence.

The feminine form is said to have arisen in Italy as Chiara and spread into France, where it was immediately changed into Claire. Though preferring the original Clare, the English accepted Claire and it gained some vogue there, but in this country it was adopted with enthusiasm and has undergone widespread usage.

The diamond is Claire's talismanic jewel. It promises her brilliant attainments, magnetism, and courage. Saturday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)



(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

### PLANTING GOURDS

ACCORDING to the Journal of an American Folklore Society there exists in Tennessee a quite common belief that in order to raise a good crop of gourds a certain ceremony is necessary with regard to the seed before it is planted. Perhaps the same superstition exists in other parts of the country. It is a most interesting superstition and suggests a survival from devil worship or at least an appeal to the "gods of the underworld."

The gourd seeds must be thrown over the left shoulder by the man who is to plant them and he must utter an oath as each seed is thrown. It will be noticed that the direction in which the seeds are thrown is from right to left or "against the sun," a movement which typifies a retrogression into the realm of the spirits of darkness as the "ceremonial circuit" or sunwise movement typified a progress in conformity with the sun-god, the giver of life and light, the beneficent influence. The cursing and swearing taken in connection with this "against the sun" movement would appear to be an appeal direct to the powers of evil.

Instead of being planted with a prayer for increase to the beneficent sun-god the seed is planted with blasphemy calculated to appeal to the powers of evil, those gods whose dark Plutonian realm was conceived as lying in subterranean regions and therefore, naturally gods fitting to be appealed to in behalf of seeds consigned to a dark and subterranean place of germination. Survivals of this sort are rare. In the superstitions, of agriculture especially, it is generally the beneficent forces that are appealed to.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Buried Treasure

"Our neighbor is constantly out in his back yard these days with a map or diagram."

"He's trying to figure out where his turnips were planted."