

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

"Oh, my Father!" he cried in a broken voice and with tears streaming down his cheeks. "Arnold has sold America an' all its folks an' gone down the river."

Washington knelt beside him and felt his bloody garments.

"The colonel is wounded," he said to his orderly. "Go for help."

The scout, weak from the loss of blood, tried to regain his feet but failed. He lay back and whispered: "I guess the sap has all oozed out o' me but I had enough."

Washington was one of those who put him on a stretcher and carried him to the hospital.

When he was lying on his bed and his clothes were being removed, the commander in chief paid him this well deserved compliment as he held his hand:

"Colonel, when the war is won it will be only because I have had men like you to help me."

Soon Jack came to his side and then Margaret. General Washington asked the latter about Mrs. Arnold.

"My mother is doing what she can to comfort her," Margaret answered.

Solomon revived under stimulants and was able to tell them briefly of the dire struggle he had had.

"It were Slops that saved me," he whispered.

He fell into a deep and troubled sleep and when he awoke in the middle of the night he was not strong enough to lift his head. Then these faithful friends of his began to think that this big, brawny, redoubtable soldier was having his last fight. He seemed to be aware of it himself for he whispered to Jack:

"Take keer o' Mirandy an' the Little Cricker."

Late the next day he called for his Great Father. Feebly and brokenly he had managed to say:

"Jes' want—to—feel—his hand."

Margaret had sat beside him all day helping the nurse.

A dozen times Jack had left his work and run over for a look at Solomon. On one of these hurried visits the young man had learned of the wish of his friend. He went immediately to General Washington, who had just returned from a tour of the forts. The latter saw the look of sorrow and anxiety in the face of his officer.

"How is the colonel?" he asked.

"I think that he is near the end," Jack answered. "He has expressed a wish to feel your hand again."

"Let us go to him at once," said the other. "There has been no greater man in the army."

Together they went to the bedside of the faithful scout. The general took his hand. Margaret put her lips close to Solomon's ear and said:

"General Washington has come to see you."

Solomon opened his eyes and smiled. Then there was a beauty not of this world in his homely face. And that moment, holding the hand he had loved and served and trusted, the heroic soul of Solomon Binkus went out upon "the lonesome trail."

Jack, who had been kneeling at his side, kissed his white cheek.

"Oh, general, I knew and loved this man!" said the young officer as he arose.

"It will be well for our people to know what men like him have endured for them," said Washington.

"I shall have to learn how to live without him," said Jack. "It will be hard."

Margaret took his arm and they went out of the door and stood a moment looking off at the glowing sky about the western hills.

"Now you have me," she whispered. He bent and kissed her.

"No man could have a better friend and fighting mate than you," he answered.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told," Jack wrote from Philadelphia to his wife in Albany on the 30th of June, 1787: "Dear Margaret, we thought that the story was ended when Washington won. Five years have passed, as a watch in the night, and the most impressive details are just now falling out. You recall our curiosity about Henry Thornhill. When stopping at Kinderhook I learned that the only man of that name who had lived there had been lying in his grave these 20 years. He was one of the first dreamers about liberty. What think you of that? I, for one, cannot believe that the man I saw was an impostor. Was he an angel like those who visited the prophets? Who shall say? Naturally, I think often of the look of him and of his sudden disappearance in that Highland road. And, looking back at Thornhill, this thought comes to me: Who can tell how many angels he has met in the way of life all unaware of the high commission of his visitor?"

"On my westward trip I found that the Indians who once dwelt in the Long House were scattered. Only a tattered remnant remains. Near old Fort Johnson I saw a squaw sitting in her blanket. Her face was wrinkled with age and hardship. Her eyes were nearly blind. She held in her withered

hands the ragged, moth-eaten tail of a gray wolf. I asked her why she kept the shabby thing.

"Because of the hand that gave it," she answered in English. "I shall take it with me to the Happy Hunting Grounds. When he sees it he will know me."

"So quickly the beautiful Little White Birch had faded."

"At Mount Vernon, Washington was as dignified as ever but not so grave. He almost joked when he spoke of the sculptors and portrait painters who have been a great bother to him since the war ended."

"Now no dray horse moves more readily to the till than I to the painter's chair," he said.

"When I arrived the family was going in to dinner and they waited until I could make myself ready to join them. The jocular Light Horse Harry Lee was there. His anecdotes delighted the great man. I had never seen G. W. in better humor. A singularly pleasant smile lighted his whole countenance. I can never forget the gentle note in his voice and his dignified bearing. It was the same whether he were addressing his guests or his family. The servants watched him closely. A look seemed to be enough to indicate his wishes. The faithful Billy was always at his side. I have never seen a sweeter atmosphere in any home. We sat an hour at the table after the family had retired from it. In speaking of his daily life he said:

"I ride around my farms until it is time to dress for dinner, when I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Perhaps the word curiosity would better describe the cause of it. The usual time of sitting at table brings me to candle-light, when I try to answer my letters."

"He had much to say on his favorite theme, viz.: the settling of the im-

posedly married, he began in his playful way. 'A celibate is like the odd half of a pair of scissors, fit only to scrape a trencher. How many babies have you?'

"Three, I answered.

"It is not half enough," said he. 'A patriotic American should have at least ten children. I must not forget to say to you what I say to every young man. Always treat your wife with respect. It will procure respect for you not only from her, but from all who observe it. Never use a slighting word.'

"My beloved, how little I need this advice you know, but I think that the old philosopher never made a wiser observation. I am convinced that civilization itself depends largely on the respect that men feel and show for women."

"I asked about his health.

"I am weary and the night is falling and I shall soon lie down to sleep, but I know that I shall awake refreshed in the morning," he said.

"He told me how, distressed by his infirmity, he came out of France in the queen's litter, carried by her magnificent mules. Of England he had only this to say:

"She is doing wrong in discouraging emigration to America. Emigration multiplies a nation. She should be represented in the growth of the New World by men who have a voice in its government. By this fair means she could repossess it instead of leaving it to foreigners, of all nations, who may drown and stifle sympathy for the mother land. It is now a fact that Irish emigrants and their children are in possession of the government of Pennsylvania."

"I must not fall to set down here in the hope that my sons may some time read it, what he said to me of the treason of Arnold."

"Here is the vindication of poor Richard. Extravagance is not the way to self-satisfaction. The man who does not keep his feet in the old, honest way of thrift will some time sell himself, and then he will be ready to sell his friends or his country. By and by nothing is so dear to him as thirty pieces of silver."

"I shall conclude my letter with a beautiful confession of faith by this master mind of the country. It was made on the motion for daily prayers in the convention now drafting a constitution for the states. I shall never forget the look of him as, standing on the lonely summit of his eighty years, he said to us:

"In the beginning of our contest with Britain when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for Divine protection. Our prayers, sirs, were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a directing Providence in our affairs. And have we forgotten that powerful friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sirs, a long time and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice it is probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sirs, that except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it. I firmly believe this and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political structure no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided and confounded and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest."

"Dear Margaret, you and I who have been a part of the great story know full well that in these words of our noble friend is the conclusion of the whole matter."

[THE END]

**Journalist in Church**

A preacher, at the close of one of his sermons, said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Presently every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet.

The preacher seated them, and said: "Now, let every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "that you are the only one not able to meet his obligations?"

"I run a newspaper," he answered meekly, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.—Our Dumb Animals.

**Vanity Needed**

Vanity isn't on the official list of virtues, yet unless a man has a good opinion of himself he will never amount to much.

**Signals to Birds**

Atmospheric pressure on the nerves of birds is said to give them warning of changes in the weather.



mense interior and bringing its trade to the Atlantic cities.

"I was coughing with a severe cold. He urged me to take some remedies which he had in the house, but I refused them."

"He went to his office while Lee and I sat down together. The latter told me of a movement in the army led by Colonel Nicholas to make Washington king of America. He had seen Washington's answer to the letter of the colonel. It was as follows:

"Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me sensations more painful than your information of these being such ideas in the army as those you have imparted to me and I must view them with abhorrence and reprehend them with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs which could befall my country."

"Is it not a sublime and wonderful thing, dear Margaret, that all our leaders, save one, have been men as incorruptible as Stephen and Peter and Paul?"

"When I went to bed my cough became more troublesome. After it had gone on for half an hour or so my door was gently opened and I observed the glow of a candle. On drawing my bed curtains I saw, to my utter astonishment, Washington standing at my side with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. It embarrassed me to be thus waited on by a man of his greatness."

"We set out next morning for Philadelphia to attend the convention, Washington riding in his coach drawn by six horses, I riding the blaze-faced mare of destiny, still as sweet and strong as ever. A slow journey it was over the old road by Calvert's to Annapolis, Chestertown, and so on to the north."

"I found Franklin sitting under a tree in his dooryard, surrounded by his grandchildren. He looks very white and venerable now. His hair is a crown of glory."

"Well, Jack, it has been no small part of my life work to get you hap-

Miss Anna May Wong



This charming little Chinese girl has hosts of admirers. She is a "movie" star, and has been seen in a number of pictures in America the past few months. She adds the Oriental touch to any part she plays, and that to the satisfaction of her many friends.



SLY MR. FOX

MR. FOX was very much interested in Mr. Kingbird. He wanted to know more about him. "Does Jimmy Crow always fly away when he sees you?" he inquired.

"Unless it happens to be a Mr. Crow who is very inexperienced," replied Mr. Kingbird, lifting his crest at the thought. "Sometimes a Mr. Crow will be foolish enough to think he can scare me, but he soon learns to his sorrow that I am a born fighter. My wings and my tail, he finds out, were made to help me protect my wife and family."

"Well, can you really pick out the



Jimmy Crow Had Given Warning.

drones from the other bees?" asked Mr. Fox.

"That is what some books tell about me," replied wise Mr. Kingbird.

"But why do you select the drones? Is it because they haven't a sting?" inquired Mr. Fox.

"Perhaps," answered clever Mr. Kingbird, "but you know, don't you, that while the drones live on honey, they do not take any home. They are not of much use. The workers are the bees that keep things going in the hive."

Mr. Fox had to be satisfied with this answer to his questions, and so he changed the subject. "You said that some books said that you were a tyrant. Are there others that treat you better?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Some books say that I only give battle when

there is just cause and that I am not a bully as others claim that I am.

"Some books print things about the way I bully smaller birds and plague them just for the fun I get out of it. They say I swoop down upon them from a high place and strike them on the head or back of the neck and then dart back like a flash, and that I never make a fair hand-to-hand fight."

"You saw Jimmy Crow, Mr. Fox. Did he try to fight me? No indeed, he just turned and flew away. I had to chase him to make him keep away from my nest, and that is the way it is. You see, I get blamed for things I never do, and am called names I do not deserve."

"But some of the books tell the truth about me and say I do a great deal of good—that while I do eat bees, it has been found that most of my diet consists of insects that Mr. Man is glad to get out of the way."

"Well, if you never do anything else," said Mr. Fox, "you can scare Jimmy Crow, and that, in my opinion, is enough to make you a king."

Mr. Kingbird did not answer, for at that moment he spied Jimmy Crow or one of his brothers or cousins coming toward his home tree, and away darted Mr. Kingbird to show he was still on the watch.

The next time Mr. Fox saw Jimmy Crow, he said: "I saw you the other day, Jimmy, but you were in too much of a hurry to see me. You seemed to be going in the same direction that Mr. Kingbird was going, only you were ahead, Jimmy. Did you happen to see him?"

Jimmy Crow cocked his head to one side and gave a loud call. Mr. Fox darted away under the bushes. Jimmy Crow had given the warning that means to all who hear it. "There is a fox about, look out!"

Presently Jimmy stopped his cries. "He is a sly one, he is," said Jimmy to himself, "always seeing things you don't want him to. Now I wonder where he was on that day when I started to call on the Kingbirds. Just going to pay them a little visit, was all I was going to do."

"Well, I can send Mr. Fox running any time. I tell folks he is about." Off flew Jimmy cawing as if he wasn't afraid of a thing in the world; but then he knew that Mr. Kingbird was not anywhere around just then.

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## Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### ECZEMA

IT IS only since the time of Hebra, the great Vienna dermatologist, that this disease of the skin has had a scientific basis; before that, almost any skin disease about which a doctor was uncertain he would label "eczema" or "salt-rheum" or "tetter."

If on the head of a child, it was called "scald head" or "milk crust." Eczema comes in a hundred forms. It is the skin crying out from bad treatment.

It is constitutional, or it may come from local irritation of any kind and may be present at any period of life, alike in males and females.

When constitutional, it spells weakness or bad nerves or poor nutrition or some fault in taking up and assimilating the food.

It may also be distinctly an inflammatory disease, lasting a few days or an indefinite period with symptoms which may be mild or severe.

The common symptom is burning or itching, which often is worse at night.

The more one scratches the skin, the worse the eruption becomes. Frequently there is a watery or sticky discharge, and when this dries it may thicken or cake in scales, lumps, and crusts.

If this crust is removed, the underlying surface will be found fiery red and will bleed freely.

Often there are cracks in the skin which are sore and painful and heal slowly, especially in cold weather.

There may be merely a reddened surface, dry or moist, scaly or crusty with a crop of pimples.

But those pimples may become blisters which conalesce and cover a large area.

If the fluid in these vesicles becomes purulent one may have a sore which may discharge indefinitely.

When on the face and scalp it may be mistaken for erysipelas.

Eczema may occur on any portion of the body, or it may involve every inch of the skin and the treatment of such cases is very difficult.

In treating it the cause must be found and removed if possible, moisture and air must usually be excluded from it and it must be protected by ointments, dusting powders and bandages, but seldom by lotions and watery fluids.

The bowels must be kept open and when the eruption has healed, hot, cold, or carbonic acid baths may be used. Acid fruits, shell-fish, tomatoes and any other food that is irritating must be omitted, also alcohol and tobacco.

Good dusting powders are talc, dry wheat flour, bismuth or zinc. Tar, zinc or lead are often used in ointments for eczema; and tonics, including iron, quinine, strychnia, arsenic, and cod-liver oil are frequently of service. Exercise must be regulated and the general condition improved.

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### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

#### TRUTH

"HANDSOME is as handsome does!" So the ancient proverb goes, And it's true as true can be— True of you, and true of me— And what's more I hope that you Will believe it's also true In this world of Will and Won't, "Handsome ain't as handsome don't!" (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

### LADY-BUGS, NEW CLOTHES

IF A lady-bug lights on your hand it means a pair of new gloves, if on your dress a new pair of shoes, etc. This, according to the Journal of the American Folk-Lore Society, is a common superstition in Massachusetts and Upper Canada. The genesis of it is easy to discover. The lady-bug was the especial pet and representative of the Norse Goddess Freya, the goddess of fruitfulness and the dispenser of good gifts.

To this day the Scandinavian and North German farmers look for good crops when they see the lady-bugs unusually plentiful, and Teutonic and Norse mythology and folk-lore is full of good words regarding the spotted, little, winged insect whose markings are said to be those of the sun, in which radiant orb, according to one version, Freya had her home. From the attributes assigned to Freya it would appear that her worship was compounded of sun-worship and of the worship of the procreative forces of nature. At any rate she was bounteous in her bestowal of good gifts, and so when one of her bright little representatives alights upon any article of clothing you are wearing, it naturally indicates that the beneficent goddess is going to make you a present of a new garment of the same description.

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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

### NINA

THOUGH Nina has a typically French sound, the name is regarded as English. However, it came to us through the French by a lengthy process of evolution. The Hebrew Chanach was its earliest source and from this word it derived its significance of "grace."

Through the English Hannah, it came to France as Anne and was soon given the diminutive, Annette. As Nanette, it appeared simultaneously, but the French love of variety changed the latter form to Nanon and finally Ninon.

The beauty and fame of Ninon de l'Enclos, superwoman and court "vamp" in the reign of Louis XIV, spread her name afar. It became almost a synonym for charmer and the maids of several countries coveted it. But Ninon is too Gallic for English ears, so, in its transportation across the channel, the ending underwent a change and Nina was the final result. It has enjoyed extraordinary vogue in this country.

The diamond is Nina's talismanic gem. It is the emblem of fearlessness and invincibility and promises its wearer success in all undertakings and freedom from misgivings. According to an old superstition, it enhances the love of a husband for his wife. Sunday is Nina's lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

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## Must Admit that Bee Is Kept Fairly Busy

A bee weighs only 1,300th part of an ounce, so the weight of the load it carries back to its hive must necessarily be small—probably not more than 1-1,250th part of an ounce, or little more than a quarter of the bee's weight.

This means that in order to gather one pound of nectar the bee must make 20,000 journeys out and home. But this is not all profit to the bee. Nectar is only half honey, so that the production of a pound of pure honey requires 40,000 journeys.

What would you reckon an average trip for a bee? A low estimate would certainly give a quarter of a mile each way, or, out and home, half a mile. In that case it is easy to see that a bee must fly 20,000 miles to gather the raw material for a pound of honey. This is equal to 1,250 miles per ounce. Yes, the bee is a great hustler—and, when he has done his job, he gets robbed of all his takings!



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