

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER
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"I LOVE YOU"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1788, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. There is a fight, in which Jack distinguishes himself.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"We didn't have no more trouble with them. I put one o' Boneses' boys on a boss an' hustled him up the valley fer help. The wimmen captives was hawlin'. I tol' 'em to straighten out their faces an' go with Jack an' his father down to Fort Stanwix. They were kind o' leg weary an' excited, but they hadn't been hurt yit. Another day or two would 'a' fixed 'em. Jack an' his father an' mother tuk 'em back to the pastur', an' Jack run up to the barn fer ropes an' bridles. In a while they got some hoofs under 'em an' picked up the children an' toddled off. I went out in the bush to find Buckeye an' he were dead as the whale that swallered Jonah."

So ends the letter of Solomon Binkus.

Jack Irons and his family and that of Peter Bones—the boys and girls riding two on a horse—with the captives fled down the Mohawk trail. It was a considerable cavalcade of twenty-one people and twenty-four horses and colts, the latter following.

Solomon Binkus and Peter Bones and his son Israel stood on guard until the boy John Bones returned with help from the upper valley. A dozen men and boys completed the disarming of the band and that evening set out with them on the south trail.

It is doubtful if this history would have been written but for an accidental and highly interesting circumstance. In the first party young Jack Irons rode a colt, just broken, with the girl captive, now happily released. The boy had helped everyone to get away; then there seemed to be no rideable horse for him. He walked for a distance by the stranger's mount as the latter was wild. The girl was silent for a time after the colt had settled down, now and then wiping tears from her eyes. By and by she asked:

"May I lead the colt while you ride?"

"Oh, no, I am not tired," was his answer.

"I want to do something for you."

"Why?"

"I am so grateful. I feel like the king's cat. I am trying to express my feelings. I think I know, now, why the Indian women do the drudgery."

"As she looked at him her dark eyes were very serious.

"I have done little," said he. "It is Mr. Binkus who rescued you. We live in a wild country among savages and the white folks have to protect each other. We're used to it."

"I never saw or expected to see men like you," she went on. "I have read of them in books, but I never hoped to see them and talk to them. You are like Ajax and Achilles."

"Then I shall say that you are like the fair lady for whom they fought."

"I will not ride and see you walking."

"Then sit forward as far as you can and I will ride with you," he answered.

In a moment he was on the colt's back behind her. She was a comely maiden. An authority no less respectable than Major Duncan has written that she was a tall, well-shaped, fun-loving girl a little past sixteen and good to look upon, "with dark eyes and auburn hair, the latter long and heavy and in the sunlight richly colored"; that she had slender fingers and a beautiful skin, all showing that she had been delicately bred. He adds that he envied the boy who had ridden before and behind her half the length of Tryon county.

It was a close association and Jack found it so agreeable that he often referred to that ride as the most exciting adventure of his life.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Margaret Hare," she answered.

"How did they catch you?"

"Oh, they came suddenly and stealthily, as they do in the story books, when we were alone in camp. My father and the guides had gone out to hunt."

"Did they treat you well?"

"The Indians let us alone, but the two white men annoyed and frightened us. The old chief kept us near him."

"The old chief knew better than to let any harm come to you until they were sure of getting away with their plunder."

"We were in the valley of death and you have led us out of it. I am sure that I do not look as if I were worth saving. I suppose that I must have turned into an old woman. Is my hair white?"

"No, you are the best-looking girl I ever saw," he declared with rustic frankness.

"I never had a compliment that pleased me so much?" she answered, as her elbows tightened a little on his hands, which were clinging to her coat.

"I almost loved you for what you did to the old villain. I saw blood on the side of your head. I fear he hurt you?"

"He jabbed me once. It is nothing."

"How brave you were!"

"I think I am more scared now than I was then," said Jack.

"Scared! Why?"

"I am not used to girls except my sisters."

She laughed and answered:

"And I am not used to heroes. I am sure you cannot be so scared as I am, but I rather enjoy it. I like to be scared—a little. This is so different."

"I like you," he declared with a laugh.

"I feared you would not like an English girl. So many North Americans hate England."

"The English have been hard on us."

"What do you mean?"

"They send us governors whom we do not like; they make laws for us which we have to obey; they impose hard taxes which are not just and they will not let us have a word to say about it."

"I think it is wrong and I'm going to stand up for you," the girl answered.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In London. I am an English girl, but please do not hate me for that. I want to do what is right and I shall never let anyone say a word against Americans without taking their part."

"That's good," the boy answered.

"I'd love to go to London."

"Well, why don't you?"

"It's a long way off."

"Do you like good-looking girls?"

"I'd rather look at them than eat."

"Well, there are many in London."

"One is enough," said Jack.

"I'd love to show them a real hero."

"Don't call me that. If you would just call me Jack Irons I'd like it better. But first you'll want to know how I behave. I am not a fighter."

"I am sure that your character is as good as your face."

"Gosh! I hope it ain't so dark colored," said Jack.

"I knew all about you when you took my hand and helped me on the pony—or nearly all. You are a gentleman."

"I hope so."

"Are you a Presbyterian?"

"No—Church of England."

"I was sure of that. I have seen Indians and Shakers, but I have never seen a Presbyterian."

When the sun was low and the company ahead were stopping to make a camp for the night, the boy and girl dismounted. She turned facing him and asked:

"You didn't mean it when you said that I was good-looking—did you?"

The bashful youth had imagination and, like many lads of his time, a romantic temperament and the love of poetry. There were many books in his father's home and the boy had lived his leisure in them. He thought a moment and answered:

"Yes, I think you are as beautiful as a young doe playing in the water lilies."

"And you look as if you believed yourself," said she. "I am sure you would like me better if I were fixed up a little."

"I do not think so."

"How much better a boy's head looks with his hair cut close like yours. Our boys have long hair. They do not look so much like—men."

"Long hair is not for rough work in the bush," the boy remarked.

"You really look brave and strong. One would know that you could do things."

"I've always had to do things."

They came up to the party, who had stopped to camp for the night. It was a clear, warm evening. After they had hobbled the horses in a near meadow flat, Jack and his father made a lean-to for the women and children and roofed it with bark. Then they cut wood and built a fire and gathered boughs for bedding. Later, tea was made and beefsteaks and bacon grilled on spits of green birch, the dripping fat being caught on slices of toasting bread whereon the meat was presently served.

The masterful power with which the stalwart youth and his father swung the ax and their cunning craftsmanship impressed the English woman and her daughter and were soon to be the topic of many a London tea party. Mrs. Hare spoke of it as she was eating her supper.

"It may surprise you further to learn that the boy is fairly familiar with

the Aeneid and the Odes of Horace and the history of France and England," said John Irons.

"That is the most astonishing thing I have ever heard!" she exclaimed.

"How has he done it?"

"The minister was his master until we went into the bush. Then I had to be farmer and school-teacher. There is a great thirst for learning in this New World."

"How do you find time for it?"

"Oh, we have leisure here—more than you have, in England even your wealthy young men are overworked. They dine out and play cards until three in the morning and sleep until midday. Then luncheon and the cock-fight and tea and parliament! The best of us have only three steady habits. We work and study and sleep."

"And fight savages," said the woman.

"We do that, sometimes, but it is not often necessary. If it were not for white savages, there would be no red ones. You would find America a good country to live in."

"At least I hope it will be good to sleep in this night," the woman answered, yawning. "Dreamland is now the only country I care for."

The ladies and children, being near spent by the day's travel and excitement, turned in soon after supper. The men slept on their blankets, by the fire, and were up before daylight for a dip in the creek near by. While they were getting breakfast, the women and children had their turn at the creek-side.

That day the released captives were in better spirits. Soon after noon the company came to a swollen river, where the horses had some swimming to do. The older animals and the following colts went through all right, but the young stallion which Jack and Margaret were riding began to rear and plunge. The girl in her fright jumped off his back in swift water and was swept into the rapids and tumbled about and put in some danger before Jack could dismount and bring her ashore.

"You have increased my debt to you," she said, when at last they were mounted again. "What a story this! It is terribly exciting."

They rode on in silence, feeling now the beauty of the green woods. It had become a magic garden full of new and wonderful things. Some power had entered them and opened their eyes. The thrush's song grew fainter in the distance. The boy was first to speak.

"I think that bird must have had a long flight sometime," he said.

"Why?"

"I am sure that he has heard the music of Paradise. I wonder if you are as happy as I am."

"I was never so happy," she answered.

"What a beautiful country we are in! I have forgotten all about the danger and the hardship and the evil men. Have you ever seen any place like it?"

"No. For a time we have been riding in fairyland."

"I know why," said the boy.

"Why?"

"It is because we are riding together. It is because I see you."

"Oh, dear! I cannot see you. Let us get off and walk," she proposed.

They dismounted.

"Did you mean that honestly?"

"Honestly," he answered.

She looked up at him and put her hand over her mouth.

"I was going to say something. It would have been most unmaidenly," she remarked.

"There's something in me that I will not stay unsaid. I love you," he declared.

She held up her hand with a serious look in her eyes. Then, for a moment, the boy returned to the world of reality.

"I am sorry. Forgive me. I ought not to have said it," he stammered.

"But didn't you really mean it?" she asked with troubled eyes.

"I mean that and more, but I ought not to have said it now. It isn't fair. You have just escaped from a great danger and have got a notion that you are in debt to me and you don't know much about me anyhow."

She stood in his path looking up at him.

"Jack," she whispered. "Please say it again."

No, it was not gone. They were still in the magic garden.

"I love you and I wish this journey could go on forever," he said.

"I, too, will wait," he answered, "and as long as I have to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Expensively Good

A matter-of-fact father of an embryo poet handed some of the lad's efforts to a distinguished author of verse, and asked for his opinion.

"Well, what's the answer?" queried the successful stockman.

"Alas!" sighed the real poet, "those things are so good, I'm afraid you'll have to support Henry the rest of his life."—Writer's Monthly.

Relative Term

Prof.—You should think of the future.

Youth—I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I have to think of the present.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ITEMS

Larksville.—Only two days after receiving compensation from the government for injuries received while serving his country overseas, Stanley V. Benoski died at the family home.

Bloomsburg.—The Retail Merchants' Association has approved a committee recommendation to build a minimum of ten dwellings, as a starter, with others to be erected annually. The association has raised a fund for the purpose. The housing shortage has been serious here for years.

Reading.—When a cow he was leading from his barn to the highway ran away, Thigman S. Stump, 65, a Hamburg farmer, was severely injured. Stump held on the halter and the animal's lurch threw him in front of an auto. Stump was run down.

Pittsburgh.—A jury in criminal court returned a verdict finding Salvatore Battaglia, of Philadelphia, a convict in the Western Penitentiary, guilty of murder in the second degree, under indictments charging him with participation in the fatal prison riot February 11, in which two guards were killed. Battaglia was the first of five convicts tried on murder charges growing out of the riot. Prison guards identified him as the man who shot and killed John T. Coax, a guard. He denied participating in the riot, and several convicts at the penitentiary testified in his behalf.

Farrell.—Charles Hanks, kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan of Shenango Valley, was arrested by Constables Carlos Morocco and Toskin on a misdemeanor charge for painting signs on state road, announcing a konklave. Hanks posted a bond of \$100 for his appearance before Justice of the Peace Joseph Franck. An order recently issued by the state highway department prohibiting the painting of signs on highways.

Scranton.—After running down Thomas Scott, 69, of Archbald, near here, unknown motorists carried him to the steps of a store, where he died. His body was found by several persons on their way to church. Scott suffered a fracture of the skull, with numerous body bruises.

Pittsburgh.—Mrs. Jadwiga Synowski, widow and mother of five children, knelt on the t's between the railroad rails, bowed her head as a fast train approached, and thus met her death. It was testified during the inquest conducted by Coroner W. G. Gregor.

H. Phillips, fireman on the train, said he was looking from the cab window on March 21, as they neared Walker's Mill. The woman, he said, laid aside a basket she was carrying, got on her knees facing the onrushing train and was killed. The brakes were applied, but it was too late to save her. Mrs. Synowski had been dependent since her husband met death in a mill accident.

Loretto.—John A. Schwab, father of Charles M. Schwab, died at his home here after having been in failing health for several months. He was born here and in 1863 was married to Miss Pauline Farabaugh, who, with four children, survive him. Early in life he was engaged in the woolen manufacturing business at Williamsburg, but later served as president of the First National Bank of Cresson, the Grange National Bank of Patton, and the First National Bank of Williamsburg.

Pittsburgh.—Patrolman Max Leskovich was murdered in McKeesport when he attempted to arrest a man as a suspicious person. He was stabbed 12 times and shot. A trail of blood leading from the spot where Leskovich was killed took officers to the railroad yards. There they found Joseph Grazales hiding in a box car. He resisted arrest, but was subdued and removed to a hospital, where he was found to be suffering from cuts on his hands.

Drifton.—Amos Page, a miner, and Andrew Shallata, his laborer, were killed by a fall of top coal in the No. 10 colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal company.

Altoona.—For one hour boys were in charge of the municipal government here as part of the celebration of boys' week.

State College.—Lieutenant Cleland McLaughlin, now at Fort Leavenworth, will take charge of the State College department of military science and tactics in September.

Pottsville.—Because he was stabbed while playing an accordion, the music of which was objectionable to companions, Anthony Geber has been a patient in the Antracite Hospital since April 27 without revealing the cause. State police learned the facts and arrested Geber's four companions. "I did not want any one to know I played so badly they would stab me for it," he explained as the cause of his slouch.

Mount Carmel.—William Shaffer, aged 38, a mine repairman, was killed when a car jumped the track.

Lancaster.—Charles M. Schwab will deliver the commencement oration at Franklin and Marshall College on June 11.

Altoona.—With the earth softened by continuous rains, a two-story brick building belonging to J. E. Spense, electrical contractor, collapsed.

Reading.—A black snake, 10 feet 6 1/2 inches in length, was killed by Harry Achenbach on the farm of Charles P. Heisenhan, in Tulpehocken township.

Greensburg.—Vegetable poisoning, the result of eating dandelions she had gathered, caused the death of Mrs. Robert Whales, of Baggaley, near here.

State College.—Because the fourth and fifth floors of "Old Main," the first building erected on the college campus, are considered by the trustees unsafe for dormitory use, the 155 students now living here have been notified to vacate their rooms.

Unterspan.—William Fields, a motorman for the West Penn Railways company, was wounded in the thigh in an exchange of shots with two masked bandits at Oilphant. The bandits attempted to hold him up when he left his car to throw a switch. Fields ran toward the car and was shot, but returned the fire and reported that he saw one of the pair stagger before they fled.

Sunbury.—Miss Helen Lenker and Miss Lucille L. Graeber hearing the cries of a boy on the Susquehanna river, saw Clyde Herman, 9, drifting helplessly in a row boat towards the swift current of an abandoned dam. Jumping into another boat, one girl rowed while the other caught the drifting craft with both hands. The boat was towed to shore with its occupant.

Harrisburg.—The board of directors of a public school cannot excuse children of the school age during legal hours for the purpose of attending denominational schools to receive religious instruction, according to an opinion from Deputy Attorney General J. W. Brown. The opinion is in reply to a specific request from Dr. J. George Becht, superintendent of public instruction, and sets forth that the school code forbids religious instruction.

Scranton.—Mrs. Mary A. Wardell, an inmate of the almshouse of the poor farm at Carbondale for more than a half century, died at the age of 100 years.

Sunbury.—Ralph D. Zimmerman, Shamokin's police chief, paid \$10.50 fine and costs before Justice Shultz on a charge of assaulting Edward Shawda, a one-armed man. He had previously caused Shawda's arrest for violation of an automobile ordinance and during the controversy is alleged to have slapped him.

Philadelphia.—The police found a family in squalor and dire need when they raided the home of William Anderson, on Alter street near Oregon avenue. They found six children, between the ages of 2 and 11 years, scantily clad and with beds containing only a mattress and no comforts. Anderson was not at home and his wife made no efforts to conceal the contents of the house. The police confiscated a 40-gallon still, 10 gallons of whisky, five gallons of alcohol and a quantity of mash. Anderson has not been working to any extent, although he was employed somewhere when the police called. It is believed that he is conducting the place for other parties.

Chester.—A vandal ripped a white crepe from the door of Mr. and Mrs. George Messimer, whose 5-months-old child was lying dead. The symbol of death was used to wipe greasy hands, which gives rise to the police theory that a motorist was responsible.

Phoenixville.—Mildred, 4-year-old daughter of Clinton Heineard, died in the local hospital, having been struck by an automobile while running across the street to her home. She had a fractured skull, broken leg and many severe cuts. No one saw the accident, but Carl Welland, who found the child, stated that a small delivery truck had stopped and was starting away when he reached the sidewalk. He called to the driver, but he did not stop.

Chester.—Oil was struck in Upper Chichester township, near Twin Oaks, below this city, and scores of residents, filled barrels, boilers and other receptacles with the fluid, after a four-inch pipe line, leading from the Pure Oil company to a point up the state, broke in two places. Unlike other oil deposits the local gusher yielded kerosene, ready for use, and Oklahoma scenes were re-enacted in miniature when news of the accident spread.

Scranton.—The committee of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows determining the elimination contest among lodges of Eastern Pennsylvania to compete in the third degree contest at the Grand Lodge session at Reading announced Robert Burns Lodge, of Scranton, and Banyan Tree Lodge, of Ardmore, as the teams for the competition. The contest will take place June 4. Robert Burns Lodge was the winner of the contest with Black Diamond Lodge, of Shamokin, at the Wilkes-Barre session of the Grand Lodge several years ago.

Schuylkill Haven.—The school board decided to levy a tax rate of 25 mills and a per capita tax of \$5.

Monessen.—Burglars entered the tailor shop of Morris Rosen and stole \$800 worth of clothing.

Milton.—State police raided the buffet of the Eagles, seizing alleged liquor and a number of slot machines.

Corry.—While working in a field near here A. M. Rolph was struck by lightning and killed.

Bethlehem.—Peter Stauffer, librarian at Lehigh University, 74 years old, fell over as he was entering the postoffice and is seriously ill.

Scranton.—More than 2000 attended the funeral of John F. Myra, electrocuted at the Rockview prison.

Pittsburgh.—The cases of more than 100 immigrants who entered the United States illegally are being investigated in this district.

Lebanon.—Ra. Worrall was awarded six cents damages by a jury against his brother-in-law, Robert Copehaver, for injuries suffered in a beating.

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Logic's Last Ditch
"You don't mean to tell me you married Elsie Spender?" "But I do—I mean I did," replied the optimistic bridegroom. "Why, you poor boob, your salary won't even buy her breakfast!" "Ha! Ha!" laughed the optimist. "That's where I've got you. My Elsie won't get up for breakfast!"—American Legion Weekly.

Subordinate
Short-Sighted Lady (in grocery)—"Is that the head cheese over there?" Salesman—"No, ma'am; that's one of his assistants."—New York Sun and Globe.

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