



In the Days of Poor Richard

by IRVING BACHELLER

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"I WILL WAIT"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1768, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

She stepped closer and he put his arm around her and kissed her lips. She ran away a few steps. Then, indeed, they were back on the familiar trail in the thirty-mile bush. A moose bird was screaming at them. She turned and said:

"I wanted you to know, but I have said nothing. I couldn't. I am under a sacred promise. You are a gentleman and you will not kiss me or speak of love again until you have talked with my father. It is the custom of our country. But I want you to know that I am very happy."

"I don't know how I dared to say and do what I did, but I couldn't help it."

"I couldn't help it either. I just longed to know if you dared."

"The rest will be in the future—perhaps far in the future."

His voice trembled a little.

"Not far if you come to me, but I can wait—I will wait." She took his hand as they were walking beside each other and added: "For you."

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

Mrs. Hare, walking down the trail to meet them, had come near. Their journey out of the wilderness had ended, but for each a new life had begun.

The husband and father of the two ladies had reached the fort only an hour or so ahead of the mounted party and preparations were being made for an expedition to cut off the retreat of the Indians. He was known to most of his friends in America only as Col. Benjamin Hare—a royal commissioner who had come to the colonies to inspect and report upon the defenses of his majesty. He wore the uniform of a colonel of the King's guard. There is an old letter of John Irons which says that he was a splendid figure of a man, tall and well proportioned and about forty, with dark eyes, his hair and mustache just beginning to show gray.

"I shall not try here to measure my gratitude," he said to Mr. Irons. "I will see you tomorrow."

"You owe me nothing," Irons answered. "The rescue of your wife and daughter is due to the resourceful and famous scout—Solomon Binkus."

"Dear old rough-barked hickory man!" the colonel exclaimed. "I hope to see him soon."

He went at once with his wife and daughter to rooms in the fort. That evening he satisfied himself as to the character and standing of John Irons, learning that he was a patriot of large influence and considerable means.

The latter family and that of Peter Bones were well quartered in tents with a part of the Fifty-fifth regiment then at Fort Stanwix. Next morning Jack went to breakfast with Colonel Hare and his wife and daughter in their rooms, after which the colonel invited the boy to take a walk with him out to the little settlement of Mill river. Jack, being overawed, was rather slow in declaring himself and the colonel presently remarked:

"You and my daughter seem to have got well acquainted."

"Yes, sir; but not as well as I could wish," Jack answered. "Our journey ended too soon. I love your daughter, sir, and I hope you will let me tell her and ask her to be my wife sometime."

"You are both too young," said the colonel. "Besides you have known each other not quite three days and I have known you not as many hours. We are deeply grateful to you, but it is better for you and for her that this matter should not be hurried. After a year has passed, if you think you still care to see each other, I will ask you to come to England. I think you are a fine, manly, brave chap, but really you will admit that I have a right to know you better before my daughter engages to marry you."

Jack freely admitted that the request was well founded, albeit he declared, frankly, that he would like to be got acquainted with as soon as possible.

"We must take the first ship back to England," said the colonel. "You are both young and in a matter of this kind there should be no haste. If your affection is real, it will be none the worse for a little keeping."

Solomon Binkus and Peter and Israel and John Bones and some settlers

north of Horse valley arrived next day with the captured Indians, who, under a military guard, were sent on to the Great Father at Johnson castle.

Colonel Hare was astonished that neither Solomon Binkus nor John Irons nor his son would accept any gift for the great service they had done him.

"I owe you more than I can ever pay," he said to the faithful Binkus. "Money would not be good enough for your reward."

Solomon stepped close to the great man and said in a low tone:

"Then young 'uns has growed kind o' lovesick an' I wouldn't wonder. I don't ask only one thing. Don't make no mistake 'bout this 'ere boy. In the bush we have a way o' pickin' out men. We see how they stan' up to danger an' hard work an' goin' hungry. Jack is a reglar he-man. I know 'em when I see 'em, which—it's a sure fact—I've seen all kinds. He's got brains an' courage, an' a tough arm an' a good heart. He'd die fer a friend any day. Ye can't do no more. So don't make no mistake 'bout him. He ain't no hemlock bow. I calculate there ain't no better man-timber nowhere—no, sir, not nowhere in this world—call it king er lord er duke er any name ye like. So, sir, if ye feel like doin' suthin' fer me—which I didn't never expect it, when I done what I did—I'll say be good to the boy. You'd never have to be 'shamed o' him."

"He's a likely lad," said Colonel Hare. "And I am rather impressed by your words, although they present a view that is new to me. We shall be returning soon and I dare say they will presently forget each other, but if not, and he becomes a good man—as good a man as his father—let us say—and she should wish to marry him, I would gladly put her hand in his."

At Fort Stanwix, John Irons sold his farm and house and stock to Peter Bones and decided to move his family



THEY TRAVELED ON SNOW-SHOES.

to Albany, where he could educate his children. Both he and his wife had grown weary of the loneliness of the back country, and the peril from which they had been delivered was a deciding factor. So it happened that the Irons family and Solomon went to Albany by bateaux with the Hares. It was a delightful trip in good autumn weather, in which Colonel Hare has acknowledged that both he and his wife acquired a deep respect "for these snewy, wise, upright Americans, some of whom are as well learned, I should say, as most men you would meet in London."

CHAPTER II

Sowing the Dragon's Teeth.

That winter the Irons family and Solomon Binkus went often to the meetings of the Sons of Liberty. One purpose of this organization was to induce people to manufacture their own necessities and thus avoid buying the products of Great Britain. Factories were busy making looms and spinning wheels; skilled men and women taught the arts of spinning, weaving and tailoring. The slogan "Home made or nothing," traveled far and wide.

Late in February Jack Irons and Solomon Binkus went east as delegates to a large meeting of the Sons of Liberty in Springfield. They traveled on snowshoes and by stage, finding the bitterness of the people growing more intense as they proceeded. They found many women using thorns instead of pins and knitting one pair of stockings with the ravelings of another. They were also following their silk gowns and spinning the floss into gloves with cotton. All this was to avoid buying goods sent over from Great Britain.

The meeting over, Jack and Solomon went on by stage to Boston for a look at the big city.

They arrived there on the fifth of March a little after dark. The moon was shining. A snow flurry had whitened the streets. The air was still and cold. They had their suppers at the Ship and Anchor. While they were eating they heard that a company of British soldiers who were encamped near the Presbyterian meeting-house had beaten their drums on Sunday so that no worshiper could hear the preaching.

"And the worst of it is we are compelled to furnish them food and quarters while they insult and annoy us," said a minister who sat at the table.

After supper Jack and Solomon went out for a walk. They heard violent talk among people gathered at the street corners. They soon overtook a noisy crowd of boys and young men carrying clubs. In front of Murray's barracks, where the Twenty-ninth regiment was quartered, there was a chattering crowd of men and boys. Some of them were hooting and cursing at two sentinels. The streets were lighted by oil lamps and by candles in the windows of the houses.

In Cornhill they came upon a larger and more violent assemblage of the same kind. They made their way through it and saw beyond a captain, a corporal and six private soldiers standing face to face with the crowd. Men were jeering at them; boys hurling abusive epithets. The boys, as they are apt to do, reflected, with some exaggeration, the passions of their elders. It was a crowd of rough fellows—mostly wharfmen and sailors. Solomon sensed the danger in the situation. He and Jack moved out of the jeering mob. Then suddenly a thing happened which may have saved one or both their lives. The captain drew his sword and flashed a dark light upon Solomon and called out:

"Hello, Binkus! What the h— do you want?"

"Who be ye?" Solomon asked.

"Preston."

"Preston! Cat's blood and gunpowder! What's the matter?"

Preston, an old comrade of Solomon, said to him:

"Go around to headquarters and tell them we are cut off by a mob and in a bad mess. I'm a little scared. I don't want to get hurt or do any hurting."

Jack and Solomon passed through the guard and hurried on. Then there were hisses and cries of "Tories! Rotten Tories!" As the two went on they heard missiles falling behind them and among the soldiers.

"They're goin' to be bad trouble thar," said Solomon. "Them lads ain't to blame. They're only doin' as they're commanded. It's the pesky king that orto be hatched."

They were hurrying on, as he spoke, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when they heard the command to fire and a rifle volley—then loud cries of pain and shrill curses and running feet. They turned and started back. People were rushing out of their houses, some with guns in their hands. In a moment the street was full.

"The soldiers are slaying people," a man shouted. "Men of Boston, we must arm ourselves and fight."

It was a scene of wild confusion. They could get no farther on Cornhill. The crowd began to pour into side-streets. Rumors were flying about that many had been killed and wounded. An hour or so later Jack and Solomon were seized by a group of ruffians.

"Here are the d—n Tories!" one of them shouted.

"Friends o' murderers!" was the cry of another "Let's hang 'em!"

Solomon immediately knocked the man down who had called them Tories and seized another and tossed him so far in the crowd as to give it pause.

"I don't mind bein' hung," he shouted, "not if it's done proper, but no man kin call me a Tory lessen my hands are tied, without gittin' hurt. An' if my hands was tied I'd do some hollerin', now you hear me."

A man back in the crowd let out a laugh as loud as the braying of an ass. Others followed his example. The danger was passed. Solomon shouted:

"I used to know Preston when I were a scout in Amherst's army fightin' Injuns an' Frenchmen, which they're their more'n twenty notches on the stock o' my rifle an' fourteen on my belt, an' my name is Solomon Binkus from Albany, New York, an' if you'll excuse us, we'll put fer hum as soon as we kin git erway convenient."

In the morning they learned that three men had been killed and five others wounded by the soldiers. Squads of men and boys with loaded muskets were marching into town from the country.

"It means that war is coming. We might as well get ready for it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparedness

He—My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket.

She—You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things.

He—I did.—Boston Transcript.

Passing the Buck

Mrs. Pester—Why did you tell Mrs. Newkid her baby looked like its father? You've never seen Mr. Newkid.

Her Husband—I know it. But all mothers of homely brats like hers think they look like their fathers.



WISE MISS DUCK

THERE were only a few ducks at the farm until one day there came a handsome black and green one who quite upset the old ducks with her handsome feathers.

"Her feathers may be handsomer than ours," said old Miss Duck, "but can she lay eggs? That is the question whose answer will prove her worth to the farmer. 'Handsome is that handsome does' is a true saying."

The new duck soon made friends with the others, all but old Miss Duck. "Let them go walking and gossiping with that new duck if they like," she said. "They will lose their heads some day if they spend their time that way instead of attending to their work."

"My dears," said the new duck one day, "I can't see why the farmer keeps that funny old Miss Duck around here. Why, she must be years old, and it is disgraceful the way she lets her feathers go, so ruffled up and untidy looking."

"I may be old and not so trim looking as you," thought Miss Duck as she sat on her nest, "but I don't spend my



A Nest Full of Big Brown Eggs.

time gossiping and waddling about the barnyard or go swimming until my work is done."

"Our new friend is very charming," said the old Drake to Miss Duck one morning, "but I think as you are the oldest one in the barnyard, Miss Duck, you better tell her about her nest—she seems to spend very little time sitting upon it."

"Tell her yourself," replied Miss Duck. "She thinks I am old-fashioned and she would not listen to me."

"Good morning," quacked Mr. Drake to the new duck. "It is a fine day to lay eggs, it seems to me, and I saw the farmer this morning looking into your nest."

"Let him look," said Miss Duck. "I can't be bothered laying eggs. He should be glad to have such a handsome creature as I am waddling about the barnyard for folks to look at. Really, Mr. Drake, until I came here you had a very scraggly looking lot of ducks."

"Let old Miss Duck lay the eggs. She is too old-fashioned to do anything else. Won't you go swimming with me, Mr. Drake? It is such a lovely day out on the pond."

Old Miss Duck saw them as they passed her nest. "He is just as bad as the rest," she said. "That new duck has turned all their heads, but you wait and see what happens," she said to Speckled hen, who was scratching for worms nearby. "She won't last long around here."

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GARDENER

LET Trouble-Makers trouble make,
And fill the land with quail and quake,
For me, who deem our whirling earth

A garden-spot of glorious worth,
Committed to our care that we
May make it yield more fruitfully

I'll turn my back on raucous stir
And like a faithful Gardener
Do what I can in my small space
To bring forth flowers full of grace.

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"Never saw such handsome eggs as that old duck lays," said the farmer as he took the eggs from Miss Duck's nest. "She is worth more than all the other ducks put together, and that new one is worthless; hasn't laid an egg since I got her. I guess she will be worth more on the table than in the barnyard."

"Where is the new duck?" inquired Mr. Drake one morning. "I haven't seen her this morning."

"If you take a look in the kitchen you might find her," said old Miss Duck, "and if the rest of you want to keep your heads on," she said to the other ducks, "you'd better take warning and get busy laying eggs."

Miss Duck wriggled off her nest. "Look at those handsome brown eggs," she said. "I told you 'handsome is that handsome does' is a true saying. The farmer did not say I was handsome, but he did look at my big eggs and said I was worth more than all of the others put together."

As Miss Duck waddled off one of the others said: "She is a queer old thing, but she is wise, and I guess we'd better go to work for she may be right. We shall find our way into the kitchen just as the new duck did."

"Queer how one silly duck can upset things," said old Miss Duck to Speckled Hen the next morning. "There isn't a duck to be seen on the pond; all busy attending to their work. I guess the farmer won't bring any more new ducks around to help us out again."

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The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

YELLOW GARTERS

LET an unmarried girl get a woman friend to knit for her a yellow garter. The woman friend must ask a man, unknown to the girl, to knit ten rows of the garter. The girl who receives and wears the garter will marry the man who knit the ten rows within a year. Another version simply says that if a girl wears a yellow garter every day in the year, or day and night for six months, she will be married at the expiration of one of those periods.

This yellow garter superstition is common in this country and Canada. In the first version of the superstition we have as one of the magical elements the knitting of the ten rows by the future husband. By so doing the man, through the magic of the doctrine of knots, ties himself and his destiny into the garter, thus attaching himself with the garter to the young lady who wears it—good primitive magic. In both versions the garter works by a magical practice akin to the doctrine of knots, which might be called the doctrine of ligatures. A ligature binds physically; therefore it binds spiritually and is the reasoning of primitive man and is the reasoning today among

savage tribes as attested by many of their customs. The doctrine of ligatures is found running back through all ancient mythologies and forms of heathen worship.

As to the color of the garter which brings a husband to the unmarried girl; yellow is the color of the sun, of the gold of the wedding ring and of the ripened grain—and thus well calculated, from a magical point of view, to add power to the effect of the ligature.

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Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

HENRY STEELE

IT WAS with the greatest interest to know her son's friends that John's mother boarded the train to pay her first visit to him since he had been at college. The name that she had come to know best from John's letters was Henry Steele. Henry Steele was the great man of that little world. John invited all his cronies to a party in his room to meet her the afternoon of her arrival. When things were at their height she found herself talking to a pleasant, quiet-mannered fellow, whose name she had not caught. He began by closing a draughty window at her back, and soon she realized that he was centering the conversation on John and John's achievements. Of course those were the fifteen minutes that made the afternoon a pleasant occasion to her.

Presently John interrupted them, excitedly. "Here's that new math instructor flunking all of us in mid-year's, Henry!" So this was Henry Steele! She wondered how he would manage the emergency.

"Then he's more of a man than I suspected him of being," came back from Henry Steele, quick as a flash. "By Jehosaphat, John—here we are, we few fellows, holding most of the offices in the class, and this new man, just out of college himself, has the nerve to dish us all. Get his point of view—see the risk of unpopularity he's running!"

"Young man," John's mother asked, "do you always consider the other person's point of view?"

"Yes," he answered, seriously, "as I figure it out, the other person's point of view is half of any situation."

Years passed and, on the death of his father, Henry Steele became head of a great manufacturing concern. Before long it became evident that the Henry Steele plants were better off than their competitors. Once Henry took John over the biggest of his factories, explaining the system to him. Everywhere they were greeted with pleasant words and genuine respect. Then Henry left John with his foreman for a few minutes to the office. John spoke of the spirit of the plant. "Oh," said the foreman, "that's Mr. Steele. Whenever any man in this shop has had to do with the boss he's come away feeling that he's had a hearing. Mr. Steele always considers the other fellow's point of view."

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

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Extracting

"Is the editor particular?"
"Nothing but. He raises a row if he finds a period upside down."

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

HAZEL

HAZEL is a typically modern product. It has sprung into popular usage in comparatively recent years, but the origin dates back to the old Icelandic regime and the word has, signifying the color "light brown." The fruit of the hazelnut tree bears that same indescribable hue. There are few instances in etymological history where names were given to denote color, unless violet, rose and a few others, may be taken to represent a color rather than a flower; so Hazel bears a rather unusual distinction.

By a curiously significant relation, it may be said to be an equivalent of

Evelyn, since the latter comes from the Latin word *avellana*, meaning hazelnut. Etymologically speaking, Hazel is one of the most unusual and difficult names in the feminine lexicon, which may account for its popularity and piquancy. It has found great favor with actresses and singers, and pretty maids with a predilection for affectation.

The cat's-eye is Hazel's talismanic stone. It is the Hindu charm against evil spirits, and will protect its wearer from danger and disease. According to an old superstition, it will likewise endow her with extraordinary personal magnetism. Tuesday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

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