



In the Days of Poor Richard

BY IRVING BACHELLER

"MY BELOVED HERO"

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. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unrest grows in the colonies because of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solomon and Jack visit Boston.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Jack and Solomon attended the town meeting that day in the Old South meeting-house. It was a quiet and orderly crowd that listened to the speeches of Josiah Quincy, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, demanding calmly but firmly that the soldiers be forthwith removed from the city. The famous John Hancock cut a great figure in Boston in those days. It is not surprising that Jack was impressed by his grandeur, for he had entered the meeting-house in a scarlet velvet cap and a blue damask gown lined with velvet and strode to the platform with a dignity even above his garments. As he faced about the boy did not fail to notice and admire the white satin waistcoat and white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. Mr. Quincy made a statement which stuck like a bar in Jack Irons' memory of that day, and perhaps all the faster because he did not quite understand it. The speaker said: "The dragon's teeth have been sown."

The chairman asked if there was any citizen present who had been on the scene at or about the time of the shooting. Solomon Binkus arose and held up his hand and was asked to go to the minister's room and confer with the committee.

Mr. John Adams called at the Inn that evening and announced that he was to defend Captain Preston and would require the help of Jack and Solomon as witnesses. For that reason they were detained some days in Boston and released finally on the promise to return when their services were required.

They had a hearty welcome at the little house near the King's Arms, where they sat until midnight telling of their adventures. In the midst of it Jack said to his father:

"I heard a speaker say in Boston that the dragon's teeth had been sown. What does that mean?"

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

These words, coming from his father, gave him a shock of surprise. He began to think of the effect of war on his own fortunes.

Solomon sent his furs to market and went to work on the farm of John Irons and lived with the family. The boy returned to school. After the hay had been cut and stacked in midsummer, they were summoned to Boston to testify in the trial of Preston. They left in September, taking with them a drove of horses.

"It will be good for Jack," John Irons had said to his wife. "He'll be the better prepared for his work in Philadelphia next fall."

Two important letters had arrived that summer. One from Benjamin Franklin to John Irons, offering Jack a chance to learn the printer's trade in his Philadelphia shop and board and lodging in his home.

The other letter was from Margaret Hare to the boy, in which she had said that they were glad to learn that he and Mr. Binkus were friends of Captain Preston and inclined to help him in his trouble. "Since I read your letter I am more in love with you than ever," she had written. "My father was pleased with it. He thinks that all cause of complaint will be removed. Until it is, I do not ask you to be a Tory, but only to be patient."

Jack and Solomon were the whole day getting their horses across Van Deusen's ferry and headed eastward in the rough road. Mr. Binkus wore his banger—an old Damascus blade inherited from his father—and carried his long musket and an abundant store of ammunition; Jack wore his two pistols, in the use of which he had become most expert.

They came to wagon roads improving as they approached towns and villages, in the first of which they began selling the drove. When they reached Boston, nearly a week later, they had only the two horses which they rode. The trial had just begun. Being ardent Whigs, their testimony made an impression. Jack's letter to his father

says that Mr. Adams complimented them when they left the stand.

There is an old letter of Solomon Binkus which briefly describes the journey. He speaks of the "pompy" men who examined them. "They grinned at me all the time an' the ol' big wig judge in the women's dress got mad if I tried to crack a joke," he wrote in his letter. "He looked like he had paid too much for his whistle an' thought I had sold it to him. Thought he were goin' to box my ears. John Addums is about as sharp as a razor. Took a likin' to Jack an' me. I tol' him he were smart 'nough to be a trapper."

The two came back in the saddle and reached Albany late in October.

CHAPTER III

The Journey to Philadelphia

The New York Mercury of November 4, 1770, contains this item: "John Irons, Jr., and Solomon Binkus, the famous scout, arrived Wednesday morning on the schooner Ariel from Albany. Mr. Binkus is on his way to Alexandria, Va., where he is to meet Major Washington and accompany him to the Great Kanawha river in the Far West."

Solomon was soon to meet an officer with whom he was to find the amplest scope for his talents. Jack was on his way to Philadelphia. They had found the ship crowded and Jack and two other boys "pigged together"—in the expressive phrase of that time—on the cabin floor, through the two nights of their journey. Jack minded not the hardness of the floor, but there was much drinking and arguing and expounding of the common law in the forward end of the cabin, which often interrupted his slumbers.

He took the boat to Amboy as Benjamin Franklin had done, but without mishap, and thence traveled by stage to Burlington. There he met Mr. John Adams of Boston, who was on his way



THE OTHER LETTER WAS FROM MARGARET HARE TO THE BOY.

to Philadelphia. He was a full-faced, ruddy, strong-built man of about thirty-five years, with thick, wavy dark hair that fell in well-trimmed tufts on either cheek and almost concealed his ears. It was beginning to show gray. He had a prominent forehead, large blue and expressive eyes and a voice clear and resonant. He was handsomely dressed.

Mr. Adams greeted the boy warmly and told him that the testimony which he and Solomon Binkus gave had saved the life of Captain Preston. The great lawyer took much interest in the boy and accompanied him to the top of the stage, the weather being clear and warm.

When Jack was taking leave of Mr. Adams at the Black Horse tavern in Philadelphia the latter invited the boy to visit him in Boston if his way should lead him there.

Jack went to the house of the printer, where he did not receive the warm welcome he had expected. Deborah Franklin was a fat, hard-working, illiterate, economical housewife. She had a great pride in her husband, but had fallen hopelessly behind him. She regarded with awe and slight understanding the accomplishments of his virile, relentless, unpushing intellect. She did not know how to enjoy the prosperity that had come to them. It was a neat and cleanly home, but, as of old, Deborah was doing most of the work herself. She would not have had it otherwise.

"Ben thinks we ortn't to be doin' nothin' but settin' aroun' in silk dresses an' readin' books an' gabbin' with comp'ny," she said. "Men don't know how hard 'tis to get help that cleans good an' cooks decent. Everybody feels so kind o' big an' independent they won't stan' it to be found fault with."

Her daughter, Mrs. Bache, and the latter's children were there. Suddenly confronted by the problem of a strange lad coming into the house to live with them, they were a bit dismayed. But presently their motherly hearts were touched by the look of the big, gentle-faced, homesick boy. They made a room ready for him on the top floor and showed him the wonders of the big house—the library, the electrical apparatus, the rocking chair with its fan swayed by the movement of the chair, the new stove and grate which the doctor had invented. That evening, after an excellent supper, Jack suggested that he would like to have a part of the work to do.

"I can sweep and clean as well as anyone," he said. "My mother taught me how to do that. You must call on me for any help you need."

"Now I wouldn't wonder but what we'll get erlong real happy," said Mrs. Franklin. "If you'll git up 'arly an' dust the main floor an' do the broom work an' fill the wood boxes an' fetch water, I'll see ye don't go hungry."

Jack went to the shop and was put to work next morning. He had to carry beer and suffer a lot of humiliating imposition from older boys in the big shop, but he bore it patiently and made friends and good progress. That winter he took dancing lessons from the famous John Trotter of New York and practiced fencing with the well-known Master Brisson. He also took a course in geometry and trigonometry at the academy and wrote an article describing his trip to Boston for the Gazette. The latter was warmly praised by the editor and reprinted in New York and Boston journals. He joined the company for home defense and excelled in the games, on training day, especially at the running, wrestling, boxing and target shooting. There were many shooting galleries in Philadelphia wherein Jack had shown a knack of shooting with the rifle and pistol, which had won for him the Franklin medal for marksmanship. In the back country the favorite amusement of himself and father had been shooting at a mark.

Jack forged ahead, not only in the printer's art, but on toward the fullness of his strength. Under the stimulation of city life and continuous study, his talents grew like wheat in black soil. In the summer of 'seventy-three he began to contribute to the columns of the Gazette. Certain of his articles brought him compliments from the best people for their wit, penetration and good humor. He had entered upon a career of great promise when the current of his life quickened like that of a river come to a steeper grade. It began with a letter from Margaret Hare, dated July 14, 1773. In it she writes:

"When you get this please sit down and count up the years that have passed since we parted. Then think how our plans have gone awry. You must also think of me waiting here for you in the midst of a marrying world. All my friends have taken their mates and passed on. I went to Doctor Franklin today and told him that I was an old lady well past nineteen and accused him of having a heart of stone. He said that he had not sent for you because you were making such handsome progress in your work. I said: 'You do not think of the rapid progress I am making toward old age. You forget, too, that I need a husband as badly as the Gazette needs a philosopher. I rebel. You have made me an American—you and Jack. I will not longer consent to taxation without representation. Year by year I am giving up some of my youth and I am not being consulted about it.'

"Said he: 'I would demand justice of the king. I suppose he thinks that his country cannot yet afford a queen. I shall tell him that he is imitating George the Third and that he had better listen to the voice of the people.'

"Now, my beloved hero, the English girl who is not married at nineteen is thought to be hopeless. There are fine lads who have asked my father for the right to court me and still I am waiting for my brave deliverer and he comes not. I cannot forget the thrush's song and the enchanted woods. They hold me. If they have not held you—if for any reason your heart has changed—you will not fall to tell me, will you? Is it necessary that you should be great and wise and rich and learned before you come to me? Little by little, after many talks with the venerable Franklin, I have got the American notion that I would like to go away with you and help you to accomplish these things and enjoy the happiness which was ours, for a little time, and of which you speak in your letters. Surely there was something very great in those moments. It does not fade and has it not kept us true to our promise? But, Jack, how long am I to wait? You must tell me."

"The letter to Dr. Franklin was in his pocket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Comforts of Science

"I hear you have taken up psychoanalysis."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It is so soothing to be able to say you have a complex instead of a dreadful disposition."

For His Own Use

Mrs. Chatterton—I said something that offended your wife, so she didn't speak to me for a week.

Mr. Longsuffer—Would you mind telling me what it was you said?

A woman's favorite doctor has a sympathetic eye and a tender voice.

GOWNS FOR BRIDES ARE IN LIMELIGHT

More Conventional Attire, Free of Extravagance, Is Favored.

It is a fortunate day in which we live and enjoy such a wealth of art and beauty and comfort in things designed for women's wear. There are, notes a fashion writer in the New York Times, more than ever before, dress creations of every sort, meeting the desire and need for every possible occasion, and this season these are offered in attractive forms at prices which are considerate of the woman of slender income as well as of her that holds the strings of a long purse. This becomes more gratifyingly apparent as the days pass, and obviously the response to this opportunity is spontaneous, so that one who is moved by common sense will not delay, but will avail herself of the first offerings and the best selections in models. They are, this season, a notable achievement for the artists in Paris who direct our ways in dress; the designs are original and artistic, the materials are beautiful and the colors enchanting.

First in the thought of everyone are the spring wedding and the brides' trousseau that provide a thrill to women of every age and station. Wedding gowns have never been lovelier or more picturesque than they are now. There is a feeling for the more conventional wedding dress, free of the extravagances and eccentricities that are expressed in gowns for other occasions.

A few years ago there was evident in some of the most important models a tendency toward the ultra modern, the extreme, the theatrical in the costume of a bride. But the best design-

ers now keep close to custom, with deference toward the dignity and beauty possible to express with wedding satin, orange blossoms and tulle, and they created this season costumes of great art value for the bride and her bridesmaids.

A few couturieres have gone in for revivals in the styles of wedding gowns, using the quaint models of earlier days, when skirts were wide and bodices tight, and when rare old lace was much in evidence.

This type of dress is definitely suited to some brides, and when it is well

Gay Silk Frock Chic for Young Girls' Wear



Just as sweet as a stick of candy is this "peppermint stripe" silk frock designed for misses' summer wear.

done and worn it is a charming and engaging variant of the formally conventional wedding gown.

One delightful feature that prevails is an entire absence of fussy detail and of complexity in composition. The straight-line, one-piece dress is most popular and gives the most felicitous opportunity for arrangement of the veil.

Next to this, the princess gown, en train, with a slight suggestion of drapery, is much liked, and is illustrated in some very successful models—notably from the house of Worth.

A trousseau is necessarily a joy to select. There must be gowns and wraps, negligees and exquisite lingerie, and all the intriguing accessories.

Look for the devil's head on every box Special Hospital size, etc., etc., makes five gallons, contains three spouts. Either size at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

A restaurant proprietor was overheard giving directions to one of the attendants.

"Now, don't upset that pyramid of doughnuts any more. Yesterday one of them fell on a man and sprained his wrist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes and eye strain. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Doctor—Well, how is our patient this morning?

Sick Broker—Fine! My temperature slumped three points last night, but it rallied this morning and is now above par.—Boston Transcript.

Going Up

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Unique Accessories

Silver, ivory and rare enamels all have a place in the fittings of the dressing table, but the woman who wishes to be a bit unique will choose instead a set made of venetian glass in color. They come in shades of apple green, bright blue and pink and the stoppers of the perfume bottles and handles of the powder boxes are flower-shaped.

Some Suggestions on Adjustment of Skirts

Many people still prefer their skirts on a belt at the regulation waist line. When this is done, writes a clothing specialist in the Colorado Agricultural college, a piece of belting about two inches wide is prepared to fit the waist, and fastened with hooks and eyes. The skirt is pinned to this with the upper edge of the skirt extending slightly above the top of the belt. In finishing the skirt may be turned over the belt and faced down with bias tape, or the raw edge may be turned under between the belt and the skirt with the folded edge extending slightly above the belt, and stitched by machine.

Another method of adjusting a skirt at the waist is to fit the belt at the hip line or below the regulation waist line, and then slash as above. Skirts finished in this way look well with tuck-in blouses of the sports or tailored type.

For wear with overblouses skirts should be attached to a long underwaist or underbody. It is not necessary to shape this underbody. Instead take an easy hip measure, also the measure from the underarm to the hips, allowing for a hem or casing for ribbon at the top. Cut a straight piece of material according to this measure and join the ends. If the material is narrow it may be fully as easy to have a seam on each side, or a lengthwise strip of the material with one seam may be used, but this will be more apt to stretch as the weight of the skirt will then come on the crosswise or filling threads, which are not as strong.

Plaited Lace Being Used

Black lace over flesh satin or charmeuse, by the way, is another favored note of the season. Delicate black lace makes a delightful dance frock, and a bouffant model of plaited or gathered black lace over flesh is lovely for the young debutante. Plaited lace is being used in a number of evening gowns, either in gay colors, in black or in white.

Smart Shoe Buckles

The colonial buckle is the only type of buckle really prominent in the spring show styles. It is often accompanied by an interesting tongue of leather which has a rather flaring effect.

Finish the seams with a French

Summer Find You Miserable?

It's hard to do one's work when every day brings morning lameness, throbbing backache, and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Headaches, dizziness and kidney irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case

Mrs. W. H. Barnett, 263 E. Main St., Salem, Va., says: "A cold left my back weak. My back ached so badly at times I was hardly able to sit on a chair. I also suffered from nerve-racking headaches. My kidneys didn't act right at all. Two boxes of Doan's Pills drove away all the trouble and I was cured of the attack."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEST for the Complexion

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Cotton 25c
Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur As Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Also Cures Itching Scalp
Sole Mfg. Chem. Works, Paterson, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. See by mail or at Druggists. Hinox Chemical Works, Paterson, N. Y.

KILLS PESKY BED BUGS P. D. Q.

Just think, a 3c box of P. D. Q. (Pesky Devils Quietus) makes a quart, enough to kill a million Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas or Cooties, and stops future generations by killing their eggs, and does not injure the clothing. Liquid fire to the Bed Bugs is what P. D. Q. is like. Bed Bugs stand as good a chance as a snowball in a justly famed heat storm. Patent spot free in every package of P. D. Q., to enable you to kill them and their nest eggs in the cracks.

Look for the devil's head on every box Special Hospital size, etc., etc., makes five gallons, contains three spouts. Either size at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

Heavy

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Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN Say "Bayer Aspirin"

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Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY