

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER  
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## 'A THOUSAN' POUNDS'

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. 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. In November, 1770, Jack goes to Philadelphia and works in Benjamin Franklin's printing plant. Nearly three years later Margaret writes him from London, reminding him that her youth is passing and saying she has appealed to Doctor Franklin.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

This letter went to the heart of the young man. She had deftly set before him the gross unfairness of delay. He felt it. Ever since the parting he had been eager to go, but his father was not a rich man and the family was large. His own salary had been little more than was needed for clothing and books. That autumn it had been doubled and the editor had assured him that higher pay would be forthcoming. He hesitated to tell the girl how little he earned and how small, when measured in money, his progress had seemed to be. He was in despair when his friend Solomon Binkus arrived from Virginia. For two years the latter had been looking after the interests of Major Washington out in the Ohio river country. They dined together that evening at the Crooked Billet and Solomon told him of his adventures in the West and frontier stories of the notorious one-legged robber, Mich Harpe, and his den on the shore of the Ohio and of the cunning of the outlaw in evading capture. Solomon read the girl's letter and said:

"If I was you I'd swim the big pond if necessary. This 'ere is a real stonk pore, four-masted wopen an' she wants you for captain. As the feller said when he seen a black fox, 'Come on, boys, it's time fer to wear out yer boots.'"  
"I'm tied to my job."  
"Then break yer halter," said Solomon.  
"I haven't money enough to get married and keep a wife."  
"What an ignorant cuss you be!" Solomon exclaimed. "You don't 'pear to know when ye're well off."  
"What do you mean?"  
"I mean that ye're wuth at least a thousand' pounds cash money."  
"I would not ask my father for help and I have only forty pounds in the bank," Jack answered.  
Solomon took out his wallet and removed from it a worn and soiled piece of paper and studied the memoranda it contained. Then he did some ciphering with a piece of lead. In a moment he said:

"You have got a thousand an' fifteen pounds an' six shillin' fer to do with as ye please an' no questions asked—nary one."  
"You mean you've got it."  
"Which means that Jack Irons owns it hide, horns an' taller."  
Tears came to the boy's eyes. He looked down for a moment without speaking. "Thank you, Solomon," he said presently. "I can't use your money. It wouldn't be right."  
Solomon shut one eye an' squinted with the other as if he were taking aim along the top of a gun barrel. Then he stooped his head and drawled:

"Cat's blood an' gunpowder! That 'ere slips me in the face an' kicks me on the shin," Solomon answered. "I've walked an' paddled eighty mile in a day an' been stabbed an' shot at an' had to run fer my life, which it ain't no fun—you hear to me. Who do ye s'pose I done it fer but you an' my kentry? There ain't nobody o' my name an' blood on this side o' the ocean—not nobody at all. An' if I kin't work fer you, Jack, I'd just er-bout as soon quit. This 'ere money ain't no good to me 'cept fer body cover an' powder an' balls. I'd as leave drop it in the river. It bothers me. I don't need it. When I git tum I go an' hide it in the bush somewhere—jest to git it out o' my way. I ben thinkin' all up the road from Virginia o' this 'ere good demnable money an' what I were a-goin' to do with it an' what it could do to me. An', sez I, I'm ergoin' to ask Jack to take it an' use it fer a wall 'twixt him an' trouble, an' the idee hurried me erlong—honest! Kind o' made me happy. Course, if I had a wife an' children, 'twould be different, but I ain't got no one. An' now ye tell me I don't want it, which it makes me feel lonesomer 'n a tarred Tory an' kind o' sorrowful—yes, sir, it does."  
Solomon's voice sank to a whisper. "Forgive me," said Jack. "I didn't know you felt that way. But I'm glad you do. I'll take it on the understanding that as long as I live what I have shall also be yours."  
"I've two hundred poun' an' six shillin' in my pocket an' a lot more hid in the bush. It's all yours to the last round penny. I reckon I'll purty nigh bridge the slough. I want ye to be married respectable like a gentleman

—slick duds, plenty o' cakes an' pies an' no slighlin' the minister er the rum bar!"  
"Major Washington give me a letter to take to Ben Franklin on t'other side o' the ocean. Ye see ev'ry letter that's sent ercross is opened an' read afore it gets to him essen it's guarded keeful. This 'ere one, I guess, has suthin' powerful secret in it. He pays all the bills. So I'll be goin' erlong with ye on the nex' ship an' when we git ther I want to shake hands with the gal and tell her how to make ye behave."  
That evening Jack went to the manager of the Gazette and asked for a six months' leave of absence.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Crossing.

There were curious events in the voyage of Jack and Solomon. They sailed on or about the eleventh of October, 1773. Their ship was the Snow which had arrived the week before with some fifty Irish servants, indentured for their passage. The food was of poor quality, the cooking a tax upon jaw, palate and digestion, the service unclear. When good weather came, by and by, and those who had not tasted food for days began to feel the pangs of hunger the ship was filled with a most passionate lot of pilgrims. It was then that Solomon presented the petition of the passengers to the captain.

"Cap'n, we're 'bout wore out with whale meat an' slobgollion. We're all down by the head."  
"So'm I," said the captain. "This 'ere man had a good recommend an' said he could cook perfect."  
"A man like that kin cook the passengers with their own heat," said Solomon. "I feel like my belly was full o' rocks. If you'll let me into the galley, I'll right ye up an' shift the way o' the wind an' the course o' the ship. I'll swing the bow toward heaven 'stead o' hell an' keep her p'lanted straight an' it won't cost ye a penny. They's too much swarin' on this 'ere ship. Can't nobody be a Christian with his guts a-billin'. His tongue'll break loose an' make his soul look like a waggin with a smashed wheel an' a bu'sted ax. A cook could do more good here than a minister."  
"Can you cook?"  
"You try me an' I'll agree to happy ye up so ye won't know yerself. Yer



ment won't be raw ner petrified an' there won't be no insects in the biscuit."  
So Solomon was installed as cook and happiness returned to the ship.  
In the course of the voyage they overhauled the Star, a four-masted ship bound from New York to Dover. For hours the two vessels were so close that the passengers engaged in a kind of battle. Those on the Star began it by hurling turnips at the men on the other ship who responded with a volley of apples. Solomon discerned on the deck of the stranger Captain Preston and an English officer of the name of Hawk whom he had known at Oswego and hailed them. Then said Solomon:

"It's a shiplond o' Tories who've had enough of Ameriky. They's a cuss on that tub that I helped put a coat o' tar an' feathers on in the Ohio kentry. He's the one with the black pipe in his mouth. I don't know his name but they use to call him Slops—the dirtiest, low-downdest, d-n Tory traitor that ever lived. Helped the Injuns out ther in the West. See that 'ere black pipe? A'lus carries it in his mouth 'cept when he's eatin'. I guess he goes to sleep with it. It's one o' the features o' his face. We tarred him plenty now you hear to me."

That evening a boat was lowered and the captain of the Snow crossed a hundred yards of quiet sea to dine with the captain of the Star in the cabin of the latter. Next day a stiff wind came out of the west.

Because he had to take off his coat while he was working in the galley, Solomon gave the precious letter into Jack's keeping.

About noon on the twenty-ninth of November they made Dover and anchored in the Downs. Deal was about three miles away and its boats came off for them. They made a circuit and

sailed close in shore. Each boat that went for passengers had its own landing. Its men threw a rope across the breakers. This was quickly put on a windlass. With the rope winding on its windlass the boat was slowly hauled through the surge, its occupants being drenched and sprinkled with salt water. They made their way to the inn of the Three Kings where two men stood watching as they approached. One of them Jack recognized as the man Slops with the black pipe in his mouth.

"That's him," said the man with the black pipe, pointing at Solomon, whereupon the latter was promptly arrested.

"What have I done?" he asked.  
"You'll learn directly at 'eadquarters," said the officer.

Solomon shook hands with Jack and said: "I'm glad I met ye," and turned and walked away with the two men. Jack was tempted to follow them, but feeling a hidden pulse in Solomon's conduct went into the inn.

So the friends parted, Jack being puzzled and distressed by the swift change in the color of their affairs. The letter to Doctor Franklin was in his pocket—a lucky circumstance. He decided to go to London and deliver the letter and seek advice regarding the relief of Solomon. At the desk in the lobby of the Three Kings he learned that he must take the post chaise for Canterbury, which would not be leaving until 6 p. m. This gave him time to take counsel in behalf of his friend. Turning toward the door, he met Captain Preston, who greeted him with great warmth and wished to know where was Major Binkus.

Jack told the captain of the arrest of his friend.  
"I expected it," said Preston. "So I have waited here for your ship. It's that mongrel chap on the Star who got a tarring from Binkus and his friends. He saw Binkus on your deck, as I did, and proclaimed his purpose. So I am here to do what I can to help you. I cannot forget that you two men saved my life. Are there any papers on his person which are likely to make him trouble?"  
"No," said Jack, thinking of the letter lying safely in his own pocket.  
"That's the important thing," Preston resumed. "Binkus is a famous scout who is known to be anti-British. Such a man coming here is supposed to be carrying papers. Between ourselves, they would arrest him on any pretext. You leave this matter in my hands. If he had no papers he'll be coming on in a day or two."  
"I'd like to go with you to find him," said Jack.

"Better not," Preston answered with a smile.  
"Why?"  
"Because I suspect you have the papers. They'll get you, too, if they learn you are his friend. Keep away from him. Sit quietly here in the inn until the post chaise starts for Canterbury. Don't let anyone pick a quarrel with you, and remember this is all a sacred confidence between friends."  
"I thank you and my heart is in every word," said Jack as he pressed the hand of the captain. "After all, friendship is a thing above politics—even the politics of these bitter days."

He sat down with a sense of relief and spent the rest of the afternoon reading the London papers, although he longed to go and look at the fortress of Deal Castle. He had tea at five and set out on the mail carriage, with his box and bag, an hour later. The road was rough and muddy, with deep holes in it. At one point the chaise rattled and bumped over a plowed field. Before dark he saw a man hanging in a gibbet by the roadside. At ten o'clock they passed the huge gate of Canterbury and drew up at an inn called the King's Head. The landlady and two waiters attended for orders. He had some supper and went to bed. Awakened at 5 a. m. by the sound of a bugle, he arose and dressed hurriedly and found the post chaise waiting. They went on the King's road from Canterbury and a mile out they came to a big, white gate in the dim light of the early morning.

A young man clapped his mouth to the window and shouted:  
"Sixpence, yer honor."  
It was a real turnpike and Jack stuck his head out of the window for a look at it. They stopped for breakfast at an inn far down the pike and went on through Sittingbourne, Faversham, Rochester and the lovely valley of the River Medway, of which Jack had read.

At every stop it amused him to hear the words "chaise an' pair," flying from host to waiter and waiter to hostler and back in the wink of an eye. Jack spent the night at the Rose in Dartford and went on next morning over Gadshill and Shootershill and Blackheath. Then the Thames and Greenwich and Deptford, from which he could see the crowds and domes and towers of the big city. A little past two o'clock he rode over London bridge and was set down at the Spread Eagle, where he paid a shilling a mile for his passage and ate his dinner.

Such, in those days, was the crossing and the trip up to London, as Jack describes it in his letters.

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. I congratulate you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### THE WEAKEST LINK

THE old story of the chain and its weakest link, quite as familiar to bright school children as are the names of William and Mary, gets but scant recognition from present-day folk, so occupied with frivolities that they have no inclination to look for the core in proverbs.  
"A chain is a chain," they will tell you, so why philosophize about its weakest link or the carelessness of a blacksmith!  
A good many of us are indisposed to search into the reason and nature of things because it involves a little real thinking.

We are strong and grand and noble. We have great affairs to handle, so why bother with antiquated saws which are apt to scrape our fine sensibilities or cut off a rotten bough or two of our self-esteem, which would never do, because we should be forever disgraced before our friends.

We hear a great deal about the "missing link," but little is said regarding the "weakest link," which really concerns the truly noble men and women who are seeking to brighten the world and make it better, by giving encouragement to the weaklings of humanity and helping them to become strong and self-dependent.

It is good to meet these humane people and hear them talk, praising others but never complimenting themselves. They realize the frailties that hold them back in their efforts to do good, but keep pressing forward, deaf to tattling tongues and doing the best they can.  
They know that somewhere in their

physical and moral make-up there is a weak link likely at any moment to snap. But this knowledge does not deter them from doing their full duty.

We, who doubt their sincerity, would be a sorry lot indeed if these good souls were not among us.

Without them our chain might break and our ship be lost, for we incline to obstinacy, snobbery, disbelief, irreverence, extravagance, looseness of speech, selfishness, hate, disrespect for the aged and disregard of the commandments.

There is a life of love and devotion, filled with well doing and an abundance of faith.

And ours, shame upon us, is just the opposite, held here by a chain of many weak links, liable to break at any hour and set us adrift upon a storming sea, unlighted by a single ray of hope!

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## THE WAY YOU ARE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IT'S the way you live, not the way you talk.  
Not the way you preach, but the way you walk.  
That the world will judge, whatever you claim,  
That the world will praise, or the world will blame.

It's the way you do, not the way you say,  
Not the way you spend, but the way you pay,  
It will like the least, or will like the most,  
It's the way you work, not the way you boast.

It's the way you sing, not the way you sigh,  
Not the way you whine, but the way you try,  
That will hold you down, or will help you far—  
Not the way you seem, but the way you are!

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## SCHOOL DAYS



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## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

### MR. SMILEY

THE lawn party became an impressive occasion when Mrs. Alexander King appeared on the arm of her son, John. Impressive, that is, to all but Mr. Smiley. Presently Mrs. King heard a stage whisper behind her: "Do you enjoy a joke?" She turned to find Mr. Smiley knocking out the rung of a camp stool so that anyone sitting down upon it would be precipitated to the ground.

"It's for John," he explained.  
Now Mrs. King did not wish to put John in the position of being protected by his mother; so she said nothing though she kept her eye on the "joke." Then someone came to speak to her, and she turned away. The next minute she heard a frightened cry. A distinguished French woman was visiting town at the time. And it was she, not John King, who had fallen victim to Mr. Smiley's American humor.

An evil fate seemed to pursue Mrs. King after that lawn party. About half way through the winter a business friend of her husband died, and out of respect to him she went to the funeral. She was ushered to a pew well forward. As she sat waiting for the service to begin, she noticed that someone else had slipped in beside her. She looked up, and to her horror, there was Smiley; and a glance at his countenance made her realize that his habit of banter was upon him. When she knelt for the prayer, she found that two cushions had been slipped before her; she was offered a hymnal upside down; and during the reading Smiley tried to show her caricatures of the mourners that he was drawing on the back of an old envelope.  
"We might as well see the funny

side," he whispered complacently. The very next day, as it happened, John King brought home to dinner an old college friend who had become a theatrical manager.

"Do you know a Mr. Smiley?" asked the theater man.  
Mrs. King shuddered.

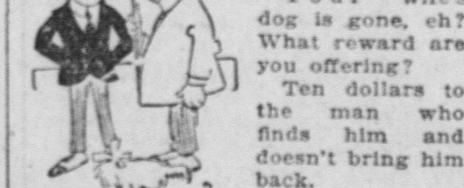
"Smiley wants a comedy part in our new play. I was interested to know he has your backing, Mrs. King."

John's friend went on deferentially.

"Mr. Smiley's part in my mind is pure tragedy," broke in Mrs. King with emphasis.  
"Oh, in that case, Smiley wouldn't do," ended the other.

And Smiley never knew why his histrionic ambitions had been so suddenly snuffed out, as he pursued unquenched his habit of trying to be funny.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?  
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### HOW HE FELT ABOUT IT.

Your wife's dog is gone, eh? What reward are you offering?  
Ten dollars to the man who finds him and doesn't bring him back.

## MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Very bossy—acts as if you were a machine; in fact, treats everyone that way. Rather stout, dresses quietly, doesn't stick at anything long, only has a job for a few months at a time, thinks he knows more than his superiors, gossips and gets in wrong all over the place. Talks in platitudes and thinks he is clever because he always has a pat remark. Think you can anchor him at one job.

IN FACT  
No dreadnaught anchor could keep him "put."

Prescription for bride-to-be:  
Gallons of stand-pat cocktails served at one time. Show him the boss isn't a boss because he knows nothing.

ABSORB THIS:  
The right platitude is no substitute for the right attitude.  
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## Mother's Cook Book

However it be, it seems to me 'Tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood. —Tennyson.

### VARIETY FOR YOUR TABLE

THE kind of food we serve to our families depends largely upon the family. If there are children in the family, they need plain, wholesome, easily-digested food. They also should have plenty of fruit and vegetables. During the warm weather a day without meat is advisable and all meats should be cut down in quantity. The overfat are much better if they will go without a meal occasionally. Letting the digestive tract have a rest.

Butter, cream and rich foods should be avoided by those who are inclined to put on weight. Starchy foods, like potatoes, should be eaten sparingly.

Nitrogenous foods are easily decomposed, especially during the warm weather. The by-products from this decomposition are more or less poisonous and care should be used in serving all such foods.

Graham Gems.  
Take one cupful each of graham

flour and sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Mix and drop into well-buttered gem pans and bake in a moderate oven. This amount makes six good-sized gems.

### Baked Chicken in Milk.

One may use skim milk for this dish if there is any reason to cut down on the fat for the family. Prepare the chicken as for fricassee. Place in a baking dish after it has been rolled in seasoned flour and fried a delicate brown in butter. Cover with sweet milk and bake for several hours in a moderate oven. The milk will cook down and with the flour make a delicious gravy to serve with the chicken.

### Fruit Cream.

Break one egg white into a bowl, add one-half glass of jelly and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat until stiff enough to stand. Serve in sherbet cups topped with sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Neenie Maxwell  
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## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't suppose it really makes much difference who is prime minister of England, as long as King George is there to run things.  
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