

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER
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"BE YE HIT!"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1782, 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 a doctor for Margaret's hand. A letter received from Washington to be carried across the ocean, and Jack sails with him. Arriving in England, Binkus is arrested, but Jack has the letter and proceeds to London. Jack delivers the papers to Franklin in London. Binkus is released and joins them in the great city. Jack orders fashionable clothes. Jack and Margaret meet and are more in love than ever, but Colonel Hare is not eager for the marriage. Franklin's efforts to obtain better treatment for the colonies are futile. He evades the attempt of the king's men to "tow him into port." War becomes imminent. General Clarke calls the Yankees over to Jack's hearing. The young American demands a retraction. Lionel Clarke, the general's son, and a savior for Margaret's hand, takes up the quarrel.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Captain Preston went with Solomon Binkus next day to the address on the "ard of Lieutenant Clarke. It was the house of the general, who was waiting with his son in the reception room. They walked together to the Amack club. The general was self-contained. It would seem that his had opinion of Yankees was not quite so comprehensive as it had been. The whole proceeding went forward with the utmost politeness.

"General, Mr. Binkus and John Irons, Jr., are my friends," said Captain Preston.

"Indeed!" the general answered.

"Yes, and they are friends of England. They saved my neck in America. I have assured young Irons that your words, if they were correctly reported to me, were spoken in haste, and that they do not express your real opinion."

"And what, sir, were the words reported to you?" the general asked.

Preston repeated them.

"That is my opinion."

"It is mine also," young Clarke declared.

Solomon's face changed quickly. He took deliberate aim at the enemy and drawled:

"Can't be yer opinion is wuth more than the lives o' these young fellers that's goin' to fight."

"Gentlemen, you will save time by dropping all thought of apologies," said the general.

"Then it only remains for you to choose your weapons and agree with us as to time and place," said Preston.

"I choose pistols," said the young Britisher. "The time and place may suit your convenience, so it be soon and not too far away."

"Let us say the cow wallow on Shooter's hill, near the oaks, at sunrise tomorrow," Preston proposed.

"I agree," the lieutenant answered.

"Whatever comes of it, let us have secrecy and all possible protection from each side to the other when the affair is ended," said Preston.

"I agree to that also," was the answer of young Clarke.

When they were leaving, Solomon said to Preston: "That 'ere gin'ral is as big as Goliath."

CHAPTER IX

The Encounter.

Solomon, Jack and their friend left London that afternoon in the saddle and took lodgings at The Rose and Garter, less than a mile from the scene appointed for the encounter. That morning the Americans had sent a friend of Preston by post chaise to Deal, with Solomon's luggage. Preston had also engaged the celebrated surgeon, Doctor Brooks, to spend the night with them so that he would be sure to be on hand in the morning. The doctor had officiated at no less than a dozen duels and enjoyed these affairs so keenly that he was glad to give his help without a fee. The party had gone out in the saddle because Preston had said that the horses might be useful.

So, having discussed the perils of the immediate future, they had done all it was in their power to do to prepare for them. Late that evening the general and his son and four other gentlemen arrived at The Rose and Garter. Certain of them had spent the afternoon in the neighborhood shooting birds and rabbits.

Solomon got back to bed early and sat for a time in their room tinkering with the pistols. When the locks were working "right," as he put it, he polished their grips and barrels.

Jack awoke suddenly and opened his eyes. The candle was lighted. Solomon

was leaning over him. He was drawing on his trousers.

"Come, my son," said the scout in a gentle voice. "They ain't a cloud an' the moon has got a smile on her face. Come, my young David. Here's the breeches an' the purty stockin's an' shoes, an' the lily white shirt. Slip 'em on an' we'll kneel down an' have a word o' prayer. This 'ere ain't no common fight. It's a battle with tyranny. It's like the fight o' David an' Goliath. Here's yer o' sling waitin' fer ye!"

Solomon felt the pistols and stroked their grips with a loving hand.

Side by side they knelt by the bed together for a moment of silent prayer.

Others were stirring in the inn. They could hear footsteps and low voices in a room near them. Jack put on his suit of brown velvet and his white silk stockings and best linen, which he had brought in a small bag. Jack was looking at the pistols, when there came a rap at the door. Preston entered with Doctor Brooks.

"We are to go out quietly ahead of the others," said the captain. "They will follow in five minutes."

Solomon had put on the old hanger which had come to England with him in his box. He put the pistols in his pocket and they left the inn by a rear door. A groom was waiting there with the horses saddled and bridled. They mounted them and rode to the field of honor. When they dismounted on the ground chosen, the day was dawning, but the great oaks were still waist deep in gloom. It was cold.

Preston called his friends to his side and said:

"You will fight at twenty paces. I shall count three and when I drop my handkerchief you are both to fire."

Solomon turned to Jack and said: "If ye fire quick mebbe ye'll take the crook out o' his finger 'fore it has time to pull."

The other party was coming. There were six men in it. The general and his son and one other were in military dress. The general was chatting with



a friend. The pistols were loaded by Solomon and General Clarke, while each watched the other. The lieutenant's friends and seconds stood close together laughing at some jest.

"That's funny, I'll say, what—what!" said one of the gentlemen.

Jack turned to look at him, for there had been a curious infection in his "what, what!" He was a stout, highly colored man with large, staring gray eyes. The young American wondered where he had seen him before.

Preston paced the ground and laid down strips of white ribbon marking the distance which was to separate the principals. He summoned the young men and said: "Gentlemen, is there no way in which your honor can be satisfied without fighting?"

They shook their heads.

"Your stations have been chosen by lot. Irons, yours is there. Take your ground, gentlemen."

The young men walked to their places and at this point the graphic Major Solomon Binkus, whose keen eyes observed every detail of the scene, is able to assume the position of narrator, the words which follow being from a letter he wrote to John Irons of Albany.

"Our young David stood up thar as straight an' han'some as a young spruce on a still day—not a quiver in ary twig. The Clarke boy was a leetle pale an' when he raised his pistol I could see a twitch in his lips. He looked kind o' stiff. I see they was one thing 'bout shootin' he hadn't learnt. It don't do to deny it—'cause a gun don't allus have to be p'inted careful to kill a man."

"We all stood watchin' every move. I could hear a bird singin' twenty rod—'twere that still. Preston stood a leetle out o' line 'bout half-way betwixt 'em. Up came his hand with the han'kerchief in it. Then Jack raised his pistol and took a peek down the line he wanted. The han'kerchief was in the air. Don't seem so it had fell an inch when the pistols went pop! pop! Jack's hollered west. Clarke's pistol fell. His arm dropped an' swung limp as a rope's end. His hand turned red an' blood began to

spurt above it. I see Jack's bullet had jumped into his right wrist an' tore it wide open. The lieutenant staggered, bleedin' like a stuck whale. He'd 'a' gone to the ground, but his friends grabbed him. I run to Jack.

"Be ye hit? I says.

"I think his bullet teched me a little on the top o' the left shoulder," says he.

"I see his coat were tore an' we took it off an' the jacket, an' I ripped the shirt some an' see that the bullet had kind o' scuffed its foot on him goin' by, an' left a track in the skin. It didn't mount to nothin'. The Doctor washed it off an' put a plaster on."

"Looks as if he'd drawn a line on yer heart an' yer bullet had lifted his aim," I says. "Ye shoot quick, Jack, an' mebbe that's what saved ye."

"It looked kind o' neevarious like that 'ere Englishman had intended they was goin' to be one Yankee less. Jack put on his jacket an' his coat an' we stepped over to see how they was gettin' erlong with the other feller. The two doctors was tryin' fer to fix his arm and he was groanin' severe. Jack leaned over and looked at him.

"I'm sorry," he says. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, sir. You've done enuff," growled the old general.

"One o' his party stepped up to Jack. He were dressed like a high-up officer in the army. They was a curious look in his eyes—kind o' skered like. Seemed so I'd seen him afore somewhere.

"I fancy ye're a good shot, sir—a good shot, sir—what—what?" he says to Jack, an' the words come as fast as a bird's twitter.

"I've had a lot o' practice," says our boy.

"Kin ye kill that bird—what—what?" says he, p'intin' at a hawk that were a-cuttin' circles in the air.

"If he comes clus' 'nough," says Jack.

"I passed him the loaded pistol. In 'bout two seconds he lifted it and bang she went, an' down come the hawk."

"Them fellers all looked at one 'nother."

"Gin'ral, shake hands with this 'ere boy," says the man with the skered eyes. "If he is a Yankee he's a decent lad—what—what?"

"The gin'ral shook hands with Jack an', says he: 'Young man, I have no doubt o' yer curidge or yer decency.'

"A grand pair o' hosses an' a closed coach druv up an' the ol' what-whiter an' two other men got into it an' hustled off 'cross the field towards the pike which it looked as if they was in a hurry. 'Fore he were out o' sight a military ambulance druv up. Preston come over to us an' says he:

"We better be goin'."

"Do ye know who he were?" asks Jack.

"If ye know ye better fergit it," says Preston.

"How could I? He were the King o' England," says Jack. "I knowed him by the look o' his eyes."

"Sart'in sure," says I. "He's the man that was bein' toted in a chair."

"Hush! I tell ye to fergit it," says Preston.

"I can fergit all but the fact that he behaved like a gentleman," says Jack.

"I s'pose he were usin' his private brain," says I.

This, with some slight changes in spelling, paraphrasing and punctuation, is the account which Solomon Binkus gave of the most exciting adventure these two friends had met with.

Preston came to Jack and whispered: "The outcome is a great surprise to the other side. Young Clarke is a dead shot. An injured officer of the English army may cause unexpected embarrassment. But you have time enough and no haste. You can take the post chaise and reach the ship well ahead of her sailing."

"I am of a mind not to go with you," Jack said to Solomon. "When I go, I shall take Margaret with me."

So it happened that Jack returned to London while Solomon waited for the post chaise to Deal.

"Margaret, I want to take you to America—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Red Light Traps Insects

A means for combating the winged insect pests of tropical regions has been evolved, by means of which the flying bugs are lured into a deadly bath of acid and either drowned or asphyxiated by the fumes.

It was found that red light served as an almost irresistible lure for the night-flyers.

A red electric bulb, or a lantern with a red globe, is placed near the vessel containing the acid solution. As the pests fly to the light the fumes destroy them even though they may not actually fall into the bath.

To protect human beings from possible accidental contact with the acid bath, the liquid is placed in a wide-mouthed bottle, to which is attached a funnel with a very broad flaring cone. The light is suspended directly over this funnel, and the insects, stupefied by the acid fumes, fall into it and so into the acid bath.—New York World.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

To stimulate the appetite and keep the system in good condition, fresh fruits and vegetables should be served. A little green food of some kind, if nothing but a leaf of lettuce or a bit of crisp cabbage, should be eaten daily. Radishes are a tonic and blood sweetener, eat them often.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Large straw berries, powdered sugar. Dinner: Celery soup. Supper: Layer cake.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Minced chicken on toast. Dinner: Baked potatoes, dumplings and steak. Supper: Macaroni and cheese.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Toast and eggs. Dinner: Pork chops. Supper: Ham toast.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Cream of wheat, berries. Dinner: Roast of beef. Supper: Tomato soup.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Bacon and corn gems. Dinner: Mashed potatoes, sliced roast. Supper: Ginger bread.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Poached eggs. Dinner: Fish chowder. Supper: Sardines on toast.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Griddle cakes, maple sirup. Dinner: Bean soup. Supper: Fish salad.

Celery Soup.

Cut a pint of celery into small pieces and cook in a quart of water until tender. Put the celery through a coarse sieve, add the celery liquor and a pint of rich chicken broth. Season well and bind with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour cooked together. Add a pinch of mace and serve hot.

Beefsteak With Dumplings.

Cook a good round steak in a hot frying pan on one side until well done. Season well, then cover with boiling water and add the dumplings made as follows: Take one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-third of a cupful of milk, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of fat. Drop by teaspoonfuls on the steak and cover tightly. Steam twenty minutes.

Ham Toast.

Butter rounds of bread and spread half of them with minced ham which has been moistened with cream, tomato sauce and mustard; make into sandwiches and press together. Beat one egg slightly, add enough milk to soak the sandwiches well and fry until brown in butter.

"Think not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; select the best and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not."

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

Now that the luscious pineapple is so plentiful let us use it often in various dishes as well as "putting it up" for winter use. In preparing pineapple it is said that, cut from stem to blossom end, avoiding the core, the slices will be more delicious than when cut round.

Pineapple-Strawberry Cocktail.—Cut large berries in halves, put a few into cocktail glasses; sprinkle with powdered sugar and add crushed or grated pineapple to fill the glasses. On top place a whole, perfect berry. Chill thoroughly before serving.

Pineapple Fluff.—Take one pint of preserved pineapple; soak overnight with a pound of marshmallows, quartered. Whip one pint of double cream very stiff and add the other two ingredients; beat well to mix, and chill before serving.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Select small-sized tomatoes, cut a slice from the top and remove the centers. Fill with chopped cucumber seasoned with onion and a bit of green pepper, if liked, and add salad dressing to taste. Fill the tomatoes and chill before serving.

Cheese and Pineapple Sandwiches.—Mash one large cream cheese; add one-quarter of a cupful of heavy cream, whipped. Add an equal measure of finely-chopped pineapple and, when well-mixed, spread on thin slices of bread which have been covered with mayonnaise dressing. Put together with a lettuce leaf dipped in mayonnaise.

Strawberry and Pineapple Jelly.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water for five minutes. Place in a saucepan over the fire one cupful each of strawberry and pineapple juice. When the mixture boils, stir in the gelatin and one-quarter cupful of sugar. Tinge with a bit of green coloring. Fill individual molds two-thirds full. When firm, drop in large strawberries dipped in sugar. Serve, when molded, with whipped cream.

Southern Batter Bread.—Take one cupful of cornmeal, two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of water, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add the beaten yolks to the cornmeal which has been cooked slowly with the milk after being mixed with the water. Brush a baking dish with butter, combine with the egg whites and bake 40 minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

Summer Tailleur Is Paris Feature

Garment Is Patterned Along Same Lines as Popular Spring Mode.

The summer tailleur is patterned along the same general lines as its spring predecessor, but it embodies two essential variations—fabric and coat length, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune.

Obviously the woolen materials of the early tailored mode are not particularly adaptable to the more sultry moments of the summer and as a consequence these have been deposed in favor of silk. The smartest constructions are the silk crepe alpaca and taffeta weaves and it is important that heavy threads be used in their manufacture, inasmuch as the straight lines of the tailleur cannot be maintained with lightweight fabrics. For sports wear, flannel has developed an unusual vogue.

As to the coat, the short, hip-length type has been succeeded by the three-quarters model, although the more abbreviated coat is still far from the ranks of the demodee.

The silhouette and general details of the summer tailored mode continue to be very plain and unaffectedly simple.

Collars and cuffs, figured organdie or embroidered lawn are a feminizing influence on the O'Rossen type suit, and in conjunction with these an ensemble effect is developed by adding hats and parasols of the same material as the costume. Molyneux is showing some charming accessories made of these sheer cotton fabrics, usually in bright colors. A very striking ensemble from this designer features a suit of dark blue popalga contrastingly trimmed with a collar



Three-Quarters Coat of Cretone in Printed Floral Design.

and cuffs of cherry-colored organdie embroidered in white. The note of identity is extended to the hat and parasol, which are also made of the embroidered organdie.

Fancy gloves accompany the simplest tailleurs, and the gauntlet type retains its place at the top. These gloves are ornamented with stitching on the back to contrast with the color of the glove itself, the same color theme being emphasized in the lining of the gauntlet, which is also in a directly opposite shade.

Popular Chiffon Dress Can Be Made at Home

A woman with ability as seamstress can duplicate many of the chiffon dresses popular at present. The majority of these models are made almost exactly on the lines of the bungalow apron. The silhouette is absolutely straight from neck line to hem. The material is from 40 to 44 inches wide, and the amount remaining after the front and back breadths have been laid upon the pattern and cut is used for trimming.

This remnant, averaging about 18 inches in width, is usually three to three and a half yards long. On one model shown in a smart shop an end of this piece is affixed in cape fashion from the left armpit to the right shoulder across the back. From the right shoulder it is allowed to drop in a graceful drape effect to the skirt hem, where it is doubled back, caught at the right hip and draped across the front to the left hip in apron effect.

On another model the remnant is split into four panels, the edges of each picoté. Two are stitched to the waistline at each hip, allowing the material to fall into four graceful panels to the skirt hem. Plaid designs are being extensively used for these dresses.

Flower Trimmed Hats Again

After a period of hats comparatively untrimmed there is a concerted effort to bring back the flower trimmed midsummer hat. Those of yellow straw ornamented with field flowers are particularly attractive and flattering.

Dainty Tea Apron Can Be Made by Seamstress

Most housewives like dainty tea aprons. Here is one that fills that requirement and is easy to make. Cut the pattern out of paper first; cut until you get it to fit the way you wish. The shape of the pattern is shown in the illustration. Lay the pattern on your material. Use silk, very sheer organdie or voile. Mark around the pattern with pencil. Have the whole thing picoté. That is, have it hemstitched along the pencil marks. Then cut through the hemstitching. This



Showing Shape of Pattern and Completed Apron.

gives a picot edge. The upper bands cross at the back. Sew the lower part of a snap fastener to each of these straps, and the corresponding part to the underside of the tie strings where they meet the shoulder straps. An apron like this makes a nice gift.—Kansas City Star.

New Line Is Creeping Into That Silhouette

Unquestionably there is a new line creeping into the silhouette, notes a writer in the Kansas City Star. Not that the perfectly straight frock has been ousted from the ranks of fashion, but it has given way a bit to influences. On more than one of the most recent acquisitions to collections of summer models there is unmistakable evidence that designers have recognized the fact that women have a waistline. These frocks have a certain slim, rather tight look at the waist and hips, and below this the skirt flares until it is quite wide about the hem.

One sees this newer note in afternoon and evening gowns more often than in street costumes which still adhere to a straight slender line. Recently there have been shown a number of lovely dance frocks with straight plain bodices and wide skirts that flare gradually from the waist to the hem. One charming model has a foundation slip of flesh color chiffon delicately embroidered in gold. The overdress is of light brown tulle with a full skirt picoté at the lower edge. The fullness is arranged at each side, leaving the front and back flat. At the waistline in front are three large gold flowers.

This season calls attention to the bright shade of blue that is so much in vogue at the moment. Fashioned of chiffon, the skirt of circular tendencies is composed of many layers of chiffon, which gives a particularly graceful effect and an indescribable softness. Drooping sprays of flowers of an exquisite shrimp pink are the only trimming, but the color effect is remarkably attractive.

In these days of sudden changes it is difficult to keep fabrics in their place. Those that once were looked upon as purely utilitarian suddenly make their appearance in circles far removed from their former sphere, while materials once considered appropriate only for occasions of ceremony now are used for sports costumes or those of equal informality.

Brown in All Its Moods and Tenses Now Is Rage

The quiet colors and soft shades and blendings are the smart things for summer, brown in all of its tints being the last whisper in style, says the New York Times. There is all the family of brown in its moods and tenses—tete de negre, havana, nut-brown, wood-brown, beige, cocoa, champagne, in soft kid trimmed with glace kid, lizard skin or any one of the many novel leathers in a deeper or contrasting shade. These are far better style than the combinations that mark abrupt contrasts, for the shoe designer has succeeded in convincing his patrons that uniformity and harmonious blending are more complimentary to the size and shape of the foot than the treatment which makes sharp outlines.

All of the new shapes give a more slender appearance to the foot. Though brown is having such a smart vogue, gray is coming into prominence, and some of the finest and dressiest shoes are shown in oriental gray. It is particularly good with the summer colors in gowns. The most charming styles in hosiery are imported to wear with brown in all its shades, and now come gray sheer lustrous hose. For, as has been repeatedly emphasized, it is settled that shoes and stockings must match.

Waistcoat of Flannel

The popularity of the waistcoat grows apace, and as the season advances it is seen to advantage with the separate skirt that is plaited or wrapped. A smart little waistcoat of flannel in powder blue is bound with white and fastened with one button.