

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER X

—11—

The Lady of the Hidden Face.

Next morning at ten, the door boy at his lodgings informed Jack that a lady was waiting to see him in the parlor. The lady was deeply veiled. She did not speak, but arose as he entered the room and handed him a note. She was tall and erect with a fine carriage. Her silence was impressive, her costume admirable.

The note in a script unfamiliar to the young man was as follows: "You will find Margaret waiting in a coach at eleven today at the corner of Harley street and Twickenham road."

The veiled lady walked to the door and turned and stood looking at him. Her attitude said clearly: "Well, what is your answer?"

"I will be there at eleven," said the young man.

The veiled lady nodded, as if to indicate that her mission was ended, and withdrew.

Jack was thrilled by the information, but wondered why it was so wrapped in mystery. Not ten minutes had passed after the departure of the veiled lady when a messenger came with a note from Sir Benjamin Hare.

In a cordial tone, it invited Jack to breakfast at the Almack club at twelve-thirty. The young man returned his acceptance by the same messenger, and in his best morning suit went to meet Margaret.

A cab conveyed him to the corner named. There was the coach with shades drawn low, waiting. A footman stood near it. The door was opened and he saw Margaret looking out at him and shaking her hand.

"You see what a sly thing I am!" she said when, the greetings over, he sat by her side and the coach was moving. "A London girl knows how to get her way. She is terribly wise, Jack."

"But, tell me, who was the veiled lady?"

"A go-between. She makes her living that way. She is wise, discreet and reliable. There is employment for many such in this wicked city. I feel disgraced, Jack. I hope you will not think that I am accustomed to dark and secret ways. This has worried and distressed me, but I had to see you."

"And I was longing for a look at you," he said.

"I was sure you would not know how to pull these ropes of intrigue. I have heard all about them. I couldn't help that, you know, and be a young lady who is quite alive."

"Our time is short and I have much to say," said Jack. "I am to breakfast with your father at the Almack club at twelve-thirty."

She clasped her hands and said, with a laughing face, "I knew he would ask you!"

"Margaret, I want to take you to America with the approval of your father, if possible, and without it, if necessary."

"I think you will get his approval," said the girl, with enthusiasm. "He has heard all about the duel. He says every one he met, of the court party, last evening, was speaking of it. They agree that the old general needed that lesson. Jack, how proud I am of you!"

She pressed his hand in both of hers.

"I couldn't help knowing how to shoot," he answered. "And I would not be worthy to touch this fair hand of yours if I had failed to resent an insult."

"Although he is a friend of the general, my father was pleased," she went on. "He calls you a good sport. A young man of high spirit who is not to be played with, that is what he said. Now, Jack, if you do not stick too hard on principles—if you can yield only a little, I am sure he will let us be married."

"I am eager to hear what he may say now," said Jack. "Whatever it may be, let us stick together and go to America and be happy. It would be a dark world without you. May I see you tomorrow?"

"At the same hour and place," she answered.

They talked of the home they would have in Philadelphia and planned its garden, Jack having told of the site he had bought with great trees and a river view. They spent an hour which lent its abundant happiness to many a long year and when they parted, soon after twelve o'clock, Jack hurried away to keep his appointment.

Sir Benjamin received the young man with a warm greeting and friendly words. Their breakfast was served in a small room where they were alone together, and when they were seated the baronet observed:

"I have heard of the duel. It has set some of the best tongues in England wagging in praise of the Yankee boy. One would scarcely have expected that."

"No, I was prepared to run for my life—not that I planned to do any great damage," said Jack.

"You can shoot straight—that is evident. They call your delivery of that bullet swift, accurate and merciful. Your behavior has pleased some very

eminent people. The blustering talk of the general excites no sympathy here. In London, strangers are not likely to be treated as you were."

"If I did not believe that I should be leaving it," said Jack. "I should not like to take up dueling for an amusement, as some men have done in France."

"You are a well-built man inside and out," Sir Benjamin answered. "You might have a great future in England. I speak advisedly."

Their talk had taken a turn quite unexpected. It flattered the young man. He blushed and answered: "Sir Benjamin, I have no great faith in my talents."

"On terms which I would call easy, you could have fame, honor and riches, I would say."

"At present I want only your daughter. As to the rest, I shall make myself content with what may naturally come to me."

"And let me name the terms on which I should be glad to welcome you to my family."

"What are the terms?" "Loyalty to your king and a will to understand and assist his plans."

"I could not follow him unless he will change his plans."

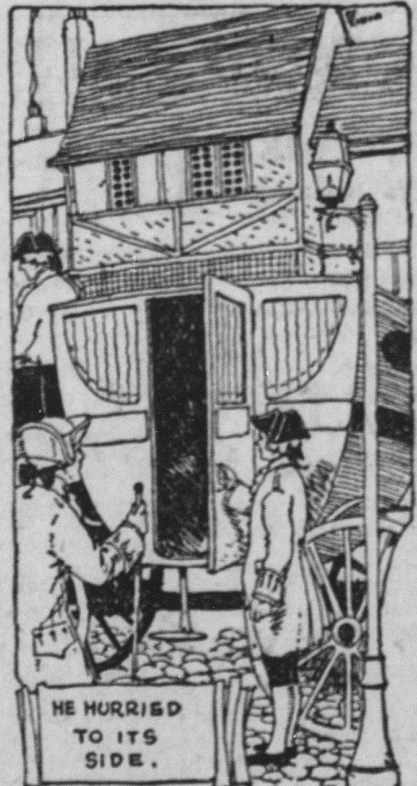
The baronet put down his fork and looked up at the young man. "Do you really mean what you say?" he demanded. "Is it so difficult for you to do your duty as a British subject?"

"Sir Benjamin, always I have been taught that it is the duty of a British subject to resist oppression. The plans of the king are oppressive. I cannot fall in with them. I love Margaret as I love my life, but I must keep myself worthy of her. If I could think so well of my conduct, it is because I have principles that are inviolable."

"At least I hope you would promise me not to take up arms against the king."

"Please don't ask me to do that. It would grieve me to fight against England. I hope it may never be, but I would rather fight than submit to tyranny."

The baronet made no reply to this declaration so firmly made. A new look came into his face. Indignation and resentment were there, but he did



not forget the duty of a host. He began to speak of other things. The breakfast went on to its end in an atmosphere of cool politeness.

When they were out upon the street together, Sir Benjamin turned to him and said:

"Now that we are on neutral ground, I want to say that you Americans are a stiff-necked lot of people. You are not like any other breed of men. I am done with you. My way cannot be yours. Let us part as friends and gentlemen ought to part. I say goodbye with a sense of regret. I shall never forget your service to my wife and daughter."

"Think not of that," said the young man. "What I did for them I would do for any one who needed my help."

"I have to ask you to give up all hope of marrying my daughter."

"That I cannot do," said Jack. "Over that hope I have no control. I might as well promise not to breathe."

"But I must ask you to give me your word as a gentleman that you will hold no further communication with her."

"Sir Benjamin, I shall be frank with you. It is an unfair request. I cannot agree to it."

"What do you say?" the Englishman asked in a tone of astonishment, and his query was emphasized with a firm tap of his cane on the pavement.

"I hate to displease you, sir, but if I made such a promise, I would be sure to break it."

"Then, sir, I shall see to it that you have no opportunity to oppose my will."

In spite of his fine restraint, the eyes of the baronet glowed with anger, and he quickly turned from the young man and hurried away.

Jack turned his steps toward Franklin's door.

"I am like the linn of Goshen amid

the plagues of Egypt," said Franklin, when the young man was admitted to his office. "My gout is gone and I am in good spirits in spite of your adventure."

"And I suppose you will scold me for the adventure."

"You will scold yourself when the consequences have arrived. They will be sure to give you a spanking. The deed is done, and well done. On the whole I think it has been good for the cause, but bad for you."

"Why?" "You may have to run out of England to save your neck and the face of the king. He was there, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"The injured lad is in a bad way. The wound caught an infection. Intense fever and swelling have set in. I helped Sir John Pringle to amputate the arm this afternoon, but even that may not save the patient. Here is a storm to warn the wandering linnet to his shade. A ship goes tomorrow evening. Get ready to take it. In that case your marriage will have to be delayed. Rash men are often compelled to live on hope and die fasting."

"With Sir Benjamin, the duel has been a help instead of a hindrance," said the young man. "My stubborn soul has been the great obstacle."

Then he told of his interview with Sir Benjamin Hare.

Franklin put his hand on Jack's shoulder and said with a smile: "My son, I love you. I could wish you to be no different. Cheer up. Time will lay the dust, and perhaps sooner than you think."

"I hope to see Margaret tomorrow morning."

"Ah, then, what Grecian arts of soft persuasion?" Franklin quoted. "I hope that she, too, will follow the great star in the West!"

"I hope so, but I greatly fear that our meeting will be prevented."

CHAPTER XI

The Departure.

That evening Jack received a brief note from Preston. It said:

"I learn that you're Clarke is very ill. I think you would better get out of England for fear of what may come. A trial would be apt to cause embarrassment in high places. Can I give you assistance?"

Jack returned this note by the same messenger:

"Thanks, good friend, I shall go as soon as my business is finished, which I hope may be tomorrow."

Just before the young man went to bed a brief note arrived from Margaret. It read:

"Dearest Jack. My father has learned of our meeting yesterday and of how it came about. He is angry. He forbids another meeting. I shall not submit to his tyranny. We must assert our rights like good Americans. I have a plan. You will learn of it when we meet tomorrow at eleven. Do not send an answer. Lovingly, MARGARET."

He slept little, and in the morning awoke with keen impatience the hour of his appointment.

On his way to the place he heard a newsboy shouting the word "duel" and "Yankee," followed by the suggestive statement: "Bloody murder in high life."

Evidently Lionel Clarke had died of his wound. He saw people standing in groups and reading the paper. He began to share the nervousness of Preston and the wise, far-seeing Franklin.

He jumped into a cab and was at the corner some minutes ahead of time. Precisely at eleven he saw the coach draw near. He hurried to its side. The footman dismounted and opened the door. Inside he saw, not Margaret, but the lady of the hidden face. "You are to get in, sir, and make a little journey with the madame," said the footman.

Jack got into the coach. Its door closed, the horses started with a jump and he was on his way whither he knew not. Nor did he know the reason for the rapid pace at which the horses had begun to travel.

"If you do not mind, sir, we will not lift the shades," said the veiled lady, as the coach started. "We shall see Margaret soon, I hope."

She had a colorless, cold voice and what was then known in London as the "patrician manner." Her tone and silence seemed to say: "Please remember this is all a matter of business and not a highly agreeable business to me."

"Where is Margaret?" he asked. "A long way from here. We shall meet her at The Ship and Anchor in Gravesend. She will be making the journey by another road."

She had answered in a voice as cold as the day and in the manner of one who had said quite enough.

"Where is Gravesend?" "On the Thames near the sea," she answered briskly, as if in pity of his ignorance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Road Bores 23 Tunnels

In building a state railway 100 miles long in Norway 23 tunnels with a total length of five miles had to be bored and 57 bridges constructed.



THE CALF

"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Cow. "My child is so beautiful."

The calf looked at his mother and his eyes seemed to say: "Am I, really, mother, dear? Well, that is very pleasant news. I am glad that you are proud of me."

"Oh, so proud of you, my dear," said Mrs. Cow. "Moo, moo, you have no idea."

"Of course, you are no longer my baby. You are growing to be pretty big now."

"I haven't the sorrow that mothers must have when they see their babies grow out of their cunning long clothes and have to wear short ones."

"I have seen the mother in the farmhouse, and she really seemed quite sad at first when her baby was no longer wearing long clothes."

"She said: 'He isn't a baby any more.' 'But then she seemed to cheer up right away again, for she seemed to



"My Child is So Beautiful."

be so proud of her baby in the short clothes, too!

"You never wore long clothes, my love. That is where a calf baby is different from other babies."

"I didn't think you would like long clothes, and so I never made you wear any."

"I can't imagine just what a calf baby would look like in long dresses."

"I think it would be most uncomfortable. Of course, if you only had two legs it wouldn't be quite so awkward, that wouldn't do at all."

"Then, too, it is not the cow custom for the calves to wear long dresses when they are babies."

"They never have, and I am not going to start a fashion which would be very foolish for cows to adopt."

"Still, you have outgrown many of your little baby ways. You are getting to be really big."

"Before long you will be really grownup. Oh, yes, I will have to see you grow out of baby calfhood into a big, big animal."

"You will be splendid looking. You will be fine. You will be strong and healthy and you will be much admired."

"But you won't be my baby any more."

The calf nestled down near his mother and his mother put her head down on his dear calf body.

"For a time, though, you will be my baby calf boy and I will be able to pet you and love you and tell you stories of the sweet breezes and the pleasant stream and the river and the meadow and the woods in the distance."

"I will be able to tell you stories of other calves and of the ways of calves."

"I will be able to tell you of the farmer and his wife and of his children and of how good they are to us."

"I will be able to tell you of the good meadow food we have and of the beautiful grazing there is to be found around here."

"I will be able to watch over you while you sleep and in my cow fashion I will sing you a little cow lullaby."

"Some never know that, either aloud or to herself, many a cow mother sings this lullaby to her child."

"I will sing it to you now, before you grow too big for a lullaby, for you are almost too old for it now. Almost—but not quite!"

So Mrs. Cow sang the lullaby to her calf, and this was the way it went: "Moo, moo, my little baby, Moo, moo, my own calf child, Moo, moo, you're mother's darling, So gentle as yet, not the least bit wild."

Moo, moo, my own little baby, Moo, moo, my dear, sweet young calf, I never could tell you of all my love, No, I never could tell you even of half!

All the Same

Mother—Where did you get that dime? Daughter—That's the one you gave me to put in the collection at church.

Mother—Why didn't you do it? Daughter—Why, I thought I'd buy ice cream with it and let the ice cream man give it to the church.

How Billy Broke Her Doll

A little girl ran into the house crying bitterly, and her mother asked her what was the matter.

"Billy has broken my dolly," she sobbed.

"How did he break it?" asked her mother.

"I hit him on the head with it," was the answer.

Exquisite Boudoir Apparel; Simply Trimmed and Beltless

WHAT an exquisite role color is playing throughout the galaxy of beautiful boudoir apparel which lures womanhood to spend and spend and then long for more to spend.

A strictly conservative order of dress maintained in the away-from-home daytime hours is almost a sure sign when it comes to one's boudoir apparel to result in a complete reac-

eral of the popular pastel tones. As spontaneous and as unaffected as childhood itself are the frocks designed for wee daughter this season. The beltless mode accents childish grace and it is this type which fashion favors most for little girls. Simplicity is also emphasized throughout all trimming and this also lends fascination to youthful summer models.



Charming Boudoir Costume.

tion toward the most frivolous and loveliest of garments one's imagination may picture.

This is as it should be, according to the psychologists, who tell us that the clothes we wear have much to do with our poise and well-being. Lace, color and sheer caressing silken fabric—what power there is in this trio of loveliness to quiet "nerves" and coax serenity of mind.

An unfailing antidote to one's vexation of spirit is a beautiful chiffon robe of filmy georgette, orchid shade, or peach pink, if you prefer, plaited for the underslip as the picture shows, veiled with a slipover of lace and chiffon, which is nothing more or less than a circle with an opening in the center. The lace alternates with rows of fine net puffing, and a chiffon tie confines this Greek-like drapery to the form.

Rainbow treatment imparts fascination to many a fashionable negligee.

It is a pleasing sight to see, at summer-time juvenile gatherings, little girls of airy-fairy grace fitting about in quaintly beruffled frocks of dotted swiss or pastel-tinted voile, which fall straight from the shoulder in unbroken line. Dotted red swiss is a favorite material for children's costumes this summer. In fact red and white in combination lead in color schemes.

Very charming, and preserving the beltless contour, is a dainty model fashioned of daffodil yellow swiss with white pin dots. It has a round yoke, and, by the way, many of the beltless dresses boast yokes either square or round. The unique detail in the above mentioned yellow swiss frock is the method of applying vertical rows of white footings, beginning at the yoke-line and extending to the hem.

It is a very practical idea to include at least one dark silk or crepe dress in little daughter's vacation-time wardrobe. The model in the picture is sug-



Forms a Pretty Picture.

Rose over yellow over orchid—thus does diaphanous chiffon produce a color or sympathy.

Summer breakfast coats choose satin-in-back crepe for their making in such delectable shades as coral, lavished with rows and motifs of ochre-tinted lace, white crepe edged with platings of val edging which are dyed in sev-

gested as being a valuable acquisition, possessing as it does, style, charm and practicality. It is of navy crepe-satin, the crepe side used for the body, the satin for the ruffles. The ribbon tie with streamers extending to the bottom of the dress is picked with red.

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