

In the Days of Poor Richard

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"I got sick one day an' couldn't hide 'cause I were makin' tracks in the snow so I had to give in," said Solomon. "Margaret has been here, but they won't let 'er come no more 'count o' the smallpox. Sends me suthin' tasty ev'ry day er two. I tol' 'er all 'bout ye. I guess the smallpox couldn't keep 'er 'way if she knowed you was here. But she won't be 'lowed to know it. This 'ere Clarke boy has p'isoned the jail. Nobody'll come here 'cept them that's draged. He's got it all fixed fer ye. I wouldn't wonder if he'd be glad to see ye rotted up with smallpox."

Jack and Solomon lay for weeks in this dirty, noisome jail, where their treatment was well calculated to change opinions not deeply rooted in firm soil. They did not fear the smallpox, as both were immune. But their confinement was, as doubtless it was intended to be, memorably punitive. They were "rebels"—lawbreakers, human rubbish whose offenses bordered upon treason. The smallpox patient was soon taken away, but other conditions were not improved. They slept on straw infested with vermin. Their cover and food were insufficient and "not fit fer a dog," in the words of Solomon. Some of the boys gave in and were set free on parole, and there was one, at least, who went to work in the ranks of the British.

Early one morning shells began to fall in the city. Suddenly the firing ceased. At nine o'clock all prisoners in the jail were sent for, to be exchanged. Preston came with the order from General Howe and news of a truce.

"This means yer army is lightin' out," Solomon said to him.

"The city will be evacuated," was Preston's answer.

"Could I send a message to Gin'ral Hare's house?"

"The general and his brigade and family sailed for another port at eight. If you wish, I'll take your message."

Solomon delivered to Preston a letter written by Jack to Margaret. It told of his capture and imprisonment.

The third of March had come. The sun was shining. The wind was in the south. They were not strong enough to walk, so Preston had brought horses for them to ride. There were long patches of snow on the Dorchester Heights. A little beyond they met the brigade of Putnam. It was moving toward the city and had stopped for its noon mess. The odor of fresh beef and onions was in the air.

"Cat's blood an' gunpowder!" said Solomon. "Tie me to a tree."

"What for?" Preston asked.

"I'll kill myself eatin'," the scout declared. "I'm so g'ol durn hungry I kin't be trusted."

"I guess we'll have to put the brakes on each other," Jack remarked.

"An' I'll be steep goin'," said Solomon.

Washington rode up to the camp with a squad of cavalry while they were eating. He had a kind word for every liberated man. To Jack he said:

"I am glad to address you as Colonel Irons. You have suffered much, but it will be a comfort for you to know that the information you brought enabled me to hasten the departure of the British."

Turning to Solomon, he added:

"Colonel Binkus, I am indebted to you for faithful, effective and valiant service. You shall have a medal."

"Gin'ral Washington, we're a-goin' to lick 'em," said Solomon. "We're a-goin' to break their necks."

"Colonel, you are very confident," the general answered with a smile.

"You'll see," Solomon continued. "God Almighty is sick o' tyrants. They're doomed."

"Let us hope so," said the commander-in-chief. "But let us not forget the words of Poor Richard: 'God helps those who help themselves.'"

CHAPTER XVI

The Great Ally.

The Selectmen of Boston, seeing the city threatened with destruction, had made terms with Washington for the British army. It was to be allowed peaceably to abandon the city and withdraw in its fleet of one hundred and fifty vessels. The American army was now well organized and in high spirit. Washington waited on Dorchester Heights for the evacuation of Boston to be completed. Meanwhile, a large force was sent to New York to assist in the defense of that city. Jack and Solomon went with it. On account of their physical condition, horses were provided for them, and on their arrival each was to have a leave of two weeks, "for repairs," as Solomon put it. They went up to Albany for a rest and a visit and returned eager for the work which awaited them.

They spent a spring and summer of heavy toil in building defenses and training recruits. The country was aflame with excitement. Rhode Island and Connecticut declared for independence. The fire ran across their borders and down the seaboard. Other colonies were making or discussing like declarations. John Adams, on his

way to congress, told of the defeat of the Northern army in Canada and how it was heading southward "eaten with vermin, diseased, scattered, dispirited, unclad, unfed, disgraced." Colonies were ignoring the older order of things, electing their own assemblies and enacting their own laws. The Tory provincial assemblies were unable to get men enough together to make a pretense of doing business.

In June, by a narrow margin, the congress declared for independence, on the motion of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. A declaration was drafted and soon adopted by all the provincial congresses. It was engrossed on parchment and signed by the delegates of the thirteen states on the second of August. Jack went to that memorable scene as an aid to John Adams, who was then the head of the war board.

In August, Howe had moved a part of his army from Halifax to Staten Island and offensive operations were daily expected in Washington's army. Jack hurried to his regiment, then in camp with others on the heights back of Brooklyn. The troops there were not ready for a strong attack. General Greene, who was in command of the division, had suddenly fallen ill. Jack crossed the river the night of his arrival with a message to General Washington. The latter returned with the young colonel to survey the situation. They found Solomon at headquarters. He had discovered British scouts in the wooded country near Gravesend. He and Jack were detailed to keep watch of that part of the island and his shores with horses posted at convenient points so that, if necessary, they could make quick reports.

Next day, far beyond the outposts in the bush, they tied their horses in the little stable near Remsen's cabin on the south road and went on afoot through the bush. Suddenly Solomon stopped and lifted his hand and listened. Then he dropped and put his ear to the ground. He beckoned to Jack, who crept near him.

"Somebody's nigh us afore an' behind," he whispered. "We better hide till dark comes. You crawl into that 'ol holler log. I'll nose myself under a brushpile."

They were in a burnt slash where the soft timber had been cut some time before. The land was covered with a thick, spotty growth of poplar

THEY LANDED AND SOLOMON HID HIS CANOE IN A THICKET.



and wild cherry and brush heaps and logs half-rotted. The piece of timber to which Solomon had referred was the base log of a giant hemlock abandoned, no doubt, because, when cut, it was found to be a shell. It was open only at the butt end. Its opening was covered by an immense cobweb. Jack brushed it away and crept backward into the shell. He observed that many black hairs were caught upon the rough sides of this singular chamber. Through the winter it must have been the den of a black bear. As soon as he had settled down, with his face some two feet from the sunlit air of the outer world, Jack observed that the industrious spider had begun again to throw his silvery veil over the great hole in the log's end.

He watched the process. First the outer lines of the structure were woven across the edges of the opening and made fast at points around its imperfect circle. Then the weaver dropped to opposite points, unreeling his slender rope behind him and making it taut and fast. He was no slow and clumsy workman. He knew his task and rushed about, rapidly strengthening his structure with parallel lines, having a common center, until his silken floor was in place again and ready for the death dance of flies and bees and wasps. Soon a bumble bee was kicking and quivering like a stricken ox on its surface. The spider rushed upon him and buried his knives in the back and sides of his prey. The young man's observation of this interesting process was interrupted by the sound of voices and the tread of feet. They were British voices.

"They came this way. I saw them when they turned," a voice was saying. "If I had been a little closer, I could have potted both men with one bullet."

"Why didn't you take a shot anyhow?" another asked.

"I was creeping up, trying to get closer. They have had to hide or run upon the heels of our people."

A number of men were now sitting on the very log in which Jack was hidden. The young scout saw the legs of a man standing opposite the open end of the log. Then these memorable words were spoken:

"This log is good cover for a man to hide in, but nobody is hid in it. There's a big spider's web over the opening."

There was more talk, in which it came out that nine thousand men were crossing to Gravesend.

"Come on, boys, I'm going back," said one of the party. Whereupon they went away.

Dusk was falling. Jack waited for a move from Solomon. In a few minutes he heard a stir in the brush. Then he could dimly see the face of his friend beyond the spider's web.

"Come on, my son," the latter whispered.

With a feeling of real regret, Jack rent the veil of the spider and came out of his hiding-place. He brushed the silken threads from his hair and brow as he whispered:

"That old spider saved me—good luck to him!"

"We'll keep cius together," Solomon whispered. "We got to push right on an' work 'round 'em. If anyone gits in our way, he'll have to change worlds sudden, that's all. We mus' git to them hosses 'fore midnight."

Darkness had fallen, but the moon was rising when they set out. Solomon led the way, with that long, loose stride of his. Their moccasined feet were about as noiseless as a cat's. On and on they went until Solomon stopped suddenly and stood listening and peering into the dark bush beyond. Jack could hear and see nothing. Solomon turned and took a new direction without a word and moving with the stealth of a hunted Indian. Jack followed closely. Soon they were sinking to their knees in a mossy tamarack swamp, but a few minutes of hard travel brought them to the shore of a pond.

"Wait here till I git the canoe," Solomon whispered.

The latter crept into a thicket and soon Jack could hear him cautiously shoving his canoe into the water. A little later the young man sat in the middle of the shell of birch bark while Solomon knelt in its stern with his paddle. Silently he pushed through the lilled margin of the pond into clear water. The moon was hidden behind the woods. The still surface of the pond was now a glossy, dark plane between two starry deeps—one above, the other beneath. In the shadow of the forest, near the far shore, Solomon stopped and lifted his voice in the long, weird cry of the great bush owl.

This he repeated three times, when there came an answer out of the woods.

"That's a warnin' fer ol' Joe Thrasher," Solomon whispered. "He'll go out an' wake up the folks on his road an' start 'em movin'."

They landed and Solomon hid his canoe in a thicket.

Before midnight they reached Remsen's barn and about two o'clock entered the camp on lathering horses. As they dismounted, looking back from the heights of Brooklyn toward the southeast, they could see a great light from many fires, the flames of which were leaping into the sky.

"Guess the farmers have set their wheat stacks afire," said Solomon. "They're all scairt an' started fer town."

General Washington was with his forces some miles north of the other shore of the river. A messenger was sent for him. Next day the commander in chief found his Long Island brigades in a condition of disorder and panic. Squads and companies, eager for a fight, were prowling through the bush in the south like hunters after game. A number of the new Connecticut boys had deserted. Some of them had been captured and brought back. In speaking of the matter, Washington said:

"We must be tolerant. These lads are timid. They have been dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life. They are unused to the restraints of war. We must not be too severe."

Jack heard the commander in chief when he spoke these words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Native-Born Prince"

During the reign of Edward I, the Welsh rose against the English, declaring that they would never acknowledge allegiance to any prince "but of their own nation and language and of unblamable life." Edward II was born in a castle at Carnarvon, Wales, and he was presented to the Welsh people as "a native-born prince of unblamable life who could speak go word of English." From that date the recognized heir to the English throne has borne the title of Prince of Wales.

White and Black Paris Favorite

Combination Is Regarded as Most Effective for Mature Women.

White and black, in contradistinction to black and white, has come to the fore as the dominating color combination at the Bois, according to a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. It is a particularly effective alliance for the mature woman, who is gradually resensitizing her importance in Paris fashions.

Among the loveliest white and black effects are the printed crepes, chiffons and foulards, which enter largely into mid-summer dresses and robes. White alpaca crepe marocain, crepe de chine, crepe roman and crepe georgette, cleverly combined with black satin or black taffeta form many of the new models. Frequently there is an accompanying wrap in the form of a long, straight, wrap-around coat. This is usually in the same black material as that used in the dress. Again the white and black effect is obtained by having the dress entirely in white and the long coat in black.

The long, straight, tunic dress is very much in vogue, and is particularly well adapted for the combination of two materials and two colors. A feature, peculiar to models of this type, is the slash or slit which appears in some form, either in the tunic or the narrow underskirt. If the tunic is extremely long, it is sometimes slashed at one side to permit freedom in walking, or it may show plaited inserts

Dainty and Soft Frock of Powder Blue Crepe



This rich frock is constructed of powder blue crepe roma, having an apron front of lattice of the same material, finished with rose medallions.

pocket bindings being black to match the underskirt. Again an embroidery in black and white ornaments the blouse, while the skirt will be of either black satin or black taffeta. Still other models show pipings of black and tiny buttonholes bound in black, and a few are perfectly plain, revealing the black satin foundation slip at the left side from under-arm to hem.

Nothing Revolutionary Predicted at Longchamp

It is true that nothing very revolutionary is predicted at Longchamp, says a Paris fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune. But the mode is no longer subject to overnight uprisings—it has become a gradual evolution, sometimes too slow for the more restless spirits of fashion, but always achieving a certain progress. And the acute observer can derive much satisfaction from the embryonic tendencies which characterize the Bois de Boulogne styles. The simple silhouette is assuming so many disguises and adding so many frilly details that the term is rapidly becoming a misnomer. Straight lines are still straight, but their even tenor is more and more becoming subject to interruptions. The much reiterated jeune fille mode is being relegated to its proper sphere. Dignity, grace and recognition of the charm of maturity are again becoming influences in the domains of Dame Fashion, and the lady will profit immeasurably thereby.

Vestee for Tailored Mode

Along with the tailored mode comes the vestee, either of white pique, moire or faille silk, often trimmed with binding and tiny black buttons applied in a line down the front and placed very close together. If the suit be checked the vestee should be plain white, but with a black or navy suit the black or navy-trimmed vestee is smart.

Women Demand Comfort When They Buy Shoes

The woman of 1924 is more than ever considering her physical comfort in the choice of her wardrobe, and particularly with regard to her shoes. They must conform to the lines of the foot, hug the instep and bend without breaking. Accordingly, she chooses shoes of kid leather, which, in addition to their flexibility and softness, are also more porous, allowing the foot to breathe. Thus, it is possible for the wearer to dance all evening without creating the burning, perspiring condition of the feet which so frequently results in painful corns and permanent callouses.

Wool, Gossamer Weight Stockings, Latest Mode

Since silk stockings are taboo with sports dress, resourceful designers have brought out entirely new hosiery of different styles in light wool and cotton. It is a long time since any but old-fashioned plain black or white stockings have been seen. Aside from silk there have been only lisle—so harsh to some tender feet—or the heavy-ribbed woolen articles that have been affected by the athletic girl, who grinned and bore them. The new sorts are of wool, gossamer weight, in fancy woven patterns, ribbed or with drop-stitch stripes; and of cotton, with a surface appearance like wool, and in a variety of colors and styles.

Match Shoe, Glove

It is possible to get shoes and gloves which exactly match. In a mode shade, the gloves have frilly gauntlets with an open-work pattern faced with white kid. The shoes, in mode suede, have a rosette of this open work combined with the white kid, beneath a small buckle.

Chamois Is a Good Duster

There is nothing more satisfactory for dusting than a piece of chamois leather that has been dampened. It gives the furniture a fresh, new look.



NEW AND OLD FRIENDS

"Hello, Blessbok," said Billie Brownie. He had called upon the Blessbok before he knew he had come from Africa some time ago.

The Blessbok was standing in his yard and didn't say anything. His horns stood up very straight, back upon his head and he looked very handsome in his purple and whitish coat.

He seemed so graceful and so attractive, but then Billie Brownie had always greatly admired the members of the Antelope and Deer families.

"Hello, Cavy," said Billie Brownie. He was glad to see Cavy for the spotted Cavy was a small animal who had recently arrived in the zoo.

His home had been in the jungles of South America, and he told Billie Brownie of the excitements of jungle life.

"To some," he said, "it is very dangerously wild, but while it is that, to me it seemed like home and so I did not think of it as being wild."

"I hope you admire my whiskers?" Billie Brownie politely said he did.

Next Billie Brownie called upon a giant land lizard who had also just been brought to the zoo from South America and he also said hello to the new little penguin, a very small-sized penguin.

There were birds who had lived upon an island where few people ever went and so used were they to going about the small island that they had forgotten how to fly.

There was a new sea lion and when the visitors at the island had seen the animals and birds they were surprised to find the animals were really quite tame, though they had hardly ever seen people.

Possibly they had never seen any. A sea lion made friends with them right away and seemed eager to go along on the trip with the people.

All of this Billie Brownie heard as he went about on his visits.

He saw some other splendid lizards, penguins and many other interesting creatures and he said to some of them



"Hello, Cavy," said Billie Brownie.

that he really had no idea he would meet so many new creatures on this visit.

"Well, you're glad you did, aren't you?" asked the Land Lizard, wrinkling up his funny face in a most amusing fashion.

"Delighted that you should all be here," said Billie Brownie, and the Land Lizard said:

"Well, we like to see you. At least I do. I may have a pretty dreadful looking face but I am really all right."

"You can't think only of appearances. I believe I have heard that somewhere."

"And they must have been thinking of me without knowing it when they said it first."

Billie Brownie laughed. Certainly the zoo was filled with fascinating new and interesting creatures but he decided before he left that he would go and call on Mrs. Buffalo, who had a fine new son and Mrs. Lioness, who had several lovely little cubs.

He had seen them before but not for some time, and even though he loved seeing all the new animals he liked to see his old friends, too.

Last of all he went to see Miss Elephant, who had been quite ill but who was getting better now.

"They say that I'm improving," Miss Elephant remarked, "but oh, it is hard to be sick. They kept covering me with blankets last night so I would be sure not to catch cold."

"But I was so hot, Billie Brownie, and I kept throwing them off, only to be covered up again."

"It really is dreadful, Billie Brownie, to be sick, and the medicine is not nice at all."

"But they say I'm getting along splendidly and that in no time at all now I'll be my old elephant self once more."

"That's good news," said Billie Brownie, "but I know the time seems to go slowly."

They brought Miss Elephant a simple luncheon of bran mash then and Billie Brownie waved a good-by.

Of Course

Baby Adrian was beginning to pronounce words quite nicely, but he always refused to repeat the word "water."

One day, thinking she could catch him unawares, his mother said to him: "What does mummy put in baby's bath?"

"Baby," replied the child.