



In the Days of Poor Richard

by IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

In April the two friends set out afoot for the lower end of the Highlands. On the river they hired a Dutch farmer to take them on to Albany in his sloop. After two delightful days at home, General Schuyler suggested that they could do a great service by traversing the wilderness to the valley of the great river of the north, as far as possible toward Swegachie, and reporting their observations to Crown Point or Fort Edward, if there seemed to be occasion for it, and if not, they were to proceed to General Herkimer's camp at Oriskany and give him what help they could in protecting the settlers in the west.

"You would need to take all your wit and courage with you," the general warned them. "The Indians are in bad temper. They have taken to roasting their prisoners at the stake and eating their flesh. This is a hazardous undertaking. Therefore, I give you a suggestion and not an order."

"I'll go 'lone," said Solomon. "If I get et up it needn't break nobody's heart. Let Jack go to one o' the forts."

"No, I'd rather go into the bush with you," said Jack. "We're both needed there. If necessary we could separate and carry our warning in two directions. We'll take a couple of the new double-barreled rifles and four pistols. If we had to, I think we could fight a hole through any trouble we are likely to have."

So it was decided that they should go together on this scouting trip into the north bush. Solomon had long before that invented what he called "a lightning" thrower for close fighting with Indians, to be used if one were hard pressed and outnumbered and likely to have his scalp taken. This odd contrivance he had never had occasion to use. It was a thin, round shell of cast iron with a tube, a flint and plunger. The shell was of about the size of a large apple. It was to be filled with missiles and gunpowder. The plunger, with its spring, was set vertically above the tube. In throwing this contrivance one released its spring by the pressure of his thumb. The hammer fell and the spark it made ignited a fuse leading down to the powder. Its owner had to throw it from behind a tree or have a share in the peril it was sure to create.

While Jack was at home with his people Solomon spent a week in the foundry and forge and, before they set out on their journey, had three of these unique weapons, all loaded and packed in waterproof wrappings.

About the middle of May they proceeded in a light bark canoe to Fort Edward and carried it across country to Lake George and made their way with paddles to Ticonderoga. There they learned that scouts were operating only on and near Lake Champlain. The interior of Tryon county was said to be dangerous ground. Mohawks, Cagnawagas, Senecas, Algonquins and Hurons were thick in the bush and all on the warpath. They were torturing and eating every white man that fell in their hands, save those with a Tory mark on them.

"We're skeered o' the bush," said an elderly bearded soldier, who was sitting on a log. "A man who goes into the wildwood needs to be a good friend o' God."

"But Schuyler thinks a force of British may land somewhere along the big river and come down through the bush, building a road as they advance," said Jack.

"A thousand men could make a tolerable waggon road to Fort Edward in a month," Solomon declared. "That's mebbe the reason the Injuns are out in the bush eatin' Yankees. They're tryin' fer to skeer us an' keep us away. By the hide an' horns o' the devil! We got to know what's a-goin' on out there. You fellers are a-settin' around these 'ere forts as if ye had nothin' to do but chaw beefsteak an' wipe yer rifles an' pick yer teeth. Why don't ye go out there in the bush and do a little skeerin' yerselves? Ye're like a lot o' ol' women settin' by the fire an' tellin' 'ghos' stories."

"We got 'nuff to do considerin' the pay we git," said a sergeant.

"H—! an' Tophet! What do ye want o' pay?" Solomon answered. "Ain't ye willin' to fight fer yer own liberty without bein' paid fer it? Ye been kicked an' robbed an' split on, an' dragged around by the heels, an' ye don't want to fight 'less somebody pays ye. What a dam' corn fiddle o' a man ye mus' be!"

Solomon was putting fresh provisions in his pack as he talked.

"All the Injuns o' Kinady an' the great grass' lands may be skeekin' down through the bush. We're bound fer t' know what's a goin' on out there. We're liable to be skeered, but also an' likewise we'll do some skeerin' 'fore we give up—you hear to me."

Jack and Solomon set out in the

bush that afternoon and before night fell were up on the mountain slants north of the Glassy Water, as Lake George was often called those days. But for Solomon's caution an evil fate had perhaps come to them before their first sleep on the journey. The new leaves were just out, but not quite full. The little maples and beeches flung their sprays of vivid green foliage above the darker shades of the witch huckleberry in the soft-lit air of the great house of the wood and filled it with a pleasant odor. A mile or so back, Solomon had left the trail and cautioned Jack to keep close and step softly. Soon the old scout stopped and listened and put his ear to the ground. He rose and beckoned to Jack and the two turned aside and made their way stealthily up the slant of a ledge. In the edge of a little thicket on a mossy rock shelf they sat down. Solomon looked serious. There were deep furrows in the skin above his brow.

After a few minutes Solomon turned and whispered:

"Four Injun braves jist went by. Mebbe they're scoutin' fer a big band—mebbe not. If so, the crowd is up the trail. If they're comin' by, it'll be 'fore dark. We'll stop in this 'ere tavern. They's a cave on t'other side o' the ledge as big as a small house."

They watched until the sun had set. Then Solomon led Jack to the cave, in which their packs were deposited. From the cave's entrance they looked upon the undulating green roof of the forest dipping down into a deep valley, cut by the smooth surface of a broad river with mirrored shores, and lifting to the summit of a distant mountain range. Its blue peaks rose into the glow of the sunset.

"Yonder is the great stairway of Heaven!" Jack exclaimed.

"I've put up in this 'ere o' tavern many a night," said Solomon. "Do ye see its sign?"

He pointed to a great dead pine that stood a little below it, towering



with stark, outreaching limbs more than a hundred and fifty feet into the air.

"I call it The Dead Pine Tavern," Solomon remarked.

"On the road to Paradise," said Jack as he gazed down the valley, his hands shading his eyes.

"Wish't we could have a nice hot supper, but 'twon't do to build no fire. Nothin' but cold vittles! I'll go down with the pot to a spring an' git some water. You dig fer our supper in that pack o' mine an' spread it out here. I'm hungry."

They ate their bread and dried meat moistened with spring water, picked some balsam boughs and covered a corner of the mossy floor with them. When the rock chamber was filled with their fragrance, Jack said:

"If my dream comes true and Margaret and I are married, I shall bring her here. I want her to see The Dead Pine Tavern and its outlook."

"Ayes, sir, when ye're married safe," Solomon answered. "We'll come up here fust summer an' fish, an' hunt, an' I'll run the tavern an' do the cookin' an' sweep the floor an' make the beds."

Jack awoke at daylight and found that he was alone. Solomon returned in half an hour or so.

"Been scoutin' up the trail," he said. "Didn't see a thing but an ol' gnaw bucket. We'll rest eat a bite an' p'int off to the nor'west an' keep watch o' this 'ere trail. They's Injuns over there on the slants. We got to know how they look an' 'bout how many head they is."

They went on, keeping well away from the trail.

"We'll have to watch it with our ears," said Solomon in a whisper.

His ear was often on the ground that

morning and twice he left Jack to "snook" out to the trail and look for tracks. Solomon could imitate the call of the swamp robin, and when they were separated in the bush, he gave it so that his friend could locate him. At midday they sat down in deep shade by the side of a brook and ate their luncheon.

"This 'ere is Peppermint brook," said Solomon. "It's 'nother one o' my taverns."

"Our food isn't going to last long at the rate we are eating it," Jack remarked. "If we can't shoot a gun what are we going to do when it's all gone?"

"Don't worry," Solomon answered. "Ye're in my kentry now an' there's a better tavern up in the high trail."

They fared along, favored by good weather, and spent that night on the shore of a little pond not more than fifty paces off the old blazed thoroughfare. Next day, about "half-way from dawn to dark," as Solomon was wont, now and then, to speak of the noon hour, they came suddenly upon fresh "sign."

It was where the big north trail from the upper waters of the Mohawk joined the one near which they had been traveling. When they were approaching the point Solomon had left Jack in a thicket and cautiously crept out to the "juncshin." There was half an hour of silence before the old scout came back in sight and beckoned to Jack. His face had never looked more serious. The young man approached him. Solomon swallowed—a part of the effort to restrain his emotions.

"Want to show ye suthin'," he whispered.

The two went cautiously toward the trail. When they reached it the old scout led the way to soft ground near a brook. Then he pointed down at the mud. There were many footprints, newly made, and among them the print of that wooden peg with an iron ring around its bottom, which they had seen twice before, and which was associated with the blackest memories they knew. For some time Solomon studied the surface of the trail in silence.

"More'n twenty Injuns, two captives, a pair o' hosses, a cow an' the devil," he whispered to Jack. "Been a raid down to the Mohawk valley. The cow an' the hosses are loaded with plunder. I've noticed that when the Injuns go out to rob an' kill folks ye find, 'mong their tracks, the print o' that 'ere iron ring. I see it twice in the Ohio kentry. Here is the heart o' the devil an' his fire-water. Red Snout has got to be started on a new trail. His ol' peg leg is goin' down to the gate o' hell tonight."

Solomon's face had darkened with anger. There were deep furrows across his brow.

Standing before Jack about three feet away, he drew out his ram rod and tossed it to the young man, who caught it a little above the middle. Jack knew the meaning of this. They were to put their hands upon the ram rod, one above the other. The last hand it would hold was to do the killing. It was Solomon's.

"Thank God!" he whispered, as his face brightened.

He seemed to be taking careful aim with his right eye.

"It's my job," said he. "I wouldn't 'a' let ye do it if ye'd crawled the chasht. It's my job—proper. They ain't an hour ahead. Mebbe—it's jist possible—he may go to sleep tonight 'fore I do, an' I wouldn't be surprised. They'll build their fire at the caverns on Rock creek an' roast a captive. We'll cross the bush an' come up on t' other side an' see what's goin' on."

They crossed a high ridge, with Solomon tossing his feet in that long, loose stride of his, and went down the slope into a broad valley. The sun sank low and the immeasurable green-roofed house of the wild was dim and dusk when the old scout halted. Ahead in the distance they had heard voices and the neighing of a horse.

"My son," said Solomon as he pointed with his finger, "do ye see the brow o' the hill yonder whar the black thickets be?"

Jack nodded.

"If ye hear to me ye'll stay this side. This 'ere business is kind o' neevarious. I'm a-goin' clus up. If I come back ye'll hear the call o' the bush owl. If I don't come 'fore mornin' you p'int fer hum an' the good God go with ye."

"I shall go as far as you go," Jack answered.

Solomon spoke sternly. The genial tone of good comradeship had left him.

"Ye kin go, but ye ain't obleeged," said he. "Bear in mind, boy. Tonight I'm the cap'n. Do as I tell ye—exact."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Assuming the Blame

A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had a visit one afternoon from the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber.

"I did," he said, "but I won't do it agin'."

Love Produces Maladies

Medical scientists say that love produces in some people definite physical maladies ranging from catalepsy, in which the victim becomes rigid and unconscious, to deafness and complete loss of speech.

Uncut Felt Used in Fall Chapeau

Brim Sewed to Crown, Feature of Latest Headgear Shown in Paris.

The present trend of Paris millinery is decidedly toward felt, usually uncut and invariably untrimmed, says a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. This classic model was designed by Reboux and has about ten variations. The distinctive feature of these hats is that the brim is sewed to the crown, overlapping the crown on the outside at about an inch and a half from the head size. The two ends of the piece of felt, which form the brim, are drawn one over the other and cut into winglike points, which protrude from both sides and are shaped in a manner more becoming to the wearer. Sometimes these points are knotted, but, however treated, they are always placed at the back or right-side back. Black felt, gray felt, beige, light blue and even pale pink are used in the makeup of these extremely chic small hats.

Another variation is the small felt hat, shown by Rose Descat, with crown indented in circular form similar to men's headgear, giving the new square outline. The brim is narrow and rolling with the exception of the right side which shows a slight droop. The hat is very simply trimmed with stick grosgrain ribbon. This model is



Autumn Brown Velvet Trimmed With Brown and Tan Ostrich.

shown in white felt for Deauville and in black and brown for wear in Paris.

The life of the straw hat in Paris is always extremely short. The earliest model this season was the small black or brown bangkok and picot, which enjoyed a rather fleeting vogue. A slightly larger bangkok, the brim being quite short at the back and of even width at the sides and front, is sponsored by Rose Descat for dining "au Bois" and for the bright, sunny days at the resorts. These hats, in bright colors such as yellow, orange, cerise and mauve, are trimmed in the simplest manner possible with inch and a quarter-wide velvet ribbon of exactly matching shade. Madame Lanvin also makes large straw hats, to be worn with her bouffant dresses, principally because with such a dress no other hat is possible. These hats she trims with rosettes and typical Lanvin decorations made of beads, ribbons and braids.

In general, however, the straw hat

"Return" Habit Costly to Parties Concerned

Have you an overgrown "return" habit? Or do you, on the other hand, dread, as much as anyone, the possibility of buying goods that some one else has taken home, tried on repeatedly—and perhaps even worn!

One out of every three articles sold in the average shop, states a New York store manager, is returned for exchange or credit. This practice, he says, results in a loss to the store—and the store generally and justifiably makes up the loss by increase in the price of other articles. Such a system means that the woman who hasn't the "return" habit must pay for the usually merely indecisive, sometimes unscrupulous, nature of the woman who has.

The custom of taking goods from the stores on approval grew up before emphasis began to be laid on sanitation, and has been losing ground of late. Most stores today refuse to take back articles for personal use, such as combs and brushes, and sometimes place labels in prominent places on wearing apparel, refusing to permit their return when a missing label signifies that the garment may have been worn by the customer. The label device grew out of the desire to protect both shoppers and merchants against certain conscienceless persons who wore the borrowed garments on one or more occasions and then returned them to the store to be sold to an unsuspecting customer. This type of person induced some merchants to limit the period in which goods might be exchanged or returned to a very few days.

Charming Three-Piece Suit for Autumn Wear



Displayed at a recent fashion show in New York was this winsome three-piece costume, the blouse of gray and rose brocade and the coat and skirt of velva crepe in black, striped with gray chenille.

finds small favor with the Parisienne, and save in special instances and for a brief moment when the season is in its infancy, it is always a minority chapau.

Beaded Envelope Purse Is Always Attractive

An envelope purse of moire silk, beaded with steel beads is very attractive. About three-eighths yard each of moire silk and satin for the lining will be needed. Cut the silk 13 by 17½ inches. Stamp a simple design on one or both sides of the silk, about five-eighths inch from the end, and work it out in steel beads. Cut a piece of cardboard 5½ by 12½ inches, and a piece of buckram 12½ by 17½ inches. Insert both between the silk and satin, fitting the cardboard in the plain end of the silk. Turn in the edges of the bag and sew neatly. Make side gussets 2½ by 4½ inches, two of the silk and two of the satin. Sew each piece of silk to the lining, turn inside out and seam across the narrow end. Fold the plain end of the bag 5½ inches. Insert the gussets so that the seamed edge fits into the fold, and sew to each side of the purse in an overhand stitch. Fold over the other end and secure with a snap fastener.

Bracelets, Serpentine Necklaces and Anklets

By an inexplicable reversal of the order of things, the imitation jeweled baubles that were originally copied from the genuine have now become, in the hands of the jewelers, the models. Long bead necklaces resembling the pretty glass things sold by the thousand, but made of real amber, jade or lapis lazuli, are to be had at some of the most exclusive big city shops. Among these are old Persian and Arabic bracelets, serpentine necklaces, bracelets, anklets of fine wrought silver and an elaborate display of semiprecious stones, quartz, crystal, jade, onyx and tortoise-shell, that closely resembles the hesthenish and popular things of common glass.

It is calculated that in many stores the return practice renders about one-third of the work of the delivery department absolute waste. Even conservative stores report about 20 per cent of their merchandise returned. From an economic standpoint this state of affairs is unprofitable, both to merchant and consumer—in waste effort and expense to the former and in increased price to the buyer.

New Scarfs Very Long; Make Imposing Display

All of the new scarfs are very long and consequently make an imposing appearance, says a Paris fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune. A Louise boulangier novelty scarf, which is two meters long and almost a meter wide, has a border design which appears at one end only. A little less than three-quarters of the length of the scarf is given over to a sort of mottled coloring, such as is seen in a colored alabaster, while one deep border end is frankly printed in large squares of vivid tones, which are faintly lined with an opposing color.

In general, indications are that the color phase of the autumn mode will be once more predicated upon black and white, but that a wide diversification of brilliant hues will be admitted in order to vary a vogue which is a heritage from previous seasons.

Spangles Appearing

Spangles appear on the latest evening frocks. In midnight blue or black chiffon, some of these frocks are powdered with spangles like the sky with stars.

MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

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"DYEING" FOR YOUR FRIENDS

THE itinerant dyer-by-the-day brings Mohammed to the mountain—the Mohammed of the paint pots to the mountain of almost immovable davenport and armchairs.

The woman "toucher-up" may renovate, with her magic dyes, household furnishings that cannot be "dipped." She has and needs no office; she simply goes from house to house, office to office, or to clubs, theaters, halls—wherever, in fact, there is "touching up" to be done—carrying with her a simple but efficient dyeing service.

"There's a lure to the business of freshening and brightening by the strokes of a brush," says a woman who is known as "interior redecorator" of her small town. "The work requires nothing but an eye for color and a certain skill with the brush. And it supplies earthly necessities as well as esthetic satisfaction."

The plan is simply this: The special dye intended for the purpose is applied to sofa, carpet, wall coverings—anything about the house, hall or office that needs recoloring—with an ordinary paint brush, scrub brush, or, on large surfaces, a special kind of tank spray which may be had from the manufacturers of the dye. This coloring process is much simpler than "dyeing by dipping." It is almost as easy as painting. The dyer can do the rugs right on the floor, wall coverings right on the wall.

The dyer may also get the job of dyeing things other than the unremovable ones; then she will not use her special dyes suitable only for heavy textiles, rugs, hangings, couch and chair coverings. For "dyeing by dipping" she will use the ordinary dyes with which the average person is best acquainted, the ones for coloring blouses, handkerchiefs and other delicate articles. The interior redecorator does well to carry both kinds of dye and to understand the methods of using both.

The successful dyer-by-the-day is sure to make good financial returns. She will probably have practically no competition, for the line is as yet little known. She should advertise in the local papers for her customers and spread the news of her project to her friends by personal communication.

The dyer will, of course never experiment on the possessions of her customers. Until she becomes expert she must read everything she can find on the technical details of dyeing processes and she must follow directions implicitly. The element of chance may make dyeing desirable to the amateur sportsman, but the girl who would be a professional must prove her ability before she starts.

"CHAUFFEUSE" COMES TO MAIN STREET

"WORKING in a city means working on a salary."

And working on a salary doesn't mean rapidly accumulating a bank balance. So an alert young woman who acted as my chauffeur, or, as she calls it, my "chauffeuse," in a small town the other day flatly gave me to understand.

"At least it's true for the girl who's 'just out' of high school or college," she declared. "Plenty of girls in my class at college know it's true, because they made a bee-line for the city as soon as they grasped their diplomas." And she arrived in the metropolis, she admitted, before the ink on her's was dry!

"After living on starvation wages for seven months I got tired of being a 'white-collar' girl," she told me. "I came home (home in this case was a town of 4,000), took out a chauffeur's license and used the little money I had to buy a cheap, second-hand car. I've made three times as much money with it as I did in my city job."

This girl knew how to manage her car perfectly; she was not afraid to be a bit independent in choosing an occupation that was new on "Main Street"; and she had a little money—enough to buy the car. Given those qualifications, she said, any girl could make good at "chauffeusing." She thought the requirements were slight ones to meet, when by doing so she earned her own living, enjoyed doing so and was, besides, her "own boss."

But suppose a girl is in an even smaller town, where such business would occasionally be slack? At slack periods she could make money teaching women to drive. Or, perhaps, she could gather fresh products and distribute them for neighboring farmers, who can't always take time to "peddle" their goods. If she has her own garden produce or poultry to distribute, her profits will be greater still. Retail merchants, too, often pay good commissions on orders brought from the country.

Shopping on a commission for the people of her community is another undertaking the girl with a car may find worth considering.

The girl who decides to "chauffeuse" should not be alarmed if some people seem dubious about her occupation at first. They will get used to it soon and it will bring big returns in fun, fresh air and finances.