

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"So here I am on the ship L'Étoile and almost in sight of Boston harbor, bringing help and comfort to our great chief.

"I was presented to the king and queen. Of him I have written—a stout, fat-faced man, highly colored, with a sloping forehead and large gray eyes. His coat shone with gold embroidery and jeweled stars. His close-fitting waistcoat of milk white satin had golden buttons and a curve which was not the only sign he bore of rich wine and good food. The queen was a beautiful, dark-haired lady of some forty years, with a noble and gracious countenance. She was clad in no vesture of gold, but in sober black velvet. Her curls fell upon the loose ruff of lace around her neck. There were no jewels on or about her bare, white bosom. Her smile and gentle voice, when she gave me her bon-voyage and best wishes for the cause so dear to us, are jewels I shall not soon forget.

"Yes, I had a little talk with Margaret and her mother, who walked with me to Franklin's house. There, in his reception room, I took a good look at the dear girl, now more beautiful than ever, and held her to my heart a moment.

"I see you and then I have to go, I said.

"It is the fault of my too romantic soul," she answered mournfully. "For two days we have been in hiding here. I wanted to surprise you."

"She lifted the jeweled cross I wore to her lips and kissed it. I wish that I could tell you how beautiful she looked then. She is twenty-six years old and her womanhood is beginning."

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Horse of Destiny.

In Boston harbor, Jack learned of the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British and was transferred to a Yankee ship putting out to sea on its way to that city. There he found the romantic Arnold, crippled by his wounds, living in the fine mansion erected by William Penn. He had married a young daughter of one of the rich Tory families, for his second wife, and was in command of the city. Colonel Irons, having delivered the letters to the treasurer of the United States, reported at Arnold's office. It was near midday and the general had just arrived. The young man sat down to wait and soon the great soldier strove up with his splendid coach and pair. His young wife sat beside him. He had little time for talk. He was on his way to breakfast. Jack presented his compliments and the good tidings which he had brought from the Old Country. Arnold listened as if he were hearing the price of cod-fish and hams.

The young man was shocked by the coolness of the commandant. The former felt as if a pall of icy water had been thrown upon him when Arnold answered:

"Now that they have money I hope that they will pay their debt to me."

This kind of talk Jack had not heard before. He resented it, but answered calmly: "A war and an army is a great extravagance for a young nation that has not yet learned the imperial art of gathering taxes. Many of us are going unpaid, but if we get liberty it will be worth all it costs."

"That sounds well, but there are some of us who are also in need of justice," Arnold answered as he turned away.

"General, you who have not been dismayed by force will never, I am sure, surrender to discouragement," said Jack.

The fiery Arnold turned suddenly and lifting his cane in a threatening manner said in a loud voice: "Would you reprimand me—you d—d upstart?"

"General, you may strike me, if you will, but I cannot help saying that you young men must look to you older ones for a good example."

Very calmly and politely the young man spoke these words. He towered above the man Arnold in spirit and stature. The latter did not commit the folly of striking him, but with a look of scorn ordered him to leave the office.

Jack obeyed the order and went at once to call upon his old friend, Governor Reed. He told the governor of his falling out with the major general.

"Arnold is a sordid, selfish man and a source of great danger to our cause," said the governor. "He is vain and loves display and is living far beyond his means. To maintain his extravagance he has resorted to privateering and speculation, and none of it has been successful. He is deeply involved in debt. It is charged that he has used his military authority for private gain. He was tried by a court-martial, but escaped with only a reprimand from the commander in chief. He is thick with the Tories. He is the type of man who would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

"This is alarming," said Jack.

"My boy an ill wind is blowing on us," the governor went on. "We have all too many Arnolds in our midst. Our currency has depreciated until forty shillings will not buy what one would have bought before the war. The profit makers are rolling in luxury and the poor army starves. The honest and patriotic are impoverished

while those who practice fraud and Toryism are getting rich."

Depressed by this report of conditions in America Jack set out for Washington's headquarters on the Hudson. Never had the posture of American affairs looked so hopeless. The governor had sold him a young mare with a white star in her forehead and a short, white stocking on her left fore leg, known in good time as the horse of destiny.

When he had crossed the King's ferry the mare went lame. A little beyond the crossing he met a man on a big, roan gelding. Jack stopped him to get information about the roads in the north.

"That's a good-looking mare," the man remarked.

"And she is better than she looks," Jack answered. "But she has thrown a shoe and gone lame."

"I'll trade even and give you a sound horse," the man proposed.

"What is your name and where do you live?" Jack inquired.

"My name is Paulding and I live at Tarrytown in the neutral territory."

"I accepted his offer not knowing that a third party was looking on and laying a deeper plan than either of us were able to penetrate," Jack used to say of that deal.

He approached the little house in which the commander in chief was quartered with a feeling of dread, fearing the effect of late developments on his spirit.

The young man wrote to Margaret in care of Franklin this account of the day which followed his return to camp:

"Thank God! I saw on the face of our commander the same old look of unshaken confidence. I knew that he could see his way and what a sense of comfort came of that knowledge! More than we can tell we are indebted to the calm and masterful face of Washington. It holds up the heart of the army in all discouragements. His faith is established. He is not afraid of evil tidings. This great, god-like personality of his has put me on my feet again. I was in need of it, for a different kind of man, of the name of Arnold, had nearly floored me."

"Sit down here and tell me all about Franklin," he said with a smile.

"I told him what was going on in Paris and especially of the work of



our great minister to the court of Louis XVI.

"He heard me with deep interest and when I had finished arose and gave me his hand saying:

"Colonel, again you have won my gratitude. We must keep our courage."

"I told him of my unhappy meeting with Arnold."

"The man has his faults—he is very human, but he has been a good soldier," Washington answered.

"Solomon came into camp that evening. He was so glad to see me that he could only wring my hand and utter exclamations.

"How is the gal?" he asked presently.

"I told him of our meeting in Passy and of my fear that we should not meet again."

"Solomon is a man of faith. He never falters."

"He said to me: 'Don't worry. That gal has got a backbone. She ain't no rye straw. She's a-goin' to think it over.'"

"Neither spoke for a time. We sat by an open fire in front of his tent as the night fell. Solomon was filling his pipe. He swallowed and his right eye began to aim. I knew that some highly important theme would presently open the door of his intellect and come out.

"Jack, I been over to Albany," he said. "Had a long visit with Mirandy. They ain't no likelier women in America. I'll bet a pint o' powder an' a fish hook on that. Ye kin look fer 'em till yer eyes run but ye'll be obliged to give up."

"He lighted his pipe and smoked a few whiffs and added: 'Knit seventy pair o' socks fer my regiment this fall.'"

"Have you asked her to marry you?" I inquired.

"No. 'Taint likely she'd have me," he answered. "She's had troubles enough. I wouldn't ask no women to marry me till the war is fit out. I'm fitble to git all shot up any day. I did think I'd ask her but I didn't. Got kind o' skeered an' skittish when we sot down together, an' come to think

it all over, 'twouldn't 'a' been right."

"You're wrong, Solomon," I answered. "You ought to have a home of your own and a wife to make you fond of it. How is the Little Cricket?"

"Cunnin'est little shaver that ever lived," said he. "I get him a teeny waggin an' draw him down to the big medder an' back. He had a string hitched on to my waist an' he pulled an' hauled an' hollered whoa an' git at till he were about as hoarse as a bull frog. When we got back he wanted to go all over me with a curry comb an' brail my mane."

"The old scout roared with laughter as he thought of the child's play in which he had had a part. He told me of my own people and next to their good health it pleased me to learn that my father had given all his horses—save two—to Washington. That is what all our good men are doing. So you will see how it is that we are able to go on with this war against the great British empire."

"That night the idea came to me that I would seek an opportunity to return to France in the hope of finding you in Paris. I applied for a short furlough to give me a chance to go home and see the family. There I found a singular and disheartening situation. My father's modest fortune is now a part of the ruin of war. Soon after the beginning of hostilities he had loaned his money to men who had gone into the business of furnishing supplies to the army. He had loaned them dollars worth a hundred cents. They are paying their debts to him in dollars worth less than five cents. Many, and Washington among them, have suffered in a like manner. My father has little left but his land, two horses, a yoke of oxen and a pair of slaves. So I am too poor to give you a home in any degree worthy of you."

"Dear old Solomon has proposed to make me his heir, but now that he has met the likely women I must not depend upon him. So I have tried to make you know the truth about me as well as I do. If your heart is equal to the discouragement I have heaped upon it I offer you this poor comfort. When the war is over I can borrow a thousand pounds to keep a roof over our heads and a fowl in the pot and pudding in the twiflers while I am clearing the way to success. The prospect is not inviting, I fear, but if, happily, it should appeal to you, I suggest that you join your father in New York at the first opportunity so that we may begin our life together as soon as the war ends. And now, whatever comes, I would wish you to keep these thoughts of me: I have loved you, but there are things which I have valued above my own happiness. If I cannot have you I shall have always the memory of the hours we have spent together and of the great hope that was mine."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### Arnold and Henry Thornhill.

Margaret and her mother returned to England with David Hartley soon after Colonel Irons had left France. The British commissioner had not been able to move the philosopher. Later, from London, he had sent a letter to Franklin seeking to induce America to desert her new ally. Franklin had promptly answered:

"I would think the destruction of our whole country and the extirpation of our people preferable to the infamy of abandoning our allies. We may lose all but we shall act in good faith."

Here again was a new note in the history of diplomatic intercourse.

Colonel Irons' letter to Margaret Hare, with a part of which the reader is familiar, was forwarded by Franklin to his friend Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and by him delivered. Another letter, no less vital to the full completion of the task of these pages was found in the faded packet. It is from General Sir Benjamin Hare to his wife in London and is dated at New York, January 10, 1780. This is a part of the letter:

"I have a small house near the barracks with our friend Colonel Ware and the best of negro slaves and every comfort. It is now a loyal city, secure from attack, and, but for the soldiers, one might think it a provincial English town. This war may last for years and as the sea is, for a time, quite safe, I have resolved to ask you and Margaret to take passage on one of the first troop ships sailing for New York, after this reaches you. Our friend Sir Roger and his regiments will be sailing in March as I am apprised by a recent letter. I am, by this post, requesting him to offer you suitable accommodations and to give you all possible assistance. The war would only fight. His caution is maddening. His army is in a desperate plight, but he will not come out and meet us in the open. He continues to lean upon the strength of the hills. But there are indications that he will be abandoned by his own army."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## City of Capua

The city of Capua of ancient Italy opened its gates to Hannibal after the Battle of Cannae, 216 B. C., and the army there went into winter quarters. Capua was the most luxurious city in Italy, and Hannibal's army was greatly encouraged as a result of its residence there. When the Romans regained possession of Capua, 211, B. C., they scourged and beheaded the surviving senators who had not poisoned themselves before the surrender of the city. Only two persons, it is said, escaped: one, a woman who had prayed for the success of the Roman arms, and the other a woman who had succored some prisoners. The word "Capua" became a synonym for luxury and self-indulgence.

## Fashion Asserts Cloche Is Passe

Latest Style Hats Include Rolling Brim; Winsome Large Models.

Tradition says that a woman whose hat, boots and gloves are right is well dressed, whatever frock she may be wearing, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. With certain qualifications, it is a safe rule, but it leaves much for the couturier to do to meet the present-day model. The three accessories of fashionable dress receive more attention now than ever before, but there is still an indefinable something to be desired, and the artist who finds it is distinguished.

The one part of the fashionable costume that has shown most radical changes this season is the bonnet. The universally popular little cloche, which became a habit and was worn regardless of any question of becomingness, of propriety or taste as to time or place, has at last gone into the discard. Several times its doom was prophesied, designers making heroic efforts to win favor for some other type of chapeau, but the vogue of the cloche was tenacious and was given up reluctantly.

In its place, and keeping somewhat to the same line and feeling, is a close hat of similar character, more generous in the crown, but with a snug rolling brim framing ringlets or "water waves." Another shape meeting the preference of the woman to whom it is well suited shades the face with a narrow brim, straight, or slightly drooping, and rolling gradually toward the back, where it turns up close to the crown.

These hats are strictly tailored and have practically no trimming but a narrow band of ribbon or leather, a tiny cravat bow or buckle, usually directly in front. Sports hats are softer, of velvet, felt, stitched cloth, or ribbed

silk, but often are modeled after the stiffer ones. These are the hats that challenge youth and freshness of color—the "slouch" type that only a young and pretty or an exceedingly smart older woman may wear with success.

With coats of fur, or any one of the new coats in cloth, fur-trimmed or satin, also fur-trimmed, for daytime wear, automobiling and sports wear,

the small hat, whether it is built on close or on generous lines, is necessary.

A supreme cause for rejoicing in the new millinery is the return of the large and the larger hat.

The large hat is very smart with the straight gowns, worn by a woman of slim figure, and is much improved by the addition of a scarf, one of almost any material, so it be modish in color, of chiffon or crepe, fur-trimmed, repeating some one feature in the hat.

"Medium hats," making for comfort, convenience and youthfulness, are the achievement of the hour. Only a master hand, knowing types, traditions and something of the psychology of bonnets, can make a smart "medium" hat. Yet one of these, when it is done with a subtle something in millinery craftsmanship, is far more distinguished than either of the extremes.

Blue and Red Are Used for New Fall Millinery

Olympic blue and cyclamen red, another of the fall's favorites for autumn millinery, are attractive in new silks and in velvets. The blue is particularly hard to describe, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. Perhaps the suggestion of one who has been looking at it in the New York fashion show and buying it for her clientele, as aptly describes its particular tone as anything one could think of. She says it is the soft tone of banker's ink before it has dried and turned into black. It is not a dark blue, however. Rather the blue of a sky or the sea when there is not too much vivid light.

A set bought for street wear and which really would serve many occasions is made of this Olympic blue combined with black. The crown and top of the hat is made of the blue bengaline. The brim is faced with black. The only trimming is a sweep of black monkey fur at one side of the crown extending over the brim and merging into the neckpiece, which is blue trimmed in the monkey.

Hints on Using Powder to Milady's Satisfaction

How do you use powder? Does your powder seem to slip off as soon as you put it on? Or, what is just as bad, does it cake up?

If so, the trouble is probably with the kind of powder base. For some women vanishing cream, usually recommended as an ideal powder base, is too heavy, and the cleansing cream which remains on the face after cleansing proves a splendid base for powder.

Some women, though their number is very small, can do without any cream foundation for powder. However, some sort of cream base is an almost necessary protection to the skin from the ravages of sun and wind.

Although some women have no trouble with their powder when used alone, when rouge is applied—aye, there's the rub. The rouge and powder seem to coagulate, forming a violent cake-like pink. If your rouge and powder are the right shade but the combined result is unsatisfactory, change your methods of make-up, for there are almost as many different ones as there are types of women, and the thing to do is to experiment until you find a method that suits you.

Some women apply their rouge first and powder afterwards. Some even put on a bit of rouge again after powdering.

Others find it more successful to powder the face completely, but lightly, then apply the rouge and on top of this fluff a thin film of powder over the rouge, blending it softly at the edges.

However, whichever method suits you best, here's a hint for the final stage: Take a clean dab of cotton and

## Smart Winter Costume Featuring Warm Furs

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This charming one-piece dress is of brown suede cloth, banded with kolinsky to match the accompanying short coat. A small vest of gold cloth blends with the rich brown of the dress, which is almost sleeveless.

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