

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

These "indications" were the letters of one John Anderson, who described himself as a prominent officer in the American army. The letters were written to Sir Henry Clinton. They asked for a command in the British army and hinted at the advantage to be derived from facts of prime importance in the writer's possession.

Margaret and her mother sailed with Sir Roger Waite and his regiments on the tenth of March and arrived in New York on the twenty-sixth of April.

The month of May, 1780, gave Washington about the worst pinch in his career. It was the pinch of hunger. Supplies had not arrived. Famine had entered the camp and begun to threaten its life. Soldiers can get along without pay but they must have food. Mutiny broke out among the recruits.

In the midst of this trouble, Lafayette, the handsome French marquis, then twenty-three years old, arrived on his white horse, after a winter in Paris, bringing word that a fleet and army from France were heading across the sea. This news revived the drooping spirit of the army. Soon boats began to arrive from down the river with food from the east. The crisis passed. In the North a quiet summer followed. The French fleet with six thousand men under Rochambeau arrived at Newport, July tenth, and were immediately blockaded by the British as was a like expedition fitting out at Brest. Washington could only hold to his plan of prudent waiting.

On a clear, warm day, late in July 1780, a handsome coach drawn by four horses crossed King's Ferry and tolled up the Highland road. It carried Benedict Arnold and his wife and their baggage. Jack and Solomon passed and recognized them.

"What does that mean, I wonder?" Jack queried.

"Dun know," Solomon answered. "I'm scared about it," said the younger scout. "I am afraid that this money seeker has the confidence of Washington. He has been a good fighting man. That goes a long way with the chief."

Colonel Irons stopped his horse. "I am of half a mind to go back," he declared.

"Why?" "I didn't tell the general half that Reed said to me. It was so bitter and yet I believe it was true. I ought to have told him. Perhaps I ought now to go and tell him."

"There's time 'nough," said Solomon. "Wait till we get back. Sometimes I've thought the chief needed advice but it's allus turned out that I was the one that needed it."

The two horsemen rode on in silence. It was the middle of the afternoon of that memorable July day. They were bound for the neutral territory between the American and British lines, infested by "cowboys" from the South and "skimmers" from the North who were raiding the farms of the settlers and driving away their cattle to be sold to the opposing armies. The two scouts were sent to learn the facts and report upon them. They parted at a cross-road. It was near sundown when at a beautiful brook, bordered with spearmint and wild iris, Jack watered and fed his horse and sat down to eat his luncheon. He was thinking of Arnold and the new danger when he discovered that a man stood near him. The young scout had failed to hear his approach—a circumstance in no way remarkable since the road was little traveled and covered with moss and creeping herbage. He thought not of this, however, but only of the face and form of a man of middle age. The young man wrote in a letter:

"It was a singularly handsome face, smooth-shaven and well-shaped with large, dark eyes and a skin very clean and perfect—I had almost said it was transparent. Add to all this a look of friendliness and masterful dignity and you will understand why I rose to my feet and took off my hat. His stature was above my own, his form erect. I remember nothing about his clothes save that they were dark in color and seemed to be new and admirably fitted.

"You are John Irons, Jr., and I am Henry Thornhill," said he. "I saw you at Kinderhook where I used to live. I liked you then and, since the war began, I have known of your adventures. I saw you passing a little way back and I followed for I have something to say to you."

"I shall be glad to hear of it," was my answer.

"Washington cannot be overcome by his enemies unless he is betrayed by his friends. Arnold has been put in command at West Point. He has planned the betrayal of the army."

"Do you know that?" I asked.

"As well as I know light and darkness."

"Washington told Washington?"

"No. As yet I have had no opportunity. I am telling him, now, through you. In his friendships he is a singularly stubborn man. The wives of an enemy are as an open book to him, but those of a friend he is not able to comprehend. He will discredit or

or I may give him. But it is for you and Solomon to warn him and be not deceived."

"I shall turn about and ride back to camp," I said.

"There is no need of haste," he answered. "Arnold does not assume command until the third of August."

"He shaded his eyes and looked toward the west where the sun was setting and the low-lying clouds were like rose-colored islands in a golden sea, and added as he hurried away down the road to the south:

"It is a beautiful world."

"Too good for fighting men," I answered as I sat down to finish my luncheon for I was still hungry.

"While I ate, the tormenting thought came to me that I had neglected to ask for the source of his information or for his address. It was a curious oversight due to his masterly manner and that sense of the guarded tongue which an ordinary mortal is apt to feel in the presence of a great personality. I had been, in a way, self-bridled and cautious in my speech, as I have been wont to be in the presence of Washington himself. I looked down the road ahead. The stranger had rounded a bend and was now hidden by the bush. I hurried through my repast, bridled my horse and set off at a gallop expecting to overtake him, but to my astonishment he had left the road. I did not see him again, but his words were ever with me in the weeks that followed.

"I reached the Corlies farm, far down in the neutral territory, at ten o'clock and a little before dawn was with Corlies and his neighbors in a rough fight with a band of cattle thieves, in the course of which three men and a boy were seriously disabled by my pistols. We had salted a herd and concealed ourselves in the midst of it and so were able to shoot from good cover when the thieves arrived. Solomon and I spent four days in the neutral territory. When we left it a dozen cattle thieves were in need of repair and three had moved to parts unknown. Save in the southern limit, their courage had been broken.

"I had often thought of Nancy, the blaze-faced mare, that I had got from Governor Reed and traded to Mr. Paulding. I was again reminded of her by meeting a man who had just come from Tarrytown. Being near that place I rode on to Paulding's farm and spent a night in his house. I found Nancy in good flesh and spirits. She seemed to know and like the touch of my hand and, standing by her side, the notion came to me that I ought to own her. Paulding was reduced in circumstances. Having been a patriot and a money lender the war had impoverished him. My own horse was worn by overwork and so I proposed a trade and offered a sum to boot which he promptly accepted. I came back up the north road with the handsome, high-headed mare under my saddle. The next night I stopped with one Reuben Smith near the northern limit of the neutral territory below Stony Point. Smith had prospered by selling supplies to the patriot army. I had heard that he was a Tory and so I wished to know him. I found him a rugged, jovial, long-haired man of middle age, with a ready ringing laugh. His jokes were spoken in a low tone and followed by quick, stertorous breathing and roars and gestures of appreciation.

"He looked my mare over carefully before he led her to the stable.

"Next morning as he stood by her head, he asked if I would sell her.

"You couldn't afford to own that mare," I said.

"I had touched his vanity. In fact I did not realize how much he had made by his overcharging. He was better able to own her than I and that he proposed to show me.

"He offered for her another horse and a sum which caused me to take account of my situation. The money would be a help to me. However, I shook my head. He increased his offer.

"What do you want of her?" I asked.

"I've always wanted to own a hoss like that," he answered.

"I intended to keep the mare," said I. "But if you will treat her well and give her a good home I shall let you have her."

"A man who likes a good joke will never drive a spavined hoss," he answered merrily.

"So it happened that the mare Nancy fell into the hands of Reuben Smith."

CHAPTER XXVII

Love and Treason.

When Jack and Solomon returned to headquarters, Arnold and his wife were settled in a comfortable house overlooking the river. Colonel Irons made his report. The commander in chief complimented him and invited the young man to make a tour of the camp in his company. They mounted their horses and rode away together.

"I learn that General Arnold is to be in command here," Jack remarked soon after the ride began.

"I have not yet announced my in-

tervention," said Washington. "Who told you?"

"A man of the name of Henry Thornhill."

"I do not know him but he is curiously well informed. Arnold is an able officer. We have not many like him. He is needed here for I have to go on a long trip to eastern Connecticut to confer with Rochambeau. In the event of some unforeseen crisis Arnold would know what to do."

Then Jack spoke out: "General, I ought to have reported to you the exact words of Governor Reed. They were severe, perhaps, even, unjust. I have not repeated them to any one. But now I think you should know their full content and judge of them in your own way. The governor insists that Arnold is bad at heart—that he would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

Washington made no reply, for a moment, and then his words seemed to have no necessary relation to those of Jack Irons.

"General Arnold has been badly cut up in many battles," said he. "I wish him to be relieved of all trying details. You are an able and prudent man. I shall make you his chief aide with the rank of brigadier general. He needs rest and will concern himself little with the daily routine. In my absence, you will be the superintendent of the camp, and subject to orders I shall leave with you. Colonel Binkus will be your helper. I hope that you may be able to keep yourself on friendly terms with the general."

Jack reported to the commander in chief the warning of Thornhill, but the former made light of it.

"The air is full of evil gossip," he said. "You may hear it of me."

When they rode up to headquarters Arnold was there. To Jack's surprise the major general greeted him with friendly words, saying:

"I hope to know you better for I have heard much of your courage and fighting quality."

On the third of August—the precise date named by Henry Thornhill—Arnold took command of the camp and Irons assumed his new duties. The major general rode with Washington every day until, on the fourteenth of September, the latter set out with three aides and Colonel Binkus on his trip to Connecticut. Solomon rode with the party for two days and then returned. Thereafter Arnold left the work of his office to Jack and gave his time to the enjoyment of the company of his wife and a leisure that suffered little interruption. For him, grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front. Like Richard he had hung up his bruised arms. The day of Washington's departure, Mrs. Arnold invited Jack to dinner. The young man felt bound to accept this opportunity for more friendly relations.

Mrs. Arnold was a handsome, vivacious, blonde young woman of thirty. The officer speaks in a letter of her lively talk and winning smiles and splendid figure, well fitted with a costume that reminded him of the court ladies in France.

"What a contrast to the worn, patched uniforms to be seen in that camp!" he added.

Soon after the dinner began, Mrs. Arnold said to the young man, "We have heard of your romance. Colonel and Mrs. Hare and their young daughter spent a week in our home in Philadelphia on their first trip to the colonies. Later Mrs. Hare wrote to my mother of their terrible adventure in the great north bush and spoke of Margaret's attachment for the handsome boy who had helped to rescue them. So I have some right to my interest in you. I happen to know a detail in your story which may be new to you. Miss Hare is now with her father in New York."

"In New York!"

"Oddso! In New York! We heard in Philadelphia that she and her mother had sailed with Sir Roger Waite in March. How jolly it would be if the general and I could bring you together and have a wedding at headquarters!"

"I could think of no greater happiness save that of seeing the end of the war," Jack answered.

"The war! That is a little matter I want to see a proper end to this love story."

She laughed and ran to the spinnet and sang "Shepherds, I Have Lost My Love."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Insects Lead All

It is computed that there are five times as many different kinds of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. Seventy years ago the number of species of insects preserved in collections was about 170,000. Today it is estimated that there are 750,000 sorts, and that without counting the parasitic creatures. In Europe alone there are 550,000 species. Most insects live on trees or plants. There are known to be 450 sorts which make their home in oak trees, and about 200 in the pine. Of beetles alone the varieties exceed 190,000.

THE SANDMAN STORY

LEARNS ABOUT WITCHES

BENJI had not been what you would call a good boy all day. He had not been very bad, but he had hidden a book under his pillow which his mother told him not to read at night, and he had read some of the stories about the bad witches that carried off folks and the goblins that poked bad children with pointed fingers and sharp-toed shoes.

Benji knew he was safe in his bed, but when he smuggled down under the clothes somehow the floor sounded just as if an old witch was tiptoeing around looking for some one to carry off on her broomstick.

Benji opened one eye, the creaking was so close to his bed, and he thought his little heart stood still—only just for a part of a second, though, for the old woman smiled

Mr. Moonman smiled very broadly when he saw them. "One of those ice cream and cake lovers you have tonight, I see," he said. "Well, step right around behind that cloud and let him help himself. It won't hurt him a mite."

The witch flew behind the cloud and Benji saw banks and banks of ice cream with hundreds of spoons sticking in it.

"Here is your spoon," said the witch, looking at the names on the handles. "Now, help yourself while I cut you a slice of cake."

Benji looked out of the corner of his eye as he ate the cream and saw her cutting into a huge mountain of frosted cake. "Don't drop it," said Benji, as he saw the old witch trying to lift the big piece she had cut.

Benji had his mouth all ready for that cake when a cloud came floating along and hit the old witch so hard that she dropped it, and "Bang!" Benji heard it drop. So he was sure he did not dream it when a second later he sat up in bed looking around the room with the moonlight streaming in the window.

The curtain was swinging and an overturned chair lay on the floor, but the witch was nowhere about, nor was that big slice of cake.

Just then Benji's mother opened the door. She picked up the chair. "Did it scare you?" she asked as she put the clothes over Benji and tucked him in. "The wind is blowing and I guess I had better close this window partly."

"No; let it stay open," said Benji, sleepily. "Maybe she'll come back and I'll get that piece of cake she dropped."

"How Would You Like to Visit the Man in the Moon?"

so kindly that he wasn't frightened a bit.

"Would you like to take a ride, my dear?" she asked. "The moon is very bright."

"I—I think I would, madam," Benji stammered, "if I could get back again in the morning, you know."

"Why, bless my heart, if he hasn't been reading witch stories about the bad witches," said the old woman. "My dear, I am a witch, and I have come to take you riding and show you that there are good witches as well as bad. You know there are bad boys and good boys, don't you?"

"Yes'm," replied Benji. "I guess I was not very good today. I—"

"Tut, tut," said the old witch. "Boys will be boys. I know you are not a bad boy. Come along, now; hop on; we must be off."

Benji forgot he was in his night-clothes, and out of the window he flew. "How would you like to pay a visit to the old man in the moon?" asked the witch. "He likes to have callers."

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE BETTER PLEA

IF I shall pray for rain,
And you for weather fair,
One of us prays in vain,
And hence it is my prayer
That whatsoever the day
In weather chance to be,
Or dry or wet, it may
Be pleasing unto me.
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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

EMILY

FROM the Latin gens Aemilius is derived the quaint simplicity of Emily—or so it is believed. Emily's origin is a trifle perplexing since some hold that it is from the mythical Aemil of the Gothic, but the latter contention is not definite. Several obscure saints bore the name of Aemilius or Aemilianus. Emilji was much used in Russia as a masculine name.

In Spain a hermit—St. Aemilianus—was known as St. Milhan, and thence the name spread to Italy, where it became Emille. Due to Rousseau's educational work, Emille became popular in France. The feminine form had been forgotten when Boccaccio wrote his "Teseide" and called the heroine Emilla. It was at once translated, or imitated in all languages. The Teutons called her Amalie and Amalie of Mansfield and Amalie of Wurtemberg were among the famous women who bore the name.

The daughter of George II brought it to England and was called Princess Emily. Straightway it became prevalent in Europe, where it was often, but erroneously, confused with Amalia, Amy and Emma, which have far different origin. Strange to say, no well-known saint was named Emily, and even De la Roche's beautiful design of the queenly Sainte Amelle was intended as a compliment to the queen of Louis Philippe, an Amalie which came through Naples from Austria and does not belong to Emily at all. The French have called the name Emille and both the English and Italians have an Emilla.

Everyone is familiar with Shelley's verses to the lovely and unfortunate Lady Emilla imprisoned in the convent of St. Anne, Pisa:

I never thought before my death to see
Your vision thus made perfect.
"Emily."

I love thee; though the world by no
thin name
Will hide that love from its unvalued
shame.

Would we two had been twins of the
game mother.
Or, that the name my heart lent to
another
Could be a sister's bond for her and
these.

Blending two beams in one eternity—
Emily's stone is the onyx, but curiously enough it is not always a lucky gem and should be worn with care, since it cools the ardor of love, provokes discord and separates lovers. Yet to dream of onyx signifies a happy marriage. Friday is Emily's lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

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Percy Marmont



Born in London and educated at St. Anne's, Redhill in Surrey, England; six feet tall, light-brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion, and tipping the beam at 155 pounds, Percy Marmont's Anglo-Saxon heritage has stood him in good stead on the screen. He was well fitted for his screen work before he left the stage. He is fond of horseback riding and numerous other sports.

"Who'll come back?" asked his mother, leaning over him. "I guess you have been dreaming."

Benji did not answer. He didn't know whether he had been dreaming or not. But one thing he did know, and that was that witches are good and sometimes take boys on nice rides and never harm them.

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Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

TOO MUCH HOSPITALITY

THERE was no doubt that young Worthington was very much interested in Lillie Wedgewood. They had met at the house of a mutual friend, and Worthington had singled out Lillie from the first. Then of course their friends threw them on every occasion in each other's way, but as yet Worthington had not seen Lillie in her own home. He called to find out, and then came an invitation to the Wedgewoods' to dinner—a family affair it turned out to be.

Beside Mrs. Wedgewood, Lillie seemed to sink into curious insignificance. Indeed, for a whole course, Worthington almost forgot her; so taken up was his attention with her mother. For the lady at the head of the table was outdoing herself to be hospitable.

"Mr. Worthington, won't you have some duck?" she began ordinarily enough, as he was about half way through his first helping.

"Thank you, no, Mrs. Wedgewood," said the young man unsuspectingly. "Oh, you must take this piece of breast—I've been saving it specially for you," came the second attack.

Again he refused, and again she renewed the charge, and he capitulated. Encouraged by her success, she turned her attention to apple sauce.

"Now some apple sauce, Mr. Worthington—I made this myself—I'm a great cook, you know. Oh, I'm not going to let you refuse—it goes with duck as a matter of course. That's right—just a little more."

Twice had he been routed, but he swore that his Amazonian hostess should not over-urge him to a single other dish.

"Lillie, give Mr. Worthington some sweet potato. You're not paying any attention to his plate. He doesn't care, for any more? Nonsense! Just don't take 'no' for an answer."

So the conversation went through the whole meal. If Worthington steered to plays or politics, he was brought back peremptorily to pickles; and, as they got up from the table, he felt as if he had been beaten at a hard-fought game of tennis.

After that, he and Lillie once more saw each other away from her home, and his old impression of charm and beauty came back to him. But he always managed to dodge Mrs. Wedgewood's rather pressing invitations to the Wedgewood house. Then Lillie told him—things had progressed as far as that—that her mother was beginning to think strangely of his continual regrets. With a sigh he accepted for Sunday lunch.

After sticking out for only one round of chicken he crumbled. After that he decided to take everything that was offered. Three helpings to croquettes, four times to preserve, salad twice, ice cream and coffee over again was the result. Mrs. Wedgewood was delighted—she felt that she had done well by Lillie. And when young Worthington abruptly transferred his attentions to a total stranger, she never suspected that her habit of urging hospitality had anything whatever to do with it.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?
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The Why of Superstitions

By IRVING KING

DROPPING BREAD

IF YOU drop bread on the floor pick it up immediately; to leave it there would expose you to very great trouble in the near future. This superstition is but one of many in which liners the idea of the ancients with regard to the existence of a "Spirit of the Corn." This corn spirit was to them something to be propitiated, encouraged, implored—its beneficence or its nigardliness in the harvests meant for them life—or death. Volumes have been written concerning this ancient worship of the Spirit of the Corn—more correctly the Spirit of the Grain—and of all edible farm products. Many of the ceremonies connected with it exist today in Europe in a form but little modified from the ancient ritual. And in the worship of the corn spirit not only the seed, the growing crops, and the gathered sheaves but also the bread into which the "corn" was made had its part. So when bread is dropped on the floor to let it lie there would be an insult to the "corn" spirit. Therefore pick it up at once.

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