

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

It was, no doubt, a deliberate lie calculated to inspire frankness in a possible Tory. That was the moment for Andre to have produced his passports, which would have opened the road for him. Instead he committed a fatal error, the like of which it would be hard to find in all the records of human action.

"I am a British officer," he declared. "Please take me to your post." They were keen-minded men who quickly surrounded him. A British officer! Why was he in the dress of a Yankee farmer? The pass could not save him now from these rough, strong handed fellows. The die was cast. They demanded the right of search. He saw his error and changed his plea.

"I am only a citizen of New York returning from family business in the country," he said.

He drew his gold watch from his pocket—that unfailing sign of the gentleman of fortune—and looked at its dial.

"You can see I am no common fellow," he added. "Let me go on about my business."

They firmly insisted on their right to search him. He began to be frightened. He offered them his watch and a purse full of gold and any amount of British goods to be allowed to go on his way.

Now here is the wonder and the mystery in this remarkable proceeding. These men were seeking plunder and here was a handsome prospect. Why did they not make the most of it and be content? The "skippers" were plunderers, but first of all and above all they were patriots. The spirit brooding over the highlands of the Hudson and the hills of New England had entered their hearts. The man who called himself John Anderson was compelled to dismount and empty his pockets and take off his boots, in one of which was the damning evidence of Arnold's perfidy. A fortune was then within the reach of these three hard-working men of the hills, but straightway they took their prisoner and the papers, found in his boot, to the outpost commanded by Colonel Jameson.

This negotiation for the sale of the United States had met with unexpected difficulties. The "skippers" had been as hard to buy as the learned diplomat.

CHAPTER XXIX

Solomon's Last Fight.

Meanwhile, Margaret and her mother had come up the river in a barge with General and Mrs. Arnold to the house of the latter. Jack had gone out on a tour of inspection. He had left headquarters after the noon meal with a curious message in his pocket and a feeling of great relief. The message had been delivered to him by the mother of a captain in one of the regiments. She said that it had been given to her by a man whom she did not know. Jack had been busy when it came and did not open it until she had gone away. It was an astonishing and most welcome message in the flowing script of a rapid penman, but clearly legible. It was without date and very brief. These were the cheering words in it:

"My dear friend: I have good news from down the river. The danger is passed.
HENRY THORNHILL."

Jack being out of camp, Margaret had found Solomon. Toward the day's end he had gone out on the south road with the young lady and her mother and Mrs. Arnold.

Jack was riding into camp from an outpost of the army. The day was in its twilight. He had been riding fast. He pulled up his horse as he approached a sentry post. Three figures were standing in the dusky road.

"Halt! Who comes there?" one of them sang out.

It was the voice of Margaret. Its challenge was more like a phrase of music than a demand. He dismounted. "I am one of the great army of lovers," said he.

"Advance and give the countersign," she commanded.

A moment he held her in his embrace and whispered: "I love you."

"The countersign is correct, but before I let you pass, give me one more look into your heart."

"As many as you like—but—why?"

"So I may be sure that you do not blame England for the folly of her king."

"I swear it."

"Then I shall enlist with you against the tyrant. He has never been my king."

Lady Hare stood with Mrs. Arnold near the lovers.

"I too demand the countersign," said the latter.

"And much goes with it," said the young man as he kissed her, and then he embraced the mother of his sweetheart and added:

"I hope that you are also to enlist with us."

"No, I am to leave my little rebel with you and return to New York."

"Will you give me a ride?" Marg-

ret asked her lover. "I'll get on behind you."

Solomon took off the saddle and tightened the blanket girth.

"Thar, 'tain't over clean, but now ye kin both ride," said he.

Soon the two were riding, she in front, as they had ridden long before through the shady, mallowed bush in Tryon county.

They dismounted at Arnold's door. "For a time I shall have much to do, but soon I hope for great promotion and more leisure," he said.

"Tell me the good news," she urged. "I expect to be the happiest man in the army, and the master of this house and your husband."

"And you and I shall be as one," she answered. "God speed the day when that may be true also of your people and my people."

He kissed her and bade her good-night and returned to his many tasks. He had visited the forts and batteries. He had communicated with every outpost. His plan was complete. About midnight, when he and Solomon were lying down to rest, two horsemen came up the road at a gallop and stopped at his door. They were aides of Washington. They reported that the general was spending the night at the house of Henry Jasper, near the ferry, and would reach camp about noon next day.

"Thank God for that news," said the young man. "Solomon, I think that we can sleep better tonight."

Jack was awake for an hour thinking of the great happiness which had fallen in the midst of his troubles and of Thornhill and his message. He

heard the two aides going to their quarters. Then a deep silence fell upon the camp, broken only by the rumble of distant thunder in the mountains and the feet of someone pacing up and down between his hut and the house of the general. He put on his long coat and slippers and went out of doors.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Arnold," was the answer. "Taking a little walk before I turn in."

There was a weary, pathetic note of trouble in that voice, long remembered by the young man, who immediately returned to his bed. He knew not that those restless feet of Arnold were walking in the flames of hell.

Had some premonition of what had been going on down the river come up to him? Could he hear the feet of that horse, now galloping northward through the valleys and over the hills toward him with evil tidings? No more for this man was the comfort of restful sleep or the joys of home and friendship and affection. Now the touch of his wife's hand, the sympathetic look in her eyes and all her babble about the coming marriage were torture to him. He could not endure it. Worst of all, he was in a way where there is no turning. He must go on. He had begun to know that he was suspected. The conduct of the scout, Solomon Binkus, had suggested that he knew what was passing. Arnold had seen the aides of Washington as they came in. The chief could not be far behind them. He dreaded to stand before him. Compared to the torture now beginning for this man, the fate of Bill Scott on Rock creek in the wilderness, had been a mercy.

Soon after sunrise came a solitary horseman, wearing long travel, with a message from Colonel Jameson to Arnold. A man had been captured near Tarrytown with important documents in his person. He had confessed that he was Adjutant General Andre of Sir Henry Clinton's army. The worst had come to pass. Now treason! disgrace! the gibbet!

Arnold was sitting at breakfast. He arose, put the message in his pocket and went out of the room. The Vulture lay down the river awaiting orders. The traitor walked hurriedly to the boat landing. Solomon was there. It had been his custom when in camp to go down to the landing every morning with his spy glass and

survey the river. Only one boatman was at the dock.

"Colonel Binkus, will you help this man to take me down to the British ship?" Arnold asked. "I have an engagement with its commander and am half an hour late."

Solomon had had much curiosity about that ship. He wished to see the man who had gone into the bush and then to Smith's with Arnold.

"Sart'n," Solomon answered.

They got into a small barge with the general in the cushioned rear seat, his flag in hand.

They came up to the Vulture and made fast at its landing stage where an officer waited to receive the general. The latter ascended to the deck. In a moment a voice called from above:

"General Arnold's boatmen may come aboard."

A British warship was a thing of great interest to Solomon. Once aboard he began to look about him at the shining guns and their gear and the tackle and the men. He looked for Arnold, but he was not in sight.

Among the crew, then busy on the deck, Solomon saw the Tory desperado "Slops," one time of the Ohio river country, with his black pipe in his mouth. Slops paused in his hauling and reeling to shake a fist at Solomon. They were heaving the anchor. The sails were running up. The ship had begun to move. What was the meaning of this? Solomon stepped to the ship's side. The stair had been hove up and made fast. The barge was not to be seen.

"They will put you all ashore below," an officer said to him.

Solomon knew too much about Arnold to like the look of this. The officer went forward. Solomon stepped to the opening in the deck rail, not yet closed, through which he had come aboard. While he was looking down at the water, some ten feet below, a group of sailors came to fill in. His arm was roughly seized. Solomon stepped back. Before him stood the man Slops. An insulting word from the latter, a quick blow from Solomon, and Slops went through the gate out into the air and downward. The scout knew it was no time to tarry.

"A night hawk couldn't dive no quicker ner what I done," were his words to the men who picked him up. He was speaking of that half second of the twenty-fourth of September, 1780. His brief account of it was carefully put down by an officer: "I struck not twenty feet from Slops, which I see him jes' comin' up when I took water. This 'ere of sloop that had overhauled us goin' down were nigh. Hadn't no more'n come up than I felt Slop's knife rip into my leg. I never had no practice in that 'ere knife work. 'Tain't fer decent folks, but my ol' Dan Skinner is allus on my belt. He'd chose the weapons an' so I fetched 'er out. Had to er die. We fit a minnit thar in the water. All the while he had that ol' black pipe in his mouth. I were backed up a leetle, but he got a big leak in him an' all of a sudden he wasn't thar. He'd gone. I struck out with ol' Dan Skinner 'twixt my teeth. Then I see 'your line and grabbed it. Whar's the British ship now?"

"Way below Stony Point an' a fair wind in her sails," the skipper answered.

"Bound for New York," said Solomon sorrowfully. "They'd 'a' took me with 'em if I hadn't 'a' jumped. Put me over to Jasper's dock. I got to see Washington quick."

"Washington has gone up the river."

"Then take me to quarters soon as ye kin. I'll give ye ten pounds, good English gold. My God, boys! My ol' hide is leakin' bad."

He turned to the man who had been washing and binding his wounds.

"Sodder me up best ye kin. I got to last till I see the Father."

Solomon and other men in the old army had often used the word "Father" in speaking of the commander in chief. It served as no other could, to express their affection for him.

The wind was unfavorable and the sloop found it difficult to reach the landing near headquarters. After some delay Solomon jumped overboard and swam ashore.

What follows he could not have told. Washington was standing with his orderly in the little dooryard at headquarters as Solomon came staggering up the slope at a run and threw his body, bleeding from a dozen wounds, at the feet of his beloved chief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Was Satisfied

The prince of Wales at an informal dinner was behaving so naturally that some of those present forgot the distinguished company they were in. Presently a speaker arose and began an oration. "Gentlemen—" he started. Then he paused and his face colored. "I beg your royal highness' pardon," he said in confusion. "Carry on, sir," laughed the prince. "I'm quite content to be called a gentleman."

Tigers' Large Appetites

Tigers in captivity consume from 15 to 16 pounds of beef a day.

Change of Shades in Late Headgear

Tricorn Brims and Higher Crowns Develop Interest in Millinery.

The same insurgent spirit that brought an end to the solitary regime of the narrow, straight outline also is responsible for the termination of the cloche domination, says a fashion authority in the New York Herald-Tribune. The reason most frequently advanced for the tenacious adherence to the small bell-shaped chapeau was the bobbed head, which, according to ardent cloche enthusiasts, could not be attractively set off by any other type of hat.

The autumn season, despite many dire predictions for the future of the bob, has witnessed little if any diminution of the vogue for the short-clipped coil, and yet new shapes have finally ended the reign of the perennial cloche. Incidentally, the new director types of chapeau harmonize quite as well with the bob as do the old. The cloche has been practically eliminated from the picture.

Among the new shapes the small, square-crowned director hat is one of the leading factors. An unusually smart model from Caroline Reboux is developed in green felt and contrastingly trimmed with looped black satin ribbons.

From Jeanne Lanvin come two charming small hats which exploit the round crown—the beret and the helmet. The latter shape is more than normally high, and is distinguished by scintillating trimmings which appear at the turn of the crown. The turban is another petite type that will be particularly smart this season when worn with winter furs and costumes. Molyneux is one of the principal sponsors of this shape, and his models show very little trimming and cover the ears in Cleopatra effect.

The tricorne is also a dominant autumn shape, and manifests itself particularly in Marquis and Napoleonic effects. Other important new models are the high toque, the classic portrait



Black Silk Hatters' Plush, Trimmed With Long, Black Scarf.

hat and the small sailor. Modified forms of the cloche are still in evidence.

Among the materials, velvet is gradually usurping the place held by felt in the early days of autumn. Black hatters' plush, panne and suede are widely noted in the most recent importations. Ribbon is another important factor in millinery materials, and the narrow four-inch types of last season have been succeeded by ribbons which are six, eight, and occasionally ten inches wide. These are used for trimming as well as for the principal fabric of the hat.

Psychology of Color; Tints of Our Clothes

Color, like music, speaks a universal language, says the Kansas City Star.

If you buy a blue hat, you say one thing; if you buy a red one, you say quite another. Psychologists tell us that every thought of the mind has its appropriate tint; and that is why certain color symbols have come down to us, unchanged, through the ages. Poets, too, particularly Shakespeare, supreme of the "painter poets," are appreciative of the color language. So, whether you consider the colors you choose from the poetic, artistic or psychological point of view, you will be interested to know something about their symbolism when you go shopping.

The analogy of color often is drawn to the seasons of the year and the time of day or night, as for instance, black, by analogy to night and darkness, is the symbol of grief and death. Black is melancholy and sober, but of great strength. No color has so much power to impress as black. Gray, the color of dying fall, denotes fear; and green, through physical analogy to the shades of spring, youth and hope.

If a man really cares for a woman, it is said that he loves to see her in white. Why? Because, in the color language, white speaks of purity, innocence, goodness.

Take blue. This color is said to signify piety and sincerity, calm, deep, still and solid. It is the symbol of constancy. Blue is a tender and sedate color, even when most brilliant.

If colors speak, red shouts. It is the most positive and assertive of all colors. It connotes ardent heat, splendor, power. Chinese symbolism has it

Coat of Henna Duvetyn, Leopard Skin Banding



This charming street coat of henna duvetyn with a banding of leopard skin was on display at a recent fashion show held in New York.

Plaids Playing Part in Fashions of Today

Until recently plaids were relegated to the wardrobe of the juvenile members of society, but this season has witnessed a change of heart toward these decorative designs and in the sheerest stuffs, as well as in the more usual woolen and cotton plaids, they play an important part in the fashions of the day.

One French designer is responsible for several extremely pretty models fashioned of plaid chiffon, while another makes a stunning coat dress of plaid taffeta in shades of red, brown, green and yellow. Nothing could be smarter or more striking than a three-piece costume of blue twill in which the gay plaid lining matches the straight beltless tunic that reaches almost to the hem of the skirt.

Another clever way of using plaids is in the form of an evening cape made of plaid taffeta in pastel colors. This is cut on circular lines and is trimmed with a deep flounce of black chantilly lace. It is worn over a frock of pale blue taffeta.

Hand-Woven Scarf Among New Fall Accessories

New styles of scarfs are continually being added to the enormous variety already in the market, in silk, crepe, chiffon, lace and wool.

A new type is finding friends among the women who wear smart sports things. It is a hand-woven scarf, not very wide nor long, but of convenient utility size like a man's muffler, of zephyr weight wools, usually in bright colors, which form stripes or plaids on a dark or neutral ground. These scarfs are American-made, designed and woven on the looms of some artists who are popularizing community industries.

They are worn a good deal in the country, motoring, and at the outdoor sporting events, and will be suitable accessories with tailored suits and coat frocks. It is considered chic to have a handbag woven to match the scarf.

that red is the emblem of the passion of the Lord, signifying as it does, love, power, dignity. Red is the military color, significant of bloodshed and war. Yellow, expressive in its brightest shades, for the better thoughts and things, is joyous and uplifting; when shallow and dull, it is symbolic of envy and jealousy.

Purple, "royal purple," is symbolical for dignity, stateliness and kingly power. It manages to be pleasing, even though pompous. Various tests have been made to see what colors, if any, might be called favorites of most people. For wearing apparel, black and blue predominate; but red ranks high in the list.

Another Attractive Scarf

There is no limit to the inventiveness of scarf designers, and among the latest to be shown are scarfs with intricate and beautiful motifs embroidered in many colored silks and old thread. Many of the patterns are exact copies of old embroideries.

An Extra Hat Ribbon

There are many ways of changing the aspect of a sport hat, one of which consists of adding a band of wide black satin ribbon across the front of which large flowers are embroidered in gay wools. The ribbon ties in a bow in the back.

New Design in Hats

Among the hats designed for women with bobbed hair is one which is no more than a glorified hairnet. It is a close-fitting cap of knotted ribbons, which keeps the hair in place but allows plenty of ventilation.

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Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

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The flavor lasts

America Likes Vaudeville

If anyone doubts that Americans like vaudeville they have but to look at the financial statements of one of the large vaudeville booking organizations. During the first six months of 1924 when the legitimate theaters were reporting slow times, this one circuit, which ranks with the largest, earned more than 100 per cent after all charges were taken care of. The previous year it paid 60 cents on the outstanding capital also.

Permanent roads are a good investment—not an expense

Why America Must Have More Paved Highways

Almost every section of the United States is confronted by a traffic problem.

Month by month this problem is becoming more and more serious.

Hundreds of cars pass a given point every hour on many of our state and county roads. Down-town city streets are jammed with traffic.

Think too, how narrow many of our roads are, and how comparatively few paved highways there are in proportion to the steadily increasing number of cars.

If the motor vehicle is to continue giving the economic service of which it is capable, we must have more concrete highways and widen those near large centers of population.

Every citizen should discuss highway needs of his community with his local authorities.

Your highway officials will do their part if given your support.

Why postpone meeting this pressing need?

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