

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

"Oh, my Father!" he cried in a broken voice and with tears streaming down his cheeks. "Arnold has sold Ameriky an' all its folks an' gone down the river."

Washington knelt beside him and felt his bloody garments.

"The colonel is wounded," he said to his orderly. "Go for help."

The scout, weak from the loss of blood, tried to regain his feet but failed. He lay back and whispered: "I guess the sap has all oozed out o' me but I had enough."

Washington was one of those who put him on a stretcher and carried him to the hospital.

When he was lying on his bed and his clothes were being removed, the commander in chief paid him this well deserved compliment as he held his hand:

"Colonel, when the war is won it will be only because I have had men like you to help me."

Soon Jack came to his side and then Margaret. General Washington asked the latter about Mrs. Arnold.

"My mother is doing what she can to comfort her," Margaret answered.

Solomon revived under stimulants and was able to tell them briefly of the dire struggle he had had.

"It were Slops that saved me," he whispered.

He fell into a deep and troubled sleep and when he awoke in the middle of the night he was not strong enough to lift his head. Then these faithful friends of his began to know that this big, brawny, redoubtable soldier was having his last fight. He seemed to be aware of it himself for he whispered to Jack:

"Take keer o' Mirandy an' the Little Cricket."

Late the next day he called for his Great Father. Feebly and brokenly he had managed to say:

"Jes' want—to—feel—his hand."

Margaret had sat beside him all day helping the nurse.

A dozen times Jack had left his work and run over for a look at Solomon. On one of these hurried visits the young man had learned of the wish of his friend. He went immediately to General Washington, who had just returned from a tour of the forts. The latter saw the look of sorrow and anxiety in the face of his officer.

"How is the colonel?" he asked.

"I think that he is near the end," Jack answered. "He has expressed a wish to feel your hand again."

"Let us go to him at once," said the other. "There has been no greater man in the army."

Together they went to the bedside of the faithful scout. The general took his hand. Margaret put her lips close to Solomon's ear and said:

"General Washington has come to see you."

Solomon opened his eyes and smiled. Then there was a beauty not of this world in his homely face. And that moment, holding the hand he had loved and served and trusted, the heroic soul of Solomon Binkus went out upon "the lonesome trail."

Jack, who had been kneeling at his side, kissed his white cheek.

"Oh, general, I knew and loved this man!" said the young officer as he arose.

"It will be well for our people to know what men like him have endured for them," said Washington.

"I shall have to learn how to live without him," said Jack. "It will be hard."

Margaret took his arm and they went out of the door and stood a moment looking off at the glowing sky about the western hills.

"Now you have me," she whispered. He bent and kissed her.

"No man could have a better friend and fighting mate than you," he answered.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told," Jack wrote from Philadelphia to his wife in Albany on the 30th of June, 1787: "Dear Margaret, we thought that the story was ended when Washington won. Five years have passed, and a watch in the night, and the most impressive details are just now falling out. You recall our curiosity about Henry Thornhill. When stopping at Kinderhook I learned that the only man of that name who had lived there had been lying in his grave these 20 years. He was one of the first dreamers about liberty. What think you of that? I, for one, cannot believe that the man I saw was an impostor. Was he an angel like those who visited the prophets? Who shall say? Naturally, I think often of the look of him and of his sudden disappearance in that Highland road. And, looking back at Thornhill, this thought comes to me: Who can tell how many angels he has met in the way of life all unaware of the high commission of his visitor?"

"On my westward trip I found that the Indians who once dwelt in the Long House were scattered. Only a rattered remnant remains. Near old Fort Johnson I saw a squaw sitting in her blanket. Her face was wrinkled with age and hardship. Her eyes were nearly blind. She held in her withered

hands the ragged, moth-eaten tail of a gray wolf. I asked her why she kept the shabby thing.

"'Because of the hand that gave it,' she answered in English. 'I shall take it with me to the Happy Hunting Grounds. When he sees it he will know me.'

"So quickly the beautiful Little White Birch had faded.

"At Mount Vernon, Washington was as dignified as ever but not so grave. He almost joked when he spoke of the sculptors and portrait painters who have been a great bother to him since the war ended.

"'Now no dray horse moves more readily to the thill than I to the painter's chair,' he said.

"When I arrived the family was going in to dinner and they waited until I could make myself ready to join them. The Jocular Light Horse Harry Lee was there. His anecdotes delighted the great man. I had never seen G. W. in better humor. A singularly pleasant smile lighted his whole countenance. I can never forget the gentle note in his voice and his dignified bearing. It was the same whether he were addressing his guests or his family. The servants watched him closely. A look seemed to be enough to indicate his wishes. The faithful Billy was always at his side. I have never seen a sweeter atmosphere in any home. We sat an hour at the table after the family had retired from it. In speaking of his daily life he said:

"I ride around my farms until it is time to dress for dinner, when I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Perhaps the word curiosity would better describe the cause of it. The usual time of sitting at table brings me to candle-light, when I try to answer my letters."

"He had much to say on his favorite theme, viz.: the settling of the im-

ply married; he began in his playful way. 'A celibate is like the odd half of a pair of scissors, fit only to scrape a trencher. How many babies have you?'

"'Three,' I answered.

"'It is not half enough,' said he. 'A patriotic American should have at least ten children. I must not forget to say to you what I say to every young man. Always treat your wife with respect. It will procure respect for you not only from her, but from all who observe it. Never use a slighting word.'

"My beloved, how little I need this advice you know, but I think that the old philosopher never made a wiser observation. I am convinced that civilization itself depends largely on the respect that men feel and show for women.

"I asked about his health.

"I am weary and the night is falling and I shall soon lie down to sleep, but I know that I shall awake refreshed in the morning," he said.

"He told me how, distressed by his infirmity, he came out of France in the queen's litter, carried by her magnificent mules. Of England he had only this to say:

"She is doing wrong in discouraging emigration to America. Emigration multiplies a nation. She should be represented in the growth of the New World by men who have a voice in its government. By this fair means she could possess it instead of leaving it to foreigners, of all nations, who may drown and stifle sympathy for the mother land. It is now a fact that Irish emigrants and their children are in possession of the government of Pennsylvania."

"I must not fail to set down here in the hope that my sons may some time read it, what he said to me of the treason of Arnold.

"Here is the vindication of poor Richard. Extravagance is not the way to self-satisfaction. The man who does not keep his feet in the old, honest way of thrift will some time sell himself, and then he will be ready to sell his friends or his country. By and by nothing is so dear to him as thirty pieces of silver."

"I shall conclude my letter with a beautiful confession of faith by this master mind of the country. It was made on the motion for daily prayers in the convention now drafting a constitution for the states. I shall never forget the look of him as, standing on the lonely summit of his eighty years, he said to us:

"In the beginning of our contest with Britain when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for Divine protection. Our prayers, sirs, were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a directing Providence in our affairs. And have we forgotten that powerful friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sirs, a long time and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice it is probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sirs, that except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it. I firmly believe this and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political structure no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided and confounded and we ourselves become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest."

"Dear Margaret, you and I who have been a part of the great story know full well that in these words of our noble friend is the conclusion of the whole matter."

[THE END]

**Journalist in Church**

A preacher, at the close of one of his sermons, said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Presently every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet.

The preacher seated them, and said: "Now, let every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "that you are the only one not able to meet his obligations?"

"I run a newspaper," he answered meekly, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.—Our Dumb Animals.

**Vanity Needed**

Vanity isn't on the official list of virtues, yet unless a man has a good opinion of himself he will never amount to much.

**Signals to Birds**

Atmospheric pressure on the nerves of birds is said to give them warning of changes in the weather.



## ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.  
(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

### HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

IT IS characteristic of the race to shirk responsibility. Adam blamed our first moral disaster upon Eve; Cain lost his temper when the Lord asked him about Abel, and rather petulantly asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Richardson knew that young Murphy, who was lodging at his house, was supposed to be in college and that he was getting money from home regularly to pay his college bills; though he had never registered and was sleeping through the days and wasting his nights in foolish and sometimes even in vicious dissipation. He knew, too, that the money from home meant a real sacrifice to hard-working parents.

"Why did you not tell me," I asked him, when by chance I stumbled onto the facts, "and give me a chance to get Murphy to class?"

"It wasn't my affair," he said quite carelessly. "He was paying his rent regularly. I wasn't responsible for him. Why should I worry? Why, indeed?"

Carter, living across the hall from Wilbur in the same building, was going to the dogs pretty fast. Not infrequently he came in late at night under the influence of liquor, and he was wasting his money pretty regularly in poker and crap games.

"What have you done with Carter?" I asked Wilbur, when the conditions in the place came to my attention.

"I haven't done anything," was his reply. "It's not my funeral, so long as he doesn't bother me."

"Don't you feel any responsibility," I asked, "for the character of the house, and for the effect which Carter's escapades are having on his work?"

"Why should I?" he inquired rather surprised at my question. "I think I'm doing pretty well if I look after myself. I don't want to get him into trouble."

I sometimes wonder if young people ever stop to think what free education involves and why the state is educating them—why it spends every year millions of dollars in the support of education. The real reason is not that we may be trained as individuals to look after ourselves only, and to follow our selfish purposes without regard to the welfare of our neighbors or of the community in which we live.

We are all in a very large sense our brother's keeper. It requires courage to take responsibility for good order and moral conduct, and few of us have courage.

"I'd lose my friends and get into trouble," a man said to me recently, "if I tried to change conditions." And he wanted friends and hated trouble. He had never realized that all of us are our brother's keepers, and it is a responsibility which we cannot shirk.

**MY SENTIMENTAL GARDEN**

MY NEIGHBOR has a very beautiful and spacious garden, well-kept, orderly and full of the rarest and choicest plants. She knows the name and the ancestry of every plant in it; she calls each one by its first name as one might address the individuals in a large family of children.

"Have you Boule de Neige?" she asks me when I am looking at her wonderful collection of peonies.

I stammer a reply, for I do not know Boule de Neige from Armand Rousseau, and it is humiliating to confess such total ignorance.

She talks of hybrids and seedlings and sports with a glibness that amazes me, and scrutinizes the pedigree of each member of her garden family as one might examine the genealogy of a prospective son-in-law.

My garden is very different. It has as much bloom as my neighbors and as great variety, perhaps, but it is more heterogeneous. I care little for the parentage of my garden friends. I like the associations which they recall to me.

I do not know whether my delphiniums are Kelways or not. I only know that I gathered the seed one heavenly day in August 20 years ago as I was walking through one of the gardens at Oxford college. My poppies came from the Chalet de Lake Louise. Nancy picked the seed while I lay on the grass and watched the reflections in the lake. My calendula were given me by an old monk at the mission of Santa Barbara; the yellow rosebush and the honeysuckle I dug from the garden where I lived as a child; I picked the seed of the wall flowers that flourish in my borders as Nancy and I walked from Melrose to Abbotford. The bittersweet, whose crimson berries hang in festoons from my pergola through all the fall and early winter, a dear old lady gave me and I carried the roots a hundred miles to plant them.

My garden is a garden full of pleasant memories. As I sit by it I recall the happy associations of home, the pleasant intercourse of friends and experiences in far-away countries. The years disappear when I am in my garden; my youth returns.

**Actor Lived a Century**

Charles Macklin, the great English actor and dramatist, attained the ripe old age of one hundred years. He was noted for his quarrelsome disposition, which detracted greatly from his popularity.

## Yuletide Brings Pretty Trifles

Christmas Pillows



Handsome and comfort-giving cushions are among the Christmas gifts that always delight either men or women. These cushions are very practical when made of black satin or sateen and decorated with a band of wide figured ribbon in brilliant patterns.

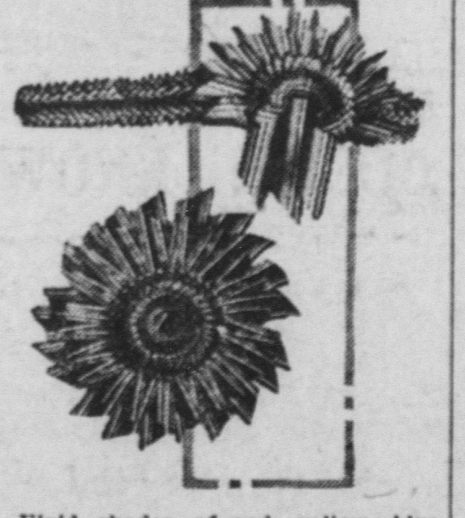
These black cushions are decorated on one side, sometimes with bow knots or other motifs made of narrow gold ribbon and small silk flowers, stitched down at the edges.

### Novel Shopping Bag



A novelty in shopping bags is added to the list of these always-welcome gifts this year. It is about ten inches long and is made of light brown and white suede leather or of suede velours or duvetine and lined with silk. The pipings, pointed insets and fringe are in white. When other fabrics than suede leather are used the fringe may be of ribbon or silk.

### New Ribbon Girdles



Vivid shades of red, yellow, blue and green appear with brown or other dark colors in fashionable new ribbons, and often the glint of gold is added. These ribbons are liked for girdles and rosettes to brighten up the quiet and simple frocks that good taste approves. They are worked up in many ingenious ways and women are enthusiastic about them for Christmas gifts; a girdle and a corsage ornament are shown here. Short lengths with bias ends and braided strands are used.

### Crocheted Fan



A novelty in small fans makes a pretty gift, and this year brings one covered with plaques, crocheted with silk floss in bright colors. A little palm leaf, or Japanese, fan will provide a foundation. Edges of the plaques are sewed together and the handle may be wound with narrow ribbon and finished with a bow.

## Is Your Work Hard?

Is your work wearing you out? Are you tortured with throbbing back-ache—feel tired, weak and worn out? Then look to your kidneys! Many occupations tend to weaken the kidneys. Constant backache, headaches, dizziness and rheumatic pains result. One suffers annoying kidney irregularities; feels nervous, irritable and worn out. Don't wait! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Workers everywhere recommend Doan's. They should help you, too. Ask your Neighbor!

**A Virginia Case**

H. L. Thomas, engineer, 1521 Second Ave. N. W., Rockville, Va., says: "I had a steady ache in my back and when I stooped, a sharp catch took me and it was hard to straighten. The muscles in my back were lame and stiff. My kidneys acted irregularly. I used Doan's Pills and they drove away the backache and regulated my kidneys."

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