

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER
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"A THOUSAN' POUNDS"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1768, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unrest grows in the colonies because of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solomon and Jack visit Boston. In November, 1770, Jack goes to Philadelphia and works in Benjamin Franklin's printing plant. Nearly three years later Margaret writes him from London, reminding him that her youth is passing and saying she has appealed to Doctor Franklin.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

This letter went to the heart of the young man. She had deftly set before him the gross unfairness of delay. He felt it. Ever since the parting he had been eager to go, but his father was not a rich man and the family was large. His own salary had been little more than was needed for clothing and books. That autumn it had been doubted and the editor had assured him that higher pay would be forthcoming. He hesitated to tell the girl how little he earned and how small, when measured in money, his progress had seemed to be. He was in despair when his friend Solomon Binkus arrived from Virginia. For two years the latter had been looking after the interests of Major Washington out in the Ohio river country. They dined together that evening at the Crooked Billet and Solomon told him of his adventures in the West and frontier stories of the notorious one-legged robber, Micah Harpe, and his den on the shore of the Ohio and of the cunning of the outlaw in evading capture.

Solomon read the girl's letter and said: "If I was you I'd swim the big pond if necessary. This 'ere is a real simon pure, four-masted wooman an' she wants you fer captain. As the feller said when he seen a black fox, 'Come on, boys, it's time fer to wear out yer boots.'"

"I'm tied to my job."

"Then break yer halter," said Solomon.

"I haven't money enough to get married and keep a wife."

"What an ignorant cuss you be!" Solomon exclaimed. "You don't 'pear to know when ye're well off."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that ye're wuth at least a thousan' pounds cash money."

"I would not ask my father for help and I have only forty pounds in the bank," Jack answered.

Solomon took out his wallet and removed from it a worn and soiled piece of paper and studied the memoranda it contained. Then he did some ciphering with a piece of lead. In a moment he said:

"You have got a thousan' an' fifteen pounds an' six shillin' fer to do with as ye please an' no questions asked—nary one."

"You mean you've got it."

"Which means that Jack Irons owns it hide, horns an' taller."

Tears came to the boy's eyes. He looked down for a moment without speaking. "Thank you, Solomon," he said presently. "I can't use your money. It wouldn't be right."

Solomon shut one eye an' squinted with the other as if he were taking aim along the top of a gun barrel. Then he shook his head and drawled:

"Cat's blood an' gunpowder! That 'ere slaps me in the face an' kicks me on the shin," Solomon answered. "I've walked an' paddled eighty mile in a day an' been stabbed an' shot at an' had to run fer my life, which it ain't no fun—ye hear to me. Who do ye s'pose I done it fer but you an' my kentry? There ain't nobody o' my name an' blood on this side o' the ocean—not nobody at all. An' if I kin't work fer you, Jack, I'd just er-bout as soon quit. This 'ere money ain't no good to me 'cept fer body cover an' powder an' balls. I'd as leave drop it in the river. It bothers me. I don't need it. When I git hum I go an' hide it in the bush some whars—jest to git it out o' my way. I been thinkin' all up the road from Virginia o' this 'ere gold demnable money an' what I were a-goin' to do with it an' what it could do to me. An', sez I, I'm ergoin' to ask Jack to take it an' use it fer a wall 'twixt him an' trouble, an' the idee hurried me erlong—honest! Kind o' made me happy. Course, if I had a wife an' children, 'twould be different, but I ain't got no one. An' now ye tell me ye don't want it, which it makes me feel lonesomer 'n a tarred Tory an' kind o' sorrowful—ayes, sir, it does."

Solomon's voice sank to a whisper. "Forgive me," said Jack. "I didn't know you felt that way. But I'm glad you do. I'll take it on the understanding that as long as I live what I have shall also be yours."

"I've two hundred pound an' six shillin' in my pocket an' a lot more hid in the bush. It's all yours to the last round penny. I reckon it'll purty nigh bridge the slough. I want ye to be married respectable like a gentleman

—slick duds, plenty o' cakes an' pies an' no sligh'tin' the minister er the rum bar'—

"Major Washington give me a letter to take to Ben Franklin on t'other side o' the ocean. Ye see ev'ry letter that's sent ercross is opened an' read afore it gets to him essen it's guarded keeful. This 'ere one, I guess, has suthin' powerful secret in it. He pays all the bills. So I'll be goin' erlong with ye on the nex' ship an' when we git thar I want to shake hands with 'the gal and tell her how to make ye behave."

That evening Jack went to the manager of the Gazette and asked for a six months' leave of absence.

CHAPTER IV

The Crossing.

There were curious events in the voyage of Jack and Solomon. They sailed on or about the eleventh of October, 1773. Their ship was the Snow which had arrived the week before with some fifty Irish servants, indentured for their passage. The food was of poor quality, the cooking a tax upon jaw, palate and digestion, the service unclean. When good weather came, by and by, and those who had not tasted food for days began to feel the pangs of hunger the ship was filled with a most passionate lot of pilgrims. It was then that Solomon presented the petition of the passengers to the captain.

"Cap'n, we're 'bout wore out with whale meat an' slobgollion. We're all down by the head."

"So'm I," said the captain. "This 'ere man had a good recommend an' said he could cook perfect."

"A man like that kin cook the passengers with their own heat," said Solomon. "I feel like my belly was full o' rocks. If you'll let me into the galley, I'll right ye up an' shift the way o' the wind an' the course o' the ship. I'll swing the bow toward heaven 'stead o' hell an' keep her p'inted straight an' it won't cost ye a penny. They's too much swearin' on this 'ere ship. Can't nobody be a Christian with his guts a-b'illin'. His tongue'll break loose an' make his soul look like a waggin with a smashed wheel an' a bu'sted ex. A cook could do more good here than a minister."

"Can you cook?"

"You try me an' I'll agree to happy ye up so ye won't know yerself. Yer



meat won't be raw ner petrified an' there won't be no insects in the biscuit."

So Solomon was installed as cook and happiness returned to the ship.

In the course of the voyage they overhauled the Star, a four-masted ship bound from New York to Dover. For hours the two vessels were so close that the passengers engaged in a kind of battle. Those on the Star began it by hurling turnips at the men on the other ship who responded with a volley of apples. Solomon discerned on the deck of the stranger Captain Preston and an English officer of the name of Hawk whom he had known at Oswego and hailed them. Then said Solomon:

"It's a shipload o' Tories who've had enough of Ameriky. They's a cuss on that tub that I helped put a coat o' tar an' feathers on in the Ohio kentry. He's the one with the black pipe in his mouth. I don't know his name but they use to call him Slops—the dirtiest, low-downest, d—n Tory traitor that ever lived. Helped the Injuns out thar in the West. Helped that 'ere black pipe? Allus carries it in his mouth 'cept when he's eatin'. I guess he goes to sleep with it. It's one o' the features o' his face. We tarred him plenty now, ye hear to me."

That evening a boat was lowered and the captain of the Snow crossed a hundred yards of quiet sea to dine with the captain of the Star in the cabin of the latter. Next day a stiff wind came out of the west.

"Because he had to take off his coat while he was working in the galley, Solomon gave the precious letter into Jack's keeping.

About noon on the twenty-ninth of November they made Dover and anchored in the Downs. Deal was about three miles away and its boats came off for them. They made a circuit and

sailed close in shore. Each boat that went for passengers had its own landing. Its men threw a rope across the breakers. This was quickly put on a windlass. With the rope winding on its windlass the boat was slowly hauled through the surge, its occupants being drenched and sprinkled with salt water. They made their way to the inn of the Three Kings where two men stood watching as they approached. One of them Jack recognized as the man Slops with the black pipe in his mouth.

"That's him," said the man with the black pipe, pointing at Solomon, whereupon the latter was promptly arrested.

"What have I done?" he asked.

"You'll learn directly at 'eadquarters," said the officer.

Solomon shook hands with Jack and said: "I'm glad I met ye," and turned and walked away with the two men.

Jack was tempted to follow them, but feeling a hidden purpose in Solomon's conduct went into the inn.

So the friends parted, Jack being puzzled and distressed by the swift change in the color of their affairs. The letter to Doctor Franklin was in his pocket—a lucky circumstance. He decided to go to London and deliver the letter and seek advice regarding the relief of Solomon. At the desk in the lobby of the Three Kings he learned that he must take the post chaise for Canterbury, which would not be leaving until 6 p. m. This gave him time to take counsel in behalf of his friend. Turning toward the door, he met Captain Preston, who greeted him with great warmth and wished to know where was Major Binkus.

Jack told the captain of the arrest of his friend.

"I expected it," said Preston. "So I have waited here for your ship. It's that mongrel chap on the Star who got a tarring from Binkus and his friends. He saw Binkus on your deck, as I did, and proclaimed his purpose. So I am here to do what I can to help you. I cannot forget that you two men saved my life. Are there any papers on his person which are likely to make him trouble?"

"No," said Jack, thinking of the letter lying safely in his own pocket.

"That's the important thing," Preston resumed. "Binkus is a famous scout who is known to be anti-British. Such a man coming here is supposed to be carrying papers. Between ourselves, they would arrest him on any pretext. You leave this matter in my hands. If he had no papers he'll be coming on in a day or two."

"I'd like to go with you to find him," said Jack.

"Better not," Preston answered with a smile.

"Why?"

"Because I suspect you have the papers. They'll get you, too, if they learn you are his friend. Keep away from him. Sit quietly here in the inn until the post chaise starts for Canterbury. Don't let anyone pick a quarrel with you, and remember this is all a sacred confidence between friends."

"I thank you and my heart is in every word," said Jack as he pressed the hand of the captain. "After all, friendship is a thing above politics—even the politics of these bitter days."

He sat down with a sense of relief and spent the rest of the afternoon reading the London papers, although he longed to go and look at the fortress of Deal Castle. He had tea at five and set out on the mail carriage, with his box and bag, an hour later. The road was rough and muddy, with deep holes in it. At one point the chaise rattled and bumped over a plowed field. Before dark he saw a man hanging in a gibbet by the roadside. At ten o'clock they passed the huge gate of Canterbury and drew up at an inn called the King's Head. The landlady and two waiters attended for orders. He had some supper and went to bed. Awakened at 5 a. m. by the sound of a bugle, he arose and dressed hurriedly and found the post chaise waiting. They went on the King's road from Canterbury and a mile out they came to a big, white gate in the dim light of the early morning.

A young man clapped his mouth to the window and shouted:

"Sixpence, yer honor."

It was a real turnpike and Jack stuck his head out of the window for a look at it. They stopped for breakfast at an inn far down the pike and went on through Sittingbourne, Faversham, Rochester and the lovely valley of the River Medway, of which Jack had read.

At every stop it amused him to hear the words "chaise an' pair," flying from host to waiter and waiter to hostler and back in the wink of an eye.

Jack spent the night at the Rose in Dartford and went on next morning over Gadshill and Shooterhill and Blackheath. Then the Thames and Greenwich and Deptford, from which he could see the crowds and domes and towers of the big city. A little past two o'clock he rode over London bridge and was set down at the Spread Eagle, where he paid a shilling a mile for his passage and ate his dinner.

Such, in those days, was the crossing and the trip up to London, as Jack describes it in his letters.

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. I congratulate you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

SHORT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

High Point.—James Flint, automobile bus driver, of this city, sustained severe cuts across the body, said by the police to have been inflicted by James Allen, another jitney driver, on South Main street.

Concord.—Due to the increase in the number of smallpox cases in this city and county, Dr. S. E. Buchanan, county health officer, issued a warning to the people of the country, advising them to be vaccinated at once if they are not already immune.

Spencer.—Mrs. A. H. Mather, representative of the Boys' International Cigarette League of Chicago, spoke to the workmen of the railway shops here on the "Evils of Tobacco Use Among Boys."

Wake Forest.—That the total enrollment attendance for Wake Forest college in 1923-24 is 873 was shown in the eighty-ninth catalogue just received from the press. The total includes the number enrolled in the regular academic session and the summer session.

Chapel Hill.—The University of North Carolina now has a newspaper devoted entirely to sports. It is called the Intra-Mural Sport-Gram and for the present, at least, will confine itself to the field of intra-mural sports.

Raleigh.—Secretary of State W. N. Everett, in a statement issued, stresses the obligation of citizens of the state to support the student-alumnae building movement of the alumnae of the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro.

Goldboro.—A systematic campaign of night robberies is being staged here, five homes having been entered in the past four weeks, the same methods being used in each attempt. The home of R. A. Creech was the fifth to be entered and the thieves got away with a neat sum of money.

Elizabeth City.—With the exception of 10 or 12 farms Pasquotank county is now free from ticks, according to Dr. Hartsell Robbins, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, of Washington, N. C., tick eradication inspector, who arrived in Elizabeth City on his way from Currituck County back to Little Washington.

Winston-Salem.—Federal prohibition officers brought in a whiskey-laden Studebaker special roadster, captured on the Boone Trail Highway in Yadkin county. The driver of the car fled as the officers approached, leaving the loaded machine standing in the road. In it was found 85 gallons of booze, all of it being in large cans.

Goldboro.—A charter has been received here by Messrs. W. L. Rawlings, A. G. Woodard and R. W. Powell, who will erect a thirty ton capacity ice plant in the near future, the company to be known as the "Crystal Ice and Fuel Company." Contracts for the machinery have been let and a suitable location for the plant will be chosen in a few days.

Winston-Salem.—Capt. W. W. Dugan, a typical Irishman, who was trainmaster on this division of the Southern Railway for several years never fails to remember St. Patrick's day. He donned a green necktie which he has worn thirty-three times on this natal day. The tie was a gift from a friend in one of the Northern States and Captain Dugan prizes it very highly.

Rhodes.—The construction camps of the Rinehart-Dennis Construction company, contractors building the big dam and power houses here for the Southern Power company, make a good-sized town within themselves. There are fifty to seven-five of these houses at present to take care of the workmen employed.

Lenoir.—With only two negative votes the Dysart-Kendall post of the American Legion at a meeting adopted resolutions commending the action of the Caldwell county board of commissioners in passing a resolution to issue \$200,000 bonds to aid the State in building the Lenoir-Wilkes county roads.

Greensboro.—Decision to erect a bronze tablet at the birthplace of O. Henry (Sidney Porter), noted short story writer, was reached by the directors of the chamber of commerce. It will bear the inscription: "At this site O. Henry (Will Porter) was born September 11, 1862." The memorial was bought with funds furnished by the O. Henry Memorial Society.

Ahoskie.—Ahoskie has started in earnest to bring the next annual Hertford County Fair Association here, enlarge its activities, and make of it one of the largest county or district fairs in the State. Present plans are to make it a Tri-County Fair, embracing Hertford, Gates and Bertie counties.

Burlington.—The Parent-Teacher Association has this year purchased for the school the Keystone 600-view sets for visual education, consisting of 600 stereopticon pictures, 12 stereopticons and 600 slides for the projection machine.

Trinity College.—Prof. E. H. Young, of the Department of French at Trinity College, will this summer conduct his fifteenth summer school in Europe under the business management of the Specialized Groups Tours of New York, of which Dr. W. C. O'Donnell, former Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is the manager.

Community Building

Points Out Efficiency of City Manager Plan

When politics becomes oppressive, institute city manager government.

That is the suggestion put forth in Kansas City by W. S. Ferguson, director of public service for Cleveland, now under the city manager form of government. Mr. Ferguson is on a short vacation.

Civic affairs have been freed of political chains and men who have been successful in business are at the helm, Mr. Ferguson declared.

The nucleus of the government is W. R. Hopkins, city manager, and five department directors besides Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson, who is an architect and engineer, never has been in politics, and Mr. Hopkins forgot big commercial ventures when the council selected him for the city's head.

The council also elected a mayor. He receives \$2,500 a year, the manager \$25,000 and the department heads \$7,500. Cleveland is the largest city with city manager government, Mr. Ferguson said.

"Mr. Hopkins and his directors have obtained the co-operation of the council of twenty-six elected members and of the people because we are not interested in politics," Mr. Ferguson said. "City officials are giving Cleveland more service because they choose workers according to ability rather than political qualifications. Of course, you can't cut out politics entirely in a city where it has reigned for years."

Mr. Ferguson told of Cleveland's garbage reducing plant, where 850 tons were being handled a day at no loss. The process is one of reduction to grease, fertilizer and gasoline, which are sold. Plans have been completed for a new \$1,000,000 plant, which will be erected within a year and is expected to produce revenue.

"The best plan of garbage disposal," Mr. Ferguson said, "is for the city to dispose of its own garbage in a plant properly equipped and managed. Proper management is the first essential and that it what appeals to Cleveland."—Kansas City Star.

Failure to Vote Harmful

One of the recognized difficulties in this country is to get all the "good" citizens to go to the polls. It has been established that very large numbers of potential voters fall in each election to go to the polls.

Doctor Tigert, in his address before the American National council in New York made the following significant statement in this connection: "I doubt if a weak or undesirable public official has ever been elected by a larger majority than the number of good citizens who failed to vote in the election. I agree with the statement I heard a public speaker make the other day, when he said that he had ten times as much respect for the man who voted ten times as he did for the man who did not vote at all."

Instances were cited by Doctor Mann where grafting politicians were able to continue in power because only 37 per cent of the voters turned out to take part in an election. These same grafting politicians were cast out, he said, when only 85 per cent of the voters went to the polls after conditions had become such that they were goaded into fulfilling their duty as citizens.

Fan Helps Burn Coal

Fuel experts for several years past have been preaching the use of smaller sizes of anthracite coal such as pea and buckwheat, for household use. They state that these sizes of coal have nearly the same amount of heat producing units per ton as the larger sizes and point out that they are materially lower in price. Some people find that the smaller coal burns admirably in their furnaces except on occasional heavy damp days. Then, a furnace stoked with small-sized coal simply will not burn brightly enough to produce the desired heat. On such days an electric fan will come to the rescue. Open the ash-pit door, set the electric fan directly in front of it. Then connect it to one of the convenience outlets in the cellar and turn on the fan. With the added draft provided by the fan the small-sized coal will burn just as if the weather conditions were normal.

Town Has Only One Pupil

Sharon, N. H., supports a school for only one pupil. It has, in fact, only one child of school age. The place's state school tax consequently is only \$2 a year. The community was a thriving settlement fifty years ago with 50 population, but today only twenty live within the limits of the town, which is steadily vanishing.

First Rubber Pavement

What is believed to be the first rubber pavement in the United States has been laid on a railroad crossing in Racine, Wis. The section of rubber paving will have a severe trial as this crossing is used by thousands of automobiles and heavy motor trucks each day. A similar pavement in Princess street, Edinburgh, has been used for more than twenty years, yet it has lost only a fraction of an inch in thickness during this period.

Take It at Night
Makes Morning Bright

St. Joseph's
LIVER REGULATOR
FOR BLOOD-LIVER-KIDNEY
The BIG 25¢ CASH

GOLD BROKEN ABSOLUTELY
IN 24 HOURS

NO NEED TO SUFFER
FROM COLIC, CHOLERA, OR
DYSENTERY
UP A GOLD OYSTER
No need to suffer from
colic, cholera, or dysentery
from colds, influenza, etc.
Pep-Pad, a pad of cotton
cotton applied on chest or part
out the pain. Simply apply at
ing the pain will be gone. W
chest, lumbago, influenza, etc.
will not charge you one penny. From
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SORE EYES
relieves all cases sore and inflamed
hours. Stops the weat eye, cures
Ask your druggist or dealer for
from Reform Dispensary, P. O. B.

Bright Child
A child stood before a
After a while a passer-by
and opened it.
Passer-by—Why didn't you
yourself?
Child—Because the handle
just been painted.

WOMEN! DON'T BE
IMPOSED UPON

Warning! Not All Packages
Are "Diamond Dyes"

Diamond Dyes

Always ask for "Diamond Dyes"
If you don't see the name "Diamond
Dyes" on the package—refuse to
it back!
—Each 15-cent package of "Diamond
Dyes" contains directions so simple
woman can dye or tint skirts, dresses,
waists, sweaters, stockings, trunks,
coats, draperies, coverings—everything
new, even if she has never dyed before.
Choose any color at drug store. Be
substitutes!

The Reason Why
"Why," asked the school teacher
"should we celebrate Washington's
birthday more than we do mine?"
"Because he never told a lie,"
shouted one of the pupils.—B
Transcript.

Best Way to Relieve Pain
is by direct outside application
of the best remedy in an Alcock's Pain
—the original and genuine.—Ad

Too Ambitious!
"Why did you fire young Jones?"
"He spent too much time
success stories."

The reason one is not fooled
ener is because no one thinks
worth while.

"SURE AM GLAD
I TRIED CARDUI

Louisiana Lady Says That She
Was in a Condition of Serious
Debility, But Now Feels
Good as Ever.

Shreveport, La.—Mrs. William
Ranft, of 303 Baker St., this city, has
never known what ill health was
last year. Then she began having
smothering spells.

"I would awake in the morning
relates Mrs. Ranft, "feeling weak and
just no account. I couldn't get
and stir about like I had always done.
I was nervous, too, for I didn't under-
stand the shortness of breath."
would try to do my work but would
have to sit or lie down."

Mr. Ranft then took matters into
his own hands and, on the suggestion
of his druggist, brought home some
Cardui for his wife.

"After taking one bottle," continues
Mrs. Ranft, "I felt stronger. Each
morning my husband would say,
"Take your medicine." I did, and after
my second bottle I felt good as ever.
I know Cardui did me worlds of good,
and I sure am glad I tried it."

Mrs. Ranft found, as have many
other women, that Cardui, with its
gentle, building-up, tonic qualities,
was just what she needed to put her
on her feet again. Cardui is pure,
vegetable, mild and harmless.

Cardui may be bought at any drug-
gist's. Get a bottle today.

Take
CARDUI
—THE
WOMAN'S TONIC