

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER
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"I LOVE YOU"

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1788, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of robbing the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. There is a fight in which Jack distinguishes himself.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"We didn't have no more trouble with them. I put one o' Boness's boys on a hoss an' hustled him up the valley fer help. The wimmen captives was bawlin'. I tol' 'em to straiten out their faces an' go with Jack an' his father down to Fort Stanwix. They were kind o' leg weary an' excited, but they hadn't been hurt yit. Another day or two would 'a' fixed 'em. Jack an' his father an' mother tuk 'em back to the pastur', an' Jack run up to the barn fer ropes an' bridles. In a little while they got some hoofts under 'em an' picked up the children an' toddled off. I went out in the bush to find Buckeye an' he were dead as the whale that swallowed Jonah."

"So ends the letter of Solomon Binkus." Jack Irons and his family and that of Peter Bones—the boys and girls riding two on a horse—with the captives fled down the Mohawk trail. It was a considerable cavalcade of twenty-one people and twenty-four horses and coats, the latter following.

Solomon Binkus and Peter Bones and his son Israel stood on guard until the boy John Bones returned with help from the upper valley. A dozen men and boys completed the disarming of the band and that evening set out with them on the south trail.

"It is doubtful if this history would have been written but for an accidental and highly interesting circumstance. In the first party young Jack Irons rode a colt, just broken, with the girl captive, now happily released. The boy had helped everyone to get away; then there seemed to be no rideable horse for him. He walked for a distance by the stranger's mount as the latter was wild. The girl was silent a time after the colt had settled down, now and then wiping tears from her eyes. By and by she asked:

"May I lead the colt while you ride?"

"Oh, no, I am not tired," was his answer.

"I want to do something for you."

"Why?"

"I am so grateful, I feel like the thing's out. I am trying to express my feelings. I think I know, now, why the Indian women do the drudgery."

As she looked at him her dark eyes were very serious.

"I have done little," said he. "It is Mr. Binkus who rescued you. We live in a wild country among savages and the white folks have to protect each other. We're used to it."

"I never saw or expected to see men like you," she went on. "I have read of them in books, but I never hoped to see them and talk to them. You are like Ajax and Achilles."

"Then I shall say that you are like the fair lady for whom they fought."

"I will not ride and see you walking."

"Then sit forward as far as you can and I will ride with you," he answered. In a moment he was on the colt's back behind her. She was a comely maiden. An authority no less respectable than Major Duncan has written that she was a tall, well-shaped, fun-loving girl a little past sixteen and good to look upon, with dark eyes and auburn hair, the latter lank and heavy and in the sunlight richly colored; that she had slender fingers and a beautiful skin, all showing that she had been delicately bred. He adds that he envied the boy who had ridden before and behind her half the length of Tryon county.

It was a close association and Jack found it so agreeable that he often referred to that ride as the most exciting adventure of his life.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Margaret Hare," she answered.

"How did they catch you?"

"Oh, they came suddenly and stealthily as they do in the story books, when we were alone in camp. My father and the guides had gone out to hunt."

"Did they treat you well?"

"The Indians let us alone, but the two white men annoyed and frightened us. The old chief kept us near him."

"The old chief knew better than to let any harm come to you until they were sure of getting away with their plunder."

"We were in the valley of death and you have led us out of it. I am sure that I do not look as if I were worth saving. I suppose that I must have turned into an old woman. Is my hair white?"

"I am not used to girls except my sisters."

She laughed and answered: "And I am not used to heroes. I am sure you cannot be so scared as I am, but I rather enjoy it. I like to be scared—a little. This is so different."

"I like you," he declared with a laugh.

"I feared you would not like an English girl. So many North Americans hate England."

"The English have been hard on us."

"What do you mean?"

"They send us governors whom we do not like; they make laws for us which we have to obey; they impose hard taxes which are not just and they will not let us have a word to say about it."

"I think it is wrong and I'm going to stand up for you," the girl answered.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In London. I am an English girl, but please do not hate me for that. I want to do what is right and I shall never let anyone say a word against Americans without taking their part."

"That's good," the boy answered. "I'd love to go to London."

"Well, why don't you?"

"It's a long way off."

"Do you like good-looking girls?"

"I'd rather look at them than eat."

"Well, there are many in London."

"One is enough," said Jack.

"I'd love to show them a real hero."

"Don't call me that. If you would just call me Jack Irons I'd like it better. But first you'll want to know how I behave. I am not a fighter."

"I am sure that your character is as good as your face."

"Gosh! I hope it ain't so dark colored," said Jack.

"I know all about you when you took my hand and helped me on the pony—or nearly all. You are a gentleman."

"I hope so."

"Are you a Presbyterian?"

"No—Church of England."

"I was sure of that. I have seen Indians and Shakers, but I have never seen a Presbyterian."

When the sun was low and the company ahead were stopping to make a camp for the night, the boy and girl dismounted. She turned facing him and asked:

"You didn't mean it when you said that I was good-looking, did you?"

"The basinal youth had imagination and, like many lads of his time, a romantic temperament and the love of poetry. There were many books in his father's home and the boy had lived his leisure in them. He thought a moment and answered:

"Yes, I think you are as beautiful as a young doe playing in the water lilies."

"And you look as if you believed yourself," said she. "I am sure you would like me better if I were fixed up a little."

"I do not think so."

"How much better a boy's head looks with his hair cut close like yours. Our boys have long hair. They do not look so much like—men."

"Long hair is not for rough work in the bush," the boy remarked.

"You really look brave and strong. One would know that you could do things."

"I've always had to do things."

"They came up to the party, who had stopped to camp for the night. It was a clear, warm evening. After they had hobbled the horses in a near meadow flat, Jack and his father made a lean-to for the women and children and roofed it with bark. Then they cut wood and built a fire and gathered boughs for bedding. Later, tea was made and beefsteaks and bacon grilled on spits of green birch, the dripping fat being caught on slices of toasting bread whereon the meat was presently served.

The masterful power with which the stalwart youth and his father swung the ax and their cunning craftsmanship impressed the English woman and her daughter and were soon to be the topic of many a London tea party. Mrs. Hare spoke of it as she was eating her supper.

"It may surprise you further to learn that the boy is fairly familiar with

the Aeneid and the Odes of Horace and the history of France and England," said John Irons.

"That is the most astonishing thing I have ever heard!" she exclaimed. "How has he done it?"

"The minister was his master until we went into the bush. Then I had to be farmer and school-teacher. There is a great thirst for learning in this New World."

"How do you find time for it?"

"Oh, we have leisure here—more than you have. In England even your wealthy young men are overworked. They dine out and play cards until three in the morning and sleep until midday. Then luncheon and the cock-fight and tea and parliament! The best of us have only three steady habits. We work and study and sleep."

"And fight savages," said the woman.

"We do that, sometimes, but it is not often necessary. If it were not for white savages, there would be no red ones. You would find America a good country to live in."

"At least I hope it will be good to sleep in this night," the woman answered, yawning. "Dreamland is now the only country I care for."

The ladies and children, being near spent by the day's travel and excitement, turned in soon after supper. The men slept on their blankets, by the fire, and were up before daylight for a dip in the creek near by. While they were getting breakfast, the women and children had their turn at the creek-side.

That day the released captives were in better spirits. Soon after noon the company came to a swollen river, where the horses had some swimming to do. The older animals and the following colts went through all right, but the young stallion which Jack and Margaret were riding began to rear and plunge. The girl in her fright jumped off his back in swift water and was swept into the rapids and tumbled about and put in some danger before Jack could dismount and bring her ashore.

"You have increased my debt to you," she said, when at last they were mounted again. "What a story this is! It is terribly exciting."

They rode on in silence, feeling now the beauty of the green woods. It had become a magic garden full of new and wonderful things. Some power had entered them and opened their eyes. The thrush's song grew fainter in the distance. The boy was first to speak.

"I think that bird must have had a flight sometime," he said.

"Why?"

"I am sure that he has heard the music of Paradise. I wonder if you are as happy as I am."

"I was never so happy," she answered.

"What a beautiful country we are in! I have forgotten all about the danger and the hardship and the evil men. Have you ever seen any place like it?"

"No. For a time we have been riding in fairyland."

"I know why," said the boy.

"Why?"

"It is because we are riding together. It is because I see you."

"Oh, dear! I cannot see you. Let us get off and walk," she proposed. They dismounted.

"Did you mean that honestly?"

"Honestly," he answered.

She looked up at him and put her hand over her mouth.

"I was going to say something. It would have been most unmaidenly," she remarked.

"There's something in me that will not stay unsaid. 'I love you,' he declared.

She held up her hand with a serious look in her eyes. Then, for a moment, the boy returned to the world of reality.

"I am sorry. Forgive me. I ought not to have said it," he stammered.

"But didn't you really mean it?" she asked with troubled eyes.

"I mean that and more, but I ought not to have said it now. It isn't fair. You have just escaped from a great danger and have got a notion that you are in debt to me and you don't know much about me anyhow."

She stood in his path looking up at him.

"Jack," she whispered. "Please say it again."

No, it was not gone. They were still in the magic garden.

"I love you and I wish this journey could go on forever," he said.

"I, too, will wait," he answered, "and as long as I have to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Expensively Good

A matter-of-fact father of an embryo poet handed some of the lad's efforts to a distinguished author of verse, and asked for his opinion.

"Well, what's the answer?" queried the successful stockman.

"Alas!" sighed the real poet. "Those things are so good, I'm afraid you'll have to support Henry the rest of his life."—*Writer's Monthly.*

Relative Term

Prof.—You should think of the future.

Youth—I can't. It's my girl's birth day and I have to think of the present.

You Can "Shoo" Bears Away if You Know How

Mostly bears are humorous clowns, lazy, good natured, whose general appearance is of one who would like not only to live at peace with life, but who would love to sit fatly down and joke about it.

But once in a blue moon there is a cattle killing, swashbuckling, daredevil outlaw among the lot, and he gives a reputation to the whole tribe.

Rare even in the case of the famous grizzly, this is especially so in the case of the black or brown bear. The latter is essentially a peace loving citizen. His main desire is to get away. Even when encountered at such close quarters that most animals put up a panic fight, his mind is still focused on getting away.

He is very fond of wild berries and may frequently be encountered in the berry patches. Becoming aware of the presence of humans—also after berries—he stands up on his hind legs the better to see what it is all about. With wild yells the humans decamp. If they had waited two seconds longer they would have seen the bear light out as vigorously in the opposite direction.

Jim Laney, out in the berry patch looking for a stray horse, had a black bear rise up to look at him right in his face. The animal must have been asleep, or much preoccupied with the berries. Jim was carrying a bridge and with it he fetched the bear a clip across the nose.

"Get out of here!" Jim advised the bear.

And the bear promptly got. Jim knew bears; the average tenderfoot would have had "a narrow escape."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

How Not to Eat

Table manners in the Seventeenth century must have stood in need of considerable improvement. If we may take seriously the advice that Hannah Wooley gave to young ladies in the *Gentlewomen's Companion*, published in 1675. It must be admitted that Miss Wooley "wielded a trenchant pen."

"Gentlewomen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat would swallow. In carving avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burnt them. Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."—*Youth's Companion.*

Famous Bunker Hill Order

On a night in June, in 1775, early in the Revolutionary war, Col. William Prescott of the American army had orders to *stand and fight*. Bunker hill orders to *stand and fight*.

The British could see the muzzles of the rifles of the invisible defenders resting on the ramparts, but what they could not see or hear was the officers in the trenches running up and down the line, commanding the men to hold their fire.

It was at the battle of Bunker hill that the now historic command, "Don't one of you fire till you see the whites of their eyes," was given by Colonel Prescott. The officers knew how scarce powder was; the men did not.—*Detroit News.*

"Clay Dogs"

A "fossil apple" and a "fossil banana" recently were sent to the New York Botanical garden with requests for explanations. Dr. Arthur Hollick, paleobotanist, says many strange objects are sent to museums for identification or for verification of the finder's conviction as to what they are. A large number of these finds are concretions and apt to simulate any object, organic or inorganic. A concretion consists of an inner part—a nucleus of some kind—around which is deposited layer upon layer of the mineral substance that forms the exterior part. These concretions, which are commonly called "clay dogs," usually occur in connection with clay deposits.

Making Herself Clear

An Indian paper furnishes us with a recent specimen of "English as she is wrote." It is a copy of a letter sent by a lady teacher to the Director of Education, Manila, and reads: "Dear Sir, I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply 'Oh not, Oh not' Very respectfully, Josefina."—*Manilla Bulletin.*

Embarrassing Attention

"Do you know that you receive better attention from merchants who appreciate your patronage?" inquires an ad.

We can't say as to that, but we must confess that we're getting a lot of attention right now from merchants who have enjoyed our patronage in the past. If you get what we mean.—*Buffalo Express.*

Time to Cheer

Steamboat Captain (who has just fallen overboard)—Don't stand there like a dumbbell. Give a yell, can't you?

College Student Deckhand—Certainly, sir, Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Captain.—*Denver Clarion.*

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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THE COWS

"Moo, moo," said Mrs. Cow, "I heard the other day of a little boy named Eugene who said he thought he had never looked at a cow who wasn't eating."

"And then he suddenly did notice one who wasn't eating and he was as surprised as though he had seen something very startling and remarkable and wonderful."

"Grand words you use," said Miss Cow. "Moo, moo, grand words."

"I learn them by heart," said Mrs. Cow, "and then I have them ready." She wished her tall and continued:

"He saw me, too, when I wasn't eating. No, I had other important business matters to attend to at the time and I couldn't give my attention to eating."

"What other important business matters?" Miss Cow asked.

"I was scratching my chin upon the fence. It was on the fence over yonder. And I rubbed my chin up and down on the fence rail and found it pleasant."

"That new chocolate-colored pig will be trying the same thing soon, I'm sure. Copying my brilliant ideas."

"Oh well, I don't mind. I had a pleasant scratch and my chin felt delightfully afterward."

"Oh, it's so nice to be a cow," said Miss Cow. "We don't have to think ahead, we can be so calm and so peaceful and so happy."

Then Miss Cow gave Mrs. Cow a nice friendly lick with her warm rough tongue, and Mrs. Cow gave Miss Cow a nice friendly lick, too.

"They say cows have little feelings. Little affection," said Miss Cow, "but it isn't true."

"Not true," said Miss Cow. "They think we haven't any sentiment, but in our own way we have."

"We have a good deal of sentiment and affection for creatures who have two stomachs. A creature with two stomachs doesn't sound very romantic, but we admit we like to eat and chew—others pretend they don't care about



"I Was Scratching My Chin."

It, but whew! what a fuss they sometime make about their food."

"Chewing is good for the digestion," said Miss Cow, "and a good digestion means a good disposition very often, and a good disposition quite frequently means a warm, kind heart."

"You've learned some words, too," said Mrs. Cow. "Moo, moo, I should say you had."

"Oh, I pick up a few when they're hanging around with nothing to do. I want to give them shelter you know. So I take them into my poor cow brain and learn them, I suppose as you do, by heart, though they're in my brain."

"I just can't explain all that."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Cow. "I have some pups for you."

"Spring is really coming, for the children are beginning to go off on their bicycles to school. And if you will look at the schoolhouse down the road you will see that outside of it are many bicycles waiting for their owners."

"The bicycles look springlike. And each bicycle staying there so still is waiting for an adventure—a ride, a spill, a race—something!"

"Then I heard of the farmer's cat—Toony. Toony got up on the roof and tried to get down a new way. She got along an upper ledge which led to a window."

"She didn't know what to do, as the window was locked, and it was also stuck so no one could open it. A little distance away was the upstairs enclosed porch and there was an open window leading into it."

The farmer opened the window and told Toony to jump. And Toony did so and made that wonderfully, clever jump.

"That's the biggest news of the farmyard, I believe. But let us chew and eat some more. If people seldom see us when we aren't chewing or eating, let us not surprise them by doing any other way."

"Not only for the sake of the people, but for our own cow's sakes as well."

"For our own cow's sakes, too, moo, moo," agreed Miss Cow. "For our own cow's sakes, too."

Sympathy

The old gentleman met the ground with a thud. A small boy who was watching burst into tears.

"Don't cry, little man," said the old gentleman. "I'm not very much hurt."

"No," whimpered the youngster, "but it was my banana you slipped on!"

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Therefore the wisest policy is to be forearmed so as to ward off the attack at the very first sign of its coming. Cheney's Expectant has long been known as mother's "First Aid," for if given in time it checks the trouble and saves many hours of anxious care on mother's part, as well as unnecessary suffering on the part of the little ones.

Away back in grandpa's day mothers saved their little ones from many a hard attack by promptly giving them Cheney's Expectant, and for more than sixty years it has been a blessing to the little folks.

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