



In the Days of Poor Richard by IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

In April the two friends set out for the lower end of the Highlands. On the river they hired a Dutch farmer to take them on to Albany in his sloop. After two delightful days at home, General Schuyler suggested that they could do a great service by traversing the wilderness to the valley of the great river of the north, as far as possible toward Swegahle, and reporting their observations to Crown Point or Fort Edward, if there seemed to be occasion for it, and if not, they were to proceed to General Herkimer's camp at Oriskany and give him what help they could in protecting the settlers in the west.

bush that afternoon and before night fell were up on the mountain slants north of the Glassy Water, as Lake George was often called those days. But for Solomon's caution an evil fate had perhaps come to them before their first sleep on the journey. The new leaves were just out, but not quite full. The little maples and beeches flung their sprays of vivid green foliage above the darker shades of the witch hopple into the soft-lighted air of the great house of the wood and filled it with a pleasant odor. A mile or so back, Solomon had left the trail and cautioned Jack to keep close and step softly. Soon the old scout stopped and listened and put his ear to the ground. He rose and beckoned to Jack and the two turned aside and made their way stealthily up the slant of a ledge. In the edge of a little thicket on a mossy rock shelf they sat down. Solomon looked serious. There were deep furrows in the skin above his brow.



morning and twice he left Jack to "snook" out to the trail and look for tracks. Solomon could imitate the call of the swamp robin, and when they were separated in the bush, he gave it so that his friend could locate him. At midday they sat down in deep shade by the side of a brook and ate their luncheon. "This 'ere is Peppermint brook," said Solomon. "It's 'mother one o' my taverns."

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

KINGFISHER'S APPETITE

"There is one thing to be said for me," said the Kingfisher, "and that is that I do not complain of being bored or tired. "I do not complain of having nothing to do, for I have a great deal to do. "I have fishing to do and I love to fish. No one loves to fish more than Kingfisher. "You can tell that by my name! My name is such that, without being smart at all, you could tell that I was a bird fond of fishing and that I was good at my job. "For am I not called Kingfisher?"



In His Mouth Was a Big Fish.

small bites and chewing his food well. He knew what a big fellow he was and how strong he was and how much he could eat. He knew that was a great deal, too. He did not care for bugs and insects very much. He would eat them, but he didn't like them as he did fish. Fish was the food for Kingfisher. He took the fish he had caught and struck it over his perch, so that the wriggling fish was still now. Kingfisher was happy. He ate it delightedly. Ah, what a fresh, tasty fish it was! This was a meal fit for a king, as he had heard somewhere a meal should be. Yes, somewhere, he had heard some child speaking about a meal fit for a king.

BAPTIST MINISTER GIVES TANLAC FULL CREDIT

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"Intuition" Tells Her?

"My dear," remarked Jinks, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "this really is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man." "Huh!" sniffed his better-half. "A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to discover that!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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The Resemblance

Several old college cronies had been invited to dinner, a little reunion at the home of a member of the class. While they were enjoying some preliminary chat the host remarked: "My brother George is going to be with us today." "Let me see," said one of the chums, "I know most of your folks, but I have never met your brother George. Which side of the house does he look like?" "The one with the bay window," interposed the small boy of the family.

Women Denounced Coffee

In the women's petition against coffee, 1974, they complained that "it made men as unprofitable as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought!" That the offspring of their mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies! and that on a domestic message a husband would "stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."

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Making Money Fast

"Well," said the lawyer, "have you decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine?" "Yes," stammered the client. "Very well," said the lawyer. Then he turned to his clerk and ordered him to add "£5 to Mr. Smith's bill," for further advice.—London Tit-Bits.

Daddy Forgot Something

Glenn forgot to say "please." Father, thinking to drill the child on his manners, asked him what he should say. "Please," answered Glenn. Father gave him what he wanted and then said, "Now what do you say?" "Thank you," said Glenn. "You mustn't forget those little things," cautioned father, and then went on with his work. Glenn waited a minute and then said, "You should say 'welcome,' daddy."

Love Produces Maladies

Medical scientists say that love produces in some people definite physical maladies ranging from cataplexy, in which the victim becomes rigid and unconscious, to deafness and complete loss of speech.

Love Me, Love My Dog

"Hello, Jack, what are you carrying?" "Chocolates and meat—going to see the girl." "Great Scott! Do you have to supply the family with meat already?" "Oh, no. The candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."—Boston Transcript.



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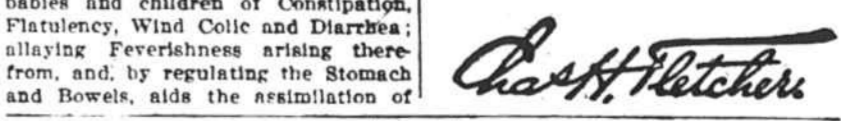
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