



In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Near King's Ferry in the Highlands on the Hudson they spent a night in the camp of the army under Putnam. There they heard the first note of discontent with the work of their beloved Washington. It came from the lips of one Colonel Burley of a Connecticut regiment. The commander in chief had lost Newport, New York and Philadelphia and been defeated on Long Island and in two pitched battles on ground of his own choosing at Brandywine and Germantown.

The two scouts were angry. It had been a cold, wet afternoon and they, with others, were drying themselves around a big open fire of logs in front of the camp post office.

Solomon was quick to answer the complaint of Burley.

"He's allus been fightin' a bigger force o' well-trained, well-paid men than he's got to eat an' drink an' wear. An' he's fit 'em with jest a shoe string o' an army. When it come to him, it didn't know nothin' but how to shoot an' dig a hole in the ground. The men wouldn't enlist fer more'n a six month an' as soon as they'd learnt a little, they put fer him. An' with that kind o' an army, he druv the British out o' Boston. With a leetle bunch o' 5,000 unpaid, barefoot, ragged-backed devils, he druv the British out o' Jersey an' they had 12,000 men in that neighborhood. He's had to dodge around an' has kep' his army from bein' at all, hide, horns an' taller, by the power o' his brain. He's managed to take keer o' himself down thar in Jersey an' Pennsylvania with the British on all sides o' him, while the best fighters he had come up here to help Gates. I don't see how he could 'a' done it—d—n if I do—without the help o' God."

"Gates is a real general," Burley said. "Washington don't amount to a hill o' beans."

Solomon turned quickly and advanced upon Burley.

"I didn't expect to find an enemy o' my kentry in this 'ere camp," he said in a quiet tone. "Ye got to take that into consider, an' do it prompt, er ye're liable to be all 'bessed up."

"Ye could see the hair begin to bristle under his coat," Solomon was wont to say of Burley, in speaking of that moment. "He stepped up close an' growled an' showed his teeth an' then he begun to git roared."

Burley had kept a public house for sailors at New Haven and had had the reputation of being a bad man in a quarrel. Of just what happened there is a full account in a little army journal of that time called the Camp Gazette. Burley aimed a blow at Solomon with his fist. Then as Solomon used to put it, "the water butted through the dam." It was his way of describing the swift and decisive action which was crowded into the next minute. He seized Burley and hurled him to the ground. With one hand on the nape of his neck and the other on the seat of his trousers, Solomon lifted his enemy above his head and quoted him over the tent top.

"Burley, picked himself up and having lost his head drew his hanger, and, like a mad bull, rushed at Solomon. Suddenly he found his way barred by Jack.

"Would you try to run a man through before he can draw?" the latter asked.

Solomon's old sword flashed out of its scabbard.

"Let him come on," he shouted. "I'm more to hum with a hanger than I be with good vittles."

Of all the words on record from the lips of this man, these are the most modest, but it should be remembered that when he spoke them his blood was hot.

Jack gave way and the two came together with a clash of steel. A crowd had gathered about them and was increasing rapidly. They had been fighting for half a moment around the fire when Solomon broke the blade of his adversary. The latter drew his pistol! Before he could raise it Solomon had fired his own weapon. Burley's pistol dropped on the ground. Instantly its owner reeled and fell beside it. The battle which had lasted no more than a minute had come to its end. There had been three kinds of fighting in that lively duel.

Solomon's voice trembled when he cried out:

"Any man who says a word ag'in the Great Father is goin' to git mused up."

He pushed his way through the crowd which had gathered around the wounded man.

"Let me bind his arm," he said.

But a surgeon had stood in the crowd. He was then doing what he could for the shattered member of the hot-headed Colonel Burley. Jack was helping him. Some men arrived with a litter and the unfortunate officer was quickly on his way to the hospital.

Jack and Solomon set out for head-

quarters. They met Putnam and two officers hurrying toward the scene of the encounter. Solomon had fought in the bush with him. Twenty years before they had been friends and comrades. Solomon saluted and stopped the grizzled hero of many a great adventure.

"Binkus, what's the trouble here?" the latter asked, as the crowd who had followed the two scouts gathered about them.

Solomon gave his account of what had happened. It was quickly verified by many eye-witnesses.

"Ye done right," said the general. "Burley has got to take it back an' apologize. He ain't fit to be an officer. He behaved himself like a bully. Any man who talks as he done orfo be cussed an' Binkus an' sent to the guardhouse."

Within three days Burley had made an ample apology for his conduct and this bulletin was posted at headquarters.

"Liberty of speech has its limits. It must be controlled by the law of decency and the general purposes of our army and government. The man who respects no authority above his own intellect is a conceited ass and would be a tyrant if he had the chance. No word of disrespect for a superior officer will be tolerated in this army."

"The Binkussing of Burley"—a phrase which traveled far beyond the limits of Putnam's camp—and the notice of warning which followed was not without its effect on the propaganda of Gates and his friends.

Next day Jack and Solomon set out with a force of 1,200 men for Washington's camp at White Marsh near Philadelphia. There Jack found a letter



from Margaret. It had been sent first to Benjamin Franklin in Paris through the latter's friend, Mr. David Hartley, a distinguished Englishman who was now and then sounding the doctor on the subject of peace.

"I am sure that you will be glad to know that my love for you is not growing feeble on account of its age," she wrote. "The thought has come to me that I am England and that you are America. It will be a wonderful and beautiful thing if through all this bitterness and bloodshed we can keep our love for each other. My dear, I would have you know that in spite of this alien king and his followers, I hold to my love for you and am waiting with that patience which God has put in the soul of your race and mine, for the end of our troubles. If you could come to France I would try to meet you in Doctor Franklin's home at Passy. So I have the hope in me that you may be sent to France."

This is as much of the letter as can claim admission to our history. It gave the young man a supply of happiness sufficient to fill the many days of hardship and peril in the winter at Valley Forge. It was read to Solomon.

"Say, this 'ere letter kind o' teches my feelin's—does sart'in," said Solomon. "I'm goin' to see what kin be done."

Unknown to Jack, within three days Solomon had a private talk with the commander in chief at his headquarters. The latter had a high regard for the old scout. He maintained a dignified silence while Solomon made his little speech and then arose and offered his hand, saying in a kindly tone:

"Colonel Binkus, I must bid you good night."

CHAPTER XXII

The Greatest Trait.

Jack Irons used to say that no man he had known had such an uncommon amount of common sense as George Washington. He wrote to his father:

"It would seem that he must be in

communication with the all-seeing mind. If he were to make a serious blunder here our cause would fall. The enemy tries in vain to fool him. Their devices are as an open book to Washington. They have fooled me and Solomon and other officers but not him. I had got quite a conceit of myself in judging strategy, but now it is all gone.

"One day I was scouting along the lines, a few miles from Philadelphia, when I came upon a little, ragged, old woman. She wished to go through the lines into the country to buy flour. The moment she spoke I recognized her. It was old Lydia Darrah who had done my washing for me the last year of my stay in Philadelphia.

"Why, Lydia, how do you do? I asked.

"The way I have allus done, lad-die buck," she answered in her good Irish tongue. "Workin' at the tub an' fightin' the devil—had 'cess to him—but I kape me hilt an' lucky I am to do that—thanks to the good God! How is me fine lad that I'd niver 'a' known but for the voice o' him?"

"Not as fine as when I wore the white ruffles but stout as a moose," I answered. "The war is a sad business."

"It is that—may the good God defend us! We cross the sea to be rid o' the devil an' he follies an' grabs us by the neck."

"We were on a lonely road. She looked about and seeing no one, put a dirty old needle case in my hands.

"Take that, me smart lad. It's fer good luck," she answered.

"As I left her I was in doubt of the meaning of her generosity. Soon I opened the needle book and found in one of its pockets a piece of thin paper rolled tight. On it I found the information that Howe would be leaving the city next morning with five thousand men, and baggage wagons and thirteen cannon and eleven boats. The paper contained other details of the proposed British raid. I rode post to headquarters and luckily found the general in his tent. On the way I arrived at a definite conviction regarding the plans of Howe. I was eager to give it all, having no doubt of its soundness. The general gave me respectful attention while I laid the facts before him. Then I took my courage in my hands and asked:

"General, may I venture to express an opinion?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"It is the plan of Howe to cross the Delaware in his boats so as to make us believe that he is going to New York. He will recross the river above Bristol and suddenly descend upon our rear."

"Washington sat, with his arms folded, looking very grave, but made no answer.

"In other words, again I presented my conviction.

"Still he was silent and I a little embarrassed. In half a moment I ventured to ask:

"General, what is your opinion?"

"He answered in a kindly tone: 'Colonel Irons, the enemy has no business in our rear. The boats are only for our scouts and spies to look at. The British hope to fool us with them. Tomorrow morning about daylight they will be coming down the Edgely By road on our left.'

"He called an aid and ordered that our front be made ready for an attack in the early morning.

"I left headquarters with my conceit upon me and half convinced that our chief was out in his judgment of that matter. No like notion will enter my mind again. Solomon and I have quarters on the Edgely By road. A little after three next morning the British were reported coming down the road. A large number of them were killed and captured and the rest roughly handled."

Snow and bitter winds descended upon the camp early in December. It was a worn, ragged, weary but devoted army of about eleven thousand men that followed Washington into Valley Forge to make a camp for the winter.

Of these, two thousand and ninety-eight were unfit for duty. Most of the latter had neither boots nor shoes. They marched over roads frozen hard, with old rags and pieces of hide wrapped around their feet. There were many red tracks in the snow in the Valley of the Schuylkill that day. Hardly a man was dressed for cold weather. Hundreds were shivering and coughing with influenza.

"When I look at these men I cannot help thinking how small are my troubles," Jack wrote to his mother. "I will complain of them no more. Solomon and I have given away all the clothes we have except those on our backs. A fiercer enemy than the British is besieging us here. He is winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canine Intelligence

"You can't overestimate the intelligence of a dog," declared Col. Spotswood Telfair, of Mountain View, gazing reminiscently at his favorite hound engaged in snapping feebly at the pestiferous flies.

"When Towser was in his prime he had an uncanny way of knowing in advance the sort of game I was going to hunt. For instance, if I left the house carrying a rifle Towser would dash for the woods and trail nothing but squirrels. If I started out with a shotgun Towser would trail nothing but rabbits.

"One day I decided to puzzle the old rascal, so I took down my fishing pole and started to the river. It may sound preposterous, gentlemen, but when I got to the edge of the yard I found that durned dog scratching up fishing worms for me!"—Judge.

Many a man gets a reputation for wisdom by leaving things unsaid.



INDIGO BUNTING'S SONG

Mr. Indigo Bunting was very fond of singing. He also had a very lovely voice.

That, as you may have noticed, isn't always the case. Some of us love to sing when we really can't sing at all! There is no harm in it, of course—but neither is there any beauty.

Mr. Indigo Bunting, though, has a beautiful voice. It is very much like the voice of a canary, except Mr. Indigo Bunting does not trill as a canary does.

He is not unwilling to sing.

You know how often singers who really sing beautifully will not feel like singing for you? They will tell you they have a slight cold, or they beg you to excuse them and they tell you they will sing for you another time.

But that is not Mr. Indigo Bunting's way. He will sing for you all through the summer time.

He not only has a beautiful voice—he is a very beautiful bird.

Ah, yes, Mr. Indigo Bunting is very fortunate.

He is not very big, but oh, the color of his blue suit is wonderful beyond words. It is something of the deep, magnificent shade of blue that you sometimes see in the sky at night. His feathers also have some of the



Mr. Indigo Bunting Pours Forth His Song.

greenish blue dazzling colors such as Mr. Peacock wears.

His head is very blue, but his back and the color of his waistcoat are more of the greenish blue peacock colors.

His tail and his wings are of black with blue feathers mixed in with the black.

Mr. Indigo Bunting will sit upon a spruce tree or a birch tree and will sing for hours and hours. Now and again even as he flies he will sing you a little song.

And nothing in the world is any lovelier than to catch a glimpse of Mr. Indigo Bunting as he flies, in the summer sunlight, and as he flies to hear him sing a lovely song.

He is not very shy. Often he will become quite friendly.

If he sees that you are a friend of his he will become a friend of yours, for he is so generous in the way he has of wanting to share his song with you.

He doesn't make excuses. He doesn't say that he has to be excused.

He doesn't say that he has had a cold or that he is a bit hoarse and would rather not.

No, Mr. Indigo Bunting pours forth his song for the world to hear—all those who wish to hear him say.

"I love the summer time and the sunlight and the trees," Mr. Indigo Bunting said. "It is then that I dress up in all my best and do honor to Madame Summer.

"She is so handsomely gowned herself that I want to look my best, too."

"Of course, when the early autumn comes I have to start on my journey south.

"Then I wear a quieter suit for traveling. I think it is best not to wear one's very best suit a-traveling, though it is nice to look neat and nicely dressed.

"I always find a brown suit with touches of blue makes a nice traveling suit.

"So I always change to that before I start off on my journey.

"I don't think about that until the time comes. I enjoy myself singing and having a good time and I try to give others any pleasure they may have from my song."

And Mr. Indigo Bunting succeeds in this. If you have never seen him, watch for him on a summer's day and when you see him in his beautiful blue suit flying through the woods or over a meadow and when you hear his voice you will say:

"Oh, what a beautiful bird! What a beautiful voice!"

And as you say this I think you will feel a little happier. For Indigo Bunting adds his share of beauty and of happiness to the world.

Scouts Protect Sanitarium

A tuberculosis sanitarium on Nover-sink Mountain, Pa., was recently extinguished by members of the local fire company and boy scouts of Reading.

"Although the blaze came within 150 feet of the building," states a newspaper account, "the inmates did not become alarmed, but confident in the ability of the fire fighters, calmly looked on until the combined efforts of the firemen and the scouts brought the flames under control."

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

MOSQUITOES



Bee Brand INSECT POWDER

It kills them!

Bee Brand Insect Powder won't stain—or harm anything except insects. Kills Flies, Fleas, Mosquitoes, Ants, Roaches, Water Bugs, Bed Bugs, Moths, Lice on Fowl. Household sizes, 15c and 35c—other sizes, 70c and \$1.25, pump gun 75c, at your druggist or grocer. Write for free booklet—a complete guide for killing house and garden insects.

McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Economy
His Wife—But don't you think that joining the golf club is rather an extravagance?
Himself—Not if we economize in other ways. I've been thinking we might give up our pew in church.—Boston Transcript.

Flattered Himself
She—You're an awful flirt.
He—On the other hand, I thought I was pretty good at it.
Love may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of people giddy.
The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.



How To Save Time In The Kitchen

THERE'S no reason why you should spend needless time and energy in the kitchen fretting with the cooking when you can prepare so easily the many delicious dishes with self-rising flour. It affords a new way to make tasteful and appetizing the old familiar foods every one loves so well. Biscuits, hot muffins, cakes and dainty pastries, all rise better and have a more tempting flavor when made with self-rising flour.

"I consider self-rising flour one of my oldest friends," writes a noted Southern cook. "I would not be without it. . . . When I'm in hurry I know that with a hot oven and plenty of self-rising flour everything will be all right."

As in plain flour, self-rising comes in a number of different grades. Your grocer will sell you exactly the same grade of self-rising that you have been using in plain flour. See that the Blue Shield of the Soft Wheat Millers' Association is on every bag you buy. It means that you are getting guaranteed flour. Accept no other.

FOLLOW THESE FIVE RULES For Making Perfect Biscuits with Self-Rising Flour. (1) See that your oven is hot! (2) Always use sweet milk or cold water. (3) Never add baking powder, soda or salt! (4) Use good shortening—lard, vegetable fat or butter! (5) Make soft dough—bake quickly. SOFT WHEAT MILLERS' ASS'N., Inc.

Use **SELF-RISING FLOUR**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Every bag of self-rising flour bearing the Blue Shield of the Soft Wheat Millers' Association, and which does not completely satisfy you, will be cheerfully returned your money.

It complies with all Pure Food Laws

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It's Healthful—Dependable—Economical